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## Man's Aural Self.

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### CHAPTER NINETEEN.

#### Spirit Materialization.

Materialization, as it has been called, has been deemed the keystone of the arch of Modern Spiritualism by the worshippers of phenomena. They have believed that other purported manifestations of spirit return might be simulated, but that the actual appearance and disappearance of human forms in the likeness of old friends was positive proof of human immortality. It is certain no other phenomena have proved as attractive, and no other phase has lent itself so readily to the swindler. The conditions usually demanded have been specially adapted to fraud, often far too ingenious for discovery by the untrained skeptic. Nevertheless we have full attestation of the genuineness of this phase from one of the most eminent of living scientists.

Sir William Crookes held Florence Cook as a member of his family for months, and was enabled to experiment with the materialized form of the renowned Katie King to his heart's content. Every condition he requested was accorded. Every possible scientific test was permitted. And at last he was allowed to stand between the form of the mortal and that of the apparition, both at the same time under his practiced scrutiny. No attestation to a fact in nature could be more perfect. Fraud was impossible. Hallucination was out of the question unless electric tests can themselves become hallucinated. So the materialization of human form from the invisible becomes an attested object for study by the philosopher. The dollar circle and the practiced public medium will not be herein accused or denounced. Their phenomena will be passed by as thoroughly unsatisfactory. We shall deal only with the proved, and claim the right to enquire what and how much is really proved under these conditions of attested verity.

First of all we stand in the presence of a form that is not that of the medium, and barely able to maintain itself under the best possible conditions for such a manifestation. A ray of sunlight is sudden death to that form, and even artificial light must be toned by a skilled hand. The thought atmosphere that surrounds the medium must vibrate harmoniously. When physically, mentally, psychically the medium is satisfied we may find ourselves in presence of an intelligence from the long ago, occupying a form that simulates the mortal, and possesses certain organs that can express the thought in the wonted manner and style of Homo. So much is embodied in the attested fact.

We next notice that, unlike the flying soul, we never have a replica of the form of some living man or woman. That fact tells us that the materialized form is not built up of units emerging from the Home that they purport to represent. There is no existing mortal form from which they could have been taken. If attracted from an aural form the result would have been an etherization such as is called "flying soul" or "astral form." In other words, the units of which that form is composed have had no association with the being they assume to represent. There is not even a single unit charged with memories and experiences gathered in the mortal life of that phantasm. Having thus determined what the form is not, we next seek to know what it is.

Everywhere around us is evidence of the creative power by which Homo embodies his thought. His architecture, his railroad, his bridges, and above all the embodied intelligence with which he fills his machine shops and factories, are in every sense "thought created" entities. They are built up of single units, blended by the attractive energy of a presiding ego into a form Homo can sense. The artist had mentally attracted units that shaped themselves into form long before he expressed that portrait now resting upon his easel to our mortal sense. The sculptor rounds his form, thus giving us the artefact that is the statue that expresses to us all of the man we know—save life. The storehouse of Cosmos may have been ransacked for units of degree, but nothing was caught save the pose of a moment, the emotion of an hour, the flash of life's incident. Artist, sculptor, inventor call upon Cosmos for units that will blend with the thought units of the mortal workman, and take the desired shape. But the units pregnant with Homo's personal intelligence are absent. The units that have been gathered or attracted can give back to mortal eye only so much of the actual personality as was existing in the brain of the creator of the portrait or statue. In other words, the statue or portrait of Washington can only impress even the sensitive with so much of the old warrior and statesman as was realized by the artist and sculptor. That is all there is in that artificial resemblance. The rest is born of the auto-suggestion of the admirer. There is not a unit on easel or pedestal that was ever infused with the experiences of our nation's hero.

It is very different when the portrait before us is a sun picture taken from the living man, and, perhaps, by art rounded into human form. Flashed a picture of our President to-day, fifty of them at once if you choose from every possible angle, and you are making vivid not the mortal Homo but his aural selfhood. You have taken nothing from the mortal that sense or test can detect. Yet from him, in every direction, were passing out units alive with the local life and experience of his personality. Science has taught you how to catch these units on the wing.

Although the very semblance of the well remembered form is soon seen

as the units pass out into space, yet you have caught the reflection of the human entity at the particular angle from which these units were emerging and escaping. Herein we have a portrait unlike that of the talented artist, in that it is composed of blended units from the form itself. These units have each recorded its own experiences, and therefore tell a tale to the sensitive, who can read and interpret their vibrations. Impossible to the critic who studies form and beauty as depicted by the artist. Such is and must be the difference between the portrait and the photograph, and such is precisely the difference between the etherized "flying soul" and the materialized form issuing from the dark cabinet.

Keeping as closely as we may to the subject taken for illustration and examination, we perceive a form, not that of the medium, appearing in the home of the materializer, where she announces herself as Katie King, and becomes the friend of the family and the pet of the children. Taking her own account of herself as veridical she had left her mortal experiences 200 years behind. And since we have a right to the scientific assumption that the unit is no more shackled to the immortal personality than it was to the mortal, we are allowed to stand between the form of the mortal and that of the apparition, both at the same time under his practiced scrutiny. No attestation to a fact in nature could be more perfect. Fraud was impossible. Hallucination was out of the question unless electric tests can themselves become hallucinated. So the materialization of human form from the invisible becomes an attested object for study by the philosopher. The dollar circle and the practiced public medium will not be herein accused or denounced. Their phenomena will be passed by as thoroughly unsatisfactory. We shall deal only with the proved, and claim the right to enquire what and how much is really proved under these conditions of attested verity.

Intelligent creation is never completed by a "let there be the desired form." Its creator thinks, and must think every detail. Whether that thought be by almighty flash, or item by item of the slow process of the inventor, is a mere question of time. The process is the same in degree. So we repeat, the mind back of Katie King must have been that of a skilled chemist—a profound student of nature—working on lines very close to those on which form is built in mortal life. His creative power must be developed by long practice, yet still demanding the darkness of a womb, out of which the intended form shall be born at every appearance.

All this is recognized as the basic truth of materialization. But, so far, it might be merely the portrait or statue of Katie King skilled into intelligent life and movement. There need not be a single unit from the personality of the real Katie King associated with that manufactured form. And such, we need hardly say, is the usual "make up" at the dollar séance where the phenomena is genuine from the standpoint of the skeptic.

But the form of Katie King was not created and dressed for appearance in the spirit cabinet at the séance. It was to simulate the divine creature itself. It was to be the work of an artist posing as God Junior, but with all his essential limitations. The units must not only be experienced in Homo's personality, but must sparkle with the utmost intelligence of mortal brain. Katie could not supply such units. Her mortal form had dissolved centuries ago. So the very first step for the invisible artist is to find a mortal from whose form such units can be taken. It is the artist's duty to be returned promptly for the lender to continue in mortal life, "materializing medium." The artist relinquishes unit after unit till the scale shrinks the observer with his assertion of lost ounces and pounds. But the mortals present are also called upon to contribute, and no one can escape the contribution basket if he has any of the needed material. These mortals may be either harmonious or inharmonious. To be harmonious simply means that they can contribute liberally to this collection, taken up for the benefit of the medium and the chemist. Their own sensation or lassitude at the conclusion of the séance should tell them of the awful draft on the vital forces of the medium, even under the most favorable conditions. The form at last appears to these students of the occult side of nature. It stands visible to mortal sense in all its feebleness and strength, being, like every other invention of the creative thought of Homo, woefully sensitive to the conditions around it. It is now that this manufactured Katie King—this human machine—must commence to play its part.

It is rare for the medium to possess a highly developed and trained intellect. There have been a few cases where exceptionally such experienced units might be utilized from the form of the medium. But as a rule such units must come either from the brains of the audience present, or from those of the invisible operators. Probably both sides of the life line must thus contribute. We here recall that there is nothing whatever gathered from the mortal form of the apparition now calling herself Katie King. Nothing that may not be included in the part of a clever

actress on life's stage. Give such an actress the "make up" and she will easily supply the intellect that may be necessary to guide and control the form thus materialized. Such an actress enters the vibrations of earth life, and with a combination of telepathy and shrewdness, plays her part almost to perfection. At each return she becomes more perfect in her part. She has the memory of every appearance, and exhibits likes and dislikes, repulsions and attractions, because they inhere to the conditions of her "make up." We thus find ourselves in the presence of a civic personality, just as with every mortal, no matter what Ego may be its representative control for the time.

We have not, and cannot have the slightest guarantee that the Katie King of yesterday is the Katie King of today. The clever artist, the talented chemist, builds and rebuilds that form with increasing facility, and whoever may play the part has access to such memories as have been recorded in that form.

The writer once heard a spirit, talking through an entranced medium, express great indignation because she had just discovered that her own appearance in materialized form had been followed by similar manifestations several times a week for some months, to the great satisfaction of a mortal friend. This is an ever present possibility in this class of phenomena.

We see the phase at its very best when a Katie King, or some other one form, is the only puppet needed on the stage week after week. Where a score of forms are demanded and produced in a matter of minutes, the units to be borrowed, at each disappearance of the manufactured form. It is only necessary under such conditions to keep the "wax" and shape it to suit the new demand, until the medium becomes hopelessly exhausted. This phase may thus be strictly genuine, and at the same time be a damnable fraud. Let Katie King be actually present, under conditions the scientist declares satisfactory, yet he can invent no test that would expose the simulation by another intelligence the very next evening. His tests begin and end with the form. The intellect must stand for just what it is worth every time it appears. It is collected as always associated with a certain form; we demand the presence of that form as a proof of the genuineness of the apparition. The demand and its supply must create much amusement among the unprincipled but invisible "form creators" behind the curtain.

It is a melancholy fact that even a trained intellect is no guarantee of veracity. The skilled chemist we do not see may be going round with his finger to his nose as he fools the mortal by playing upon his ignorance of natural law. We find visitors to such séances in ecstasies over a likeness to a fondly remembered form. A few telepathic tests elicit the best and we find it into declared knowledge, whereupon both the form and the telepathy are soon again ready for a like manifestation to another of the visitors. "What fools these mortals be" should be the motto over every materialization cabinet.

At many of our most famed circles for such manifestations there is a camera as a regular cabinet appearance, and usually with shrewd humor playing the clown. Although in some instances known to the writer this little form has not grown or changed in a quarter of a century, the sitters nevertheless are as actual as the living. Their own loved ones. They support their belief by asserting that the form is not only a likeness of the old remembrance, but has given names and tests as proofs of its veridity.

The time comes when the Katie King form bids a pathetic good-bye to her entertainer and the medium, and declares her mission on earth now ended. Yet in a few weeks the form Katie King is active as ever, through another medium in our highly favored "ghost land of America." The verdict of a jury of mortals in such a case is a mere guess, based on probabilities. A student doubt inheres, and must inhere to all spirit return.

Through the marvelous trance mediumship of Miss Shelhamer, of Boston, a spirit purporting to be that of the Rev. John Pierpont, renowned as poet and preacher, for fourteen years, has been appearing in the spirit cabinet, and has given complete satisfaction. At last he announced that his work was finished in that line, and that he should forever leave that work to others. Yet in a short time another medium assumed the tripod at the sanctum of the old Banner of Light, and proclaimed the veritable John Pierpont her guide and control. The average believer in Modern Spiritualism apparently cannot comprehend that an impossibility of complete and satisfactory identification inheres to every case of spirit return. However satisfactory to-day, let the spirit purport to return through some other medium to other sitters and we find him a different soul in a different body, with very different experiences.

wards identification, say in the return of the renowned guides of Stainton Moses of England, who recorded his experiences under the guidance of M. A. Osmon. These guides are now purporting to return through Mrs. Piper. So sayeth the S. P. R. in its recent report of its proceedings. But, oh, the woe of it! The intellect of those guides has shriveled; their theological teachings have well nigh become hegegy; while their learning has already vanished.

The lesson herein for the student is that spirit return brings no real truth as to the social, political and religious standing in the new life of any of our spirit visitors. Of course we have plenty of explanations of this miserable fiasco, but they have, so far, always proved to be explanations which do not explain.

It will now be seen that the writer counts materialization, in some respects, the most unsatisfactory phase of spirit return. Yet it also offers proof of the wondrous skill and creative power of invisible beings in this plane. Hence a form exhibiting an intelligence not inherent in itself. Like the photograph it might echo the voice of one who passed away centuries ago. That form may be made to talk wisdom, or even to write down human thoughts for one who may be but the teller of a thrilling romance. The form may claim to be husband, wife or child. The claim is unveridical even at the best, yet that semblance may be a pressing feeling and a bitter truth that awakes eager response in the mortal listener. But every flash of intelligence in any form of spirit return, or even from aural selfhood, comes under one general law. It is thought from some center of intelligence coming as a vibratory sensation into mortal organs. And the truth to be ever kept before the student is that such a sensation can only be interpreted in the terms of mortal experience. It may come as an impression, intuition, or even a verbal sound, but to the untrained ear its meaning will always remain uncertain.

To the educated student a far deeper and more truthful communication may be thus transmitted. But even such a student must first, like his brother student of the hieroglyph, patiently learn ere he may hope to accurately translate. Everything that may be transpiring at this hour in the life of the unseen must remain untranslatable by Homo because he has no experience of the conditions amid which an "aural self" must express its intelligence and control its surroundings. Such, we offer as the conclusion of our study of aural selfhood.

San Leandro, Cal.  
(To be Continued.)

### Major Bitters' Memorial Services.

The lecture hour, at the Spiritualists' church, Sunday morning, was devoted to memorial exercises in honor of the late President of the society, Major Bitters.

The room was nicely decorated with flags, flowers, pictures and growing plants. The program included appropriate songs, etc. Interesting papers were read by Otis Bishop, H. Franklin, S. B. Panning and a short talk by Oscar Johnson. At the conclusion of the service, officers were elected for the ensuing term.

Harry J. Moore delivered his farewell address last night. In part he said: "The human race advances in proportion that it mingles its thought with its labor. All things pursue that course from which it receives the least resistance. In all ages men have been asking questions, 'What are we? Where do we come from? What is our purpose? What is our destiny?' These questions have been asked in the affirmative by our holy religion. He gave quotations from the writings of, Socrates and Plato as a proof that the so-called pagans believed in the communion of spirits. He said that Jesus, Swedenborg, and others were mediums and Spiritualists in the sense that they received communications from disembodied spirits. He also quoted from the leading ministers, scientists and jurists that part of their writings which landed them into the lap of Spiritualism. He also mentioned the names of Rev. Samuel Watson, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. B. F. Austin, Prof. Cromwell, Varley, Crookes, Zollner, Hare, Hyslop, Lodge and A. R. Wallace, Judges A. H. Day and E. D. Edwards. He also mentioned William Wilcox and Lillian Moore. "To tell the truth," said Mr. Moore, "we have no religion, no proscriptions, no when ignorance is relegated to the dark and superstitious past. Protect and help all is the motto of Spiritualism. Let the light of liberty bathe the shores of our globe. Let the sun of freedom reflect its rays upon the embankments of our globe. Keep the instruction of our public schools and then we will have a magnificent diversity of individuality. If we are able to reach the heart at the same time that we reach the intellect, our future success is assured. Just think, we have all the departed reformers on our side to help and encourage us. Peace be to the good and Amen."

At the conclusion of the evening service several new names were added to the roll of members. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were endorsed themselves in the name of many people by their earnest, courteous conduct during their sojourn here, and their return next October, will be hailed as the home coming of members of the fold who have earned the title of pleasure by duty well performed.—Rochester (Ind.) Daily Republic.

Preserve thyself, instruct thyself, moderate thyself, live for thy fellow citizens that they may live for thee.—Volney.

Aggression which is flagitious when committed by one, is not sanctioned when committed by a host.—Horbert Spencer.

People wish to be settled. Only as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.—Babson.

Natural religion to-day means what the most enlightened reason reads in nature.—P. P. Powell.

### PROOF PALPABLE, OR PROOF POSITIVE OF AN AFTER LIFE.

To the Editor:—In keeping with our caption, presumptive evidence is cut out, and only the positive can be considered. A little boy, six years old, whom I know, was crying one night, with a toothache. He said to his mother, that he was "mad." She asked him who was he mad at? He said that he was mad at "who made him." Said she, "Are you mad at God?" He said, "Yes, because he did not make me so I would not have the toothache."

These individuals make the same mistake that churchists and creeds do. They construct a belief on the supposition that all of the human family are born into the world with the same mental organization, and that it is something altogether outside of heredity that causes all the diversity in character and susceptibility to impressions, etc. Something like two years ago, a negro in the state of Georgia, the name of the place I have forgotten, broke into a widow's house and robbed and killed her. He then tied his shoes onto his feet, heel foremost, and struck for the timber. The searchers for the murderer could see two pairs of tracks going to the house, but none going away. The blood-hounds they employed would trail toward the house, but a short time on the last track, until they would get dull and turn and go the other way. The instinct of the hound was so acute that he could tell which tracks were the freshest, and on that principle he knew that he was trailing the wrong way. The shoes being turned the wrong way did not amount to anything with a hound. The trail was six hours old, yet the hounds put the man up a tree in a short time. Very recently, they took a couple of hounds and traced the course of some bank robbers in South Carolina, and found a safe they had buried in the river.

We have a bulldog that can catch hold and hold on; a greyhound that can run with wonderful fleetness; a bloodhound with a scent that is little less than miraculous, yet the bulldog cannot run nor smell, only to a limited way; nor can the greyhound smell or hold on with its teeth, nor the bloodhound run fast nor is he a great biter.

Some men are born blind, some deaf, some idiotic, whilst others are idiotic in some departments of the mind and strong in others; and a certain per cent of the human family are blessed with rounded-out brains and know in all directions, as we might say. That lovely as well as great man, Combe, the phreologist, could not calculate figures being a mystery to him. He could not tell the mathematical relations of objects and things. Blind Tom was a musical prodigy, but an idiot in everything else. To the person who believes in the Bible, it might be said, and the argument designed to be presented ended at once, that in the soul of man there are a diversity of gifts; some with the gift of healing, some the discerning of spirits, that is with as great power to see or hear spirits, as the hound has to smell the trail of a man or an animal.

But when we come to the materialist, who is deaf to all agencies, hearing or knowing anything about these gifts, like the man from a certain state in the United States, he has to be shown. And he is hard to show. You have to do him like the Yankee directed to administer the medicine to destroy fleas. When the good lady of the house called him back to tell them how to give the medicine, he said he could not hear, and forced it down their constricted necks.

From the above cases cited, and others to be introduced later, and of some what a different nature, it would seem that the matter of proof positive or palpable, of immortal life, depends largely if not altogether, on the sense and understanding of the person or persons to whom the proof is offered or presented. There are two characters that we wish to refer to, namely, the genuine and the counterfeit. There is a man with the pride of belief, and there is another with the pride of doubt. We will liken each of these to a certain kind of bear. The one with the pride of belief is the cinnamon bear that is trained to dance by the dark man who carries a pole in his hand and utters a grunting song, as the animal with a chain around his neck is held by the man, and he utters his hind leg and wabbles around the ring. This is the Salvation Army man, who can act and perform inside of the length of his boss's chain, but can not go outside of it. And we may take all the orthodox worshippers in this class. They are all bound by the chain of creed and are as helpless to go outside as is this poor dumb animal. The other is the hibernator. He lies in his den and sees no light, and is proud that he knows nothing. He represents the negative class of humanity. He curls up with his black paw in his mouth and nurses from day to day and from night to night. He turns his back on the light and is proud in the possession of his dark and negative conditions. He represents the blank and unhappy materialist, unhappy, though proud in his doubts.

Talk of any kind of proof of light beyond the horizon of this world to him who turns his back to you, and to the mouth of the cave of ignorance into which he has betaken himself. And what better off is the one with the chain of creed around his neck? He is proud of his chain and of his master, and of the guttural music that he hears every day and at all times, until he is woothed by it into a kind of brain sleep. He is close akin to the cheerful idiot. The orthodox devotee does not know what one means when he hears him say that he is an investigator of facts and phenomena. That is outside the length of his cable-love, and everything like that sounds foreign or smacks of witchcraft.

and that he has an engagement to meet B. A deaf and dumb man, down in the bottom of the sea. A. goes down in a diving bell that is transparent, and B. has a diving bell that is not, or that he has a common instrument for diving. They go down to the place of meeting at the proper time, remain a given time, return. On being asked what was the result of the interview, each answers that there was no communication between them. It is said to A. that his bell was clear so that one might see through the walls and outside. "But," said he, "I am blind." And he further remarked that he cried out to B. But B. said that he could not hear. Neither could testify that the other observed the appointment. If there could be such a thing that a spirit could not talk, in spirit manner, it would do no good for a medium for spirit manifestation to be clairaudient. If a spirit individual is an impossibility, that is if there are no spirits who can come to persons on the earth, then clairvoyance is nothing, there is no such a thing.

Paul claimed in all his arguments about spiritual gifts, as far as we can judge from his writings, that they were miraculously bestowed. Jesus was more liberal than he. When the disciples came and told him that they found some casting out devils in the name of the Holy Ghost, or professing to be by such power, he said to them: "Let them alone." What would the priests say now if such should be found? Would not a Moses or a Falmauge or a Parkhurst denounce them as practicing witchcraft?

The discoveries of the wonderful century had not reached Brother Paul, or rather, they had not peeled up the scalp of his cranial. He was a theologian. He had a god to look after and take care of. He said that the natural man was an enemy of that God. Said that he was not subject to God's law, neither, indeed could be. What would he have said if one had told him that a seven-year-old child was seeing and describing parties who had died before she was born? What would he have cautioned the friends to look out for his jealous God.

It is worth noticing that priests, and Paul amongst them, that is if he is correctly reported, committed a logical blunder or error, in claiming to be so well acquainted with God, so that in the later histories of the church, if not at the Pauline period, they came to be called Doctors of Divinity; and yet, knowing so little about that other important individual, Satan. We never hear of a Devilologist, nor of a doctor of sataninity. And this slighting of the more unfortunate of this myth pair is not the worst treatment he has received at the hands of the ecclesies. They never found him until the captivity period, late in the history of the only Jehovah religion, and had they been sent by that strange fate into foreign servitude and exile, they would not have "run up against him."

But it is worse than all, that the leaders of the church, of all the churches, do not claim to study him, so as to find out his real character after mission, yet admit that it would be impossible to conduct their business without him. They not only do this, but they show a hard spirit toward him by never uttering a prayer for his conversion, nor expressing a wish that he might turn and be a good man, and a good citizen, and a power and wisdom in the opposite direction to what he is supposed to exercise at present. Robert Burns was a natural poet and had a soul of love, far superior to many of the so-called elect. In his address to the Devil, he concluded with the following:

"Now, fare ye well, Auld Nickie Ben, Oh! wad ye tak a thought on men; I can na say, we aiblins yet ma ha a stake, I'm w to think opo you den, e'en for your sake."

If there is a God, personal or otherwise, and he hates the Devil, if there is such a being, and would not give him a chance to reform, if he needs reformation, that God is no better than the other fellow.

It is easy to see that the devil idea is founded in dishonesty and injustice, and in the carrying out of a desire to shift responsibility. These theologians who refuse to become, as well, devilologists, ascribe all that they cannot or do not want to understand, to the work of the Devil, and condemn him to a greater or lesser degree. Luther saw him in many instances, getting in his road when he wished to do good and sometimes preventing him. The whole of that church that bears his name, are devil scared. John Wesley visited the Wesleys, and told them who he was, and they were not afraid of him. The Wesleys were phenomena exhibited in the Wesley family before the sons, Charles and John, left the home in England. These brothers were highly spiritual and deeply inspired. They had no fight with Satan, their theme was love. They did not see when no man pursued. But the church founded on the Wesleyan revival could not free itself from diabolism from the demonology of the old regime.

It is easy for a person of a critical mind to logically conclude that there is not only proof positive, or palpable, of spirit life after so-called death, but that there is also proof more and proof most positive, of the fact.

First: If I am an intelligent person, with what is so-called a rounded-out brain and intellect, and know myself to be sane, as I am fully persuaded that one can tell, if he is; and a departed one comes to me and talks as of old and manifests the presence in many ways and at different times, and shows ingenuity in language and manners to prove his identity, would not that be a proof palpable? But, suppose that I should belong to the "devil-scared" class. Even if I should be frightened some, but not so terribly but what I

could remember how I loved that one, would I not be apt to enquire like this: What human is she or he doing me, or what evil could there be in such expressions of love as I have received on this occasion of their coming?

But here is a class who have a devil and a god, yet neither of whom have any ear-marks by which they can be distinguished from each other. Should the former of these purport to give a revelation, judging by the manner of it that it was he, if it should be ever so high in sentiment, the class would condemn it; for it could only have come from Satan, in such a manner.

The position of the opponents of Spiritualism is the most fatal of any that is known of, if they are forced onto a platform of strictly honest discussion. Their brutal assumption of authority cuts out the idealist, the poet and the thinker. There are, however, two classes of these enemies of the truth. One has no heaven at all, the other, one of his own construction. He is like the chicken that Moses Sloop, of Kentucky, took to market—his only stock of poultry. The merchant asked him if it was fat. "Fat?" said he; "well, it ought to be," said he; "had the full swing of the farm." The old orthodox here has had the "full swing" of the winds of the world until she is fat.

We sometimes see an anxious doubter. The man that we have pictured in our mind. Is an intellectual character, greater or less, of longevity which is most always if not uniformly, coupled with a great desire to live; and though he is not spiritually inclined, not spiritual in gifted, and receives the thought of a possibility of existence independent of a physical body, yet he is reluctantly willing to make a test of the spirits to try them, hoping against hope, that he may find something to convince him that mortals live again. Such an one is an awful critic. May be a chronic phenomena hunter, as Dr. J. W. Daily, of Boston, says in a recent article. In this paper that he had been through many years. Such an one perhaps as Dr. M. J. Savage, the distinguished Unitarian minister who has written books on the subject of spirit return. He recites a number of wonderful cases of such phenomena, yet, although he says that he cannot account for the same on any other supposition than that they are actual visitants from the unseen, of persons who have lived on the earth and whom he once knew, he is waiting for some one to account for the same in some other manner or way. "This," Dr. Crookes said to Dr. Savage, "I don't want to be called a fool." I think, was when Crookes had given it up that there were such things as spirit communications, although unwilling to so declare publicly.

The world is a symposium, and there are seventy-five per cent of the patrons of the fair who never think of thinking. On this account the minister has a hey-day. He is in the swim, among little fish; he opens his great cavernous lips and gulps, and down go the minnows in school. Yet a minister, who has a low whole primary department at one gulp.

If the furnished rooms in Sheol are not at all taken up by the murderers and robbers of innocence, the moral cowards and hypocrites will have a show for lodging when the Son of Man comes to make up his ledger that they are actual visitants from the unseen, of persons who have lived on the earth and whom he once knew, he is waiting for some one to account for the same in some other manner or way. "This," Dr. Crookes said to Dr. Savage, "I don't want to be called a fool." I think, was when Crookes had given it up that there were such things as spirit communications, although unwilling to so declare publicly.

The following incidents will illustrate, to a greater or lesser degree, what is meant by proofs palpable, more palpable, and most palpable.

These cases will be related under three heads—First, Second and Third.

First.—A brown-haired fair girl of four summers, with intellect and beauty among her charming gifts, passed away from a certain home where she reigned as garden queen, and the wreaths of summer and decked with the spangles of diamond dewdrops of the morning. Fourteen years afterwards, the father was rather suddenly developed into the power of seeing clairvoyantly. Among the many hundreds of forms coming to his presence, was this little girl, then a maiden fair. Her head was adorned with a grand suit of the richest brocade, and she sat on a table swinging her feet under it, her hair waving like dark ripples and her splendid teeth showing enough to frighten a man. She had an appearance she was not known why she never spoke in any of her visits, as many others did, but the mother and sister of the father came and told him that it was the brown-haired baby girl of yore. She was full of play. One time in the evening she came with a broom in her hand, as if to make a mimic fight. Some of her visits would last for several minutes, long enough for her to enact something like a scene or part in a drama. She was always bright, graceful and full of purest mirth.

Second.—Dr. L. of Springfield, Mo., visited Mott, of Memphis, also, about the year '80. At one of Mott's séances, Littleberry Hendrick, one of Springfield's oldest citizens, officials who had departed quite a number of years previously, came to the cabinet door and called for his old friend, Dr. L. When he met him at the window, he said to the spirit, that he did not look like Littleberry Hendrick. The old man remarked that it was his first attempt at materializing and that he could not do any better at present, but that if he would come a little closer he would prove to him that he was as he represented. When he drew near, the spirit said: "Do you remember a certain person who was accused of a crime?" naming the man Mr. H. answered, "Yes, very well." "And," said the spirit, "do you mind that you and I agreed that though we knew that the man was guilty, we thought it best to say nothing about it, as it could not be proven satisfactorily?" He answered that he certainly could not, as no one else knew what he had related. (But, says one, the devil might have known all this, and merely was trying to mislead him so; he was a poor imitator.) Do you think that this will do for a case of the

(Continued on Second page.)



## LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

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

## LETTER NUMBER ELEVEN.

Of course, from what I have said, it can readily be understood that there are millions of spiritual beings here who firmly believe in hell and the devil as taught by the Catholic hierarchy; for, as before stated, those who are here think they are in an intermediate state—that they were not vile enough to be cast directly into hell, nor good enough to go at once to heaven. And here is where many priests obtain great power over the minds of thousands and thousands of spirits who were on earth Catholics, and are Catholics still here in the spheres.

It is pitiable, it is deplorable! There is but one way to help it, and that way to do just as I did on earth, talk to them, preach to them, lecture them, show them the folly of it all. Peradventure a few will be convinced that they are in error and will turn their minds earnestly in the direction of truth.

O, I still have enough to do; trying to knock the bottom out of hell and so do thousands of advanced spirits. It is hard, no doubt, for many on earth to believe that there are convents here, as on earth, and nuns who reside within them; but it is true.

Now as priests do not marry on earth, they are of the same mind here, that is, a great many of them, and they still remain without wives. Whatever their habits were on earth, they retain those habits still, and we are very sorry to say they have many \* \* \* here as there and such are usually nuns. Some may raise their hands in horror and declare that there cannot, in the nature of things, be nunneries in the spirit spheres; but there are, and a goodly number of them. Of course it is an abuse of a natural law. The law works here as it does on earth. If they were not able to have convents and nunneries here, we could not have schools, halls, temples of wisdom, institutions of learning and so forth; and if we are able to have these things, they are able to have that which they like.

Advanced spirits here band together and erect splendid temples of wisdom. Catholic spirits band together and erect splendid cathedrals and churches, convents and nunneries. The law holds good with one as with the other. Now I often make it my business to visit some Catholic priest, who holds a large concourse of people in bondage, to see if I cannot change his mind and afterward have the privilege of preaching in his church or cathedral as the case may be. In this way a greater amount of good work can be accomplished and a larger number of spirits set free; and, if I am so fortunate as to gain him, he then will aid me in setting his people free. These priests can only be approached with great circumspection and caution.

Now I will give a detailed account of one whom I was able to reform. Reform is a very good word to use, I think; and this man is a fair sample of many others whom I have reformed in the same way. Success attended my work with him, and together we were afterward able to bring the light of truth to all his followers. I have done, and am still doing, much work among these people.

Father Ambrose was a priest who, on earth, had been very powerful among his people. His church was an exceedingly large one and he was greatly mourned when, at last, he passed away from earth. On arriving within the spheres he was shortly thereafter met by a large number of people. Many of them had been under his charge on earth. He had been very wily and used a great amount of hypnotic power, or hypnotic persuasion. He was extremely arrogant and very vain. He held most women, who came to him to confess, in his hands like so many puppets, and in the convent, which was near the church, his word was law. His secret crimes there, and among those outside, had been many; but so-called death found him at last as it does all. This man in his secret heart, or mind rather, did not believe a word of that which he professed to; he really believed that death was the end of all living beings; but as he said to himself again and again: "It is better to govern the people in this way than any other. By so doing I lead an easy life, live sumptuously without labor, am exalted above the common people, and they actually worship me. Ah! the Romish church is a fine institution. Better for the world that it should rule, even if there is nothing after death."

Now when he awoke in spirit life and found a life which, in many respects, resembled the earthly life, excepting that it was ethereal and refined, as he found neither hell, the Devil, God, nor heaven, and was presently surrounded by many spiritual beings whose minds had not progressed out of the old belief, he thought it would

be a fine thing to live very much as he had been accustomed to. He soon discovered that there could be spiritual buildings erected, and he rallied a large number and persuaded them to erect a great church and fit it up like those on earth. "Not content," he had a nunnery attached. Being very wily and having great hypnotic power, he soon persuaded his followers that they were just as likely to be lost in hell, even more likely, than when they were in the body of flesh; for, as they were not in heaven, and as the holy virgin and her son had not vouchsafed to show themselves unto them, they were almost sure to go to hell, but he had been sent to them from heaven, peradventure a few of them might be saved, that he had already been carried to heaven, where, but for his great concern for their souls, he might have remained; but he prayed to God and the Christ and the holy virgin that he might be sent down into purgatory, perhaps a few might be restored to God.

In this way, then, he went on with his church very much as he had done on earth. At stated periods he preached thus to the people.

I had visited this church and heard him preach a number of times, for I was determined to reform him, if possible. He had shut himself up in a house that had been erected for his sole use by the people, and it was very hard for one not belonging to his church to obtain an audience; for he had those who served him just as he had had on earth, and no one was conducted to his presence except those whom he wished to see, and none could force their way to him, for his servants allowed no one to pass them.

I had sent my card many times but had always been denied. At last a thought struck me and I wrote on the card, "William Denton: One who would be converted to the faith, if possible."

Yes; if possible; but I knew that it could not be possible. This I did not write, however. A wily person must be met by a little guile; but I thought my guile quite innocent considering the great importance that I attached to my visit. The servant, who had presented my card, returned, saying that the Reverend Father would give me audience, thereby hoping to save my soul; and I was ushered into his presence.

The apartment was grand and luxurious in the extreme. The holy father himself was reclining at full length on a divan, while pictures of the holy virgin and the saints adorned the walls. A large picture of Christ on the cross was at one end of the room and before it an altar with burning lamps; a font filled with holy water stood near. The priest arose and we saluted each other, then, as he sank into an easy chair, he motioned me to the altar, where I knew that I was expected to kneel and mumble a prayer, and afterward to cross myself with holy water.

Well, I thought I would use a little more guile. The picture was really a beautiful work of art. As I knelt at the altar, I mumbled not a prayer, but a few words of praise to the one who had executed such an admirable artistic piece of work; and as I thought the water could do me no harm and the act was meaningless to me, and by conforming to this mimicry I might thereby be instrumental in saving a few hundred souls from the folly of believing in hell and purgatory, I crossed myself with it.

I have no doubt that many who read this will think I did very wrong, but I, together with many other souls, thought the end justified the means.

As I turned from the font, I met Ambrose's eyes fastened, like those of a basilisk, upon me. Their expression was so sinister that it actually startled me. "It is well that you conformed to the rites of the Holy Church of God," he said, "else, I would have had you thrown out like a dog. I will show you that I am master here, at least. I know who you are, well," he continued; "often heard of you before you arrived here. You are that most impious, blasphemous wretch, who wrote bad verse and held the Holy Book of God up to ridicule—one who raised his puny arm against the most high God—a blatant imp of the devil himself, who sought to demolish all holy and sacred things. It is well for you that you crossed yourself with holy water or I would not allow your blasphemous lips to utter a word in my presence."

The priest towered wrathfully above me as he uttered these words, his gleaming eyes piercing me through and through. You must know, dear friends to whom I write, that I am quite a small man and very spare in flesh as well—that is, I was so in the material form and I look now very much as I did then—my hair brown, my complexion fair. The priest had been, and still was, tall, with large, powerful form, dark eyes and hair; the eyes being very large and fierce, gleaming with hypnotic power, formerly called mesmeric power.

"Now, sir—Mr. William Denton—what may your business be with me?"

I had not, thus far, spoken. He picked up the card and read aloud, "William Denton. One who would be converted to the faith, if possible." He motioned me to

a seat and sunk back into an easy chair himself, with his basilisk eyes still fixed intently on mine. The band of angels who had commissioned me to do this work had promised to hold telepathic communication with me, to guard and strengthen me if I should need assistance. Sending my thought out for strength, they instantly responded; and, like the allegorical Samson of old, the strength of an hundred men entered into me, and the combined wisdom of the whole band. There was need of it all, for this man before me well knew for what purpose I had come and was determined to hold his own against me.

"Converted to the faith, if possible!" he repeated with withering scorn. "God has power to strike you dead at my feet," he continued, "and probably would but for my intercession in your behalf."

The priest had actually forgotten for the time being, that he and I were dead already.

"Have you seen God?" I asked, looking straight into his evil eyes. He quailed a little, and then with great bravado:

"Most certainly, sir." "Well, as I have not," I replied mildly, "would you kindly tell me how he looks?"

The priest paled visibly and stammered a little as he answered: "He looks like what he is; a great and glorious king, holding the thunderbolts of heaven in his hands. Be careful, sir, that one is not hurled at your blasphemous head."

"Thunderbolt! Thunderbolt!" I repeated. "It has been proven, beyond cavil or doubt, that a thunderbolt is a discharge of electricity and that electricity exists within all nature everywhere, that all things, whatsoever, are charged with it more or less, that we, as spirits, are exceedingly electrical; how, then, does God hold a thunderbolt in each hand?" I looked him straight in the eyes. "You are a lying spirit," I said. "You have not seen God, at least not such a potentate as you describe, and you know that you have not." He quailed a little, as all liars do, and then, bracing up once more, he said with considerable bravado: "How dare you accuse me of lying? You cannot know that I have not."

"But I have been in this life much longer than you, and have not seen God, nor any such being or king as you tell of."

"You?" he said with a sneer. "You deserve the eternal fires of hell. You brazen, blasphemous knave! It is owing wholly to the great mercy of God that you are here in purgatory. God, in his infinite mercy, thought he would give you a little more time in which to repent of your great sins."

"Did God tell you this, when you saw him?" I asked. How can you know what his thoughts and motives were unless he expressed them to you?"

Again he quailed; then, mustering up his courage once more he said in a loud voice, "Yes, he told me."

"Of what particular sins did he accuse me?" I again asked. "I have never broken any one of the ten commandments to my knowledge."

"Oh, yes, you have," he exclaimed; "probably all of them. But of this I know not. That you have blasphemed the holy name of God you cannot deny."

"Did God tell you that I had blasphemed his name?" I asked. "Otherwise, how could you know that I had? But, first, I would like to know what you mean by blasphemy?"

"Blasphemy is to revile God," he answered hotly, "to impiously speak of God."

"I have never reviled God," I asserted. "To speak impiously of him; you must first tell me what you mean by impious?"

"Irreverence and profanity," he ejaculated through his set teeth.

"I cannot remember of using a profane word in my life," I said, "and as the God in whom I believe exists in every atom of the universe and in all nature everywhere and as I love, revere, and adore all nature everywhere, together with the great universal whole, I certainly am not irreverent or impious."

"You reject God and adore his works? Then you fly in the face of the Creator and bow down before his handiwork?"

"Did God say that I had flown in his face—that I was an impious, blasphemous wretch, who had flown in his face, when you saw him?"

Again he quailed and appeared somewhat cowed, then, striking his hand forcibly upon the table he hissed:

"Yes, sir, he told me; moreover, he said you would soon be broiling in hell, together with the devil and hisimps."

"How did it happen that my name was mentioned between you?" I asked, "as you never saw me before, only knew of me by hearsay, and as I must be a very important personage to this potentate, of whom you speak, who, as you think, has created countless millions of human beings and innumerable worlds; how was it that you happened to

select me as a topic of conversation between you? I never dreamed that I could be of so much importance among such a countless host."

"You have been selected," he said, with a black scowl, "for the very hottest fires of hell, on account of the manner in which you have led men's souls astray from the Living, Almighty God. You have had large audiences time and time again, and have told them there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no purgatory; no devil, no Christ, no holy virgin."

"And how do you know," I asked, "that God, heaven, hell, purgatory, devil, Christ, and the holy virgin do exist? It is useless for you to tell me now, that the Bible says so, for we are what men call dead; we are spirits, and if these things existed we should have seen them before this time. I have been in this life now a goodly number of years, and I have not met God, nor Christ, nor the holy virgin. I have seen one who was called Jesus, on earth; I have also seen his mother. He is in no way different from many other exalted spirits and his mother was no holier than many other young girls who have trusted men before marriage; and she claims nothing here beyond what other mothers claim. I have not met the Devil, but I have met thousands of bright and glorious spirits—or angelic messengers, who have been here thousands and thousands of years, who are constantly growing brighter and more beautiful, which could hardly be the case if they were simply in purgatory, not of these having ever seen God, no more than I have, and not one of these bright and beautiful beings has accused me as you have done; on the contrary they have commended my efforts to set men free from the bondage of error and reveal to them Truth's smiling face. Now, sir, thus far you have been my accuser. I shall now be yours. I am one of a large band of bright and good spirits, and they have delegated me to come here in your own stronghold and accuse you to your face, for, like swordsmen, I must use the weapons you like best, and I will run you through if possible. It is the only way to conquer you. I have been parrying your thrusts thus far, and I am still untouched, unwounded. I shall now thrust you. You may defend yourself if you can. Sir, you are a liar, a blasphemous, impious wretch. You have also broken the ten commandments, every one of them. You have used the name of God for your own base purposes. You have deceived and led astray a multitude of people, not only on earth, but here in the spirit world as well."

"Leave me, sir, leave me at once!" thundered the priest.

"I will call my servants and have you ejected."

"Do so," I said, "and I will then call to my aid the large band of angels that I told you of, and we will soon demolish these structures within which you entrench yourself. We would prefer to lead you, and your followers forth peacefully, or turn this place into a temple of wisdom; but, if you will not listen, and continue in your present course, we shall be obliged to demolish it."

I gazed into his evil eyes with unflinching firmness. He paled and trembled visibly.

"I told you, sir, that you were a false deceiver, and you know that you are; I know that you are, and all the angels who are above you know that you are. Think of it, sir, millions of holy angels know that you are a base liar, deceiver, hypocrite, and that you are guilty of all the other crimes mentioned in the ten commandments, that you are holding these people, who have gathered about you, in bondage—in the bondage of error and ignorance—and while you thus hold them they can make no progress, they remain here slaves to your dominant will-power, to your hypnotic persuasion."

"No, sir!" cried the priest. "They remain here because they love me."

"They may think they love you, because you try to make them think so; but it is not love. It is fear, one of the weakest passions of the human mind. You have made these people believe they are in purgatory awaiting hell, unless they do just as you desire them to do. You tell them that you have been to heaven, that you have seen God, Christ, and the holy virgin, and out of pity for their condition God has sent you back into purgatory to try and save them from hell. Now, every word of this is false, and you know it. You have not seen God, or Christ, or the holy virgin; and you know that God and heaven, such as you tell them of, does not exist."

"I do not know it, sir!" thundered the priest. "No, sir! I do not know it neither do you; nor can you know that they do not exist."

"But you tell these people that you have seen God. Whereas you know that you have not. You have told them all manner of falsehoods, that you may keep them in bondage. Now, sir, you would be far happier if you would allow yourself to go free. This bondage will lead you into fearful unhappiness in time. These, your slaves, will all rise up to curse you; they will, at length, discover the fraud."

(To be continued.)



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## PROOF OF AFTER LIFE.

(Continued from page 1.)

second degree of positiveness, or of proof palpable?

Third.—I will here relate a remarkable case, that occurred several years since, but that has never been published. I know the gentleman to whom the spirit appeared, and examined him phrenologically and psychometrically, and will state to such persons as understand these sciences, that it is impossible to be deceived in the character of a person thus examined, that is, to any great extent. Mr. S., the gentleman who related the case to the writer, could have no interest in deceiving any one or the public. He is not a Spiritualist in the sense that some others are, but refers to this case as having settled the question, once for all, of a future life. He doesn't seem to care much about investigation, yet is willing to do so when favorable opportunity presents. He was at the battle of San Juan hill, in command of a horse company, and is a rather warlike appearing individual, six feet tall or more, frank and free in expression. Impressing upon me that he is out for business, but would not stoop to little things. Here follows his narrative, an account of a spiritual manifestation that occurred in the year 1884, in Lincoln, Nebraska. The statement that follows is signed by Captain W. T. Sawyer (plain Thom. Sawyer), at that time supervisor of the insane hospital there.

In June, 1884, I was sitting in the office of the supervisor of the Nebraska Hospital for the Insane. There was a door opening between where I was sitting and the superintendent's office, where I could see Dr. Mathewson sitting at his desk writing. It was about 8:30 in the evening; all the patients had been locked up and the outside doors closed; the rooms were brilliantly lighted and without any preliminaries, a man whom I had known from childhood walked in, without coat or hat, and with rather a pale and disheveled appearance. That the reader may more fully understand, there had been a former agreement between this man and myself that whichever one that should die first, was to appear to the other and dead as king of which we each had a duplicate, as soon after death as we could, if it were possible so to do.

I was pleased to meet this friend of my youth and rose to greet him, when he hurriedly said for me not to come near nor touch him, that he had come to fulfill the promise made years before, and must proceed to do so at once.

as his time was limited; and he at once proceeded as follows:

"I, known as George Lester, in the flesh, but a few hours since, died this evening at Buckhamton, West Virginia, at 7:45 o'clock. I will first say that what we call death is without pain. After dissolution I seemed to have lost identity or personality; there seemed to be nothing left of me, save a faint memory that apparently was not being directed from me, but of a kind of mirrored reflection of a memory. I seemed to be passing through a dark and featureless space, without form or volition, at such a velocity that the finite mind of man cannot conceive. This faint recollection of a memory began to unfold a mirrored panorama of my earthly life, until I came to a period where I had relieved, or done a kind act for my fellow-man without other motive than to do good to humanity; when I seemed to be taking form, and felt a friendly hand and heard a voice. The darkness was dispelled, and I felt that I was being permitted to come here to you by the help of Luigi. I will now deliver you the ring, the tangible proof that man lives after death. Beware that you allow no person to wear it, except yourself, for if you do, that person will die within a year." In the meantime, Dr. Mathewson had come to the door separating these two rooms, and was leaning against one side of the door, listening to the conversation, or rather to the talk of the visitor. After depositing the ring, his form began to oscillate like a picture in a telescope, and in a moment had disappeared.

Dr. Mathewson, who stood at the door as described above, said: "Where is your man gone?" I answered him that I did not know, and that he was closer to him than I was. I was rather confused, thinking that my old friend had come in his undress, simply to play some kind of a trick on me for mere humor, as he was of that disposition, and when he disappeared, I hardly knew what the situation was, and asked the Doctor if I was asleep, or crazy. He replied that I might be, but he'd be coming to see me. We then got the ring from where he laid it, and found that it was a duplicate of the one I had kept during the absence in the years that had intervened since leaving his sight and body. I have mentioned as Luigi.

This Luigi had made the three rings and presented to myself, Mr. Lester and one other person, three rings, exact duplicates of each other, for the purpose of being returned to one of the

others after death, if possible to do so, as said.

Contrary to the remonstrances of myself, a young lady found the said ring in my desk and persisted in wearing it. In my desk and persisted in wearing it. I left Lincoln, Neb., for a few months, and when I returned she was wrapped in her last winding-sheet—died without pain or seeming sickness.

W. T. SAWYER.

We have opened up this subject of proof palpable of an after life, and established a storm center of argument. He who wills so may become a gladiator and join himself to the phalanx that is marching on to winnow the wheat of the world and dissipate the chaff that has hitherto hidden the precious grain from the blinded eyes of the unwary.

Before the footfalls of the nymphs of the skies were heard in that ever memorable time, fifty-four years ago, the world was a desert of arid land. The great river of sweet waters of life, sent out a canal to one spot of earth, and the oasis thus formed has spread its laterals over the earth, until life and immortality is brought to light, wherever the sun journeys. The journeyman workman knows that his tasks shall not end in darkness if he has drunk of that stream; and the aged pilgrim with bent form sings in the strength of richer draughts and with greater hilarity of soul than even the old travel-worn preacher of the gospel of the wilderness:

Here in this body pent,  
Absent from heaven I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
A day's march nearer home.

S. J. DAILY, M. D.

## WEEP NO MORE.

From this low sphere of mortal things  
We lift our eyes to heaven's dome;  
Flesh binds us here—but thoughts have wings—  
Our souls fly home.

We work and suffer; there is need  
Of suffering, to make us strong.  
Day comes, for all the hearts that bleed,  
Though night be long.

And in that morning's blessed light,  
When we have gone to dwell above,  
Will stand perfected, in our sight,  
Some gift of Love.

O, fainting spirit! weep no more!  
O, doubting soul! thy doubts decay!  
Love waits and calls, upon that shore,  
To which we fly.

ROSENBERG TEX. S. HAYFORD.

"The Majesty of Calmness, or Individual Problems and Possibilities." By Wm. George Jordan. Another valuable little work. Price 20 cents. For sale at this office.

## THE GODS

## Of Religion, Materialism and Philosophy.

We venture to lay down the proposition that if there was no world there would be no talk about Gods to account for the world. We take it, therefore, that the Gods are, so far as we are concerned, mere theories intended to account for the existence of the world and for what is done in it. Sometimes this is called solving the mystery of existence, or explaining the riddle of the universe.

In the history of the world diverse theories have been advanced for this purpose, and these all arrange themselves under three heads: the religious, materialistic and philosophic.

The religious theories came first, and one may suspect that they came first because the world at the time was not full of scientific knowledge. These religious theories are contained in the diverse so-called sacred books of the world. The Gods of these have anthropomorphic character, and are much worshiped in temples under priestly ministrations.

The materialists' God came next, not only in this country but also in India and everywhere else where they have a sacred book. It is a revolt everywhere against the God of olden times. The materialist doesn't worship his God, but seems rather to have a contempt for him; for him is dead, dead matter. He has no special favors to confer, nor punishment to inflict. But the materialist, realizing that a dead God fails to account for a live universe, supplements him with "force" and "law." Thus the materialist has a Godhead; matter, forces and law; after the manner of the religious man's Godhead; Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The philosophic God, or the God of reason and common sense, came third, and we are inclined to think it ends the series. This God has had diverse names applied to him or her by the diverse systems of philosophy—such as Infinite Being, Absolute, Noumenon, Ethia, Intellect, and Infinite Intelligence. He is not worshipped in temples made by hands, but in the great temple of nature, each man officiating for himself. He is worshipped every day in the week as occasion offers, and the worshiper stands erect with both eyes wide open. He is seen in the storm, in the movement of the planet and in everything else that is and is done by for he is infinite, eternal and omnipresent. He is the essence or fundamental principle of all things whatsoever. He serves as the fundamental principle of spiritual, as well as of physical things. That he

is not "dead," but has intelligent volition, the world shows for itself. Just how good and loving the philosophic God is to man the world shows for itself. That this does not always tally with what the sacred books say, is the fault of the religious man who seems to have had an overdose of piety toward the Gods, and not enough stimulation in the direction of religion or right conduct toward men. Indeed the so-called religious man seems



# PROGRESSIVE MAGAZINE

## OF OCCULT MYSTERIES.

### OCCURRENCES IN THE REGIONS OF THE OCCULT.

#### REMARKABLE CASE OF A YOUNG WOMAN WHO LEARNED A DIFFICULT PIECE OF MUSIC—ODD THINGS DONE IN SLEEP.

"I have heard of sleep-walking gables and have come across the champion deep-sleep window-dancing acrobat and about every conceivable specimen of these peculiarly afflicted persons; but recently I met what I think is the most remarkable sleep-walking performance on record," said a nerve specialist the other day.

Some of the tricks and feats of sleep-walkers would take your breath away. I have in mind instances all the way from a sleep-walking virtuoso keeper to an unfortunate murderer. But this latest achievement of the night prowling fraternity ranks above all others like grand opera above a ten-minute vaudeville skit. The popular thing is that the young woman subject accomplished something while asleep which years and years of practice could not teach her. And still more wonderful, beginning with the night in question, she had no further difficulty in advancing steadily in her accomplishment.

"The case of the young woman was of singularly steady growth. It began years ago with insomnia, the subject being then a mere child. Insomnia did give way to an excessive desire for sleep, and this in turn brought night-mares which in time frightened the subject so that she learned to read in her sleep. In the middle of the night there would be a piercing shriek of 'Murder' or 'Man in the house!' and repeatedly the young woman was caught on the stair landing by her father or by one of her brothers in time to prevent her from rushing into the street.

#### DEVELOPED SLEEP-WALKING.

"In time these night-mares gave way, and then came the period of sleep-walking which ended in the case I am going to tell about. At first the sleep-walking did not seem so serious a proposition. One or the other member of the family would awaken in the middle of the night to find the white-robed figure of the young woman walking slowly through the room. At a time, however, the subject showed an inclination to visit the streets in her night attire, and from then on the family was miserable. I was called in and prescribed things that did not help. I advised mechanical means to startle the patient into wakefulness upon leaving her bed. Wet towels were spread in front of the bed. One night the towels worked. The next night she walked over them as if they were so much soothing eiderdown.

"More strenuous means had to be used, and I advised a tub partly filled with cold water, into which the patient would have to step upon leaving the bed. For one whole week the tug worked. After that the young woman stepped into the water, got a towel and dried her wet feet, and proceeded as if nothing had happened. It was then what I considered the most obstinate case of sleep-walking I had ever met in practice.

"No remedy seemed left except to set a watch. One of the young woman's brothers volunteered, and for something like two weeks played watchdog and slept stretched across the outside of her door. Night after night he 'unbanned' his sister in time to prevent her from leaving the room.

"A MUSICAL PROGRAMME. "Another peculiarity of the young woman was that in the midst of a family of remarkable amateur musicians, she seemed to have a little talent for music as a Tootentot. From the time that she was a small girl she had received lessons on the piano, but the surprise of it all was how little she managed to learn. Still, however, she was despondently anxious to learn music, and never gave up trying, but it seemed impossible for her to reach beyond the 'Maiden's Prayer' stage of the art.

"One night the young lady had shown the night before that she had acquired the habit of walking clean over her brother without waking him—the family was startled to hear the piano strike up on the floor below. The piece played was 'Rubinstein's Melody in F,' not an excessively difficult piece of music, but the way it was played was described afterward by the family as simply perfection. The brother in front of the door was the first to awaken. He knew by the rendering of the piece that it could not be his sister and wondered what member of the family had gone clear off his trolley.

"He rushed down stairs and there, seated calmly on the piano stool, sat his sister in all her white finery. The young man at first was too much startled to interrupt, but he hastened upstairs to summon the rest of the family, already stirring to see the unusual performance. It was this, in my opinion, which cured the girl of her night habit, for by the time the other members of the family were around the sleeping player she finished the last chord of the piece, undisturbed. With the last note she arose, and, with eyes wide open and looking at every one in the room as if fully awake, went back to her room and to bed. For one night she was not disturbed.

#### REPEATED THE MUSIC AWAKE.

"Next morning she mentioned that she did not remember having had a similar refreshing night of sleep. None told her of her performance.

"I felt as if I could play the piano this morning," she said, presently, and sat down and played the piece of the night before exactly as she had played it while asleep. By consent of the family until now nothing had been told her of her midnight music, but the young lady could not understand how she suddenly manages to find music so easy after her long tussle with the notes. That 'Rubinstein's Melody in F' she had tried for six months to master, but the best she could do was to stumble through it. Since that night she practices daily and is making wonderful progress.

"Have I a theory?" asked the doctor, replying a question. "Yes, but it amounts to little, as it is made to fit the case and seems to me far fetched. But I thought that the ambition of the young woman to learn music so worked on her in all those years that it brought on first insomnia, then night-mares and finally sleep-walking. Being of a highly nervous temperament the strain told on her so much that she was incapable even of making the ordinary progress of a music scholar despite an unusual talent which nevertheless lurked in her. The playing in sleep might be accounted

for on one of the theories governing self-consciousness. Then, having broken the ice by playing during the absence of all consciousness, it seems reasonable to suppose that her nervousness forsook her for once and all. At any rate, since that night, the night when the spell which bound her from the piano was broken, she has not walked again in her sleep.

#### MILKED COWS WHILE ASLEEP.

"Out in Caldwell, N. J., there was a remarkable case of sleep-walking, though in that case the man performed only the labor he was used to day after day. The subject was a farmer. He owned a large herd of cows, and it was necessary to milk early mornings before the animals were turned loose in pasture. Again and again it happened that the farmer arose during the night, dressed himself, got his milk pails, lighted a stable lantern and wandered into the cow stall to begin to milk. For a long time the only ones that thought the farmer crazy must have been the cows. But after a while his wife missed him and upon search found him seated alongside a cow holding the tail under his arm owing to fatigue, and milking away for dear life.

"The case of the farmer, however, was but temporary, though his little son, shortly after the old gentleman's night excursion, took to the same means of diverting himself. A tiny six-year-old he crawled out of his little bed and in his little nightgown wandered through the darkness a distance of a mile up the road to the home of his grandparents. There, of course, he was made comfortable and put to bed to finish his night's rest. The little chap cured himself by fright. One morning, a particularly dark one, he woke up when he was about half way between the two places he knew so well. He almost died of fright, and so strong was the impression that he never again attempted to get out of his bed at unusual hours.

"A very sad case of murder happened in a little country town in Italy, about eight years ago, and was traced to sleep-walking. A brother and sister, both in poor circumstances, lived together in a small house near the outskirts of the town. The pair were looked upon as uncanny by the neighbors because of the sleep-walking propensities of the brother. His sleep-walking was coupled with the most hideous nightmares and frequently his sister had to get up in the night to awaken the man from the throes of a bad dream. So notorious were the yells of the man and so suspiciously were he and his sister regarded by the neighbors, that they were almost wholly on their own resources. They were the best of friends. What one had was the property of the other and where one went the other was sure to follow.

#### FOUND HIS SISTER MURDERED.

"One morning the brother found his sister choked to death in her room adjoining his own. Blue finger marks were about her throat, and beyond expression he ran to give the alarm and, as might be expected, the first thing to happen was that the brother was arrested.

"On the trial it was proved that a gash in the throat of the victim had been made by a ring worn by her brother. The latter remained immovable as far as admitting his guilt was concerned. He was tried and acquitted, the opinion being that in a fit of nightmare and sleep-walking the man choked his sister to death. In time the miserable fellow believed himself that he was the guilty one and he brooded, and shortly after he was released from prison he died of a broken heart.

"I wonder how many know that the famous 'Swiss' who killed his brother in the mouth of the amateur elocutionist, was provoked by a case of sleep-walking. In case you do not know the plot of 'Asleep at the Switch,' it is necessary to explain that a switchman has fallen asleep at his post. Just in time to see the inevitable limited mail thundering around the curve he awakens, tries to throw the switch but fails and sees the limited mail-pulling up on itself only to find the next instant that he was in bed, alongside his wife, who has thrown an arm about him and is trying to wake him from the nightmare.

#### A SLEEP-WALKING SWITCHMAN.

"But the real incident which gave rise to the lines happened in Pennsylvania, in a freight yard, where the night switchman was startled on the night of the day switchman. The latter, fully awake and working, declared that he was the bearer of an order from the train dispatcher and that a certain switch was to be set contrary to the orders given earlier in the evening. The night switchman had never heard of such a thing as a sleep-walker and had the power not awakened to the tick of the clock and given himself away by his exclamations of surprise, there might have been an accident.

"A peculiar case of sleep-walking is mentioned by a captain of one of the transatlantic liners. The subject was the chief engineer of the vessel, a large freighter. The engineer had a habit of sleeping at night, and he would visit the engine room and walk among the whirling, thumping machinery feeling if it were running, hot here or there and giving orders. As the engineer was apt at any time day or night, to visit the engine room there were queer situations when the man became really wide awake, or when an assistant engineer would walk up to him and warn him of his danger and try to startle him back into wakefulness. The engineer finally had to be discharged.

"In one of the smaller lighthouses in the harbor of New York there was an extraordinary case of sleep-walking. The house was one of the more important kind, useful only in case of fog, the light being lighted at sundown and nothing but the fog bell in case of thick weather being the particular care of the keeper. As the lighthouse was near shore it happened frequently, despite orders to the contrary, that the keeper was all alone in the house, while his assistant regarded himself by imbibing of the good things ashore.

"Several times it happened in the middle of the night, with stars shining brightly, and the moonlight showing several miles of glittering water up and down the harbor, that the fog bell began to ring out dimly. Before long inquiry was made by the captains of vessels who had reason to take the light seriously and who wanted to know what was the matter with the man in

charge. Then it was found that the keeper was a sleep-walker, and that, unknown to himself, he was sending fog signals into the clear night.

#### ANIMALS ALSO SUFFER.

"There is every reason to believe that sleep-walking is not limited to the human animal. I once had a dog—I bought him for the purpose of studying his extraordinary trait—and if he was not a sleep-walker, there never was one. I would arise from deep sleep and with open eyes wander about the room looking at me and sniffing around corners. Then he would wake up. The entire demeanor of the animal would change. Half crazy with joy at seeing me he would jump up and misbehave himself as no well trained dog should. But he was not supposed to be well behaved, and was purposely allowed his own way. I learned more about sleep-walking in that animal than I could have done from a dozen cases in human subjects.

"Some suppose that a sleep-walker will awaken at the least noise. From the incidents I have told you, you may see whether this is true or not. A sudden noise may, and usually will, startle a sleep-walker into wakefulness; but a noise which he himself creates will have no more effect on him than angels' songs. Sleep-walkers vary in their degree of sleep, and the trouble is affected. What is a rule for one is not a rule for all. In fact, each walker seems satisfied to work things out on his own peculiar hook. The trouble is much more common among people than you might suppose, for where there is a case you rarely hear about it unless it is your friend or acquaintance who is afflicted. What is a rule for one is not a rule for all. In fact, each walker seems satisfied to work things out on his own peculiar hook. The trouble is much more common among people than you might suppose, for where there is a case you rarely hear about it unless it is your friend or acquaintance who is afflicted. 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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1922.

Shooting Birds for Fun.  
The secular press, the Chicago Ameri-  
can leading, has instituted a general  
crusade against the horrible practice of  
bird-shooting for sport. This is cer-  
tainly a move that should be sanctioned  
by every Spiritualist in the land and by  
the United Spiritualist press.Whether we all believe alike as to  
animals being possessed of spirits simi-  
lar to those of human beings or not,  
we must agree they are beings and have  
life, and are our companions in nature,  
and as a rule harmless and lovable,  
and they appear to possess a love nature.  
They came by and through the same  
physical, and probably the same spiritual  
laws that we did and have the same right  
to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness  
as man, who has crowned himself lord of  
all creation, and assumes the right to destroy  
everything in sight, just for sport.If this being called man; this being  
under whose control the earth seems to  
have come; this being who should be the  
highest intellectually, who should possess  
the highest spiritual unfoldment of all  
earthly beings, could only cease to thirst  
for the shedding of blood; could develop  
beyond the teachings of mad superstition;  
out of the idea that the earth is his and  
all other beings are below him and are  
here because he tolerates them we might  
have more hope of his spiritual progress.However, we do not sit upon a throne  
and dictate the behavior of others, but  
when the slaughter of our beautiful  
songsters and other birds of the plain  
is rendering them almost extinct, and  
this old earth is rapidly being turned  
into a murder pen, and the victims our  
loved companions, it is time to put in a  
strong protest.If our representatives in the State  
legislatures would pay less attention  
toward the enactment of class laws and  
more toward the protection of our birds  
and harmless animals; toward the pro-  
hibition of cruelty to animals; toward  
the spiritualizing instead of brutalizing  
of the children of our land, they would  
confer a lasting favor upon all coming  
generations and immortalize their own  
names besides.We would suggest to the more sym-  
pathetic sex, to the ladies of Spiritual-  
ism, if they wear trimmed hats, to set  
the pace by excluding dead birds from  
their headgear, and by wearing nothing  
that would look like a trophy of the  
brutal instinct in man. Flowers are  
much more becoming and beautiful,  
and ribbons are always fashionable.Our lady readers and patrons may  
take our meaning wrongly, and accuse  
us of infringing upon their rights by  
venturing a suggestion along this line,  
but we deem it a spiritual matter and  
relevant to the questions at issue in  
this paper.There are many ways to be spiritual  
in our lives, and to cease to encourage  
the killing of birds, our warbling, soul-  
stirring songsters of springtime, is a  
noble means of attaining the desired  
end.Let us take a hand in this crusade in  
the most practical manner and show  
our spirituality to the world in humane  
acts; in the attainment of all such moral  
and spiritual reformations.At the present rate of slaughtering,  
it will require but a few years to com-  
pletely and forever hush these sweet  
voices of nature, then what a lonely,  
monotonous home this will be for souls  
to express through, with nothing but  
the irrepressible English sparrow to  
chirp his roundelay, and litter our  
porches and walks. Even the sparrow  
is reputed to be watched by infinite  
intelligence, and, as we all know, how-  
ever this may be, we who hold to the  
sublime thought that a world beautiful  
is the most fitting birthplace for human  
souls, should do all in our power to  
make this one beautiful and pleasant  
for all beings who have been fortunate  
enough to be born here.This is the home of many beings of a  
savage nature, and with many intellects  
he can capture and tame them, and  
make them useful beings. If they are  
savage to the endangerment of other  
lives he might have excuse for destroy-  
ing them, but not the harmless ones for  
mere sport and for his own glory.

## Making False Claims.

A noted Catholic ecclesiastic has just  
been making a bragging ad over the  
rapid growth of the Catholic church in  
the United States, which, he says, ex-  
ceeds the growth of all other sects com-  
bined. According to his figures and  
method of figuring the Catholic church-  
goers about equal all others. He bases  
his computations upon Dr. Carroll's  
census statistics of the membership of  
the religious sects.But Dr. Carroll's statistics are woefully  
misleading, and, so far as the Catholic  
church-membership is concerned,  
is based upon the figures fur-  
nished by Catholic authorities and by  
Roman methods of enumeration.One meaning of the word "growth" when  
we state that the Catholics count as  
members of their fold all who have  
been baptized into the church and not  
expelled therefrom, so that the mem-  
bership of the church is exactly equiva-  
lent to the Catholic population, adults  
and children together. With Protest-  
ant churches it is quite different; only  
those are regarded as members who  
have become such by actual personalprofession of faith, etc. Babies are not  
counted.With Catholic and Protestant popu-  
lation figured on the same basis, it  
would show to about 60,000,000 Protest-  
ants to about 10,000,000 Catholics. The  
Methodists alone, taking all their  
branches, would outnumber the Cath-  
olics.An Old Lady and Gentleman, and the  
Tricksters.When a comparatively inexperienced  
and cunning person, and a trickster  
come closely in contact, then serious  
trouble is sure to be evolved. Cases of  
this kind are continually occurring in  
all the departments of life, and invari-  
ably the former is badly handled, and  
the results are serious. A late number  
of the Los Angeles Times (Cal.) gives  
the following cases:Whenever a spook-teaser finds an-  
other graft he always proceeds to give  
the whole snap away.One of the ilk, who has recently aban-  
doned his direct wire from a Spring-  
street leading-house into Spookdom,  
has told a story of a trick played on a  
tourist last week.She was a dear old lady out here for  
the winter from Boston. She began at-  
tending seances and some of the spook  
sharps fell upon her with avidity.It seems that she had a very valuable  
set of China in Boston and she wanted  
it out here. She was afraid to trust  
anybody to pack the plates. They be-  
longed to her great-grandmother and  
other, and she would rather have had  
her head cracked than had one of them  
as much as nicked.In the innocence of her heart she  
went to one of the spook doctors of this  
city and asked if it would be possible  
for him to dematerialize the dishes in  
Boston and bring them out here by  
means of the spirit, then materialize  
them again in Los Angeles.Oh, yes. That was a cinch. He could  
do that with one hand tied behind him.He sent word to Boston for a brother  
spook sharp to assist him, and the old  
lady wrote back trustfully and had the  
precious dishes turned over to the Bos-  
ton man.The report was that they stood the  
materializing operation with smiling  
cheerfulness. She waited a long time  
in patience for them to materialize out  
here, but there was a screw loose some-  
where.The spook sharp apologized and apolo-  
gized, and at last found out just what  
the matter was.He told her that while the dishes  
were being materialized, the spook world,  
the spirits had become so much enan-  
ored of them that they refused to allow  
them to come to earthly existence again.This distressed her very much for a  
while until the spook sharp got word  
by his spook telephone line that when  
she died and went to heaven the dishes  
would be waiting for her.

She went away much comforted.

Another spook sharp fooled an old  
man. He told him that he had a beau-  
tiful young woman for a spiritual guide,  
which pleased him very much.Pretty soon word came that the guide  
was very shy as to clothes and was in a  
scandalous condition in the spook  
world. The old man being appalled to,  
promptly went out and bought her a  
white silk dress, which was safely de-  
livered by the lady medium into the  
realm of spookdom without delay—  
maybe.These confidence games are being  
played successfully by the barnacles—  
tricksters—who have attached them-  
selves to our ranks. They find in some  
dear old lady or good old gentleman, an  
easy victim. You can't save them from  
the clutches of these vampires until  
they have been robbed or so sorely de-  
ceived that an idiot would see the de-  
ception. There are those who make it  
a special point to prey upon the confi-  
ding in our ranks. They are robbers,  
despoilers of homes, and an unmitigat-  
ed nuisance wherever they happen to be.  
They are loud-mouthed, always vi-  
ciously denouncing everyone who  
wishes to divest Spiritualism of its  
pernicious class. They are an element  
of discord, and their natures are in  
happy accord with the bubbling fifth in  
a cesspool. One of these monstrosities  
defrauded a person in this city out of  
hundreds of dollars. Their most suc-  
cessful work is in the materializing cir-  
cle where licentious designs and perni-  
cious practices are carried on. There  
cannot fail to come to these barnacles  
—these hell hounds—a day of reckon-  
ing, and it can come none too soon.

## Jainism and Its Ideals.

According to the San Francisco  
Chronicle, that city, having already be-  
come familiar with Theosophy, the  
mystic religions of Brahma and  
Buddha, and with the lofty philosophy  
of the Vedanta Swamis, it only re-  
mained to learn of Jainism, perhaps the  
sanest and most ideal of all the East  
Indian religions. Jainism made its first  
broad to the people of California, the  
lecturer being Professor Emlyn Lewys,  
until recently a resident of London.Professor Lewys is a scholar of striking  
personality and the only English-speaking  
authority on this most ancient of religions.  
Jainism, as explained by the speaker,  
is the Protestantism of India, as op-  
posed to the Vedas, Brahmanism, and  
the soul-paralyzing caste system. It  
aims at the perfection of character, not  
through faith, but through current con-  
duct and systematic intellectual ac-  
tivity or concentration, as opposed to  
the Yogi system of intellectual vacuity.

The speaker said:

"If a religion may be known by its  
fruits, what shall we say of this one,  
which, though now numbering 2,000,000  
votaries and dating its origin long prior  
to the entrance of the Aryans into India  
in prehistoric times, has never yet pro-  
duced a murderer? Though regarding  
kingship as the greatest injustice, still  
the Jains do two-thirds of all the finan-  
cial business of India. They never eat  
meat, and the monks often carry  
brooms and sweep the paths to avoid  
crushing the insects. They believe in  
the advancement of women, in reincar-  
nation, and the eternal persistency and  
progressive evolution of each ego, and  
aim at the perfection of the soul and  
intellect, such as sense knowledge,  
clairvoyance, telepathy, the emotions,  
the physical constitution, and the power  
to achieve, are all under the ob-  
scuration of Karma, which, to the Jain,  
is a substance. The object of their  
study and effort is to shake this Karma  
clot out and to liberate the soul by  
vibrating in a certain way. This may  
be done by concentrating on such ideals  
as benevolence, charity, or wisdom, by  
analyzing the teachings found in their  
enormous and as yet untranslated  
libraries, and then by synthesizing and  
immediately acting on these truths.  
Jainism, then, is the religion of intelli-  
gence, utility, and of action."

## Wealth from a Spiritual Standpoint.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in 1888, gave  
utterance to the following: "Jay Gould  
could no more go to heaven, if the Bible  
be true, than could the Devil himself,  
and he knows it. Moreover, Jay Gould  
never talked with Paxton or anybody  
else on the subject, except by way of  
diversion, because he is a total unbe-  
liever in orthodox Christianity. I know  
this for a positive fact, because I have  
more than once had conversation with  
him on the subject. Naturally, as I am  
a conspicuous Pagan, people are quick  
to speak to me on religious subjects.  
Sometimes they are joking, sometimes  
they tacitly assent to my unbelief with-  
out really agreeing with me, and some-  
times they assail me fiercely, but Mr.  
Gould is what I call a reasonable unbe-  
liever. Just as there are millions of  
professed Christians who have no abso-  
lute views of their own, and do not  
know why they are Christians at all, so  
there are unbelievers who have not  
brought themselves to that profession  
by any course of reasoning. But Mr.  
Gould is a calm, deliberate agnostic—  
that is to say, a man who has thought  
the whole thing over and has come to  
the conclusion that he knows as much  
as anybody else about a future state.  
Mr. Gould is a student. He devotes  
more time than people imagine to read-  
ing, and that on subjects entirely dis-  
connected with finance. Christianity  
received for many years his careful re-  
searching attention, and the result of it  
all is that he stands to-day an agnos-  
tic."Among the truly progressive, great  
wealth, unless used wisely for the  
amelioration of human suffering, is not  
considered a powerful lever by which  
the possessor can be exalted to a high  
position in spirit life. The denunciations  
of Jesus were directed mostly  
against the money class and those high  
in authority. On the material side of  
life money is the principal agent where-  
by the sufferings of the poverty-stricken  
can be relieved. A sermon on the  
beauties of benevolence or charity  
amounts to but little, however, unless  
accompanied by substantial means to  
relieve the hungry, clothe the naked  
and furnish comfortable homes for  
those destitute of them.Spiritualism teaches the absolute  
necessity of each one relieving the wants  
of some one less fortunate.By exalting others you at the same  
time exalt yourself.It is a fact that ninety times out of  
a hundred those who possess great  
wealth do not accomplish a good work  
in proportion therewith. They go on  
systematically accumulating money  
without broadening the sphere of their  
benevolent operations, which demon-  
strates their own inordinate selfish-  
ness. The one who systematically  
makes money for the sole purpose of  
doing good to humanity, is now living  
in an exalted sphere, and he will be  
among the honored of spirit life.That this earth was launched in its  
orbit by an Overruling Power, whether  
a God or an exceedingly wise Spirit or  
Band of Spirits, or a Principle, or Na-  
ture—be, she or it—we have no doubt,  
although this explanation of its origin  
may not be satisfactory to the average  
mind; hence the products of the earth,  
air, and water, etc., should never be  
monopolized; but human laws have  
given individuals the privilege of ac-  
cumulating property without limita-  
tion, and without any definite idea in  
view of doing good thereby, and very  
great evils have arisen therefrom.The Forum says that near the close  
of 1885 there died in New York city a  
citizen of that place, who left to his  
children a fortune estimated at \$182-  
000,000, besides making a number of  
minor bequests. It will help us to form  
an idea of the magnitude of this sum if  
we consider that it would have sufficed  
to give a Christian of \$140 to every  
inhabitant of the city, or at the rate  
of \$700 to every family of five per-  
sons, supposing the population at that  
time to have been 1,300,000. A political  
committee of one hundred, appointed in  
the same city, comprised eight mem-  
bers whose estimated wealth reached  
an aggregate of somewhat more than  
\$300,000,000, and at least two of the  
members of this number. Estates rising  
into the tens of millions are to be found  
in various other cities, and, taking the  
country through, one might designate  
twenty-five persons whose united  
wealth, according to current estimates,  
is not less than two-thirds of a billion  
dollars, or about 1 per cent of the total  
wealth of the United States, supposing  
this to have increased even 50 per cent  
since the census of 1890. We are not  
the property in the hands of the few, but  
large amounts, the whole would barely  
suffice for 2,500 proprietors; or, suppos-  
ing these to have families averaging  
four persons each besides themselves, it  
would supply a population a trifle  
larger than that of the little town of  
Yonkers. There are no authentic statis-  
tics showing the distribution of  
property among different portions of  
our people, but whatever the facts may  
be, it is the comparative distribution of  
such wealth as is held by the classes  
outside the circle of the extremely rich,  
it will hardly be disputed that the lat-  
ter now hold a much larger proportion  
of the total wealth of the country than  
was held by a like percentage of the  
people twenty-five or thirty years ago,  
for the proofs that this is the case lie  
upon the surface, and need no further  
upon general observation. Moreover,  
one has no reason to believe that the  
tendency to increasing accumulation at  
the upper end of the possessory scale  
has reached or is approaching its limit.  
A great fortune, with ordinarily careful  
management, possesses an enormous  
power of accretion. Even when in-  
vested in good securities, at a very  
moderate rate of interest, a fortune  
of \$100,000,000, which affords am-  
ple means of making yearly additions  
to principal. If invested in real estate  
in any of our growing cities, it yields  
increasing income from decade to de-  
cade as the land advances in value, put-  
ting it in the power of the owner to lay  
aside an increasing surplus; while, in  
the hands of a shrewd speculator, its  
over-scrupulous may be still greater.  
In January, 1888, the New York Com-  
mercial Advertiser reported the ru-  
mored additions during the preceding  
year to ten or twelve of the greatest  
fortunes in the United States with  
\$80,000,000.The above figures and conclusion  
were given in 1888, and since then the  
accumulation of riches by a certain few  
have grown more ponderous.It can be truthfully said that the man  
who accumulates wealth for the pur-  
pose of doing good, great shall be his  
reward. He who accumulates it to  
subserve selfish purposes will find him-  
self in darkness in spirit life—a most  
abject object of pity. Such may be the  
case with Jay Gould, and hundreds of  
others.

## WILLIAM DENTON.

He Is Inexpressibly Alarmed.

In Letter Number Nine in The Pro-  
gressive Thinker, William Denton, of the  
secular world, utters a protest against  
unbelievers, Spiritualist organizations—  
against local societies, against the N. S. A.,  
against everything except the home  
circle. "This seems strange when  
we reflect on some of his grand earth-  
life work. He seems to have forgotten  
the old-time making, but so it almost  
seems to me. He seems no longer to  
know that all nature and all life is an  
organized union. He seems to forget  
that even the savages exist instinctively  
in tribal unions. He forgets that the  
strongest man, alone, is shut by  
force a mob. He forgets that science  
has its organizations, American and  
British; that the public school is one of  
the most glorious of organizations; that  
all institutions of learning are orga-  
nized unions; that at last labor has  
become sufficiently alive to its best in-  
terests and has organized unions, that is  
the history of the history of the world  
securing the respect of, and against  
assaults from, capital.The only persons down here on this  
lower mundane sphere that are no good  
in organization are the anarchists, and  
even they falsify themselves for they  
have their secret organizations. They  
have had a march, co-operative  
community in Washington. I should  
have been no more surprised if Mr.  
Denton had protested against our Na-  
tional Republic having an organized  
form. He forgets that students edu-  
cated in large classes are more harmo-  
nious than where each is self-made,  
consequently is ignorant of what others  
know.It is easy to imagine how in the spirit  
world, where food, raiment and shelter  
are of no moment, each can go to the  
where one so desires. He seems obli-  
vious to the charm and delightful con-  
geniality in organized association, to  
say nothing of its increased security  
and enlarged advantages. I am sur-  
prised that he did not advise the Chi-  
cago University, the Smithsonian Insti-  
tute, at Washington, D. C.; Yale and  
Harvard, and other co-operative  
universities, and other similar insti-  
tutions, to scatter their students to  
the four winds and let each  
"root hog or die."He says he wishes his medium, Car-  
lyle Peterslee, exonerated from all  
blame. I do this most heartily, for I  
regard him as one of the greatest and  
most perfect mediums in the world; and  
all the better for having previously  
been trained in the forty-five states  
of the Union, and in the many educa-  
tional institutions. I think this is a  
very large reason why Mr. Denton pre-  
fers him to other mediums.In criticizing a spirit, blame cannot  
be justly attached to the medium. If a  
message over a telegraph wire is faulty,  
no one blames the wire.William Denton, from his high spirit  
home, says the mortal mediums need  
no perfection. The mediums know bet-  
ter. For certain, the mediums have  
struggled and suffered. We now pro-  
pose a change, in some respects, that  
shall make it easier and pleasanter for  
them, and we are pleased to note that  
there are some great and grand spirits  
that are with us in the higher move-  
ments.Mr. Denton says trust to the ballot  
to protect all public causes of Spiritual-  
ism. In one of the forty-five states  
the legislature passed a law making it  
a crime for Spiritualists to hold Sunday  
meetings. Thanks to the good sense of  
Spiritualists of that state, they had  
a sufficient degree of organization to  
present a front and power causing the  
repeal of the nefarious act. How  
many centuries would have been re-  
quired to have gotten it by the ballot?He says mediums that make medium-  
ship their entire business should have a  
license as other people in other kinds of  
business do. Here again he forgets, if  
he ever knew, that the other kinds of  
business do not pay a license. The  
hawkers and such kinds as are consid-  
ered a public nuisance, only, are made  
to pay a license. I am sure our pa-  
tient mediums, that have done so much  
for the spirits, are very glad that Wil-  
lam Denton is not back here in the  
form and had all the law-making power  
in his hands.He says the N. S. A. will silently but  
surely rivet the fetters stronger and  
stronger as time goes on. He here vi-  
dentally likens the N. S. A. to the church.  
The church is aristocratic, because  
based on false principles. No lover of  
truth is aristocratic. No scientist or  
organization is aristocratic. No intelli-  
gent infidel is aristocratic, because he  
loves truth. The N. S. A. is based on  
truth as solid as that of science. It can  
never become aristocratic. A thousand  
William Dentons could not endorse the  
home circle more emphatically than the  
N. S. A. does, and the Morris Pratt In-  
stitute will. Both of these organizations  
will aid camp-meetings and local soci-  
eties to know better how to keep from  
being imposed upon. The honest me-  
dium like to be watched and the dis-  
honest one to be alone.Mr. Denton does not seem to see that  
the home circle, while it is the best  
starting place for mediums, should not  
be the end of their career. There is a  
great and most useful field for well de-  
veloped mediums on the rostrum. And  
no man likes to reach thousands of  
hearers at one sitting better than Wil-  
lam Denton.It may be a relief to Mr. Denton to  
know that neither the N. S. A. nor the  
Spiritualist college have power to pass  
a law binding on a single individual in  
the land. Only congress and the legis-  
latures can do that.Spiritualism, from the first, as if by  
instinct, led out with Sunday meetings.  
It was natural. It dealt with the same  
problems that have worried the church  
for ages. It was as natural as breath-  
ing, that Spiritualism should be a sub-  
stitute for the church. It still clings to  
the Sunday meetings as an supreme  
charm. The time has come when me-  
diums need better protection and when  
Spiritualism needs to be presented  
with greater beauty and power; and the  
mortal world is equal to it.It has been complained that the edu-  
cated have been the worst enemies. It  
is true. The fault was not with the  
fact of education but with the kind. A  
Presbyterian education falls when ap-  
plied to Spiritualism.Someone says Moses Hull will be the  
summit bottom of the new college. The  
fact is he cannot possibly be but a  
fraction of it. A. J. Weaver, the pro-  
fessor of mediumship, is probably bet-  
ter qualified for that position than any  
other man in the United States. There  
will be many other chairs. Each pro-  
fessor will be thoroughly independent.  
The tree will not start off full grown,  
but it begins with an excellent prom-  
ise. William Denton has by nature a  
good brain and, given time, he will  
reach the line and be proud of his  
mortal and spiritual accomplishments.  
The N. S. A. and the new Spiritualist col-  
lege included. B. W. BALDWIN,  
Verona, Wis."Spirit Echoes." By Mattie E. Hull.  
This pretty volume contains fifty-seven  
of the author's best and choicest  
mediumship work, bound in cloth, with  
portrait of the author. Price 75 cents.  
"Astral Worship." By J. H. Hill, M.  
D. For sale at this office. Price \$1

## A Pathetic Dying Scene in Prison.

An incident related by the chaplain of the prison at  
Auburn, N. Y., several years ago, possesses features of  
more than common interest. It appears there died in  
that prison a young man of good parts, member of a high-  
ly respected family in another land, and who became in-  
volved in the meshes of the law through moral irresolu-  
tion rather than innate depravity. His thoughts, which  
had wandered much during the latter days, on the last  
one of all centered upon his home, and he imagined that  
the most eager wish of his heart in this extremity had  
been realized, and that his loving mother soothed his dy-  
ing bed. A few moments before his soul took flight he  
raised himself slightly, and, extending his attenuated  
arm, drew down close to his lips his spirit mother, while  
with a look of ineffable content glorifying his pallid fea-  
tures, his last breath was surrendered (as he thought) to  
the parent who bore him.

## II.

Poor, poor convict; he yearned for the presence of his  
dear mother, and who can prove that God in his wisdom  
did not allow her to return to earth to soothe his dying  
moments? Though a convict in prison garb, and to a  
certain extent disgraced, he probably had within his na-  
ture enough noble qualities to fully redeem him from the  
baneful effects of the missteps he had made. How beau-  
tiful the thought that the angels can minister even to a  
poor convict; and their divine mission is rendered more  
grand by the contrast between the prison walls and their  
glorified presence. God's divine government shines forth  
with additional resplendence when an angel of light de-  
scends to any of the poor children of earth to illumine  
some dark corner of their lives. That this convict, while  
dying, had his spiritual vision so opened that he did dis-  
cern the presence of his angel mother, seems certain.  
With an expression of ineffable contentment glorifying  
his pallid features, he extended his attenuated arms and  
seemed to tenderly embrace one of God's angelic messen-  
gers.We are inclined to believe that the visions of the dying  
are generally real. At times they stand midway between  
the celestial climes and the abode of mortals, and it is  
then that they have a foretaste of heaven. If the angels  
of God are required anywhere, it is especially around the  
bed of the dying. Common sense teaches mortals that  
death is simply the second birth, and the new-born spirit  
may sometimes require the same tender care that the babe  
does when first ushered on earth.

## III.

As set forth in the Chicago Tribune, some time ago, on  
one important occasion was "Little Mother" day at the  
Joliet Penitentiary. After an absence of nearly a year,  
Mrs. Ballington Booth, whose efforts in behalf of the in-  
mates of penal institutions throughout the United States  
have won for her the appellation of "Little Mother," re-  
turned to her "boys" at Joliet, to be the recipient of a sin-  
cere expression of affectionate interest, and to forward the  
work of reformation which she has so successfully begun.While the prison orchestra, consisting of twenty-eight  
pieces, played the prelude to the morning service, 1,200  
expectant men in gray uniform filed slowly into the prison  
chapel and took their seats. During the singing of the  
anthem by the choir of male voices every eye was fixed  
upon the door through which Mrs. Booth was to enter.When it was announced that Mrs. Booth was coming to  
Joliet a young convict whose heart had been touched by  
the previous appeals of Mrs. Booth undertook the com-  
position of a song to be dedicated to her. As the last  
notes of the anthem died away the young man, clad in his  
prison garb, made his way to the platform and sang with  
proud emotion the words of his song, set to the air of  
"Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." Mrs. Booth, who  
had taken her seat during the singing of the song, was  
visibly affected. With bowed head she listened, while  
the tears ran down her face, but they were tears of joy.  
In the gallery, where fifty or more visitors were seated,  
there were many moist eyes. The song which voiced the  
sentiment of the young convict and his fellows ran:Our wasted lives, our blasted hopes are gone—they'll ne'er  
come back.The lessons we have learned have cost us dear;  
We'll use them in the future in fighting for the right,  
And trying other weary hearts to cheer.We'll show to those around us that our lives are not the  
same.And point them to a kind and loving friend,  
Then, when her loving kindness has won them to our side,  
With joyful hearts this message they will send.

Then came the chorus:

Just tell our "Little Mother" that our hearts are ever true,  
Our feet are planted on the narrow way;  
And don't forget to tell her—it will please her well to  
know—

We're going home to meet her there some day.

As Mrs. Booth arose to speak at the close of the song  
the entire audience united in applause lasting several  
minutes. With tears in her eyes she said:"I can't tell my boys in Joliet how deep the words of  
that song have sunk into my heart. They give me new  
hope and fresh courage to go forward fighting my bat-  
tles. It has been a long time since I saw you last, but I  
have been working hard to earn money for my boys so  
that when they go from this place they may have a refuge  
where they may find hope and courage. It has been five  
years now since we began the new life here in Joliet, and  
some of you boys may wonder if the little mother loves  
you as much as she did then. Boys, listen: Indeed I do  
love you as much and more than ever, and all the mother  
love in my nature goes out to you."Since last June Mrs. Booth has given her time exclu-  
sively to lecturing, the proceeds from which she devoted  
to the maintenance of her homes for discharged convicts,  
Hope Hall in Chicago and a similar institution in New  
York. Her lecturing tour has netted \$11,000 for the  
work. It is now her intention to undertake the raising  
of an endowment fund for the support of the homes and  
the extension of the work. She has evolved a plan by  
which she hopes to secure pledges from 1,000 people to  
give \$1 each year."I will succeed, too, boys; never fear about that,  
either," she told them. "The world will soon be on our  
side, and when you go from these prison walls to begin  
life anew, shielded and encompassed with the arms of  
God's protecting love, you will not be an outcast, but the  
world will open its arms to you and give you another trial.  
They will know what I have been trying all these years to  
make them believe, that there is yet manhood in your  
hearts to enable you to command the respect and admi-  
ration of the world."After telling the listening prisoners of the success of  
her work in behalf of the league she said:"The solution of the whole problem lies right here with  
you. If our work is to succeed and you are to becomehonored again in this life, it will be because you have been  
redeemed. Boys, it is the up-hill climb that proves your  
strength and courage. It is not an easy matter to face  
your old companions and tell them that you can no longer  
follow in their footsteps. I have seen the face of a man  
change in prison after he made his peace with God, and  
that is the only solution of the problem which confronts  
you."In her talk Mrs. Booth cautioned her hearers against  
accepting a sentimental view of their condition, and urged  
them to apply their intellect to the difficulties which con-  
fronted them.

"I bring you



Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage: His Influence

On the Thought of To-Day; His Life

On Earth and in Spirit State.

# An Address

Given through the Lips of

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond,

Chicago, Ill., April 20, 1902.

## Weak Eyes

All Imperfections of the Eye, Even Blindness, Cured at Home without Use of Knife or Painful Methods.

No matter how long you have had an eye ailment, or how long it has been in the family, it can be cured at home without the use of knife or painful methods. The cure is simple, and the results are permanent. The cure is given in the form of a book, "The Cure for Weak Eyes," which is sent free to all who send for it. The book is written by a man who has cured thousands of cases of weak eyes, and who is now curing many more. The book is written in plain, simple language, and is easy to read. It is a valuable book for all who are afflicted with weak eyes, and is a must for all who are interested in the cure of eye ailments.

## DEAFNESS CURED

By No Means Until "ACTINA" Was Discovered.

Ninety-five percent of all cases of deafness brought to our attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the middle ear, and the cure is simple. The cure is given in the form of a book, "The Cure for Deafness," which is sent free to all who send for it. The book is written by a man who has cured thousands of cases of deafness, and who is now curing many more. The book is written in plain, simple language, and is easy to read. It is a valuable book for all who are afflicted with deafness, and is a must for all who are interested in the cure of deafness.

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## THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

A VERY IMPORTANT FACT.

The Spiritual Significance is by Lillian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Death," "Kate Field, A Record," "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," "Cloth, \$1.00. Mrs. Whiting, author of the title of new book in these lines from "Aurora Leigh."

"If a man could feel Not one, but every day, fast, fast, and working day."

The spiritual significance burn through The hieroglyphic of material shows. Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings."

The aim of this book is to reveal the curious close correspondence between the developments 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, it is concluded that the title of new book in these lines from "Aurora Leigh" 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 controlled 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 morality 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 LILLIAN 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 Other Poems. \$1. These books are for sale at this office.

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Elevating, Fascinating, Instructive Throughout.

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Philosophy of Spiritualism. This work contains a very wonderful spiritual account of the house of Rev. Dr. Phelps, Stratford, Conn., and similar cases in other parts of the world. It is the first from the author directly on the subject of Spiritualism, and is a must for all who are interested in the subject. Price, 10 cents.

"Now we see through a glass darkly; then face to face." "What we are we know; what we shall be doth not yet appear."

Within the last few days there has passed from earth, from human sight and human affairs, one of the most prominent clergymen of this country: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

His life, like that of Mr. Spurgeon in London, marks with its closing a certain cycle of theological thought, a certain order of ministration of religion. We might just as well say here, that we think Mr. Talmage's life almost closes that kind of theological ministration.

We are not here to discuss Mr. Talmage personally. Of course, his life, his associations, and his relations were not only his own, but he was, undoubtedly, true to his convictions in every walk of life. We believe he was true to his convictions in his theological life; for no man could fully accept or preach the kind of religion that Mr. Talmage did, if he did not believe it. He would try to evade it, he would talk about something else, as a great many ministers of the same and similar denominations do. But he did not seek to avoid doctrinal sermons, he did not seek to turn away from the severity of the creed which he believed. Therefore, we think he was sincere. Perhaps between hypocrisy and that kind of religion it is better to be sincere, whatever one believes.

But with the passing of Mr. Talmage that kind of religion ceases to have sway over a very large number of people.

Owing to a peculiar arrangement of the Associated Press his sermons had a very extensive circulation. We do not say that a great many people believed in his theology, but he had a great influence personally. He was a man of strong convictions and opinions, and a nature whose opinions would blind him to the truth, if it differed from those opinions. We do not think that he ever willfully falsified against any liberal movement, but his convictions were so strong against them that he believed the statements that he often made, we mean concerning the Liberal churches, concerning the Spiritualists, concerning all things that were not in accordance with the theology which he believed in.

A great many people are sincere in their statements when a little effort would convince them that they are mis-statements. A great many people do not wish to be informed if their opinions are wrong. This is the case often with scientific men, so-called, as well as theologians.

When Mr. Huxley said he "would not cross the street to find out if Spiritualism were true" he proved his narrowness and bigotry, notwithstanding his supposed scientific enlightenment. We say it is quite in keeping that he might make some statements of opinions that are grounded in prejudice, and that having prejudice for their outgrowth must, of course, narrow down the outlook of the individuals in an age like this.

Some people have the courage to look at a subject through an open window; others only look at it through a key hole; others do not look at all; and that constitutes the difference in the point of view concerning the thoughts that are in the world. But for the most part the world is moving, not only scientifically and in all directions of human thought, but the theological world is impelled by the great undercurrent of change that is going on in the world, despite prejudices, and the clergyman that can see this and float with the current is the popular minister of to-day; while the clergyman that can see this and endeavors to resist it is often popular for his resistance.

Mr. Talmage reached a class of people that do not, as a rule, do their own thinking—religious thinking; in fact think it is wicked to have opinions that are not in accordance with the religious teachings they have received; and he reached psychologically a much larger class, a class that has no opinions, or do not know that they have any opinions and are moved or swayed by the powerful thoughts that come in their way. All such clergymen reach their followers either through fear or through a swaying magnetic impulse.

Henry Ward Beecher was largely a man of impulse; he swayed by his great magnetic heart. He had a good brain, but unless his heart was in his sermons he did not preach, it was merely talk. Mr. Talmage probably had a heart, but his sermons were full of the theology in which he had been trained, appealing to the fears of the people.

When we say that the cycle of fear is passed, we mean it. We mean that the world, in Protestantism, has so far advanced that sectional and sectarian barriers are removed; that creeds are being remodeled; that when the Presbyterian Church can change the creed that has been handed down almost from the time of John Calvin, it means progress. When the church to which Mr. Talmage belonged can go so far as to have one clergyman preach a liberal Unitarian sermon, while another preaches perhaps, Orientalism, it shows the world changes its religion, and its theology along with it.

That Mr. Talmage exercised such great influence, seemingly, must be owing to the fact that people are easily controlled through their fears. Far other was the influence of Mr. Moody, the revivalist. He did not so much appeal to human fear as to human love to rescue people from their danger. To rescue souls from darkness of Hades he presented a strong picture of a lost soul; he presented as the influence of his life the exalted love of Jesus to save, it was the salvation of God's love that he presented most effectively.

Of course Mr. Talmage considered ethically a great many of the propositions of human life; presented them vigorously from his standpoint. But the underlying theology of his existence was the theology that appealed to human fear; to the possibility of being eternally lost. Souls were to be saved in Mr. Moody's religion and the love of Jesus was to save them. In the building and teaching of Mr. Talmage souls were to be saved, but they were to be saved by having the picture presented to them of eternal torment, of being lost, and being urged to fly or escape from doom. Mr. Spurgeon also was that kind of a theologian or preacher. He would picture to his people the heat—or supposed heat—of

Hades, and he would slide down the bannisters of the steps that led to his pulpit to illustrate to his people the rapidity with which people went to hell. A great many of those things were exaggerated, yet he was perfectly conscientious and sincere. Mr. Talmage took occasion to visit some of the mining regions of England when he was abroad, where the ore was being wrought out in the furnaces while there, and afterward he described it to his friends, telling them that he considered hell a literal place and a million times hotter than those iron furnaces. Of course, believing that, it would be his duty to try to save souls from such a doom.

All the sweet logic of the Sermon on the Mount, all the petition of the Golden Rule, all the life and love of Jesus could not avail when the horror of such a picture has to be presented; and at this moment, if the mass of the people could be shown a literal picture of Hades, like that shown in the play of Faust, or purgatory exaggerated, and people believed it to be true, would they not from very fear fly to the religion of Jesus? It would not be for the love of Jesus, but for the fear of Hades. Witness the panic in a fire, or when there is a storm at sea. It is very seldom that human faith, however well trained in the Christian religion, prevents a panic. Here and there a devotee may be calm; here and there a philosopher, who does not claim to be a church member, may be calm. But the great instinct of human life is to fly from danger physically. When that danger is presented as a moral danger, a spiritual danger, and when the fire instead of being transient is eternal, you do not wonder that people try to fly from it if they can be made to believe in the literalness of the fire.

It seems a strange thing, when you turn to the first four Gospels in the New Testament and read exactly what Jesus taught, how there could be considered such a Hades, such a religion out of the few simple utterances there recorded. Of course Paul was the doctrinarian of Christianity. But it is very difficult to find a literal hell-fire even in the writings of Paul. Human-fear, which is the basest of human passions, cupidity and ignorance constitute the foundation for that kind of teaching. And yet it must serve its purpose. It is the stepping-stone to something higher. Perhaps it is this belief in the fear of Hades that refines the gold of the spirit and sends it forth purer. Then it gives to the mind another suggestion. It is a very subtle, psychological suggestion: that people do not believe it after all; that although the mind may accept it and the fears may be dominated by it, the soul does not believe it, for every human being who actually believes in the literal, eternal hell-fire would be bound to be insane. We have known of a great many mothers who have been driven insane when the ministers have told them that their children were in hell. We have known a great many people whose hearts rebelled against such a thought and who turned away from the austerity of such a creed, and the rest, without knowing it, have a protest down deep in the spirit—an a priori knowledge that it is not true; or else they hold a slender thread of creed or of hope on which they think that their loved ones may cross to a place of safety; the "deathbed repentance," at the last moment, in which the spirit may admit or acknowledge the great supremacy of Christ. There is always a chance of escape. But if it were true that you believed that any friend of yours, any child, any sister, any brother, any father or mother, wife or husband were literally in Hades you would not be human if you were not insane.

With all his sincerity, with the power which we ascribe to Dr. Talmage, with the great spirit of invective, with the spirit of misrepresentation, with the thought that he believed what he preached, we think, nevertheless, that there was down deep in his spirit a certain protest; that if his intellect had been broader, or he could have burst the barriers of precedent, he would have spoken more liberally in his later days. But having committed himself in any one direction he did not have the courage to retract. He did not believe that he could retract; he even reiterated things that were not pressing in order to be literally true because of this spirit of blindness, this prejudice. Later on, as his life grew older he did, indeed, endeavor to adapt his sermons to the needs, the growing needs, of the people.

We remember he gave a series of sermons, not many years ago, on "The Occupations of Spirits in Heaven." Having read the Bible very carefully, especially the New Testament, you know there is very little said about what people shall do in heaven there. As Mr. Talmage did not admit the possibility of spirit communion, or of modern visions or seers, we often wondered from what source he received his information concerning the occupations in heaven? He never vouchsafed to tell. He did not say he had a vision like Dante, or like the prophets, or that he was upon the Mount of Transfiguration with Jesus and the two disciples; he did not say that any of those "ministering spirits" referred to in the Bible had told him. But he seriously talked about the occupations in heaven as though he knew. Does not that prove that when a man says there can be no intercommunication between the two worlds, he, after all, knows there is intercommunication? Because without intercommunication, one way or another, no human being could tell what are the occupations of souls in heaven.

Perfect as is the flood of inspiration accompanying the present spiritual teachings that are in the world, the "many mansions in the Father's house" are closed and sealed, unless by visions through angelic presences or by ministration through spirit communion those states are revealed, and no man knows what the "many mansions" hold. If Mr. Talmage was a seer, then all he said against Spiritualism must be accounted false. If Mr. Talmage had messages from spirits, then that contravenes what he said about the impossibility of spirit communion; and if all spirits are "lying spirits sent to deceive," then might not he also have been deceived? These are contradictions that do not occur to the ordinary minds, to the minds intent on believing whatever their pastor says; to the minds that do not think that he preaches sermons one year that contradict the sermons of the next year, or the reverse.

But people accept that which they like to believe. The

best minister is the one who tells his people their own thoughts; the best minister is the one who tells you what you would like to say if you had the language. If your ideals are high and your minister tells you those ideals are true he pleases you; if you are seeking for money in the world, and your minister tells you how to get it, that pleases you. He may also tell you to be honest, to have integrity, but that you do not have to literally obey the Golden Rule, and you like him for that. We have heard ministers of as great popularity as Mr. Talmage, saying to their congregations, that the "Golden Rule was never intended for practical life." What was it intended for? If it was for life in heaven, why was it not kept there instead of being imparted to earth? If intended for an ideal life, apart from business, why was it thrust into human existence? Or was it only to apply to the Great Teacher and not to all who followed him toward the fraternity of man? Oh, not you "cannot serve God and mammon." And yet some Christian clergymen tell you you can, and tell you so in many of the churches of this city and those on Fifth avenue, New York. The sermons that are preached at the head of Wall street in Trinity Church are very tender of the feelings of those who try not to think that the Golden Rule is intended for daily use. But when the Rev. Dr. Huntington, fresh from the heart-beats of the people, consecrated his life to their service, said he was going on a missionary tour to Fifth avenue, he meant that there was more need of missionary work there than at the Five Points. Just the spirit of what Jesus said when he said "the publicans and sinners"—with whom he sat down to their table—"were nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the scribes, pharisees and hypocrites."

The great baptism of true humanity is rising in the world, and we are glad that Mr. Talmage has done his work and passed on to his reward, because he must have felt the waning tide of that theological life that brought him into such great notoriety; he must have felt the sands receding from under his feet that formed the foundations of that "house of God" which could not save the souls that He is said to have made; he must have realized that the great tide of human affairs was setting the other way spiritually or religiously.

Though his successor in name and in theology repeats very weakly some of the things Dr. Talmage said years ago, it is but a faint echo, it bears no trace of the original vigor. But this vigorous life expended itself in the great energy he used in building a false fabric of the future, a fabric destroyed by knowledge; and his going forward among the multitude to do his work is a spectacle; it is presented as a picture.

We have sometimes wished that people had half the energy in advocating a work for the truth of the Gospel that is merciful and loving and free. If people would exercise one-hundredth part of the enthusiasm over a religion of love that they do over a religion of fear the world would be in the millennium. But you see they cannot.

We were told very seriously by a noted Unitarian minister, that he thought that the hold upon human thought was waning in the Unitarian church, and we asked what he thought was the reason? "Well," he said, "the moment people begin to think for themselves they do not think there is any need of thinking together, they each start on an exploring expedition of their own." Of course there is no authority in the Liberal churches; fear and authority constitute the source of energy and power in the evangelical and in the Roman Catholic churches. There is no better piece of mechanism than the organization of the Roman Catholic church. But it is grounded in the fears of the masses.

There was not a better piece of humanitarian influence than that which Mr. Moody strove to exercise in his great revival work; but that also was founded in the fear of humanity. There is no better or more merciful organization in the world than the Salvation Army; but it is to save souls from hell.

If humanitarian societies; if the people could be persuaded by as great love for humanity to save them from the slums, and from the existing conditions of human life, there would be an upward movement instantly. Jane Addams illustrates what can be done with love for humanity in their present state.

Souls are valuable, therefore God does not mean to lose them; humanity here and now is given to man's charge and the great Philanthropic work of the church constitutes its stronghold. It is not the mystic rites and ancient truths of Freemasonry that bind men to it; it is the spirit of fraternity, of loving kindness and loving service. Every human being ought to do for each other that which they bind themselves to do in the lodges of the Freemasons. When Christianity came into the world this principle was recognized by the few, and every human being recognizing it made a pledge by that recognition to do good to his fellow-man. What is the need of fraternal orders if the spirit of Christianity prevails? And what is the need of all this talk about souls when it is the body, the mind and the spirit that are to be trained to express the soul?

Mr. Talmage taught that only a portion of human beings were to be saved. He did not arrogate to himself the right to say the number or to designate those who were to be saved; he spoke vigorously of those who would not be saved, and urged people to fly from the conditions that were not conducive to salvation.

In the changes of human life, at the last moment of existence there is always another message; there are always ministering ones attending those who are to pass from earth; there is always more or less consciousness of this transition; there is always preparation. But you may be perfectly well assured, that during the interval between the last of human consciousness and the realization, in its fullness, of the spirit state, that there was preparation for Mr. Talmage on his entrance into spirit life. Yet with all preparation and whatever there may be in the spirit of hope, whatever uplifting power of faith, you can also be aware that a vast surprise awaits every human life on knowing that the body is really cast aside and the spirit is consciously set free. The ordinary human life is not so much surprised at two extremes: the materialist and the

theologian. The materialist is surprised to find himself alive, and very much doubts that his body is dead, then he proceeds sophistically to say, "Even if my body is dead this is only a little effervescence outlasting the body, which will also pass." This is a sort of delirium which will shortly pass away." But when there come thronging around the spirit of the materialist those friends supposed to be dead who welcome him, the surprise of the materialist more and more increases. Not long ago, the late Robert G. Ingersoll, whose spirit spoke through the instrument who stands before you, said, "it was as though the scales had fallen from my eyes." When the theologian hopes to enter the kingdom of heaven, that which he has described to his people; when he expects to be welcomed by angels and borne into the presence of Jesus, and perhaps of the Infinite; when he has pictured to himself that which shall be his reception; possibly, if he is favored of heaven with that exalted, immortal state; when his fears have been merged in his faith so that he dares to hope for that estate; you may imagine his surprise when he sees around him the familiar friends of his childhood and his youth; when he sees the loving ones of his own household; and when there is no great gala occasion, when there is nothing of the provision of the great apocalypse, no passing away of the earth and the rending of the veil, nor angelic presences to herald him into the presence of eternal life when all is dust, but it is only the next step of existence.

Yet so conscious does the spirit become with the throwing off of the earthly organism of its own inadequacy, of the lack of spiritual possessions, that every spirit enters spirit life from the human state with some degree of humiliation. So after the first greeting there is a season of introspection, and the spirit meets what it sows, reaps the harvest of the seeds that have been planted, and, if sufficiently advanced or aware, perceives the inadequacy of that planting.

What do you suppose must be the thought of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage when he sees no fires of Hades, when he hears no voices from those who are condemned, when he meets face to face his friends and companions, and even those with whom he differed in theology; and when, above all, there is no sound of rustling pinions, no opening of ineffable gates; but he enters the spirit state for which he is prepared by the thoughts and deeds done in human life?

It is a surprise to every human life. We do not follow any spirit into those introspections and reflections that are for the individual spirit alone. We give that which is granted even by the most of earth's relations and friends, we give the spirit the solitude that belongs to the disembodied spirit. When that spirit enters into its own inheritance it is known within and it is known to God. There are none to point fingers of reproach or scorn, none to praise unduly. Every life sees that which it has sown. With the greatest tenderness, and with a devotion in which human love has become spiritualized the friends of the earthly estate receive those who pass from earth.

Do you not suppose Mr. Talmage is happier in his spirit home, surrounded by his friends, the relations of earth and those who were congenial with him, than he would be in a far-off heaven with the knowledge that Hades had engulfed some of his companions and friends? And do you not suppose it is great relief to any kind-hearted and affectionate human being to find that the fires of Hades are within instead of without, that the judgment there is a voice from within the soul instead of an external censor or judge? Even though every human life walks into its own portion of the shadows that have been fashioned by itself, is not that a great merciful respite compared to what has been taught by theology?

Now after this shall have been learned, do you suppose that there is anything that will prevent a sincere, honest spirit from endeavoring to un-teach that which was wrong in his teaching; to help the people out of the fear that he must have engendered by his false theology? Whenever the great awakening comes, whether it be at the moment of transition or whether by slow degrees it dwains upon the spirit, that spirit must teach that intercourse with spirit friends is possible and continues as long as love abides.

Such time as Dr. Talmage learns that there is no literal hell-fire, and that the way to the kingdom of heaven is within, will there not be for all the rest of the time that any human life is on earth that is swayed by his influence enough for him to do? And such as have passed to spirit existence and have found his teachings not true, will they not be willing teachers and helpers of him, who, like the revivalist, was tethered in the small cobweb of his own fashioning out of the theology in which he was reared, and fettered by that until death set him free.

And if through the shadows that thus arise the glimmering of this perfect immortal state, and the love of mother, father, child, brother, sister and friend shall come and clear in, how blessed to know that neither the theological heaven nor the theological hell holds any other soul when that life outgrows the thought. Then the great mission and ministry must be the unsealing of the eyes of others.

When John Calvin awoke to the enormity of the crimes committed under the name of religion, he felt that eternity was too short for him to undo what he had done. Now hither and thither, night and day over all the earth and in spirit states wherever a mind can be impressed, wherever a minister can be told he inspires from within by the voice of truth, that there is no hell save that which is within. Like John Calvin, seeing that the seething fires of Hades are not true, will not the true spirit of Mr. Talmage, rising from his place of theological bondage and amenable to the light of the new religion, set the seal on this which has been said and speak from out the voices of the skies for this man who has risen and say: "Whereas he was blind, now he sees; whereas he was deaf, now he hears, and the light of the spirit has burst through these barriers and mists of theological shadows and behold! he will become as one of those who like little children shall be led by little children and shall teach the kingdom of God's love."

LEWIS R. HILLIER, Gloucester, Mass.

## TWO MEN.

When all the world to him is bright And he's from trouble free In everything he takes delight An optimist is he. But let a cloud bedim his sky And thorns beset his way, The ready tear comes to his eye To weep he is a prey. The world is dark that erst looked bright And everything's atwist In human life there's nothing right; He is a pessimist. When there is sunshine in his sky And fortune's smiles are bland, He meets you with a beaming eye, With kindness grasps your hand, When fortune turns on him her frown And shows him her ill will, He seems not to the world cast down; His alien is cheerful still. He meets life's ills with courage strong, And with a heart to fight Rolls up his sleeves when things go wrong And works to set them right. —Cape Cod Item.

## THOUGHTS ON TELEPATHY.

### Philosophy and Method of Thought Transference.

Communication between minds without the aid of the ordinary means, namely, the five physical senses, is known as telepathy.

Wireless telegraphy is as assured fact. In time, telepathy will undoubtedly become just as, and, perhaps, more practical than Marconi's or any other system of wireless telegraphy.

There are very many instances where telepathy has proven to be a very effective means of communicating intelligence. Many cases are recorded where, just at death, the outgoing spirit has appeared or telepathed a message to someone whom it wished to know of its condition.

Telepathy is the method of communicating between subjective minds of living people. It is undoubtedly the mode of communication between many animals.

Trance or inspirational mediums are undoubtedly influenced by the same power, though in this case the telepathic messages proceed from spirit intelligence out to the form.

Telepathy enables the mesmerist or the operator who uses the mesmeric

method which producing the trance state) to make his subjects obey mental orders.

The subjective mind of man is nearly always dominated by the objective mind, and although the subjective mind of two persons in a room may be communicating with each other, the persons are unaware of it, because the communications do not rise above the threshold of consciousness. In other words, they are not perceived by the objective mind.

Now, if one of the persons was sensitive or mediumistic, he would probably catch the message, either by hearing it clairaudiently, seeing it clairvoyantly, or by being impressed by one of the many phenomena common to psychic sensitives.

The higher phenomena of the mesmeric or hypnotic trance, such as thought transference, psychometric readings, etc., are all made possible by telepathy.

Distance is no bar to the sending or receiving of telepathic messages, only so far as our objective belief in distance hinders our efforts in this direction. Objective education must be overcome to a certain extent to enable anyone to become a sender of telepathic messages. People are prone to consider it impossible to do some of the things attributed to the power of mind, and it is this unbelief and lack of faith that retards progress in this science.

A telepathic message can be sent or received at the antipodes, that is if the sender and receiver are both in the passive state, and are able by one of the many methods to bring the message above the threshold of consciousness.

Natural sleep is one of the best conditions under which to send or receive telepathic messages. But as there is really little difference between ordinary sleep and a self-induced partially hypnotic state, it seems that either condition would be equally good for this purpose.

The sender of telepathic messages must thoroughly understand the law of auto-suggestion, as this is one of the principal factors which make communication between minds possible.

Many of the recipients of telepathic messages have been in a natural sleep, others wide awake, while others were partly asleep. Some telepathic messages are perceived by one or more persons at the same time. Sometimes the one to whom the message is sent does not at once receive it and the message will probably rest in his subjective mind, until perhaps in a few hours time he becomes conscious of it.

The message comes above the threshold of consciousness and is perceived and taken cognizance of by the objective mind. At other times, some person in close connection with the one to which it is sent gets it and may or may not know it.

So-called personal magnetism is undoubtedly hypnotic suggestions tele-

pathed from one subjective mind to another.

The whole foundation of absent mental treatment is based on the power of telepathy. The healer goes into a partially hypnotic state and sends out on the psychic ether waves of health, which reach and impress the patient's subjective mind; and, true to the law of suggestion, are retained; and as the subjective mind has full control over all the organs and functions of the body, it is readily seen how the condition of health are brought about. It is all under a natural law, and there is nothing unnatural or improbable about it.

Under the right conditions telepathic messages can become so intermingled as to become actual materializations. Thus the witches of old would, while they were entranced, project images resembling themselves, and various animals, which they would send to worry and annoy those against whom they had a grudge.

The means most generally employed to send telepathic messages is to project the body of the person whose telepathic faculties. The deeper the objective or physical senses are locked in sleep, the greater and more perfect will be the manifestations.

The witches were known to project their bodies with a mass of powerful narcotics, and then retire to a secluded

spot, free from molestation, and lapse into a profound and deathlike sleep.

The mystics throughout the world, in any country, all become more or less entranced when producing subjective projections. The power of auto-suggestion is what enables them to determine what the different manifestations shall be. Before going to sleep, or becoming entranced, they suggest to themselves, what visions or manifestations their subjective minds shall produce; and, true to the law of suggestion, the effect comes about.

A good many modern investigators take natural sleep for the sending of telepathic messages. They retire to bed, and while their objective senses are slowly becoming locked in slumber, they suggest to themselves that their right mind will produce such and such a manifestation. If the right conditions are present, their projections or messages will be seen by the person to whom they are sent.

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