

# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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

VOL. 26.

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 16, 1902.

NO. 664.

## BULL FIGHTS.

### Brutal Encounters Between Men.

To the Editor:—Within the past two weeks two topics have been uppermost in the newspapers and among the people in this part of California. One was the proposed bull-fight at Point Richmond, which brought out cyclones of indignation. The other was the fight between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons. The former was prevented by the interference of the railroad officials and others. The latter was discussed on the trains, boats and streets—everywhere. Eight thousand people attended the bloody man-fight. Tickets for box-seats sold for \$20. Mayor Schmitz and Samuel Gompers were there. Twelve or fifteen women were present. The papers say when "Jeffries was cut into ribbons and was a mass of blood and dirt, the crowd yelled with delight." Will you, Mr. Editor, allow me to moralize a bit touching these subjects?

What I want to know is which is the most demoralizing, a bull-fight or a man-fight? Why should one be prevented and the other allowed, and be attended by 8,000 people?

Writers on heredity say that the witnessing and enjoyment of scenes of brutality create within us influences that are transmitted to our unborn children.

Jesse Pomeroy of Boston is serving a life sentence for cutting the throat of his school companion. All through his childhood he took pleasure in cutting the throats of cats, and dogs, and other animals. The business of his father was to cut the throats of hogs in a pork-packing establishment.

In England butchers are not allowed to sit at a table with a knife in their hand, as it is believed to be a capital offense.

What kind of children do the men expect to have who "howl with delight" when they see a man with a broken nose, his face cut into ribbons and he a mass of blood?

Bull-fights are bad, are brutal, are productive of demoralization, brutality and crime. Man fights are worse than animal fights. Animals don't know any better. Men should know better.

If I were a practicing lawyer, as I was once, and I were counsel for a man being tried for his life, I would object to any man sitting on the jury who had attended a prize fight and "howled with delight" at the sight of blood and brutality.

If I had a daughter I would use every persuasion to prevent her from marrying such a young man.

If I were judge of a court I would grant any woman a divorce from a husband who paid an admission fee to a brutal fight and who yelled with delight at witnessing two brutal men pounding each other into a jelly. So long as we have thousands of men who keenly enjoy bull-fights and man-fights and are delighted at seeing brutality, we will have Romans beating their children and finding juries to justify them, brutes in human form whipping their wives, and all sorts of brutality and crime.

The girl who marries a man that delights in seeing animals or humans beaten, need not be disappointed if her husband beats her. She may reasonably expect that he will yell with delight at witnessing such a father a cruel, brutal man.

Alameda, Cal. R. A. DAGUE.

### Are They Not Anti-Christians?

I believe every one familiar with the sayings of Jesus of Nazareth feels due respect for his teachings and character. His command that ye love one another is certainly very fine. Also the one to abide in him and he in us. For unless the branch abide in the vine it can bear no fruit. He also said, "Come and let us reason together. Though your sins are as crimson I will make them white as wool. Though they are as scarlet I will make them white as snow." He no doubt realized their diversity of opinion and by reasoning with him they could harmonize their conflicting opinions and promote brotherly love. He said to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name they shall cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay their hands on the sick, and the sick shall recover." That whatsoever they saw him do should they do also; and even greater things than they saw him do, should they do. He told them to ask and they should receive; to seek and they should find; to knock and it should be opened unto them. That where two or three of them should be gathered together in his name there would he be with them in their midst. That if they should ask for anything, it should be given them of the father.

Truly it would seem that any one not idiotic could comprehend Christ's instructions to his disciples. Do the clergy or their converts in the present are manifest those signs that Jesus said should follow them that believe? Do they cast out devils? Do they speak with new tongues? Do they take up serpents, or drink any deadly thing, feeling that it will not hurt them? Do they lay their hands on the sick and the sick recover?

Did they not only gather by twos and threes, but by thousands, and importune the throne of grace to save President Garfield, Queen Victoria, President McKinley, and others? Were the righteous amid their praying hosts, whom Jesus said would keep his commandments if they loved him? If not, what assurance had the self-constituted righteous that their prayers would ever reach the throne of grace? We learn in Matthew 10:8 that Jesus told his twelve disciples to heal the sick and the lepers and to cast out devils. "Freely ye have received, freely give." James 5:14, "If

## INTELLIGENT DOGS.

### They Are Entitled to Immortality.

New York has a talking dog! He is neither a subject of hypnotism nor one of those strangely human creatures which believers in the transmigration of the soul might suppose possessed by the spirit of some dear friend. He is an eminently normal dog, with all his canine attributes fully developed, and, as he only laid puppyhood aside with the celebration of his first birthday last Friday, has still the playful habits that appertain to extreme youth.

Petit talks because he cannot help it, and in his limited vocabulary puts more meaning than all the wordy eloquence of half a hundred orators. He does not concern himself with the parts of speech, but he has grasped the three cardinal principles of existence. He knows what he wants, knows how to ask for it, and never gives up till he gets it.

Petit is an English greyhound and a seventh son. To the latter fact he ascribes his unusual gifts, though he is properly modest in their exploitation, for he is a devoted brother. He is the property of Mrs. C. S. Blum, and first saw the light in the basement of No. 3 Abington square, one of the old-fashioned houses that front that quaint oasis in the desert of streets in old New York. His mother, Daisy, is a lady of such degree, and his father, Dewey, boasts a lengthy pedigree to prove his worth.

The dominance of the seven in the fate of the dogs is remarkable. Daisy's seven children were born June 1, 1901. One died seven days later. On the 27th of July they opened their eyes. One was given away, two were later poisoned through malice and three brothers alone remain. These are Sir James, Collaret (so-called because he came into the world with a complete white collar joined by a V at the back of the neck) and Petit, the last and smallest of the litter.

Her stalwart sons, as clean limbed and handsome a trio as is to be found in the country, are taller than their mother, Collaret and Sir James being white, generously with their splendid gray coats on breast and legs, but Petit has only four tiny white socks and a touch of white on the end of his tail. They have been cared for like babies, and the constant reiteration from Mrs. Blum that "Mamma" would do this or that probably largely responsible for Petit's debut as a speaker. One evening when his brothers had gone for a walk and he had exhausted all expressions of loneliness he laid his pointed nose between his paws and gave vent to a loud wail of "Mamma" that would have melted a heart of stone. The effect was instantaneous. Petit was caressed and taken out to join the others.

He remembered the lesson, and now when all else fails Petit's cry of "Mamma" informs Mrs. Blum that her immediate presence is required. His one other word is "es-m", and when, after some persuasion, he condescended to show off his accomplishments for a World reporter yesterday, both words came forth in a voice and accent so exactly like a human tone, that his intelligence is unfailing, and Petit brings out his two remarks with an aptness that is something uncanny.

The shapely greyhound has as well a peculiar degree of magnetic force. Held in the arms he is said to have a soothing effect on tired nerves, and more than one of Mrs. Blum's friends claim for him the power to banish headache.

Collaret very early in life betrayed a love of music. To the accompaniment of banjo or guitar he will sing in his own fashion, raising or lowering his voice as the music grows louder or softer. The three are as near in affection as the Three Musketeers. Each boasts on his left forefoot a complete "luck" horseshoe and relies on his fleetness to distance all enemies.

By unanimous vote of humanity, these dogs will be regarded as worthy of immortality.

There are any among you sick, let them call on the elders and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.

If Paul and the apostles could heal the sick and cast out devils, the clergy of the present day can do so if they have the faith and are disposed to. And my prayer is that the clergy of Israel will show them the folly of their duplicity in departing from the faith once delivered to the saints, and for teaching doctrines the traditions of men.

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Each generation lives in a different world.—Anon.

There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.—Publius Syrus.

There was speech in their dumbness; language in their very gesture.—Shakespeare.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.—Emerson.

# A Noble Worker.

I desire through the columns of your valuable paper to say a few words in regard to the great work which Mrs. Clara Ferris is doing for the cause of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Ferris is a born teacher and a powerful medium. She forms her classes, grades them so as to get the harmonious elements together, then quietly sits with her pupils and unfolds to them the great truths, in a very entertaining manner, giving from time to time such words of cheer and comfort as may come for any member of the class. At any and all sittings, each pupil is requested to suggest topics to be taken up, and all questions are answered in such a clear and comprehensive way, that they are thoroughly understood by the pupils. She teaches the theory, and then practically demonstrates what she has taught, with examples from the great storehouse of her own experience. She is ever ready to meet any question which is presented, either in the class room, in public meetings, or in private sittings. Her command of language is excellent, she is a logician and an orator as well as a scholar.

Mrs. Ferris has in view the founding of a school for teaching mental science or Spiritualism, or whatever name it may be called, in all its purity and simplicity. She believes that a school founded upon the great principles which underlie Spiritualism, will produce a concord, first with one's own self, and then with all mankind. She believes that the knowledge of Spiritualism is the key which unlocks the mysteries which have surrounded all religious and superstitious beliefs in all the ages that are past, and in the present, furnishes evidence, not theory, to prove the truth of its teachings.

She believes that such a school will command the respect and loyal support, not only of the believers of Spiritualism, but of others. She believes that in such a school it should be the aim to get the children in and teach them these great truths, before their little minds become polarized, and filled with all sorts of superstitious beliefs. That their little minds are fertile soil in which to plant the seeds of truth, or error, and that the first sown will be the most difficult to eradicate.

I have seen her teach children, and was not only amazed at the readiness with which they grasp these grand truths, but the undoubted proof which they exhibited of what they saw and heard. One of the most striking examples is my own little girl, 11 years old, who has been brought up in the orthodox faith, been a faithful attendant of Sunday-school and church, was placed in Mrs. Ferris' class. She seemed very much interested from the start. On the evening when she took her third lesson (the lesson was taken in the morning), she asked me to allow her to hold a little family circle. She being a child, to gratify her childish whim, as I supposed, said, all right, we will have a circle. She arranged the chairs to suit herself, and her little brother and myself sat with her in the circle. We had been sitting but a few minutes when she spoke up and said: "Somebody is coming, somebody is coming that you like to see." I said, who is it? She said, "Little Helen, little Edna, little Charlie and Mary said, 'They are all coming up a great wide road. Oh, the road is so wide. They are coming, coming, here they are, do you want to talk to them?'" I said yes, and began to ask questions and talk to them, through her.

Of these children two were her little sisters, her little brother and a neighbor girl who was a playmate. Little Helen and Mary Rogers were fast friends, and passed out close together, little Helen first. I was present when little Mary, about three and a half years old, died. She had been unconscious for some time. She called little Helen

Hedder, when they were at play, and just before she passed out, having lain in a stupor for some time, she clapped her little hands and shouted, "Oh, Hedder! Oh, Hedder!" and sank back upon her pillow and was gone. This group always comes together.

The next one that came at this same sitting was an old school friend of mine, Will Case, who passed out many years ago. She told me many things about him that I know she did not know about. Then a great uncle and aunt of mine, that have been dead for about twenty years and of whom she knew nothing. She described them perfectly and answered questions and told me things that I had forgotten until they were brought up to my mind. Then an uncle came who has been gone many years, and still another uncle, her grandfather, grandmother, my brother who has been dead about fifteen years, and a young lady that she described and in every way tried to make me recognize, but I could not place her; the next evening she came again and still I could not place her, and the next evening she gave her name, Mollie Wright. As soon as I heard the name, it came to me like a flash. She had been dead at least twenty-five years. I knew her very well. She was a neighbor girl, and it seemed strange to me that I should be so dumb. That evening nineteen spirits visited and talked with me through my little daughter, and I recognized them all but one that evening, and the third day after she gave me her name and some additional evidence.

Up to that time I had felt that there was some mystery about Spiritualism, but that there might be some trickery or fraud about it, but when my own little girl, sitting at my own fireside, several miles away from her teacher, brought me the evidence so clear and convincing, I had to yield, and am now as confirmed in that belief as any of the people whom I used to call cranks, and pity them for having so little sense. If you wish to attract the older people get the children interested, and instructed, and the older ones will learn from them.

I believe that Mrs. Ferris is on the right road. Get the children and teach them the way. You do not need to tell them that there is a life beyond, they will tell you, and if you will but listen, they will convince you.

My son was somewhat older than his sister, he being 16. It took him about a week and a half, lessons daily, to develop so that he could see and converse some, but in about that time he was able to converse quite readily, but not so readily as his sister who was younger.

These are two instances of teaching children that have come under my observation, and I have no doubt that if the children were taught, these instances would be the common experience of all. I think the trouble with us older people is, that we have become so polarized, as it were, to superstitious beliefs, and material things, that it is hard to break away, and get ourselves in a condition to receive the truth, to become as little children. I feel that we would do well to follow the example of our orthodox brethren. Found schools to educate teachers, and then send our teachers, who themselves are properly educated, to teach the children. I will venture the opinion that no one who has ever been sufficiently developed, and along the right lines, to be able to converse with departed friends, has ever turned their back upon this knowledge. I believe also that if schools were founded and you begin to teach the children these broad and grand truths, the much-talked-of millennium will be ushered in clothed with all of the beauty and ecstasy with which it has been painted by poets and dreamers for ages.

Mrs. Ferris leaves here for the camp at Clinton tomorrow evening. I presume that she will remain there during the camp. I trust that the progressive Spiritualists will rally around her and give her such support and comfort as will send her on her way rejoicing.

Omaha, Neb. C. A. POTTER.

## REINCARNATION.

### A Waste of Thought to Contemplate It.

Whether reincarnation be true, or false, is it time spent profitably to contemplate it? If it is false, it is useless to spend time on it. If true, there is great reason for giving the undivided attention to the things of the present embodiment.

The adherents of the doctrine admit that when we shall have become sufficiently matured, embodiments cease. Hence we argue the importance of getting as much earth growth as possible now.

Suppose a child neglects the first year of school, thinking what he will do the second year. He will surely be turned back.

Suppose a composer, seeking subject for the imagined stirring strains, lets the mind wander away musing on the skill of how to "call forth new feelings at one time in the most delicate gradation, at another by the most abrupt transition." Would he be justified in expecting other than disappointment?

Some of the proselytes almost lose interest in the spirit world except as a waiting room for another return.

What is the evidence of the truth of successive embodiments? In our law courts it is evidence that governs. There are two kinds, direct and circumstantial. The reincarnationists have the same in their court, with the difference that theirs is direct and speculative. They do not deny that the one kind is speculative. Their direct, is where they claim to remember having lived on earth before. Is the remembrance reliable? Clairvoyance or unconscious psychometry, sees an angel city, and becomes so familiar with it as to believe he once, in another body, lived there. There are so many instances where the Christian unconscious clairvoyants see their spirit friends. When we tell them that is Spiritualism, they deny it and declare it is God working for them.

In all of the different phases of pay-

chic expression it is so easy for the untrained mind to be deceived. Again, the law of illusion comes right in here and may play many tricks on a man in a twinkling how easy to imagine a stump a dangerous man. How easy to see faces on wall paper, when one nearer approach they vanish. Illustrations of illusion are innumerable. It is almost impossible to see a rocky mountain without seeing a human figure there. See the "man in the moon." May not the law of illusion also pertain to the spirit life psychic?

Their speculative evidence consists of reasoning that every mortal is entitled to, and must have, the experience of every other mortal. Is this possible? A game of football is played. One player is simply satisfied that he beat. Another boasts of displaying more science. Another sees promotion ahead, and that feeds his ambition. No two get the same experience out of the simple, one game of football. At a lecture no two will get the same experience out of it. A family of children grow up, under the same conditions, yet each child has diverging experience. In a four-years college course no two students get the same experience. At this rate what volume is large enough to contain figures enough to count all the successive embodiments necessary to give every mortal the experience of every other mortal? No two grains of sand are rolled and tossed about in the same way. No two snow flakes are of the same shape. No two persons are alike. Doesn't this look as if Nature doesn't take much stock in sameness?

The reincarnationists also appear to overlook the fact of opportunity in spirit life for every kind of growth and reform. The baby grows to the adult form. The false teaching here about theology and religious outgrowth there as readily as it is here. The incarnate overcomes his appetite. Servants here become masters there. The mental here can become a king there. Criminals grow up into saints. The pauper here, abounds there.

I have to confess my inability to see any convincing evidence of the truth in, or of a good reason for the doctrine of successive embodiments. But then I am not a pope, so am not infallible. Verona, Wis. E. W. BALDWIN.

### A Modern Helmsheet.

An item of news has just appeared which would have made the hair of our grandfathers stand on end with amazement. It is announced that the wife of Robert Gordon Jeffrey has been taking the summer course at the University of Chicago as proxy for her husband, while he was teaching school in another part of the city.

At the opening of the summer term, Mrs. Jeffrey registered for her husband, paid his tuition bill, and obtained leave from the dean to attend the classes in his stead till he could finish his school teaching. She explained that his financial circumstances made it necessary. She took copious notes, after which Mrs. Jeffrey's school work being ended, came to the college to take up his studies, he was enabled to add three months' senior credit to his bachelor degree. He had studied his wife's notes, and thus mastered the subjects.

The moral is that an educated wife can be a helpmeet to her husband in many ways that would have been impossible to the uneducated women of a century ago. In the four equal suffrage states, where women are political, educated as well, they carry their helpfulness to their husbands still further. At the recent festival of the New England Woman Suffrage Association, the Rev. Dr. Enoch, of Philadelphia, who spent two years in Colorado, said it was a common thing there for a busy physician or other overworked professional man before the municipal election to say to his wife: "You have had time to attend the meetings of the Civic Federation, where the records of the candidates were thoroughly discussed by people who knew all about them; you have got up the facts; now you tell me." If his wife had not been able to give him this help, he would not have voted, or else would have had to vote without much light on the subject. Instead of one unintelligent vote being cast, two votes were cast intelligently for a good government.

A modern American wife of the right kind is the very best helpmeet a modern man can have.

H. G. WARREN.

To-morrow I will live, the fool does say; to-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.—Martial.

## DR. PHELON'S LETTER.

### Brief Notes on Various Matters of Interest.

San Francisco is par excellence, the watering place of the world. Not a single day during the month that is supposed to boll men's blood and blister the heart and brain, in which one's occupation, no matter how laborious, could not be carried forward, in sun or shade. To the Eastern mind, July suggests straw hats, gossamer underclothing, and the usual outfit supposed to be necessary for the climate of Hades.

If you are outside of the city, and ask the native about the state of the weather, he will say: "Well, no, it isn't very hot here; but over in Dodrosh county, they do say it has been uncommon hot." It makes me think of the rumors of Illinois, forty years ago, when asked (as they frequently were) if there was any of their favorite disease, the "milk-sick," in their locality, the reply invariably was: "No, stranger, we don't have any hereabouts, but over in the next county, there's heaps of it." The stories of high thermometers must be taken with several grains of allowance. They are not nearly as terrible in the happening, as they seem to be in the reading by those interested, at a distance, of the absolute necessity of a longer tube with more degrees, for the accurate measurement of the unbridled heat.

General Barnes, the brave soldier, able statesman, brilliant advocate and loyal citizen has passed on to the country whose communications with this city are only by telegraph and telephone. As a scholar, a jurist and a true comrade, he is mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. It seems hard, always, to part with those whom we recognize as the world's brightest and best workers, while those who are and will be, as long as they live, burdens upon the communities among whom they reside, will be allowed to linger. It must be that the discipline of this generation require us to have the poor and the humble always with us. The able helpers and workers in life's great business fields, either are wearied with the unvarying monotony; or crushed out of living by the opposing conditions pouring down on their devoted heads.

The talk of the town for many days, has been the speculation whether Jeffries or Fitzsimmons could stand up under the most pounding. It is not necessary to go far to classify the principals or the subordinate conditions attaching themselves thereto. The roaming herds of buffalo, wild horses, deer and other animals have always the same contention. But they do not bet. These men, left over from the days of knight-errantry, have been allowed to slug one another, and each the noble art of self-defence to a crowd that netted over \$30,000 gate money. It is a pity that, in all betting matches, both sides cannot be satisfied with the outcome. The winning side seldom grumbles, but to the losing side, the whole business is a fake, after their heads are decided against them. It is the thing so like a cyclone has gone by. It will take a long time to smooth out the effects. How hard it is to be good. Months of attainment vanish before the hot passion winds of a single night.

We notice as an item of local news, that the island formed at the mouth of the Sacramento river is to be protected by levees and thus a lot of arable land will be added to the wealth of the state.

Mackay, one of the "big four" who introduced the Virginia Consolidated mine to the world, has crossed the "great divide" to where neither his "physical endurance" nor his "business capacity" will be of any moment. He was most sane up to the last. This he evinced by deeding his millions to his heirs, instead of willing it to the lawyers, by the inevitable contest that always follows such a document in this state. A will has no show whatever in California courts, especially if it disposes, or attempts to dispose of a goodly amount of wealth. The Probate Court is filled to overflowing with wrecks of wills that were supposed to be defect-proof when they were launched by the testators. But deeds are a horse of another color. When they are properly put on record, it is very hard to get a reversal.

Doctor Peebles is still stirring up the people of the Austral Continent, on the subject of Spiritualism and its kindred topics. We all know of the clearness of his logic, and the beauty of his rhetoric. It is always delightful to listen to the speech of a man who is talking from the fullness of his knowledge on any subject. Doctor Peebles is one of that kind. While he is always full he never "slops over." We trust that the date of his next visit here is not so far distant.

I have letters from several of the camp-meetings of the country, in widely-separated localities. With a singular unanimity, they speak of increased interest in spiritual ideas and spiritual power. In some places, it seems as if the cause had been awakened to new activity of light and life. May this apparent rebirth of vital energy and forceful life, be really what it seems, and the beauty and helpfulness of this New Old thought, thus borne in upon us, stimulate and turn all our hearts to the highest.

### A CALIFORNIA PICTURE.

Every man that comes into our visible, material world accomplishes that whereunto he was sent. We talk of man's failures to do the work he came for himself. But it is not true that the niche he is to fill must be occupied, because as a part of the whole he is to be placed as the thought of the Supreme Architect has decided, and not by his own idea or conception thereof? It is the Universal plan to which we are subjected, and not to any personal adaptation of weak, fallacious, shortsightedness, on the human line. We are but clipped pieces of material, helping to make up the totality of the vast

mosaic, which has been in the building for uncountable eons of existence.

We mourn, because we are delving among the things it pleases us to name common or unclear. We do not or will not understand that every process of Nature is of equal importance. All are links of one great chain, of Universal unfolding. (One depending on all others and each bringing glory and honor to the worker, in proportion to the thoroughness of the doing.)

I am penning these lines from one of the hills toward the western end of Golden Gate Park, which is, and always will be to San Francisco, what Central Park is to New York City, and Jackson Park is to Chicago. But San Francisco Park has unlimited possibilities before it. The soil in and about it seems to the stranger to be as bare and unpromising as the great Mojave Desert. But let the hose of constant irrigation be turned upon it anywhere, and, lo! the grass grows, shrubs and flowering plants spring up, evergreens of all varieties, from the pines and firs of the North, to the acacia and eucalyptus of the South, climb the hills and perch noddily on the summits. All over the state it is the same principal condition to be applied, and the same result. Water is the creator of herbage, flowers and fruit, from apparently the most arid lands. Without it, the whole country is a howling wilderness of sand and disintegrating, volcanic rock. The three conditions of reclamation, we said, to hold the plant right side up; water to keep it saturated; and the semi-tropical sun with its voluptuous fertilizing energy. At once, the grand, transformation scene begins.

During the Midwinter Fair, Geo. W. Childs, the Philadelphia philanthropist, conceived the idea of putting his name in a public place, on this coast. To that end he donated a monument of himself to the park authorities, at the base of which I am sitting. In deference to the Spanish legacy to the World, of Jesuit Catholicism, the granite of which is composed of cut and carved into the form of a cross. The shaft rises from a substantial pedestal about seven feet in height, to between thirty and forty feet into the upper air. It can be seen from any part of the city, when no intervening hills obstruct.

As I look in front of me, I see in the blue sky the great Ocean of Heaven, fog-enveloped, as it often is. I wonder how it appeared to Balboa, the day he climbed to the top of the last line of the Coast Range, and then at the head of his little band took possession of it and all its adjacent lands, in the name of the King of Spain. He had but little comprehension of the size of his job which he thus turned over to his master, the King. But he did demonstrate when he saw the numerous souls of the first time, to mankind, for all ages to come, that the globe was round. Incidentally he made his own name immortal.

Behind me, in all its growing newness, lies the great city of the Far West, whose situation has made it what it is and will be. One can yet count the decades of its building fashions, from the shanty of the camp, to the princely of the successful miner, who felt that he had a first lien on the whole earth. I can see only a part of the residence portion. The business and residence portion most closely settled is hidden by a range of hills running across the peninsula, on which San Francisco is so comfortably ensconced. No business is as yet done on the ocean side. All its shipping must pass through the Golden Gate into the Bay, before it can either receive or deliver its cargo of freight or passengers. The peculiar location confuses strangers, as to the points of the compass. But when one stands on the beach, and sees the sun go down behind the waters, it helps out wonderfully the sense of locality.

On the left hand are a range of hills, built up of sand which the restless remorseless sea has left here, scooped up after a pattern and fashion of its own liking. There are basin-like depressions and single mountains. On some of these evergreens have obtained footing and are doing well. Suro took pains to have an extensive tract of hickory bare land planted with evergreens. I prefer his monument to Childs'. In front of this pine forest, about half-way up the declivity, stands the University of California, a prominent feature of a grand picture.

To my right is the wonderful bay, which has never yet, nor ever will be, crowded. It could receive at a glance all the merchant marine and navies of the whole world. For once, a maritime city is well located. But the fog has come up of the ocean, and hiding the water and the lower parts of the land on the farther side of the Bay, leaves the summits and peaks of the range of mountains of which Mt. Tamplais is a prominent feature, floating on a vaporous sea. A glance assures us, however, that the mountains have not slipped their cables.

Over all this picture, whose sketching fails to fully convey the reality, broods the warm coloring of a semi-tropical climate, whose heat warns us in urgent tones to seek the sheltering shadow. A cool sea-breeze at the same time prophetic and tonic, sweeps up from the blue waters of the bay. Looking over the whole picture once more, I wish that all our readers were to be here with the Knights of Pythias, in the near future, and see the half that is not told.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

San Francisco, Cal.

### No Wonder!

The old black mammy, her day's work done, sits on the doorstep contentedly smoking her pipe and "thinking of the happy days gone by." Jane, the servant of the neighboring family, came over to the fence. "That's right, auntie," she said; "take all de fresh air You can; it's gwine to rain to-morrow." "How d'ye know it's gwine to rain to-morrow?" "De papers say so." "Ma Good Lawd!" ejaculated Auntie, "no wonder we's havin' hurricanes an' cyclones an' tornados; why, dey've even taken de weather out of de Lawd's hands!"—New York Times.











to meet the issues and fulfill the duties of his office sooner or later must confront him as a living being. A. M. GRIFFIN

To the Editor.—Permit me to say that I have just finished reading the above work, which you have now offered as a premium for subscription. Like all of Hudson Tuttle's works and writings, this one is practical, sensible, thorough, scientific, philosophic and just. Every Spiritualist who wishes to be correctly informed upon questions affecting the welfare of man and society should read it; yet it is not by any means, a book peculiarly adapted to the Spiritualist. No one can read it without becoming larger, stronger, more hopeful and better equipped in every way to meet the issues and fulfill the duties that sooner or later must confront him as a reasonable being.

A. M. GRIFFEN

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# Another Journey in Spirit Realms.

BLUE—INSPIRATION.

Next we entered what seemed to be a room, but without support, covering or protection of any description save the delicate blue of the soft atmosphere. They, like the occupants of the grade we had just parted from, were so occupied that they did not seem to notice our entrance; and I note that after leaving the vivid orange ray I had not seen myself, but while I was intensely conscious of my divine ego, its dress was now so much a part of its surroundings that all personality was gone and only vitalized individuality remained.

Here I observed my same youth whom I had left in the green ray, sitting at a desk with loosely clasped hands, and with the same intense concentration manifest, he was gazing into his open palms. I floated silently behind him and, drawn by his concentration, I too gazed into his open palms, and through my whole being began to throb that vibratory thrill which I feel in earth life when the cup of divine inspiration is placed to my lips. Soon I saw fluttering in his hands a rosy mist, and with intense stillness we waited and slowly, in all its wondrous, glorious beauty an unfolding rose lay in his hand—the result of his unfolding into the knowledge of the Power within.

I was not conscious that he observed our entrance, but without one look of surprise he handed me the flower, with this unspoken message, "It is for her whom we love," and I recognized my brother and all the beauty of his education was unfolded before me. His earth life from force of circumstances was entirely changed from what he had desired it to be, and I saw in his soul's inventive work simply the unfolding of his mechanical earth genius, and was so rejoiced to find him in my Master's charge. The reason he has not returned to earth often is on account of his not yet completed education; for the better way to communicate is by bringing the earth loved ones to the spirit spheres, thereby elevating the earth souls and not retarding the growth of the spirit souls, as it does when by our cries and importuning we call them from, perhaps, their seasons of necessary rest or study.

O, earth mothers, you are the cause of the most trouble. Out of your great mother love you are sometimes cruelly selfish, crying and demanding that the little souls should arise from their downy beds of rest, warmth and life-giving strength, and return to the darkness and coldness of earth conditions just to dry the tears that are not shed for your darlings, but for your own loneliness. Rather with prayer, fasting and good deeds, fit yourselves so that even while yet in the earthly covering the door may be opened, and inside the mystic portals you can receive a glimpse of the perfect and loving system exercised for all souls entering into the new life; for not until they have mastered their own souls' growth are they fitted to become teachers or even to return to earth life.

In this same delicate blue ray I observed artists busily engaged, and one woman drew my attention as did my brother; and for what follows I have no explanation to offer. I myself have not up to this time solved what seems to be a mystery, but as time explains all the lessons I have ever received, I am content to know, the Master leads. I followed the motion of the artist's swiftly swaying hands, and saw grow upon the canvas a sandy stretch of sea beach, and the waves came gently and caressingly up to the feet of a woman standing with uplifted hand, shading her eyes from the vivid but fleeting glories of a southern sunset. Still the artist hand swept back and forth like one entranced, and I saw the features of the woman grow upon the canvas. I gazed upon the fair artist and upon her creation, and I saw that with exception of the fact that one was a glorious blonde and the other a true daughter of the south, with her mass of blue black locks and great, dark, soulful eyes, they were identically the same—the same turn of the hand, the same curve of the lip, the same droop of the eye, and the same

radiant smile shone from cloudless blue and storm-swept black orb.

The artist's hand did not touch the canvas, but by the force of her own soul's concentration she was doing what in earth language we would describe as picturing inspirationally what was within.

I asked, "What is the meaning of all this?" And as I did I again saw my own soul and saw that I, neither blonde nor brunette, was still a combination of the two—three in one—and I read this lesson: "That we take upon ourselves the expression of the inner. In days of gladness and beauty we actually fashion beautiful expressions of it in our daily life; in days of sadness and despondency our souls actually take on its condition, and while still beautiful, for the soul when seen is ever beautiful, still it stands upon a lonely stretch of sand watching the going down of its sun, feeling the sadness and loneliness of an ocean-swept life, without a bird, beast or human in sight."

The fair artist arose and said, "I will try to be like unto thee, busy, useful and sunny, and if it is only to give a smile I will realize it is doing its work."

She spoke, and as the low, vibrant tones of her voice fell upon the atmosphere the whole air seemed to roll in sonorous grandeur; space was annihilated; all, all was filled with the glorious sweetness of her voice, low and musical, but permeating my whole being until only she existed—gone, past, no future expected, only one full, throbbing, pulsating drop of the present standing out for all ages to come alone, her message to all women, to all motherhood—"I am a soul that has conquered. I will soon leave for my last incarnation. I am almost ready for my last work upon earth, and that is to bring two souls together while yet in the mortal and have them fully realize the grandeur of their own souls, untainted by the ray of earth condition. Thou canst help me, O Child of the Nile. In the heart of the Lotus I found thee; long hast thou wandered, but thy source is so pure that thy return to us must be like unto it. Lift up thy hands, O Egypt, and out from a woman's soul let the God spring full-born chanting his song of triumph. Let the Gods Osiris and Isis hide their heads behind the voluptuous veil of a sensuous past, and let all men to know that all the pyramids that ever rang back the hosannas of a mighty race are as one grain of sand upon the shore compared to the power of a conquered soul. Dynasties tremble and fade, nations rise and fall, earths grow cold and die, but a soul lives on, growing stronger and grander forever."

Swept along by the tide of her glorious inspiration, I found myself standing with a white-robed throng under the dark indigo rays of a midnight sky.

INDIGO—SILENCE.

Silently they moved to and fro with clasped hands and radiant, self-illuminated faces which they often raised toward the star-gemmed zenith as though in its silent depths they were seeking to read some great lesson. Backward they glanced and saw the grades through which they had advanced up to the present knowledge of their own souls, and as the grand depth of the mysterious heavens breathed its wonderful power over them, Divine Love began to unfold and the desire to be of use to those weaker than themselves sprang full born in their breasts; and like a glorious panorama the school and its little lessons were unrolled before them. They saw the little, weak, unfolding ones in the grade of the red ray, and as they gazed upon their helplessness an intense desire to be of some help to them grew until, as I watched, I saw numbers coming and going from the red, orange and yellow rays, and I observed, what I had not noticed before, that beside the cot of each unfolding red-ray soul stood one of the inmates of the indigo ray, while a mother love seemed to hallow each fair face, male and female, alike. Once more my guide spoke: "Here we find many of our

teachers, and they are allowed to minister to spirit souls before they are strong enough to act as teachers to earth souls. And some, even after they have passed through the seventh grade or violet ray, are not yet strong enough, so back to the first grade or red ray they must go and once more through the course."

"The repugnance which the human soul has towards turning backward is implanted there as a propelling force to push it onward. As all life is in circles or cycles, a seeming backward turn of the wheel must take place; but as all circles or cycles are in spiral form, we are ever, though passing over past ground, one grade higher. Here we also have the souls who, having passed through all stages of the lower or darker spheres of life, realize after many and all lessons have been learned that the greatest lesson is one of silence; also those who have stood on the topmost pinnacle of fame and are willing to be forgotten if only they obey the law of God. Ye would be scoffers of a God, with your petty misconceptions of life, read in the history of these dwellers the littleness of your thoughts; know that in overcoming all the littleness of life, you attain a conception of its greatness."

"Here we find the souls who in the silence of the night come unheeded and unknown by the bedside of weary ones soothe the tossing, sick souls with whispers. Unknown and unrecognized they stand by the hungry, longing souls under the deep blue of a midnight sky and whisper such grandeur of thought that the very well-spring of joy seems to bathe the souls with life-giving power. Here we find the spirits who watch, unseen and unknown, over the vilest haunts of man and fan the smouldering fire of divinity that it may not be entirely extinguished. Here we find in literal form the spirits who are the vestal virgins of mythological lore. They have learned that the greatest glory is in doing, is in the act, and not reward, and silently they ever work; here we find the Masters of Theosophical thought; here we find the guardian angel of Catholicism, the nameless ones, learning the great lesson of self-abnegation. Up to this time all growth has been toward the seeming glory of the personality of the individual; now the step must be taken of laying down seeming and taking up being—laying down personality and taking up individuality."

"One more lesson, and then back to earth, O Child of my soul."

Then from my soul broke forth a prayer—"O God, if I be worthy, take me to thy great school of learning and teach me some new and needed lesson."

VIOLET—DIVINE LOVE.

She came to me, the purple-robed, golden-haired Mother, and said unto me: "Cease thy struggling; fold thy arms serenely; thou hast received the pearl of great price. Christ dwelleth in thy heart, for thou dost love humanity. Now put into practice what thou hast attained."

Three figures then appeared in the heavens, "clothed with the sun." I bowed at their feet, dazzled with their splendor. One placed over me a soft silken covering, and then they all faded into the heavens. I took my veil, and passing it over my face I became luminous and a brilliancy like unto the three suffused my whole being.

Then He came, Her son, the purple-robed, golden-haired Mother. We walked upon the great stream of life. He bade me not be afraid; my trust was complete; I knew He could walk the waters—He would bear me up. We crossed the stream of life and stepped upon the shore of not springing grass, but tiny shoots of flame. We passed safely on and came to the steps of a great temple, where, in a massive censer, a living fire was ever kept burning. We entered. The great temple was built in octagon shape, its massive columns rearing their glittering whiteness up, up, until their crested tops seemed to be lost in the depths of a vast blue dome, which I at first thought

was built over it, but which in the light of future revelations I saw was the royal mantle of the heavens' blue. This temple had no walls—only the great columns in octagon shape. A foundation for the feet was there, built of the seven colors laid in hexagon form. In the center a great circle of snowy white appeared like the walls of a massive fountain, and two steps of dazzling whiteness led up. We advanced, and I expected to see a great basin of pure, deep, blue water, but as my feet touched the last step a column of fire sprang up into the vaulted dome, and as its heavy belching smoke arose I saw then that my temple had only the zenith for a roof. As the smoke arose and spread its great black cloud, it took the form of a monstrous bird and its wings stretched from center to circumference. With a mighty rush that seemed to shake the heavens, it passed from sight, and the mounting fire climbed higher and higher and its flames seemed to leap and plunge with God-given intelligence.

He said, "Enter; thou art not afraid?" I answered, "No; even if my outer covering doth perish, spirit is all and eternal, and I cannot be destroyed." He smiled. I entered—spirit emerged. The great column of fire was gone, and, as spirit gazed, in its place appeared an immense revolving, vibrating globe with only one-half of it visible at a time, like unto an inverted dome. It had the appearance of an etherialized ball of mercury. It moved with such rapidity that it seemed almost stationary. Every particle of which it was composed was a tiny atom, a perfect electric sphere, pulsating in a liquid sea of electricity. As spirit gazed, all the cities of the earth—were pictured to her view, and all the peoples thereon, and herself as she appeared when the purple-robed, golden-haired Mother spoke unto her. She saw that her prayer to the most high was recorded in the temple, that He heard and hears every heavenward aspiration; and spirit knew that her cry or prayer was answered when He was sent to meet her upon the road.

To that temple the great ones go, and if into the holy of holies a cry has penetrated from earth, some one goes who is known to the hungry, God-seeking soul. If spirit had lived near the Buddha tree, the great and good Buddha would have met her out upon the sea of life; if the dark-hued Turk had been her sire, Mohammed would have come in kindly grandeur; if the celestial city of China's sea washed shore had been her birthplace, Confucius in all his stately dignity would have answered her cry to God. But as spirit had dwelt among the fair-skinned Saxon race for a time, the white man's highest messenger of a living God heard the cry and came to meet her upon the way and taught her how all the deeds of men are known in the Most High. Spirit learned that this great electric dynamo was the result of the concentration of the great ones from every part of earth's sphere; that from every nation and every time, ere Egypt reigned in youthful beauty, ere the sphinx and obelisks reared the landmarks of undying thought, ere the shores of Galilee recorded the foot-prints of the humble fisherman, this temple was, and is ever will be "not made by hands, eternal in the heavens."

Footnote by Author.—This journey was taken the 18th day of October, Friday, 10 a. m., 1901. Just nine months ago to-day, the 18th day of July, Friday, 10 a. m., 1902, the key to my temple was handed to me by Hudson Tuttle in his glorious book, Religion of Man and Ethics of Science, page 99.

I bow before thee, O great Father and Mother God; I enter thy temple with reverent tread; the mystery of the ages I am. Down the locked doors of the past one more bolt is drawn and the dim corridors are becoming illuminated, windows thrown open to the glorious sunlight, cobwebs swept away, dust the accumulation of ages is being brushed from their flagstones, and man is walking there, inbreathing the pure air of his own divinity.

Seattle, Wash. ESTHER GIDEON THOMAS.

## KNOWLEDGE.

### A Brief Study of Religious Bases.

The great problem of life, as it presents itself to view for inspection and thought, in all its various conditions and organized departments, is one continued, unceasing, anxious, selfish struggle for a present and a future state of existence.

We see this demonstrated from every point; turn which way we may, go where we will, we see this gigantic struggle going on continually. It is emblazoned on every bush, creature, or human being, in strong living characters, not to be slightly ignored; and so naturally and so firmly is this life principle implanted in all Universal Nature, that eradication is an impossibility.

In the vegetable kingdom we see this struggle verified continually, the superior overshadowing and crowding upon the inferior. In the animal kingdom, regardless of the inherent rights of others, we see the strongest overpowering and crushing the weaker, continually striving for the mastery, and the prolongation of life, at the expense of the weaker. And in the human being, this element is by no means wanting, but is one continued struggle to preserve life, and to secure a knowledge of the perpetuity of existence, not only here upon this earth plane, but after we have passed the portals of what is called death, and have passed through the gate into another sphere of existence; and no opportunity is neglected, no task too irksome, no sacrifice too great, so that we gain the much-wished-for and coveted finality.

But to give an explanation of the great and universal law of life is beyond the ability of any mortal; all we can say is that we exist, that we live, life always existed, uncreated, and is of eternal duration, consequently as a result, reasoning from cause to effect, it always will exist.

Millions of people in ages past, and on down to the present time, have been continually endeavoring to enlighten themselves and mankind on this principle of eternal life, through the attributes of a God, and yet as ignorant, and in as much midnight darkness in arriving at a correct solution of the mysterious problem as when the first began.

Now we judge all outward appearances by our internal faculties; if they fail us and are unequal to the task imposed, we remain in the same ignorant bliss. The great desideratum of our race, which all mankind are striving to gain is happiness. Happiness, not only here on this earth plane, but eternal happiness in the future.

To obtain this much-wished-for condition, hours, years, weeks, months, years, and a lifetime is spent in studying solutions of ways and means, and unnumbered schemes have been sought out and resorted to by the people, in their anxiety and ignorant and fanciful egotism, and applied in numberless ways to secure the desired result—happiness. Nor is this the case alone on the material plane, but reaches to the higher, or spiritual plane or soul aspirations.

To secure this, religious and religious theories without number have been formulated and invented, in past ages, by the people among the ignorant masses, and daily taught the ignorant masses, by the priestly class, and thou-

sands, yea millions upon millions of money, and ages of time spent in erecting suitable places wherein to worship their various Gods, etc., etc., and all have had their full quota of believers and followers, and all alike conscientious and sanguine in their position, and fanatically here to, as being the only route through which to secure a paid-up "Policy," and free ticket admitting them to pass through the pearly gates into the New Jerusalem above, and a reserve seat, immediately at the right hand of the "Judge" that sits on a shining throne where eternal happiness reigns supreme.

All religions, from the earliest period of time, that we have any knowledge of, down to the present day, without an exception, are based on phenomena, resulting in phenomenal belief, and subsequent faith.

What is this belief? Mostly educated idolatry. But the Christian belief is the accepting of an unseen impossibility, and holding it as a truth, without the slightest proof of the genuineness of the belief, and held in reverence as a faith. Now, we receive all the knowledge that we gain, through the senses, the most important of which is sight and hearing. Through these we obtain positive, definite, circumstantial and testimonial knowledge.

For instance, orthodox Christians believe that a personage called Jesus Christ, who flourished in past ages, was the veritable son of a God; that he was begotten in an unnatural way, by the overshadowing of a girl by a spirit of course it must have been the spirit of a God, and the nation of the Jews killed him (i. e., killed the one-third of God), and that by and through the efficacy and virtue of the blood shed, they will be saved, mysterious as it may seem, from a literal burning hell, without having the least particle of evidence in proof of the same. Their theory being founded exclusively on vague testimonial knowledge. Thus a bloody phenomenal religion called Christianity.

Now a very prominent contributor, of late date, in The Progressive Thinker, in treating on the theory of Spiritualism, says that "Spiritualism is not a faith, but a knowledge," also says, "When a thing cannot be proved, it must be stated with the greatest positiveness." Surely stating a thing, even with great positiveness, does not reduce it to an absolute fact, by no means; it still remains in a state of doubt and uncertainty.

Now, I beg leave to differ with the writer of that article, that we have a knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism, and that the truth of Spiritualism reduces it to an absolute knowledge. I am not denying the fact that we have circumstantial proof of the truth of Modern Spiritualism, by no means; for it is a truth practically beyond a doubt. But, let us see: The foundation of Modern Spiritualism was a noise. When first heard (by a child) it received but little attention, but by the continued repetition of the noise (or raps, as they were called) attention was enlisted. Did any one see the noise? No, only heard it. Did any one see the origin of the noise? No. But so continuous and unceasing was this noise or rapping that it attracted close investigation, which investigation resulted in the discovery that there was some intelligence connected with it.

Now, was this intelligence? Further investigation elicited the discovery that the noises or raps were produced by de-

parted intelligences that once lived on this earth.

Now, says one, through these communications I positively know that Spiritualism is a fact.

How do you know it? Why, have I not seen spirits? No, but you may have seen spirit forms, but not the spirit.

Why, yes I have. I have been spirit forms, but not the spirit. Why, yes I have. I have been spirit forms, but not the spirit.

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Why, yes I have. I have been spirit forms, but not the spirit.

Why, yes I have. I have been spirit forms, but not the spirit.

book of this life, here in this sphere, with all its experiences and obligations to their fellow man is closed, and thus they pass on to higher conditions, and realms of life, into the spirit, there to meet and solve the problems of life and existence face to face, that have given them so much anxiety, and such a life-long struggle, while on the earth plane.

Moline, Ill. C. P. MITCHELL.

## SPIRITUALISM.

There is a Divine Purpose in the Movement.

Let us raise the curtain higher, which separates tangible mingling between earth-dwellers and those in realms beyond Earth, that all those who are interested may have a better chance to observe and so learn truly the causes behind the diversified manifestations. The shrewd observer can thus quickly learn to classify facts in regard to rivalry and contradictions realized in mediums and spiritual services.

As a rule, mediums are worked upon by forces corresponding to those composing their own mental and spiritual attainments and purity of motives or otherwise.

All the forces needed for physical manifestations are drawn from extraneous sources and are graded in their degrees of refinement or crudeness. That which appertains to the philosophy and religion is from higher realms and from the Christ sphere imported.

Now if many mediums are brought together, who do not yet understand these rules and principles, it would result in a perfect baffle of confusion; while if understood and this gradation difference observed, it would indeed serve a grand purpose in clearing up of all strife processes from which humanity has so long suffered; and too, the grumblers could be shown that they are at fault themselves, when they do not realize what they long for, because they place themselves in the wrong attitude for their reception.

When it is once realized, as it must be, that all depends on conditions that are, in most part, created by each individual, thus shaping their own experiences, then a greater effort will be put forth to learn this occult, force play and, too, man must reason from the known to the unknown and draw fit comparisons to help him gain the mastery in this conditional and force study.

Everyone knows that the condition of a musical instrument, as well as the talent of the performer, decides the quality of the music; that the conditions of the soil decides the yield of the produce planted, as also the rains and sunshine which must do their parts.

In all realms, the mental and in nature, there are confederacies playing their parts. These are rated as side issues and when not spurred promptly, become fungus growths, sapping the strength of the true product and yet being valueless for any use.

In every life, and in all life's vocations, it is a constant demonstration that all must be effected through conditions, causes, in most part from which conditions are woven, are of a negative, in many instances of a conglomerate nature; that is, mortals have such a variety of mixed desires, all making their shapes or partial shapes in the structure of causes in the web of conditions, and thence in physical effects as a very natural sequence.

The most woe and unpleasant experience of mortals are the result of untruthfulness. It is seldom that mortals speak as they feel. They practice what they, in a smooth way call diplomacy.

They conceal many selfish aims under this bland mask and make inroads upon the rights of others, while pretending to be in sympathy and kindly feelings. Oh, the ill conditions that are created by such false practices! And the harvest from such seedling is usually very unwelcome, but must be reaped, there is no any help for it. Now all this is taught by returning spirits and plainly proves that it is Spiritualism that teaches the true rules of life and conduct, and that it is in this sense the true religion which in time will become the religion universal.

The objection to some parts of Spiritualism will disappear when mortals learn to classify it properly. It all works correspondingly. If there are impure mortals, they attract crude, unprogressed spirits. These also and like-minded mediums and must be judged by their works and classes where they belong. This alone, will insure harmony, and purposed results will never fail when these rules are enforced and maintained. Then there could be no clashing of forces between these classes, nor tangling of conditions from which come all ill and grievous realizations.

There is a divine purpose in this movement called Spiritualism.

Opposition and diversities need to be duly learned and assigned.

The eternal fitness of things must become a well-known fact of constant and general application, then harmony and happiness will become universal.

MRS. M. KLEIN.

## Living, Ringing Facts.

Before men go into pulpits, on the streets and public highways to condemn dancing they should see that they have not committed greater sins than this. There are those who think this social pastime, one recognized the world over by high and low as proper, a great sin, yet who do not hesitate to malign and traduce an innocent young lady, solely because she went to a dance, yet who is pure and free from evil acts or thoughts as the angels in heaven. If a man or woman believes dancing, novel reading, card playing and other pastimes are wrong, we shall not fall out with them for saying so; but to be consistent they should first see that they are not guilty of yet greater sins, among which none, in our opinion is more detestable than by word or insinuation endeavoring to ruin the character and tear down the social standing of a respectable young lady, and deprive her of an honest and reputable means of earning a living. In all ages, ancient and modern, by all nations, Jew and Gentile, dancing has been recognized as a social pastime for old and young. If it is to be condemned because evil has come from it in isolated cases, so should the church social, where the most debased libertine is often entertained by the mothers of the church for the 10 cents that it brings to the church treasury and fond mamma sees their daughters seated at the table on social equality with men whose presence would not be tolerated for a moment at a select dance. Let us be consistent—Medford (Okla.) Patriot.

THE HIGHEST MARK.

Shall we laugh when the world is weary  
And smile when the flowers die?  
Shall we feast when the world is hungry  
And sing when the dead pass by?  
Shall we dance in the halls of pleasure  
While the hovels reek with sin?  
Shall we all no greater measure  
For the peace we hope to win?

Shall we cling to the joy of living,  
While we wait with mute appeal,  
Unaided by our giving  
To the tempter's hand must yield?  
Shall we seek no deeper meaning  
Of this great life's ebb and flow;  
Than the froth and foam, and the  
seeming  
That hide the depths below?

Shall we sleep while the world is waking?  
Shall we dream while the battles rage,  
In the struggle that truth is making  
For a place on eternity's page?  
Shall we gaze at the earth with longing,  
While worlds unnumbered roll  
Away in eternity's morning  
That beckons the trembling soul?

Let us gather our dewy roses,  
Let us take the thorns as well;  
And listen if aught discloses  
The story that the stars above us,  
That shine when the world is dark;  
And learn that the depths but prove us,  
And give us our highest mark.

MARY WEBB-BAKER.

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

At a pew at St. John's, the fashionable church at Washington, was recently put up at auction and sold for \$2,700.

Hark to the voice of the auctioneer.  
Who bid? We sell salvation here;  
There's a musty tale 'twas offered free  
In far-off ancient Galilee.  
But times have changed and you must  
pay  
If you'd be saved in a high-toned way.  
Who bid? How much for cushioned  
ease,  
For rustic of skulls with bending knees?  
For well-groomed priests, and surpliced  
choir.

With voices the sweetest that money  
can hire,  
For peace that only the pious know  
Who worship the Lord, and comme il  
faut!

If you're a struggler, and long and fret  
For an open door to the starriest set,  
You should own a pew where they  
weekly meet;

Where the rich unfallingly find a seat.  
A thousand? That will never do.  
An aristocratic St. John pew,  
With a ticket to heaven and a fashion's  
smile,

Is worth a very much larger pile.  
Two thousand—and one two—three—  
four—five;  
Ah, now you begin to look alive;  
Two thousand and six, two thousand  
seven,  
That really sounds a little like heaven;  
Two seven—and gone; you've won the  
goal.

Henceforth you're smart, and have  
saved your soul.  
—Life.

## RESTORES EYESIGHT!

"Actina," a Marvelous Discovery that Cures All Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need for cutting, drugging or probing the eye for any kind of disease. There is no risk or experimenting, as thousands of people have proved, who have cured blindness, cataracts, failing eyesight, and other ailments of the eye through this grand discovery, which eminent oculists termed the cure infeasible.

Write: "Actina" removed cataracts from both my eyes; Robert Baker, 60 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. I should have written you long ago. I will send you a card on trial postpaid. If you will send me a card, I will send you a card on trial postpaid. I will send you a card on trial postpaid. I will send you a card on trial postpaid.

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