

Do Not Miss Our Winter Feasts of Intellectual and Spiritual Good Things!

We Have Just Begun the Charming Narrative,

By Mrs. I. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vt., Entitled:

"THE LIGHT AMONG THE HILLS."

If You Miss an Issue of The Progressive Thinker

This Winter You Will Lose a Spiritual Fortune.

The Progressive Thinker.

VOL. 29.

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NO. 730.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

The following illustrates important facts: That the individual who met with this serious accident was brought in close touch with the Spirit-world, there can be no doubt. He saw the "infernal" of the dark spheres of Spirit Life as well as the beautiful scenes of the higher spheres, all more or less modified by the experience he had passed through.

He died, and yet he lives, a wonderful narrative as told by the New York Herald. The story is unparalleled in the history of electricity's accidents. About half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of August 11, Frederick Flad, of Jersey City, employed by the Westinghouse Electrical Company at the Kingsbridge power house, had half the voltage of the entire plant shut through his body—3,300 volts, of 265 amperes.

He was holding a joint of iron pipe conduit for containing electric wires at the time which a workman, Mallory, was measuring, when the plant on which Flad stood tipped. To his own horror, he threw up his arm to get his balance, touched other wires, and like a thunderbolt, twice the voltage required for electrocution in Sing Sing prison shot through the insulation and through his body.

Flad straightened out and as he stiffened like a corpse his head came near enough to still other wires above, to form a complete circuit. Mallory saw a stream of blue flame eighteen inches long and six inches wide roaring out of Flad's head with the noise of a trolley car. He saw this flame melting the iron pipe above and the molten metal dripping white and hissing on the back of his head. How could the man be saved? To put hands on him to pull him away meant death.

WET CLOTHING A CONDUCTOR.

It was a sweltering August afternoon. Rain and sleet were falling with perspiration were perfect conductors of the awful current, and there was no time to shout for help. But Mallory was an expert. He knew what to do. Instantly, like a catapult, he hurled himself headlong against the paralyzed burning man, broke the circuit and they tumbled to the floor together. Mallory himself was badly shocked, but he was not in the contact, but he was saved.

This hero, Mallory, staggered to his feet and shouted for help. A dozen electricians leaped to his side, took in the situation and while Flad was still foaming and smoking seized his arms, and began the resuscitation movements used in cases of drowning. Six of the "rescued" one another, keeping up this artificial breathing process—pumping air in and out of his lungs by working his arms and chest. There was no sign of life—the heart had stopped beating—but they worked incessantly, never relaxing for a moment.

The thing to do in such cases is to excite the heart's action. A shock must be produced to start it beating again, just as one jogs a watch to set the balance wheel going when it stops. Injection of brandy into the veins is one way, but there was no hypodermic syringe at hand nor any brandy. Strong ammonia was used again and again, and still there was no response. The spark of life had evidently died.

SCENE IN THE POWER HOUSE.

While the men were manipulating the arms desperately a young evangelist of the neighborhood, the Rev. G. Bert Carpenter, hurried in, fell on his knees in great emotion and began praying, and continued praying while the men pumped in the frenzy of desperation. Such a scene was never witnessed in a power house. The great engines, big enough to run an ocean steamer, were throbbing and thundering; the big dynamos roaring like a tornado and the brushes bathed in blue flame were sending their currents to all the lines between Harlem and Yonkers. Traffic could not stop for a dying man. But fully one-half of this Niagara of bolt lightning had passed through the human body over which strong men were working and a clergyman praying.

The Fordham Hospital ambulance, which had been telephoned for when Flad fell, was going at full speed, two miles away, the horse in a gallop tearing down the long hills above the river. It was a race for life. Never had such traveling been seen in that neighborhood. People rushed to the streets, and the news went up and down the avenue that a dreadful accident had happened at the power house. At last the ambulance appeared in sight, a little, bobbing vehicle, fully half a mile away, on the last long stretch of road that sweeps down to the Harlem.

The men working Flad's arms were fearing the poor man was beyond help when suddenly his frame heaved. Great knots of muscles twitched convulsively and Flad tried to leap into the air. It took five men to hold him to the floor. The contraction of his muscles and the terrible contortions which were now writhing him were enough to break every bone in his body. It was on the second gallery with hundreds of live wires, and the men were afraid that Flad would break from their grasp and tumble on the dynamos below. Finally he became quieter, his heart began to beat a little, very faintly; then froth bubbled on his lips, blood appeared and the heart began to beat strongly.

HOPE AT LAST WAS MANIFESTED.

"Thank God!" cried the preacher. Bless the Lord! The dead is coming to life! But Flad sank away until his heart barely fluttered. Fortunately the ambulance was at hand, the surgeon took charge of the case, putting the man into the vehicle, and away they dashed for the hospital.

The case seemed hopeless, but when they were half way up the hill Flad

opened his eyes and in a faint, agonizing cry gasped, "Pray for me, Jack. Then to the ambulance surgeon: "Dear doctor, I will be good. Tell me what to do and I'll obey." Then the man fainted and did not come to himself again until three o'clock the next morning in the Fordham Hospital.

He seemed to wake out of a horrible nightmare. He stared wildly at the nurse and asked where he was. Then he fainted again. Yet he gained strength slowly, and finally was strong enough to talk intelligently and realize that a miracle had happened.

CLAIMS THAT THE ALMIGHTY SAVED.

The faithful young evangelist rejoiced greatly and assured the sufferer that the Almighty had saved him and that it was a warning to the unconverted. Flad, with a wild, faraway look in his eyes, said to the person: "YOU CAN'T TELL ME ANYTHING I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS OTHER WORLD. I HAVE BEEN THERE. I HAVE BEEN IN HELL, AND COMING OUT OF HELL I'VE BEEN IN HEAVEN. NO MAN HAS SEEN WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND LIVED."

At this Flad went into another convulsion and it was many days before he would speak of the subject or explain what he meant.

A Sunday Herald reporter was present when he told the story in detail.

FOUND HIMSELF IN HELL.

"I remember I was handling some conduit pipes for the wires that were being installed in the second gallery back of the switch boards in the power house. I knew that I was in a dangerous position, but thought I was all right until I stepped too far on one side and felt the plank slip on the sawhorse, which were four feet above the floor. As I was getting my balance I looked down at Mallory. 'Look out!' From that moment I remember nothing of what happened until I awoke in hell."

"There I found myself in a vast volcanic plain of rocks and hills with tremendous buildings of massive construction towering on every side. They looked like fortresses almost as big as the 'spelled' one another, keeping up this artificial breathing process—pumping air in and out of his lungs by working his arms and chest. There was no sign of life—the heart had stopped beating—but they worked incessantly, never relaxing for a moment."

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The Light Among the Hills.

A Charming Narrative.

Most Beautifully Suggestive is "The Light Among the Hills," by Mrs. I. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vt. It is a narrative founded on facts alone; and every Spiritualist should read it.

(Continued from No. 729.)

The morning of the eighteenth rose clear and bright. Martha went out into the clear, crisp air, and drawing her sled out upon the crust, lay down upon it. The breath of the longed-for spring was in the air. Already the robins had begun to sing. Where the paper birches gleamed silvery white in the morning sun mounds of bare earth sent forth a rich woody fragrance suggestive of moss and fern. Over on the hillside where the stately maples had begun to thrill with the life of spring she could hear Uncle Ezra's cheery whistle and the jingle of tin buckets as he emptied the gathered sap into the steaming pan. She gazed into the clear blue of the sky above her. Only twenty-four hours, and it would roll away with a great noise, and the beautiful sunlight would turn to blackness, and flames would leap about her and her home, and her lambs and kittens would run about crying in terror until they burned before her eyes. Oh! it was dreadful! Martha laid her hot face upon the cold snow and groaned aloud. For hours she moved slowly over the patches of melting crust, pondering upon her probable fate. Of her parents and baby brother she had no doubt—the Lord would save them. After the crust had melted she went slowly to the house, but as she could not eat her dinner she went to the barn and slowly walked back and forth, still thinking deeply.

At last she stopped abruptly and standing rigidly upright looked up to ward the sky and said: "Well, you will have to burn me if you want to; there is nothing I can do about it. I can stand it, I guess—let all be the only one."

"Peace, child, peace," said a firm, sweet voice beside her.

Martha started and looked about—she was alone. That mysterious voice again. A great calm came over her and feeling strangely weak and quiet she went into the house.

The morning of the 19th day of—18—, dawned; a day, according to Elder Drake, foretold by prophets of long ages past; a day which the Almighty God had reserved for the Noah and Lots of the last days as the time when the history of the world would be forever closed by a final conflagration "wherein the heavens would pass away with a great noise and the elements melt with fervent heat."

Martha was awakened by what seemed to her a terrific noise. Leaping out of bed she opened the window, and threw it wide open and leaning far out, gazed at the eastern sky. Great masses of clouds, crimson and gold, scarlet and purple, came flying up out of the east, for a very high wind was blowing. Martha looked toward the west, and saw the hills and forests lighted as if by the light of a great fire, and there it was her father coming toward the house upon a run! Yes, the Lord was surely coming!

At another time Martha would have known why her father was running, but

she was not. She saw a young woman standing beside her, and then faces appeared and I asked her what it meant. "Where am I?" I cried. "Be quiet. You are in the Fordham Hospital, and will recover, we think."

BELIEVE HE WAS IN HELL.

Such was the narrative told by the man who died. For many days after this in the midst of conversation with friends he would faint or go into convulsions, but all the while the ghastly wounds in his head and arm where the electric flame had burned flesh and skull to a chunder slowly healed. An expert surgeon, after some floundering, told the voltage which had shot through Flad's body was three times greater than the current required to run the elevated trains. The current that flamed from Flad's head would have run fifty cars on the suburban lines, or one hundred ordinary Broadway cars.

Flad and his associates believe that he was actually dead. It was twenty-eight minutes before his heart began to beat. They believe that he descended into hell and was enduring the torments of the damned, when God answered their prayers and translated him into heaven.

"No man can make me believe that I was not really in hell," I know. I was there. I have had the experience to prove the fact that I was in hell, and that I heard angel music and experienced the ravings of paradise."

It is not surprising after his fearful ordeal that the man should have periods of fainting and delirium. One day when telling his experiences to a visiting friend, a holier-than-thou of a little man, he said: "I was in hell, and I heard angel music and experienced the ravings of paradise."

Only Flad's young wife, a pretty girl of not more than eighteen, with an infant a year and a half old, can handle his husband, who is six feet high, high and combed, one of the best conditioned men of the Westinghouse works.

Flad told me electricity was still coming out of him, and friends declare that when standing on a wet pavement he shrank back as if he were shocked. After the accident every muscle stood out like cords and ropes all over his

body. His back was a mass of knotted muscles, and for a week they had to swathe him in tight bandages to reduce them.

Mrs. Flad says no one could describe the horror when her husband went into convulsions and delirium. These are the men who worked Flad's arms to bring him to life: Jack Pryor, Ralph Wetter, Frank Craig, Arthur Holbrook, Walter Bates, William Thompson and Edward Storer.

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he reappeared.

"The cat is asleep under the stove," wheeled and who was the spinner? Back up the stairs went Mr. Weston, followed by Martha. There stood the old spinning wheel, once used by Mrs. Weston's mother and grandmother. Still the work of the footstool spinner went on. The whir could rise and increase in volume until the thread was spun and then it would begin again. Father and daughter gazed about in open-eyed wonder as the house fairly thrilled and quivered with the whirr and trundle, but not a breath of wind was stirring and not a creature was in sight excepting themselves. The air in the closed chamber was stifling and Mr. Weston soon went down and without a word went to his work, leaving his daughter to think and wonder. Some days after this occurrence Martha went timidly up to her father and said with evident anxiety: "Father, every day about ten o'clock I see a man go by that window. I can see him plainly, but when I get to the window he has gone, and if I run out doors there is never anyone in sight. He is there in the path one minute and the next he has vanished."

"Martha Weston," said her mother, suddenly bounding into the room, "do you stop that nonsense! I won't hear another word of it—it's just your silly imagination."

"Whose imagination was it that ran the spinning wheel a while ago?" asked Mr. Weston.

"I wouldn't be a fool!" snapped his wife as she hurried out of the room.

Mr. Weston picked up his hat and looked thoughtfully after his wife. When her footsteps were no longer near he turned to his daughter and said slowly: "I don't know, Marjorie, but I think your mother must be right about your imagination, only you probably saw a shadow of something. The Bible says the dead know not anything—if I wasn't for that, I could explain some of the things that I can't now. There are an awful lot of things that folks don't see or as much now as they use to."

Some days later Mr. Weston came into the house and shouted to his wife: "Sarah! I can tell you some news! Zeb Brown has brought home a wife and she is a Spiritualist!"

"How do you know she is a Spiritualist?" asked Mrs. Weston, as she entered the room.

"Because she told me so."

"I should think she was pretty bold about it," said Mrs. Weston decidedly. "I hope you told her what you think about such words."

"I told her," said Mr. Weston, "that Spiritualism was all of the devil. I told her that it was one of the three frogs that the Devilator saw coming forth out of the mouth of the dragon working miracles to deceive. I told her that the Bible speaks of a class 'to whom God would send a strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned.'"

"Well, what did she say?" asked Mrs. Weston, looking upon her husband with admiration and approval.

"She said," he answered, "that it was real kind of God to try and make people believe a lie, and then damn them for believing it. As she spoke a strange sound filled the house; it was the whirr and trundle of a gigantic spinning wheel. The three stood listening in dumb amazement. There could be no mistaking the sound, for it was too familiar for that, but where was the

body. His back was a mass of knotted muscles, and for a week they had to swathe him in tight bandages to reduce them.

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cause they did."

"Of all creatures!" gasped Mrs. Weston; "the wicked creature! What kind of a lookin' woman is she, Silas?"

"Oh, she's quite good lookin' and real lady-like in her ways."

"I'll warrant it! What else did she say?"

"She said," continued Mr. Weston, "that the Bible proves Spiritualism. Why she said, 'I can just read it right out of the Bible anywhere, and I told her she would have to read it out of the Bible, for she could not read it in it, and he went away, chuckling at his own wit.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Weston to her daughter, "I'm sorry any such woman has come into the neighborhood. I don't want anything to do with her, for I know I shan't like her."

"What is a Spiritualist, mother?" asked Martha.

"Oh, they believe the dead are alive, and that they come back and rap and talk to folks sometimes."

"What is there wicked about that?" asked Martha.

"Martha Weston!" exclaimed her mother, "haven't you been told ever since you was a baby that the dead sleep in their graves until the Lord comes. Folks who don't believe that, believe the lies the devil told when he said they wouldn't die. Why, in old Bible times when women went to talking with dead folks—pretending to, I mean—they called 'em witches, and God ordered them to be killed.'"

"They won't kill them now, will they?" asked Martha in an anxious voice.

"No, I suppose not; the world is growing wickeder all the time. The devil has come down in great power knowing that his time is short."

"Who is the devil, mother?" asked Martha.

"What! Don't a great big girl like you know who the devil is? Well, that's a smart piece of business, I should think."

"Well, who is he?" persisted Martha.

"Oh, he was once a beautiful angel, but he got wicked and God drove him out of heaven."

"How came he to get wicked when he was in heaven with God?"

"I don't know; the Bible does not tell—come, run along now, I want to read awhile."

"But mother, who made the devil in the first place?"

"Why, God, of course."

"Did God know when he made him that he would get wicked and do all the dreadful things Elder Drake says he does?"

"Of course—God knows everything. Do run along and fast Charlie."

"Then," said Martha, as she turned to go, "I think God is wickeder than the devil, or he would not have made him."

"Martha Janet Weston!" screamed her mother with uplifted hand. You awful wicked girl! Don't you ever dare to say such a thing again or the Lord will burn you up; I know he will!"

Martha walked slowly out of the house, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. "That's just the way," she thought. "God made me so I can think things and then because I do, he will burn me up. Let him!" she said, defiantly gazing upward to the tranquil heavens. "I don't see what I ever was born for. Nobody asked me if I wanted to be—that's just the meanness of things."

(To be continued.)

THE LATE PAPAL ELECTION

Some Very Interesting Inside History.

One of the ablest contributors to the columns of the American Citizen, an anti-Catholic weekly, of Boston, is Mr. Charles McArthur, of Brooklyn, a well-known Spiritualist. In the issue of Oct. 24 he has a whole page reviewing a sermon of Cardinal Gibbons on the "Late Papal Election," in which that prelate was one of the sixty-two electors. The cardinal assured his hearers "that the election of the pope was conducted with absolute freedom, with the utmost fairness and impartiality, and with a dignity and solemnity becoming the august assemblage of the Sacred College." Mr. McArthur meets this allegation as follows:

"We know that the conclave was not an harmonious gathering. Vannutelli, the camerlengo, who was to act as president of the election, chose some rooms in the vatican which he ordered fitted up for his use. Then Rampolla, secretary of state, ordered the servants to fill the room with chairs. Over a thousand were placed there, and in consequence there was a rumor between these two cardinals and the pope was elected to the election of the pope was conducted with absolute freedom, with the utmost fairness and impartiality, and with a dignity and solemnity becoming the august assemblage of the Sacred College." Mr. McArthur meets this allegation as follows:

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ECHOES OF THE SYMPOSIUM

LYMAN C. HOWE.

MRS. FLORENCE HUNTLEY.

The Great Psychological Crime

A Comparison of Views and the Reasons Therefor.

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran Spiritualist Lecturer and Medium, a man well and favorably known as one of the foremost thinkers and writers in our ranks, will Champion the Cause of Truth as reflected in Spiritualism, while Mrs. Florence Huntley, the well-known Author and Journalist, will defend all the statements in The Great Psychological Crime, which Mr. Howe will dare to assail, making a series of articles instructive, suggestive and inspiring, and which every Spiritualist should most carefully read.

Mrs. Florence Huntley, Chicago, Ill.: "I have been reading a book, in which your name appears as editor. The author is Lucio. Hence, I look to you as the one qualified to answer for him. I take it for granted that you are familiar with his views, know his personal character, and vouch for his integrity. I also infer that you sympathize with his ideas, if you do not fully endorse them."

It is of some moment that an author has the confidence of his readers, whether they share his conclusions or not. To thoroughly believe in the integrity of motive animating every sentence, may act as a hypnotic suggestion to the reader that might disarm the criticism necessary to a reliable estimate of the author's conclusions. Nevertheless a constant distrust of the motives behind a book, must act in an opposite way, to prejudice the reader against the ideas advanced as well as the statements put forward in support of the claims advocated. A steady desire to learn the truth for the own sake, irrespective of our own predilections, is the most essential qualification for a profitable discussion of any subject. This qualification I hope to bring to this correspondence, and hold it as a vital talisman against all misleading suggestions. Observation has taught me that very few people are capable of rendering a just estimate in any case that bears against their strongest mental habits, or infringes upon their most pronounced predilections. I am also persuaded that few people love the "naked truth" more than their favorite beliefs—whether such beliefs are of a religious nature, or certain dogmas of philosophy, or long accepted theories of science, or authorities in science. In fact there are many illustrations of scientific (?) dogmatism, quite as absurd as anything recorded in the history of religion. Prejudice is prejudice whether it rules in ecclesiastical, science or social life; whether it favors or condemns any school of thought, religious creed, or spiritual hypothesis. It is not unlikely that it may have some part in the shading of thought and shaping of conclusions that our most sincere desires would have free from all intrusive meddling of antecedent impressions. No mind, I think, can be accused of acting independently. Antecedents, circumstances, and a vast realm of occult influences, may be, and probably are, modifying our thoughts, molding our desires, and directing our conduct, while we fancy we are "free moral agents."

I may as well admit, at the outset, that I am a thorough believer in Nature, and an eternal chain of causation running through the cosmos which leaves no place for a "chance" to make havoc with destiny, and hold the smallest area of boundless Nature subject to uncaused and uncausing chaos. "The Great Psychological Crime," which is the cause of this writing is not, I am quite sure, an accident. It is not difficult, in reading it to trace many of the most distinctive features of the book, to cause that have been known to Spiritualists for many years. But, in the author's own brain, and psychic sphere are many causes added to those of general antecedents, which give an added impetus to the cumulative force that has culminated in this remarkable book. Without any effort to analyze the author's statements by his mental aura impressed upon the pages, I involuntarily float into the tide of his thought and feel much at home with him. I sense an earnestness born of sincerity that inspires confidence in his motives.

Right here is my weakness, in this writing. I am too much inclined to accept without question all that is said, and leave my free analysis and criticism as it is necessary to arrive at a correct estimate of his views. The author's definition of "hypnotic suggestion" does not include this condition. I suppose it is what he calls "independent suggestion." But as nothing is, or can be, independent, this must be accepted in a modified sense in degree? Undoubtedly it was the author's wish, and therefore his will, to carry his thought with as much force and effectiveness as he could, to all who should read his books. How much that wish was instrumental in forcing his ideas upon my willing reason may not be determinable. But it seems to me probable that his wish, desire, or will, enters as a potent factor in an attempt to solve the problem, and determine his psychic relation to me, and his influence upon my thinking while I was reading his book, and unconsciously accepting the authority of his suggestions.

In so far as the author's words are concerned, in this case, we are bound to abide by his definitions. But in an attempt to arrive at the truth respecting his theories it seems to me legitimate to trace the relations—if we can—between those more definite phases of the suggestive processes, and the more delicate and remote influences, which result to lead to similar, if not identical, results in their culmination. Approaching you as one competent to instruct me in the subject matter of the book in question, I do not propose a polemic discussion, but rather a comparison of views and the reasons therefor. If we diverge—as we are liable to—both of us acting true to our convictions, the conflict of ideas may partake of the nature

of debate, but not, I trust, with any ambition for victory, except the victory of truth.

In this introductory letter I do not propose to attempt any special analysis of the many startling statements made by the author, but to prepare the way for what may follow. If all that is set forth in "The Great Psychological Crime" can be substantiated, it is of the highest importance to the world. It is difficult to understand how anyone could desire to remain in ignorance of such vital truths—if they be true—or to continue a practice which in its very nature must result in such immeasurable calamity.

One error in data, one mistake in the application of facts, may vitiate a whole system of philosophy or ruin the most elaborate structure of science. I think I have found some radical errors in "The Great Psychological Crime," but you may be able to correct my reasoning, and show me the truth more clearly. It is for this purpose, and with this hope, that I undertake this correspondence.

Brother Francis informs me that you are willing to try to enlighten me. I fear you will find me a dull pupil, and perhaps a little obstinate; but I believe I am willing to accept and acknowledge any truth when it is made clear to me, irrespective of any foregoing conclusion.

The author's definition of hypnotism limits it to a comparatively narrow range, which makes it easier to deal with. But he predicates all upon the assumption that it robs the subject of the free exercise of the will and individual sovereignty, and therefore denies the responsibility of the individual, and steadily, progressively, leads the soul down to death. By various expressions I infer that this means annihilation of the conscious individual.

This places the issue of life and death, and the eternal destiny of a conscious human soul, upon a most flimsy and fortuitous basis. It does not seem to me in accord with that steady march of nature, in her processes of progressive evolution, apparently moved by an almighty fiat of irresistible causation, towards a specific goal. From a fiery sea to granite mountains thundering with volcanic voices, and from molten lava to man, there appears to be a purposeful order of progressive advance, not dependent upon the will of any created type, or individual, and apparently no one of all the millions that play a part in this tremendous process can stop or hinder the onward, upward march of individualization, which appears to have its culmination in the evolution of a conscious soul with an inheritance of limitless possibilities, inspired by progressive impulses and tendencies irresistible. That any man, or class of men, can so act upon such a soul, thus endowed, as to defeat the order of the ages, and turn backward and downward the course of its destiny, and continue it progressively to annihilation, does not seem probable, or possible to my reason. Here most cases until I hear from you. Hoping you will approve my object, and enlighten my understanding, and that readers of The Progressive Thinker may profit by the correspondence, I am most sincerely and cordially yours for light,

LYMAN C. HOWE.

NO STAR CHAMBER.

Brief Notes From Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor: Last Thursday about 10 p. m., Mrs. Howe was suddenly oppressed with suffocation. For three hours she struggled in terrible agony, gasping for breath. A physician arrived at 11:30 and stayed an hour. At 2 a. m. she got easy and slept a little, but at 5:30 was taken vomiting. She now seems convalescent, and is up and walks some to-day; sat at table with us.

In my notes from Washington I thought I mentioned all the message mediums; but I see I omitted the name of Mrs. Kates. As I have not yet had time to write, but Mrs. Kates might think it an intended slight. Her work was as good as any there, I think, and I did not intend to leave her out. Perfect justice to all under all circumstances is my motto and my aim. But I often forget some things when writing in haste.

I notice that "Our Moses" refers to the petition asking Mr. Barrett to allow his name to be used as a candidate, as a "star chamber" performance. I do not know as I understand what that means; but I was consulted and advised the petition, and was the first to sign it. I did not know it was "star chamber" or secret, or had any wire-pulling about it. If it was the first time I was ever in "star chamber" without looking out at the windows, if it has any!

LYMAN C. HOWE.

"A Plea for the New Woman." By May Collins. An address delivered before the Ohio Liberal Society. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

CAN NOT THINK ALIKE.

The thoughts of different ones will not run exactly in the same groove. The differentiation is certain to manifest itself somewhere as presented in the following articles. Mr. Titus is a thorough and accomplished Student of Occultism and a believer in the Phenomena of Spiritualism. Geo. A. Bacon, of Washington, D. C., is a well-known Thinker along Psychical lines also, yet see how they differ on the main point at issue.

THINKS THE BOOK WILL DO GREAT GOOD.

E. D. Titus, M. D., of Minnesota, a Prominent Thinker Along Psychical and Occult Lines, and a Firm Believer in the Phenomena of Spiritualism, Believes the Storm Center Agitation Will Do Good.

I have read with interest the various articles on The Great Psychological Crime, and all are well written and creditable to the philosophy of Spiritualism.

As a whole they seemed to embody a brilliant display of rhetoric rather than scientific logic.

To me these writers are all right and at the same time all wrong, due to the fact that they have taken either one extreme or the other.

The real truth lies between the two extremes.

A dray horse could hardly stand the race track, and neither could the race horse bear up under the grinding work of the dray.

It depends upon the mental and physical peculiarities, or as St. Paul expresses it, their particular gift.

After thirty-seven years' scientific investigation, I am opposed to hypnotism in any form, whether trance mediumship, or the influence of mortal upon mortal; in the long run an effect upon the subject can only be harmful, either physically or mentally, and especially so to persons not endowed with that peculiar mentality or gift.

All nature teaches that power and strength comes from action and it matters not whether physically or mentally activity is applied.

Now, we allow ourselves to become passive and permit another, whether mortal or spirit, to take possession of our physical organism, it is like lending our horse or ox for another to wear out its energies, while we, like the unused arm, grow weaker through inactivity.

Another still greater danger lies in the bulk of the average trance medium. They know not the unknown spirit that may at any time take possession of their organism, if once the habit (I will not call it power, because it is the reverse of power), is once developed.

I never knew a trance medium that was not influenced at times with many spiritualities, both good and bad.

I have experienced this for years in my own household and seen the injurious effects of obsession in hundreds of cases.

Drifting into these conditions was of course due largely to the acts of the persons themselves. In their anxiety to produce phenomena they would embrace as an angel anything that produced a ray or moved a table.

Father Gmelin, in charge of the House of Good Shepherd, wrote a work a few years ago, entitled "Spirits of Darkness." He ransacked all history to prove that the so-called dead still lived and under certain conditions could be communicated with. He holds that the Catholic church from its first inception has always taught its priesthood this, but they forbid their members from making investigation on account of the dangers of obsession and evil spirits that deceive.

While I am known from the Rockies to the Alleghenies, and from the Gulf to Canada, among business men as a champion of the philosophy of Spiritualism, I have never prominently identified myself with spiritual organizations, merely because of the lack of interest shown for a philosophy. Too much time is spent in criticizing the churches or else in chasing phenomena.

This great mental struggle about the Storm Center is doing good.

Thanks to The Progressive Thinker, thanks to the able writers who have come to the front and contributed their mite. I may not agree with them in some particulars, but let them come. It starts people thinking and it is thought that begets philosophy.

Listening to a gibberish spirit squaw control and chatter through a trance medium may amuse us, but does not teach us philosophical truths.

I addressed an audience last winter at

MY CREED.

Not rounded into phrases, set in speech, Nor framed in numbered articles to teach.

The tongue some hidden meaning to proclaim, Of God, and of his rules, and righteous reign.

In none of these, find I the vital seed, Of what my soul can call its crowning creed.

But rather in the hours of every day, In little things that meet us on the way.

God's purpose do I seek, his symbolized sign, As writ in common lives, like yours and mine.

The loving thought that lights the palest face— That fills it full of beauty, and of grace.

The open hand, that brings the wayward in, And heals the hurt, and washes out the sin.

The kindly voice, that speaks the words of cheer, Till hope, and health, and courage reappear.

The heart of oak, that stands for truth and right, And works for these, with all its strength and might.

The faith and trust, in everlasting good, Beginning here with human brotherhood.

These are the living threads that throb and thrill, Within the web of man's awakening will.

Whose colored lengths are held at centered source, And sharpened there by laws of loving force.

To fit the day, to fit the present time, And build from lowly deeds God's deeds divine.

the Masonic Temple in this city, on the laws governing the formation, existence and decay of a solar system. At the conclusion, a lady medium came to me and said: "Why, your theory on that subject is different from my guide told me. He says the earth was once the moon."

I relate this as a specimen of the manner in which certain people assume that everything that comes from a spirit must necessarily be true.

A lecture was recently published in one of our spiritual papers from one of the noted trance lecturing mediums on the subject of other worlds being inhabited.

It was a jumble of meaningless words showing that the spirit control did not know the difference between a star and a planet.

Now, Brother Francis, you have thrown down the gauntlet and out of the Storm Center, Spiritualism must arise to a philosophy, which is hers above all others, else fall back and confine itself to phenomena chasers and fortune telling.

But it is not going backward. On every side there are truth seekers craving a philosophy. In my travels over twenty states I meet them on every hand.

E. D. TITUS, M. D.

Minneapolis, Minn.

APPRECIATES THE ARGUMENTS OF OUR LEADING INTELECTUAL LIGHTS.

George A. Bacon, a Prominent Spiritualist of Washington, D. C., Takes Especial Pleasure in Commending Those Who Have Expressed Their Disapproval of The Great Psychological Crime.

The gratitude of all thoughtful Spiritualists are due to those critical reviewers of The Great Psychological Crime, like Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. Richmond, Prof. Lockwood, Lyman C. Howe, J. J. Morse, Mrs. Longley and a few others, who have in their respective individual capacity, so cleverly and masterly laid bare the criminality of the author of that work.

The ability displayed in these criticisms would honor any cause, and is a most creditable evidence of the intellectual power to be found in the ranks of Spiritualism. Each of the above writers, and there are others to be mentioned with them, is much better qualified to treat the question of mediumship, by observation, study and experience, in a far more rational and philosophical manner, indeed and in fact, in a less pretentious, but in a much more satisfactory, justly discriminative and truthful manner than that of our anonymous author. Confessedly he is entirely ignorant, in an experimental sense, of what he seeks to elucidate, while those who reply to his charges, have been in the mediumistic state for one quarter to one-half of a century. No wonder they prove many of his positions untenable—but assumptions, which their experience demonstrates to be false.

Seeking to build an elaborate superstructure upon partially false foundations, upon only half truths, it is not difficult to predict its results.

Personally I want to express my sense of indebtedness to Mrs. Richmond and to Hudson Tuttle, whose replies I chanced to read first and in the order named, for the unusually clear, convincing and conclusive manner in which they discussed the subject. They will once be able to more cogent statements straight-forward argument and virtue thoughts, all leading up to irresistible conclusions, than in these two papers.

This much was written when the late convention interrupted further comment. I now see that others regard these papers in a similar light.

I want to make a suggestion, pro bono publico, that Brother Francis recite some half-dozen of these worthy replies—those that stand out for their conspicuous ability in presenting the other side of this Great Psychological Crime, and publish them in book form.

GEORGE A. BACON.

Washington, D. C.

'Tis here I find the germ, I find the seed,

Of what my soul can call its crowning creed.

ELLA DARE.

Chicago, Ill.

THE THREE WISHES.

Three girls sat idly on the beach:

One like a lily, tall and fair;

One brilliant, with her raven hair;

One sweet and shy of speech.

"I wish for fame," the lily said,

"And I for wealth and courtly life,"

Then gently spoke the third: "As I ask for love instead."

Years passed. Again beside the sea

Three women sat with whitening hair.

Still graceful, lovely and fair,

"Fame is not all," the lily sighed,

"Wealth futile if the heart be dead,"

"I have been loved," one sweetly said,

"And I am satisfied."

SARAH K. BOLTON.

BIRTH OF THE HOURS.

See, the crescent moon is beaming

On the regal robes of night,

And her sable robes are gleaming

With the sprinkled stars so bright.

See the glorious morn her lover

Flies to her with winged feet—

And he gently bends above her,

Kissing his fair lady sweet.

And anon there is a wedding,

And anon, amid the flowers,

See the rosy limbs their children

Play together, sunny hours.

—Lillian W. Rountree.

HE TREATS OF MAGIC.

Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt was at one time a prominent Unitarian Divine. He finally became a Spiritualist, and is clairaudient, and in his article he gives the sentiments of those Spirits who talk to him. It will be read with interest, illustrating the kaleidoscopic character of the Spirit World.

The attention of the readers of The Progressive Thinker has been called lately to a recently published work, entitled "The Great Psychological Crime." The author is vouched for as a man "profoundly wise and yet possessed of that simplicity and kindly spirit that shows he is actuated by no selfish motive," consequently we will take for granted that he has in this work contributed to the world his honest, many thought, and what we may say must not be taken as a personal attack if we present different conclusions, in our own research, as well as search for truth.

Permit me to say of myself that for over thirty years I have been a close student along the same lines of psychic investigation, and like himself a participant in "the mysteries" in their modern dress of "Free Masonry" (and like himself) I do consider "Masonry" as the lineal descendant of Egypt's famous school of what may be called both a philosophy and a religion.

In writing at this time, I confine my attention more particularly to what he calls "Magic," and defines as "the individual exercise and use of the natural powers of the body, spirit and soul, in controlling and applying the forces, activities and processes of nature"—which we must infer that he believes to be an inherent psychic "gift" or attribute of humanity.

"White" and "Black" is but a relative term, though he makes what seems to be difference; but is it not such difference as we would make of powder, steam or any other power of nature, material or psychic—use, not the power itself? So I take it, and treat it accordingly, as "a psychic power."

It is what I would call for this paper, hypnotic in its character; calls of an intelligent exercise of the will of an individual, in order that it may influence (control) the action of another. But whether it be trance or suggestion, it is still an influence, and in so much is a moving force—call it what you will. It is also a human force that finds in an ages an expression in the human race. Somewhere in the universe of life, "Man" began to be. We will not any of us deny that in man is found something not existent in other species, that has been the cause of progression. Man as man is a "progressive thinker," and by what means?

I answer "Magic," or in other words, by means of hypnotic (?) suggestion or trance. The "wise men and women" of the Orient, that cradle of the race, became aware that at "times a psychic force outside themselves gave to them in the silence of their hours of reverie, words of a wisdom not their own, and though they did not understand the psychic unseen that imparted to them "the gift" of oracular speech, they personified it under the general name of Hu, or the god-speaker.

They realized also a kind of omnipresence in this Hu (or God) and worshiped it, i. e., "acknowledged worth."

As a matter of course the scientist directed his attention first to acknowledge also a human force that finds in an ages an expression in the human race. Somewhere in the universe of life, "Man" began to be. We will not any of us deny that in man is found something not existent in other species, that has been the cause of progression. Man as man is a "progressive thinker," and by what means?

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A Washington Lady Approves.

She assumes that the book is an answer to a pressing need. This variety of thought, conflicting in its nature, sets each one to thinking for himself, and the result is always good.

THE ANSWER TO A PRESSING NEED.

This book bears a distinct message to the multitude in the simple, yet ungraspable, form of its presentation of the fundamental truths that are of the deepest concern to every conscious soul. It responds with an all-potent promise to the universal and most profound aspirations of the soul. It makes clear the definite possibility within each of communication with the beloved ones in their different spheres, whether embodied or disembodied, by raising our own spiritual gravity up to the degree of harmonious relation. To the few it presents a rational hope of immortality and indicates the way to its realization.

In brief the message is that immortality, as rationally defined and demonstrated, MEANS A SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION so far beyond the ordinary powers of perception as to suggest, though not prove, progress in consciousness "forever and ever." That individual immortality is an achievement, most often the human identity; that this achievement is obtained by the growth and exercise of the will. The essential means for the use and exercise of the will is self-control. That the hypnotic and mediumistic processes deprive not only the subject of self-control, the means of developing the will, the human identity, but thereby according to the reverse action of the law expressed in, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," it is more cursed to take away than be taken from.

The operator, whether embodied or disembodied, not only cuts the subject off from all alliance with the constructive principle of nature and the achievement of immortality, yields to him self the same bitter fruit, and both subject and operator are swept into the awful current of the destructive principle of nature, and unless rescued, are carried down to eventual individual extinction so far as is known.

This proposition seems clear enough and forceful enough to call forth the exclamation: "Oh, God! the truth! the truth!" from every human being who has had the great privilege of being familiar with the data of the present wave of psychic sensitivity with its incoherent, contradictory, inadequate, disorganizing manifestations, and of reading the coherent, lucid, sequential presentation in "The Great Psychological Crime," whatever personal prejudices, conceits or desires it may arouse.

It seems almost powerful enough to quell the petty warfare which almost everyone engages in defense of hereditary, habitual or preconceived notions, when meeting any new and often higher form of truth instead of being alert as a lookout or watcher on the ramparts of life.

"The Great Psychological Crime" comes in answer to a pressing need OF THE RAPIDLY EVOLVING CONSCIOUSNESS of the race for more light upon truth as related to fundamental principles and evolutionary processes.

JOSEPHINE ALDEN.

Washington, D. C.

These magicians of the long ages felt that it was to themselves so closely joined, that at last to "man inspired" the name of humanity, and realizing that all men were consciously or unconsciously subject to the magical power of this psychic force, what better name could they coin for the race or "species, man?"

They also found that as they (these scientists of the Long Ago of Sanatze) entered into certain states of mind that we call reverie, they came at once in rapport with Hu—the unseen thinker of thoughts, with wisdom superior to their own. These reveries were the original "Reverends," that so many of our Spiritualistic friends, to use a phrase, yet it was the proper title of the world's first mediums.

That superstition, that other name for ignorance, should draw wrong conclusions, formulate wrong creeds for the people, is perfectly natural; these things are still done in regard to other objects than psychic, but the fact remains, these "Reverends," these mediums, knew that theirs was a wisdom inspired, and called themselves the word-speakers of God. "The word came to me," was their constant assertion, and, too, they told of visions given ("clairvoyance"); a slight flash upon their consciousness. But did these, the Magi of the Orient, become "demoralized," with "a destroyed" mind, as the "magical" divines? On the other hand, they were the leaders of a world's thought. Their mediumship, was it "a great psychological crime"? By reason of this "crime," the race has climbed from savagery to enlightenment! Let this be my answer.

But as time passed, there came the thought that may be it was not "an outside force," that it was "unconsciousness"; that it was a property of the soul—the man. Then began psychical research—study of the powers and properties of man as man.

As a matter of course the scientist directed his attention first to acknowledge also a human force that finds in an ages an expression in the human race. Somewhere in the universe of life, "Man" began to be. We will not any of us deny that in man is found something not existent in other species, that has been the cause of progression. Man as man is a "progressive thinker," and by what means?

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

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TAKE NOTICE.

All books advertised in the columns
of The Progressive Thinker are for sale
at this office. Bear this in mind.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spirit-
ualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to an-
swer all attacks in the secular or reli-
gious press on Spiritualism. Send him
clippings when an attack is made, giv-
ing date and name of paper. Address
him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Bishop Says the Bible is Not Infallible.

It is decidedly refreshing to those
who are stigmatized as "infidels," to be
informed that a high dignitary of the
Church of England denies that the
Bible was inspired literally, or that it is
historically correct or truthful.

As stated in the St. Louis Globe-Dem-
ocrat, it will doubtless come as a sur-
prise to many churchmen that an Angli-
can bishop should pay a public tribute
to the work of Charles Darwin and
frankly state, as an elementary truth,
that the Bible is not infallible.

This is what the bishop of Wakefield
did in an address at Leeds, on the
teaching of the Bible to children, in the
light of modern criticism.

His lordship recognized the possi-
bility of offending the susceptibilities
of some of his hearers, but explained that
such wounds as he might inflict would be
the wounds of a friend. "Some peo-
ple," he added, "need wounding before
they will awaken and take a proper
view of the Bible."

Many of the questions asked by chil-
dren revealed to parents and teachers
that they themselves had no really suffi-
cient answer to give, and they were
obliged to put the questions aside.

Three courses were open to them.
Like many devout but not well-informed
persons, they might shut their eyes and
leave alone all that did not harmonize
with their old preconceived views about
Holy Writ; or they might give up their
faith and say that modern science had
exploded the Bible; that the Christian
religion was a thing of the past. Be-
tween these two was the third and the
true course—to inquire into these
things.

First, the nature of inspiration ought
to be understood. Scriptural inspira-
tion was not a verbal, mechanical, abso-
lutely accurate and infallible inspira-
tion—not an inspiration of pens, but of
men, who stamped their own characters
upon their writings—men who were not
free from mistakes, but who were led
by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost to
embody in their writings a revelation of
God and the offer of salvation to men in
Christ.

For centuries it was believed that ev-
ery part of Scripture was equally in-
spired—texts had been twisted and tor-
tured into meanings and fixed interpre-
tations as absurd as the Jewish cabala.
Even educated people had found it a
great relief to be told such elementary
truths as these.

The Bible is not infallible.
The Bible is not necessarily literal
and exact.

It is not a scientific text-book.
The books were not necessarily written
by the authors whose names they bear.

These names have absolutely no au-
thority, except old tradition of the Jew-
ish race.

The old chronology was not inspired.
The dates in the ordinary Bible are
no guide to the dates of the books.

The world was not created 4004 years
before Christ.

Many of the books are composite, and
some embody older records like flints
in chalk formations; others are by more
than one author, and still others are ad-
mittedly compilations of various histori-
cal and traditional accounts.

Once we realized these facts and un-
derstood the great purpose of inspira-
tion we should lose the paralyzing and
crippling fear of answering truthfully the
direct questions of children.

Scientifically and morally (his lord-
ship continued) there had been a great
revelation since the days of the Jewish
writers. Charles Darwin had placed not
only scientific but also religious thought
upon an altogether firmer basis, while
the progressive moral revelation was
shown by the fact that the Jews allowed
slavery, polygamy and many things
which we should never think of permit-
ting to-day.

The impetuous clauses in the
Psalms, in the bishop's opinion, are not
fit for public worship, and he would be
glad if permission were given to omit
them.

For the rest, his lordship would have
the Bible taught from a literary point of
view, with Oriental literary methods
freely exhibited. Such teaching would
have a peculiar charm, especially for
the older children, but to ask them to
believe in the literal accuracy of the
Bible was to put a strain upon the intel-
ligence which it could not easily bear.

"In the World Celestial," by Dr. T. A.
Bland. Interesting, instructive and
helpful; Spiritually uplifting. Cloth
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"Spiritism," by Mrs. Leonora E. Piper,
and Dr. Thomson J. Hudson's Theories
in regard to it. By Ex-Judge Abraham
H. Dalley. Demonstrates fully and
adequately of Hudson's explanations of
spiritual phenomena. Price 25 cents.

Unselfish Salvation.

A notable advance in the ideals of re-
ligious effort is indicated by an article
written by the Rev. John Watson—
widely known under the literary pseu-
donym "Ian MacLaren." From one oc-
cupying the position of an evangelical
minister, his words will appear strikingly
sound and sensible. Spiritualists
will find much to which they will yield
ready assent.

As set forth in the Chicago Tribune,
he says the old principle of every man
for himself is dying out from national
politics, from the organization of com-
merce, from the life of society, and is
bound to die out from religion. There
was a day when a preacher could ap-
peal to his hearer and awaken his
heart to praise because God had saved
him while thousands had been left to
perish, but to-day the hearer would
firmly suspend his praise for his own
salvation till he knew what was going
to become of other people. No longer
does a man think that the great effort
of life should be, as the Romans say,
"to make his soul," but that it should
be to help his brethren both in soul and
in body.

Dying people, of say 1850, were solely
concerned with the question of what
would become of themselves on the
other side; dying men of to-day forget
themselves in thinking of what is to be-
come of their wives and children. Ap-
peals to the individual to escape hell,
because of its suffering, or to make sure
of heaven because of its joy, have little
effect; and the tract which asks a by no
means unimportant question, "Whither
are you going?" is an anachronism, but
any appeal for the service of others will
secure willing and sympathetic atten-
tion. A sermon on the hell beyond the
grave would be heard with indifference,
a sermon on the hell in the ghettos of
cities will lay hold on every man's
mind. The days of the Manchester
school in religion are over, and a new
sense of solidarity has sprung up.
Rightly or wrongly, people do not wish
to escape from the wreck if their ship-
mates are to perish. They want to see
the whole crew saved together.

Young men who will not teach in Sun-
day schools are ready to work in a boy's
institute, and women who have wearied
distributing tracts are anxious to bring
more comfort to the lives of their work-
ing sisters. The sense is creeping over
the community that socially and phys-
ically we stand together, and religion
cannot remain a watertight compart-
ment of spiritual selfishness. With
such a wind blowing like a gale upon
one's face, have we not reason to ex-
pect that the message of the next re-
vival will be social righteousness and
the quest of the redemption of the national
life?

Years ago, to illustrate the change
which is taking place in the attitude of
religious people, I was present at a
meeting when reports were given in re-
garding what was called "aggressive
work in the poor quarter of the city,
and great stress was laid on the use-
fulness and the ingenuity of a certain
lantern mission. According to this
scheme the missionaries were provided
with a large lantern on a pole, and the
transparent slides were graven with
gospel texts, such as "God so loved the
world," and this lantern was carried
after dark to the center of some misera-
ble court, and then addresses were
given to the people from the texts on
its slides.

To-day it would be thought a bitter
irony to invite people living, father,
mother, grown up sons and daughters,
in one room, without light or air or san-
itary accommodation, to think of the
love of God. What evidence had they
of his love? Of that of their fellow-
men? How could they be Christians in
the circumstances in which they were
living? To-day the desire would be,
not to send a lantern with a text but
to send an inspector to examine the prop-
erty; not to give money for preaching
in courts of that description, but to give
money for pulling down such courts al-
together.

One feels that that lantern was a par-
able of the irony of the situation, when
the church preached the divine love to
those who had no sign of human love,
and the church asked people to believe
in the sacrifice of Christ when she her-
self was making no sacrifice to save
them from the life of beasts. When
God is pleased to send his new prophet
one expects that he will preach the gos-
pel of social deliverance; that the white
female slaves who sew from morning
till night and half through the night,
and hardly get the wherewithal to keep
soul and body together, should be deliv-
ered from their bondage, that every la-
borer who is willing and temperate
should have his living wage wherewith
to keep himself and his family, that ev-
ery citizen, however humble, should
have his own little home wherein to live
in peace and comfort, that the coun-
tryman should not be evicted from the
land to make room for wild animals and
beasts of prey, that the owners of un-
sanitary property should be punished
and not compensated, that temptations
should not be placed at every street cor-
ner in the way of the poor and misera-
ble, that every man should have free
access to education, to the country, to
rest and just enjoyment, and that the
burden of war, sickness and poverty
should be lifted from the shoulders of
those who labor and are heavy laden.

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"Spirit Echoes" By Mattie E. Hull.
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of the author's latest and choicest
poems. Neatly bound in cloth, and with
portrait of the author. Price 75 cents.

The Four Cornerstones.

From "What Is Religion," Col. Ingersoll's address
before the Free Religious Association, Boston, Mass.,
June 2, 1899—his last public words, and as such ever
memorable, and because they are true and free us
from an immensity of nonsense. Dresden Edition,
Vol. 4, p. 497. Col. Ingersoll was one of the intel-
lectual giants of the age in which he lived.

If we have a theory, we must have
facts for the foundation. We must have
cornerstones. We must not build on
guesses, fancies, analogies or infer-
ences. The structure must have a base-
ment. If we build, we must begin at
the bottom.

If we have a theory and I have four
cornerstones. The first stone is that mat-
ter—substance—cannot be destroyed,
cannot be annihilated. The second
stone is that force cannot be destroyed,
cannot be annihilated. The third stone
is that matter and force cannot exist
apart—no matter without force—no
force without matter. The fourth stone
is that what cannot be destroyed
could not have been created; that the
indestructible is the uncreatable.

If these cornerstones are facts, it fol-
lows as a necessity that matter and
force are from and to eternity; that
they can neither be increased nor di-
minished. It follows that nothing has
been or can be created; that there
never has been or will be a creator. It
follows that there could not have been
any intelligence, any design back of
matter and force. There is no force
without matter. Consequently there
could not be any possibility have been,
any intelligence, any force, back of mat-
ter.

It therefore follows that the super-
natural does not and cannot exist. If
these four cornerstones are facts, Nature
has no master. If matter and
force are from and to eternity, it fol-
lows as a necessity that no God exists;
that no God created or governs the uni-
verse; that no God exists who answers
prayer; no God who succors the op-
pressed; no God who pities the suffer-
ings of innocence; no God who cares
for the slaves with scarred flesh, the
mothers robbed of their babes; no God
who rescues the tortured, and no God
that saves a martyr from the flames.

In other words it proves that man has
never received any help from heaven,
that all his sacrifices have been in vain,
and that all prayers have died unan-
swered in the heedless air. I do not
pretend to know. I say what I think.

If matter and force have existed from
eternity, it then follows that all that
has been possible has happened, and all
that is possible will happen. In the
universe there is no chance, no caprice.
Every event has parents. That
which has not happened, could not.

Views of Lilian Whiting.

CHANGES IN THE SOUL.

Prayer the Intensest Form of Spiritual
Experience.

The idea so humorously embodied by
Dr. Holmes in his poem, "The Chap-
lain's Nausea," is also expressed by
Emerson in this passage:

"The changes which break up at
short intervals the prosperity of men
are interlunations of a nature whose
law is growth. Every soul is by this
intrinsically necessarily quitting its whole
system of things, its friends and home,
and laws, and faith, as the shellfish
crawls out of its beautiful but stony
growth, and slowly forms a new house,
in proportion to the vigor of the indi-
vidual, these revolutions are frequent,
until in some happier mind they are in-
cessant, and all worldly relations hang
very loosely about him, becoming, as it
were, a transparent fluid membrane,
through which the living form is seen,
and not, as in most men, an indecom-
posable fabric of many dates, and
of no settled character, in which the
man is imprisoned. Then there can
be enlargement, and the man of to-
day scarcely recognizes the man of yester-
day. And such should be the out-
put of biography of man in time, a put-
ting off of dead circumstances day by
day, as he renews his raiment day by
day."

There are many things true in the
sense of great and eternal spiritual
laws which are not true when reduced
to a temporary and finite explanation.
Thus, for instance, the theory of rein-
carnation is unmistakably true as a law
of spiritual growth; but when it is
staked out at right angles and formulized
like the multiplication table, and laid
down that each individual returns
again and again to this earth and re-
traces his steps through infancy and
childhood and youth; when certain in-
dividuals assert with convincing elo-
quence that they recall their past incar-
nations and recollect themselves perfectly
well as having been, for example,
Mary Queen of Scots, or Plato, or
Antiochus, the assertion is, to put it
mildly, quite open to reasonable doubts
and to a final verdict of "not proven."

But to return to the great realities
of the life of the spirit; the life of the
spiritual man, inhabiting, for a time, a
physical body, that he may thus come
into relations with a physical world;
slipping out of that body, by the death,
and down that old stairway and up-
ward into those that are new and supremely
alive. It is the process by which man
builds "the more stately mansions,"
by means of which he leaves his "low-
vaulted past" and comes out into the
luminous and golden days of the life ra-
diant.

"THE LIFE RADIANT."

"The Life Radiant," by Lilian Whit-
ing, is deeply, intuitively thoughtful,
and intensely spiritual and inspiring.
Lilian Whiting, with her poet soul, sees
the spiritual significance of the things
of material science as well as the finer
essences of the spiritual life; and with
pure cultured taste blends them into
a radiantly polished gem of beauti-
ful literary work.

"The moment one realizes himself as
a spiritual being, belonging of right to
the spiritual world; one whose true in-
terests are in and of that realm, and to
whom communion with the Divine is
the very breath of existence, the one
object of life, that moment he begins to
himself uplifted. From that hour his life
becomes a significant factor in true
progress."

"One attracts to himself from the un-
seen world companionship of the same
order and quality as that of his own

The present is the necessary product of
all the past, the necessary cause of all
the future.

In the infinite chain there is, and
there can be, no broken, no missing
link. The form and motion of every
star, the climate of every world, all
forms of vegetable and animal life,
instinct, intelligence and conscience, all
assertions and denials, all vices and
virtues, all thoughts and dreams, all
hopes and fears, are necessities. Not
one of the countless things and rela-
tions in the universe could have been
different.

If matter and force are from eternity,
that which can say that man has no in-
tellect, that man was not a special
creation. We now know, if we
know anything, that Jehovah, the di-
vine potter, did not mix and mould clay
into the forms of men and women, and
then breathe the breath of life into
these forms. We now know that our
best parents were not foreigners. We
know that they were natives of the
world, produced here, and that their
life did not come from the breath of
any god. We now know, if we know
anything, that the universe is natural,
and that men and women have been
naturally produced. We now know our
ancestors, our pedigree. We have the
link of truth. We have all the links of
the chain, twenty-six links inclusive,
from moner to man.

We did not get our information from
inspired books. We have fossil facts
and living forms. From the simplest
creatures, from blind sensation, from
organism, from one vague want, to a
single cell with a nucleus, to a hollow
ball filled with fluid, to a cup with
double walls, to a flat world, to a some-
thing that begins to breathe, to an or-
ganism that has a spinal cord, to a link
between the invertebrate to the verte-
brate, to one that has a cranium—a
house for a brain, to one with five, still
onward to one with fore and hinder
limbs, to the reptile, mammal, and cran-
ium, to the human, to the immortal,
man, to the immortal, dweller in trees,
to the simian, to the pithecanthrope,
and lastly, to man.

We know the paths that life has trav-
eled. We know the footsteps of ad-
vance. They have been traced. For this
we are indebted, more than all others,
to the work of biologists. Ernst
Haeckel. We now believe that the uni-
verse is natural, and we deny the exist-
ence of the supernatural.

And? Certainly, a series of lives, even
in that part of the great and infinite
duration which is lived in this world.
As Emerson says in the paragraph
quoted above: "The changes which
break up at short intervals the prospe-
rity of men are interlunations of a na-
ture whose law is growth." These
changes constitute a series of what are,
practically, incarnations. The change
of circumstances; the entering into
new environments, the coming under
the recasting laws of all influences—all
these make up a series of new states
which are to a great degree new and
different lives. For the element of
time does not count. It is intensity, not
duration, that determines experiences.

Emerson says that life is "unessenc-
ially long, and he is quite right. A day,
a week, may be so filled as to serve
the purposes of many an ordinary lifetime.

The keynote of life—the only and the
unerring clue to its labyrinthine experi-
ences—is trust, absolute trust in God.
"What is this saving faith to be and
how can it be attained? Can we find
any sure way of touching the spring
and drawing up so potently?" There
is, assuredly, no more certain way of
saving faith; of touching the spring,
and that is by prayer. For prayer is
the means by which one lays hold of
the divine life; enters into the divine
spirit, and is as one with it. The most
wonderful and radiant results come
from the intense effort to purify the
spirit by prayer, entering into sleep
at night, for sleep is the body pas-
sive, while the spirit is for the time
free to enter into the higher spiritual
realm and be accompanied with higher
Intelligences. Sleep holds the body
and liberates the spirit, which then
may, and often does, hold sweet com-
munion with those who (by death) are
entirely liberated from the physical
world. To enter on sleep through the
gates of prayer is to be led, for the
time, into the spiritual world and into
companionship and communion with
those in the heavenly life.

Often there is wise counsel given;
suggestions, intimations, that lift up
the level of human life into closer con-
nection with the divine life. These ex-
periences, during sleep, when the
spirit is more intimate than in wak-
ing hours, because it is liberated
into its own world—are a vital factor in
that law of growth by which the soul
"quits its whole system of things" and
slowly forms a new house. Let life
be, indeed, "a putting off of dead
circumstances day by day." Putting off
the old and entering into the new, and
down that old stairway and up-ward
into those that are new and supremely
alive. It is the process by which man
builds "the more stately mansions,"
by means of which he leaves his "low-
vaulted past" and comes out into the
luminous and golden days of the life ra-
diant.

Not long ago the bank changed its
quarters and the kitten disappeared.
There was a commotion of search, all in
vain.
The loss was advertised in all the city
papers, with offers of a reward, but with
no success. The cat did not come back.
Thereupon the banker's daughter said
she would consult the clairvoyant. The
banker is a practical man and had no
faith in such things, and he forbade it.
The girl was so simple, however, that
she got one of her friends to make the
visit to the soothsayer for her.

This friend went at once, and wrote
on the slip of paper the simple question,
"Where is the cat?" The clairvoyant
went into her usual trance.
"I hear the rattle of money," she
said. "There is a great deal of it. It is
in a bank."

She went on with some more re-

Mysterious Occult Power.

In the humble walks of life we often find remarkable
spiritual or occult powers manifested. This lady
could trace with absolute certainty lost goods or
missing articles. Whether a wonderful medium, or
possessing this occult power within herself, in either
case the result was most remarkable.

Binghamton, N. Y.—This is a charac-
teristically proper middle New York
town, with the regulation number of
churches, banks, schools, mills, mill
sites and dam sites. But more than this,
it has a title to distinction that out-
weighs all other considerations. It is
the home of a soothsayer, a real No. 1,
first chop, topside sayer of soothing
things, without any discount at all.

This singular individual does not con-
sult by means of a seer's staff, or by
any of the usual methods of the sooth-
sayer, but by means of a vacuum, and
veiled prophecies of vague and unnamed
good fortune certain to come some time
in the future if you only wait long
enough. She deals in facts so hard and
cold that they glitter, and there is just
a sufficient admixture of past, present
and future in them to drive them home
all the harder.

Almost anybody can tell some kinds
of facts from the past, but few of that
sort this woman falls to mention. She
does business with the facts that only
two or three persons know and they usu-
ally have a vigorous desire to keep
them dark.

Her special stronghold is the recovery
of stolen goods, or things that have
been lost, and the range of her opera-
tions extends to have no particular limit.
For instance, there was the case the
other day of the doctor's wife.

She had lost a valuable brooch. As
usual in such cases, it was one to which
she was attached for particular reasons,
outside of its intrinsic value.

It happened that she had not worn it
for several months, and supposed that
it was in the case with the rest of her
jewels. When she had occasion to use
it, it could not be found.

There was a commotion in the house.
An inventory of the jewels showed that
the brooch was the only article miss-
ing. That seemed to dispose of the mis-
sing that there had been a robbery, at
least by any one outside of the house.

There was, of course, the usual suspi-
cion that some of the servants had
taken it. The house was searched from
top to bottom. Every nook and cranny
was ransacked. The brooch could not
be found.

Because it had been a gift from the
doctor, his wife was unwilling to tell
him that it had been lost, until every
possible means of recovering it had
been exhausted. In this dilemma she
thought of the soothsayer. Straightway
she called on the remarkable person,
and, without making herself or her er-
rand known, received an appointment
for the next morning.

This miracle worker does business
with many of the usual accompani-
ments. You write your given name on
a slip of paper and turn it face down on
the table. Then you write whatever
question you desire to ask and turn it
down also.

The soothsayer's eyes are closed. She
folds up the papers, with the writing in-
side, and rubs them on her head. Then
the trance begins.

The doctor's wife had asked simply
where her pin was. The clairvoyant be-
gan by describing the pin. Then she
remarked that it had not been stolen,
and that Mrs. Doctor's suspicions of her
servant were groundless.

In a certain room of the house there
was a chiffonier the top of which ex-
tended back a little in the rear of the
glass. On this ledge, behind the mir-
ror, the pin was then lying.

Mrs. Doctor got home very quickly as
she could. She knew the chiffonier
very well. It was in the doctor's room.
It had already been searched, but no
one happened to look behind the glass.
There, sure enough, the brooch was
found.

When the doctor came home his wife
asked him about it. He answered that
he had never looked up the pin just
before they went away for the summer
and put it there to tease his wife. Then
he forgot all about it.

Now, says the doctor's wife, how did
that woman know all about it? She was
never in the house and couldn't have
known anything about the chiffonier in
the doctor's room. How did she know?
Then there was the case of the Ango-
ra cat. It belongs to the daughter of
a banker, and had always been kept in
the bank.

Not long ago the bank changed its
quarters and the kitten disappeared.
There was a commotion of search, all in
vain.
The loss was advertised in all the city
papers, with offers of a reward, but with
no success. The cat did not come back.

Thereupon the banker's daughter said
she would consult the clairvoyant. The
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on the slip of paper the simple question,
"Where is the cat?" The clairvoyant
went into her usual trance.

"I hear the rattle of money," she
said. "There is a great deal of it. It is
in a bank."

She went on with some more re-

marks of that sort and then got down to
the business of the cat. The questioner
was told to go back to the bank at once,
and to go up three flights of stairs to a
vacant room at the rear of the building.
There the kitten would be found shut
in.

Just as soon as the banker's daughter
heard the clairvoyant's directions she
went back to the bank building and
climbed the three flights of stairs.
When she entered the vacant room she
distinctly heard the kitten meowing.

The door was opened and there was
the missing Angora, very thin and hun-
gry. It had been gone for about a
week. Now the banker says, "How the
devil did that kitten get there, and how
did that woman know it was there?"
This is the case of the Colonel's
widow's dog. It is a valuable setter,
of which she is very fond. One day it dis-
appeared.

Mrs. Colonel hunted everywhere she
could think of. She asked all her
friends. She advertised in all the pa-
pers, offering a reward, with no ques-
tions asked, for the return of the setter.
No result. As a last resort she con-
sulted the clairvoyant.

When the preliminaries of the trance
had been gone through with, the sooth-
sayer directed the Colonel's widow to

cles, etc. Illustrated edition. Post 8vo., 422
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