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## SPIRITUALISM IS A TRUTH.

"One truth is clear--whatever is, is right." Pope.  
"I long to know the truth hereof at large." Shakespeare.  
"Let us make truth catching instead of falsehood and disease." Ingersoll.  
"Truth depends on, or is only arrived at by a legitimate deduction from all the facts which are truly material." Coleridge.  
"Plows, to go true, depend much upon the truth of the iron." Mortimer.  
"Truth bears the torch in the search for truth." Lucretius.

Let us love our cause and dare to advocate its truth and defy fraud. If we have the pure it cannot be destroyed in the crucible of reason and fair discussion. It will only thrive, and expand more rapidly.

## TRUTH IS IMPERISHABLE.

"My mouth shall speak the truth." Prov. viii., 7.  
"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." William Cullen Bryant.  
"To have truth and not live it is like having lungs and refusing to breathe." "However unwillingly a person who living truth." John Stuart Mill.

## Compensation=The Law of the Universe.

### A Thrilling Narrative of Experiences in the Spheres of Spirit Life.

#### CHAPTER I.

On the 13th of October, 17-- I went on board the ship Hawk's Eye, that lay at one of the piers at the city of New York, and asked if there was a chance for a green hand on that ship.

I was met by a tall, broad-shouldered, grizzly-haired and full-bearded man, about sixty years of age, whom we will call Marks, that if any of his friends should chance to read these lines, they would not recognize him.

I am not afraid that anyone will recognize the writer of these memoirs, for I have been gone so long, that what few friends I had on that eventful morning, have long since gone to join the majority.

I was born and reared in a small village, far remote from the seaboard. My early life was spent, until my fifteenth birthday as most of the children in the country are, with little to do, except the few chores necessary about a plain country home, and attending the district school six months in the year. At that time I persuaded my parents to allow me to go to work in a mill in a neighboring village for a small compensation.

I frequently changed my occupation until my twenty-first birthday, then I had contracted a roving disposition and persuaded myself to believe, that to ever become anything in this life, I must get as far away from home as possible. So, after saving my little earnings very carefully for a few months, and telling no one of my intentions, I started, one bright morning in September, about one month before this story opens and walked until I found myself about forty miles from home, in a large town, on the line of a canal that led to the seaboard.

There I immediately made up my mind what I would do, for a vivid picture seemed to grow up before me, showing all the world spread out before my mind's eye with such glittering brightness, that every drop of my blood was so thrilled that I could hardly contain myself.

The reader must remember, that in those remote days, there were no railroads or steamboats, or any of those quick modern conveyances of to-day, so I could not jump on an express train and fly to my destination; but I boarded the first canal boat I saw and asked for a job. To my delight I received an answer to my request, and was sent to ride the horse that pulled the boat.

Did I like my new situation? No; but I found while in conversation with one of the boat's crew, that boat connected with another that would land me in New York City, where I eventually landed, and from which, as I have stated, I sailed in the fateful Hawk's Eye, so I had to content myself, for I did not have a very large purse filled with treasure; and as I had made up my mind before leaving home, that I would not return until I could return with a sum of money sufficient to put me in a position to ever after live comfortably, I concluded to do the best I could under the circumstances.

I was defrauded of my wages for leading the old blind horse of the first boat, for the captain's captain was vexed because I would not make the return trip with him, and he refused to pay me; and had it not been for the captain of the second boat on which I shipped, I should probably have found myself a prisoner, or else floating in the canal; as it proved, the captain of the two boats were at variance with each other, and as the second one wanted my services as much as the first one, I was able to make my escape.

At last I found myself in the city, and hastened to take my first look at old ocean's billows. To say that I was fascinated at first sight does not half express my feelings. I was bewildered. Everything was new to me; I had never before seen more water in a body at one time than the mill pond at my old home, and now, as my gaze ranged over the broad expanse of ocean, I fancied that I could go and soon return as a captain of some large ship, and go to my friends back there in my old mountain home and regale them with wonderful stories such as Munchausen tales or that of Robinson Crusoe.

All these thoughts passed through my brain as I lay in my bunk on that old canal-boat the first night after we arrived in that, to me, wonderful town. I resolved to make a start on the following morning to place myself in a position where I could become a sailor.

This brings me to that point, where I told you that I went on board the old ship Hawk's Eye, which was to take me out upon what was destined to be a voyage which none other has ever had the opportunity of seeing, and wonderful to relate, none ever had opportunity to return and tell about, until this time.

The ship Hawk's Eye, that proved to be my prison so long, was square rigged, of about two hundred tons burden, and one of the largest afloat in those days; her officers were men who had followed the sea all their days, and were men of known ability; each one from the captain down to the third mate was qualified to take the ship into any waters of the ocean in the known world; the most of the sailors before the mast had visited the best known harbors of the world, and out of a crew of twenty-eight, there were but two beside myself that could be called green hands; these two had been on the water more or less, while I had never known, or even thought what it was to be out of sight of land.

I soon made my bargain with the captain, and having money enough to purchase my outfit, I was introduced to one of the sailors who piloted me to a place in the city, where I was soon provided with all the necessary articles a sailor might need for a long voyage.

I had shipped for the voyage, be it what it might; the captain told me, "it might be for three years, and it might be more; probably more." As I was infatuated

ated with the idea of going to sea, I should have shipped at that time, if he had told me it was for the rest of my life.

I was put in the lower hold of the vessel the first day, to help store the cargo; being a good-sized man, I was also quick and agile; the captain saw my strength and ability, he soon found he could rely on me, and as he was a pretty good kind of a man for the position he occupied in those days, we soon became very good friends, as friends go between officers and men on board of ship, when poor Jack was considered little better than the fishes that swam around the ship.

Our cargo, which consisted of a great variety of new world products, was finally all hoisted in, and after what seemed to me a long and tedious delay, the lines were loosed and the proud old ship swung her nose out in the stream, and with a favorable wind and tide, the sails were set, and one of the handsomest sights ever seen by mortal men in this fair world, was presented to those who stood on the pier and waved adieu to those on deck. I seemed to be the only one at that time that no one waved a good-bye to.

"Young man, I think you are the only one on this ship that has not left one friend on yonder dock to bid you good-bye. Have you no friends?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "but they are so far from here that it would be hard for them to bid me good-bye, if they would. But I am satisfied to be without friends."

The captain looked me square in the face and said: "You may wish some day, that you had a friend."

He never spoke to me after that, and oh, how many times since then, have I thought of what he said.

#### CHAPTER II.

You may some time wish you had a friend.

We were bound first, for some port in the East Indies; as I knew very little about geography, I knew nothing of where we were going, and cared less at the time.

We had an uneventful voyage to our first port; no ship in those days ever made better time, and there was nothing to mar the serenity of a single man on board, but those three green sailors who had never "crossed the line." I was one of them, and although it was a long time ago, it is vivid in my mind at the present time. There is no use telling of the initiation of the green sailor by old Neptune; there are so many who have seen him clamber over the side of the ship; the salt water dripping from him; well covered with sea-weed; three-lined fork; long gray beard and hair; or, if they have not shivered at the sight of him, they have laughed until their sides have ached, while they have listened to the story of "crossing the line" as told by some old weather-beaten tar, who had himself been initiated, and afterwards helped in the initiation of some luckless raw recruit.

We exchanged part of our cargo at the first port we touched, and after a short delay in replenishing our ship's stores, we again made sail, and soon being in the China sea, typhoons were to be expected at any moment. A sharp watch was kept at all times, that the ship might be made ready to receive it when it might come. The anxiety of that ship's crew during those days and nights was something to make an impression that would never be forgotten. I do not know as all had the same feelings as those three green hands on that ship did, but I do know, that after the sixth or seventh day we had seen no sign of a storm, and all the time listening to the stories of the old sailors about ships rolling completely over, and then righting themselves, as well as being lifted bodily out of the water, or sailing for hours on their beam ends, I began to wish I was back in my old mountain home, chasing bears, woodchucks, squirrels or other wild animals, instead of being on the broad expanse of old ocean; chasing, or being chased by cyclones, typhoons or any other kind of coons.

After what seemed to me a very long time, one night, my watch had been entertained by "Old Nick," a peculiar person, whose queer language compared well with his looks; he seemed to be a very old man, he was crumpled and grizzled, of under size, not more than four feet tall, with immense hands and feet, and extremely long arms; a very large head, with as ugly a face as I ever looked upon; and to cap the whole, he had such a hump on his back, that he looked like a soldier with a knapsack. He had been spinning yarns on the fore'd deck, and one after another the watch had turned in. I had filled my pipe and settled down among the chains to smoke and listen to his yarns. The wind had entirely died out, and all was still; there was not wind enough to cause the canvas to move over so little.

"Old Nick" had just finished his pipe, yawned, stood as straight as was possible for him, and started to go towards the fore-castle; he had taken perhaps three steps, when he stopped short, and with one of his peculiar grunts, he dropped on one knee, put his hand to one of his monstrous ears, and seemed bent on catching whatever sound might come; he remained in that position perhaps one minute, then with a bound and a screech which seemed to pierce the air for a long distance, and was heard by every person on that ship. To me, it seemed as if he was a fiend incarnate. His long arms with those terrible hands were swinging wildly above his hideous head; his long hair seemed to stand erect on his head, and his eyes seemed to roll on his cheeks and looked like two balls of fire.

I say I heard his shrieks and saw his actions. I did, and was paralyzed; I was rooted to the spot. How long I might have remained there, I cannot tell,

for it was not more than two minutes before all hands were on deck. The captain flew to the side of "Old Nick," and before he had time to inquire what was the matter, "Old Nick" shrieked between his demoniacal howls, that "the typhoon was upon us, and if the sails were not quickly furled, the ship would be blown over in spite of all that could be done."

There was no sign of a storm, not a cloud could be seen. The moon was at its full, lit up everything on board so bright that lights were unnecessary.

All was confusion; each man as he flew from below, asked what had parted to cause that unearthly noise.

There were a few among that brave crew that had heard that unearthly shriek before; among that few was the captain. He had had this same hideous-looking being with him from the first time he had trod the deck of a ship as captain; he knew well that he had warned him many times of approaching danger; and because of his ugly looks, he considered him as a mascot. He well knew now, it was best to heed his warning, even though there was no sign of a storm. He did not hesitate; he ordered all hands aloft to furl the sails; his orders were not in a calm and gentle tone either.

Never did men climb quicker; the howl of "Old Nick" seemed to inspire each sailor with a dread that something was about to happen that was beyond the expectations of a sailor.

Never were sails made short and snug so quick before; every man seemed to have a ringing in his ears of that howl that broke the stillness of that beautiful night in the southern part of the Indian Ocean. And when the work aloft was done, every man seemed as anxious to reach the deck again as he was to go aloft at the command of the captain. Nor was the last man again on deck too quick, for hardly had the last foot struck the deck, when a howl which seemed to be a concentration of ten thousand such shrieks as came from "Old Nick," and seemed to come from the star-board quarter, and each instant came nearer with redoubled force and noise.

The hatches were closed just as the first force of that terrible howling blast struck the ship. She seemed to stand still one second, then with a groan like a being of life, she rolled over to larboard and the foaming waters tumbled over her.

How long she lay on her side, no one can ever tell. The captain shouted, "Hold on, all." Those were the last words I ever heard on that ship.

The order was unnecessary. I never knew what the others did; I only know that I had just time to reach the deck, and helped to secure the fore-castle hatch, when the ship seemed to be covered by a great black monster with flaming eyes, and outstretched waving arms.

I instinctively rushed to the upper side of the deck, for by this time, the ship had rolled on her side and I had to struggle to get up to the rail which now seemed to be hanging over my head; how I reached it, I do not know, but I clung to it with a superhuman effort; I had hardly grasped it, when the waves broke over me. How long I remained there I cannot tell; I was straightened to my full length by the force of the water, and it seemed as if I must be wrenched from my hold, when the force seemed to relax and I congratulated myself that the worst was over, when the noise which seemed so terrific before, was repeated, and the water which came like a mountain falling on me before, now seemed as if the weight of all the waters of old ocean was heaped on me; I was suffocating, my strength was fast failing; I knew I could not stand the strain upon my muscles much longer. The noise of the water had drowned the noise of the more terrible wind. And where was I? Still clinging for life to the rail of that ill-fated ship. I could not think of my shipmates. I lived a thousand lives in that brief space of time.

The wave passed, and with it, the noise of the wind also passed. The terrible monster which I had first seen hanging over my head, which proved to be an inky black cloud that had been blown into such fantastic shapes by the howling blast had also passed, so had every living soul, except myself, gone. Every other thing on the deck of that once proud ship had disappeared. I, with perhaps ten feet of her waist was all that remained on her decks. Masts, spars, every movable thing, even her anchors and chains had disappeared.

And where were the crew? It did not seem to me as if they could have gone; but so it was. I was all that was left on the deck of that wrecked ship.

It took me some time to collect my scattered senses, then as I slowly returned to my normal state, and my strength revived, and I was able to stand and look around, what a sight met my gaze. Simply the bare decks were to be seen, where, before the gale had struck, had so proudly stood those three masts, now splintered stumps; the shrouds, which so many men had so quickly sped up to the yard arms, were with the yard arms, swept away. All, all had gone, and were now with my brave companions, the whole crew of that ship, rolling together in a shapeless mass, as sport to the mad waves of old ocean. All, all had so quickly found a watery grave, that only a few short minutes before were resting secure with the thought, that they had so successfully passed the most dangerous place in that ever-to-be-dreaded China sea.

The sea had again become calm, the terrible roaring, dashing, foaming waves had passed on and over me, and I was left the sole occupant and survivor of that useless hulk of a once proud vessel as ever plowed the waters of this earth. Now, all was as quiet as the church yard; there was no motion except the long roll of the wide expanse of water, that now seemed like a child that has been severely punished; the paroxysm of tears has passed, yet its bosom heaves and throbs with its pent-up sorrow, or wrath at its persecutor.

As I came to a full realization of the situation, that I was alone in mid-ocean, on a dismantled ship, thousands of miles from any living thing, in inky darkness except at intervals, when the light of the moon shone through the rifts of the clouds, now broken into heavy rolling masses which followed the hideous black monster that had caused such havoc but a few moments before. I staggered and lost control of my reason again and sank to the deck in a heap, and all was a blank.

#### CHAPTER III.

Alone, alone! Think, O man, of the awful situation.

How long I lay there upon the deck of that wreck I do not know; it might have been one day or more. When I regained consciousness, I was lying on my back with the hot rays of the sun searing my face and hands. I was bewildered. I called for my shipmates; the sound of my voice startled me, and roused me to a full realization of my terrible situation. I cried aloud, "Alone, alone on a helpless wreck." As the horrible scenes of the typhoon slowly came back to my mind, it was with an effort that I was able to control myself; my first thought was to leap overboard, and thus end my misery.

I lay thinking for a long time, and the awful stillness almost drove me mad. I laboriously arose to my feet; then I began to feel the pangs of thirst and hunger; as I thought of this, my mind was diverted from my loneliness for the time. I went as quickly as my emaciated condition would permit to the cabin hatchway, and endeavored to open it, but found that my strength was not equal to the task; there was nothing on the deck with which I could open it, and to go forward to the fore-castle again, seemed to me like traveling a long and weary journey.

I started, and several times I fell on my way, because of my weakness; but after several attempts I succeeded in reaching it, and with an extra effort I succeeded in removing the hatch enough to allow my body to pass through, and I staggered down the narrow stairs, only to find the place so dark that I could not see. Again I began to laboriously work to find the tinder and steel, that I might strike a light. (In those days, there were no matches.) In my vain search for the tinder, I stumbled on a piece of hard bread that had been left by one of the unfortunate sailors.

Oh, how quickly I put that piece of bread to my mouth and began to chew a piece of it, but when I attempted to swallow it, my throat refused to let it pass; I had lain so long in the sun that my throat had become so dry and parched there was not moisture enough left in it to moisten that bread which the sailors always had to soak in either coffee or water before they could eat, even in health.

I tried my best to swallow, but it was of no use to try. I recoiled because of my weakness, and in trying to save myself from falling, my hand came in contact with a belaying-pin; I eagerly grasped it, and as I did so, my thoughts went in the direction of the cabin, where I had hopes I might find something with which I might quench my terrible thirst which seemed to increase with every breath.

As I ascended the stairs to the deck again I perceived that it was growing dark. I at first thought I was fainting, but I soon realized that the day was most done and night was coming on; again the thoughts of my lonely condition came upon me with redoubled force; I thought of the weakness of my body and brain, my thirst, my hunger; I must have something to help me soon, or I should be beyond help; this caused me to work with redoubled energy. Again I tottered to the cabin hatch, and with the belaying-pin to force the fastenings of it, I crept into that place which had never before been desecrated by the presence of a common sailor; I was as much a stranger there as I was at the last port we had just left. I had not the faintest idea of the arrangements of that cabin; daylight had gone, I was weak and hungry, there was no way to make a light. What to do, or how to do it, I did not know. My first and only thought was to find something to allay my great and burning thirst which now seemed to be burning my very soul; I cared not what it was, anything in the shape of liquid.

Perhaps some of my readers will ask why I did not drink of the sea water. I would answer such an inquiry, that if they had had such an experience as I had in my "crossing the line" they would readily see why I now let the sea water alone. Then I was thrown into it, and dragged by a line about my body; I was compelled to drink what seemed to me as gallons, until I was made so thirsty that I did not recover from the effects of it for many days. My recollection of that event now came to me in the shape of a lesson that was of much value.

I soon found myself against the solid partition of the cabin; I frantically felt my way along that partition, and in my mad wanderings I stumbled over stools and such other obstructions as came in my way; I fell, and picked myself up to fall again, and again. I finally found a passage-way; I entered it and found shelves; I frantically felt for that which was uppermost in my mind; something to quench my thirst.

How the time seemed to fly; I had no means of telling what time it was. I did not think of time; my only thought was of something to drink. I placed my hands on everything within my reach. I went around the enclosure, whatever it might be and found nothing that I wanted; at last I found myself at the place where I started; I felt my way still on and found a door; I tried and to my joy I could open it. I entered and my hopes were again raised; I soon found what was new to me, a bed; but I thought it was useless to continue my search there, for I thought no one would keep anything to drink in a bedroom. So much for early education. I turned to retrace my steps, when I came in contact with something over which I fell, and in my fall my hand came in contact with some hard substance; I felt it all over and I thought it was a chest; I felt it all over again and found the lid and with my feeble strength I finally succeeded in raising it. I put my hand in it, and the first thing my hand came in contact with seemed to impart new life to me. It was a flask. I raised it and shook it; I pulled the stopper and putting it to my lips and not stopping to taste, I swallowed the contents and sat on the floor to rest and enjoy the benefits derived from it.

Never did man enjoy greater pleasure than I did those few moments that I remained conscious after draining the contents of that flask.

(To be continued.)

We should avoid whatever may display bad feeling, and attend with civility to what may be addressed to us, all hearts are conciliated by politeness and affability.--Socrates.

#### INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A Narrative of Spiritual Manifestations.

I am very much interested in Mr. Peter's writings, and hope they will be continued. The people are good to fill up the paper, and furnish food for thought, but I think facts or experiences from this side of life or the other are more convincing, and give us a better understanding how to live.

I was interested in the experience of Priscilla E. McArthur, as I have had a good many similar experiences. I will tell you about the transition of my son.

In 1902 I belonged to a home circle. For convenience I will give the first name of each member, Jennie, Mart, Lill, myself. Homer, one of my sons was not well at all, torpid liver and seemed all kinds of ailments. One evening in October Jennie saw a large bunch of roots. She described them. Mart got the word "Kalamazoo," but I said "calamus root." Now what must we do? The spirits said, "Get the roots, scrape off the rough bark, cut in thin slices, put in china or porcelain vessel, pour boiling water on, cover, let stand till cool, drink wineglass full three or four times a day." It proved to be the best medicine for torpid liver or indigestion I have ever found. My son used it and got much better.

Soon after that, one evening Homer saw a hand with a white glove, the index finger pointing up, a white butterfly on end of finger, a bouquet of red, white and blue flowers in hand. I was impressed to say "In May or June, when the butterfies come, and the larkspurs bloom," but could tell no more.

In January, 1903, I was lying on bed reading, Sunday afternoon. I heard a very loud rap. I looked up and saw standing at the foot of the bed a very big man, with a peculiar turban on his head. He said, "Egyptian." Then he showed himself behind me. From that on he was near me a great deal. He placed a very peculiar boat over me, saying, "Protection." About the 20th of March, in circle, I saw an open gate at my feet, was given a spade and told to fill in. About that time the boat was removed and a bamboo tree planted at my back. Then I was given a bag with \$110 marked on it; was told "Insurance." About that time my boy came home from work (he was cutter boy at the paper mill). He said he could see nothing but old men all day, the clean white sheets of paper were all covered. I knew then the Egyptian was with him. On Saturday evening, May 16, Ed said, "Mother go to Perry's to-morrow (Sunday) morning." We went, a distance of about nine miles; we had to walk three miles to get there. Frank's family (my oldest son) was there, and Ed enjoyed himself until evening. On the way home he said his back ached, in about one hour after he back came, he began gasping and panting as though he had been running very fast. At last he spoke, saying, "Pretty near they would have had me." I asked, "Who, Ed?" He said, "The people where I was." I asked, "Where were you, Ed?" He smiled and said, "You know." I asked, "How many people were there?" He said, "Oh, a big million." I asked, "Did you know any one there?" He said, "No." I said, "You must have known some one if there were so many." He said, "No."

He had a brother 22 years old that had gone on one and a half years before, and one sister 13 years old that had gone on one year before, and I thought perhaps he had met them. I asked him a great many more questions. To all he answered clear and distinct. At last he pulled my apron. I bent over to hear what he had to say; he kissed me, then said, "Good-bye, ma." He kissed me over and over again, saying, "Good-bye, ma"; then he called his father, kissed him good-bye, then his sister Lora, then his brother Frank; his other sons, and four brothers didn't get here in time to give him good-bye. He passed to the higher realms May 20. If he had lived till August 24 he would have been 15 years old. After his spirit returned and while he talked, the Egyptian was in the room. Ed was taken by him, but they often return in the same boat. SALLIE E. STIVER, Miamisburg, Ohio.

#### GROW OLD BEAUTIFULLY.

Why need age ever make one sour, Crotchety, crabbed and sad? Why shouldn't each heart spend life's last hour In making other hearts glad? Experience makes us older grow; But the soul should always keep cheery; Because the old garment is thread-bare and worn. Need its wearer be less merry? Pray tell me, why the old may not, Be cheerful, happy and gay? Since the sun only sets in this green dot, To rise for a longer day.

If while in the mortal form we live, We spend life well and dutifully; We scarcely know the pleasure we'd give In growing old so beautifully. Time comes to us all when quiet we'll keep; Eyes closed; hands folded; His will; Peace! Rest for a moment--how dreamless the sleep--Till the sun climbs over the hill! Los Angeles, Cal. E. P. FERN.

You fear that with the downfall of belief will fall also the basis of conscience. I maintain that the true conscience will now for the first time arise. What do you understand by conscience? Your conscience is imagination and fear; my conscience is reason and honor.--Karl Heinzen.















# The Soul Radiates as Many Colors as the Rainbow.

PSYCHIC LAWS GENERALLY LEAD TO A KNOWLEDGE OF SPIRIT RETURN. SOUL DEVELOPMENT CAN BEST BE ATTAINED THROUGH A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING OF THESE LAWS THAT UNDERLIE THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF SPIRIT RETURN. IT IS PLEASING TO NOTE THAT THERE IS AN AWAKENING IN THIS RESPECT AMONG WHAT IS WRONGLY REGARDED AS THE "UPPER" CLASSES, THOSE WHO ARE EXTREMELY WEALTHY, BUT WHO AS A GENERAL RULE SPURN SPIRITUALISM. THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE WILL BE READ WITH DEEP INTEREST, ILLUSTRATING WHAT IS GOING ON IN REFERENCE TO PEERING INTO THE CONDITION AND STATUS OF THE IMMORTAL SOUL. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER WILL LEAD IN PUBLISHING EVERYTHING THAT PERTAINS TO ANALYZING THE CONDITION OF THE INNERMOST BEING.

Soul development [says the New York Herald] is Newport's latest fad. To the unregenerate city by the sea that called forth Colonel Watterston's famous anathema has come a distinguished Scotch woman, Margaret Gladstone Stuart, with the altruistic purpose, frankly proclaimed, of teaching the smart set not only how to find its soul but when once found how to determine its color and general material characteristics.

Color of the soul? Material characteristics? Yes, it does sound paradoxical, but according to the propounds of this new high priestess it is literally true that one's soul does have color and form as well as numerous other peculiarities undreamed of in the theology of that sturdy old New Englander Jonathan Edwards. One's soul may be green, gold, gray, brown, yellow, violet, blue or red, declares Mrs. Stuart, and in a series of lectures and drawing-room talks she is now conducting in Newport the fashionable summer colony are learning the discouraging and awful fact that their souls are for the most part a vermillion red.

The promulgator of this startling cult, it is interesting to know, is no less a personage than a grandniece of the great Gladstone. She is also a granddaughter of the Countess of Galloway, and was born in the famous castle of Galloway, one of the show places of the Scottish Highlands, and last, but not least, to approach her more immediate ancestry, she is a daughter of the late Balfour Alexander Stuart, a prominent member of the British Society for Psychical Research and author of a score of well-known works on metaphysical subjects.

## Instant Popularity.

Although Mrs. Stuart has been in Newport but a few weeks she has already enrolled a large number of the smart set in her classes, and almost every day finds her lecturing or talking in some exclusive house to an equally exclusive circle of interested listeners. The main business of the new cult is transacted at Mrs. Stuart's pleasant little apartment in Bellevue avenue, next door to the Casino, and it is here, of mornings, that the really interesting things take place. Here is where Mrs. Stuart instructs her classes, and here is where she performs diverse miracles in the way of reading of secret histories connected with gloves, jewels, hair, etc.

In these pretty apartments, whose rear windows overlook the Casino grounds, a Herald reporter found the lady one day last week. She had just dismissed an early morning class, which the reporter met as they trooped down stairs—a bevy of well known matrons and maids, whose names must, for obvious reasons, remain unmentioned.

The class met thus early on this particular morning, explained Mrs. Stuart, so as to have it over within time to get to the tennis game, for which the fashionable crowd was even now gathering on the green turf almost under Mrs. Stuart's drawing room windows.

Mrs. Stuart looks very much like a sibyl. She is tall and slender of figure and her face is that of a

highly intellectual Scotch woman. Her most remarkable characteristic is her eyes, deep dark gray and set wide apart, as so often seen in those women in whom the intuitive faculties and psychic qualities are highly developed.

"My religion is based on theories as old as civilization itself," said Mrs. Stuart in answer to a question regarding the chief features of her theological system. "The theory of auras is originally an Oriental one, and had its manifestation in later ages in the aureoles about the heads of the Christian saints. Every soul radiates a certain material substance. You may define this substance as electricity, light, aura or whatever you will, but the fact remains that whatever term you use the substance is the same.

"A few choice spirits in all ages of the world have always been able to see this aura or reflection of soul with the visual eye, though it has remained obscure to the grosser and more ordinary vision. The literature of all ages, both sacred and profane, attests the fact that this halo or illumination has been seen by men about the hands of other men.

"Paul saw it, and St. John saw it, and Mahomet saw it, and so has almost every other highly spiritualized man seen it. But they of the older time content to see the phenomenon, while we of the curious present want to know something more definite about it. It is to this end that I have come to Newport to form classes in the study of the aura.

## The Higher Sense.

"Everybody radiates an aura, and were we highly enough developed spiritually and physically we should each of us be able to see our neighbor's aura and tell what color it is, just as we can see his hair and tell what color it is.

"But what is the use of such ability once it should be acquired?" a bishop asked me the other day. I looked at him in amazement for a moment, and then I asked him if he didn't think that much of our capacity for helping our fellow men both spiritually and morally could be greatly augmented if we were only able to see them as they really are. We may be hypocrites in our personal relations with each other, we may even be hypocrites in our relations with God, as far as outward appearances are concerned, but our auras are bound to tell the truth about us.

"The aura cannot deceive anybody. By their color you shall know them. That is the watchword of the new faith, based upon a scientific study of human radiation.

"The soul radiates as many colors as does the rainbow. When I see a preponderance of blue light radiating from a person I know instantly that that person is large in spirituality, for blue is the color of highly spiritualized souls. A preponderance of golden radiation betokens high-mindedness and ambition—for instance, a man like Napoleon would radiate no other color. Lavender is the emanation of those in whom the material instinct is abnormally developed, just as green is the radiation of those who are intensely sympathetic. Around people who are about to die one versed in the study of auras may easily see a black, murky substance lowering like a cloud, and about those who are addicted only to the world and the pleasures of the flesh there is to be seen a nimbus of glowing red.

"Here in Newport I find that about nine people out of ten radiate red auras, and the object of my teaching is to help such people to attain a chromatic radiation.

"Ah, yes, I shall explain," continued Mrs. Gladstone Stuart. "By a chromatic radiation I mean an aura in which all the colors of the rainbow shall be blended in their proper harmony and proportion. It is no more natural for a human being to radiate one color to the exclusion of all other colors than that he should eat only one article of food. Excess in color radiation is as bad as excess in anything else. In perfect spiritual, moral and physical health a man's aura will be composed of all the primary colors in the same order and proportion in which one sees them in the rainbow or refracted by a prism. There will be a little blue for spirituality, a little yellow for wholesome ambition, a little violet for mother love, a little green

for sympathy and a little red for healthy animal spirituality. Such a perfectly healthy aura will show no touch of gray or black, and the general effect upon the beholder will be that of a harmonious ensemble. To the untrained eye, to the eye that cannot see the chromatic radiation of such a person, that person will present what is known as poise. All well poised characters, whether they know it or not, radiate chromatic auras.

## Some Technical Explanations.

"Such being the case it is natural that those who radiate one color should desire to acquire a proper proportion of other colors and get rid of the consequent superfluity of green, red or violet, as the case may be. Especially is this desirable where the prevailing color is red. To this end I divide my pupils into classes according to the prevailing color. All who emit red radiations are grouped by themselves, all the green radiators are grouped by themselves, and so on.

"The red class, which might be termed the primary class, is then put through a course of instruction in mental and spiritual gymnastics, which will in time graduate its members into other classes whose color it is desirable to partake of. Out of the red class a pupil will pass into a class where green is the predominant color, and he will be kept there until he has absorbed sufficient of the green radiations. Then he passes into the violet, and from the violet into the blue class. The latter color is the very highest which a human soul can attain when in the carnal body.

"It is superseded only by white, the color of God and of the angels.

"An ability to see and understand the meaning of each other's aura would be the greatest incentive to right living and right thinking that the mind of man can conceive of. It would do away with all excuse for lies and deception, for what is the use of a lie when all the world can read the truth of our hearts by a glance at our aura?

"To be sure, not all my pupils are studying the subject for the highest good it can bring them. Many of the women and girls in my classes are attracted to them for the benefit they hope to derive in the way of helping them to adjust their love affairs, and even of divorce.

"People ask me how such knowledge could be of benefit to people in love or to divorcees or those contemplating divorce. The answer is very simple. Love is the most psychological of all human conditions, and of all human conditions love and the ailments of love admit most freely of psychological treatment. All the sorrows and pains of love arise from psychological causes. When somebody who once loved us ceases to do so a psychological fact is responsible for the change. This psychological fact is none other than that there has been a change, perhaps a very slight one, in the color of the aura of one or the other of the lovers.

## The Matrimonial Problem.

"If men's and women's auras could always be kept burning with a steady glow, always emitting the same color or combination of colors that those auras were when they first met and loved, there would be no such thing as 'falling out of love.'

"The same thing applies, only in greater degree, to marriage and the difficulties which lead to the dissolution of marriage. These, too, are highly psychological conditions, caused by the action and reaction of human emotions. Like the pitfalls of love, they are caused by changes and irregularities in the auras of those concerned, and the business of those who cannot live happily together is to set about and try to adjust their auras before having recourse to the divorce court.

"Married people, above all others, should train themselves so as to be constantly on the alert for any perceptible change in each other's radiations."

Among the interested students who crowd Mrs. Stuart's classes are clergymen and physicians, as well as society men and women. The features of the new cult as outlined by its high priestess, while they constitute what make it unique, are by no means its only startling features. As a mind reader and clairvoyant Mrs. Stuart has aroused an unusual amount of mys-

tery and interest, even in these days when such phenomena are common enough, but it is as a regulator and adjuster of auras that she is holding the attention of smart Newporters.

## The Psychic Eye.

It has been stated that Mrs. Stuart claims the Highland gift of second sight and second hearing. The claim in this case deserves something more than a mere statement. One may or may not place any faith in the Scotch tradition that certain people of the Highland clans are born into the world with a sense which enables them to see that which to ordinary vision is invisible and to hear what to ordinary ears is inaudible. One may or may not believe that the "psychic eye" and the "psychic ear" are only figments of the imagination, but the most skeptical cannot ignore the phenomena themselves which some of these people thus allegedly gifted are often able to produce.

In the reading of jewels and articles of wearing apparel Mrs. Stuart's gift approaches the extraordinary, and her services as an entertainer are being eagerly sought by Newporters. Her ability in this respect came to the notice of society in a rather unusual fashion. A few evenings after her arrival in Newport she went to one of the famous Casino concerts escorted by a well-known young man.

Previous to the concert the couple had dined in the club dining room, as is the popular fashion. It was Mrs. Stuart's first introduction to the Casino, and during the course of the dinner her companion noticed that she was staring very hard at something at the table opposite. Inquiry proved that a large carbuncle ring on the hand of one of the men of the party was the object of her interest. Mrs. Stuart expressed herself as greatly agitated, and it was only with the exercise of great self-control that she was able to finish the remaining courses of the menu. When they had returned to open air she told her companion that the carbuncle ring had suggested a frightful tragedy, and expressed a desire for an introduction to its owner, with whom the young man was well acquainted, though he had never heard anything remarkable about the history of the ring.

An interview was arranged for the next morning, and the result was a revelation to the owner of the carbuncle ring. Just what are the details of this revelation and exactly what are the circumstances of the dark secret discovered by Mrs. Stuart is not definitely known, though enough has leaked out to connect the ring with a not yet forgotten and mysterious suicide. The dead man, it is rumored, bequeathed the ring to the wearer, who was his best friend, and with it a letter in which he told his friend the real reason of his action. The dead man's secret, confided only to the solitary man's friend, had been kept inviolate even in all the hubbub and inquiry that followed the tragedy, and none ever dreamed or suspected the truth until the advent of the new psychic demonstrator.

The use of the word "clairvoyant" is, however, repudiated by Mrs. Stuart. What she claims to do is to read the aura or radiation of the article submitted, upon the theory that every article, however dead and inanimate it may be, has the power not only of thinking, but of reflecting its thoughts in its surrounding aura. All the experiences through which such an object has passed will be ineradicably impressed upon the aura radiated by the object.

Mrs. Stuart first discovered her power to read the histories connected with inanimate objects when as a girl of seventeen she was stricken with total blindness, the result of illness. "For a period of three years I was stone blind," she says, and during that time the atmosphere or aura of persons and things became visible to me. It sounds paradoxical to say that anything can be visible to one who is stone blind, but my meaning will be apparent if one will only stop and think how often one has striven to visualize objects while holding one's eyes tight shut.

"When at last I received my sight, the keenness of my second sight did not in the least diminish. It was then that I set about to cultivate it, and with that object in view I went back to India and put myself under the tuition of the same old master who had become interested in me on the occasion of my first visit there as a child."

## ANCIENT TIMES.

The Erroneous Construction put Upon the Phenomena of Biblical Times is Responsible for More Erroneous Beliefs Than Anything Else. Since Erroneous Beliefs Are a Hindrance to Progression, Whatever Can Dispel them and Substitute Facts Will Aid the Solution of the Mysteries of Today and the Motive for Phenomena.

Thomas Paine, Robert Ingersoll, and many others had to bear all the vituperation that the intolerance of ignorance could heap upon them because they had not discovered that which is better to take the place of the idols they demolished.

The idea of an avenging God and executive Devil may have been necessary to keep the people in subjection in times when the animal nature in man manifested itself more in brute force than it does now. Let us consider, a little, the origin of God and devil. How many people ever give this a thought or know that we only have to read the fifth verse of the third chapter of Genesis to find the word "Gods"?

Both know that in the day we eat there of the tree your eyes shall be opened and you shall be as gods knowing good and evil. If we could read without preconceived notions, we might discover that the God of the Old Testament has all the attributes of the cruel, vindictive rulers of the times. Every generation of mankind has produced those who like to dominate over their fellows—animal propensities—and the lower grade of brain matter possessed by such men the more vindictive, cruel and selfish they are.

But the phenomena manifested which came from an invisible source was manifested to all grades of humanity, especially if they sought for it, just as it is now and the rulers made whatever use of it their inclinations suggested. Because these manifestations came from an unseen source and there was so much power and knowledge accompanying them, the recipients supposed they were to be ruled in a future state of existence much as they were in the physical; and as their earthly rulers styled themselves king, lord, god, etc., so these names were bestowed upon the intelligences producing phenomena; hence the God of the Old Testament possesses all the attributes of earthly rulers.

Each individual's intelligence producing the phenomena was his god, hence there were many gods in those times. As the manifestations were good or evil according as the recipient wanted to use them, so there were gods and devils synonymous with good and evil. This all culminated in one God and one Devil with powers pretty equally divided. The Devil having the most, it would seem. Anyone who possessed brute

force and other characteristics necessary to set himself up as a ruler and compel his less fortunate fellow to follow for his support, was so "swelled up" over his importance that he set himself up on a throne—his way of getting above the "common herd"—and put a crown on his head and demanded that the people recognize his importance and signify their willingness to serve him by bowing down to him, kissing his big toe, or some such fool performance.

A few months ago I read of an eastern ruler, whose son was to pay his respects to him on his, the son's, thirtieth birthday, and did not dare to walk to him as he sat on his throne, but must crawl to him and crawl out again!

What chumps we are to believe that we must kneel to an imaginary god who sits on a throne with a crown on his pate, demanding that we do any foolish thing he may dictate!

Think of a people leaving the mother country and braving risks of crossing the treacherous ocean and enduring all the hardships and privations of a pioneer life in the wilds of a new country to get rid of king rule, and still sing: "I'm the child of a king; I'm the child of a king!"

But since we find that they did not leave their animal attributes behind them, but brought along some of the traits which were used against them in the mother country, as witnessed in the execution of so-called witches and in other ways, perhaps, if I had not been for the fear of an avenging God they would have been wiser. But one is left wondering whether the inculcation of humanitarianism—the practice of treating our fellow beings as we would have them treat us, not because of a promised reward in a future state of existence but because it was right—would not sooner have brought about better conditions.

Christ was not the first man whom nature produced possessing the finer elements which make the humanitarian. There were several before him who taught such, but because the people had not set them up for gods their history has passed before that of Christ's.

I am not belittling any good that may have resulted from Christ's teachings. A time comes in the evolution of mankind when the old machine becomes worthless because some brain has discovered principles in nature that had not been utilized in the old machine, and constructs one that is so much superior to the old that the old is made worthless for anything but the scrap pile. The same can be said of philosophy, scientific discoveries, but because the discoverer could not demonstrate his discoveries to the physical eye of the masses, only those who possessed the mental capacity to comprehend them accept them.

Christ said: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which

shall not taste of death till they see the son of man coming in his dignity. Did not his less fortunate fellow to follow for his support, was so "swelled up" over his importance that he set himself up on a throne—his way of getting above the "common herd"—and put a crown on his head and demanded that the people recognize his importance and signify their willingness to serve him by bowing down to him, kissing his big toe, or some such fool performance.

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## A NOTE OF WARNING.

Dangers of Rushing into Unknown Fields.

To the Editor:—In Mrs. M. A. Congdon's excellent article, "A View-Point of Theosophy," there is an undertone of interference, rather than seems to one who is a lover of the One Cause of which Spiritualism and Theosophy are two phases, to need a little attention.

There is a great difference between the warning and the warning of dangers ahead. Warning that will teach us to "step softly," to observe diligently and not be carried away by illusions, but to look beneath and see the real, the permanent, to use all steps as a means to an end and not the end itself; to realize that on the psychic plane there is danger of being held by the beauties (ever impermanent) that at first seem so alluring that one thinks he has reached heaven and is thus prevented, so long as he is in this condition, from making further progress.

Was not the study of Spiritualism tantamount to that which we have many blossoms that teach us of life, under many of these a serpent is coiled?

How many of our mediums really progress as the years pass? Is there not the same round of small messages, the same ideas, with but little variation, expressed?

Judging by late developments the same fraudulent manifestations going on year after year also.

And shall no note of warning be sounded? Shall the testimony of all those who have advanced into the world of the mysterious world that lies all about us—yes, verily, within us—be thrust aside by the childish hands of those just entering Spiritualism or mediumship, while they push on into the unknown fields, refusing the guidance of those who have preceded them, and trusting their happiness, their progress to some one but little more advanced than they?

Would we trust a child of five years with a double-edged knife and tell him "knowledge is power" in the use of this knife, and it is through your wrong-doing, your mistakes, your unfeeling selfishness on others that you learn; you must go through all these phases that you may know, so have no fear, but go ahead?

Not one of us would be so foolhardy. The knife would be placed out of reach while he was taught its use and abuse, and when permitted to handle it, he would be with a carefulness that would teach him that it was a powerful weapon to be used for the best good of all and never for purely selfish purposes.

Would we put a child in a chemical laboratory and tell him: There is know-

edge for you here. You need only the labor, as yet undeveloped, power within you, and the guidance of an invisible teacher to find that knowledge. You may wreck the lives of many people by your experiments but that is the way to learn. Have no fear and listen not to the voice of those who have made chemistry a study and tell you there is danger lurking in these beautiful or harmless-looking articles—it is only the cry of the fearful who would prevent your gaining knowledge.

Crude illustrations, these, but carry them into any phase of physical life and follow them to a logical conclusion—and ask yourself, shall we do this? And yet in the still later phase of life too many of us throw all discretion to the winds and each goes his "ain gait" trusting implicitly in his guides, if he is not after the money, and soon ready to give advice to old-time Spiritualists how to develop their mediumship.

That there is thought to be danger in the careless or unscrupulous working along so-called spiritual lines is clearly shown in the Open Path in The Progressive Thinker and in all my study of Theosophy, in all the warnings sounded, danger signals shown, I have never seen or heard such an arraignment as there given; such an urgent appeal for more earnest, truthful training of the neophyte as has been presented in the Spiritualist ranks in the last few months. From now on, however, and within this old could this come with the expectation of good as the result?

"Theosophy neither praises nor blames." Individual members of the society may be either according "to their light" but truly in regard to danger signals to Spiritualists they should now consider their occupation gone if indeed, they ever have so considered it.

There is no more exclusiveness in the study of the invisible elements than in any other scientific study, but surely there should be the same need of thorough preparation. The knowledge of the psychic, or astral, plane, is one that is in line with human evolution. The question is, shall we prepare for it by careful earnest study willing to bide our time, knowing that all we learn but brings us nearer the time when the blossom will unfold naturally or shall we force the growth as in a hot-house?

Those who study Theosophy learn that there is a gradual growth and each comes in its natural order if not interfered with. Not all are experts and it is useless to expect of the child in the seventh grade what we would from the college graduate. Between the two there are many steps gained only by earnest study and gained the more readily in the majority of cases by taking one step at a time and in natural sequence than by attempting to gain the last first, and also by heeding the advice of those who have passed over

the road. The occultist knows the difficulties through which he has passed, and we would save many a mistake if we would but heed his words, and be willing to follow the steps he points out. We should then make progress with less danger to self and others. That one sect, philosophy or individual has no "corner" on the higher elements we all know. If one calling himself a Theosophist chooses to rush into the, to him, unknown, without due preparation, he stands the same chance of failing as does the one calling himself a Spiritualist if he pursues the same course.

Let us prepare ourselves in all possible ways to be ready for the step that comes next in our evolution, and learn to make haste slowly. We have all the time there is for the unfolding of the soul's treasures, and we are convinced of the continuity of life, we need to attempt to compress it all into this small span. Let us not "abandon seeking" but surround ourselves with a purity of purpose, a nobility of aim, an earnest desire for the truth, and an infinite patience that can wait while it works for its own, that will lead us into the light of the perfect day where we will see all as parts of the One.

MRS. EMMA GREENE.

Topeka, Kans.

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Would you make some burdened life Just a little brighter?  
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Set the echoes ringing  
With your notes of endless joy,  
As you go a-singing.

Would you smooth the rugged path Down along life's highway?  
Would you plant the rose of love In some lonely byway?  
Just a deed of kindness done;  
Clear the path before us;  
And the lilies of God's love Bloom and blossom o'er us.

Just a little word of cheer Lightens every duty,  
Just a smile will often show Faces wreathed in beauty  
Sprinkle sunshine as you go; Comfort the distressed;  
And your glad reward shall be Heaven's choicest blessing.

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THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

**CONTRIBUTORS.**—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

**WRITE PLAINLY.**—We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that the Progressive Thinker is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other things being favorable, should be written plainly with ink on white paper, and with a typewriter, and only on one side of the paper.

**TERMS.**—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to do that they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and sometimes to two lines, as occasion may require.

**TAKE DUE NOTICE,** that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to say that Secretary or Correspondent writes so and so, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The initials of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

**KEEP COPIES** of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

Mr. John W. Ring, of Galveston, Texas, the National Superintendent of Lyceum Work, and a noted international speaker, will lecture at the Rising Sun Spiritualist Mission, 378 So. Western Avenue, on Monday evening, October 10, 1904. Subject: "In What Way Will Spiritualism Benefit Me?"

Through Mrs. Rouse as medium, Horace Greeley predicts that a great change will take place in this century in which much human blood will be shed, if not prevented by better laws.

A. C. Keck, secretary, writes: "Lake Brady closed the best camp season we have had, Sept. 4. The association was good money subscribed for a new auditorium, which we expect to build soon. The new officers just elected are as follows: President, C. F. Hungerford; Vice-President, Geo. W. Rouse; Secretary, A. C. Keck; Treasurer, Adah Merrill, Lake Brady."

Emil T. Vaas writes: "Our meetings are proving quite successful, and we are raising quite an interest among the Germans in the neighborhood of our hall. Mr. Joseph, as medium, gives eminent satisfaction, and your article explains our philosophy as best he can to good acceptance. We look forward to a successful winter campaign."

Thomas Burpee writes: "The season just past of the Sunapee Lake Spiritualist camp-meeting has been most successful and satisfactory. The association stands to-day on a firm financial basis with a substantial surplus in its treasury. Back dues have been paid; old members have returned; new members, realizing the practical value of the camp-meetings to the lake as a summer resort, have contributed liberally to their support. The many favors of the Woodsman Steamboat Company and the Boston & Maine Railroad are thoroughly appreciated, and are not rated among the least of the causes of the happy results achieved. Already with the purpose of making this camp-meeting second to none the country over, the officers of the association are busy with plans for next year. The best talent possible to procure will be placed upon the rostrum, and come who may to attend, believer or non-believer, no one can fail to find something edifying, satisfying and morally helpful."

As astronomy made men devout in the past it ought to have that effect more than ever before. The progress of astronomy have been revealed more in the last 100 years than in all previous time, and as to the extent of the universe the recent developments of astronomical photography have absolutely dwarfed the universe as previously known.

A. H. Hillis writes from Santa Barbara, Cal.: "Please find enclosed one dollar for one year's subscription to the best Spiritualist paper published—The Progressive Thinker. It is a welcome visitor in our home, and we know more about God's spirit world. I have loved ones living in that celestial world."

Nina D. Challen writes from Toledo, Ohio, in reference to the good work carried on at Findlay: "I have been visiting there for the last year, serving the society. I find a fine class of people there who are deeply interested in the good work. Mediums visiting Findlay, whose work is good and true, will find many friends. I hope that these people do not seek marvelous works; truth is good enough, if not so startling."

The practical astronomer is a cold-blooded man, not a whit more religious than his neighbor, so far as his excursions into the star depths are concerned. He photographs a small star in a distant constellation, puts the plate under a magnifying glass and finds that the supposed star is a star cluster, composed of a new universe, and while he trembles with intellectual excitement, his religious or poetical nature is no more quickened than if he had picked up a paper of pins on the sidewalk.

A. St. Louis (Mo.) paper says: "At the Spiritualist Temple, 2015 Pine Street, Mrs. J. H. Dallas, beauty doctor, poetess and writer of many short articles on love and the management of husbands, was married to J. C. Dinehart, of Tower City, N. D., who has not only his business there and come to St. Louis in the fulfillment of an antenuptial promise. The wedding was quiet, attended by but a few friends, and the impressive Spiritualist ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Grimshaw. The bride, who really confessed to 45 years, was gowned in becoming gray. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Dinehart left for the East, where they will visit Mr. Dinehart's relatives. When they return a few weeks hence they will make their home at 614 Leonard Avenue."

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

We go to press early Monday morning, hence communications intended for publication must reach this office not later than the previous Saturday morning. Bear this in mind.

Send your noble efforts in the cause for truth and justice. We thank you and greatly appreciate the propagation of Spiritualism by your fearless exposures of those who practice fraud under its banner. Keep on with the good work."

Dr. W. O. Knowles writes from Toledo, Ohio: "I wish to thank my friends and mediums of Grand Rapids, Mich., who kindly assisted me in the trying sickness of my wife, Grace March 3, 1904. She is slowly recovering, which makes it possible for me to take engagements again; therefore I would be pleased to hear from societies or camp associations who wish my services for lectures and messages for winter months and season of 1905. I am at this time serving the Independent Society of Toledo for the month of September. One more Sunday here. Address all mail to 247 Coade Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich."

A correspondent writing from Payne, Ohio, under date of September 29, says: "It is not perhaps very widely known, but there is a spiritual society in this place, and in fact, it can hardly be called an organized society. Seven years ago Mr. John Ball, aided by his brother William and a few other friends of Spiritualism, advertised a meeting in a grove near this place, which was largely attended, not only by the people of Payne, but of the surrounding country for fifteen or twenty miles. Every year since that time a similar gathering has been held with audiences numbering from three to six thousand. This year, however, Sept. 18, on account of the storm, which raged from early in the morning until midday, it was impracticable to hold a meeting in the grove until afternoon, when the sun came out and the people who came in the night before from a distance, and the immediate vicinity, repaired to the grove where they were addressed by Dr. T. A. Bland of Chicago, who was followed by Mrs. Nora E. Hill, pastor of the Rising Sun Spiritualist Mission, Chicago, who gave a number of tests. Mrs. Lyon of Chicago, formerly and widely known as Virginia Bryan, lecturer and test medium, and who from the first has been the chief attraction of these meetings, was under the control of her clairvoyant guide, announced that next year, they would hold a camp meeting at that place. This announcement was received with enthusiasm, and the programme will undoubtedly be successfully carried out. Mrs. Lyon is the daughter of Mr. John Ball, and has co-operated earnestly with her father, mother and uncle in the good work at Payne. This unique gathering of earnest and intelligent Spiritualists deserves much credit for their unselfish devotion to the cause."

M. C. Goossen and wife write: "In making an unexpected visit in Toledo, Ohio, to spend Sunday, myself and wife were walking about the city, and to our surprise we saw at the G. A. R. Hall a call for a Spiritualist meeting for 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., and lecture to be given by Dr. W. O. Knowles of Grand Rapids, Mich. The writers had not seen the Doctor for several years, and we went to listen to him both times and we enjoyed more than ever the manner the Doctor answered questions, several in number to the utmost satisfaction of the listeners. Besides the lectures given, the doctor gave spirit messages by description and full names that were astounding to those present. The Doctor is fine in his work, and is surely doing great good, and proving to the world what others preach, that there is life after death, or departure from this body."

Mrs. Isa Wilson Kayner, missionary for the Texas State Spiritualist Association, leaves for San Antonio, Texas, on Sept. 26, to attend the convention held on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 and 2. Afterwards she goes to Galveston, Texas, for the remainder of the month.

Isa A. Cross writes: "On Sunday evening, Oct. 2, at 319 E. 55th Street, the Hyde Park Occult Society held Dr. Burgess with them. He will give his lecture on Indians, and what he knows of them, and will be very anxious to hear him on that subject, as we know he is posted on it, as he has been among them so much. Come and learn about our red brothers and sisters. Our package school, Sept. 22, was a success both socially and financially. One of the features which gave us all a good laugh was two colored waiters, one of whom had blue eyes. They acted out their character as though they had been there before. Plenty of watermelon, lots of packages, music, etc., made an evening long to be remembered. We intend having a week-long seance a little later. Come again, friends."

I. W. J. Hovos writes: "My wife and I have returned from our vacation, and are ready to take up our work again, which we shall commence to do in our new hall, 31st and Lock Streets, Sunday evening, October 2, at 8 o'clock, and shall be pleased to have all our old friends with us. Lectures and spirit messages at each service."

Mrs. M. Henry writes: "On Thursday evening, Sept. 29, there will be a social given under the auspices of the Light of Truth church in the parlors of the pastor, Mrs. Burdland, 3019 Vernon Avenue. We anticipate a very pleasant evening, as there will be good music and a number of good psychics present. Prof. Verne and wife, palmists, as well as other correspondents and others will give clairvoyant 'visions' and other talismans will not be complete without Violet, Mrs. Burdland's little control, to give spirit messages. Refreshments served."

Scribe writes from Detroit, Mich.: "The International Society of Spiritualists held their second meeting last Sunday, with another large and interested audience of representative Spiritualists. The opening meeting on the 18th held at the First Church of the Disciples, in the parlors of the pastor, Mrs. Burdland, was well attended and instructed a very large congregation with a history of Indian life. He described their customs, their ceremonies, their modes of living and their religion; also described the relation of the Indian to mediums in material life as guides, ending his discourse with a few stories of supposed supernatural happenings, which were really spiritual phenomena, which he had witnessed. Mrs. Weaver kindly consented to give some tests. Sunday, October 2, Mrs. N. Trafton will address us in the afternoon and that evening Rev. Thos. S. Warner, our assistant pastor, will deliver a lecture on 'Decision.' He is a fluent speaker, able to handle his subjects and capable of impressing his audience with the truth of his remarks. We invite all Spiritualists to attend a special invitation to those who are not to attend our meetings."

J. B. Mann writes from Winnipeg, Manitoba: "My brother and I take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the success of your publication and trust that still greater success will attend your efforts."

G. H. Brooks writes from Baltimore, Md.: "I have changed my address from 121 North Avenue to 121 North Carrollton Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Some of my mail matter has been lost of late, and among the same was one from Philadelphia, Pa., stating I was engaged for April to serve Mr. Locke's society again. I have January and March open and would like to make engagements soon for these two months. I give readings at the close of my evening lectures. My wife is stopping at No. 1023 Ingraham Street, Los Angeles, Cal., where she will be pleased to see any of my old friends as well as the new ones. The work is progressing nicely here in Baltimore."

Elizabeth Kemp Roberts writes: "I have just returned from a little visit in Portland, Oregon, and while there I attended the First Spiritual Society, both morning and evening, and I venture to send you a few lines in regard to it. The eleven o'clock conference was well attended. The subject under discussion was 'Obedience,' and it was ably handled by several speakers. After the conference, never having attended a lyceum meeting, I remained, and met some very pleasant ladies and Mr. G. C. Love, the president of the society. The lyceum was very interesting—five classes—or groups, I believe they are called—of children, and a large circle of grown persons. The evening session was excellent. Mr. Love lectured to a full house on 'Spiritual gifts,' and how we were to often ignorant concerning them. At the close of the lecture Mr. and Mrs. Davis, a blind couple gave us some beautiful music. Mr. Davis, the violin and Mrs. Davis the piano. After that Mr. Love gave some time to giving tests. I enjoyed my visit with them very much."

Fannie Spalding has open dates, and would like to correspond with societies wishing her services as speaker and test medium. Address 353 East Main Street, Norwich, Ct.

Maine State Spiritualists Convention. The Spiritualists of Maine will assemble in their annual convention in City Hall, Portland, Oct. 2, 3 and 4. Delegates will please come with proper credentials from societies they represent.

Rates on railroads and at the Atwood Hotel have been secured. The best of talent in speakers, and for test medium Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., will interest all who attend.

Everyone is cordially invited to be present, and we anticipate a grand meeting. ROBERT HAYDEN, Treas. MRS. VIOLA A. B. RAND, Secy.

TRUTH WILL TRIUMPH.

Notes of Work in Michigan and Ohio.

I am pleased to note in the well-filled columns of The Progressive Thinker the evidence of increasing interest in our cause all over this broad land of ours. After spending twelve weeks at camp work I feel justified in being very optimistic as regards the future of Spiritualism, and that despite the croakings of so many who seem to fear the self-analysis to which Spiritualism is subjecting right at this time. I am confident that right will come uppermost and out of the fire of its trial our glorious cause will come with a temper of truth more firmly established than ever before. I can but feel that the "Open Court" is a heaven-appointed function of The Progressive Thinker, and that it will redound to good I have no doubt.

On August 28 I concluded my engagement as chairman of Grand Lodge of Mich., and on Sunday, Sept. 4, I had to go to a meeting of speakers at a convocation of 1,200 people at Wentworth's Grove, Ohio. I found the promoters of that meeting a noble band of workers of our cause having allied engagements there sometimes during the period named. I understand that during all these years the meetings have been fostered and cared for by the Wentworth family, from whom the grove takes its name, and many other workers of the way have been ready to give their aid and counsel, prominent among the number being Mr. Fred D. Dunakin, of Cecil, O., and Mr. Chapman, of Antwerp, O.

During the remaining Sundays of September I am filling a very pleasant engagement with the Society here at Owosso, Mich. We are having large audiences and the people seem to be well pleased both with the lectures of our guides and with the messages of our clairvoyant. Indeed, during the period named, I understand that during all these years the meetings have been fostered and cared for by the Wentworth family, from whom the grove takes its name, and many other workers of the way have been ready to give their aid and counsel, prominent among the number being Mr. Fred D. Dunakin, of Cecil, O., and Mr. Chapman, of Antwerp, O.

The Cause in Ellyria, Ohio. The Progressive Spiritualists Society of Ellyria held its annual meeting on September 30, and closed the following officers for the coming year, beginning October 1: F. W. Martin, president; J. M. Woolridge, first vice-president; Miss Laura Winslow, second vice-president and lyceum conductress; Miss Bertha Welz, secretary and treasurer; the above with Mrs. Henson, Mr. Arnold and Mr. Reinke forming the new board of trustees. We propose with the coming year to place a more progressive and aggressive campaign in the spiritual field, and would be pleased to hear from any able workers in the cause that may come our way, as well as good physical mediums, only such as are known or can give the best of references need apply. During nearly seven years of the existence of our society, we only charged admission for a short time, and then only when we had noted our growth and progress, and for the past four or five years all of our meetings have been free, and this policy will be strictly adhered to in the future. The writer believes this essential to the growth and welfare of our cause and has noticed with regret that societies that adopted this plan in many instances have gone back to the old way of charging admission. I believe that a more thorough trial should be made, and I feel satisfied that in the long run it will prove the more satisfactory way, to welcome all, without asking them for a door fee. If properly managed the collections or free offerings will more than offset a ten-cent door fee. This is only a kindly suggestion, and not offered in the way of criticism. But having thoroughly tried the old way, and seeing that our society may profit by this suggestion and our experience. Our meeting place, while not all we could desire, is used for no other purpose and has been occupied by us for several years. A new hope seems to have sprung up in the hearts of our members and with the assistance of the angel world, coupled with unselfish devotion on our part, writer hopes to greatly strengthen the society and the cause in our beautiful little city, and lives in the fond hope of seeing no distant date at a modest, but abundant temple, which we may call, our own, and to this end would bespeak the kindest thoughts of all true Spiritualists, that may read this, for the success of our proposed undertaking, the welfare of our little society and the growth of our beautiful spiritual cause, and the spiritual life of all. E. W. MARTIN, Ellyria, Ohio.

## CREED OR KNOWLEDGE.

(The Basis of Orthodoxy, and of Spiritualism.)

Answering the article of H. V. Swearingen in The Progressive Thinker of July 3, some interesting arguments are to be met with. We agree substantially with the statements of the writer but would call attention to the last sentence of the article "In this day of revision of creeds, the Apostles' Creed should receive some attention." Compare this statement with the tenor of the article and we behold a fair field for argument. The whole Apostles' Creed is based only on faith, on belief, and its purpose was to separate Christians from unbelievers. Faith acknowledges a truth, but let it not be forgotten that error is often mistaken for truth. It is impossible for millions and multitudes of people, each cast in different mold to live up to a creed, as each man's faith is for self only. Some possess the faith building qualities to a great extent, others to a less. Faith implies doubt, and doubt is a negative condition.

Knowledge is to know and is positive. A negative condition is one more or less imperfect. As to the age and origin of the Apostles' Creed, the article mentioned above justly refers readers to the encyclopaedia for information and it is not necessary to set out either age or origin. Suffice it, that at several times the original creed sustained omissions and received additions all out of consideration for various sects and denominations. Arthur Cushman McGiffert in his treatise on the Apostles' Creed calls attention to the fact that the creed is significant as well for its omissions as for its assertions. Especially does he mention the silence regarding the baptism of Christ, his words of love and mercy and the fulfillment of messianic prophecy so fully laid stress upon by all early preachers.

Not even does the creed make mention of Jesus as a Redeemer. Were all the various denominations of one accord to believe, all the omissions would disappear. Instead of made part of the creed. Having built up their institutions on faith only, and not upon truth, it was better for the Christian church to set up a creed the various parts of which were not in dispute and to omit any and all matter upon which they did not universally agree.

Since this creed is only a creed and over statement thereof is made only useful, we can hardly agree with the writer of the article heretofore referred to regarding a revision. We would say, abandon the creed altogether and set up a construction of facts. This would be the right course, for in revising the creed, the same would still remain a creed; and where truth should stand, a belief only would be perpetuated. Spiritualists having the truth do not need a creed, but can well establish a platform. Instead of revising the creed we would suggest the following in its place:

Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell.

The third day he arose again from the dead and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

The Holy Catholic Church, The communion of saints; The forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. Amen.

A Suggested Platform.

I know there is a Universal Father, Spirit of Love sustaining and permeating the universe, and that I possess in diminutive degree that love spirit.

Taking Jesus Christ as a precedent, I know that He, the Nazarene, was conceived in perfect love and born in purity, by reason of which He became in close touch with the divine Father spirit of love, He unjustly suffered for the sake of truth, the current in His day; after His death He descended into the lower stages of spirit life to administer to the spirits therein.

After administering to these he ascended to the higher stage to which he, by reason of his purity, belonged, namely, next to the great universal Father Spirit of Love, where he is enabled to determine all the good and evil in the world beneath.

I know that, I, part spirit of the great love spirit receive aid from the divine force.

I know that all embodied spirits constitute the holy universal church on earth, the foundation of which is Spiritualism.

And I know that all spirits embodied and disembodied, can and do communicate with me in another way.

That by the exercise of good the suppression of sins be accomplished and finally total extinction of all wrong.

I know that the spirit shall rise after material death to higher stages, progressing gradually until perfect when the spirit shall then dwell in joy, peace, harmony and love forever.

All this I truly know.

M. A. THIEMAN, Milwaukee, Wis.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the discovery of a positive cure for Asthma. In the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanic product found on the Congo River, West Africa, a cure was wrought by it in the worst cases, are really marvellous. Sufferers of twenty to fifty years' standing have been at once restored to health by the Kola Plant Compound. Among others, many ministers of the gospel testify to its wonderful powers.

Rev. S. H. Elenberg, Ph. D., Centre Hall, Pa., perches one of the worst cases, was permanently cured after many years' suffering. Rev. S. H. Hopkins, Union, Ind. writes May 25th, his wife was cured two years ago after eight years' suffering. Rev. F. F. Wright, the noted Evangelist, Abilene, Texas, writes was cured of Hay-Fever and Asthma after eight years' suffering and was a member of the Kola Plant Compound Co., Manager of the Gainesville Shoe Co., writes, the Kola Compound is a death blow to Asthma. I cured my daughter after all hope had gone and words are inadequate to express our gratitude to the Importers.

We prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power. The Kola Importing Co., No. 1156 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola Compound free by mail to every sufferer from any form of Asthma. This is very fair, and we advise sufferers to send for a case. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

The Present Age and Inner Life: And a New Method of Reading the Clairvoyant and explained. By Andrew Jackson Davis. We have a few copies of this work by the celebrated seer. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Spiritual Science." By Mattie E. Hull. This pretty volume contains fifty-seven of the author's best essays, each of which is a gem in itself, and a portrait of the author. Price 75 cents.

## PROPHECIES FULFILLED.

Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley.

Noticing the discussion as to whether our spirit friends can see into the future and foretell events, and the question being debated at a meeting I attended, I related a few of the prophecies given by the guides of Georgia Gladys Cooley.

The night before the burning of the Ingalls theatre, the same was fully described in a vision given to Mrs. Cooley. She was then in Denver, Colo., and described the burning building and said, a great number would lose their lives.

She also had a vision of a Japanese seance, in which she was told by a Japanese spirit, that their people would go to war with Russia, and that they (the Japanese) would be victorious. There were between thirty-five and forty people present at this time, as she was having an "at home." I have kept note of the prophecies given by the guides of Mrs. Cooley for over ten years and they have all been fulfilled.

Among others was the Spanish-American war, also the English and Boer war, and that it would be a long and bloody one. She predicted the election, re-election and assassination of William McKinley, and that Roosevelt would succeed himself; also that there is to be another assassination of a president, and the forming in time of an entirely new political party.

I could state other prophecies of not such a public nature given by her guides, all of which prove to me beyond a doubt that those in the spirit world can see into the future.

Chicago, Ill. F. N. BURK.

The Cause in Buffalo, N. Y.

I opened my engagement with the First Spiritual Society of Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 4. The morning session opened with a fair audience, but the evening one was, so the chairman remarked, the largest September opening the association has enjoyed for many years, and a marked increase has favored each succeeding meeting, last Wednesday night being the "record-breaker" for mid-week meetings since the society has been in existence.

The officers of the association all seem to work in harmony and great credit is due them. The president, Mr. Leo Manger, has returned from Lily Dale, and is the right man in the right place. Being in sympathy with both the philosophy and phenomena, he is one a sensitive feels at home with on the platform, consequently good work is accomplished. Friday evening, Sept. 20, the society gave an entertainment and hop at their temple, corner Prospect and Jersey streets, and an excellent time is anticipated. Come one, come all and join the merry throng.

I cannot close this note without mentioning the excellent work done here by Mrs. J. H. R. Matison, the renowned clairvoyant doctor, of 248 N. Division Street. His diagnoses and prescriptions for from fifty to sixty persons daily, some of her cures are most marvelous. No more charitable person lives than this dear woman—many poor are treated gratuitously as well as being aided in other ways, and in all her good work she is so unassuming I feel impressed to christen her "Buffalo's Ministering Angel of Love."

GEORGIA GLADYS COOLEY.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free. All in excess of ten lines will be charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line. About seven words constitute one line.]

Wm. Sears passed to spirit life, at Maquoketa, Iowa, aged 72. He was preparing to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, on October 11. He will be remembered by many campers at Mc Pleasant Park.

MRS. WM. SEARS.

Mr. O. C. Williamson passed to spirit life, Sept. 20, 1904, at Indianapolis, Ind. He was an ardent Spiritualist, knowing there is no death. He passed out calm and peacefully, aged 84.

MRS. D. A. WILLIAMSON.

Geo. B. Payne passed to spirit life, September 15, 1904. He had only been sick two days, and his passing away was a great surprise to his friends. Mr. Payne had been a resident of Topeka, Kansas, for the past sixteen years, and was a successful real estate dealer. He was secretary of the Kansas State Spiritualist Association, and one of our best workers. We will miss him much in the labor of love, but know that he is not dead, but only crossed over a little way to join the friends in the real home. Many beautiful floral offerings were sent to the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Anna Payne, 522 Topeka Avenue, among them a beautiful "Gates Ajar," from the Occult Science Club of which he was a member, and whose work he loved much. We are thankful to know there is no death and that he has gone where a life way. Services were conducted by the writer Saturday afternoon, September 17.

A. SCOTT BLEDSE.

Topeka, Kansas.

Dr. George Jean Miller passed to spirit life, September 13, 1904, from his home near Diamond, Arkansas. He was 64 years old. Dr. Miller had been a medium and Spiritualist all his life. He is the first medium to receive the True Divine Virtues. Dr. Miller is the author of several books, among them "The Guide to Immortality."

J. E. McMAHAL.

At the home of her parents, 412 West 69th place, Chicago, Wally Weldon McClellan passed to the higher life, aged 45 years and 34 days. This little girl, line number of others, seemed to have had a premonition of her going, for on the very day of her passing away, she was inspired to change her little prayer as follows: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the angels will take me there, I pray that the angels will take me there." The funeral services were conducted by Harry J. Moore from the parents' home.

COR.

Harry Walter Hoeck passed to the higher life at the home of his parents, 207 E. Linn Street, Marshalltown, Iowa. The wife of the deceased is a rising young medium, and she says that her husband had not been out of the body many hours before he communed with her, and even told her what he was doing. Spiritualism is firmly rooted in the soul of the departed, so to his death was but the opening of a door through which he would step into the next room, or expression of life where he would meet his loved ones gone before. The funeral services were conducted by Harry J. Moore from the family residence.

COR.

"Social Upbuilding, Including Co-operative Systems and a Happy Social Economy of Humanity." By E. H. Babbitt, LL. D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

**NOTE.**—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing complete the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the answers to their questions, and the supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

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

HUDSON TUTTLE.

**Spiritualist:** Q. What has the Questions and Answers department to say of the best method to deal with fraudulent mediums?

A. The spiritual press has had a large share in bringing these deceivers before the public. Reports of seances have been freely published, written by abettors of the "medium," or credulous friends, highly colored, and untruthful. These have been nothing more than advertisements for the more important manifestations said to occur, the more wonder was excited. The mediums were said to be surrounded by absolute test conditions, when every condition was such as fraud would demand. Little or no discrimination has been used, and these "facts" have been published, and accomplished the object for which they were written—advised the "medium."

The remedy lies in the managers of the spiritual press refusing to publish any account of phenomena, unless these take place under conditions which make their genuineness assured. It is not enough to say there were such conditions. There should be a specific statement of what they were, for what one may consider "tests," another may not, and the value of the manifestations as demonstrative evidence, depends on these.

If the frauds were excluded from the spiritual press, and no florid descriptions of their seances published to advertise them, they would be outside of Spiritualism, whereas they have had a partial patronage by being thus advertised for patronage; the credulous have been led astray and the world has been misled by the folly not of these but all Spiritualists.

A medium has rights, and so has an investigator. A medium makes a claim to what many persons regard as an impossibility—to have in his presence a manifestation from a spirit of the dead. This claim being so beyond the ordinary, throws on him the burden of evidence. The least thing he can do is to vindicate his own honesty, by granting such conditions as will prove that he is not the cause, whatever other cause may be assigned. If he, like a professor of magic, will submit to nothing that will prevent the "trick," that is sufficient. If you went on you would have the trick played on you. There are physical conditions accompanying mediums which are more reliable than rope-jumping, flour-heaving, in the hands, wire or mosquito netting. The pulse-beats, the breathing, the temperature of the hands and feet, these cannot be simulated, and should be observed and recorded, for they are the valuable tests.

I have not mentioned this fraud question, because I have not time to go fraud-hunting. At least this of phenomena are genuine, and that have been demonstrated beyond the grave. It is worth the universe to a doubting soul. A thousand counterfeits do not debase the value of a genuine dollar. If I knew these counterfeits are abroad my duty is to warn those liable to receive them, but that dollar is not depreciated in value thereby.

I have no interest in the counterfeiters of this country or their bogus coins and bills. When we learn that possibly a bill may be spurious, we are more careful in the examination of those we receive. The genuine is our best protection against fraud.

**Charles L. Waffie:** Q. McCabe in his History of the World, says that Julian, a nephew of Constantine the Great, who was a pagan in belief, when he became emperor of Rome, made an effort to falsify the prophecies of Christ concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, by inviting and encouraging the Jews to rebuild their temple. But he says this work was frustrated and caused to be abandoned by fierce mysterious fires that suddenly broke out throughout the ruins, consuming the tools of the laborers, and compelling them to abandon the work.

Will you please state whether this account of such an event is in harmony with all reliable ancient history?

A. Of all the great characters that stand alone in the Roman world as the clouds of the dark ages began to threaten on its horizon, the emperor Julian stands alone. Educated a Christian, when he arrived to manhood he returned to the ancient faith, and the worship of the old gods. He was a philosopher, and when he became emperor sought to restore the ancient forms of religion. He abolished persecution, and gave equal freedom to all. Of course he was hated by the Christians who called him an apostate, and this hatred has descended to this day.

It may have been to show his contempt of the prophecy, or it may have been to propitiate the Jews, that he resolved to rebuild their temple. They were enthusiastic in supporting the scheme, and it is said matrons carried away the rubbish in clearing the site, in

their silken mantles. The workmen had laid the foundation and broke into the immense vaults and passages underneath, when the fiery waves drove them away.

Gibbon in his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, strangely enough appears to admit this occurrence, skeptical as he usually is, and attempts to explain it, by supposing that fire-damp had accumulated in the ages since the vaults were closed, and when these were opened, the inflammable gas came in contact with the flames of the torches and flames and explosion followed. This in a superstitious age would be regarded as miraculous.

Julian placed the rebuilding of the temple in the hands of his favorite minister Alypius. The work was scarcely begun when Julian was slain in battle by a Persian arrow and Christianity triumphed in the election of Julian. He at once restored Christianity, and destroyed all that Julian had accomplished as to the old faith.

The restoration of the temple was abandoned, and in that age of rampant fraud, the cause of its abandonment was assigned to miraculous events.

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