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OUR TWELFTH PREMIUM OFFER! EXTRAORDINARY. UNPARALLELED!! UNPRECEDENTED!!!

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LETTERS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Given Through the Mediumship of the Late Carlyle Petersilea.

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Twenty-Five Years in Spiritualism.

HARRISON D. BARRETT has been before the world as an important working factor therein for a quarter of a century. Year after year he has fulfilled his impressive destiny and mission by being elected President of the N. S. A. Whatever the opposition to him may have been, at the last moment everything crystallizes in his favor, and he is again elected President, illustrating a most remarkable career on his part. His sketch of his life for twenty-five years is thrillingly interesting and suggestive.

On March 25, 1905, it will be twenty-five years since I received the direct personal message that converted me to Spiritualism. Having been reared in a liberal religious atmosphere, for my people were Universalists, the change was not difficult, nor was the reformation of my associations hard to make. As a matter of fact, I had undoubtedly been inoculated with the divine essence of Spiritualism long before that date, for my great uncle, Harrison Barrett, of Wisconsin, had been a Spiritualist since 1840, and had caused his nephews and nieces to look with respect upon his religious faith long before my birth. Later, I presume in the late fifties or early sixties, my father's brother, Rev. U. O. Barrett, became a lecturer and writer upon Spiritualism, and several of his works found their way into my father's home. My parents did not openly espouse Spiritualism, but they did not denounce it, hence there was nothing in my religious training to prejudice me against it when the voice of the angels called me on that memorable March day.

FASCINATED WITH SPIRITUALISM.

Perhaps I did not care to hear much about it as a boy, being interested in my studies at school, yet I was fascinated by it whenever I heard my elders discussing the subject. I distinctly remember my first experience with a medium. It was in the year 1870, when I was a child of very tender years. The medium was Mrs. Mary J. Wentworth of Knox, Maine, who came to visit my grandfather. She called upon my mother, and as I was playing in the room, making no particular noise, my mother did not send me out of her presence. Upon passing under control, Mrs. Wentworth first spoke a few words in the Indian language, whereupon I forgot my play and stood as near my mother as I could get. Mrs. Wentworth's guide, Waukeno, suddenly addressed me. I was too terrified to speak, and when I saw my mother weeping, I joined her in a very boyish, vigorous manner. Waukeno caused his medium to lay her hands upon my head, as if invoking a blessing upon me, then spoke of me and my life work. The prophecy was made on that sweet June day, that I would be a servant of the spirit world, and that "my voice would be heard throughout the land, proclaiming the blessed fact of spirit communion to 'listening multitudes,' and that I was to have a prominent place in the future work of Spiritualism.

How well this prophecy has been fulfilled, remains for others to say. Surely I have journeyed far and near, and have tried to speak the word the angels commissioned me to utter. I have visited every state in the Union and have spoken in all but nine of them, thus doing what one man could to further the interests of the religion of his soul. Mrs. Wentworth passed to the higher life less than one year ago. She was an honest worker, a true friend to our cause, and one of God's noblest women on earth.

ANGUISH AT DEATH OF SISTER.

It was ten years later, however, that the message was made a part of myself by coming directly to me. A dearly-loved sister entered spirit life on the morning of that day, and the grief of our family band was deep and sincere. I had then begun to doubt Universalism somewhat, because it was not in keeping with my idea of a loving God to see my sister suffer as she did. Her trouble was tuberculosis of the lungs, and she had wrestled with the disease for eighteen months. Her loving spirit could detach itself from the worn-out body.

Ingersoll's writings had fallen into my hands, and I had imbibed fully of his agnostic instructions when my sister took leave of earth. Oh, the heart and soul anguish of that day! Annihilation for this dear, gentle, loving sister! Gone into nothingness! Returned to God who sent her to us! Impossible! What had become of her? Where was she, if she had survived the death of the body? were questions of fearful moment to me. I was face to face with a great black wall beyond which I could not penetrate, either with the mortal eye, or that of imagination. It was the painful struggle through which men are made to realize the state of being that was then mine. Life's greatest and truest lessons are all learned in the school of suffering.

A SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL MESSAGE.

Late in the night the message came to me. I heard it with my own ears, and was comforted by it. It was not a sensational phenomenon, nor yet a striking one; it was simple, sweet, direct, and beautiful. I knew, from my interior senses, that the message was a true one—that my dear sister still lived in a brighter and more glorious realm. It never occurred to me to doubt it in any way. I was comforted, and went through the trying ordeal of the next few days sustained by it. After the funeral services were over, I still felt her presence near me, and the gospel of Ingersoll and of good old Hosea Ballou left my mind, as dominant thought forces, forever.

act, he was roasted most perfectly by all of the leading dailies of the day. The publicity he gave to the Watkins state-writing, however, led many people to look into Spiritualism—who would never have done so otherwise. Epes Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" is one of the greatest books ever penned in the interests of our religion. Cook had this gifted author for his friend and companion in his attempt to investigate Mr. Watkins. All that I can say is this: Every Spiritualist should read both of Sargent's great works on this subject—"Planchette, the Despair of Science," and "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism"—then they can intelligently contrast the two men.

SPIRITUAL READING MATTER LIMITED.

My leading upon the subject of Spiritualism was limited in those early days, because of my farm labors, and consequent inability to obtain papers and books on the subject. I did the best I could, and eagerly scanned the Banner of Light for the articles by S. B. Brittan, A. B. Newton, Emma, Har-George Brittan, and many others, not forgetting to mention Rev. Allen Putnam and "Shadows," the pseudonym of kind-hearted, credulous John Wetherbee. Who has read the Spiritualist press of a quarter of a century ago and failed to note the writings of Putnam and the curious sobriquet "Shadows"? The wonders he described were not equalled by the Arabian Nights tales by the clever Scheherazade, whose thousand and one stories made a ruler forget his wrath, and become kind.

I confess I read "Shadows" the first thing I did upon receiving the paper that published his articles! I thought the seance rooms he described, and the wonderful phenomena he produced, therein, must be heaven on earth, or the dawn of the millennium! Alas for poor me! Alas, for "Shadows"! No doubt he was sincere, and wrote what he believed to be the truth. He has learned better now in his new home in spirit sphere, and wonders how he could have been so mistaken. I know I have had to revise many conclusions to which I came because of "Shadows" writings; yet have others who wasted time in reading of things that were the veriest humbug.

MR. WETHERBEE AND THE DECEPTION PRACTICED.

I have marveled almost, at the success of the people who so wantonly deceived Mr. Wetherbee, and caused him to mislead so many others through his writings. The king of all deceivers in New England was a resident of Boston. He could make Mr. Wetherbee believe in the materialization of everything in the heavens or on the earth, and thus obtained plenty of free advertising. Yet this man's interest in Spiritualism was wholly in the money he could make out of it! He "developed" mediums at prices ranging from fifty dollars to five hundred—held hundreds of fake seances—carried a sling-shot into his cabinet, and had his confederates armed to prevent a raid from the altars whom he thus outraged.

He was in this business up to the very day of his transition. Taken to court, he always refused to testify technically, or through his own wonderful shrewdness. He was known throughout New England, and in Boston, was especially notorious. Notwithstanding his profession, his criminal record, he was elected as a Republican to the Boston City Council, and held a high official position in one of the aristocratic military commands in the city! Surely from a worldly point of view, dishonesty paid in his case. Does the honest man or woman, ever make a financial success in Spiritualistic work? Aside from Alvah Adams of Adams' Express Co. firm, and William Lloyd Garrison, no Spiritualist was ever accorded greater public honors than was this man on the occasion of his funeral.

THE FAMOUS DR. S. B. BRITTAN.

Dr. S. B. Brittan was editor-at-large for Spiritualism for some little time. Colby and Rich employed him, and asked the Spiritualists of America to contribute what they felt able to his salary. Dr. Brittan was able, and his pen was vigorous one. He fell asleep to all things earthly at a comparatively early age. He was a man of might, and he served Spiritualism well. His peculiar office was left unfilled for over twenty years, when Hudson Tuttle was appointed by the N. S. A. to give the outside world the assurance that Spiritualism was able and able to defend itself. Dr. Brittan's editorship perished in the war between the States, and is immortalized in a beautiful poem entitled "Boy Brittan," whose author I do not recall. He was a brave boy indeed, for he was not more than sixteen years old when he gave up his life for his country.

PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

The transition of William Denton in 1882 was a great shock to all Spiritualists. I never saw him, nor heard him speak, but I read his writings, and felt that he was one of America's greatest men. His name will live both in the world of science and in all Spiritualistic centers. His "Radical Rhymes," and the cutting satire of his lectures placed many of the Spiritualists of those days greatly. It gives one a bit of inspiration to glance through "Radical Rhymes" even now! A long and severe illness prostrated me in 1884-5, from which I should not have recovered, had it not been for the skill of two psychic physicians, Dr. H. E. Field, then of Dexter, Maine, now of Gardiner, and Dr. Frank S. Bigelow, of Skowhegan. I know they saved my life, and am always ready to give testimony to that effect. Dr. Bigelow was one of the first mediums I became associated with in 1880, and we have been friends ever since. He and Dr. Field are hard at work as servants of the spirit world at the present writing.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST LECTURE.

It was in this early period that I first

heard a Spiritualist lecture. It was given by Mrs. P. D. Bradbury of Fairfield, Maine. She was Maine's leading speaker for many years, and only gave up her work when she took leave of earth in 1885. She was an unselfish worker for our Cause, and Spiritualism owes much to the memory of this gentle woman who gave her whole life to its service.

SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

I must here refer to my interest in the Spirit Message Department in the Banner of Light, when I saw a copy of the paper for the first time. I watched eagerly for a word from some of my own people, but none came, yet I was greatly rejoiced when two or three messages reached our little haven, for some of my neighbors. The medium at that time was Miss M. T. Stahlman, now Mrs. M. T. Longley, the efficient secretary of the N. S. A.; a woman whose mediumship is of the highest order of excellence, whose character is unimpeachable, and whose life is a continuous record of good and noble deeds. I felt drawn to her from the very first, but never saw her until 1888, when I attended one of the famous "Free Circles" in Boston. I prize her friendship as one of my life's choicest treasures.

THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING.

In 1885 I attended my first Spiritualist camp-meeting at Etta, Maine. Here I was fairly transported into the seventh heaven of delight, for I felt that the two worlds had become one for all time, and that life was hereafter to be "one long, sweet song." Here I heard J. H. Morse, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Dr. H. B. Storor, Capt. H. H. Brown, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. Abbie Morse and Mrs. A. P. Brown for the first time. What a revelation these speakers were to me! I simply had to meet them all personally, and had them tell me of the wonderful truths of Spiritualism first-hand. They fitted into my boyish life at a time when I needed instruction, and I have never ceased to bless them for what they did for me.

Dr. Storor, the "old man eloquent," in Spiritualism for years, and Mrs. A. P. Brown have gone home to the world of souls. Their work was well done, and for one I desire to lay a tribute of loving thoughts upon the altars of their memories. I know Dr. Storor well, and have many fond memories of his life, and in after years I have often remembered his words, "I have never seen a more beautiful man than you." Mrs. Brown I knew but slightly, having met her only a few times. But she was dreadfully in earnest, and loudly sincere.

THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT DIVIDE.

The other speakers named are all on this side of the Great Divide, each one doing his work in his own way for the upliftment of humanity. Capt. Brown is the efficient editor of "Now," a splendid New Thought magazine published by the N. S. A. He has not only repudiated one vital principle in Spiritualism, nor denied his experiences of past years in becoming identified with this important branch of our work. He knows that Spiritualistic phenomena are facts, and is now seeking to become better acquainted with the forces that produce them. He wants to know how to apply the law of universal spiritual manifestation to the unfoldment of man's spiritual nature while he dwells on earth. He has not outgrown phenomena; he is merely using them for the very purposes for which the angel world designed them.

CAPTAIN BROWN'S EFFECTIVE INFLUENCE.

As Capt. Brown's influence was the factor that changed my course of living—a change that led to strange results—an account of our meeting is not out of place in this narrative. I was walking toward the auditorium at Camp Etta in 1885, when he passed by me at right angles. "Young friend," he said, "please stop one moment. You should be a Spiritualist speaker, as I sense your magnetism. Are you one?"

"No," I replied, "I have only spoken a few times in our home circles—nothing more."

"But you are a speaker, and should take your place as one as soon as you are ready for the work. What are you going to do for a living?"

"I intend to study law, but I cannot do that now, for I am a Spiritualist, hence I am going to be a farmer," I replied. "I have taught several terms, and may engage in that work occasionally."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Captain. "You should go to Meadville Theological School, take a course there, and enter the ministry. You belong there. It is an honorable calling." I retorted angrily, "for my father is a farmer and some of the best men I know are tillers of the soil."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Brown, "but they are not fitted for the rostrum, while you are. For you to become a farmer would be to deprive some man who cannot do anything else of his chance to earn a living. You shall not do this thing!"

I was struck by this thought, and reflected upon it long and earnestly. I wanted the education, but feared the influence of the theological instructions I should there receive. "He who hesitates is lost," and it proved true in my case. I went, but not until one year later.

I sought advice from Dr. Fuller, Mr. Morse, Dr. Storor and my mother. They all said, "Go, but preserve your mental and moral integrity and soul balance."

It was due to the seeming accident of my meeting with Capt. Brown and his conversation with me that led to the complete change in my mode of living. I had had a fourteen months' battle with illness, and was then in a state of prostration, and could do nothing but lie in bed, or could do nothing but study. It was an extraordinary

Reminiscent and Autobiographical.

important psychological moment in my life. Brown's influence tipped the balance, and I went. Never shall I cease to be grateful to this man for giving me the impress I then needed to go forth to fit myself for the battle of life. He was under angel guidance, when he called to me, an utter stranger and literally forced me out of the conditions into which I had voluntarily subsided.

DR. FULLER AND J. J. MORSE.

I want to say a few words about Dr. Fuller and J. J. Morse. Throughout these twenty years, or since 1885, there has been a loyal friendship between them both. Dr. Fuller has affected me as no other human being has or can. To meet him once, is to know him, unless the one who thus comes in contact with him is a psychic. He is not fully understood, nor has he been appreciated. His great book, "The Wisdom of the Ages," is a revelation of the man's great soul. Sensitive beyond words to describe, rather inclined to shrink from publicity, doubtful at times of his own splendid powers, and studious far above the average, it is not strange that Dr. Fuller has been modestly reserved in his noble life, rather than an aggressive, offensive partisan.

He is a deep thinker, a logical reasoner, a spiritual seer and prophet. His heart-throbs are the heart-throbs of our race, for his soul typifies what the race is seeking for. He is a dear lover of the beautiful, and is constantly sending his soul's great longings abroad in the universe, in search of that which will ennoble, uplift and cheer mankind—in search of those signs of peace from God that belong to all the children of men, whose realization will restore the worship of the beautiful of which Pericles, the Athenian orator, so eloquently spoke in the long ago. Dr. Fuller has a heart that feels for all who are in need. He loves his fellowmen, and his sympathies inspire him to prodigies of valorous service for them, always without price.

In any other denomination than ours, such a man would be recognized, saluted, and placed where he could realize the ambitions of his soul. Now, he works on without ceasing, having, of course, the approval of a clear conscience and the loyal love of a few friends as his reward. These, it is true, count for much in the life of a platform worker, but when they are accompanied by that which drives the wolf of worry from the door, and the heaven of despair from the roof, life can hardly be said to be complete. It is useless to plausibly roll one's eyes heavenward, and exclaim, "Just think of his great reward in heaven!" Such words are the veriest nonsense—the quintessence of human selfishness. We must work for heaven and reward here on earth. Dr. Fuller is a credit to Spiritualism, and deserves well at our hands.

Of J. J. Morse, I only need say that his life is interwoven with the history of Spiritualism in all quarters of the globe. He has been true to his mediumship, and has worked early and late for thirty-six years for Spiritualism. We were contemporaries from the time of our first meeting, and I owe much to his considerate, unselfish advice. Our paths have crossed at frequent intervals, and the handclasp has ever been cordial down to the time of our last meeting. Whether in Maine or California, in New York, or in Boston, in Washington, D. C., or in England, I entertained for him more than an ordinary friendship because of the early impress he made upon my life. What ever may be his feelings to-day, mine, for the ideal noble man I found in him, have not changed. I honor him for what he has done for our Cause, and for his own sake as my friend and brother.

THE GREAT TEST MEDIUM, E. W. EMERSON.

It was in 1885, also, that I met Edgar W. Emerson, the well-known test medium, for the first time. Our acquaintance ripened into a loyal friendship that obtains to-day. His mediumship was a great joy to my young heart, and from it I received many pearls of truth. It was in that year at Camp Etta that he gave one test that astonished the thousands of people before him. He cried out suddenly: "see the spirit of a young lady about twenty-three years old, whose clothing is dripping with water. She says her name is —, and that she was drowned two hours ago in Hermon Pond, while out boating."

This message created great excitement in the camp, especially in the auditorium. The young lady's mother was seated ten feet from me when Mr. Emerson gave the test. The woman was furiously angry, and she arose and fairly stormed out of the building, bitterly denouncing Spiritualism and Mr. Emerson in particular. Within a half-hour from this time, she was called for by a neighbor who told her that her daughter had just been drowned in Hermon Pond. To this day, however, that woman is a bitter enemy of Spiritualism.

VARIOUS PLATFORM CELEBRITIES.

It was this same year that I made my debut as a platform speaker, and I gave occasional addresses at different times after that until my departure for Meadville. At Etta in 1885, I again met Dr. Fuller, Dr. Storor, J. J. Morse, Capt. H. H. Brown, and in their company as speakers were Mrs. Abbie Morse, Mrs. N. J. Willis, and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw. Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Yeaw gave us wonderful addresses, and I shall never forget their effect upon me. Mrs. Willis is a true Spiritualist, her utterances have ever been spiritual in their nature. Her life is in her work, and she has always been true to her trust. Mrs. Yeaw I have met often in my work, and place her among my most revered and trusted friends. She has been true to truth, just to her highest convictions, an honest laborer in the spiritual vineyard, and a faithful servant of the angels. God bless her for the good work she has done.

Here I met Joseph "D." Stiles, the famous test medium of other days. He had a wonderful power of giving names. I have heard him call one hundred and seventy names of spirit people in fifty minutes. He possessed a most wonderful memory, which, of course, made it easier for the unseen forces to do their work. He was the medium through whose organism John Quincy Adams gave his famous message to the American people in 1854. These messages were Adamesque in every respect. They abounded in phrases peculiar to the arisen statesman, when on earth, and had all of the "earmarks" of Adams' remarkable personality. This work will live, and it is Joseph D. Stiles' best offering to the world. Mr. Stiles passed away suddenly, under sad circumstances. He was all alone in his home, and was not found for some days after he was stricken. His physical sufferings must have been severe. Peace to his memory.

It was at Etta also in 1885 and again in 1888 that I met Mrs. Adeline M. Gladding. She had only been a Spiritualist a very short time then, and her splendid mediumship was but beginning to unfold. She had several sittings with her, and she told me many things concerning my early life that were absolutely correct, then spoke of my future work. "You are going to college," she said, "against your will, but it is best for you. Go! You will succeed. Your voice will be heard in all quarters of the land proclaiming the gospel of Spiritualism. You will lead our forces to victory, and be to our Cause a staff," etc.

How those words affected me, few may ever know. She also said that I should journey west, east, north and south, but that I should see the Pacific coast before my life work opened. She labored faithfully for the triumph of her choice, and gloriously triumphed over death and the grave some three or four years ago. She was a rare medium, a good speaker, an excellent woman.

(To be continued.)

A LESSON

Derived From the Boston Globe Prize Contest.

The committee having in charge my candidacy in the Boston Globe prize contest, join with me in thanking all who in any way contributed to the very gratifying result of placing us in second place in the list of cities, and securing for the Lynn Spiritualist Association a prize of five hundred dollars. There will also be some over two hundred dollars in additional prizes, awarded to the children who collected votes, and they have unanimously decided to turn the results of their work into the treasury of the society, making the very acceptable sum of over seven hundred dollars.

There were 230,464 votes received at the Globe office in my name, which shows what can be accomplished by united effort.

When I consented to become the society's candidate in their trial for one of the prizes, there were many ready to prophesy that I would accomplish nothing, that we should get no support, and some asserted that we should not even receive fair play, the prejudice against Spiritualism was so great, but the result shows that Spiritualists can accomplish as much as any other class of people if they will only work, and work in union, not all pull in different directions.

The time is past for Spiritualists to take a back seat all of the time. If we respect and have confidence in ourselves, and our ability to accomplish, the results following our efforts will be just as satisfactory as that accomplished by others. We are too prone to pessimism to think because we are Spiritualists people will not respect us; make them respect us, and our belief by respecting ourselves. We know we have the best religion in the world—act as though we knew it and wanted others to know it, and boldly claim all we think belongs to us. "A great many things are lost by not asking for them."

Comparatively few of the Spiritualists of New England assisted in the Globe contest. Imagine the result if all of us should unite in some grand object. We could be an almost irresistible power for its accomplishment, beside engendering a fraternal fellowship that would bind us, as societies and individuals, closer together, and so tend to the growth and enlargement of our cause.

ALEX. CAIRD, M. D.

LOVED ONES.

Dear one gone on, do thou return
To us this hallowed hour,
And bring with thee, to brighter burn,
Love's lamp, so lit with power.

To make us feel full warmth and glow
Of loving presence near,
And tho' the lights be burning low,
Our hearts can feel no fear.

For only love lasts long and lives
Eternal as the skies,
Its soft, sweet song forever gives
Assurance it ne'er dies.

Those who love shall grief's tears feel,
But joys shall fill their hearts,
And make them know that life is real
And death can never part!

Life may seem like drifting leaves,
To get beyond love's reach,
But love still grows, and he who grieves
May yet a lesson teach.

For truth is told in falling tears,
And loving love may learn
To courage take, and help with cheers
Who would backward turn.

The ways we walk in life may wear
The weary working feet,
But joyous love will ever share
Its harvest of the sweet.

And sweetest joy of love divine
Will bring to all the best,
Eternal joys of life. Each soul shall shine
In glory with the best.

Washington, D. C. J. W. NIGH.

SPIRITUALISM IN MISSOURI.

Convention of the Progressive Spiritualist Association.

To all Spiritualists and Progressive People: Greeting—Spiritualism is the greatest truth in the universe. It deals with all of the relations of this life, and demonstrates a life beyond the portals of death. Life is a fact and death is a fact. The two stand facing each other in awful, mighty contrast, both of them stern, invincible and inevitable. They have constituted in the past, and for a vast majority of the human race they constitute in the present, the problem of problems, the "Riddle of the Universe."

Spiritualism professes to solve this problem, to unravel the awful mystery, and to light up the Shadowland of death with the bow of love and hope. If so be it accomplishes this, it is not only the greatest truth in the world, but it is the truth for which all other truths exist.

Spiritualism not only proves the continuity of life beyond death, and the relationship between the two modes of existence, but in contrast to all supernaturalism, it brings all these relationships to the level of pure naturalism, and establishes a rational and scientific system of ethics, untainted and unalloyed with theological dogmatism and superstitious cant.

To spread this great truth among the masses who are hungering for the bread, and thirsting for the waters of eternal life, and bring them out from the bondage to the fear of death, Spiritualists have organized themselves into both state and National associations, and such an organization was effected in the state of Missouri in the year 1891, known as The Progressive Spiritualist Association of Missouri.

On the first day of February, 1905, there was held in the city of St. Louis a convention of this association, for the purpose of electing officers for the same, and to make an effort to increase the scope of its activity and usefulness. There were present some sixty delegates in person, and some twenty-five by proxy, and the meeting was harmonious throughout. Mr. C. W. Stewart of St. Louis, was elected president; Dr. Olin D. Whittier of St. Louis secretary, and Rev. Josie K. Folsom of St. Louis, treasurer.

For vice-presidents, Rev. Mrs. K. T. Hary, Rev. Mrs. E. G. Price, Mr. J. K. Young, Dr. Herman W. Faber, Mr. Jacob Keipke and Mr. J. M. Pierce, all of St. Louis, were chosen.

For trustees, Mr. J. F. Ferris, Dr. E. H. Green, Mrs. Lena Dornier, Mr. J. B. McGuffin, all of St. Louis, and Mrs. Glen Cora Stephens of Kansas City, and Mr. Geo. H. Miller of Millersville, Mo., were elected.

This new board of officers is composed of active, earnest and efficient workers in the cause of Spiritualism, and it is earnestly desired that a new enthusiasm may thrill the souls of our people and inspire them with a desire to place our glorious cause in a condition that will command the respect of our opposers, and attract the attention of all investigating minds to a religion that is based upon the principles of Nature and luminous with spiritual truth.

To this end it is desired that not only every society in the state may come in direct touch with this body, but that each individual Spiritualist may feel a personal interest in the work.

The Progressive Spiritualist Association of Missouri therefore solicits the hearty cooperation of every genuine Spiritualist in the state in its effort to make this the banner association of the United States, so that the next annual convention of the National Spiritualists Association at Minneapolis, Minn., a showing may be made of which every Missouri Spiritualist may feel proud, and that our state association may be productive of great good to the cause of truth.

At this convention Mr. Oscar F. Evertz, of 3516 Texas avenue, St. Louis, was elected editor-at-large, press agent and correspondent for the state association, a new office which bears the same relation to the state association which that of Hudson Tuttle bears to the N. S. A. It is the duty of this officer to answer all attacks made upon Spiritualism by the local press of the state, as well as to recognize all favorable comment made by local papers, and to make this office of full efficiency all Spiritualists throughout the state should keep Mr. Evertz informed by sending all such items to him at once.

On receipt of this letter, kindly proceed to come in touch with this association at once by writing a personal letter to Dr. Olin D. Whittier, 715 Locust street, or C. W. Stewart, 3007 Dickson street, St. Louis, Mo.

Following are the chartered societies of Missouri that are connected with the state association:

The Spiritual Society of Truthseekers, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Josie K. Folsom, pastor.

Society for Spiritual Research, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Mrs. E. B. Price, pastor.

First German Spiritualist Society, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Mrs. K. T. Hary, pastor.

Central Spiritual Society, of St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Mrs. Lena Dornier, pastor.

Carondelet Spiritual Society, St. Louis County, Rev. Mrs. Pierce, pastor.

South Side Spiritual Society of Springfield, Mo., Revs. J. Madison Allen and M. Theresa Allen, pastors.

Springfield Spiritual Association, Springfield, Mo., —, pastor.

Psychic Research Society of Kansas City, Mo., Rev. Mrs. Glen Cora Stephens, pastor.

First Kansas City Spiritualist Association, Kansas City, Mo., —, pastor.

Millersville Spiritualist Association, Millersville, Mo., George H. Miller, pastor.

By order of the committee:
C. W. STEWART, President.
DR. OLIN D. WHITTIER, Sec'y.

We seldom realize it, but very frequently the reason we have no use for people is because they will not allow themselves to be used.—Fack.

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—Catech.

The Open Court.

A Session Called to Decide on the Merits of Dr. J. M. Peebles' Book on "Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages."

DR. J. M. PEEBLES REPLIES TO MR. LOVELAND.

The world is advancing, and that, too, along the lines of agitation. It never advances in any other way. There can be no light without a certain kind of friction or vibration preceding it. The line of progress is always beset with difficulties, and the greater they are, the more violent the agitation, the more fierce the struggle, often leading to long wars and sanguinary conflicts. The present conflict of opinion among Spiritualists will lead to more light, a grander illumination, and our ranks will be benefited thereby. This struggle of ideas, one with another, embodied in book form, will go down in history as a standard work, and will be read by future generations with untiring interest. The good, however, accomplished now will be great, and after the storm will come the calm, with its grand and beneficent results. Dr. Peebles' views which follow will be read with unflinching interest.

Let the war of thoughts and theories rage. It is the frictioned steel that shines, the stormy ocean that makes the hardy, skillful mariner. The interesting article of J. S. Loveland appearing in the "Thinker" Dec. 31st, was, in connection with my other duties, replied to and ready for publication within two or three days after being read and the sophistries refuted. But Mrs. Richmond's able article appeared requiring my attention, and then the editor of The Progressive Thinker (heaven bless and long keep him for his broad-minded manliness in giving to his thousands of subscribers, the Open Court) wrote me that he had "a bushel of manuscripts" on hand relating to the pro and con upon this subject, and so desiring to be generous, and anxious to hear what possibly could be said against the well-established fact of obsession and vexing influences from the other side of life, I wrote him to let my reply—which would keep—remain pigeon-holed until others had been heard.

Justice demanded this explanation touching this delay of my reply to Mr. Loveland in the columns of the Open Court; and for which Open Court thousands upon thousands of thinkers are only thanking J. R. Francis for his liberality and anxiety to spread the truth before the public. Of course, the most of his eighteen or twenty thousand subscribers keep files of the "Thinker." These will re-read Mr. Loveland's article and then my reply in this issue of the paper.

The first matter that surprised in J. S. Loveland's late article now before me in the "Thinker" is this: "I had no idea," he says, "of a war on Dr. Peebles' book," and yet he has just stated in his first article that he "learned and much-traveled Dr. Peebles enters the field to use all his great power and influence to convert our Spiritualism (Spiritism—J. S. L.) into one vast system of demonism." The "abominable suggestion of demonism," and the further "stigmatizing the teachings" "advocated and diffused by the circulation of this volume, as a terrible superstition," and yet, paradoxically, he has "no idea of a war on Dr. Peebles' book." How tenderly innocent! The honest truth is J. S. Loveland has, uninvited and unexpected to me, "opened fire" on the book, pronouncing it "abominable"—a "terrible superstition," designed to convert "Spiritualism into one vast field of demonism." He is the aggressive party, the doctory Goliath! I am content to be a modest David with sling and stone of shepherd memory. The end is not yet.

My books largely constitute my family. This last book on "Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages," is my family and though not perfect nor in every respect what I could wish (the ideal is never attained), it is my youngest child, and its teachings, so far as they are mine, I shall defend to the uttermost; and critics should distinctly understand that this matter of demonism and spirit obsession is not a matter of speculation nor a side-by-side affair of what ought to be—not it is a subject for exploiting a pseudo-philosophy, but a matter of fact—a series of well-established facts, observations and experiences.

Comparing the writings of J. S. Loveland a generation ago upon mediumship and spirit influences with his positions to-day, if we have as we do have, J. S. Loveland vs. J. S. Loveland vs. Hudson Tuttle, as I clearly showed in my previous article in The Progressive Thinker, Dec. 2, it is "no fault of mine."

The Fact of Obsessions.

"I submit," writes Mr. Loveland, "that fully, unprovokedly admit the fact of obsession, but not by degrading evil spirits." In the largest sense, all persons are obsessed; they are influenced by partial or false ideas and opinions. Granted, I say, and so degrading spirits having "false ideas and opinions," influencing or entrancing mediums, necessarily affect, and (if undeveloped) vex or obsess them. This is "obsession," and so his "largest sense of obsessions" completely undermines and knocks out from under him his own foundation. He must admit this or deny spirit entrancement and automatic spirit control as it has appeared in the cases of Mrs. B. F. Underwood, Hudson Tuttle, W. T. Stead, of London, and many others.

Assertions and Opinions vs. Experiences. This fault-finding critic complains that no part of this book, "Spirit Obsessions," are proofs, they are simply the citations of the opinions of others. But if they were opinions only, they would be quite as weighty as the opinions of J. S. Loveland and his country. They are not opinions, however, but solid facts and experiences—experiences of substantial men and women, some of whom are not only clairvoyant and mediumistically clairaudient, but highly intelligent, eminently cultured, and Mr. Loveland, nor any other man has a moral right to pick the factual observations and experiences of others. It is but justice to say that some of the testimonies cited in this book in proof of obsession by low, evil-disposed spirits, are from college graduates, and others who are quite the peers of Mr. Loveland in erudition and classical scholarship, if not vastly his superiors in the historic lore of the Ages.

I am charged with "filling a book of nearly four hundred pages with little or

nothing but assertions." As to the truth or shameless falsity of this astonishing statement, the readers of the book must decide for themselves. Personally I query as to whether his bald, erroneous statement belongs to the category of inanity or to a sort of obsessional insanity. Many are obsessed and are not conscious of it.

Hypnotism and Spirit Control.

My thanks are lavishly extended to Mr. Loveland for quoting so very liberally paragraph after paragraph from my book. These paragraphs will whet the appetite for the book itself. In his extensive quotations he shows an exquisitely good taste; will he not continue in this line of well doing, and so interest thousands of readers, as well as enriching and promoting the cause of true Spiritualism? The truth of the statement, or story that a "very successful hypnotist had written a distinguished work on the subject, informing us that he could at any time," (mark the words) "at any time induce complete hypnosis in him; give him any suggestion, and he would obey it, and have no memory when he awoke" is questioned. Why did he not give the name of this wonderful hypnotist? Not crediting the story, I request a full statement of the who, and the when and the where of this hypnotist. I shall then exercise the right of cross-questioning him. It is more than likely that Mr. Loveland here confounds two or three persons, who frequently name suggestion, hypnotism and mediumism. Possibly this nameless but illustrious self-hypnotist of Mr. Loveland, is the very man that lifted himself over the hedge by his boot straps, and later discovered perpetual motion. Conscious self, hypnotizing conscious self, is not only a miracle, but a fair sample of Pacific Coast logic.

In all scientific and occult activities where personality and hypnotism are involved, there is a positive and negative, a conscious will and passivity. A number of times in my numerous hypnotic experiments I have had stronger invisible wills than mine take impressive sensitive subjects out of my hands and entrance them. One of these later made a most excellent and successful medium for clairvoyance and healing. There are, however, a few powerful and positive on both sides of death's divide. This must not be forgotten.

In this following sentence I cordially agree with my friend Loveland: "Thoughts, feelings, beliefs are not things, but they are mighty forces in shaping the conduct and molding the destiny of people." These two phrases going the rounds of the Spiritualist and the occultist, not only try my patience but tire me. The first is "Thoughts are things," and the second is "The immortal soul or the precious immortal soul,"—sectarian sentences! The soul or soul-body of subjective body is not immortal because partied, composite, compounded and changeable, but the spirit—the self-conscious ego is immortal. These subjects, however, are not under consideration.

Hypnotism or Obsession—Which?

"Hypnotism will explain all the phenomena of obsession." Such is the unqualified statement—such is the position of J. S. Loveland while treating of hypnotism and hypnotic power relating to physically embodied men and obsessed spirits. As Mr. Loveland affirms the above, it belongs to him by all the rules of logic to explain and to prove. Demonstration is demanded. His ipse dixit is at a discount.

Then take this case. Miss R. S., a refined and intellectual young lady, graduate of a normal school, the only daughter of influential and wealthy parents in New York, became first a personator and writing medium. To this she was added a few months later, fine clairvoyance. She idolized her father, but one night after returning from the theater she felt impressed to write, the spirit communication purporting to come from a noted tragedian. Some splendid things were written, some Shakespearean quotations were scribbled, some tests and also warnings relating to the social affairs of the neighbors, etc. These were followed after a few weeks by vulgar suspicions and by coarse, profane language. She wrote automatically. Her trances were unconscious and her clairvoyance at times clear. Soon she became nervous. Her vital forces were being sapped. The parents became alarmed and the tender father, chiding the controlling tragedian spirit while entrancing his daughter for his coarse obscene expressions through the sweet lips of his child, aroused the spirit's anger. He cursed her father. The father rebuking him still more sternly for his low, vile influences maddened him and he sprang on the father through the medium, giving him a severe blow in the face accompanied it with a most horrible oath. She was soon pronounced insane—but wisely put in the charge of Prof. S. B. Wisely of New York, where the hypnotic obsessional spell of this tragedian demon was by magnetic treatment soon broken, and she was restored to herself, retaining her clairvoyance.

This abridged account Mr. Loveland will doubtless say was hypnotism—but if so, what—who hypnotized her? What power induced this young lady to use the foulest, vilest language, and strike the venerable father whom she idolized? Tell us, Mr. Loveland, explain it and so prove the truth of your astonishing statement that mortal "hypnotism will explain all the phenomena of obsessions." I have a dozen more similar

yet unpublished cases at my command.

Take again this case, nearer home, of Hudson Tuttle, who while sitting in a seance with friends engaged in drawing and automatic writing, his hand was seized and with fierce unrelenting hatred and in angry bloody-redness, he had an uncontrollable desire to kill his father, and impelled by this murderous desire he hurled a piece of chalk at his father's head, shivering the chalk to pieces. Mr. Tuttle declared that he could not escape "the terrible influence for the evening." Now, Mr. Loveland, was Mr. Tuttle obsessed by this malevolent Indian spirit, or was he self-hypnotized, or was he fully and absolutely hypnotized? If you say the latter, then by whom? I press the question—by whom? No dodging will suffice. You assert that "hypnotism will explain all the phenomena of obsessions." Now, then, I beseech you to explain the two above named cases in consonance with your assumption. In this case vigorously described by Mr. Tuttle himself, he either played a heartless, monstrous trick, revealing the brute; or he was literally obsessed; or he was hypnotized by some flesh-clad murderous monster—a trilemma indeed, and Mr. Loveland can pose upon just which one of these trilemma horns he finds the most convenient. If he says "hypnotism" he will proceed to inform us by whom, and further explain the process and the devilish murderous purpose. This I demand in consideration of his bare, reiterated assertions that "hypnotism will explain all the phenomena of obsessions."

Death Not Uplifting.

Death is an event producing no immediate mental or moral change in the personality—an event implying ascent or descent, putting spirits qualitatively speaking, where they belong and this in accordance with the law of compensation, peopling the hells, the heavens, the zodiacal spheres that doubtless shade off into each other something like rainbow hues.

But Mr. Loveland writes: "The doctor asserts as a mere assertion my position that death is a benefit to every person. Instead of being a mere unsupported assertion, it was an unescapable inference from the argument demonstrating that the physical appetites and passions died with the body, etc. Mr. Loveland's argument is that nothing of the kind. It was futile. It was a floundering in shoreless waters. That is a strange 'argument' which postulates assumption and assertion for the major and the minor. His position is answered in a few words: That cannot die with the body which does not consciously abide in and pertain to it as a producing cause. This no logician will dispute. Now then, can it does any sane man contend that appetites and passions originate from and in the physical body, the real fleshly material avoirdupois? Can there be passions without consciousness and moral action? What are the thoughts, the passions in the 'lightning-struck' man—a corpse? Has he appetites? Has he passions? If so, will Mr. Loveland live in the past of the body of one who can no longer feel, see, hear, taste, or do anything? Can he contend that appetites and passions reside—in the limbs, muscles, sinews, liver, spleen or the solar plexus—where? Whatever exists must exist somewhere; therefore in what part of the physical avoirdupois of man are passions as a conscious force imbedded? Medically speaking, no surgical operation makes of a real man a mental encephalon.

How, and from whence, the Evil or Evil Spirits.

Just as sensibly ask, whence the evil of human beings? For spirits are only human beings, with their fleshly overcoats thrown off.

While again thanking friend Loveland for his extensive quotations from my book on the Obsession of Evil Spirits, in which he says, "I have Mesmerized his position 'more frequently than he could himself.'" Be it so, and glad, then, are two mortals. Surely, touching some positions we are getting on nicely. By the way he adds: "He (Peebles) must have for a time forgotten his old-time theological superstitions and yielded to the inspiration of the new truth."

There is no "new truth," only the conception of truths are new to us. And then, what was my "theological superstition"? If a superstition, it was belief in Universalism, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, and the final salvation of all men; and as a Universalist I was never superstitious enough, nor mentally weak enough, as was J. S. Loveland, to have Mesmerized his position "more frequently than he could himself." Be it so, and glad, then, are two mortals. Surely, touching some positions we are getting on nicely. By the way he adds: "He (Peebles) must have for a time forgotten his old-time theological superstitions and yielded to the inspiration of the new truth."

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The Purity of Spirit; and Evil Spirits. Emphatically I state—and restate that, in my opinion, spirit essential spirit, embodying consciousness, force, life and purpose, is pure, and that man in his divine immortality is a potentialized portion of the infinite Spirit; but a portion, a segment, is not the whole circle itself, and no logician would postulate of a part what he would of the whole; in brief, the spirit, the conscious immortality of man's life, and the finite is neither a part of the infinite, and functioning as it does through imperfect, partied and atomic intermediate diaries, the imperfect, the evil is produced. This I will later demonstrate to any one competent to comprehend principles.

In treating of this subject, some metaphysics cannot well be utterly avoided. I am, however, having no fancy for it, and especially when it comes to psychology and the functional interrelations of the psychic elements and their impinging forces interfering with and influencing mortals for good or ill. That spirit-inspired tendencies are affected in manifestations not only by various invisible extraneous forces but

by cranial texture, no one will probably deny.

This I, this Ego, this persistent individuality, this central spirit manifesting through the forty-two brain organs, philosophically speaking—manifesting through the imperfect conscious personality, all its actions, aims, purposes may become deflected, warped, perverted, expressed in expression to the point of malice, and malice in all sensually conceived, ill-organized, low-browed men is just as active and just as positive as on a higher plane of goodness in cultured and refined. And this reaction is not a part of the spirit itself, but world, for as aforesaid, death or death-spirits neither lower nor exalt character, neither do they immediately change the emotions or leading life-direction of the pronounced dead.

By the way, the sub-heading of Mr. Loveland reading "Peebles versus Peebles," properly translated and understood, reads, "Peebles vs. his facts, experiences and testimonies versus the limping theories and unsupported assumptions of J. S. Loveland."

While the innermost spirit is pure, in manifesting through an imperfect soul-body, through an often gross physical body, and uncultured brain there appears in the expression the imperfect, the immoral, the evil; something as the clear sparkling fountain upon the mountain side in flowing down into the valley, through swamps and marshes, becomes muddy and sufficiently poisonous to produce typhoid fever—a disease, an evil. None can mistake the application of this to spirits fleshed and unfleshed.

Death Not Uplifting.

While paying no attention to my arguments, nor to the statements and logical positions of Hudson Tuttle and A. J. Davis in my previous article, Mr. Loveland, still waddling along, insists and blindly persists in saying that "the passions die with the body." But Andrew Jackson Davis, the great seer and philosopher, says (The Diakia, page 80): "DEATH DOES NOT CHANGE THE CHARACTER OF MAN, BUT SIMPLY STRIPS OFF HIS MASKS AND COMPELS HIM TO STAND FORTH AS HE IS, AND HE BECOMES AFTER DEATH THE IMPERFECT MAN HE WAS BEFORE. THOSE WHO WERE UNTRUTHFUL IN THIS LIFE WILL BE THE SAME IN THE FUTURE."

Who, now, is entitled to the most confidence? Who is to be believed, the independent clairvoyant, extensive author and illustrious seer, A. J. Davis, or J. S. Loveland, who is neither an extensive author, clairvoyant nor psychic seer? Briefly, is the illustrious A. J. Davis versus J. S. Loveland.

If as Mr. Loveland strenuously contends, and persists in stating, that death makes everyone "better," the quickest way to uplift and better the criminal would be to shoot him, or with a policeman's club knock his brains out. His "passions" we are told would "die with his body, and he would thus be speedily transmuted into a passionless saint."

Again, two angry men are fighting; they are profane and half drunken. One, drawing a revolver, shoots and kills his antagonist, and the other to escape arrest commits suicide; and he too murderer and suicide met by their tragic deaths an "uplift"; death "bettered" them; and accordingly upon the basis of Loveland morality it may be joyfully said, blessed be by heaven, blessed be by murder, blessed be by suicide, and death of any kind, because it is an "uplift," making the condition of the murderer "better"—better through the revolver "and gallow's rope-choking. Such teachings, regardless of the law of compensation, are, in my estimation, as morally degrading as they are damaging.

Mrs. Haviland, here in Battle Creek, Mich., writes to me, "I have a person, strong and her little children being in the way, she murdered them to get rid of them, and so 'bettered' their condition. This is Loveland philosophy, made practical."

And here I am reminded by Mr. Loveland of my phrase that "in dying, the spiritual (rather the soul-body) is raised out of the physical body into a higher sphere of existence." Yes, I stand by it, and I restate the fact, but that has nothing to do with imparting any uplifting moral quality. Would raising a life-long polluted criminal in thought and deed into a higher state of existence inject into him virtue, goodness and wisdom, thus making him better? How could it? It would not change character, because character is attained only through aspiration and struggle, and struggle and aspiration are not in the nature of obsessions only.

The Witnesses of Loveland Continue to Witness Against Him.

Honestly, half-lying my opponent, I have to say that I never knew a more unfortunate man in the face of an Open Court, because every name that he has mentioned—Davis, Tuttle, Underwood, and others, testify directly and squarely against his positions. This must be to him disheartening.

1. In the Philosophical Journal, December 24, Charles Dabarn, whom Mr. Loveland mentions, says: "When a man crosses the divide he will rest there, or move on according to the thought-mood he has taken up for himself." Mr. Loveland further says: "speaking of Wilson and Dallas: 'We get here a certain spectroscopic view of the hell manifested by earth passions carried into spirit life.' Considered that phrase of your witness, Mr. Loveland—'earth passions carried into spirit life.' There is no 'fog-lambent' about that, and what is more, it stoutly and utterly denies Loveland's position that 'the passions die with the body,' and so we have Dabarn versus Loveland."

2. In The Progressive Thinker, January 14, Hudson Tuttle, the noted author, writes this: "This doctrine of the innate purity of the spirit, and that sin, the activity of the passions, is confined to the body, is of immemorial age, and has been held by the present. But the conclusion was drawn that when the body was that of the spirit was as pure as free. Hence the terrible asceticism which sought by punishment of the body, to cancel its sinfulness. There cannot be sin without the activity of consciousness or thought, and as this is absolutely of spirit, and has no dependence upon the body, the body cannot be the cause of sin. The conclusion was drawn that when the body was that of the spirit was as pure as free. Hence the terrible asceticism which sought by punishment of the body, to cancel its sinfulness. There cannot be sin without the activity of consciousness or thought, and as this is absolutely of spirit, and has no dependence upon the body, the body cannot be the cause of sin. 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Demon Spirits and Obsession.

Mr. A. J. King, One of the Master Minds in This Conflict, Comes to the Front Again With Arguments Against the Position Assumed by Dr. Peebles, Adding Much Interest to the Present Controversy.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results." By J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Bar. An absorbing, valuable, and well-decided value. A narrative of the most wonderful psychic events in the author's experience. Cloth, 660 pages. Illustrated. \$1.25.

"Death Defeated; or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young." By J. M. Peebles. M. D., M. A., Ph. D. Price \$1.00.

"The Romance of Jude. A Story of the Days and Times of the Nazarene Hills of Palestine." Through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley. An intensely interesting book. Neatly bound in cloth and gilt. Only 50 cents.

Of course we have all heard of these demonic obsessions, and has not A. J. Davis in his "Dialkka and Their Victims," Hudson Tuttle, and other writers warned their readers in no unmeasured terms of these dangers, but it is true that these "confessions" with their "exorcisms" "turn away in disgust," as Dr. Peebles reminds us "ignoring this great evil which repels many from joining our church and as drives others to range themselves against us," with the result that "the church is left with a few of the weak, the timid, the feeble, the selfish, the cunning, or of no benefit to us." Their critics were fairer, for it was a battle for industry, for health and for sanity." And one of the obsessed lady states what is one of the truest observed spiritual facts: "They were good sympathizing guardian spirits, anxious to assist and protect me but they had not that insidious earthly hypnotic power that these deceptive seers and demons had." Later, she relates how she was able to resist their power.

Orbed in an infinite Day,
Tho' obscured oftentimes, its innermost
will
Shine over my earth pathway.
BISHOP A. BEALS.
Summerland, Cal.

"Why I Am a Vegetarian." By
Howard Moore. An address before the
Chicago Vegetarian Society. Price, 1
cent.

heard a thousand merry, ringing peals
of laughter for a single groan of agony.
This is God's world. All worlds are
his, and so immortals and mortals are
demons, fleshed and unfleshed, are a
band of brothers, constituting one vast
unity, one mighty solidarity, journeying
onward and upward by methods diverse
to the higher, brighter realms of a far
less immortality.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Battle Creek, Mich.

FREE TRIAL
If You Have
PILES

The New and the Old,
Or the World's Progress in Thought. By M.
Hull. An excellent work by this veteran writer
and thinker. Price, 10 cents.

The New and the Old,
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Limitations of the Soul.

What, if any, are the Limitations of the Soul in Its State or Sphere of Being, or in Its Embodiment in Physical Life? A Lecture by Spirit John Pierpont, through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary T. Longley, before the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C. It will appear next week.

Old Bible: A Story in Point.

A learned and critical writer recently announced that after protracted research he was confident there was no Bible in existence prior to the 15th century. He stated the well-known fact, that all the early editions of that book were without date. He might with truth have added, because the Christian era was not yet in general use by which to note time.

More recently, that writer says, he found in the Congressional Library a copy of the Bible bearing an earlier date than he knew of, hence he admits an error in his first statement.

Now the question arises, was he not correct as he first announced? We more than suspect it.

The older the book the greater its value, more particularly if that book is a Bible. A genuine copy of the Bible, so old as the 12th century would command a princely fortune. Of complete printed Bibles there are none older than 1488, though there were fragments as the Psalms, which first appeared in 1477, the Pentateuch in 1482, and still other portions, as the Prophets, in 1486, and other parts in 1487. There was a second complete edition printed in 1494. Martin Luther, the great Protestant Reformer, never saw a copy of the Bible until in his 21st year, and yet he was educated for the priesthood. Born in 1483; then until the beginning of the 16th century, to-wit, 1504, did he see a copy of "The Book," as a correct translation of its Greek title, Ta Biblia, should be rendered.

When a book in those modern times lies dead in sheets, the title page is frequently removed, a new one with date up to the times is added, and it appears as a new edition, "because of the great demand for it" being wholly exhausted. But the habit is reversed with Bibles. The older they are the quicker the sale, and the greater the price. To accommodate lovers of the antique title pages of old books are printed with early dates, and inserted in place of the original dingy paper, which is then crumpled, completes the deception, and the value of the book is many times enhanced. We have some interesting facts in point:

Some twenty-five years ago we saw in a second-hand book store a well preserved copy of the Holy Bible, printed in English, and bearing date, we think, 1584, or thereabouts. The paper was dingy, the ink was not good, and the binding was an ancient appearance, with the names of its early owners, and subsequent ones in old-style hand-writing on a fly-leaf. A clerical friend bought it after a little hawking at the marvelously low price of \$15. It was bound in unadorned leather, only slightly rubbed, showing it had been well cared for. The bibliophile informed the purchaser he knew where there was another copy he could procure, if any one desired it.

A dozen years later the writer was in close correspondence with a doctor residing in Hartford, Ct. The question of old Bibles coming up, he wrote, his brother had a way of procuring ancient copies of that book which was a mystery to him. The name of an old clergyman would appear on a fly-leaf, with one or more transfers, and a family record inside. Descendants were sure to buy the book, and pay a large price for it, because of its early associations. And, curious, all the books bore the same date on the title page, with the same general appearance, showing they were of the same edition. The fly-leaf was in place of a, and a was used in place of the modern u. Though the book had a soap manufacturer he believed he made more ready cash from the sale of these old Bibles than from his soap business, though only a single copy was in sight at a time.

We suggested to our friend there was a secret factory near by, and that somebody had access to town records, with family pedigrees, who was writing autographs, and who was writing attention directed to it, he discovered the old style write was a peculiarity of his brother, and, continuing the investigation, he found the Bible of 1584 was printed on discolored paper, evidently made expressly to imitate that of ancient books; that the binding was antique in style, rubbed, and that doubtless many a head was made glad by possessing a biblical relic of the Puritan fathers of New England, to whom they were distantly related.

In closing it may be proper to say, Doctor C. was an earnest Spiritualist; while the dealer in forged Bibles was a zealous Presbyterian who was very bitter in denunciation of his honest brotherly friends who had confidence in the silly tricks of vile impostors," as he always designated mediums.

Moral:—If the good reader shall desire to successfully practice some great fraud, which would shame a heathen Chinese, let him first join an orthodox church, preferably a Presbyterian.

For the Guilty Only.

A lady patron writes of a sad experience she had with a prominent public lecturer, who was visiting at her house. During his stay he had free access to her husband's library, which was a large one of a high order. After the guest's disappearance it was discovered quite a number of valuable books had been mutilated by the removal of leaves neatly cut out, doubtless with the expectation their absence would not be detected. The lady adds: "There were no boys in the family."

"We make note of this merely as a caution to persons gaining access to libraries, that purloining leaves from books is as disreputable as stealing entire volumes, and those guilty of such offences may not expect to escape detection. Only the guilty will take exception to this note, who will inquire if he was referred to."

"The New Life." By Leroy Berrier. Emphatically suggestive along the lines of "Thought." Excellent in tone and thought. Price, cloth, \$1.

"Social Upbuilding, Including Co-operative Systems and the Happiness and Renovation of Humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, L. L. D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Co-operative Systems. Cloth, 15c. For sale at this office.

The Present Tidal Wave of Agitation.

A tremendous tidal wave of agitation is now sweeping fiercely over this country, bearing on its white, foaming crest various reflections in reference to the phenomena of Spiritualism. This tidal wave is the legitimate evolution of preceding causes, and will soon exhaust itself, and then there will be a calm and an opportunity for serious reflection on the part of Spiritualists. The storm center of this agitation arose in New York in connection with the genuine phenomenal work of Mrs. May Pepper, and ended with bringing prominently into notice the Bangs Sisters, spirit artists and independent letter writers of Chicago, whose genuineness is championed by Dr. L. K. Funk and many others in the ranks of Spiritualism.

This agitation, the outgrowth of pre-existing causes, will naturally carry along with it a great deal of driftwood, some noxious weeds and not a little poisonous odor, to be followed in the end by a purer and more healthful atmosphere. While it is true that in every large city there are all kinds of "phenomenal" frauds, still there are many mediums whose work is angelic, whose lives are above suspicion, and who are doing a world of good, and for whom we have the most profound respect.

The Chicago Chronicle of March 2, says:

Detective Woodbridge says that if the chief gives him orders to do so he will arrest every medium in the city. He declared that he believed that all of them were liable to arrest under the provisions of the vagrancy laws, even if specific charges of fraud could not be made against them. He said that the mediums were becoming bolder and their number was constantly on the increase and that it was time something was done to prevent them from continuing to dupe the public.

"Anyone who will look at the advertisements in the Sunday newspapers can get a good idea of the extent to which the mediums are operating in the city," said he. "I can only make a rough guess at the number of them in the city, but I would place it in the neighborhood of 1,000. I have now in my pockets evidence which will warrant the arrest of some of them."

"They have been preying upon the superstitious long enough. They have tried many schemes to get money from their dupes. I know of instances in which the mediums have been able to force the credulous to make regular weekly or monthly payments to them for protection against some imagined evil. Most of them are shrewd. Every trick and device which will bring them a financial reward is employed by them. I believe that every medium who is doing business in the city at the present time should be given out of business. The medium business is a fraud all the way through. If there is no other law which can be enforced against the mediums I believe that we will be able to make use of the vagrancy ordinances to punish them. I have as yet received no orders from Chief O'Neill to make a crusade against the mediums, but I am ready to act as soon as I receive them and I can wind up some important work I now have on hand."

From present indications, it would appear that an indiscriminate onslaught is about to be made by the city police and petty courts against all persons who work as mediums in Chicago. The Progressive Thinker has no sympathy with fraudulent or pretended mediums, or any who practice deception and trickery in their methods and work. On the contrary it would be glad if the entire array of tricksters were driven out of business. Were this accomplished, Spiritualism would flourish as never before. With only genuine honest mediumship, our Cause would take on new life, and gain immeasurably in strength and in the estimation of the public.

To the "frauds" and "tricksters" we are indebted for this anti-medium crusade. With only honest genuine work on the part of all who claim to be mediums the crusade would have had no inception.

The danger is, that there will now be no discrimination—all mediums, the real and the fraudulent, will suffer, and while the tricksters will receive their just deserts, to many a true and honest genuine medium great injustice may be done. This is certain to be the case if the expressed views of some of the police detectives are to be accepted as an indication of the course that will be pursued against all mediums. One of the most noted of the detectives, as stated in the daily papers, intimates that there is absolutely nothing but fraud in the whole matter of mediumship. To him every person who claims to be a medium is a fraud. Of course, starting out with this conviction settled in his mind, he is morally certain to inflict injury and gross injustice if he follows in the line of his convictions. There is danger that prosecution may degenerate into sheer persecution. Whatever may be done or attempted, of one thing we may rest assured: Spiritualism cannot be put down or destroyed. And genuine mediumship will survive, and overcome its enemies, by the helping forces of the spirit world.

A Learned Society Projected.

Rev. Minot J. Savage, the more-than-half Spiritualist preacher of New York, is planning to organize an American Institute of Scientific Research. To make it a success he proposes to raise \$100,000 by voluntary contributions, to place it on a solid financial base. It is said he prefers to disassociate it from Spiritualism.

It matters not under what guise such a movement is inaugurated if truth is its base, as it must be, else Dr. Savage would not be connected with it.

Rally of Spiritualists! Watch This Bulletin Closely!

ANNUAL

Mass Meeting,

Under the Auspices of

The Illinois State Spiritualist Association, at Handel Hall, Chicago.

Opening Session, Tuesday Evening, March 21st.

All-day Sessions, March 22nd and 23rd.

Enjoyable Music—Honest Messages—Able Oratory.

Watch for Program. Public Interest in Our Cause

is Awakened. "Know Your Opportunity."

An Appeal to Spiritualists.

And to the Spiritualists of Michigan in Particular.

Through the ever-ready columns of The Progressive Thinker, and the patience of its editor that never flags in its interest and forbearance for everywhere, I desire to make one more appeal to the Spiritualists who have the well-being of Spiritualism in its temporal, spiritual and intellectual progress, to assist the officers of the Michigan State Spiritualist Society to protect the legal rights of Spiritualists in the courts. Some have responded nobly to the call, both as societies, chartered under the state association, and private individuals, others who do not understand the pressing need of a hearty co-operation on the part of all Spiritualists in a crisis of this kind, are waiting like Micaham "to see what will turn up," not fully understanding that the toes of any society are liable to "turn up" and the body corporate assume a moribund condition immediately if every member waits to see what will turn up, if they do not turn up and help to move something themselves.

The Spiritualists of Michigan have a Mediums' Home, but no endowment secured. John F. Goff provided such endowment that would help to sustain the Home and provide educational and charitable funds, by a well-executed will. The judge of the probate court of Cass county, who drew the will pronounced it, when he admitted it to probate, a perfectly valid document, and the moral soundness of the man whose will it was, and his business capacity at the time perfectly sound. The judge's testimony was given in behalf of those who desired to sustain John F. Goff's will and testament, (who were in the audience) and the probate court of Cass county, who drew the will pronounced it, when he admitted it to probate, a perfectly valid document, and the moral soundness of the man whose will it was, and his business capacity at the time perfectly sound. The judge's testimony was given in behalf of those who desired to sustain John F. Goff's will and testament, (who were in the audience) and the probate court of Cass county, who drew the will pronounced it, when he admitted it to probate, a perfectly valid document, and the moral soundness of the man whose will it was, and his business capacity at the time perfectly sound.

"Think you that such testimony as the judge's testimony will not have its due effect on men of broadened judicial minds? Spiritualists individually, and collectively, have you no duty in this matter? Because a jury who were carried away by a spectacular exhibit of forensic and extravagant talent and phrases that portrayed a monomaniac and likened this monomaniac to his whims and mad caprices, the lawyer living this word picture with much play of a very vivid imagination, comparing this creature of his own fertile imagination to John F. Goff (which in no wise resembled the shrewd, rational old thinker and philanthropist) and so

wrought upon the imagination of a jury that they forgot the facts in the case and became imbued with the fantastic phantasmagoria of the lawyer's wonderful creative genius—are you going to sit down and tamely say, "We do not know what we can do about it; I am afraid that it will not pay to try?" The last sentence came in a languid way from a community as the consensus of opinion, to the writer of this article, who as a misanthropic—recognized as such now in a legal way—once a self-constituted missionary—like many others, giving freely and unreservedly, and without hope of pecuniary reward to the public and private service of Spiritualism.

But let foes assail from without and within our citadel, let "weary Willie's" meander aimlessly along the highway of our great Spiritual Republic perfectly willing to break bread—the bread of spiritual life—with those whose hands have grown knotted, blistered, and strong, if not as perfectly chiseled now as the hands of the idlers in our ranks. These idlers are always hungered for the manna from heaven, and for the loving and tender care of the true workers. It may be possible that if they are not ready when "the bridegroom comes," there may be no marriage supper for them, that another Paul may arise to say he who will not work, let him eat not.

Friends, the cause needs a little help. We are asking for donations to the cause of sustaining our rights. There are many in Michigan who know me, have known the writer of this article for many years—yes, since my childhood, as a medium, and while I cannot recall your names and residences to assist you to personally by letter, yet I trust that you will show that your appreciation of the work that I and many others have done for you and your friends by bringing you indubitable proofs of spirit return, and the truths of Spiritualism, by sending to my address, which I will append below, such sums of money as you are willing and able to donate to the object which I have clearly defined to you. Every dollar will be receipted for, that you may send, and lesser sums than that will be most gratefully recognized and accepted, if that is all that you can give, in justice to yourself; but \$5 and \$10 would be a most agreeable surprise. Thanking The Progressive Thinker for its courtesy and the people whom we anticipate will respond to this appeal, for their expected aid, I would direct them to send to Dr. Julia M. Walton, 507 S. Blackstone street, Jackson, Mich. Hoping that within the next week or ten days I shall receive letters and financial returns from this article. If there are any mediums who will give a benefit seance for the cause, let them communicate with me also.

JULIA M. WALTON, Missionary Michigan State Spiritualist Association.

Dr. Marvin E. Conger.

The passing on of Dr. Conger at the ripe age of 79 years deserves more than a passing notice.

He was early identified with the movements that in the middle of the 19th century indicated rapid progress in the world of human thought: Phrenology, Psychology, Mesmerism, reformed schools of medicine—like Hydropathy, Homeopathy, etc., and last, but by no means least, Modern Spiritualism engaged his earnest thought and attention.

He was zealous—and many thought extreme—in his views, but those who knew him best realized his absolute sincerity and unselfish motive in all his convictions.

His idea was that to disseminate useful knowledge upon the higher planes of life and health was the greatest work of the worker and thinker. With his second wife, Dr. Rosa C. Conger, many works and publications were undertaken to the end of educating the people along the lines of better health to body and mind. Dr. Conger, although born in the East (Attica, N. Y.), has been a resident of the West for many years and for the last twenty-five years has called Chicago his home. He leaves six children by his first marriage who are now men and women filling useful positions in this city. His wife, Rosa C. Conger, survives him.

One is reminded in the transition of this earnest worker that the old time pioneers of passing, and that three and four generations have intervened since the advent of the great light of Modern Spiritualism. The funeral services were fittingly conducted by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond who had known Dr. Conger for years. He was at one time a member of the board of trustees of the society of which she is the pastor. Dr. Conger did not pass out of a painful illness, but was simply tired and went away. The body was cremated at Graceland cemetery.

The influence of his life will remain long after the transient mortal struggle, and the "gathering of the spiritual shavings" will be of such an earnest life and endeavor bring.

In The World Celestial.

We have received a supply of the fourth edition of Dr. Bland's book, "In The World Celestial," which contains a beautiful full-page photo-gravure of the heroine, Pearl, from a new life-size spirit-painting of her. This adds greatly to the attractiveness of the book, and quite considerably to its cost. Yet the price remains the same, one dollar. For sale at this office.

A MEDIUM TO BE AVOIDED.

He Secured the Hard-Earned Money of a Student and Then Skipped.

To the Editor:—I am a young man, college student here, with the very best of habits, qualities and references. For the last six years I have worked my way through school. I have been very much interested in Spiritualism for some time past, and have some fine friends here who sympathize with me in my trouble.

Last vacation I earned \$120, which I put in the bank here to have for tuition, etc. On Sept. 20, 1904, I through promises of big interest, etc., loaned my \$120 to a man who advertised extensively as a Spiritualist medium, and who went by the name of Prof. Robert Vernon. Now this man gave me a note

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 compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often brevity is sacrificed to this end. The style becomes thereby descriptive, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and answers in the columns of the paper. 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 anonymous letters, or to letters in which the name of the sender is not given. 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 the ordinary courtesy of correspondence as expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

William Dubois: Q. What is the pressure of the wind, and why has it not been utilized as a motive power? or is this possible?

A. The Smithsonian Institute has divided wind velocity into ten grades, beginning with calm, two miles an hour is a very light breeze and the pressure on a square foot is two-hundredths of a pound; four miles is a gentle breeze, pressure eight hundredths; twelve miles, a fresh wind, with a pressure of 75 hundredths; twenty-five miles, a strong wind, pressure three pounds; thirty-five miles is a high wind, with pressure six pounds; fifty miles is a gale, with pressure of ten pounds; sixty miles is a strong gale with pressure of eighteen pounds; seventy-five miles a violent gale; ninety miles a hurricane; one hundred miles a most violent hurricane. The maximum pressure of the last three is difficult if not impossible to determine.

The power of the wind is inconceivable, and the force exerted by a fresh wind passing over the United States would be more than that of all the work done by man, animals and machines. The energy rapidly increases with the velocity. There are 27,878,400 feet in a square mile, and a ten pound pressure of a strong gale multiplies this by ten as the force exerted by such a wind on such a surface, in round numbers 278,784,000 pounds. If a hurricane gave pressure of one hundred pounds, it would be ten times this force. When we consider that a wind current may be a hundred miles or more in breadth and extend a full mile in height, and capable of exerting this pressure on every foot of exposed surface, we are overwhelmed by the inconceivable energy. The power exerted by a wind of twenty feet in diameter would be sufficient to do all the work of a hundred-acre farm, and light and warm the dwelling.

Why has not this tremendous and ever present force been used? Mainly because of its unreliability. When the power is wanted perhaps there will be a calm, or too light a wind. The want has been for a means of storage of this energy which has been found to be impractical by mechanical power. With a storage battery, which would accumulate from a motor run by the windmill, the power of a light breeze could be retained as well as of a gale, and used required. In the near future this will be done on the largest scale, and the restless air harnessed to do the work of the world. The wind will be made to set its lamps aglow, and fill its rooms with tropical warmth.

For man to dig in the mines for coal, for motive power, when such an ocean of power is above and around him, is not creditable to his intelligence.

C. F. Short, N. Y.: Q. Can the sex of offspring be determined? Are any of the means advocated by certain doctors and scientists reliable?

A. There has been no such means as yet discovered. Certain conditions are known to be more favorable to one sex than the other, but this is so slight that no reliance can be placed thereon.

Every living being sets out with the possibilities of becoming either male or female. In the lowest forms there is no distinction or separation. The germ and the mature form are the same. The germ of the lower being cannot be distinguished from that of the highest. The difference of growth is the marked feature, for while one remains in the germ state, propagating by throwing off other germs or buds, the other passes through all the changes of the living forms have taken since they came on the earth, until the highest and most complete is attained. In this development occurs the differentiation of the sexes. The lowest being is a single cell, it reproduces by division into two, and again and again dividing. In germ growth at an early period is separation. The forces which operate to make this physical and psychological distinction of sex, has never been ascertained, and not a theory advanced that has not been exploded. The matter remains one of nature's unexplained mysteries. This influence, or influences must be exerted in the beginning or earliest life, and are such as on the whole to produce a number of males or females. This is true of species that are exclusively monogamous, as well as of those species in which polygamy prevails. Beyond these facts it may be said without fear of contradiction, nothing is known. From time to time physicians have become famous by claiming this discovery, but their theories have on trial found utterly at variance with the facts. If any one makes this claim, he needs no other reputation than the fact, that if he has, he may become by the sale of his secret, wealthier than the fabian Ind, and the most famous scientist that ever lived, and yet remains in obscurity.

Telepathic Student: Q. A friend and I have been experimenting in telepathy. We are some 200 miles apart, and have appointed times to send messages. Thus far we have not met with success. Can you give us instructions how to proceed?

A. Perhaps few subjects have been so misunderstood, or are more vaguely spoken of, as telepathy. It is made to explain the entire range of spirit manifestations. Of course this is done by those totally ignorant of both subjects, else they would not wittingly expose their stupidity.

That one mind can be impressed by another has been known from ancient times. It has been called in a proverb: "The devil is near when you are talking about him." Our thoughts go before us, and we find our friends are expecting our coming. This, however, is not a common occurrence it is the exception. There are exceedingly few mind-readers and they cannot read all minds. There must be union between the mind that gives and the mind that receives.

In the physical world this is represented by the transmitting and receiving instruments of the wireless telegraph. The last must be attuned to the first, else it will not be affected. There must be union between the two, and if one receiver was without union, and all others around it not, this one would be the only instrument which received a message sent. Observers of other instruments, finding them silent, might incline to the belief that no message was sent, or doubt the possibility of transmission. Before such instruments are taken to distant stations, they are adjusted to the last refinement of the possibilities of the inventor's skill. It is certain if they will not respond when near they will not at a distance.

One mind is the transmitting instrument, another the receiving and their relations to each other are similar to those between the instruments of the wireless telegraph. In experiments such as this correspondent and many others are considering, (1) Are the minds of the experimenters in union? (2) Which is the receiver, which transmits?

If they are not in union, of course the experiments will not be successful. If the mind qualified to receive attempts to send the message the result will be unsatisfactory. Thus it may be possible to succeed with experiments roughly undertaken, the conditions being wittingly being observed, but the chances are ten to one against such results.

It is clear that the influence of one mind on another, must be stronger, when near than when at a distance, and while they are together they can maintain these essential points, and be able to know if it is possible for them to communicate by thought messages. This preparation is necessary for the further pursuit of the subject. They can be sitting near each other, or at a table, find how far they are able to read each other's thoughts. The old game of "odd or even," or "heads or tails," with coins, has been suggested as a method of determining. If one shakes a coin in his hand without knowing the number, or turns one down without knowing which side is up, the guesser has even chance, or one to one. The average of any large number of guesses will leave the same number of coins in the hands of each player. "But if the number is known to the one handling them, then mind reading may change this average, and will do so in proportion to the susceptibility of the players. I have seen the 'guessers' come right eighty-five times in a hundred, and often for ten times before a failure. The more this is practiced the more reliable it becomes.

It will be observed in this game one or the other will be most successful, showing superior receptivity, and this in the further experiment should be the one to whom the messages are sent by the other more positive acting as a sender. To reverse this, would be like forcing a stream to change its current toward its source.

Having determined this matter, experiments should be continued patiently until a well-established relationship is established, foundation laid, and knowledge gained to make the reception of messages from a distance possible.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT REALMS.

Continued from fifth column.

His knee upon her chest caused her heart to stop beating. All the while that he was choking her, and dashing her head back and forth, he was exclaiming: "I am Piper! I have just hanged me! I will kill you! I will kill you! I will kill everybody that I can! I will have my revenge! You are sick and weak! You are the first one that I will kill, but you shall not be the last! I will kill everybody that I can!" At this point his grip became so terrible that she lost outward consciousness.

"But just here, before life left her, something happened. A bright and shining angel dashed down, then another and another, and the medium plainly saw them. They grasped the murderer, lifted him from his victim, and then surrounding and sustaining him, they slowly rose with him into the ether. The medium watched their anxious faces as they disappeared. At first the face of the murderer was contorted with rage, hate, and revenge; and he struggled with the bright spirits; but they were far more powerful than he, and as they slowly rose his face changed to that of surprise and joy. Then, they all disappeared.

When the medium recovered, news was brought in that Piper had just been executed, but anyone can see by this, that after experiencing the exaltation of rising into the real spiritual life, he could have no desire to return for the purpose of revenge. It would be like going from heaven into hell. The medium found that her home was in a direct line from the prison at Charlestown. The distance of an air line was very short, and she was the first weak person he came in contact with."

"Well," said the professor, "I myself was conversant with the Piper tragedy, and as his crime was so heinous, I have been curious to trace his career as a spirit." He then related it, but the story is too long to be inserted here. The forces which operate to make this physical and psychological distinction of sex, has never been ascertained, and not a theory advanced that has not been exploded. The matter remains one of nature's unexplained mysteries. This influence, or influences must be exerted in the beginning or earliest life, and are such as on the whole to produce a number of males or females. This is true of species that are exclusively monogamous, as well as of those species in which polygamy prevails. Beyond these facts it may be said without fear of contradiction, nothing is known. From time to time physicians have become famous by claiming this discovery, but their theories have on trial found utterly at variance with the facts. If any one makes this claim, he needs no other reputation than the fact, that if he has, he may become by the sale of his secret, wealthier than the fabian Ind, and the most famous scientist that ever lived, and yet remains in obscurity.

Yours for all truth,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
(To be continued.)

"In the World Celestial," by Dr. T. A. Bland. Interesting, instructive and helpful; Spiritually uplifting. Cloth bound; price \$1.

Life in the Spirit Realms.

A Series of Letters From Spirit Carlyle Petersilea, Through the Mediumship of His Wife, Mrs. Amelia Petersilea.

Letter Number Seven.

The readers of "The Progressive Thinker" may think that I like to have a finger in everybody's pie; and it may be that I do for I certainly like to become acquainted with all those people who are interested in me so much when I was in the mortal form. When in that form I often longed to meet a great many that I never had the pleasure of meeting, owing to material distances and surroundings. Now all is changed, and that which I once so much desired is easy of accomplishment. The wishes of an immortal being are always, at length, brought to pass. Nothing, now, stands between me and the great multitudes that lived and passed out of the mortal form while I was yet within my mortal form, and all those whom I visit are very glad to meet me, and exchange thoughts, ideas, and aspirations.

In this way we all grow and progress in spirit. I appreciate that which they have and I lack, and they tell me that they gain much from me also. All that is lovely, beautiful, and admirable in another, I can add to my own soul with out robbing them, thereby becoming more beautiful and lovely myself, and whatever gifts I possess they can take from me without robbing me in the least. If all were alike, or possessed the same attributes and gifts, there could be no such exchange, and immortal existence would be robbed of its greatest charm.

When I was in the mortal form, one of those whom I most desired to meet, but never enjoyed that pleasure, was the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin—Harriet Beecher Stowe. Here, that great wish of my heart has been granted, and I have visited the lady at her own home, and she has returned my visits; and on the long and earnest conversations we have had together, and the plans we have talked over, planning to help and enlighten the mundane sphere as well as the lower spiritual world.

What a dear little, beautiful soul she is! Talk of her little Eva! Why, she is little Eva personified. The little Eva which she portrayed with such an artistic pen, was her own child soul. She felt that she would like to give up her life, as she wrote that little Eva did, or as Jesus did, for a great principle—the principle of freedom—freedom for all mankind. Oh how waving and floating of whatever kind. Little Eva still lives within Mrs. Stowe, magnified a thousand fold, beautiful and magnified beyond all telling.

I first saw Mrs. Stowe at the Petersilea-Tourgee Conservatory of Music and Art. She had gone thither to renew her former earthly acquaintance with Carlyle Petersilea, and to thank him for the music which he had rendered for her when they were both in the mortal, also to bear the grand and exquisite music that can always be heard at this conservatory, just as it could have been heard on earth at a similar one, now carried up higher into the spiritual realms. I happened to be visiting the school at the same time, and Mr. Petersilea made us acquainted with the school, and she soon made me understand that the pleasure was mutual. Mr. Petersilea's great, generous soul was delighted that we should thus and there meet. Our invitations to visit each other were mutual.

"Why cannot you come directly home with me now?" asked Mrs. Stowe. "I would like you to see what I am doing, and know that you will be interested in my work."

"I am sure to be, for Harriet Beecher Stowe could never do anything that was not for the uplifting of humanity in general and the spiritual world in particular."

Now would you not like to know just how this dear little lady looks? Well, she is quite small and fair-like, with fine silken hair waving and floating about her like a cloud all tinged with glowing sunlight. She is as fair as a lily, with regular features slightly prominent, showing character and great tenderness and depth of feeling; her motions are the acme of refinement and grace. Her eyes are large, glowing brilliantly with an amber light; her flowing, soft drapery, is tinged with gold. She is little Eva magnified ten thousand fold, and now we floated out from the conservatory in what on earth would be a southerly direction.

"You will not be surprised, Abby, to know that Mr. Stowe and myself have chosen to make our home over and above the Southern States of America?"

"Not at all," I replied. "That is just where I should imagine you might make it. And you are, then, reunited to Mr. Stowe?"

"Certainly," she answered. "He is my own other self or true other half. Oh, we were very happy together on earth, and we are a thousand times happier here. Oh, yes," she continued, "my darling husband was the first to meet and greet me. As I left my body he took me tenderly in his arms, and carried me to a sweet little home that he had already constructed for me, and after I had slept and rested we had a grand reception and reunion of our nearest and dearest relatives. My father, Lyman Beecher, my darling mother, my gifted and noble brother Henry, and all the rest of my nearest and dearest. They talk of heaven! Why the people of earth cannot even conceive of its joys."

"No, no," I breathed, "they cannot." "There is my home," she exclaimed, as she pointed toward the distance. Yes, a beautiful scene was just then opening up to our view. "Why, that is a regular little city," I said.

"Yes, I have got them all around me," she replied. "It is a little city of schools, but we allow each family to live by themselves, for our schools do not consist of children alone but of whole families, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and children; yes, tramps and stragglers and all conditions of people."

"Are they all black?" I asked. "No, not at all. Yet it is the blacks whom we intend to teach. Still, there are many who were once called poor whites, and many others who bear only the blue mark under the finger nails, some of them exceedingly beautiful, especially the females."

As we approached the place, I was curious to observe all the details of her home, and its surroundings. "That is my own home," she said as she pointed to a house. The house was a low mansion of two stories, standing in the midst of a large plateau, surrounded on all sides by a wide veranda, and on all the corners and up the posts of the veranda ran trailing vines covered with gorgeous flowers; great roses of all kinds and colors; the passion flower, purple and white mixed.

O, dear friends, I cannot tell you of all the beautiful flowers that were on

the vines; there were various kinds.

Now all the windows of this mansion which were many, had the bright and shining look that your windows of earth have at sunset, when the setting sun strikes them; and there certainly were a dozen colors, here, there, and everywhere, covered entirely by vines and flowers somewhat like those over the veranda of the house. Now all around and about ran white, silvery-looking pathways, and every pathway had a wide border on each side of it, wherein were the most exquisitely beautiful flowers. O, surely, my eyes had never beheld anything like it before. All around the house rose stately palms, and beautiful magnolias in full bloom.

Such gorgeous brightness and coloring almost took away my breath. Now there were a hundred, or more, I did not count them, cabins; not more like those of earth, but little gems of beauty, covered by trailing vines also, among which the morning-glories were conspicuous; and such morning-glories I never looked upon before. They were of all colors, and some of them so large that a fairy might rest in every cap. Not far away was a large grove of cypress trees. I looked around for water, and afar off, in the distance I saw a body of water glimmering through the trees; yes, and here were spraying fountains everywhere; and it was those spraying fountains that appeared to keep everything fresh and green.

"Our water," as conducted thither through large pipes," said Mrs. Stowe, "for earthly scenes and customs have their counterparts here in this life, otherwise the southern people would not feel that it was like home, and would not be as happy as they are now. In that cypress grove," continued Mrs. Stowe, "glitter the most brilliant and beautiful serpents; and look toward those distant palms and date trees. There many monkeys make their homes. And now I want to tell the people of earth, for me—or Mr. Petersilea has told me that you write to them—that the serpents to them would be beautiful if they were not, some of them, so poisonous. But here serpents are not at all dangerous. There is no such thing as a poisonous serpent in the spiritual world. They do not need poison to protect themselves and so do not have it, as no life can be taken of any kind. A spiritual being cannot hurt a serpent and a serpent cannot hurt a spirit. A chattering monkey is often as interesting as a low-down Negro."

Here, flying all around, were bright plumage birds and parrots. The parrots wore all kinds of new and gaudy hats. Many of them imitating the Negro dialect; and now, last but not least, my eyes sought the people who inhabited the pretty, neat, white cabins all covered by roses and vines. And out from all this, brightness looked forth, rather shyly, the black faces of the Negroes. Now beauty does not belong to white faces, for these Negro spirits were the most beautiful of all. The great black eyes, rolling in purple white, the full, red lips—too full you say, well, a ripe peach is full and juicy, and a mango is delicious. Do you object to their black wool? Well, how many fashionable white ladies like to wear something about their necks and shoulders in the form of a black and shoulder capes, that look almost exactly like the woolly heads of Negroes, and consider them very beautiful. The wide mouths of the Negroes were embellished by rows of perfect, even teeth, white and beautiful as pearls. The Negroes love jewelry, and they were all decked out in gold and silver. Why should they not? These beautiful things make them happy.

You say they are lower in the scale of beings; yes, so they are intellectually, but to what great heights of knowledge may they not yet attain, and if they lack intellectually, allow them, at least, to have the gorgeously beautiful; and music—let them go on in that to their heart's content.

"Will you look in at some of our cabins before we enter the house?" asked Mrs. Stowe. I gladly assented and we entered a large, circular building, where school was being kept. A class of young ladies were at a moment reciting. We did not pause long enough to hear the recitation, but the young ladies were all robed in pure white and were as graceful as fawns and as modest as black violets. Each one had a basket, a bunch of beautiful flowers, the language of each bouquet expressing the young lady's characteristics. There were many other classes that I cannot stop to describe.

Some may ask why the Negroes still continue to live in cabins in spirit life? and my reply is: Their architectural ability is not developed beyond the condition of a very dark age. There are a few exceptions to the rule however, but the ability of the ordinary Negro does not extend beyond it. All must remember that in these schools and conservatories, many teachers are employed.

Mrs. Stowe told me that they employed about fifty in all, the most of them white, some few were advanced pupils who were tinged with the black—octonors, quadrons, and bright mulattoes.

"But I have one full black here as a teacher," she said. "Another Uncle Tom. He is not an imaginary character but a true African, in every sense of the word. Like Blind Tom, and many others, he is a prodigy, or one far in advance of his contemporaries."

"What branch does he teach?" I asked. "Mathematics," she answered; "and he is still more wonderful in his way than Blind Tom is in his music."

As we passed along by the arbors and cabins the sight of the black faces peering forth at us with among the brilliant flowers, their bright jewels glinting and sparkling, made a gorgeous spectacle indeed, did it not?

And now we entered the house. Here I was introduced to Professor Stowe, a very refined and gentlemanly personality. They had residing with them two young ladies and a young man; a niece and a nephew, I think she said. But it did not do to write of them, else my letter would be too long; for one could go on writing forever if time and the strength of the medium would hold out, as well as the patience of the editor.

The inside of the house was beautiful and luxurious. I had not been in the house very long before I was invited to dine with the most interesting family group.

The table was spread with luscious fruits—strawberries, pine-apples, peaches, bananas, grapes, plums and nuts; together with golden oranges, apples, pears and figs.

We were soon conversing earnestly

together. Now what do you think we were talking about? I think you would never be able to guess, so I will tell you: Dr. J. M. Peebles' book, "Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages," and the differences of opinions concerning it.

Now, we have in the spirit realm talk about that which is transpiring on earth just as you of earth talk of the Russian-Japanese war and other things that interest you, just as you talk of the spirits, spiritual phenomena, spirit control, automatic writing, etc.

"What do you think of Dr. Peebles' book?" asked Professor Stowe, addressing me.

"I am inclined to think," I answered, "that he has put the matter in rather a strong light. Do you know or believe that people can be thus obsessed?" "There may be a few extreme cases," he replied. "A very wicked spirit might control a very weak-minded spirit in the mortal body, for a short time, but it could not be very lasting in the nature of things. There are too many bright and powerful angels here to allow such a state of affairs to continue. The bright and good angels within this realm are more powerful than the bad; besides, a bad spirit has no incentive to obsess a mortal for any great length of time."

"This life holds too many attractions. No human being desires to be unhappy, and when once he or she finds that the greatest possible amount of happiness can be obtained here, what incentive is there for one to hold oneself down to that which brings nothing but misery?"

"There are those who say, that a murderer still desires to commit murder from a feeling of revenge for having had his own life taken by a government. This may be his feeling for a very short time, but he cannot necessarily feel thus very long, for he at once finds that life itself cannot be taken; and if he does not find order, he at once finds that he has not killed, and he supposed victim now stands directly before him. He at once realizes that his victim can now go on into greater and more intense happiness than before; or, if so disposed, can turn at once and revenge himself with ten-fold more power than when in the mortal body."

"There is no such thing as a murderer in the spirit world," he said. "There are those who say, that a drunkard still desires to drink liquor, because of the feeling of exaltation which he experiences when under the influence of the stimulant; in other words, it partly separates the spirit from the mortal part, and, consequently, the spirit feels, in a measure, the joy, lightness, and exaltation which it will feel when death separates it from the mortal body. Thus it is with the ether habit, the opium habit. Thus it is with chloroform and other anaesthetics."

"I will here cite a case to show that this is true. A lady, well known to me, contracted an ether habit from having had it administered to her by physicians at various times when suffering great pain. Not long after the times of giving birth to her six children; and at forty years of age she was a confirmed ether drunkard. Her friends did all in their power to induce her to discontinue the habit, but all was of no avail. Her older sister went to the various drug stores and forbade them to sell ether to her sister, or to any of the family who might seek for it; the sister, having previously poured out and thrown away all that she could find in the house, and while expostulating with her misguided sister, among other questions she asked her, why she desired to take the ether, as it meant utter ruin to herself and misery, perhaps ruin, to her husband and children. The following was the reply of the poor victim of the awful habit:

"Because," said she, "when I inhale the ether, I am at once, as I were, lifted out of my body, and I am floating in space, as light as a feather, feeling such joy and exaltation that I cannot describe it. My earthly cares and children are all forgotten. My husband and children are all forgotten. I am in the air, and it seems to me if I could get away entirely, they would be better off without me and I should be—oh! so happy. At these times I am as happy as I can be, and when the influence of the ether is over, and I sink down into my body again, I feel so dull, wretched and miserable! I know it is all wrong, but the joy I experience at the time makes me desire to repeat it again and again."

"But," said her sister, "you may really die under the influence of the ether." "That is just what I should like of all things," replied the poor, deluded victim, and then I should be in that state of joy and exaltation all of the time."

"Now I repeat this to show that a spirit would not care to take the trouble to return and obsess anyone on earth, for its native joy, lightness, and exaltation are so much greater than it could obtain through obsessing a mortal form, that it could have no such desire. It would be returning into misery and darkness instead of experiencing pleasure."

"I also have a story to relate; and it is a true episode in the life of the medium through whom I am now writing. As I come in rapport with her I read it in her mind, likewise it is marked in the ether as the sounds of a phonograph are recorded on the phonograph plate. It happened many years ago in the city of Boston, Mass. A murderer by the name of Piper, was shortly to be hanged in the prison yard at Charlestown; but the medium did not know when the event was to take place. His crime had been that of the murder of a little girl five years of age. He was the sexton of a church and the little girl a Sabbath school scholar in the infant class. The murder was committed in the belfry of the church. The medium had been to Lake Pleasant attending a Spiritualist camp-meeting. While there, she had roomed in a pasture where huckleberries were very thick, but they were over-ripe, the seeds being large and very indigestible. She picked and ate of them more than was good for her and consequently was taken violently ill, was taken home and confined to her bed for more than a week. She was extremely weak and almost at the door of death and, of course was in a very negative condition. She was not unaware of the murder, but gave it no special thought, as there were many criminals in the Charlestown state prison, and much hanging was done there; but it was not publicly made known when Piper was to be executed, for the government did not consider it well for the public to witness it, and of course the medium did not know and gave it no special thought.

"One morning, as she was lying very weak but slightly better, and now considered out of danger, all at once came a spirit with a rush. He leaped upon her prostrate form, ground one of his knees into her chest, grasped her throat with both hands and choked her with all the power that was in him, lifting her head and dashing it down back and forth at the same time. She turned back in the face with strangulation and ceased to breathe; and the pressure of

continued in second column.

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Vigorous Defense.

R. T. Hale vs. J. B. Townsend.

King Solomon's Mine, and Those Who Have Been Badly Duped by Buying Stock Therein.

A Sad Picture Drawn of Those who Have Invested Their Money Therein Through the Influence of The Light of Truth.

The following is a reply by Guy A. Cherry of Los Angeles, Cal., to the uncalled for and malicious attack of J. B. Townsend's paper. Said paper has been the especial organ of Mabel Aber Jackman, whose confederate was caught on the South Side posing as a spirit, and Elsie Reynolds who was caught with a mask and a pair of goggles on, and her skirt rolled up, representing a spirit called Aunt Betsy. It also was the special organ of the gang that stole the name of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association.

For a long time I have known that R. T. Hale, our fellow townsman, has been shamelessly and "libelously" abused through the columns of "The Light of Truth." There seems to have been no limit to the outrageous falsehoods told; no limit to the trade of calumny hurled against Mr. Hale.

A paper claiming to be the "light of truth," and pretending to lead mortals to a higher plane, yet prostituting its pages in the most disgraceful manner in hurling abuse against a man distinguished for his sterling honesty, is a disgrace to the Cause it pretends to represent, and should be loathed by every Spiritualist who has the least respect and honor for an upright man.

It must indeed be rotten to the core, and the inference must arise in every reflective mind that it is sustained by the revenue accruing from the sale of stock in King Solomon's Mine—the innocent purchasers of said stock compelled to bear their great loss. Oh! what a grievous wrong perpetrated on the poor investors, in the name of Spiritualism, but in reality a hasty and avaricious, and a gross extravagance.

Mr. Hale has waited patiently to see to what length the paper would go in bitterly assailing him. Resting in his own perfect honesty and integrity, he has been able to do this, and besides he wished carefully to analyze the career of J. B. Townsend, owner of the paper, and promoter of King Solomon's Mine, and the one who was the chief force in the outrageous treatment of Mr. Hale) which, as far as I can learn, pays no dividends, or interest on the stock sold, and is not likely to, while the purchasers thereof suffer the loss—suffer from the great wrong perpetrated on them; some of whom will lose their homes on account of their investment, as I am related in the case of Mr. Townsend, who has records that will not compare favorably with that of the man you have allowed to be assailed in your columns.

You have had no idea that Mr. Hale or his friends ever would reply or resent any bad treatment. You thought he would receive quietly, without any opposition, any abuse your paper might inflict on him. You have entertained a wrong estimate of the man's character. While you have been representing him in a dark and false manner to the ranks of Spiritualism, he has been carefully tracing the careers of the sweet-scented trio, "Willard, B. Hull and Townsend and Josephine C. Stowell," the trio who have sold more mining stock during the last ten years that has returned no dividends whatever than any other three persons in America.

In your methods you have estimated wrongly, badly, ignorantly. But why has Mr. Hale been assailed? What is the cause of such violent action?

What has he done to merit such brutal treatment?

I will tell you. Mr. Hale is a hearty stickler for the truth; for purity; for honesty; in fact, for all the virtues one can name.

He has been an occasional attendant at the seances of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, the notorious materializing medium, and his offense consists in the following exposure, which has been widely published. The following is a full presentation of the baseless pretensions made by one of the most notorious frauds in the entire ranks of Spiritualism, and I ask the editor of "The Progressive Thinker" to spread it before his readers again, in connection with this defense of Mr. Hale, so that they may more fully understand the animus that has actuated the "Light of Truth" in its slanderous abuse of Mr. Hale. It is as follows:

The Exposure of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds. "We wish it to be decidedly understood, first and last, that we, the undersigned, are not fraud hunters; but, after having been deceived and imposed upon, like the majority of professed Spiritualists, we are determined, by earnest seeking, to know the truth."

"Some of us have been most enthusiastic believers of materialization. The memory of our dear departed is held by us to be most sacred, and all imposition regarding their manifestation, in any and every form, should be exposed, that none may be misled, and their hopes built up with deceptions."

"Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, a materializationist of California, has had a large following of dupes in Los Angeles for many years. Although having been exposed many times, the gullibles in great numbers have been still held in tow. Among her converts and faithful followers was Robert Hale. A seance was held at C. A. Cherry, 833 Wall street, Oct. 2, 1903, where Mr. Cherry detected fraud. In order to be fully convinced that this work was all fake, he engaged Mrs. Reynolds to hold another seance at his house, Oct. 4, and enlisted two men from the creamery where he worked, to assist him in ascertaining the truth of the materialization. Accordingly they cut through the ceiling, and slit a hole in the ceiling paper, just over the corner to be used as a cabinet. This slit was made so the paper could be held open when desired; but would close up again and be invisible, thus allowing the two young men resting on a feather bed to have a full view of the operations. Mr. Cherry charged them to say nothing if the manifestations proved genuine; but if a fake, to call out certain words, when Mr. Cherry would make the exposure. This proved a successful capture, because no one knew of the intended test except these

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Give Us the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth

indicating the rottenness of your paper, and shows to what straits the fake element has been driven.

THE MASK, THE GOGGLES, ETC., WERE IN EVIDENCE. THEY WENT ON MRS. REYNOLDS AND NOT THE SPIRIT OF "AUNT BETSY."

Because Mr. Hale witnessed this exposure, you have pursued him relentlessly with the venom of one of our most poisonous California centipedes—calling him dishonest, impugning his motives and harassing him in various ways.

"This exposure had nothing to do with Mr. Hale's record in the past, whatever its nature."

The exposure of Mrs. Reynolds was complete, as THE MASK, THE GOGGLES AND SKIRT TESTIFY, and aside from these we have the sworn testimony of seven responsible persons who accompanied Mr. Hale, and yet you convey the idea repeatedly in your malignant sheet that Mr. Hale is a man of bad character, and that Elsie Reynolds—poor Elsie!—is a "lady!"

The prominent Spiritualists of California resent such outrageous and unbecomingly abusive treatment. It is a bid for the support of the fake element now harassing our ranks; it is a bid for the support of charlatans, cheats and tricksters that prey off the public by bogus methods and wrong doing.

I wish to repeat that the delay about answering the vile innuendoes and scurrilous abuse in "The Light of Truth," has given Mr. Hale time to examine court records and to get information from friends, scattered throughout the East. He has some startling evidence as to the records of those who have been for several months painting him black.

Take for example, the King Solomon's mining enterprise, promoted by Townsend, the owner of "The Light of Truth," and who has permitted Mr. Hale to be assailed. In various kaleidoscopic forms and conditions it has been run (into the pockets of innocent, foolish investors) for about ten mortal years, yet those who have invested therein have received no dividends, and are now being asked to invest some where in connection with King Solomon's mining scheme.

These King Solomon mines are aptly named as were the fabulous King Solomon mines by Rider Haggard, for they never paid a dividend and never will.

INVESTORS, YOU HAVE BEEN BLEED! YOU HAVE BEEN MISLED! YOU HAVE BEEN DECEIVED! YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR MONEY AGAIN! IT HAS GONE, TAKEN WINGS AND HAS FLOWN—VANISHED!—MAY HAVE BEEN SUNK IN TRYING TO SUSTAIN MR. TOWNSEND'S ORGAN, THE LIGHT OF TRUTH. MAY GOD BLESS THE ANGELS THAT YOU, FOR THE FOOLISH INVESTMENT, OF YOUR GOOD MONEY, IN SUCH A WAY, ENABLING OTHERS TO FLOURISH, WHILE YOU SUFFER.

One of the leaders in this mining scheme is Mrs. Josephine C. Stowell, now posing under another name, I am told. For many years she has been the right hand agent of Townsend, a medium, a coo of a certain sort of "angels," to induce persons to buy stock in this notorious mining scheme, thus getting the good money of the people, and enabling this man Townsend to live in luxury and ease while the investors suffer.

At this writing I merely give some pointers as to the "angel" Josephine C. Stowell, and later on I will be able to furnish some interesting items in reference to her, if Mr. Hale continues to be assailed by the "Light of Truth."

And right here I would say to Mr. Townsend, owner of the "Light of Truth," that I enter my vigorous protest against the outrageous treatment accorded our townsman, Mr. Hale, in your columns, and to render more emphatic what I have already asked: What has Mr. Hale done to merit such treatment?

After the exposure of Mrs. Reynolds, her son, Harry Crindle, and his wife were also caught in making bogus spirit manifestations.

The proof in both cases is simply overwhelming.

The stand taken by your paper indicates that you and it are in harmony with fakes and their methods, and the fact that you, Mr. Townsend, are running a mining scheme, and getting the "hard-earned" money of Spiritualists, and making no dividends to the investors, not even civilly answering certain letters of inquiry by the honest investors, places you as a man in a very doubtful position.

The further fact that you have as your advisor, a medium (?) with a court record, is also an argument against your fairness to act as a censor of other people's morals. A copy of the court record, duly certified, concerning your medium, your spiritual advisor, your business director, is now in the possession of Mr. Hale, and unless the trade of abuse against Mr. Hale is stopped, it will be given to the world in full.

I would further state that the article quoted by "Light of Truth" from the Los Angeles Times, was simply the account of a charge preferred against Mr. Hale by Flowers before the K. of P. lodge. Had the charges been true: Mr. Hale could not have retained his membership in the lodge, as it does not countenance such conduct in its members. Mr. Hale was fully exonerated; as the following extract from a letter published in the Pythian Chronicle, San Francisco, April 1, 1903, will show:

"Castle Hall, Egbert Lodge, No. 56, K. of P.

"Cohoes, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1903.

"Mr. Robert T. Hale, Los Angeles, Cal.: Dear Sir:—At the regular meeting of Egbert Lodge, No. 56, held Feb. 24, 1903, the charges preferred against you by J. M. Flowers were dismissed, and you received a full and clear exonerated at the hands of the lodge. Every brother present voted to clear you, and wondered at the audacity of your opponent in carrying the case as far as he did. I am instructed by the lodge to beg your forgiveness in the true Pythian spirit.

"If in any way we can undo the wrong we have inflicted upon you we stand ready to live up to our obligation to protect the good name of a brother.

"Yours in K. of P. and

"J. W. Bottomley, K. of R. and S."

This is an exact copy of the original letter which Mr. Hale holds from Egbert Lodge No. 56, K. of P.

Respectfully submitted,

GUY A. CHERRY, 1232 East 36th street, Los Angeles, Cal.

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COMPENSATION.

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Through the Mediumship of Dr. Millard F. Hammond.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

As he made this announcement, our teacher glided to his side; he passed his hand over his head, and brushed his long black hair from his forehead, while a tremor passed through his whole body.

He commenced by telling his hearers that there seemed to be an unrest among all peoples; that while in the past religions had had a comforting restfulness to all classes, and all were satisfied with the blessed promises of the holy scriptures, church membership was added to with very little exertion on the part of the ministers; parents were able to bring their children into the folds of the church; seldom was there a family that was divided on the question of religion, and except in rare instances was there anything to disturb the harmony existing in the churches.

"But to-day," he said, straightening himself, and violently striking his desk, "there is something radically wrong. The denizens of the infernal regions seem to have been released to prey upon God's people, and we are confronted with the appalling fact, that while we keep up the membership of our churches, and in some cases they are increased, yet the membership added to our church rolls are not commensurate with the increase of population. We have a population of seventy-five millions of souls in our country to-day. We have a church membership of twenty-five millions all told, of all classes of Christians; this includes Catholics as well as Protestants. We make the proud boast that ours is a Christian country. Do the facts substantiate the statement? I, as an honored, and I hope a faithful minister of the religion of my Master—the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—am compelled to state that I am ashamed to answer the question in the negative. And why?"

He paused and again passed his finger through his hair; he did so, our teacher placed her hand upon his head and he assumed a tragic attitude, and looking at his congregation for one full minute without speaking, during which time our teacher concentrated her gaze upon him, then he said in slow and measured words:

"Because, I am afraid we have through all these years wrongly interpreted our Master's words. Do not be frightened, oh, my hearers, at my words."

As he said this, there were ominous sounds through the church which before was perfectly still; disapproval of his words was plainly shown. He waited until quiet was restored, then continued by saying:

"Jesus of Nazareth has been represented as being the ne plus ultra of all that was good, divine, and holy; we all have been assured of this fact. Paul, a viceregent of our Savior, has said that 'there was diversity of gifts.' He has further said: 'But the manifestation of the spirit, is given to man to profit withal.' These words carry as much weight to me, as any to be found in the bible. You will find them in the seventh verse of the twelfth chapter of 1 Corinthians. What have we done with the 'manifestation of the spirit?' Who doubts that the spirits of our beloved, yet departed friends, are around us all the time? Who doubts that Jesus was seen by Cephas? Then by the twelve apostles? And afterwards by our one hundred brethren, all at once? Do you doubt the words of the apostle Paul? If you do, please open your bibles at 1 Corinthians, fifteenth chapter, and fit tenth verse, and read these words: 'Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ; whom he did not raise up. If so be that the dead rise not. I am constrained to say, I believe during the long life of the church there has been a wrong interpretation of, not only the words I have just quoted, but all the teachings of, not only Jesus, but those he appointed as his viceregents as well; for they lived with him, and well knew, and understood his meaning."

"We cannot find in the bible, any place where Jesus exacted a pledge from anyone to abide by a creed or dogma in any form. We cannot find where He at any time asked his followers to collect money to erect beautiful edifices. He did say: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.' "What was the gospel? Was it that you should become Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Catholics, Congregationalists, Adventists, Universalists, Unitarians, or any of the many kinds of religions that have grown up in the eighteen centuries since he passed from earth, when 'He gave up the ghost,' and was afterwards seen by so many? Does not this plainly show that 'there is no truth but what seems to be transitory?' I say I am sure I have been wrongly interpreting the guide for me that was set for all in the bible; and as self-judging is righteous, so I am also constrained to say I believe most ministers of to-day are in the same error with me. And I say further that I am sure that this answers the question, when I ask if there is not an unrest among all peoples?"

"But I see that I have said things here this morning that are not compatible with the minds of the majority of my hearers. It is something I have given much study and thought; and I did think I might speak about it some time, although it was far from my mind when I entered this church this morning."

He seemed about to close the services, but our teacher concentrated her gaze upon him, and he continued with increased emphasis, and said:

"I am honest and earnest, and I am satisfied that I am influenced by the spirit of some one who has been in earth life, and having passed on to the other side, and having become aware of the facts I have pointed out, and this morning, because of the peculiar state of affairs surrounding me, they have forced me to say what I have."

Again our teacher laid her hand upon his head, and this time made several passes before his eyes; and he with a sudden start and a gasp, and while his voice trembled, as he grasped his desk, said:

"I know for a certainty that what I say is true; but I will say no more here and now."

Placing his hands before his face, he groaned and staggered to his seat. The music of the great organ immediately filled the church, and several of the male members went to his aid, to inquire the cause of his agitation, and a great commotion was apparent through the church.

He was thoroughly wrought upon by our teacher, she had completely controlled him, and he knew it, but he hesitated to inform his interrogators. He well knew now the full cause of the

confusion of his manuscript, and why he seemed to be compelled to lay it aside, and also, why he had made the very unorthodox remarks; he had been made to see how that caused it all; he was well aware that those who had come to his side to offer assistance were not now in a condition to understand it; he also realized that to try to inform them now, would be to make a bad matter worse.

Our teacher continued at his side, and his agitation was relaxed to that extent that his friends, who were satisfied his friends, and they resumed their seats, while he made his closing prayer, and dismissed his congregation with his benediction.

Our teacher called my father to her side, and called our attention to the great number of spirits to be seen in the church; they were hovering about different members of the congregation; some were gesturing in an energetic manner, and others seemed to be whispering in the ears of some, where those were the most energetic there were a number of people collected, and all were discussing the circumstances attending the morning services; those where the spirits were whispering stood alone, and in some cases they were many people left in thoughtful moods; many people left the church, and as of the minister in a very forcible manner. The minister had left his desk, and was surrounded by a score of people; he was endeavoring to pacify them, and after a vain attempt with many words and little success, and as well as telling them the exact cause of his final agitation, he exclaimed in a loud voice, as our teacher again approached him, and laid her hand on his head:

"My dear brothers and sisters, it is impossible for me to satisfy you all here; I will meet the church members in the vestry to-morrow evening, and satisfy you all. There will be no service to-morrow evening this afternoon. Until to-morrow evening I must bid you all adieu."

"That is enough for us," our teacher said. "Let us follow your relatives to their homes; we will gain more of this lesson which has been of so much benefit to us, and will be of incalculable benefit to most of the people who have been here to-day."

"I can't say where we can gain anything by what has taken place here this morning," my father said. "I believe the dumb fool has made an ass of himself here this morning; he might just as well have fixed his papers on gone on with his sermon as to do as he did. By gosh, he lost his head, an' begun to cry like a baby, and then spilled the whole thing; I was disgusted, an' I heard him talk just as if I wanted you to hear him talk as I have."

"I was satisfied to hear him talk as he did; I am sure he told the truth, when he said he was wrongly interpreting the words ascribed to Jesus and Paul," said our teacher; and continuing she said: "This man is a true sensitive; his vibrations are very acute, and I found I could influence him readily. That is the reason why I showed myself to him as I did."

"Did he see you?" my father asked.

"Yes. I saw my opportunity and accepted it; it will be the means of his mental expansion; he has been for a long time in a discursive condition, because he has received before-to-day full proof of the communication between exanimate and incarnate life. He has hoped that nothing would ever disturb his attitude in the church, for by it he was gaining his material subsistence. To announce to his church members his full knowledge, would be to cause dissension among them; the result would be that he would lose his position as a minister, as well as his position in society, and most of all, his six thousand dollar salary; he has not the fortitude to do it without assistance, and as it will be to his advantage in the end, I would be derelict in my duty did I not afford all the assistance I could."

"This lesson is plain. Here was a gathering of several hundred people, many of them are acquainted with the fact of communication between exanimate and incarnate life. I—"

"What do you mean by exanimate and incarnate?" my father asked.

"You are exanimate, and the minister is incarnate," she answered.

"Then when you say exanimate, you mean spirits, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, if you can understand that term any better. But—"

"Then why don't you say spirits?" he said, still interrupting her.

"Spirits is not life; it is only the finer matter animated by the same principle or life which animates or manipulates the coarser material such as your body was before you died, or had the influenza as you said you did. Do you understand now, what I mean by exanimate life? Many of these people in the church this morning are acquainted with the fact of intercommunication as I have just illustrated; there were a few, but they are on the same line as the minister, and have not the courage of their convictions; they are standing in their own light, just as you have already seen several, and as your son here has seen many hundreds, to which he can testify. These people need a power or force to liberate them from their bondage; if they can have a leader, many of them will rise to a broader plane of material liberty immediately. Aer, or earth-plane, is filled with exanimate who are held there by the erroneous teachings of a false theology; we saw many in the church this morning; this minister has been one of their false teachers; he knows it, and only lacks courage to announce his convictions; he has not wholly done so this day, but he will when he meets his people to-morrow night, then he will be the means of liberating others."

"I should like to 'tend that meetin'," said my father.

"You can," she said.

"Will you attend it?" I ventured to ask.

"No, it will not be necessary; we have done our work to-day, where we leave it, others more aggressive will take it up. The work will go on, and on, like the wave in the pond, once started it will reach its limit before it can stop. Before to-morrow night we will have discovered other places of life where we can extract other and possibly greater lessons."

(End of Part I.)

MYSELF CURED I am glad to inform you that I have been cured of my disease. I am now well and happy. Write for my story.

MRS. M. P. BALDWIN, No. 1212 Chicago, Ill.

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