

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

NO. 841

ANONYMOUS WOULD-BE ASSASSINS

Impressive Words From President  
Moses Hull.

I seldom notice anonymous letters or communications. They are seldom if ever written by honest persons, and are hence unworthy of notice. Straight-forward, manly men, and truth-loving women are never either craft

loving women are never either afraid or ashamed of their own names. The one who does not use his own signature, especially when what is said is an attack on some one, or on some institution, is entirely beneath the notice of honest people.

I am led to say what is here said by general demand that I, as president of the Morris Pratt Institute, should give a few words of explanation regarding certain letters and communications, some of which are anonymously written, others have forged names and

tached. Some fear that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Communications coming from apparently so many sources, and mailed in so many postoffices must contain some shadings of truth, is the idea of some people.

name of other people; and these slanders of the Morris Pratt School, expect to accomplish by tearing down the only Spiritualist school in the world, a little hard to guess. Certainly the world can judge far enough to decide that if these people whose religion it is

to destroy, were doing an honest legitimate business they would neither afraid nor ashamed to attach their names and postoffice address to their articles.

several months since, and will per-  
continue until the United States G-  
overnment stops them. That is, u-  
public fulminations, began less tha-  
year ago. Long before that time, b-  
Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, the then se-  
cretary of the Institute, and myself  
president of the Institute received

The origin of some of these anonymous communications is positively known. In fact the original carbon paper on which the copies of some of

communications were made, is now in the hands of the United States authorities. This party tried to cover up the tracks, but failed. The evidence cannot be more conclusive.

Once upon a time we had a student at the Morris Pratt School who committed such an act as would endanger

any school or society of decent or  
respecting people. She was given  
alternative of leaving the school or  
being expelled in disgrace. She w  
chose the former, but swore venge  
against the school. Others who  
been defeated legally and other

Some of the communications written over the names of former students of the school, but the students who were thus maligned immediately.

came to the front with their de-  
not only of writing the communica-  
but of the truth of the communica-  
The last communication I have se-  
dated Chicago, and signed "C. Spa-  
& Co." Who this company is, or  
it does, I have failed to find out. I  
like to find this company. I am

The person to whom I have referred has a particular spite against Rev. Weaver, who is one of the most h

able men in the world; this spite  
 cause he was the one who allowed  
 withdraw from the school quietly  
 instead of being expelled for cri-  
 conduct. No slander that her bes-  
 imagination could conceive has  
 untold.

I did not take my pen to defend

Weaver, our superintendent of institution. He needs no defense from nor from any other person. He lived in this world, and in public the most of the time, until he is now in his fourth score of years, and charge ever having been made against his character he is in the estimation

charges that this nameless father could make.

However, if anybody wishes to know anything about this man's conduct at Whitewater, let them write to the principal, to any of the school teachers, or to any of the other teachers.

body who knows Mr. Weaver will  
him a clean record. The charges  
this assassin of reputation makes  
never been suspected by anybody.  
Without going into details I will  
that this "C. Spaiding & Co.'s,"  
like its predecessors, is false from

to last. For proof of this any reader of the Progressive Thinker is invited to write to any business firm in Vancouver, B. C. I write this not in self defence but to say that our teachers are as worthy as any other people. This is written at the request of many who have received these letters and

Probably I shall not refer to this matter again. If I am compelled to, I shall do so through the proper channels.

child,  
m,

**"CORPSE" CALLS FOR PIP**  
**Woman Rises Up in Coffin to O**  
**ers' Astonishment.**  
 It was the night before the bu  
 a woman in Elginshire, England

After the first excitement the was removed from the coffin and bed, and soon after the woman cheerfully declaring that her "my pipe?"

poet











## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1906.

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## That Startling Fact Again.

Readers of The Progressive Thinker desire more information regarding the discovery mentioned in these columns September 23, wherein it was stated in substance: "Learned critics have found some 600 old French words in the original Greek of the Pauline Epistles."

Mrs. Straub is correct in showing that the "old French" is really a modern language, a conglomerate of other tongues, as is our English. But the fact remains that the original Greek of the Pauline Epistles is interspersed with French words Grecianized, and used to supply the want of terms to express ideas, for which the writer seemed to have been unable to find a proper Greek equivalent.

It is well known the New Testament, in its Greek costume, cannot be read intelligibly by a merely classical Greek scholar without extraneous aid, it is so intermingled with other tongues. This was formerly explained on the hypothesis that it was written at Alexandria, in Egypt, where the Greek had been badly corrupted, without suspicion that modern languages had been drawn upon to produce the impurity.

Learned scholars have maintained the geography of the New Testament betrays the fact that it was written since the so-called Crusades, in the 12th century. Others have insisted the collection of booklets had no existence prior to the beginning of the 16th century. They claim the work was the production of cloistered monks, in various monasteries, and that every earlier reference to the Gospels, or the Epistles, was a priestly forgery. Even the General Councils, as that of Nice, and that of Laodicea, etc., are believed to have had no other than a purely human origin. The Council of Trent, convened in 1545, to thwart the Protestant Reformation led by Luther, declared what books were canonical: Had this task been performed in earlier centuries, why repeated at Trent?

Martin Luther, born in 1483, never saw a New Testament until he was twenty-one years of age, though he was educated for the priesthood. This shows the book was not generally accessible until after 1504. The account of earlier translations, and of printed copies being in existence long before are ruses to mislead.

Until within recent years the Roman Catholics interdicted the reading of the New Testament, one of their clergy at least, declaring in his pulpit: "We know how the book was written, and do not wish to place it in the hands of the people to lead them to destruction."

Some scholars claim the New Testament was originally written in Latin, and was first translated into bastard Greek with the revival of learning. This seems plausible, and with account for the French and Queen Elizabeth, both born in 1533, translated the Latin Vulgate into Greek. Why did she do this if a Greek copy was already extant?

The Pauline Epistles are older than the Gospels, whether canonical or apocryphal. Many believe all of them were attempts of monks to make real the character Paul is alleged to have seen in his vision when represented by Italian scholars. Certain it is, each Gospel writer drew on his imagination to round out the character Jesus which Paul first described, only agreeing in narrations first made by Paul, all else is discrepant.

The Progressive Thinker does not purpose to raise an issue on this question, being content to state the facts as the editor knows them.

Just as we concluded this article a letter from that well known "literary detective," as Col. Ingersoll designated Wm. Henry Burr, Esq., of Washington, came to hand, in which he wrote:

"The Rev. John Black, in 1822, found many professed Greek words in the Gospels which were derived from the Latin. The monkish writers had not yet mastered the Greek."

## Egyptian Thought Reflected in Christianity.

While reviewing the Gods and Devils of ancient systems of religion from which the Christian system was derived, it may be well to direct attention to the Egyptian, as related by Rev. Geo. Rawlinson, for twenty-one years professor of ancient history in Oxford University, as given by him in "The Religions of the Ancient World," from which we copy, slightly abridging, but adding nothing. We commence at page 26 in the edition before us, omitting less important features as we advance:

"The external manifestation of religion in Egypt was magnificent and splendid. Nowhere did religious ceremonial occupy a larger part in the life of a people. In each city and town, one or more grand structures appeared themselves above the rest of the buildings, enriched with all that Egyptian art could supply of painted and sculptured decoration, dedicated to the honor and bearing the name of some divinity. The image of the great God of the place occupied the central shrine, accompanied in most instances by two or three contemplative gods or goddesses. Around were the chambers of the priests, and further off, court after court, some pillared, some colonnaded, and all more or less adorned with sculpture and painting, the entrance to them lying through long avenues of sphinxes or obelisks, which conducted to the propylaea, two gigantic towers flanking the doorway. A perpetual ceremonial of the richest kind went on within the temple walls; scores of priests, with shaven heads and clean white linen garments, crowded the courts and corridors; long processions made their way up or down the sphinx avenues; incense floated in the air; strains of music resounded without pause; hundreds of victims were sacrificed; everywhere a holiday crowd, in bright array, cheerful and happy, bore its part in the festival, and made the courts resound with their joyous acclamations. The worship was conducted by means of rhythmic litanies or hymns, in which prayer and praise were blended, the latter predominating. Ceremony followed ceremony. The calendar was crowded with festivals, and a week rarely passed without the performance of some special rite, some annual observance, having its own peculiar attractions."

The reader, if not otherwise instructed, had sphinxes, gods and goddesses, and victims for sacrifice been omitted, would have supposed some great Catholic Cathedral, with its music, priests and litanies were being described. The harmony is more complete in view of the fact, the lesser gods and goddesses, of Egypt and Rome were converted into saints in the Christian system, to appear as such in the Roman calendar. But we continue this terrible tale-telling quotation:

"Belief in a future life was a main principle of the Egyptian religion. \* \* \* With their belief in a future life, and their opinions regarding the fate of good and bad souls, were bound up in the closest way their arrangements with respect to dead bodies, and their careful and elaborate preparation of tombs. \* \* \* The thought of death, of judgment, of a sentence to happiness or misery according to the life led on earth, was familiar to the ordinary Egyptian. His theological notions were confused and fantastical; but he had a strong and abiding conviction that his fate after death would depend on his conduct during his life on earth, and especially on his observance of the moral law and performance of his various duties."

Then Prof. Rawlinson quotes with approbation from Birch's "Egypt from the Earliest Times":

"The Egyptian enjoyed all the pleasures of existence, and delighted more in the arts of peace than war. In his religious belief the idea of a future state, \* \* \* was ever present to his mind, and his long life was one preparation for death—to be devoted, or pious to the gods, obedient to the wishes of his sovereign, affectionate toward his wife and children, were the maxims inculcated for his domestic or inner life. Beyond that circle his duties to mankind were comprised in giving bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, aid to the weak, and aid to the dead. On his exercise of good works he rested his hopes of passing the ordeal of the future and great judgment, and reaching the Elysian fields, and Pools of Peace of the Egyptian paradise."

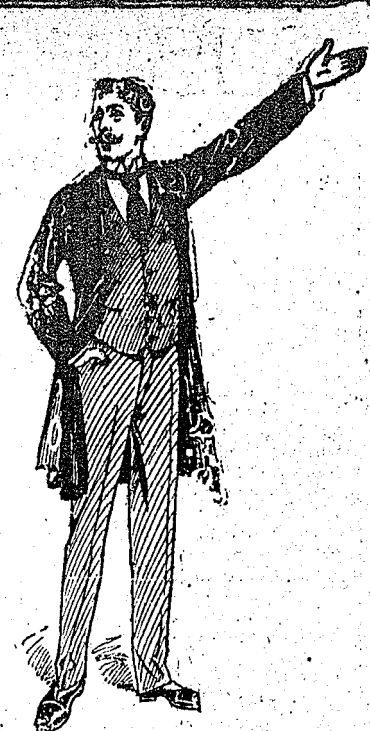
Passing the quotation which Prof. R. made from Birch, we have his own words again:

"Below the popular mythology there lay concealed from general view, but open to the educated, a theological system which was not far removed from 'natural theology.' The real essential unity of the divine nature was taught and insisted on. The sacred texts spoke of a single being, the sole producer of all things in heaven and earth, himself not produced by any; 'the only true living God, self-originated,' who exists from the beginning, 'who has made all things, but was not himself made.' This being seems never to have been represented by any material, even in symbolic form. It is thought he had no name, or if he had it must have been a name to pronounce or write it. Even Ammon, the 'concealed God,' was a mere external shadow of this mysterious and unapproachable deity. He was a pure spirit, perfect in every respect, all wise, all mighty, supremely, perfectly good."

It must be apparent to the reader it was not this God the Jews carried out of Egypt with them; but it was that inferior god who had a tent constructed to live in, and a box in which to be secreted. Again Prof. Rawlinson:

"Those who grasped this great truth understood clearly the many gods of the popular mythology were mere names, personified attributes of the one true Deity, or parts of the nature he had created, considered as informed and inspired by him. \* \* \* No educated priest certainly, probably no educated layman, conceived of the popular gods as really separate and distinct beings."

Passing Prof. R.'s narration about the murder of Osiris by his brother Typhon, and of the latter's bad odor in consequence, we come to his lame attempt to controvert the statement of "the learned Cudworth of the 17th century," who asserted the Egyptians held to a Trinity of Gods to which may be traced the origin of Trinitarianism. He says Mosheim disproved Cudworth's position. But later authors who have given special attention to the subject, confirm Cudworth's statement. This article is already too long, else we could cite several authors on the subject. It would be quite too much to expect an ecclesiastic occupying the responsible position in the English church filled by Prof. R., to surrender the whole system of Christianity and its origin to Egyptian



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## on a Great Tidal Wave.

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## Spiritualism and that which is genuine. From the

## North, South, East and West subscriptions are pour-

## ing in, and from all sides comes the cry: "Give us

## light on the dark cabinet with its artificial toggery, its

## legerdemain, its lightning change artist, its ghostly

## wigs, beards, illuminated gowns, etc.

## That is just what we propose to do. So send

## in your subscriptions at once. The Tidal Wave

## is on. Keep it in the ascendancy. TRUTH

## PROMOTES a cause; ERROR INJURES it, or

## totally destroys it. One Brother living at Ft.

## Worth, Texas, sends in one hundred and eighty

## yearly subscribers; another, H. E. Russeque of

## Hartford, Ct., sends eight; others too numerous

## to mention, send in from two to five, and all

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## Cabinet, disclosing its contents, whether of truth

## or falsehood.

## The Curtain Will Soon Rise

## On a New Scene.

## Can You, Spirit or Mortal, Supply All the

## Omissions?

## Your attention is invited to the following

## Your intuition may enable you to supply the

## omissions. We, however, will supply the same

## when the Curtain Rises, which will be in the

## course of two or three weeks, and then you will

## see a vibration all along the line as never before:

## To the Editor:—A fine demonstration

## of spirit power took place at \_\_\_\_\_

## \_\_\_\_\_ some time ago. A short time

## before Christmas, the [giving name] cabinet

## messenger, expressed a wish for a full outfit of earthly clothing. One

## lady got her a nice white hat; another

## made her a white dress; another provided her with a pair of white shoes; another with a pair of white stockings; and others with scarf, fan and duster. These articles were presented to her for a Christmas present and were taken away somewhere by the spirit messenger, not one of them being left in the

## seance room. When inquiry was made, the spirit said she took them to her

## home. A few weeks after Christmas, \_\_\_\_\_

## \_\_\_\_\_ who is a materializing medium, requested \_\_\_\_\_

## \_\_\_\_\_ who is a spirit

## photographer, to take her photograph

## while entranced in the cabinet in the

## dark. She seated herself in the cabinet, the camera placed in position, the

## room made dark, and the photograph was taken. To one end in front of \_\_\_\_\_

## \_\_\_\_\_ stands \_\_\_\_\_ the spirit

## messenger, clothed in her Christmas

## presents of earthly clothing. I send you the photograph; also a

## photograph of myself and spirit wife and son, and also one of myself

## and spirit \_\_\_\_\_ who controls

## the materialization, and the face and

## head of \_\_\_\_\_ and others, supposed to be relatives whom I do not recognize.

## This demonstration proves to me that spirits can be photographed and that they can take solids to their spirit

## homes. \_\_\_\_\_

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**AND**  
**Whiskey Cure**

**841**

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queen of the day and all her followers  
raced up and down after them, trying  
to catch even one bushy little tail for  
moment.

All of a sudden Susie felt as if a rope  
was tied round her and gave her a sud-  
den and terrible "jerk." It made her  
squeal giddy and faint and queer and  
the Fairy Prince grew pale and said  
the Fairy Prince "I have kept you too long  
come back, quick!" So down she  
sank. Susie getting so queer that she  
knew nothing more till she woke up  
on the dirty old bed in the shabby lit-  
tles room, to find her mother shaking her  
alarm and pouring gin down Susie's  
throat. The gin was the great cure for  
all ills in the place where Susie lived.

After that Susie went once more with  
the Prince but she only went to a gar-  
den to pick some flowers which she  
melted away before she got back to  
earth again. Then Susie did not see  
the Prince for some days. She had a  
bad pain in her fever she could not see  
him, but she thought always of how he  
had said she would live in Fairy Land  
herself some day.

Then the Prince came and brought  
Susie flowers. She could see them at  
smell how sweet they were, but she  
only saw the Prince like a light shadow  
through the dirty wall. Another time  
he brought her two white dresses, and  
other time he played soft sweet music  
that soothed all Susie's pains while she  
listened, and he put his hands on Susie's  
head and made all the weariness  
feeling go so that she smiled and said  
to the old woman who was watching  
her and the other children while her  
mother was out: "Oh! don't you hear  
that lovely music? Don't you see that  
Fairy Prince is here? Don't you see  
his star?"

The old women shook her head, and  
then she went out and Susie heard no  
say (for sick ears are quick to hear)  
to be long. She's heart's strange mus-  
sic now an' seel' things, poor dear."

After that Susie seemed to be going  
down and down into a dark valley  
where the sky seemed to grow grey at  
then black, so that Susie could see very  
dimly and only hear people talk as  
they were far, far away. The doctor  
came and went, but he could do little  
for Susie, and she went down and down  
into the dark valley. And as she went  
the Fairy Prince was always there over-  
head when she could not see him she would  
see his light and feel the soft touch  
his long delicate fingers on her forehead,  
and hear faintly the wonderful  
music that was like some one singing  
her to sleep.

And so Susie drifted away down and  
down till she reached the shore of the  
dark river and there stood the Fairy  
Prince with a soft white dress to re-  
upon her as the old rags fell away or  
by one. There lay Susie—her little  
feet were free from the big old stock-  
ings and the patched old boots, with the  
soft white dress covering her up in  
a soft white cloud of mist.

And thus Susie fell asleep and the an-  
gels laid her in their silver boat and  
sailed away with her across the dark  
river to that bright land where she was  
to live free from all pain and sorrow.  
The Fairy Prince and all the happy chil-  
dren were waiting for her at the Silver  
Gate.

ANITA SILVANI.

CHRISTMAS.

"Twas Christmas eve, and the busy  
street  
Was filled with the throng of hurrying  
feet,  
All homeward bound, with bundle and  
box,  
And tinsels and toys and babies' socks  
With mittens for Joe and for John  
slept,  
And for Nellie's doll a little bed.  
There was laughter and song, and joy  
and rhyme,  
For this was the merry old Christmas  
time,  
With the smell of mince, and turkey and  
cake,  
And the pies that mother knew how  
make.  
It would seem that this jolly old world  
was glad,  
And not a heart could be heavy or sad,  
But God from his infinite throne of light  
Sent the angels down from the light  
above  
For he knew that, although the world  
was gay,  
There were perishing souls along the  
way.  
He knew that his angels that Christmas  
night  
Would guide some soul to the Land  
of light;  
For the love that notes e'en a sparrow  
fall  
Cannot be bounded by any wall.  
Yes, he knew there wandered to a  
fro  
A feeble old man with head bowed low  
Unsheltered, unloved and with pain  
That could scarcely tread the ice-bound  
street.  
He had once been young, and glad and  
free,  
With little ones climbing upon his  
knee;  
A dear old mother, a gentle wife,  
He had known in that long ago hap-  
py home,  
But all had vanished—wife, children,  
home,  
And he was left in the world to roam.  
"Alone, alone," he murmured low,  
"Alone with the stars and the glittering  
snow."  
As he wandered far from the haunts  
of men  
He seemed to become a child again;  
His thoughts leaped back to those hap-  
py times  
When he listened with joy to the Chris-  
mas chimes,  
While his mother told of that glorious  
morn-  
And the wonderful child in the mangrove  
born;  
And all the love, and warmth and light  
Surged back o'er his soul that Chris-  
mas night.  
He saw his mother, and wife and boy,  
And his little girls in their childish  
joy;  
And he saw a rose in her tresses wave  
As he'd seen her forty years back  
more.  
He clasped her again to his throbbing  
breast,  
And sheltered her head o'er his heart  
to rest,  
As he murmured some love words of  
yore,  
Words he had murmured long years  
before.  
"Am I dead in heaven, too, I  
sweet,  
Or lying out here on the frozen street?"  
She whispered low, "Love, be content  
We are your angels God has sent."  
And they bore his spirit that Christmas  
night  
To the beautiful hills of the Land  
of Light.

ALICE C. BARRY.

Clinton, Iowa.

[illegible]







# 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 in a hurried manner. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby less attractive, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. 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. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

James Kavanaugh: Q. Is Dr. Funk a Spiritualist?  
A. He has not identified himself with the organic movement, and retains his position in his church. He has stated to reporters that he is not, and holds his position as tentative, awaiting further facts.

Those who have read "The Widow's Mile" will ask: If the facts that are recorded by Dr. Funk are not sufficient to convince him, how many more will it require?  
A tentative position is desirable, and the method of science, yet there comes a time when the effect of a revelation rather than wisdom. A farmer may plant a field with corn, and when asked, "Do you expect to harvest corn?" reply, "I do not know. I hold a tentative position. I do not pretend to know until harvest time." He gathers corn, but when asked if he expects to gather corn from the same soil, he replies, "I do not know. I hold a tentative position till the harvest time." If he went on from year to year, never acknowledging that he was sure corn planted would bring a harvest of corn, would not there be a doubt of his sanity?

Science is something more than a record of facts. It has keenest intuition, and prophetic vision. It rises from facts, generalizes, and while it may in the beginning hold itself ready to accept the balance of facts, after a time it generalizes a theory, and when newly observed facts continue to support it, considers the demonstration complete.

Dr. Funk has remained neutral, continuing with reserve his perseverance in his researches. We presume that he pursues this course to keep more in touch with the churches. This appears to be delusive. Even church members admire direct and outspoken opinions.

Spiritualists would take Dr. Funk's "lowly mite" as of greater authority than the facts there recorded had absolutely made him a convert.

We should be thankful for what he has done, and admire the moral courage he has shown, in pursuing a course, which calls for heroic sacrifice of his dearest associations, and estranges his lifetime associates.

Those who make carping criticisms appear to have no comprehension of Dr. Funk's position, and the intensity of that honesty of purpose and love of truth, which must actuate him, when for the beliefs of a life time, he substitutes a vitally distinct, and apparently opposing, system.

J. R. Munson: Q. Why did not Robert Ingersoll leave a greater and more lasting influence?  
A. The answer is simply that he gave nothing new, and was in his criticism of theology one hundred years behind the times. He repeated the ideas of Voltaire, Volney, Hume and Paine, and went over the ground they had occupied. Eloquent, imaginative, magnetic, and capable of charming his hearers by incomparable word pictures; of keenest wit and biting sarcasm, of breathless flights of rhetoric, of saying the most common thoughts in a way that made them new, he captivated his audience, yet he never uttered a new word.

When Paine attacked the theology of his age, it was an accepted faith by laity and leaders. The higher criticism was unknown. The Bible was infallible and the only authority, and hence there was relevancy in pointing out its errors, and inconsistencies.

Since that day the churches have advanced. The leaders have almost if not quite reached the position taken by Paine. They smile at the simplicity of the ignorant following, the laggards yet believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible, and in the sacredness of dogmatic belief.

There are a host of members who have not kept up in the march, yet at the front are massive columns, who take the Bible in the light of the "Higher Criticism," which really means as any other book, for the light and truth there is in it as decided by reason. These leaders may be in a minority, but they lead and direct, and the main body follows. They have withdrawn their active forces from their fortresses and defensive trenches attacked by Hume and Paine, which are now occupied by the incompetent and ignorant who remain by force of intellectual inertia.

The great advanced army, he did shine of the great religious systems. He gives in none of his coruscating lectures the least indication of having studied Comparative Religion, the only method by which a correct understanding can be gained. He was a lawyer, who read the works of Paine, Hume and their class, and gathered up their well-worn weapons, assailed the lingering remnants in the half-forsaken defense lines.

The great advanced army, he did not assail. Its leaders well might laugh at his performance, which well might equal in ostentatious display that of Don Quixote on the windmills. What if he occupied the territory already conceded to the Philistines, and woke up

# The Light Among the Hills.

A Charminglly Interesting Narrative.

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

(Continued from No. 840.)

"I was sadly perplexed and knew not what course to pursue. That evening while I was making my usual call in this town. Mrs. Grove started, looked at me searchingly and said in a voice that trembled with excitement, 'Oh, sir, please tell me your name, for I had given strict orders that my given name should never be mentioned in her presence.'"

"Moved by some irresistible impulse, I cried, 'Lola, don't you know me?' She gave one wild agonized cry, and fell forward fainting. Restored from her faint, she fell into violent weeping. All my assurances of love and friendship seemed to increase her agitation, so I ceased and sat beside her silent and sad. After a while she grew calm and lay for some time in thoughtful silence, then she said feebly, 'Christopher, I have but a few hours longer to live. You are the only man on earth I ever loved. I cannot die until I have told you all, even though I know you will turn from me with horror and loathing.'"

"The story she told explains the mystery of this room as much as such a history can explain the phenomena we have witnessed to-night. Mrs. Fox was a proud and ambitious woman and when she learned that I was the son of a convict she at once decided that her daughter should see me no more. Poor Lola begged and wept and prayed, but in vain, the proud heart of the mother would not yield. Later Mrs. Fox was confronted by a difficulty she had not calculated upon, but she was a woman of resources and she soon conceived a plan which she proceeded to execute with daring and ability. She had this room finished, probably as we now see it, and here she brought her daughter and kept her for many months. She did not fear her neighbors, for there was but one family near, and she took care to have little to do with them. She gave out word in the village store that Lola had gone to visit an aunt in a distant city. The only person Mrs. Fox trusted besides her husband was Doctor — a man of wealth and influence, but by many feared and disliked for being unscrupulous."

"Poor Lola sought in vain for means to escape, or communicate with me. The doctor was very kind and gentle with his patient during the weeks of her confinement, but she never trusted or liked him. The infant was puny and fretful and the doctor gave her some syrup to quiet it, warning her to be careful not to give it more than a certain amount."

"One day Mrs. Fox went to her daughter and said, 'Lola, you are now able to be about the house as usual, and matters cannot go on in this way any longer. We are in hourly danger of detection. Dr. — loves you and wants to make you his wife, which you ought to feel to be a great honor. Under the circumstances you can do nothing but accept. He will take your baby to a distant state and put it where it will be well cared for. He will plan and execute everything—you have only to obey.'"

"Mother and daughter had a tempestuous interview, but at last driven to desperation Lola exclaimed, 'Give me one day more—only one day and then I will do what you bid me,' and to this entreaty Mrs. Fox yielded. Left to herself the sleeping laggards? The fundamentals of their faith he did not touch, and his keenest arrow fell harmless on the errors, and inconsistencies. Since that day the churches have advanced. The leaders have almost if not quite reached the position taken by Paine. They smile at the simplicity of the ignorant following, the laggards yet believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible, and in the sacredness of dogmatic belief."

There are a host of members who have not kept up in the march, yet at the front are massive columns, who take the Bible in the light of the "Higher Criticism," which really means as any other book, for the light and truth there is in it as decided by reason. These leaders may be in a minority, but they lead and direct, and the main body follows. They have withdrawn their active forces from their fortresses and defensive trenches attacked by Hume and Paine, which are now occupied by the incompetent and ignorant who remain by force of intellectual inertia."

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self the tortured girl evolved a plan of her own. The babe which had cost her so much Lola loved with all a young mother's devotion. The thought of marrying a man she despised was hideous and repellent, but to give up her infant to go she knew not where, to endure she knew not what, was maddening."

"After all was quiet for the night, Lola proceeded to execute her plan. She poured out the fatal dose of syrup the doctor had warned her against and gave it to the infant. Then she got some concealed sleeping powders which she was supposed to have taken weeks before and administered them to herself, after which she lay down upon the bed with the babe clasped across her breast, and praying God to have mercy on her soul she went to sleep."

"Mrs. Fox found sleep impossible that night. Restless, tortured, fighting with her love for her child and her love of self which she named pride, her bed at last became unendurable, and she sought the open air. The wind was moaning in the spruces and she fancied it bore to her from their darksome depths the wailing of a babe. She looked up at her daughter's window and saw a faint light glowing there. A dark shadow seemed to hover near the window. Filled with a nameless terror, the self-accused woman flew to her daughter's room."

"Mrs. Fox was a woman of ability and execution. One glance at the stand beside her daughter's bed revealed to her the truth and she immediately resorted to vigorous measures which soon restored Lola to consciousness. The infant she made no attempt to revive. Doctor — was sent for and the situation explained to him, but he made no comments."

"Then a new difficulty arose. Mr. Fox refused to have the dead baby buried upon the farm. Entreaties, arguments, and threats were of no avail—the obstinate man declared he would never have another minute's peace if the child was laid in the ground. Mrs. Fox with equal obstinacy refused to have the babe buried in the cellar. At last the doctor hit upon a plan that seemed a way out of the difficulty. He placed the tiny body of the infant in a small wooden box which he covered with lead. He then carefully removed a floor board near where the stove then stood and placed the little casket beneath the opening. The work was soon concluded and with the remark, 'A few coats of paint will cover all our sins,' he turned his attention to the distracted Lola."

"A week later they were married, and for ten years the poor woman was the legalized victim of his base cruelty; then she fled from him in an hour of desperation and found liberty if not peace. What her life was after she left her husband, I did not inquire. I have never known a minute's real comfort since I found I had murdered my baby," she said to me. "My terrible crime has ever been present with me, and from it I have found no escape—indeed, I have ceased to try."

"I gave her my love and sympathy freely, and tried to prove to her that whatever she had done she was still my beloved Lola of the days-long past."

The stranger paused, and after a few minutes' silence, turned to Mrs. Drury and said, 'Lady, I infer that you are a medium, and for the help you have given me to-night I am very grateful. I can understand how Mrs. Fox and her son-in-law, who have not been out of their bodies many years, may be compelled by some law of nature to haunt this room at times, but I cannot understand how Lola, who has been free from her body for many years, can still be bound here—can you tell me?'"

"You have heard the saying," replied Mrs. Drury, "The ruling passion is strong in death?" and I am told this is the room at times, but I cannot understand how Lola, who has been free from her body for many years, can still be bound here—can you tell me?"

"You have heard the saying," replied Mrs. Drury, "The ruling passion is strong in death?" and I am told this is the room at times, but I cannot understand how Lola, who has been free from her body for many years, can still be bound here—can you tell me?"

"Indeed I would," he answered. John and Mr. Dale started for the tool room at once, and later we all fled down the stairs into the kitchen taking with us the lead covered box. While the men were gathering the necessary implements, we women put on our outdoor wraps. Aunt Ann wrapped a small black shawl securely about the rude casket and I went to my room and cut two pure white roses from my bush and brought them to adorn it."

When we were ready the stranger took the precious dust in his trembling arms and in a broken voice said: "It is mine—I will carry it."

In the same order that we ascended the stairway to the Shadow Room we now in perfect silence wended our way across the field, down the sheep path through the pasture to the balsam grove by the little pond where the lilacs and cat-tails grow. Beside Mr. Hall floated a dark-robed female figure, plainly seen by Mrs. Drury and myself, but not by the others."

Never shall I forget that silent journey. The air was fragrant with innumerable green things growing, and the frogs were piping merrily among the lily pads. Far down among the spruces where Mrs. Fox fancied she heard an infant wailing, an owl was hooting lustily, and away on the hill side a young lamb was bleating, and over all poured the glorious moonlight. Under the shadow of a fir balsam the two young men followed a little grave and the stranger laid within it his burden. The dirt and turf were carefully replaced as we stood silently around, and then Mr. Dale removed his hat and leaning upon his spade offered an earnest prayer. From an "orthodox" point of view it was a very strange prayer, and I feel sure if any of his brother clergymen had heard it he would now be on trial for heresy."

The next day Mr. Hall left us. John carried him to the station and saw him aboard the train. His last words to John were: "I have but a little while longer to remain and when I have passed into the Beyond I will return to you and in some way make myself known."

So far as I know the manifestations have ceased in the Shadow Room. When I think over the history of that room given to us by the stranger, think of the strange experiences we have had in this house, of the stranger's visit and the occurrences of that eventful night, it all seems to me like some weird romance born of a vivid imagination. Just think of it! This lonely farm up here on the hillside surrounded by hills, forests and streams, where the winter winds go shrieking past, hurrying before them, blinding clouds of snow, where the summer rains descend, and the white mist trails up the streams and through the woodlands, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing joyously, and everything seems to be in harmony with God—oh, the mysteries by which we are surrounded, and how very little we know regarding the real lives of our fellow creatures!

I wrote to you that Mr. Dale and I hoped to be married this summer, but when we spoke to mother about it she said "No" very decidedly. "You are both young, and waiting will be a good discipline for you," she said in explanation. "Mr. Dale has not fully decided what he wants to do or be, and as for you, Marah, you must have a thorough knowledge of housekeeping and a good practical knowledge of your own physical being and the laws of health before I shall give my consent to your marriage. I have not considered myself negligent regarding this part of your education, but I now feel that much more is required of me."

Aunt Ann said, "Your mother is right, Marah. Permanent health and happiness you cannot hope for unless you understand the laws which govern your own being. Your body must be cared for as well as your soul. A good husband is worth waiting for, and if you get a bad one the time you have to live with him will be long enough."

I am not going to get a bad husband, and Aunt Ann knows it, but I am not such a "silly" that I fail to see that mother and Aunt Ann are right. I am going to send this letter right along. I am just as happy as I can be. You are going to have a surprise, Marah, so watch out. Lovingly yours,

MARAH WESTON.

Spruce Grove Farm.  
My Dear Elsie:—One week ago to-day John Wilder put his matched legs into a two-seated carriage, and in company with him and Marah Weston and Vernon Dale I came to my "brother Silas" home. John's swift young horses do not make much of the journey my brothers always thought tedious. It seems strange to think how they never visited each other, but since during twenty years, and yet they were fond of each other; they simply thought they had got to stay at home, and truly our lives are just as broad or narrow as our ideas. I wish you could have seen Marah when we drove into her yard. The first remark she made was a triumphant, "There, I knew you were coming!" And sure enough she had an abundant dinner waiting for us.

The next day was Sunday, and we saw in the local paper that Mrs. Drury was to speak in the next town—a new thing—and we at once decided to go. I found a woman to stay with Silas, poor man, and Marah's new niece, who, by the way, is just as bright and sweet as she can be. We took Charlie with us and the robins that sung on the topmost boughs of the maples, that lined the road for miles were not happier than he. I believe it is as natural to be happy as it is to breathe, and that every

creature living in harmony with nature's laws will be happy.

I do not know whether Mrs. Drury called it she preached a sermon or delivered a lecture, but at the conclusion of the meeting such remarks as "If that is what you call Spiritualism, I want more of it"; "I was never so surprised in my life"; "Why, this is just grand," etc. I think all who listened to her must have felt a purifying, strengthening and uplifting power touch their souls, and that higher ideals and more exalted aspirations must be the result."

Martha persuaded Mrs. Drury to come home with us and take the train from here. It was a happy party of us that started for home that afternoon. At the top of a long hill John drew up his horses that they might rest and we might enjoy the beauty of the scenery Mrs. Drury pointed to a hill just beyond us at the right hand and said, "When I passed over this road before, my companion told me about a little old cobbler who lives upon that hill somewhere. This cobbler according to his neighbors has 'queer spells' when he claims to be controlled by the spirit of a physician once considered very wise, and I have always felt a very strong desire to investigate the case."

"Opportunity knocks at our door but once," quoted John, as he turned the horses into the crossroad leading up the hill designated by Mrs. Drury.

"Why, John, you don't know where to go!" exclaimed Marah.

"I know enough to keep in the road, was the laughing rejoinder. "This road is 'narrow' enough to 'lead to endless glory,' said Marah, glancing up the hill before us.

"All roads lead there if we choose to make them," said Mrs. Drury, "but some are more circuitous than others, and some cost us more pain and trouble than others."

"Heresy! heresy!" exclaimed Mr. Dale, holding up his hands in feigned horror.

So laughing and chatting we made our way ever up, up between rows of willow bushes interspersed with stately maples, scraggly apple trees and paper birches gleaming white in the sunlight.

A stream of crystal water came leaping down its steep and rocky bed, crossing the road at frequent intervals and filling the air with its delightful melody no suggestive of soft music beds and peace and rest. As we gained the summit of the hill the scene that greeted us was so wild, grand and beautiful that although accustomed to mountain scenery we all exclaimed with delight.

"I can never look upon a scene like this," said Marah, "without feeling impressed that those who dwell among the mountains ought to be strong, brave, steadfast, pure and noble."

"Ought to be, truly," said Mrs. Drury, thoughtfully regarding a ruined farm house near the road, "but man often gets woefully out of tune with nature, and hence his miseries."

We found the house we sought without difficulty. A slovenly, sullen-looking woman appeared in answer to John's knock at the open door.

"Yes, the cobbler still lives here, but he's havin' one of his tantrums," she informed us.

"What sort of a tantrum?" inquired John, gravely.

"One of them spells when he pertends the spirit of a doctor by some hook or crook gets inside him," was the sullen answer.

A man with a pipe in his mouth slouched into sight. "Oh, come now, Nancy Jane," he said good humoredly, "there's something takes holt of the old man an' ye know it. If 'tain't the doctor, what does make his little squeaky voice sound like that? That voice ain't his, anyway."

The voice that came to us through the open window was deep and strong and possessed a richness rarely heard. "Can we go in and see this man?" asked John.

"I don't care—he ain't none of my folks," said the woman snappishly, "but if I'd know'd I'd got a hull meetin' house full of folks a-comin' I'd 'ave slicked up."

She conducted us into a fair-sized room with a low, dingy ceiling. The floor was bare and much worn, the windows cobwebbed and curtainless and the furniture old and battered. On a home-made lounge covered with faded and ragged print lay the misshapen figure of an elderly man who from his boyhood had been confined to crutches and suffered much. Poor, uneducated, lacking almost everything that is commonly thought necessary to one's happiness, he had managed to support himself after a fashion by mending boots and shoes.

We looked upon the unconscious man before us with a feeling akin to awe. His worn face was deathly white, but it was pure, gentle and refined, proving that the spirit within us is capable of rising above every condition, circumstances and environment, and sing its song of victory.

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