

The Progressive Thinker.

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

VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, ILL., OCTOBER 20, 1906.

NO. 882

A Rebuke to Vampires.

Those Vultures That Have Invaded Our Ranks With Artificial Toggery and Bogus Tests.

E. W. SPRAGUE, ONE OF OUR FOREMOST WORKERS IN THE RANKS OF SPIRITUALISM, SPEAKS AS FOLLOWS IN HIS REPORT FROM DENVER, COLO.:

"WE LABORED TO GET A SOCIETY ORGANIZED THAT WOULD EMPLOY ONLY THE BEST TALENT AND THAT WOULD BE AN HONOR TO SPIRITUALISM WHILE IT WOULD ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE REGARDING THE FACT THAT THESE VAMPIRES WHO ARE PREYING UPON A GULLIBLE PUBLIC ARE NOT OF US.

"ONE THING IS PLAINLY APPARENT: IF WE DO NOT RID OUR RANKS OF THESE VILLAINS WHO ARE ROBBING THE PEOPLE OF EVERY BIG CITY, AND DO NOT USE EVERY EFFORT TO PROTECT OUR HONEST MEDIUMS AGAINST THE UNJUST LAWS BEING ENACTED AGAINST THEM BECAUSE OF THE FRAUDS, I DO NOT SEE HOW OUR GREAT CAUSE CAN PROGRESS IN THE FUTURE. I DO WISH THE N. S. A. COULD EXPRESS ITSELF REGARDING THESE MISERABLE WRETCHES IN TERMS THAT WOULD RESOUND FROM HILL AND VALLEY TO MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN THROUGH THE UNITED STATES."

A SUGGESTIVE WARNING.

It Is Written Through the Mediumship of James H. Young, of Onset, Mass.

When will wealthy Spiritualists awaken and realize their responsibility? Not until they look back from their darkened homes in spirit-life and review their life on earth.

I see no reason why I should change my views in regard to churchianity (the proper name) or the worship of Mammon as a god, whether by so-called Christians, Liberalists or Spiritualists.

True Spiritualists should do all in their power while yet in the form to lessen the influence of this god, and release the mind from its bondage, and thus decrease the number of earth-bound souls.

Many, very many, so-called reverends (we in spirit life have no respect for the title) know the truth, but fail to declare it. Many wealthy Spiritualists also conceal the truth regarding their knowledge of a future life. Sorrows and remorse will overtake them as well as the untruthful reverend, and painful will be their labor in darkened space among the souls who, by their false teachings, or by the influence of their standing and wealth have been led astray.

Many in the higher circles of this lower sphere find their homes but duplicates of their earth homes; some still haunt the business marts of earth; some are tilling the soil, and all are occupied.

In the darkened part of these lower circles contiguous to the earth are found many still filled with the selfish motives that governed them on earth, for death in no sense changes the mind of man. Among them are to be found priests, preachers of every sect, lawyers, doctors, politicians, Spiritualists and materialists, and public men of various grades.

Here also are found all who loved crime and sought to live by preying upon the public, or upon the neighbor. All grades of depravity are represented here, and the large majority have had (what is so boastfully spoken of) a Sunday-school and Christian education.

Here is portrayed the great work Spiritualism has to do—release man-bondage and from slavery to creed, both in earth and spirit life; to overthrow the altars of Mammon, and curtail or destroy the influence and power which mere wealth or the possession of money gives to man.

Advanced spirits cannot force the truth upon these minds, but they can by impression cause discussion and a desire to know and receive the truth, and thereby help them to work out their own progression. Those thus freed we use as missionaries through whom to reach others.

To you, rich Spiritualists (who should be friends of humanity), and to others, we appeal for help to carry on this work. No reform work can be carried on in the earth life without such help as you can give and by your help many souls (if not yourselves) can be saved from those darkened sphere homes, or bells in spirit life. Every soul saved on earth or released in spirit life is a victory won, a missionary to lead others into paths of peace and joy forever. Spiritualists, friends of humanity, ye who possess wealth which is useful only in earth life, we pray you to help in this labor of love, for though you reap no money reward here on earth, great will be your reward when you meet those whom you have thus helped into higher states and conditions in the life to come.

N. C. F.

Written through the hand of James H. Young, Onset, Mass.

TO HIM THAT HATH.

Measure me not by what I may achieve.
Nor mark my progress by the height I gain;
How can you know with what sore hurt and pain
I strive for that which others but receive?
How can you know how I am weighed down,
What dead men's sins press heavy on my soul?
Or how I can but creep toward my goal,
While others pass me, reaching for their crown?
By this, I pray you, mark my onward way—
The daily strife with bonds that hold me fast,
Like shadowy fingers, reaching from the past,
Holding a token which I must obey;
Pity the fettered feet that but mark time,
While others march, and gain the hills sublime.
—Ninette M. Lowater.

Don't laugh over others' mistakes. The banana skin may be under your own foot. —McPherson.

FLASHLIGHTS ON LIFE.

Scintillations From the Pen of Henry Morrison Tefft, of Norwich, N. Y.

"OUR DESTINY SOMETIMES HANGS BY A SINGLE THREAD. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL AT ONE TIME HAD ASPIRATIONS TO BE GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE, BUT FAILED TO BE NOMINATED. A GENTLEMAN WAS IN HIS OFFICE AT PEORIA ONE DAY AND SAW LYING ON HIS DESK, PAINE'S BOOK, 'THE AGE OF REASON,' AND SAID TO INGERSOLL, 'HOW MUCH DID THIS BOOK COST YOU?' 'THE GOVERNORSHIP OF ILLINOIS,' WAS THE ANSWER. 'THE WORLD IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR MEN OF CONVICTION. BACK OF EVERY ADVANCEMENT IS A MORAL PRINCIPLE. THERE ARE MORALS AS WELL AS INTELLECTUAL PIGMIES. IN ALL ACTING, IN ALL

ART, IN ALL ORATORY, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BESIDES THE INTELLECTUAL, AND MENTAL;—THE HEART FURNISHES THE LIFE BLOOD TO EVERY GREAT HUMAN EFFORT. THERE IS NO LIKENESS BETWEEN THE FORM OF PRAYER AND THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER. THE MIND OFTEN GIVES ASSENT TO QUESTIONS THAT THE HEART REJECTS. NO MAN OR WOMAN EVER LOOKED UPON THE FACE OF A DEAD FATHER, MOTHER, HUSBAND, WIFE, CHILD OR FRIEND AND BELIEVED IN ETERNAL PUNISHMENT. THAT WAS NEVER A PRACTICAL BELIEF. IN THE LAST ANALYSIS IT WAS ONLY A THEORY—IT VANISHED AT THE GRAVE."

reverse." Some people are infidel in mind but not in heart; there are those that are thoroughly orthodox in thought but it does not touch their life; it is simply intellectual gymnastics.

"Put on a mask! 'tis worn
Alike by power and weakness, and the smooth
And specious intercourse of life requires
Its aid in every scene."

Hypocrisy has always been at a premium. It pays great dividends. No business man, or professional man—not even the clergy dare be independent; they have got to truckle to power, be obsequious to the rulers of society, remain silent without protest, in the presence of vice—otherwise they are ostracized, ploughed under, with the voice of community against them. Making long prayers, being regular attendants at church, form but a small item in the Christian life. The Pharisees did all these and were condemned. There are so many men we meet, clever as the world goes, but really false and unreal at heart, with natures negative and weak, that the soul often hungers for the presence of the positive and the true, for the determined and the right.

There is nothing pure; everything is adulterated. The richest ore is laden with slag. The most correct proverb contains a grain of error. Friendship, untainted by selfishness, is a myth; it has not as much actual existence as a mirage. Poets sing of it; philosophers dream of it; but it does not exist. There is the reverse side to the most exalted character. Genius sinks down to the weakness of water and then rises to the strength of Hercules; at one time it is begging for bread; at another time it is distributing the loaves and the fishes. There is nothing so absurd in religion, science and philosophy but what it has been advocated, and held as truth by able men and women. The vilest slander finds somewhere a believer.

We are creatures of moods, situations and interests. Circumstances determine what we like and dislike more than actual conditions. Life begins and ends in mystery. When you make one side of a question plain you disfigure the other. If sin had never come into the world there would have been no need of a Savior. A noted criminal when asked to give an account of his conduct said, "It could not be escaped. It is all a part of history. The story of the race is one of murder and robbery. Where would be your art, your literature were this not as I have said?"

Following things back to their source turns history into fable. Everything is illusive. That which seems solid and substantial, under investigation, sinks away. Happiness is imaginary, not real; we live in recollection, or in expectancy—not in realization. I have been permitted to view the promised land—but forbidden to enter; I have seen visions of glory—but never allowed to enjoy its full fruition.

I remember a little form, a life that filled my soul with joy for a few weeks, a few months, almost years. It was a bright star that shone for an evening and passed on; a vision too transient for a reality; a beautiful mirage that faded in an hour; a dream that vanished in a night. "Strange thoughts swept cloudlike across her mind,—again she saw in fancy a little fair, dead child that she had loved. . . . It had died at the prettiest age of children,—the age of lisping speech and softly tottering feet." Oh, "these heart memories";—how they crowd upon us in hours of depression;—with what force they come back in after years, as vivid, as plain, and the scenes as real as if the occurrences were yesterday.

A single word burned into the soul lives there forever. Astronomers tell us that the light of ancient stars beam upon the earth hundreds of years after they themselves have been obliterated from the firmament. But every grand and noble thought, every beautiful song, was born in suffering. "For when God gives us the clearest sight He does not touch our eyes with Love but Sorrow."

Genius is always in travail. The mystery of life grows deeper; the riddle harder to explain. Neither science, philosophy, nor revelation meets the demand. A man, a nation, a civilization, exists for a day and passes away. The race perpetuates itself, but all forms die. No one is able to trace "The hidden and awful Wisdom which apportions the destinies of mankind." Look over the long line of ancient nations, Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman,—and where are they? Gone—even their history is rapidly passing into tradition. "The secret of their dissolution baffles all inquiry. You can civilize the ground to death the same as you can a people. Continual cropping of the soil wears it out,—it has to be continually replenished by its original or primal elements in order to preserve its fertility. A constant inpouring of foreign element is necessary to keep a people alive. A certain amount of wild element is required to be retained in nature as in life. You denude a country of its forests and its civilization will die. The spirit and tendency of the

tendency of the nations. Each individual life is the product of centuries of breeding. "Not only our character, and talents," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "lie upon the anvil and receive their temper during generations, but the very plot of our life's story unfolds itself on a scale of centuries, and the biography of a man is only an episode in the epic of a family." Man writes some laws—God writes some laws; often they conflict. Man creates crime by law. Poverty is a crime, or it becomes so if the guilty party speaks of it by asking for assistance. "What is right and what is wrong is dictated by statute. A child, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, may be 'legally legitimate—morally illegitimate.'"

The human judgment is incapable of adjusting punishment according to guilt; it is not always capable of determining the moral quality of an act. One class of society is disqualified from passing judgment upon another. The rich are unable to sympathize with the poor, neither can the poor understand the cares, anxieties and burdens of those possessed of great interests. No man will ever enter the kingdom of heaven unless God is more considerate of us than we are of one another. It is interesting to hear one who is blessed with nothing but cold intellect, reason, logic—no imagination, sentiment or feeling—trying to criticize or estimate the value of another whose very being is made up of all the higher and nobler qualities of the soul,—whose heart is in tune with every fine sentiment—that the mind can conceive, whose spirit is open to and moved by every emotion of gladness, tenderness, and sadness that it comes in contact with.

There are men who stand public misfortune, can stand adversity that affects their character or fortune, but will succumb under some private grief, some domestic trouble or family bereavement. We are happy or unhappy according to temperament, not according to situation. The painter who works by rule, by precedent and authority; the writer who clings to logic, to actual deductions, is always at ease, always at rest, always working on a sure basis; there is no fear, no tremulousness, none of that nervous unrest that continually besets the intuitive, the inspirational worker.

Each individual views life from his own standpoint. Age, habit, environment, give bias to our judgments here and to our views of the hereafter. Imagination pictures our own heaven and our own hell. "What is heaven?" I asked a little child; "All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled. "I asked the aged, with her care oppressed; 'All suffering o'er, oh! Heaven, at last, is rest!'"

"I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed; 'It must be love!' she modestly replied. "I asked the artist, who adored his art; 'Heaven is all beauty!' spoke his raptured heart. "I asked the poet, with his soul afire; 'This glory—glory!' and he struck his lyre. "I asked the Christian, waiting her release; 'A halo round her, low she murmured, 'Peace.'"

All conditions in life are exaggerated. Very few keep the balances even. There is no star in the sky of the pessimist. The optimist sees a harmony, a perfectness in the world that does not exist; the idealist looks forward to a condition of society that will never prevail. "Some people live in the future, others in the past; some in memory, others in hope. One man says we are saved by faith, another by works; neither is right. The salvation of one man is the damnation of another. Carlyle says, 'There is but one real religion, possible: love of one's neighbor.'"

There is a wide difference between faith and belief. Faith is a stronger word than belief; it is more dynamic; it requires a more absolute surrender of the mental and spiritual forces of our nature. Belief may be weak, languid and of but little color, while faith must of necessity be alive, active and intense. Man cannot live by bread alone. Faith is the greatest of

A Veritable Spiritual Upheaval

From Present Indications in All Parts of the World the Twentieth Century Will Be Noted in Spiritualistic Work.

The Twentieth Century Upheaval in Spiritualism is creating a VIBRATION all along the line as never before. It is an era of candid criticism and research. To be an honest, conscientious seeker after the truth, and at the same time a FRAUD-HUNTER, is now regarded as strictly legitimate. In fact, without the gentle, considerate and humane fraud-hunter, ever on the alert for the truth, Spiritualism would pass in a great measure into the hands of the fraudulent element, just as our national currency would pass into the hands of counterfeiters if not for the whole regiment of detectives, who are constantly watching for them, arresting them, and sending them to the penitentiary. PURE SPIRITUALISM, like the genuine cur-

rency, attracts a horde of counterfeiters. With this Upheaval now going on SPIRIT RETURN is extending its benign influence everywhere. Eminent literary men, like Prof. Hyslop, Dr. I. K. Funk, Prof. Larkin, the great scientist, and hundreds of others, are stepping to the front, and while they all meet more or less fraud, they are still patiently seeking the truth, and will at last surely find it. Yes, this UPHEAVAL IN SPIRITUALISM has done a vast amount of good to our cause, and it stands before the world to-day in a better light than ever before, while THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is ON A TIDAL WAVE OF SUCCESS.

Now is the time to send in your subscriptions while this Upheaval is on.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Beautiful thoughts, ye are children of heaven,
Wafted down by the angels of love,
Filling our hearts with the spirits' pure leave,
Fitting our souls for the mansions above.
Beautiful thoughts, breathing incense of gladness,
Brighten the joys of life's radiant days,
Comfort the mourners in life's deepest sadness,
Tuning the heart to the pure songs of praise.
Beautiful thoughts by the spirit world given,
Speak to our souls in the accents of love,
Healing the heart that by anguish is given,
Cheering the weary with songs from above.
Beautiful thoughts, ever gladly we meet them,
Bearing their message of life-giving cheer;
Ever our spirits wait fondly to greet them,
Ever their visits are lovingly dear.
Beautiful thoughts thrill the soul with their sweetness,
Whispers of angels are breathed in the ear,
Sweetly surprising their grace and their meekness,
Making us glad that the angels are near.
Beautiful thoughts are the soul's pure adornment,
Richer than gold or bright gems from the mine,
Brighter they shine than the rays of the morning,
Sweetly they help us and kindly refine.
Beautiful thoughts—hark! the angels are singing,
Music that reaches the spirit within;
In the soul's silence sweet lessons 'tis bringing,
Winning our hearts mid earth's turmoil and din.
Beautiful thoughts, ye are children of heaven,
Wafted down by the angels of love,
Filling our hearts with the spirits' pure leave,
Fitting our souls for the mansions above.
JAS. C. UNDERHILL,
Hammond, Ind.

DAY LILIES.

Your delicate perfume
In the twilight shadowed room
Takes me back to an hour
In the land of the lotus flower,
With the lotus moon at bloom.
From a lone papyrus isle
In the gloom of the middle Nile
A reed flute's slender strain,
Like a haunting heart refrain,
Faltering and swelled the while.
The desert stretched away,
A symphony in gray,
From the marge of the ancient stream
Where the dark gent of dream
Dwell for aye and a day.
Then a little wind there came
Wrought of the sun's clear flame
And the night's cool breath, and
A waft from an unknown shore
Of a sweetness without name.
Elusive as a sigh,
As the soul's ecstatic cry
At the tremulous touch of love,
It hovered about—above—
Then passed like a phantom by.
Passed; but it comes again
Over the muck of the main,
Back through the waste of years,
The joy glimmers and the tears,
The passion and the pain.
Trides—how oft they start
The gates of the past apart—
Just a hint of perfume
In the twilight shadowed room
Stirring the chords of the heart!
—Clinton Scollard.

Soliciting for Church Called Grant.
Mayor George W. Guthrie of Pittsburg, is of the opinion that a city employee who solicits aid for his church is as guilty of graft as the man who extorts money for other causes. He said so recently in citing the dismissal of Charles S. Wallace, a clerk in the bureau of building inspection, Wallace, who has been in the office for four years was dismissed to-day by Director Frank Ridgeway at the instigation of Mayor Guthrie. No reason was assigned and Wallace visited Guthrie and asked for an explanation. The Mayor told Wallace that he had received complaints about Wallace soliciting funds and other aid for the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church.

The true success is gained when a man is master of himself, though all men be against him. It is obtained when a man can see others growing rich without envy, and without bitterness. —Bishop Burgess.

A Thrilling Narrative.

It is with great pleasure that we spread before our readers the following from the pen of Mrs. Malissa Cranston Gideon, the illustrious Mother of Mrs. Esther Thomas Bosley, one of the most eloquent

advocates of our Cause on the rostrum to-day. The narrative abounds with striking incidents illustrating Spirit Return, and will be read with thrilling interest from start to finish.

This record was written some fifteen years ago by my mother, and coming across them in moving, I thought they might be of benefit as a matter of testimony in the great field of psychic research.

Naturally in this short account much has necessarily been left out and forgotten, but enough has been given to start a seeker on the path of investigation, I trust. The strongest remembrance I have is the taunts of my school-mates, calling me the "spook girl," and having them run away, saying, "Oh! I am afraid of the 'spook girl,'" and one trouble followed another until that year was almost my last successful school year, but to-day

There is an occult law underlying the life of this phenomenal world that all who understandingly investigate must seek to know, for without this knowledge we should be aware of handling these unseen forces because ignorance of this LAW MAY BRING DISASTROUS RESULTS.

All force is of God, but man has the power to direct this force to suit his own inclination, thereby evolving on any plane towards which he may direct this force—love, beauty and harmony, or discord, disease and death—ignorance being the cause of discord and death, and intelligence being the remedy bringing harmony and eternal life.

I seek in this article to keep uppermost the thought that all visible phenomena are only as shadows—they but faintly represent the objects which cast the shadows; so that which we call the material phenomena can give us but a vague idea of the real substance, the spiritual.

These experiences, which are my own, have taught me that each one of us has an external and internal self which we in our ignorance hold as separate, and scarcely perceive the internal but live in the external and declare there is no other, as the man who LIVES IN DARKNESS REPUDES THE RAYS OF LIGHT which are all around him.

Having early in life married a Methodist minister, I understand all the tenets and doctrines of vicarious atonement and future reward and punishment. When I heard of the rappings at Rochester it only provoked a smile at the credulity of humanity. I could see no good in it; no good to be accomplished by accepting the belief that it was done by those who had died and were buried and gone entirely from our sight.

In the year 1896 I moved to Decatur, Illinois, then a small place which had rapidly sprung up on the prairie. I was induced to listen to a lecture by Dr. Dunn, who was delivering a series of lectures on Spiritualism. Every word of the speaker went home to my soul. I repeatedly asked myself the question: Can this be true? Is humanity a brotherhood? Is there a principle of love permeating all things? Am I a child of this love? Is there no angry God nor terrible hell to shun? I had often had faint glimpses in my mind of these things, but feared that such a theory was too good to be true.

At the close of the lecture I was like Bunyan's Christian—the burden rolled off my shoulders and new light broke into my soul. I could scarcely restrain myself from springing to my feet and praising God. It was the first glimpse of soul I had ever had, and oh! the glory and the joy! My whole nature was transformed. The little church in which the lecture was delivered, WAS ILLUMINED WITH A LIGHT THAT SHINES NEITHER SEA NOR LAND, and a new world was opened up to me. Life had taken on a new aspect. Every countenance in the audience shone with a new brightness. How plainly that scene comes before me now after all these years of ups and downs. Such a light shone that the dark streets were ILLUMINATED ALL THE WAY TO MY HOME, and I could have counted every board in the sidewalks.

Surely that was a foretaste of the glories of a soul when the true illumination comes.

My husband, although quite displeased at my having gone to hear such a lecture, stood spellbound at my exultation which depended to him in glowing colors. The delight of the glorious freedom! I cannot portray nor tongue express what I felt that night! The varied experiences through which I have since passed have not in the least obliterated or changed the impression which was made upon my brain by that night's transformation. Everything was changed. It was glorious to live, to feel that love was the ruling principle of the universe, that divine wisdom was one Father-Mother in whose arms we could rest secure, and that all manifestation of life was a visible expression of this beautiful loving principle.

I had never read a page on the spiritual philosophy and was entirely ignorant of its teachings. After some years, however, came the desire to penetrate into the hitherto unknown country, the country into which the soul passes after leaving the body. I had learned something of the possibility of spirit communication, and felt a great desire to open the gates of psychic knowledge. I felt at times that the two worlds were intermingling and that there were means by which the invisible world might be made visible to mortals. The law that underlies this knowledge I had but a faint conception of, but after mature thought I concluded to attempt an investigation unaided.

My little daughter Esther (now Mrs. Esther Thomas Bosley, then about ten years of age) and myself were alone, as my husband was in another part of the state for the greater part of that year. We had a good opportunity to have our little seances, my little girl and I. Now, my dear

I stand the equal of any of my classmates who at that time and for many future years went serenely along in their studies. For the masters do teach us even though it many times must be through the thorny path of experience; nevertheless through the many years of their glorious teaching I have garnered up a storehouse of truth and richness that my old classmates, some of them my present dear friends, hunger and thirst for and that they in their years of study have not found. So after thirty years' retrospection I can say, "Thy will, not mine be done."

ESTHER THOMAS BOSLEY, Seattle, Wash.

readers, do not think that the record which I shall give you in the following pages is far fetched or impossible, for I assure you that everything which I shall relate was absolutely my own experience. There were no Spiritualists in the little town in which we lived, so that all the knowledge that I received in relation to conducting these investigations was given me by the invisibles as we proceeded to open up the way for them to teach us, Esther being a natural psychic, and needing no development. Two children, a pair of twins, were the result of this marriage—my brother and I. I was the first born and consequently heir to the estate and the title. My brother, however, resembled the Scottish line, therefore, my mother concluded that he should be the heir. She gave us into the hands of a nurse who had nothing of her history, and sent us into Wales for training, leading the woman to understand that we were to be reared with the belief that I was the page, and my brother the heir. This nurse would take us out to parks through which ran beautiful brooks and would command me to wait upon the little lord, wondering why this was, and his age and the character of the two. Sometimes I rebelled, but was violently brought to terms, often being sent for hours into the woods to gather wild flowers for my lord, and chastised severely if they did not please him. Oh, how my little heart longed for love, until, falling to find I became hardened and embittered. My little heart was aching for the knowing a mother's love. At the age of ten years we returned to Scotland, to be to receive a higher education, and I to be his servant and slave.

"How pure the heart, how sound the head, With what divine affection bold Should be the man whose thoughts would hold An hour's communion with the dead."

This sacredness, this holy awe that we felt towards these dear invisibles over our safeguard, our protection, so that all our manifestations were beautiful and satisfactory. That one year leaves one bright spot in my memory, never to be effaced. I have passed through trials and hours of agony and doubt, doubt of the aid of my loved ones, but nothing ever makes me doubt that year's experiences. There was no possible chance of deception. We knew nothing about dark seances; therefore everything WAS CONDUCTED IN THE LIGHT, AND FREQUENTLY IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT. At the second sitting Esther held a slate and a pencil under the table and the name of Mary was written on it. I lost a child fifteen months old whose name was Mary. That sufficed for that evening.

I hardly know how to write about the marvelous developments that followed. Soon my brother, who had passed away during the war, came and instructed us as to how to conduct our seances. These instructions were given in the form of independent slate-writing, Esther holding one end of the slate and I the other. He told us to throw a veil or some thin fabric through which we could see, over the slate. We often saw TWO OR THREE HANDS ON THE SLATE, and I would lay my head down on the veil and the hands would pat my cheek lovingly. I was not surprised at anything, for I supposed all who had this faith were receiving the same manifestations. I could get an answer to any question at any hour of the day, upon asking for it. I was practicing medicine at this time, and if I had a difficult case, I would write questions relative to it on the upper part of the slate and lay a pencil upon it (usually a pencil of medium length). Esther would place the slate under the table, hold it a few minutes, and return with a diagnosis of the case, with the method of treatment written on the under side of the slate, USING TECHNICAL TERMS such as one physician would use to another. My brother said he had brought me a physician who would aid me in my practice, and when we carried out his instructions to the letter, he invariably brought about the desired result.

My brother gradually brought new ones to our circle, always introducing them by bringing an Indian chief whose name he said was Devil Chief. He was very earthy and wild at first, but we felt that brother knew what he was doing, and so accepted him. Later we were glad we had done so, for he became of great assistance to us, and grew gentle and dignified, so that we named him Worthy Chief. He helped us greatly in preparing simple remedies for treating the sick, remedies which could have had no virtue in themselves, but which I know, since learning the powers of the mind, were simply for the purpose of holding the mind in abeyance, while mind acted upon matter. Never a day passed without some manifestation of their presence. One night Mary told us she wanted to sleep with her sister Esther; so we prepared a pillow for her, and in the morning the pillow was like one pressed by the head, and in the indenture lay a rose geranium leaf.

I cannot describe the halo that is shed around those months of sweet communion with those we loved. Esther possessed all the different phases of psychic power, and I will remember the first time she became entranced. I thought her dying, and used every means to restore her. My brother told me on the slate of my mistake; he told me always to put her to bed, and she always awoke. This she did, and she always awoke bright and happy in the morning. A spirit who called himself Jim Steeks, who said he had been hung for killing a man in Arkansas, proved to be quite a character and became a frequent visitor of our family. He played the violin, and Esther would lie in bed and hear him play. I could not see him or hear him music. At one time a Frenchman, a friend of ours, played for her, and she sang in French and danced what he said were some of the most difficult fancy

dances; and I HEARD MY BROTHER'S VOICE CORRECT HER WHEN SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

During one seance at which a number of skeptics were present, Esther was entranced by Jim, and many amusing incidents occurred. One member present, being unusually skeptical, remarked, "Oh, this is humbug," and immediately Jim said, "I will show you." Thereupon the heavy curtain, which we had been sitting upon, began to rise toward him. Every one immediately sprang away, and Esther alone, with only one finger touching the table, started with it and drove him closely up into the corner, and he, frightened lest he should be crushed, cried out, "Oh, for God's sake, stop!" and she, with a noble center and ponderous claw feet, turned over on one side so that he was released. She would talk to Jim as to a friend, and enjoyed his company very much, as he had a very happy faculty of amusing children.

I will give Jim's life history as we received it from him through Esther's entrancement. He said: "My dear woman, when I first came to you, I was lost to myself, sunk in darkness and despair! Bitterness more dreadful than death possessed me. I knew I was dead, as the world calls it, and was very conscious of the manner of my death on the scaffold for that most terrible crime, the murder of my parents, and I spent my earth life, or the early part of it, in Scotland. My father was an Englishman, and married my mother, a Scotch woman, with the understanding that he was to take her name, Lady Amelia Cranston, as she was of royal blood, my father belonging to what was considered a good family, but not of the nobility. Two children, a pair of twins, were the result of this marriage—my brother and I. I was the first born and consequently heir to the estate and the title. My brother, however, resembled the Scottish line, therefore, my mother concluded that he should be the heir. She gave us into the hands of a nurse who had nothing of her history, and sent us into Wales for training, leading the woman to understand that we were to be reared with the belief that I was the page, and my brother the heir. This nurse would take us out to parks through which ran beautiful brooks and would command me to wait upon the little lord, wondering why this was, and his age and the character of the two. Sometimes I rebelled, but was violently brought to terms, often being sent for hours into the woods to gather wild flowers for my lord, and chastised severely if they did not please him. Oh, how my little heart longed for love, until, falling to find I became hardened and embittered. My little heart was aching for the knowing a mother's love. At the age of ten years we returned to Scotland, to be to receive a higher education, and I to be his servant and slave."

"I was always the servant, he the master. The royal blood having long been in my veins, I rebelled, and often asked myself this question: 'Is there a God, a just and loving Father who keeps a just and loving Father in luxury and ease, surrounding with beauty and refinement such as please the most esthetic taste, and others as his abject slaves, those who are born with the same nature and intense love of the beautiful, the same longings and aspirations of the soul, but subject to the enchainment and the absolute rule of their brothers, whose stern necessity has made them slaves?' I have often asked myself that question, to which I have as yet no answer."

"The years rolled on, my brother being educated under the best tutors in the land, and I receiving an education suited to my condition. My father longed for his great general, and in giving him such opportunities, having been sent to school with the young lord, but always in the relationship of servant."

"At the age of fourteen years I overheard my father and mother talking confidentially, and my name being mentioned, I listened, and Oh! my God! I learned the truth—that I was the legal heir to the estate and title of this family, and had been raised a slave. In my overwhelming indignation I sprang into the room and attempted to take my father's life. Having no weapon, I failed, and was overcome by servants who were attracted to the room by the screams of my mother. My father's great kindness (the word said) saved my life, and I was banished to America."

My whole nature seemed to have been changed by the great wrongs I had suffered. I plunged into vice of every kind. My father supplied me with funds for a subsistence, through an agent. It would be useless to give an account of my life of degradation and embitterment. I would like to say to myself or to you. Suffice it to say that, in Pocahontas, in the state of Arkansas, a small town in a new country inhabited by a rough element of humanity, I wound up my career on the scaffold at the hands of a mob for having killed a man in a drunken brawl in a saloon. I did the act by throwing a broken whiskey bottle at him. When my soul escaped from the body, I was a stranger in a strange land, but with my heart filled with bitterness such as I cannot describe. Tongue cannot express the suffering and agony I experienced at that time, the deep sense of injustice, the hatred to humanity, and especially toward my father and brother for their terrible cruelty; and I wandered hither and thither seeking until I might wreak my vengeance upon, not caring who suffered if I might gratify the spirit of revenge that filled me. In my wanderings I came to Colorado (I have since learned that, at that time I had not found myself sufficiently to know where I was). My whole soul was given up to the spirit of evil that then actuated me. I was attracted to a young man whom I thought resembled my father. I at once fastened upon him as my victim. I followed him from place to place, leading him and enticing him into all kinds of vice. We left the North and traveled into the South, from which he barely escaped with his life after swearing (with a rope around his neck) allegiance to the Southern Confederacy."

"After suffering every hardship he made his escape to the North and concluded to return to his kind parents, who lived in Ohio. Still followed him, not in the least relinquishing my control over him, determined to turn him from his parents to wandering again. In the interior of this state we found a little brick cottage. Within it were two aged people who received their wayward boy with such loving kindness and embraces that it almost awakened a sentiment of kindness to my own soul; but I soon crushed this feeling as unworthy of my great

purpose of revenge. These people had lost their youngest son, as they called him, and I was determined to stay. I told them that I was their son, and they, in their presence, the father cried: 'Oh! my boy James, I knew you would come, for a boy of so many prayers could not be lost.' During all his wanderings the father's petitions went up, morning and evening, to his God for his lost boy. He would talk to God in his simple way, and his father, who was sitting on the porch, would hear him. I told them that I was their son, and they, in their presence, the father cried: 'Oh! my boy James, I knew you would come, for a boy of so many prayers could not be lost.' During all his wanderings the father's petitions went up, morning and evening, to his God for his lost boy. He would talk to God in his simple way, and his father, who was sitting on the porch, would hear him. 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Searhing for the Real Origin of Species.

In presenting this, the **THIRTEENTH PREMIUM BOOK**, The Progressive Thinker means to make it the **LUCKY NUMBER** in its grand **LIBRARY OF PREMIUMS**. Each book that has been offered as a premium has been a credit to the paper it represented, and a boon,—almost a gift to the recipient. The Progressive Thinker stands in the lead, and has held that position since its first issue, simply because it gives more and a better and higher class of literature for the money; it gives more in its columns than any other spiritualist paper in the world for one dollar, and a premium besides. Subscribe for it; read it and you will keep posted. Address **J. R. FRANCIS, 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.**

October 6, in Severance Hall, under the auspices of the Wisconsin State Association, President, G. H. Brooks. A large crowd assembled on Saturday evening and many and take part in the meeting, which was presided over by the president, an able and fluent speaker, who first gave the object of the meeting, and then most graciously and eloquently related the co-workers present. Barrett, Mrs. Isa Cleveland and your humble servant, of Portland, Oregon. He then intimated, of George H. Coleman who represented the mayor of Milwaukee, who gave us the right of fellowship, and advised all present to investigate all things, and hold fast to which proved good. He had investigated and found much good in Spiritualism.

Then with eloquent words Mr. Barrett gave the address of the evening, partaking largely of his past month's work, and that of preparation for the coming conference. He advised every one to be present, and

Great enthusiasm was prevalent through all the meetings, for Brother Barre and the other workers. The sister from Oregon also spoke and extended the right hand of fellowship to the Oregon friends, to those of Milwaukee, which was heartily cheered. Sister Isa Cleveland gave the messages.

On Sunday, at 2 p. m., there was a full house, with a new member, Brother Moses Hull, who gave the opening address. He was at his best. His address was certainly just the thing, and touched the key note.

Brother Hull spoke on a variety of vital points, that kept pace with the applause, touching upon such subjects as well as very dangerous ground—"Child Labor," "The Fake," "The Coming Needs of Wide-Awake People," "The Coming Convention"—each calling out loud and repeated applause, as he enumerated the great responsibilities resting on the

He made points, which to my mind, I was heard repeating at close intervals, that we as people may really know that the N. S. A. is doing for you and me. I and you and I had one-half the difficulties to overcome, how weak and forlorn would be our efforts to do good in any direction.

If we believe the N. S. A. is any good to the world, to Spiritualism or to Spirituafaste, for the love of all we have dear and sacred, let us show it now; now is the time we need "something," and must add.

Brother Barrett closed his afternoon address amid loud applause and "hurrah" was heard from President Brooks.

Enthused to her feet, Sister Selva came forward, and asked for ^{five} ~~ten~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ carry this work along. She raised nearly \$30, which helped to liquidate the state indebtedness. She closed with a few readings. We had won their hearts as well as their purses.

The evening called together one of the finest audiences that has graced Milwaukee for many a day. Brother Barrett was the speaker; Sister McFarrell gave the invocation, at each session; Sister Isa Cleveland, the medium engaged to deliver the messages; this closed Sunday evening services.

A more satisfied and enthused crowd of brilliant-minded people has scarcely been seen at one session. The mass-meeting closed with a song upon cheer, hand and handkerchief waving, to meet at the convention October 16, where important questions confront us.

SOPHIA B. SEIP,
Delegate from Oregon to S. A.

HIS DREAM NEARLY FATAL.

is Caught by Policeman Rushing for River to End His Troubles—Arrested and Taken to Police Court—Says He Had Nightmare—Knew Nothing Until Aroused by Officer—Throws Away Hat and Coat in Flight to River—Curious Case of Abnormal Action.

William Yockey, who was seized by an officer while running toward the Milwaukee river, disrobing as he went, avers that his apparent attempt to commit suicide was made while asleep and suffering from a nightmare.

Had the officer failed to catch the young man before he reached the river brink he would probably have drowned and the reason of his death would always have remained a mystery.

Yockey is an intelligent-looking, well-dressed young fellow of 22. He was taken into court after his remarkable adventure, charged with disorderly conduct.

When the young man first attracted your attention," the policeman said, "he

running toward the river on Perry street. He flung his hat to one side, and then, as he ran, tore his coat and vest from his body in succession and threw them away. There is no bridge across the river at Perry street. I caught the young man when he was only a few feet from the brink. He did not appear to be intoxicated.

He Was Asleep.

"I was asleep," said the defendant. "I had been at a party on St. Paul avenue. I left for home about 2 o'clock in the morning feeling tired and drowsy. I must have fallen to sleep on the street car, for the first I remember was having the sensation of being awakened from a terrible dream. The policeman had me from the arm and was shaking me and saying: 'Here, what's the matter with you.' I don't remember what the dream was that caused me to get up. I only have a confused memory of something terrible was pursuing me. I hope I shall never have an experience of that kind again. I found my coat and vest, after the officer awakened me, but my hat is still missing."—Milwaukee Journal.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 Five Progressive Thinkers will be furnished
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 the following amount in advance:
 One Year, \$1.00
 Six Months, .60
 Three Months, .30
 Single Copy, 10 Cts.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a let-
 ter. You may do so a dozen times safely,
 and then the next remittance may be
 lost or stolen. Secure a postal order
 for five cents, and then you are per-
 fectly safe, and will save yourself an
 annoyance and trouble.

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HAVE.

It Will Only Cost You Four Cents.
 Reports in pamphlet form of the last
 N. S. A. Convention are for sale at 600
 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington,
 D. C., at four cents each, postpaid, or
 thirty-five cents per dozen. Every Spirit-
 ualist should send for one. Address
 Mary T. Longley, Secretary.

TAKE NOTICE.

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 gressive Thinker can be obtained at
 this office. Express charges or postage
 prepaid at the price named unless other-
 wise stated.

Col. Ingersoll on Spiritualism.

Mrs. C. K. Smith of San Diego, Cal.,
 in the Humanitarian Review for Octo-
 ber, represents Col. Ingersoll replying to
 an inquiry of a reporter of the San Fran-
 cisco Examiner, of Aug. 28, 1896,
 and saying:

"Well, I think the Spiritualists have
 done good. They are social, good-na-
 tured and cheerful. Their belief does
 not make them mean or miserable.
 They believe in intellectual hospitali-
 ty. In these respects they differ
 from our Christian brethren, and are
 superior to the saints. The Spiritual-
 ists appear to be happy in their belief.
 I have never known a happy orthodox
 Christian. It is natural to shun
 death—natural to desire eternal life.
 With all my heart I hope for everlast-
 ing life and joy—a life without fail-
 ure, without crimes and tears. If
 immortality could be established, the
 river of life would overflow with hap-
 piness. The faces of prisoners, of
 slaves, of the desecrated, of the dis-
 eased and starving, would be radiant
 with smiles, and joy—light, if it could
 be given—would glow. Let us hope. Take
 Spiritualism from Christianity, and
 the whole edifice crumbles. All religion,
 so far as I know, are based on
 Spiritualism, on communications, re-
 ceived from angels—from spirits."

The question: "Has Spiritualism
 offered any proof of the immortality of
 the soul?" Col. Ingersoll replied:
 "Of course Spiritualism offers what
 it calls proof. That is its principal
 business. Thousands and thousands
 of good, honest, intelligent people
 think the proof sufficient. They re-
 ceive what they believe messages from
 the departed, and that spirits now and
 then assume their old forms, includ-
 ing garments, and pass through walls
 and doors as light passes through
 glass. If the spirits of the dead do
 return then the fact of another life
 is established."

This is the only instance coming to
 our knowledge when Col. Ingersoll ex-
 pressed his opinion in regard to Spiritu-
 alism, though in several lectures he
 seemed to entertain hope in an im-
 mortal life. He was born a Presby-
 terian, but was an attendant and pos-
 sibly a member of the Universalist
 church while residing in Peoria.

To the Clergy.

You seem very generally engaged at
 this time in the laudable work of ex-
 posing Christian frauds who are trying
 to imitate communications from the
 spirit world to mortals. But, ignor-
 antly, you are holding Spiritualists re-
 sponsible for those frauds. Not one
 of them comes from a genuine be-
 liever in spirit communion. No one
 having faith in a continuous life ever
 has or ever will practice such gross
 impositions on his fellows.

Every one of these impostors is of
 your faith, and we pray you to con-
 tinue your laudable work in exposing
 them, and even bringing them to jus-
 tice. Call to your aid the resources
 of logic and rhetoric; exhaust your
 entire vocabulary of bitter invective
 in their denunciation; and don't for-
 get you have a pit of everlasting
 flame into which you can hurl the de-
 ceivers and give them an immortal
 fry.

Spiritualists have been outraged
 quite too long by these "whelps of
 sin." Should your own churches fail
 to supply the requisite means to keep
 active your warfare on these impost-
 ors, those of you who are the most
 successful in their suppression can
 count on generous salaries from Spiritu-
 alists. We have been laboring for
 years, trying to expose and silence
 them; but your numbers are very
 large. When one batch is corralled,
 or imprisoned, another "bobs up so-
 berly," and the frauds go on.

You have our thanks for your ser-
 vices thus far. When your rhetoric
 and vituperative expressions are ex-
 hausted, and threats of damnation
 fail, try imprisonment, anything that
 will teach the rascals their frauds
 shall end, and draw to your aid any
 genuine Spiritualist, who will labor to
 rival you in silencing them.

Wickedness may prosper for awhile,
 but at the long run he who sets all
 knaves at work will pay them.—L'E-
 strange.

Now Is the Time!

Send in Your Subscriptions.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEND IN YOUR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER IS NOW UNUSUALLY INTERESTING. IT IS EDUCATIONAL ALL ALONG THE LINE. THE SPIRITUALIST WHO READS IT REGULARLY BECOMES WELL EQUIPPED IN EVERYTHING THAT PERTAINS TO SPIRITUALISM AND OCCULT SCIENCE, FOR NO OTHER SPIRITUALIST PAPER HAS EVER DARED TO DISCUSS THE IMPORTANT PSYCHIC QUESTIONS NOW CONSIDERED CAREFULLY AND CRITICALLY IN ITS COLUMNS FROM WEEK TO WEEK. JUST THINK, TOO, OF THE 13 VALUABLE PREMIUM BOOKS, ELEGANTLY BOUND IN CLOTH, WHICH WE ARE SENDING OUT FOR A NOMINAL PRICE, CONSTITUTING OUR DIVINE PLAN. YOU CANNOT FULLY REALIZE THE GRAND WORK WE ARE DOING WITHOUT SEEING AND READING THE BOOKS. SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW, AND GET YOUR NEIGHBOR TO JOIN WITH YOU.

A Catholic Lady, With Eyes Wide Open.

"An overburdened heart," said Shelly, "will occasionally overflow in words," and we felt the full force of that long-ago-expressed thought, when our eyes fell on an article from the pen of Miss Kate O'Connor, of Rockford, Ill., published in the Morning Star of that city. It appears Miss O'Connor has been touring Europe, and before returning to her Illinois home, she visited the place of her parents' nativity in dear old Ireland, where Nature has bestowed such a world of wealth with bountiful hand, for priestcraft to change into a land of desolation.

Miss O'Connor was born of Catholic parents, and we learn is a member of that church; but she wrote as a philosopher, a humanitarian and an American. We only extract a couple of paragraphs from a long letter. Read and think:

"From the time I struck Dublin and saw the women half clad and half fed, I was heart sick. The history of Ireland could be written in tears of blood by those who truly care for the people and look conditions fairly in the face. I have seen class distinction in other lands; but nowhere is it so strongly marked as in poor Ireland. With the churches and political broils the people are almost helpless. All over the land there is a glaring contrast between the well-fed clergy and an impoverished laity. I have talked with many men prominent in both the Catholic and Protestant churches, and they all seem to think they have a mortgage on God. The poor people, therefore, are left to take the unfortunate results of their selfish and foolish controversies. Sometimes I have wished all the creeds might be wiped off the slate, and the people left to God. I cannot understand how the late Queen Victoria, or the present King Edward, could have gone through Ireland, and not have been ashamed of their possession."

"There is no industry for the men and women and no opportunity for the poor little children. The island itself does not seem worth fighting about, and the people of energy and thrift who have gumption enough, get away from it. No wonder they love the name of America, and on every side we met among the peasantry of Ireland the glad hand, and word of welcome, for which the people are famed. To me it seemed outrageous that a people who love all that is beautiful and true and good, should be such white slaves. No, I could never live in Ireland—this land of sorrow. I could not be happy under any such form of government, although I do not charge all the misery of the English government. After all the countries I have visited I believe that America has the best of it, and I will gladly go back to my birthplace, Rockford, Ill., and thank God I do not live in a country where kings and queens or Catholics or Protestants have the upper hand."

Austria, Italy and Spain are lands of the church, and in each the traveler sees the same condition of wretchedness, poverty and crime which Miss O'Connor witnessed in Ireland. The priest living in affluence and dictating the action of the people, lords it over all in the name of a crucified God. The civilization of two thousand years ago is theirs, only improved where education has made inroads in spite of the church on ancient usages. A "thus saith the Lord," borrowed from the Bible, is superior in the estimation of the oppressor than any modern enactment, and the victims writhe in agony at what they deem their ill fortune. But "the well-fed clergy," living in palatial homes, and the "half-clad, ill-fed and impoverished laity," tells the whole story. The masses toil, destitute of all hope, save in a future life, that priest and prelate may revel in ease and luxury.

The Bible is a text-book in the public schools, is now in America the proposed entering-wedge to make this system of tyranny universal.

Heresy in a High Place.

It was a brave act for Bishop Williams of Michigan to declare: "The Bible is not the Word of God, and the teachings to the contrary are the most prolific source of unbelief in the church." "Nowhere does the Bible declare itself the Word of God. Yet we are told, we must take it in its entirety. It is a venerable museum, and visitors are requested not to touch it." "Take the young man just from college. He reads Genesis and finds impossible geology, astronomy and ethnology. Manipulate it until it fits your sciences," instructs the teacher. If too honest to handle the "Word of God" that way, the young man gives up the Bible. He refuses to stultify his reason."

The next we shall hear of Bishop Williams he will be on trial for heresy.

Self-Evident Proposition.

All the religions of the world were born in the childhood of the race. Science was not born until man had matured. There is in this thought a world of meaning. Children make religions! Grown people create creeds. The cradle is the womb of all the fables and faiths of mankind. The school is the birth-place of science.—Mangasarian.

STARTLING PLAGIARISM.

The Spirit Benjamin Franklin Writes an Editorial for Light of Truth, and Steals It From an Article by Prof. Larkin, in the Scientific American.

In the Light of Truth of September 1, is an editorial article purporting to have been written by Spirit Benjamin Franklin, in which there are some things that have a suspicious savor of flagrant plagiarism, that one would hardly expect from a spirit of Franklin's character and who has been progressing in spirit life these many years.

In order to substantiate our statement, we will place some of his purported utterances in close conjunction with some quotations from an article by Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, which may be found in The Scientific American of August 18 last.

Says Franklin: "For millions of ages matter in a gaseous state was being acted upon before gravity whirled suns and systems of worlds into line with the primordial purpose."

Prof. Larkin wrote: "Finer forces, radio-active energies, and activities, wrought for ages before gravity whirled worlds into revolving systems."

Says Franklin: "The specific gravity of a pound of water and a pound of iron is contained in the volume of electricity held by each of them. The reason that a cubic inch of iron will sink where a cubic inch of water, just as incompressible as iron, remains in solution in its own medium, is because there is more electricity in the iron than in the water."

Writes Prof. Larkin: "In a few years it will be fashionable to say that a cubic inch of iron and another of water contain equal quantities of matter; since both are nearly incompressible, and that the reason why iron tends toward the center of the earth with a force 7.8 times that of water, is because it contains 7.8 times as much electricity."

Franklin: "But when Crookes began to experiment with his bottle he opened up an arcana never before dreamed of in the wildest flights of the alchemists' imagination or that of the modern plodding scientist."

Larkin: "When Crookes lighted up his low pressure tubes he opened the gates of a world more inscrutable than that of Hermetic mysteries."

To one who has read Prof. Larkin's article in The Scientific American, it would appear that Franklin—OR SOMEONE ELSE—had generously cribbed from Prof. Larkin's ravishing and transmogrifying to suit his purpose—a clear case of plagiarism.

Correctly Stated.

Bishop Charles D. Williams, of the Episcopal church at Detroit, is reported to have said a few days ago: "The Bible is not the word of God."

Bishop McCabe, who presided over the Rock River Conference, late in session in Chicago, when he saw what Bishop Williams had stated, is reported by the Record-Herald to have said:

"On the book of Genesis depends the whole of the Christian teachings. If you do away with Genesis you do away with the fall of man, you do away with the atonement, and where is the Christian teaching? The book of Genesis is the teaching of God. It embodies all Christianity, and the rest of the sacred volume follows its teachings."

Now this is exactly what we have always maintained in these columns. No fall of man in consequence of the puerile story that Eve ate an apple; not atonement was necessary to save humanity from the effects of that sin; no redeemer was required to die on a cross to save a world doomed to endless woe to placate the anger of the Almighty Father; and the fabrication of a son born of a Jewish maiden, who was part God, part man, was a silly aping of paganism, with its multitude of sons of gods by mortal maidens. The Christian system has not the merit of originality.

The author of Genesis is proved to have been a Babylonian, from which some scribe, having access to Assurbanipal's library, copied. It was originally priest written, to account for the origin of the world and of the people in it, and it was a very foolish guess; but the Christian religion is based on that ignorant and fictitious foundation, and must fall when its base is removed. The sooner this is done, the sooner a system of religion founded on scientific knowledge, will take its worthless place.

Weak men fight their friends, strong men fight their enemies.—Grant.
 The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Charles.

STARTLING SENTIMENTS.

Uttered by a so-called Spiritualist Paper, but Really the Organ of the Fraudulent Element in the United States.

The Progressive Thinker is not only in REVOLT against Legedmain Spiritualism, but it is in OPEN REVOLT against the Light of Truth. The question submitted to it, and the answer are as follows:

Question: "What is the end and aim of mediumship as carried on at present?"

Answer: "It is Dollars, and its end is Death. Mediums who are really carrying the messages of the higher realms of spirit life to man the mortal can be counted on THE FINGERS OF A SINGLE HAND."

"Only four mediums on earth to-day really carrying the messages of the higher realms of spirit life to man." ONLY four mediums! What do you think of that pernicious statement?

What think you, honest mediums, your aim is the almighty "Dollar," and your end is "Death"—a disgraceful one, of course. We are in OPEN REVOLT against this sentiment—that slander hurled against hundreds of honest mediums, who are as pure as the angels of light.

Another Rank Insult to Spiritualists. "The Light of Truth is testing the Spiritualists of North America specifically, and the Spiritualists of the world generally."

"This test will go on until the fiber of the goods is thoroughly known and understood."

"For the MOST PART THE STUFF SO FAR TESTED IS EXCEEDINGLY SHODDY. Some of the PACKAGES TIED WITH FANCY STRING AND BABY RIBBON offered for inspection WILL NOT BEAR IT AT ALL."

"A FEW SMALL PACKAGES tied with the ordinary binding cord contain big values. They are the kohlons among the diamond fields of things Spiritualistic. On them the Light of Truth depends for courage to continue the test."—Editorial in the Light of Truth.

The above testing of Spiritualists by a prominent personage, for RANK IMBECILITY exceeds anything we have ever seen in print during the last quarter of a century. Just think of it! Among all the Spiritualists of the United States, "There are only a FEW SMALL PACKAGES, tied with only ordinary binding cord, that contain big value."

Spiritualists have been tested by The Progressive Thinker, and as a class they ARE THE MOST INTELLIGENT, THE MOST MORAL, AND THE BEST ADAPTED OF ALL OUR POPULATION TO ADVANCE THE WORLD TO A HIGHER PLANE.

Instead of there being only a "FEW SMALL PACKAGES" of big values, there are thousands of them, and the above statement is a rank insult to every Spiritualist and medium in the land.

Still Another Rank Insult.

The Light of Truth says: "LET IT BE REMEMBERED THAT SPIRITUALISTS AS THEY GO, DO NOT SUPPORT MEDIUMS. IF MEDIUMS HAD TO DEPEND UPON THE TENDER MERCEDES OF THE AVERAGE SPIRITIST AND TEST-HUNTER, THEY WOULD STARVE TO DEATH. MEDIUMS ARE SUPPORTED AND PATRONIZED LARGELY BY CHRISTIAN AND INFIDEL ALIKE, OUTSIDE THE RANKS OF THE WARNING, SNEVELING FACTIONS THAT NOW MAKE UP THE RANK AND FILE OF WHAT IS LEFT OF SPIRITUALISM."

There are no qualifications in the above. The charge that our ranks are composed of "Warning, SNEVELING FACTIONS," stands forth prominently. According to the Century Dictionary, "Sneive" means as follows:

"Mucus running from the nose; SNOUT. Figuratively, in contempt, weak, forced or pretended weeping; hypocritical expressions of sorrow or repentance in a nasal tone; hypocrisy, cant."

The above definition is comprehensive, and you can select any part of it you desire to, to apply to the declaration made in the above.

Here is another statement that will receive the hearty endorsement of every fraud in the land:

"In view of the dastardly tricks of fraud-hunters and grabbers, resulting in killing some of the mediums, and injuring others for life, it is in order for physical mediums to absolutely refuse admittance to their seances to any stranger not properly endorsed and recommended by some well tried friend or friends of the medium. In this way only can these ignorant and brutish grabbers be kept out of the seance room."—Editorial in Light of Truth, January 27, 1906.

That paper must be a monstrosity to make the above declaration. There has NEVER BEEN, in the whole history of Spiritualism, a medium killed by being "grabbed"—NOT ONE—nor has there been one grabbed who was in any wise seriously injured.

Was Charley Winans seriously injured when his half-bushel of torgery was taken from him at Hot Springs, Ark.? No!

Was Mrs. Griffen injured in any wise when she was caught posing as a spirit, dressed as an Indian chieftain, in Milwaukee? No!

Elsie Reynolds, when grabbed, dressed in a wig and other paraphernalia, with spectacles on, posing as the spirit of old "Aunt Betsey"—she was not hurt even a little bit.

Was Mrs. Bliss-Green injured when grabbed in this city, with a wig on and other paraphernalia, posing as a spirit? Indeed not!

Was Maybee, when grabbed in Michigan, posing as a spirit dressed in artificial torgery, hurt in the least? No! a thousand times NO!

Was one of the Nichols sisters, who was lately grabbed in this city, decked in "spirit" paraphernalia, posing as a spirit, injured? Not in the least.

We might go on indefinitely almost, enumerating those who have been grabbed, did space permit, and the only thing hurt about them was their FEELINGS!
 What we are fighting for IS HONEST MEDIUMSHIP AND PURE SPIRITUALISM.

A STRENUOUS CRY.

It Is Going Forth Demanding Purity and Cleanliness in All Things—Is There Any Way to Drive the Bar-nacles From Our Ranks?

Nearly all over the entire world to-day there is a strenuous cry for personal purity and cleanliness—for honesty in all things that pertain to human life. Progress can only be made along the lines of the acknowledged cardinal virtues, acknowledged as such among the enlightened people of earth. To attempt to advance along any other line would be foolishness indeed. You can not advance along the lines of honesty by pursuing a vicious course in life. The lines of vice never lead to virtue, nor do high and holy vibrations come to those who seek enjoyment on the low planes of life.

No one can advance spiritually while groveling in the filth of the lower strata of existence, and partaking of its vile pleasures.

Spiritualists should make note, that THEY ARE CONSTANTLY MAKING HISTORY. Every medium who sports artificial torgery in the seance room in order to deceive the people, IS MAKING HISTORY FOR SPIRITUALISM, just as much as the one does who tells the exact truth in all the walks of life. Those who are dishonest; who are vile, and who carry on the work of deception in our ranks, are contributing history that will be read by future generations.

Judas is nearly as prominent a character in history as Jesus.

The Devil stands forth as conspicuously in the Bible as the spirit designated as God.

Arnold, the traitor, will ever be recognized in the history of this country as a prominent character.

Booth, the assassin, is referred to almost as often as the immortal Washington.

Brutus stands forth as important a character in the history of Rome as Caesar himself.

Such being the case, to bring the whole truth, and nothing but the truth before the world, and exploit it generally, giving special prominence to it in all the walks of life—that alone can advance humanity to a higher plane, and make history, of which no one will be ashamed in the future.

Especially at the present time, a great effort is being made to eliminate from the world its extremely crude conditions. Even in France the spirit of reform is taking hold of the people. The Chicago Tribune says "The French newspapers are making sweeping charges against the prevailing conditions in France, our sister republic. TWO CLASSES OF SINNERS ARE SAID TO HAVE FLOURISHED—thieves, who have been selling oleomargarine as butter, shop sweepings as pepper, and horse meat as lark pie; and murderers, who have been selling skimmed milk as an anti-septized article, thus robbing mothers and murdering infants, this latter to the number of 50,000 a year. Of 38,000,000 people only 5,000,000 have had any protection at all against the food adulterators. To make the situation more disturbing there is a report from Berlin that the government medical department has issued a statement regarding Prussian bakeries and slaughter houses, showing dreadful conditions. Many of the butchering establishments are found to be in cellars, where there was no chance for cleanliness. In others there was no place for employees to wash. When it came to bakeries the situation was found absolutely revolting, boys kneading dough with their feet, for instance, and in one case a bakery was occupied by cats and hens. One baker used his oven for a goose-pen."

Thus you can see the strenuous exertions that are being made to PURIFY THE WORLD ALONG THE MATERIAL LINES OF LIFE. No less necessary is it to purify the world along the spiritual lines; cleanliness is required there as well as in the kitchen or elsewhere.

A clean religion or a clean sect is as necessary as a clean butcher shop. Filth anywhere is nauseating, a menace to health, and is not uncleanliness in Spiritualism, as witnessed by the numerous exposures in our ranks, A MENACE TO OUR CAUSE?

In this city the Nichols Sisters were exposed—one of them was caught, dressed in artificial torgery posing as a spirit, and yet they are at the "old stand" doing business, and all the spirits that appear there ARE OF THE ARTIFICIAL KIND, made on earth for a special purpose, and they answer the purpose intended; they suit splendidly the class of gullibles who frequent their place of resort.

All over the country—in fact among all nations, there is a movement on foot to promote cleanliness in all departments of life—the butcher shop—IT IS DEMANDS THAT EVEN THAT SHALL BE KEPT SCRUPULOUSLY CLEAN, and the government has taken action thereon, and stringent laws have been passed to secure the end desired, but in Spiritualism no systematic action has been taken to promote that cleanliness in our ranks that the world demands—SPIRITUALISM PURE AND UNDEFILED. We will await patiently the action of the N. S. A., in session in this city.

A Monument to Real Worth.

A life-size statue of Col. Ingersoll will be unveiled at Peoria, Ill., on August 12, 1907. If all the friends of that wonderful genius, who administered such terrible blows to the dogmas of the church, shall pay a pilgrimage to our neighboring city on that occasion, to tell it with a Hibernicism, there won't be standing room to lie down when night comes.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

We Remind you that the SPIRIT OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER NEVER SLEEPS! There is need of a WATCHMAN and WE ARE IN THE TOWER and ON DUTY for the best interest of TRUE SPIRITUALISM!

Important Letter.

TO THE EDITOR:—IT IS EXTREMELY DESIRABLE THAT THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SHOULD BE AS LARGE AS POSSIBLE. TO MAKE IT WHAT IT SHOULD BE, AN APPEAL IS MADE TO THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY JOINED IT TO, SEND IN THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PERSONS WHO MIGHT BECOME INTERESTED IN THE WORK. CIRCULARS AND APPLICATION MATTER THAT WILL EXPLAIN THE OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY. THE MEMBERSHIP HAS ALREADY REACHED A NUMBER THAT WILL PAY FOR THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE FIRST YEAR. OTHER EXPENSES WILL BE ENTAILED, AND TO MEET THESE THE MEMBERSHIP SHOULD BE GREATLY INCREASED. IT IS IMPORTANT, ALSO, THAT THE MEMBERSHIP SHOULD BE LARGE THAT WE MAY BE BROUGHT MORE EASILY INTO COMMUNICATION WITH THE PHENOMENA WHICH IT IS THE PRIMARY OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY TO INVESTIGATE. ALL THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES THAT IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO OBTAIN WILL BE WELCOME. VERY SINCERELY, JAMES H. HYSLOP, Secretary. 519 West 149th St., New York.

The National Spiritualists Association.

This week the N. S. A. is in session in this city, and the delegates are coming in from all sections. The principal contest will be over the Presidency, many seeking Mr. Barrett's place, which he has so ably filled from the start. Mrs. Mary T. Longley has made an ideal Secretary, and as to the Treasurer, Mr. Mayne, he has been a giant in strength to Spiritualism.

Bible, But Not Spiritualism. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—Job 7:9.

"The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward."—Eccl. 9:5.

"They are dead, they shall not live."—Isaiah 26:14.

"The king of kings and the Lord of lords, who only hath immortality."—1 Tim. 6:15, 16.

"That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth that the spirit of man goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast goeth downward into the earth?"—Eccl. 3:19 to 22.

These are practical texts from God's holy book, whose pettifoggers are now active in denouncing Spiritualists, who see the tendency of the popular mind, and who seem directed by a general head to assail the only religion which bases its faith on knowledge. These quoted passages which the church denominates "inerrant wisdom," if true, would antagonize Spiritualism, and Christianity as well; but the texts are as false, as is the book from which they are copied.

The grave hides the mortal from sight; but there is something that survives the tomb. The moon may wax and wane; seasons may come and go; the years may stretch away into cycles of countless ages; eternity may open before, and find the spirit reveling in fields Elysian, and joying in a conscious individual existence reunited with the loved he embraced in earth life.

Let those who also close their eyes and ears to knowledge, who prefer false to fact, the ignorance of the barbaric ages to the noon-day splendor of the twentieth century, continue to resist the revelations of the spirit world. If they will, they cannot change a single fact; but they may delay for a little time the universal reception of this grand, overwhelming and ennobling truth, the continuity of life and of spirit communion with the mortal.

Don't Discredit the Bible.

Bishop Berry, of the Rock River Conference, at its recent session in this city, in addressing the young men who were candidates for admission to the conference, in addition to many other things along the same line, said:

"We will not be afraid of higher criticism, but we will not tolerate any man who discredits the Bible."

No, no, let the "higher critics" expose the errors of the old Jew book, show its inconsistencies and its impossibilities, correct its misrepresentations, and its God-dishonoring and man-debasing dogmas; "but we will not tolerate any who discredits the Bible." Our creeds are all abstracted from that book; our church is built on its fallacies; our faith in a future life rests wholly on the story of the resurrection of Jesus who arose from the dead, descended into hell, and from thence ascended to heaven to sit down with the Father, and on no account can we exist as a church without that Nicaean creed the fathers gave us. In short, reject the Bible and every Christian church built on its gross defects, would necessarily cease to exist, and the whole field now occupied by it, would soon be in possession of a scientific religion constructed on modern educated thought.

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

Spiritualism To-Day and To-Morrow.

A Special Address delivered for The Progressive Thinker, by Spirit John Pierpont, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Medium, and stenographically reported by Walter P. Williams of Washington, D. C. This address touches upon points of unusual interest at the present time. It is highly interesting, instructive and soul-elevating. Mrs. Longley is the Efficient Secretary of the N. S. A.

"IN THE MEANWHILE WE MAY SEE STRANGE FLUCTUATIONS. THE POWER OR QUALITY OF WHAT IS GIVEN OR PURPORTED TO BE GIVEN FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE MAY VARY, AND SOME OF IT MAY APPEAR VERY WEAK AND TRIVIAL AND OF NO VALUE TO HUMANITY, BUT HERE LET US SAY THAT SOMETIMES WHAT IS GIVEN THROUGH A WEAK VESSEL AND WHAT SEEMS TO BE TRIVIAL MAY BE JUST FITTED FOR SOME INDIVIDUAL WHO IS NOT PREPARED OR MENTALLY DEVELOPED TO RECEIVE ANYTHING STRONGER OR BETTER FROM THE OTHER SIDE. WE DO NOT MEAN BY THIS THAT ANY FORM OF DECEIT OR OF WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED IMPURE TEACHING WILL BENEFIT ANY HUMAN BEING, AND SUCH WILL NOT BE GIVEN THROUGH ANY ONE WHO ASPIRES FOR LOFTY THOUGHT AND PURE INFLUENCE, HOWEVER HUMBLE HE MAY BE, NOR WILL IT BE BROUGHT BY ANY SPIRIT INTELLIGENCE WHO IS NOT CRUDELY BOUND TO SINFUL EARTH CONDITIONS AND STEEPED IN VILENESS;

The now is always with us. We are creatures of the ever living present, and although it is customary and convenient to use the word to-morrow in planning for days not yet arrived, yet when we are in those days it is still the now, so that we live in the present. If humanity will only keep the thought alive within the soul that the present is the good time, the important time in which to do and to be the very best that is possible, we shall not be obliged to look forward to indefinite ages for a time that may be called the millennium, since it may bring more of brotherly love into activity, more of universal peace and justice to the recognition and experience of mankind.

Spiritualism to-day is an admitted fact in the consciousness of millions of human beings; a fact in its demonstration of the continuity of life, the reunion of intelligent beings in friendship, affection and social intercourse beyond the confines of the physical body, and also unlimited progress for the individual after the change called death. This fact has been proven so repeatedly to human investigators that it seems almost absurd for one to question it in the present hour.

During the last half century Spiritualism, per se, HAS MADE ITS MARK IN HUMAN PROGRESS. It has been the cause of an evolution in mental and spiritual ethics which is far-reaching, and which is recognized by countless human beings. This evolution has been marked in the direction of reform in the various platforms and questions pertaining to human welfare. We need not pause to consider these in detail, but all who have followed the work and teachings of Spiritualism, as the word is understood, during the fifty years of its advancement will admit always, from its beginning to the now, IT HAS POINTED TO REFORMATORY MEASURES AND URGED THEM IN EVERY NEEDED DIRECTION.

In the temperance movement it made itself felt not only in that particular branch of temperance which relates to the living of a temperate life, eschewing intoxicating liquors and giving thought to the needs and best conditions of the body by being moderate or temperate in all directions, but also temperance in the sweetnessness of the word in relation to our association with our fellow-beings, and also with our duties from day to day.

In the work of woman and her freedom from bondage in the many ways by which she has been enthralled, spirit teachings have been pronounced, and the movement of reform in this direction has gone hand in hand with the advance of Spiritualism.

In various lines of thought—free thought, liberal thought, thought that makes for human progress—Spiritualism has emphasized its influence and its power so that all will concede that it has been a strong factor in the advancement of humanity during the last half century.

Man is a thinking creature, a questioning being; he desires to know, to understand for himself, to dig out the roots of questions and settle them to his satisfaction, consequently he has questioned the returning spirits and desired to know from them not only concerning the life they live in other worlds, but also concerning his possibilities for growth and for achievement in spiritual and mental lines while he is still on earth. Spiritualism of the now, or of to-day, is established in the hearts of the people. It has made its adherents on every hand. It has not reached every home nor entered into every church and assembly of people as a Spiritualistic doctrine and philosophy, but it has made inroads in various directions not only under the name by which its advocates know it but in the subtle, silent, spiritual way and name of liberal thought—of new thought, if you will, which, however, is perhaps only another way of clothing the thought which is as old as the universe itself—thought of the spirit of mankind, of the real humanity, that which is not seen by mortal eyes but which is ever living in fullness and strength, independent of the material form, yet ever reaching out through this vehicle of expression called the physical body, and coming in touch with all that relates to universal life and progress.

Spiritualism to-day has not only its millions of followers, who may be more or less willing to be called Spiritualists, but it is doing a silent, beautiful work in a multiplicity of ways, spreading its influence through many channels and impressing human minds with thoughts and activities that help to develop them to greater and nobler powers.

We look back upon the Spiritualism of yesterday and the weeks and years of the past and can see something of the good it has accomplished. Through organized effort in one direction and another it has carried its light into cities and towns, and by that light illuminating the darkened places has abolished error and given sweet, beautiful conceptions of truth, in its place.

That Spiritualism which has been known through the yesterdays of the past has been conducted by thousands of human spirits outside of physical forms, they who are humanitarians seeking to reach earth people for the purpose of enlightening them on the great question of immortality, also on the great subject of personal advancement and of universal brotherhood; not only those who are humanitarians at heart and by instinct becoming teachers in these lines, but the millions of individual beings who have thronged back from the other life to communicate with their friends as intelligently as possible through such channels as they might find for their expression, in order to assuage the grief, console the troubled heart, to give comfort and peace, or to heal the sick and to bless with beautiful ministrations those who mourn. These have done their work well—very well considering the many impediments in their way, the various conditions adverse to their coming and manifestation.

When we consider how much the spirit world has to overcome by way of limitation, of strange and erratic mental conditions on the earth side, before it can give the intelligent and individualized message, or the manifestation of power through physical objects, we may say Spiritualism has done well, it has accomplished much. It has been the great event of history of the nineteenth century,

BUT WE DO MEAN TO SAY THAT SOMETIMES WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN ILLITERATE EXPRESSION, OR OF BUT SMALL ACCOUNT TO THE INTELLECTUAL MIND, MAY BRING COMFORT AND SWEETNESS TO SOME HUMBLE LIFE THAT COULD NOT COMPREHEND THE ABSTRASE QUESTIONS OR UNDERSTAND THE SERIOUS PROBLEMS PERTAINING TO HUMAN PROGRESS AND GROWTH BUT CAN BE COMFORTED BY THE LOWLY WORD SPOKEN BY A DEPARTED FRIEND THAT BRINGS LIGHT AND BEAUTY INTO THE HOME LIFE. AND SO OUR THOUGHT TO-NIGHT IS THAT THE WEAKNESS OF THE PRESENT DAY, AS INTERPRETED BY THOSE WHO STAND FAR OFF AND CONTEMPLATE SPIRITUALISM AS SOMETHING UNWORTHY THEIR ATTENTION, MAY HAVE BEEN THE LEVER TO UPLIFT MANY HUMAN HEARTS FROM THE DEPTHS OF SORROW, MANY HUMAN MINDS FROM THE NIGHT OF IGNORANCE TO PLANES OF COMFORT AND OF KNOWLEDGE THAT THE CARPING WORLD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND."

of all the centuries, culminating in its expression and power in the nineteenth century and reaching onward into the twentieth century with force and beauty of thought and spirit touching the hearts as with electric fire, of thousands of human thinkers outside the pale of Spiritualism, so-called, as well as keeping up its work among its adherents in our own ranks.

The question should not be, "Why have not spirits done more in their return to earth during these few decades of time?" but it should be, "How could they have accomplished so much with all the limitations and obstructions in their path?" But we can say that for scores of years, yea, no doubt, for centuries, human beings in the spirit world have been experimenting, studying up these lines of thought, seeking to understand the LAW OF VIBRATORY FORCE AND ACTION, trying to gain knowledge of the power of mentality, of mind over matter; coming in contact with physical objects and exercising an electrical or electro-magnetic force upon them to make them as it were alive, subservient and responsive to intelligent will; making these investigations and experiments with the only thought in mind to culminate them in opening a highway of communication between the so-called spirit world and this plane called earth, and this has been accomplished by what great effort on the spirit part no one of earth can ever know; by overcoming what obstacles no one can understand; by continually and watchfully experimenting, going over and over again lines of thought and of effort that promised to give some good result until AT LAST THE LINE WAS LAID AND COMMUNICATION OPENED BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS.

Much has been accomplished, and we know that much more is desired, that more clear, more beautiful, more enlightening information may be given from the so-called other side to the people of earth; but the people of earth also have to be enlightened or have to be instructed how to become receptive to these teachings and to the information which shall some day be poured in upon them from the teachers of the higher life.

So far, Spiritualism has given just the light which the world was prepared to receive, but THERE ARE STORE-HOUSES OF KNOWLEDGE WHICH HAVE NOT YET BEEN UNSEALED TO MORTAL COMPREHENSION; there are great and beautiful revelations yet to be made, but these can not be given until sensitivities are so thoroughly quickened in their mentality—the vibratory action of mind and body—as to be uplifted in the superior hours of entrancement or of spiritual perception on to the plane of vibratory action on which the spirit teachers reside and from which they can gather knowledge and power.

Not until human minds who are investigating these subtle laws have become so attuned in harmony with the spiritual spheres and their higher conditions as to be able to receive and interpret the revelations that are held back in the present day, will these things be poured out upon the mortal world, but there ARE GRAND RESERVOIRS OF KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN BE OBTAINABLE IN THE TO-MORROW OF SPIRITUALISM. In the to-day it is not possible to give more than hints or gleams of these things from the unseen—hints of the glory that is pent up in spiritual states of consciousness and of achievement by wise intelligences who have by no means forgotten the needs of humanity on earth—GLEAMS OF BRILLIANCE THAT SCINTILLATE FROM THE MINDS OF HIGH SOULS THAT HAVE GONE FORWARD IN THEIR SEARCH FOR TRUTH AND THEIR ATTAINMENT OF WISDOM.

One cannot expect that here, amid the limitations of mortal life—the environments that hold human beings in bondage because of physical needs and the hurrying of the hour for the attainment of worldly grandeur and influence, there can be given from the great beyond these beautiful scintillations of light. One should not expect the world to be ready to receive them. That spirits are alive and conscious, active, intelligent and filled with memories after they pass from earth can be assured to mortals by the sort of demonstration of power and evidence of identity which they are enabled to give through sensitives. Human beings here can interpret and understand a message that comes from their beloved ones bearing the earmarks of personal identity, and, after receiving this evidence, they can be ready to accept much that is given by their returning friends concerning the spirit life and its activities.

So far Spiritualism has been able in its yesterdays to do a great work for the world; also through chosen teachers, feeble though they may have been in expression and in scope, to give teachings of moral philosophy and outline a code of ethics that the world can follow, if it will, in living simple, good lives, in doing the best within them for their own advancement and the comfort of their fellow-men—simple lessons in right living—and the world may accept as far as it can understand and appreciate; but back of all this, as we have said, are reservoirs of power and of knowledge, truth and wisdom, that are only waiting the right conditions and the unfolding of the mortal for their reception. These are coming in the to-morrow of Spiritualism.

In the meanwhile we may see strange fluctuations. The power or quality of what is given or purported to be given from the spirit side may vary, and some of it may appear very weak and trivial and of no value to humanity, but here let us say that sometimes what is given through a weak vessel and what seems to be trivial may be just fitted for some individual who is not prepared or mentally developed to receive anything stronger or better from the other side. We do not mean by this that any form of deceit or of what might be called impure teaching will benefit any human being, and such will not be given through any one who aspires for lofty thought and pure influence, however humble he may be, nor will it be brought by any spirit intelligence who is not crudely bound to sinful earth conditions and steeped in vileness; but we do mean to say that sometimes what seems to be an illiterate expression, or of but small account to the intellectual mind,

may bring comfort and sweetness to some humble life that could not comprehend the abstruse questions or understand the serious problems pertaining to human progress and growth but can be comforted by the lowly word spoken by a departed friend that brings light and beauty into the home life. And so our thought to-night is that the weaknesses of the present day, as interpreted by those who stand far off and contemplate Spiritualism as something unworthy their attention, may have been the lever to uplift many human hearts from the depths of sorrow, many human minds from the night of ignorance to planes of comfort and knowledge that the carping world does not understand.

In the past Spiritualism has done much of this work, entering humble homes and lowly places, giving comfort to the sorrowing who have toiled and the pangs and afflictions of poverty and of suffering. It has brought light to the benighted and as we have said, has spread its influence far and wide. The Spiritualism of to-day is keeping on with that same sort of work, but it has spread its influence in various directions, has not confined it to the ranks and temples of Spiritualism as understood by the world but has sent that influence out into the different sections of human thought and mental achievement and is making its power felt.

Organizations have arisen, have held their sway, have disintegrated and passed away. Organized effort is always good, where mental harmony exists. Without organization there would be no universe, as the universe is one stupendous organization. Nature herself is continually at work building up organic forms, bringing units together, aggregating them and fashioning her structures for the utility of life. Thinking minds will perceive that organic work is everywhere, that form itself is organization, whether it be a tree or the corporeal body of a man, that society is built up through organization, and the needs of humanity are studied in this direction. So progress advances and humanity gains its powers through the efforts of organizations. This we behold in the religious life. Churches are built and maintained by the organized effort of human beings. One man alone could do but little in this direction though he had a million of dollars and was enabled to hire some beautiful structure erected for the worship of mankind; without the aid and co-operation of fellow beings in sympathy with himself there would be no church or body of people to worship in that beautiful edifice.

Political organizations are built up by the union of forces and of individuals. They make their power felt through these strong forces and consequently nations are maintained because of this. Therefore Spiritualists who deem organization are frail in their thought—they are not wise. Some of our speakers declare they are not for organization yet depend upon organized societies for their engagements and for their work. Some of our mediums say they do not care to belong to any association because they think the cause does not need anything of that sort; the spirit world can carry it on to suit itself. Nevertheless union of forces in harmony of spirit gives much helpfulness to the spirit world in its efforts to manifest the truth. Without the spiritual press Spiritualism would not have gained headway as it has done during the half century. Without societies in various directions it would not have been able to present the truth through inspired lips upon many platforms as it has done. So we feel that ORGANIZED EFFORT IS ALWAYS GOOD WHEN THE MOTIVE IS PURE AND UNSELFISH AND THE ACTIVITIES OF MANY INDIVIDUALS COMPOSING IT ARE EXERCISED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MANY INSTEAD OF THE FEW OR OF ONE.

But we have said organizations have arisen and have done their work and passed on while others have taken their place. So it has been and will be. The Spiritualism of to-day is experiencing this in every direction. We do not consider that its stronghold is in the societies that are maintained in different parts of the world, yet these are of use and are a part of the great work; they are doing a service to humanity. But there is a weakness within them, not because the cause they represent is weak, not because the truth they would present is dim, but because the unity of harmonic action and purpose is not strongly exercised or manifested by their members. The few may be strong and hearty, filled with zeal and earnestness, loving the truth for the truth's sake and seeking to have it expressed wherever it can reach and bless a human heart, but a few cannot do the great work of organizations and they call in vain for helpers who will be unselfish and willing to labor for mankind, so there is weakness in these organizations, and wherever there is weakness which is not suppressed, which is not banished by the accumulation of strength, there is incipient decay, and for that reason we may expect in the to-day of Spiritualism to see societies rise and fall, a few people coming together seeking to draw others who are indifferent, holding the post and banner of progress as long as they can, giving up in discouragement and letting the work fall. This we shall see again and again.

But Spiritualism itself will not fall nor fall humanity. It will continue to live in the hearts of the people. It will have its quiet places of demonstration unlimited in various sections, it will call its agencies or mediums to the work and through them do its best to uplift mankind. It is doing that and will succeed.

The Spiritualism of to-morrow will be a broader Spiritualism than that of to-day; that is in the latter part of the present century; yea, are another score of years has passed away the Spiritualism that denizens of the other world will demonstrate will be somewhat different from that of the

now, inasmuch as it will not depend upon societies or upon the spiritual press for its demonstration and wide-reaching power, but it will have entered and established its cult in so many places and among so many people that it will be accepted as something like a matter of course; a demonstration of psychic power in human homes and lives not at all connected with this which is called Spiritualism will have become so much a matter of daily event as to have ceased to create comment. This we foresee and predict because we can behold its illuminating power going out beyond the confines or walls of our own ranks and entering all these places and homes where it is but dimly understood yet noticed as something of the marvels of nature.

Man is studying himself, studying the inner powers, seeking to know the possibilities of being, wishing to cultivate these and make them of use. Many may perhaps desire this for the purpose of gaining worldly success, but many others are wishing and seeking for this unfoldment in order to learn something of the unseen, of the great beyond, that which has been unknowable to them but which they are beginning to think may in time be demonstrated to their satisfaction. Spiritualism is at work in all these various directions, and whether it is "new thought," or "occult science," or "mental philosophy," or "humanitarianism," or by whatever name it may be called, the UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE OF SPIRITUALITY IS THERE FOR THIS IS THE LIFE FORCE OF THE UNIVERSE, INTELLIGENCE permeates it with power and it is vibrant with meaning for those who will seek to understand. So, my friends, the Spiritualism of to-morrow is to be such that we may rejoice in its illumination, its grand uplifting power.

We will not need to build churches, nay, for churches will be bodies of people gathered in order to gain light and strength from the spiritual influence which will be there. Churches will be congregations of people gathered for mutual improvement and unfoldment in mental and spiritual activities. Churches will be the beautiful assemblies of harmonious people who love to come together that they may exchange thought and experience, note what has been given to one and another from the unseen, give forth of their own quickened inspirations to benefit those who seek for light, and it will not matter whether these are called temples of Spiritualism or by what name soever since they will denote progress and the spiritual uplifting of the race.

The consciousness of the human individual will be so quickened in time as to readily respond to the vibrations of intelligence and harmonious sweetness from the higher life. Then will men become receptive to the outpouring of the spirit along ways of truth and knowledge. Science will be vastly benefited by the revelations given; human experimentation with the forces of nature will be accelerated by the knowledge received from those who have been experimenting in other worlds for many years. Art will have taken upon itself a new impetus and the creations of artists, of sculptors, and of all who are interested in the beautiful unfoldments of idealism will be largely benefited by that which is given from artists and sculptors and beautiful beings on high. Poetry and music will have gained sweeter harmonies of expression by those who will be so sensitive to the outpourings and influx of glory from beyond so that the race will be advanced on the highway of progress to a large extent. Not all of this in twenty years, not all of this in the twentieth century, but beginnings will be made and will be a foretaste and prescience of that which will follow just as rapidly as humanity is educated and becomes receptive to that which is awaiting it from the other side.

Therefore, dear friends, our outlook is optimistic. We do not feel the shadow of pessimism falling upon us, though societies go down, though organizations break up and have an end, though communities that gather in camp and at other places for the purpose of exchanging thought on spiritual ideas may separate from each other and go into by-paths of research for a time, though papers may cease to be and publications be taken into new channels of expression. We have no shadow upon our mind in contemplating these possibilities, which after all are probabilities, for we expect that. BUT THE OPTIMISTIC VIEW IS OF A GRANDER SPIRITUALISM, A BROADER PHILOSOPHY THAT EXPRESSES THE THOUGHT OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. Spiritualists have taught this, have sung of this, and we might suppose from all they have said that they consider all the world akin, but inharmonies exist among us, divisions not only of opinion, which are well, but divisions of temper have so expressed themselves that we find eruptions taking place in one way and another not showing the spirit of fraternal fellowship. But when the broader Spiritualism has gained his hold upon humanity, the outgrowth of our beautiful dispensation of light and truth that has been in the world for many years—more than half a century—when this shall have gained its ground and made its way over the fences and walls—the strongholds put up by our own Spiritualistic brethren—we shall feel that the fellowship of fraternal love is more widely expressed and understood, and that the world is ready to march forward over the heights of progress to that time of which poets have sung and sages have dreamed when "the earth shall blossom like the rose" because LOVE, the fulfilling of the great law of God and of humanity, has really taken its place and is alive in the hearts of the people; because JUSTICE, the outfringing of the principle of love, is maintained between all men, and because universal Peace in its beauty and brightness has settled over the lives of humanity.

SIX HISTORIC AMERICANS.

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"IT IS ALMOST MORNING."

"And Sarah Gladstone Died as the Clock Struck Twelve."

The following constitutes a Chapter in Vol. I. of The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World. This work, besides containing considerable original matter, is a vast compilation, illustrating Death and Spirit Return in a manner that is highly interesting and entertaining; the three volumes presenting data that is valuable to every reflective mind. The two following messages illustrate the transition of two spirits, under varying conditions, showing that even those who are in the purgatory of vice against their will, and intently seeking a way out, when death comes they are right royally greeted on the spirit side of life, and their advance is rapid. The three volumes of "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World" will prove especially fascinating to those who have any fear of death, or those who are interested in remarkable spirit phenomena. Read carefully the following two messages, the latter having been published many years ago in the St. Louis Republican:

"AS SHE SPOKE, SHE CLUTCHED THE DOCTOR'S ARM WITH DESPERATION, AND A FEARFUL EARNSTNESS WAS EXPRESSED IN HER FACE. THE YOUNG MAN, HENRY, AT THIS TIME, OVERCAME BY THE SCENE, LEFT THE ROOM. SARAH DID NOT NOTICE HIS DEPARTURE, BUT CONTINUED TO TALK WILDLY OF SOME COMING PERIL. ALL AT ONCE, WHEN THE DOCTORS WERE ENDEAVORING TO COMPOSE HER AND INDUCE HER TO LIE DOWN, SHE TURNED HER FACE TOWARD THE DOOR AND UTTERED A PIERCING SHRIEK. 'IN A MOMENT SHE HAD BECOME A RAVING MANIAC. HER EYES WERE FIXED ON THE DOOR AS IF THEY SAW SOME TERRIBLE OBJECT THERE. 'SO YOU'VE COME, SHE SAID; 'YOU'VE COME, JAMES LENOX, TO COMPLETE YOUR WORK. BUT I'VE GOT FRIENDS NOW. I AM NO LONGER AT YOUR CONTROL. OH, HOW I HATE YOU, YOU BAD, WICKED, BLOODY-MINDED MAN! YOU RUINED ME BODY AND SOUL, BUT

NOW I'M FREE. KEEP OFF, YOU VILLAIN!' AS SHE SPOKE SHE SPRANG OUT OF BED AND RAN BEHIND THE PHYSICIANS, HURTING TO HERSELF. THEY PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND HER AND LIFTED HER INTO THE BED AGAIN. SHE RESISTED LIKE A WILD BEAST, AND SEEMED TO THINK HERSELF STRUGGLING WITH A DEADLY FOE. SHE HEARD IMPRECATIONS ON THE HEAD OF HER HAUNTING PERSECUTOR AND DEIFIED HIM, ALLUDED INCOHERENTLY TO SCENES IN HER PAST LIFE. FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR SHE REMAINED IN THIS WAY, AND THEN SUDDENLY BECAME QUIET AND SEEMINGLY COMPOSED. HER EYES CLOSED, AND SHE SEEMED ASLEEP. HER BREATHING BECAME REGULAR, BUT VERY LOW AND FAINT; SHE OPENED HER EYES AND SMILED SWEETLY. SHE MUTTERED: 'IT IS ALMOST MORNING; AND SARAH GLADSTONE DIED AS THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.'"

Many times there are circumstances that surround the couch of the dying that render their transition peculiarly interesting. There stands before me a young lady, twenty-three years of age, whose life experiences and death are stamped with many instances of a startling nature. Her features are wreathed with a smile, underneath which seems to repose deep sorrow, as if a vestige of the troubles of earthly life still cast a shadow over her. Her eyes beam with a tender expression of delight, yet connected therewith seems to be a tinge of grief remaining. Over her shoulders her hair, in graceful, wavy ringlets falls, and resting on her head is a wreath of celestial flowers, so arranged as to form letters which compose sadness. Oh! what a strange mixture of contradictory expressions! That all may know how a Magdalen—lived and died! As she breathed into my mind that word, I was startled—she, the angelic spirit who stands so near me, shedding a haloed influence over my nature, a Magdalen in earth life! Under the influence of that announcement, so agitated did I become, that the vision presented to me vanished for a time, but it soon assumed its original brilliancy.

"Well, fair maiden, what do you desire? What do you approach me for? I have gazed on beautiful forms before, but yours, so strangely blended with the joys of the spirit world, and the sadness of earth, is new to me. I am a man, and I can accurately describe your features. Illuminated with such a smile, or give an idea of the sound of your sweet voice—there is a background of such intense grief reflected in both, that they baffle all my efforts to describe them. Standing gracefully by my side, I seem to forget the troubles of life for a time, and, basking in the aroma of your fine nature, life seems to be an ecstatic dream. Please tell me what you desire?"

Spirit:—Oh, child of earth, life is, indeed, a drama, and I was one of its principal actors. I have sought you to give an account of my life-experiences

whom I will call Carleton, that I changed to meet at an evening party, greatly admired me, and under the strange weird influence that he exerted I was powerless. All the time, when lavishing on me his highest praise and extolling me for my various accomplishments, I distrusted him—regarded him as a villain, yet, strange infatuation! I could not dispel his subtle power, or banish his presence from my mind. He was forbidden to enter my father's residence, still we held clandestine meetings and I was led on, step by step, to the gates of ruin! Oh! how I prayed that the tempter might be removed, and the weird influence of one of earth's devils be withdrawn, but my prayers seemed to return to me in mocking responses.

Down, down I went, gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the mire and filth of degradation, until my life of offense could no longer be concealed. Ah! how my mother shrieked, when the facts of my ruin had been disclosed to her. Her lamentations were, indeed, heartrending, and in tones of deep anguish, they reached my ears, and made me nearly wild. To them it was a deep disgrace to have an illegitimate child born, and they felt it so keenly that I resolved to leave them forever. They did not drive me forth with reproving words—oh! no. After my fall they seemed to shower on me all the strength of their love, and threw around me, as though surroundings that would have a tendency to make me happy.

My destroyer, as soon as he accomplished his ruin, fled to parts unknown, and left me alone to bear the load of shame. Feeling the heavy weight of disgrace resting upon me, sensing it plainly, expelled from society, and looking upon my life as a curse, I was not long in making up my mind what I should do. Selecting my choicest wearing apparel, and carefully packing it in my trunk, I managed to get it away without detection, and soon after I found myself in a large city. I do not give names or places, as at this date my parents still live, and I would not add one pang to the already wounded hearts. It was night, and how lonely I was. I seemed as if my heart would burst, I felt so desolate. Selecting a boarding house, I secured a room, where I remained while my money lasted, in the meantime seeking some employment by which I could earn a living. Strange, my refusal to give the name of my parents, or my fall, was previously lived, threw a shadow of suspicion over me, and I found all my efforts futile to secure honorable employment in mid-winter.

Finding my resources gradually dwindling away, I was compelled to resort for assistance to a house of ill-fame! Then I resolved to poison myself, but was deterred therefrom by my greater dream of a better life. I laid out in a coffin, and the time that was to intervene was only two and a half years. Weary, heart-broken, and very lonesome, I became reckless and venturesome, and soon found myself in a room playing the vocation of a fallen woman. The place I occupied was not of the ordinary kind. I ornamented it with pictures, and on the walls, paintings, the work of my own hands, and finally it appeared like a little enchanted palace. I then became disconsolate. True, I had many admirers, but only selected a few of those, whose contributions, enabled me to live comfortably.

Oh, what a life! Carleton, your victim never forgot you, and strange to say, he never forgot a word of what after he left her he was shot by the brother of a girl whom he had ruined, and his spirit was prematurely sent to the spirit world, steeped in all manner of wickedness. But Carleton in spirit life still visited me, and his influence seemed like so much poison to my nature.

Finally I was taken sick, and looking the door of my room, I resolved to die alone, my real name known only to myself. And I did die. Oh! what scenes I passed through! My brain reeled, and it seemed as if the devils of hell were let loose upon me. The spirit of Carleton seemed to approach me, and with words of devotion, said: 'I am a fallen woman, and I have loved you day after day, and now I have you. Before a week shall have passed away, you will be with me in spirit life.'

"Back! Carleton! You ruined me, and now you want to destroy my soul. Back! back! help! help!" I cried, and then the door was broken in, and Charles H. came to my bedside. Oh! he was my dearest friend. In my loneliness he cheered me, and made life more pleasant than it would otherwise have been. What a sad picture I then presented. Hair disheveled, eyes streaming with scalding tears, features distorted with frenzy, while I uttered shrieks after shriek, in agonizing terror, as I gazed at my tormentor, Carleton! There he stood in one corner of my room, his sacred robes of its outer covering, presenting his real character in all of its hideous deformity. I had a burning fever. I was wild—in one sense, insane—yet I realized all.

Carleton's presence seemed to pierce my vitals with a fierce fire, and again and again did I reproach him in tones of the deepest anguish for his deceitfulness and insatiable peridy, but he responded only in a demoniacal laugh. Said I: 'Oh! look at this wreck! Gaze at your victim dying by inches, and you, monster, have come again to torment her! Look at the home you destroyed, and see the heart-broken parents still living there! Was it not enough to stain my soul with foul crimes; to darken it until nearly every divine spark therein was extinguished? Indeed, you think not for me you come to render

more desolate my last moments. In deed, monster, beware! A retribution awaits you. Instead of returning to me to make amends, you come actuated with the spirit of revenge. Away! I say, and let me die in peace!"

My denunciations only awakened in him smiles of hate, and instead of leaving, he approached me closer, until he could almost lay his hands upon me. It was then that my piteous moans attracted attention, and caused the door to be forced open. My friend, naturally tender-hearted and humane, and whose only sin consisted in visiting a fallen woman, burst into a flood of tears as he gazed at me, a wreck of my former self. "Claude (name assumed) what on earth is the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh! Charles, I am dying! My brain feels as if a thousand needles were pricking it, and I must soon pass away."

He hastily summoned a physician, who administered opiates that temporarily quieted me, and I fell into a deep slumber, and I dreamed. I visited the home of my childhood; saw my aged parents, brothers and sisters, and the hallowed influence seemed to thrill my soul with joy. An angel accompanied me, and said: "My child, be tranquil. You will soon pass to the spirit world. The worst is over. You are not bad, as you think. You yielded to the tempter, and fell, but you have all the elements of a true woman, only they are darkly clouded. You were tender-hearted, innocent, and confiding; and though led astray, and for a time a resident of the purgatory of vice, yet your experiences will lead to magnificent results. Now being acquainted with the true position of fallen women, you can make amends for your past conduct by returning to earth in spirit and ministering to the needs of the poor. Be of good cheer, then, for you have but a few hours to remain."

Then awoke from my pleasant vision. Alas! then I did not see Carleton again. My tenderest spirit was opened, and I realized my true condition, and in a half-awake state I saw standing before me a young lady, innocent in spirit, and pure as the snow-flake when borne aloft by the surging storm-cloud. Not a taint existed on her fair nature, and she seemed like a fairy as she moved around. Presently she attempted to work, and through some cause, I do not know, she stumbled and fell, and bruised her shoulder very badly. She arose, but felt the pain severely, and continuing to move, I noticed that she stumbled again, this time mutilating one of her cheeks, and thus she continued to rise and fall, until her whole system was one mass of scars disgusting disfigurements, illustrating the results of sin in life. "What a change! A lovely, angelic creature, whose nature was sylph-like and whose nature sparkled with the innocence of childhood, had become a hideous-looking creature, and my soul went out in sympathy for her.

What means this? thought I. Presently I saw a spirit approach her, and tell her that the scars on her person could never be erased, only by high resolves and philanthropic deeds. So this scar-covered creature went forth, and devoted all the energies of her soul to alleviating the sorrows of those that she could influence, and in proportion to the good which she did the loathsome appearance of her person disappeared, until finally she stood forth the same pure soul as when I first saw her. "Such," said the angelic spirit, "is your condition. Your spirit is covered with deep scars, and the way to eradicate them has been illustrated to you. Be hopeful! You are soon to pass through a change called death, and relieved of your unpleasant surroundings, you will be able to visit a higher sphere. You have stumbled, and now your spirit is disfigured very badly, but rest assured that you can become an angel of light, and be instrumental in doing great good."

I comprehended the lesson. When I awoke from my reverie, for such it seemed to be, I found my friend Charles H. Had felt this high and holy emotion before, it would have saved her. I then revived, and he said: "Claude, what can I do for you?"

"Oh! I am dying. Sympathy is sweet, even when it is manifested at the last moments of life. I have cherished you as a strange love, to which I never gave full expression, and now I am glad it is reprobated. I am a fallen woman, and the world despises me. A dark cloud has obscured my pathway, and thorns have pricked me, and broken glass cut my feet, and to-day I am a wreck. You are wealthy. You say you love me."

"Yes, Claude, indeed I do."

"Then promise me one thing; that you will never visit a Magdalen, and I will promise you, to save her from that shame. Purity of character is a gem of radiant beauty, and it is an ornament one may be well proud of. Promise me that and my love shall be a legacy to you worth more than millions of gold. Do you promise?"

"Yes, my darling Claude, I promise. You are dying, and I am glad. If you have lived a wretched life, I am glad you are away. Still I remember all

that transpired. Oh! how I cherish in my soul that noble man who, standing by my bedside, dedicated his life to me—to save those rendered wretched by missteps in life. Each day I encircle his brow with a garland of flowers, and thank him for the benedictions of my soul, rendered noble by good works. When I became powerless to move, my eyes gazing vacantly in space, with pure devotion he stood over me, watching for favorable symptoms. Oh! I was then dying! My high resolves had brought to my dying bed a band of angels, and their influence infused glorious feelings within me. My life, in its varied aspects of lights and shades, was spread out before me. I was not rendered bad from choice, but by conditions which were woven around me until my irreparable course in life became, seemingly, a necessity to me. I could not, while dying, move my body; no pain tormented me, but a quiet peace rested upon my mind, and my whole soul seemed to be illuminated with a light divine. Every incident in my life came up before me, and the activity of my mind was grand indeed! Then I became unconscious, and when I awoke again I was in spirit life, surrounded by a band of loving spirits, who with sweet music welcomed me.

Those who lead, from choice, a life of shame, weave such a dark network around their nature that they may remain in spirit life for years before a divine spark can fully illuminate the same. Let those who read my sad experiences kindly throw the veil of charity over the erring and through the instrumentality of kindness, and try to elevate them in the scale of existence. How keenly I suffered on earth, and I even now still suffer from the effects of my misdeeds.

Oh! would that I had a thousand pens to chronicle my experiences, and paint in vivid pictures the scenes of desolation through which I passed. My weakness was accompanied with many strange experiences. The one who ruined me is far beneath me in spirit life, but I have forgiven him, enveloped him with a bright halo that emanates from a soul actuated by pure motives, and soon, too, he will advance to a higher sphere. Though a fallen woman, my death, the final transit, was painless, and accompanied with many happy circumstances. My high resolve before the final separation, however, was a grand step in advancement, and attracted towards me high and holy influences. Oh! death to me was a desirable change, and no one who sincerely wishes to be good need fear it.

How true it is, that when a misstep is made by human beings, they are often whirled into the vortex of licentiousness thereby, and being partly unbalanced and bewildered, and smarting under the full appreciation of their disgrace, they continue to sink deeper and deeper in the cesspools of vice—then society condemns them, and it is almost impossible for them to rise.

The impulse on earth, yearning with all the wisdom of spirit to lead a noble life, and weave a web of purity to conceal the scars that had appeared on my mortal nature, the stigma that rested on me, showered there by those who had not sinned because they had not been tempted, created a black dismal cloud, through which my vision could not penetrate, and which I could not dispel. The portals of earth, dissipate all such clouds of dark condemnation, for in an unguarded moment any one is liable to sin. Nature's flowers send forth their heavenly fragrance and develop their beautiful colors in the garden of the Magdalen equally as well as in the fields of the millionaires. The sweet-scented breezes of heaven do not avoid the doors of the low and vile, but bathe them in their heavenly-born influences. The genial sun does not withhold its rays from anyone—it condemns none. Supposing the flowers should fade or from when one sinned, or the bounteous stores of nature's blessings be withdrawn, or appear disgraced, what encouragement for reform? Oh! you of earth should emulate the flowers, and as they surround the fallen with their divine aroma, so should you envelop them with a network of charity and love, and regard them with the highest degree of tenderness.

Now in spirit world, breathing its pure atmosphere and basking, at times, in the hallowed influence of angels, I do say that those who condemn me, spat upon me, and systematically avoided me, placed themselves beneath me, and their position in the spirit world will not be much more desirable than mine was at first, while those whose souls were attuned in sweet accord with the angels, and went forth in tremulous waves of sympathy for me, blessed me, and for them there is a crown of glory, and a grand reception awaits them here. The angel world can see the cause of evil, trace its origin, and understand fully its ultimate effects. The results of sin are deplorable enough without having the hateful stigma of society resting upon the sinner, crushing at the high and holy aspirations of one's nature to reform. Nature never becomes ashamed of the criminal; her plants never blush when a lonely soul presses them to her cheek; her waters never fail to cleanse the external form—why, then, should hatred gleam forth from a human being when a fallen creature appeals for sympathy? Why stigmatize them, and throw them down with the finger of scorn?

Nature's flowers, tinted with choicest colors, and exhaling a heavenly fragrance to delight the senses of mortals, sometimes may be found in the debris of your back-yard—they came up through the loathsome dirt

The little tendrils, when first expanding into vigorous life in the dark ground, were scratched with broken glass, obstructed by old junk bottles, and tramped upon by the rude thief stealthily looking for an opportunity to plunder, but by and by they reached a higher plane, and under the genial influence of sunshine and rain they bore upon their stems beautiful blossoms. Ah! in angel-land there are many pure spirits who ascended thither from the low dens of vice on earth, and they, too, had to contend with obstructions thrown in their way by the "vulgar" so-called mortals of earth. The finger of scorn emits more poisonous influence than the fangs of the cobra, and those who raise it against another injure themselves more than the one to whom it is directed. Sympathy is the sweetest, purest, holiest flower in the garden of the soul, and could you behold the tremulous waves of its beautiful leaves when moved with the spirit of compassion for the down-trodden, you would rejoice, and could you see them droop in sadness, and their beautiful tints fade when anyone is contemptuously stigmatized, you would shed tears of sorrow. But now I must leave you for the present.

The above narrative, true to the letter, demonstrates the fact that all can, who so desire, reform and become angelic in nature. The experiences of Claude resemble, in some respects, those of Sarah Gladstone, who resided in St. Louis, Mo., several years ago, the following account of which was published in the Republican of that city.

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet, and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privateers." Her home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels, or unruly gatherings, and in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on her face before the fire-place, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave the room. Her agitation increased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract attention, he went away.

The following Sunday, feeling curiously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally admitted him. He stated that he found her picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot, with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and you will be all right in a few days."

"It is of no use, Henry; nothing can save me. I've been called, and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I shall be dead. I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter, bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh, God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made a wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I felt God had forgone me. But no, he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him in hell forever!"

She kissed those last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on the sofa panting and exhausted. I left her for a short time and procured two of my medical friends, and returned to the room.

The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death, attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival. She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered she had a supernatural intuition of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and then knew she must go. The physicians could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as they considered best in order to allay nervous and mental excitement, and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday following she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed.

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sarah to

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