

# The Progressive Thinker.

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

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## THE REASON WHY.

The Necessity for Earnest, Honest, Patient Study, in Order to Gain Knowledge.

Many fellow beings whom one respects and whose company is intellectually, if not in the close relationship in the affairs of life, one enjoys because of sturdy and sterling qualities recognized and appreciated, frequently say: "I don't understand what you mean." This statement usually comes upon the presentation of some occult, natural law, fact brought out in the course of exchange of thoughts upon the great problem of life.

Having met with such a statement time and again, in the course of later years, one is naturally thrown back on self to ascertain, if possible, what is the reason for this, and whether the fault lies wholly with one side or the other, or what really is the cause.

As a general proposition, one is struck with this: That knowledge does not fall upon the individual uninvited and not invoked; that every individual has to dig for himself for whatever is to be of any lasting benefit.

Again, this digging, in the intellectual and psychic realm, has in very great part got to be done in written records left us by those who have gone before.

The farther back we search in very earnest for natural law facts and historic facts, no matter in what line of investigations, the more are we dependent upon such records as the world affords us, and which were written in the past century or any number of thousands of years back, and the older the record now to be found in print, the more are we also to deal with traditions and folk-songs antedating the art of printing or other definite and certain method of preserving a record.

Not only this, but as we trace back, more and more, and especially us "western barbarians,"—for such we are in spite of all our boasting and self-sufficiency—one must learn to enter into the spirit of the times in which the record was written; with all the peculiarities pertaining thereto: the mode of thought, the customs and habits, the need of secrecy as a matter of self-preservation from the bigoted unlearned who would destroy bodily any sage or scholar ahead of his time; the style of language, especially of the Orient, differing so much from our mode of thought expression as to imagery, word-painting, allegory and parable, as to admit of no literal interpretation according to our language of today in America and Europe; and many other things peculiar to time, place, people, and the state of intellectuality and spirituality governing.

There is a certain GRADE of so-called thinkers who pride themselves on their self-sufficiency, making all ANCIENT thought superfluous to them, but who do not even stop at that either, but sneer at and condemn, in terms of harshness equal to their arrogance, all who go beyond their little line in retrospection. That this position is taken by these, more because of their own limitations and a moral laziness peculiar to them, making it burdensome for them to work with lucid mind and soul, may well be believed.

Again, this class, having with ordinary reasoning (and it would seem such reasoning ought to be sufficient for that occasion), determined that the literal interpretation of the Bible, with its fallibilities as well as its adventitious translations and interpolations—now the avowed and questionable God-given basis for all that CHRISTIANITY or "Churchianity" stands for to-day—is a reflection on the ordinary common sense of an average free-thinker, such a class, swinging to the other extreme, like a pendulum held to one side and suddenly released, swing to the ultra-mysticism, and there reveals like a child released from primitive bondage some for the balance of their natural lives, and others till the intoxication of sudden release and seeming non-responsibility has had time to wear off.

This class, within its natural limitations of productivity—superinduced and perpetuated by their moral laziness—have an unconscious, at least, antipathy toward all who will not stop at their line and be satisfied as they claim to be. Why this should be, is again something of a problem, lest it be imputed to jealousy, a ready usefulness from such all of non-progressiveness and moral laziness. That man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance, is no more true because said by Lord Lytton in his *Zanoni*, but being seemingly true per se, it became no less so by Bulwer's reiteration.

This, then, perhaps, accounts for the harsh, positive and condemnatory negations so lavishly bestowed upon all true occult students who offer a positive new and higher truth, or suggest a possibility thereof.

Such critics then, having perhaps not even read one chapter of the Secret Doctrine, of the three large volumes of which it is composed, a work so far-reaching, so profound, such a citation to all olden personages and doctrines, with comparisons, provings and disprovings, such a historical array, such a delver into the root of all languages, and the meaning of words, such an expose of the jargons of false-religion makers and the motive for the perversion of our people, notably the so-called free United States,—such critics, knowing nothing of the profound and startling facts revealed in the Secret Doctrine, are to be wondered at for running around and making faces at a same-sized orthodox ring from which they escaped.

They need being held up to the light, however, for just what they are, lest, like their orthodox brethren, whose noise they are trying to out-thunder, they may solve some as though being the real thing.

Returning to ancient writings and

## The Maid with the Golden Hair.

"Twas night! the moon was shining  
From her golden throne above,  
And the soft flow'rs-scented zephyrs  
Breathed of hope and peace and love.

The night-birds softly twittered  
In a garden passing fair,  
Where sat a man with hoary locks,  
And a maid with golden hair.

"Grandpa," said little Elsie,  
With her head upon his knee,  
"I see so many things each day  
That seem so strange to me,  
"I'm but a little child, you see,  
And knowledge comes so slow,  
But you are older and wiser, dear,  
And surely ought to know.

"I want to know, dear grandpa,  
So many, many things;  
Why the pretty roses blossom,  
Why my pet canary sings;  
Why the dew falls on the flowers,  
While the moon shines bright and fair—  
All this, and more, I want to know,"  
Said the maid with the golden hair.

"I want to know what makes the moon  
Shine up in heaven so high;  
And why such myriads of stars  
Keep endless watch close by;  
What makes the glorious rainbow,  
With its beautiful tints so rare,—  
I'm sure you know, dear grandpa,"  
Said the maid with the golden hair.

"I often have such happy dreams  
While sleeping in my bed,  
I fancy heavenly angels  
Are hovering o'er my head;  
But when I try to reach them,  
I clasp the empty air,—  
Why do they leave me when I wake?"  
Asked the maid with the golden hair.

"Dear heart," said grandpa, gently,  
"These questionings of thine  
Have long been the theme of sages  
Of every land and clime,  
But we may not hope to know all things  
Till we reach the mansion fair,"  
Said the old, old man with the silvery locks,  
To the maid with the golden hair.

"When we cross the rolling river,  
And reach the other shore;  
When the weary, fitful fever  
Of this mortal life is o'er,  
We shall meet those gone before us,  
And their joy and wisdom share,"  
Said the old, old man with the snow-white locks,  
To the maid with the golden hair.

"But this we know, my Elsie,  
That angels point the way  
To hope, and peace, and knowledge,  
And a fairer, sweeter day;  
If we heed their loving warnings,  
They will lead us safely there,"  
Said the old, old man with the hoary locks,  
To the maid with the golden hair.

"Twas night! Once more the fairy moon  
Shone in a glow of glory shed,  
And touched, with pitying fingers,  
A bowed and aged head;  
For the thirsting soul of the one he loved  
Had soared to realms afar,  
And only the lifeless clay was left  
Of the maid with the golden hair.

But hark! a stream of music, sweet,  
A white-robed angel, bright,  
Pointing with fairy fingers  
To her hope of radiant light;  
A beckoning hand, a silvery voice,  
A face divinely fair,  
Calls the old, old man with the hoary locks,  
To the maid with the golden hair.

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persons, let it be said that he who has read and studied Rosicrucianism, Masonic Writings, the Secret Doctrines covering all historic past, Arthur Jennings' book on Phallicism, Sun Worship and other worship, etc., etc., knows something of what an ocean of causes and revelations lies back of us, out of which sprang, and from which is still being watered, all that concerns us to-day, in any domain, in any walk of life, religiously or any other way that may be mentioned.

Such a reader will know, especially if himself an initiate, the value of a common with his Elder Brothers of The Occult Order, at least SOME of the higher teachings with their deeper meanings, and will fairly well comprehend what was meant when Jesus (himself an initiate of highest order) said: "Cast not pearls before swine lest they turn about and scold you."

He will know that all the noted teachers, specially mentioning Moses, Krishna, Buddha, Apollonius of Tyana (who perhaps outranked Jesus as an initiate in his powers), Jesus, Paul, and scores of others whose names might be mentioned, were initiates and adepts, who, having passed through and taken an initiatory ordeal such as has perhaps no known counterpart for severity and test, and that the language used by earliest writers regarding these, as well as the sayings attributed to these noted historic characters, has reference to and is identical in major portion perhaps, with the very text, emblems, symbols and ceremonies embracing physical endurance as well as that of mind and soul, and leading to highest possible conceptions and psychic powers taught the neophyte in the initiatory ceremonies and lessons—all based, too, on occult science, higher mathematics and astronomic signs with meanings, embracing the very positioning of the pyramids, etc., etc.

Further, when the very names of these initiates of early holy and profane history, whether occurring in the Bible or in any of the older writings occult and philosophic, have a double meaning in that they stand for the character as a man and are representative of the initiative character assumed when passing through the ordeal of admission to the order, and

## STARTLING DISCLOSURES!

Pernicious Effects of Christianity Comprehensively Illustrated.

It is the opinion of Mr. V. Stefansson, ethnologist and geologist, Mikkelson Polar expedition, who has just returned from the far north, that the pernicious effects of Christianity are more plainly evident among the Eskimos of Alaska and the region of the Mackenzie river than elsewhere.

Divorce, family troubles and discord are unknown to the Eskimos, except in some localities where missionaries have instilled the idea of Christianity. In every instance, declares Mr. Stefansson, those farthest away from religion have a much higher moral and physical standard than those who have been Christianized.

The observations of the eminent ethnologist are convincingly supported by all the traders as well as the Canadian mounted police who have penetrated the wilds of that country. These men also unhesitatingly corroborate the statements of Mr. Stefansson when he says: "The Christianized Eskimos compare unfavorably with their so-called 'savage' brothers. Where Christianity has 'tamed' them, they are selfish and unwilling to share. On the other hand, if a family living in the remote regions have food enough to keep it only one day, and starvation is staring it in the face, it would be more than likely of refusing to share its food with anyone who came along than an American citizen would think of refusing a stranger a drink of water at a public fountain. This communistic idea is absent only where missionaries have taught the Eskimos."

This information does not surprise us when we remember that it was the work of Christian missionaries that constituted the primal cause of the Boxer uprising in China not so very long ago. We have only to refer to history to substantiate the statement that Christianity, whiskey, murder and war are closely allied and follow each other in the order named in so-called "uncivilized" regions.

It was only a few days ago that a body of good Christians (delegates from a prominent denomination) met on record as opposed to laws meant to prevent the employing of little children in coal mines and factories. This bunch of Christians by their expressed opposition to a humanitarian series of laws showed themselves to all the world as being slaveholders at heart. These sanctified gentlemen want little children to waste their babyhood years in underground hells and cotton-spinning factories. This bunch of Christians by their expressed opposition to a humanitarian series of laws showed themselves to all the world as being slaveholders at heart. These sanctified gentlemen want little children to waste their babyhood years in underground hells and cotton-spinning factories. This bunch of Christians by their expressed opposition to a humanitarian series of laws showed themselves to all the world as being slaveholders at heart. These sanctified gentlemen want little children to waste their babyhood years in underground hells and cotton-spinning factories.

The foregoing instances of the pernicious effects of Christianity are, of course, only a few of the thousands that come under the observation of broad-minded men and women who daily witness the hypocrisy of the Great Fraud Religion's deluded followers.

FRANK XAVIER MITCHELL.

In this latter having special reference to laws and conditions governing all the heavenly bodies, with equinoxes and astronomical facts, then one begins to see how WESTERN LITERATURE and "God's every word of it, compass and all of Churchianity, makes of the whole thing but a burlesque and a farce.

The Biblical Revelations, when viewed astronomically, with due regard for Oriental mode of expression, and imagery peculiar thereto, can be read with some degree of satisfying understanding by an occult student, and perhaps clearly by an initiate, whilst to an average non-reading-too-lazy-to-work negationist, and even to the orthodox Christians themselves, it may reasonably seem a crazy-quilt of absurdities.

The foregoing is but a slight shadowing why a negating disbeliever in orthodox Christianity, when he meets real occult students at once has to say, "I don't understand what you mean." Of course he does not understand, and he never will, except two things happen, first, a real thirst for more knowledge, and secondly an actual getting out into the field and digging it out for himself, the same as anyone must do to acquire any knowledge.

It is suggested, too, both to Spiritualists and other liberal-thought people, that a thorough reading of Oahspe, especially its Cosmogony, without necessarily thereby becoming wedded to it, may be something of an eye-opener.

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## A NEW RACE.

One Not Corrupted by the Presence of the White Man—Philadelphia Archaeologist First White to See Kuskwagmites—Their Simple Life—Skins of Birds Furnish Clothes and Vice is Unknown.

Dr. George B. Gordon, curator of the University of Pennsylvania's archaeological department, who returned to Philadelphia after a six-months' expedition through the wild regions of the far northwest, announces the discovery of a new race living along the Kuskowim river in Alaska.

Dr. Gordon brings back a strange tale of this new race, which has never before been seen a white man, and which

## GIRL IS RESTORED BY MEDIUM.

Parents Declare Spirits of Unseen World Brought Back Daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Nordheim, of Tacoma, Wash., believe that spirits from the unseen world assisted them in again obtaining possession of their daughter, Miss Thile Nordheim, the 16-year-old girl who claims to have been kidnapped from the Berlin lodging house here by a woman and five men and taken to Seattle and thence to Bellingham, from which place she was brought back to Seattle, where she finally escaped from her captors.

The Nordheims are well-to-do people living at Rigney, south of Tacoma. They told the Post-Intelligencer some very freaky things that happened coincident with the absence of their child. Miss Nordheim, who is but 16 years of age, and an accomplished pianist, disappeared from the place where she was stopping at Tacoma. At the time Mr. Nordheim was in eastern Washington, where he has property interests.

Mrs. Nordheim asked the police here to aid in the search for her daughter, and then, beside herself with grief, she sought the aid of a Spiritualistic medium. Claws from the world of death, and manifesting that she left the city in company with two men and a woman, the four taking the train for Portland.

A city detective with a photograph of the girl went to that city, but no trace of her could be found. The medium consulted informed Mrs. Nordheim, so Mr. and Mrs. Nordheim stated, that the girl had been taken to a place of death, and manifesting that she left the city in company with two men and a woman, the four taking the train for Portland.

The medium also told Mrs. Nordheim that the girl would finally be restored by the help of a friend, which was fulfilled in the fact that Mrs. Crosswaite, of Seattle, a friend of many years' standing of the Nordheims, as she was coming to Tacoma, accompanied by her husband, by accident saw Miss Nordheim on the street and brought her on to her home. The girl, it was stated, had been in the meeting of Miss Nordheim on the street in Seattle that are very puzzling and peculiar to Mr. and Mrs. Nordheim, and also to the Crosswaite. For instance, Mrs. Crosswaite asserts that she felt an uncommon impulse drawing her in the direction of Tacoma, until finally, to her amazement, she saw the girl, who she determined to come at once to see her friends here.

She says that in going to the Plympton from her home, she invariably took the shortest route, but that yesterday morning some unknown influence took her off her route and she went down a street that she had never traveled before in going to the city. It was while walking down this street that she ran into Miss Nordheim. Miss Nordheim appeared to be overjoyed to find herself under the protection of friends again, and glad to come on to her home in Tacoma.

Mr. Nordheim is firmly convinced that the gang that he declared captured his daughter, and that he had hope of eventually securing a ransom for her return. He is confirmed in his belief by a conference Mrs. Nordheim had with the medium. The medium declared that if Mr. Nordheim would insert a cut of Miss Nordheim in the daily papers and announce that he would give a reward of \$500 for her safe return, that his child would be immediately brought to him by a friend. After searching all the week for his girl, Mr. Nordheim yesterday morning decided to do as directed by the medium, and was getting ready to come to Tacoma and place the advertisement in the papers when he was informed that his child was with his daughter, Tacoma (Wash.) Reporter, Oct. 20.

differs from all other tribes of Alaska Indians.

Dr. Gordon heard rumors of the race in 1905, and after innumerable hardships he reached the territory in which these aborigines live in Alaska. They are called by the Eskimos "Kuskwagmites," and show strong traces of Mongolian ancestry. Crime and vice is utterly unknown among them and their religion is natural pantheism.

## Live Cleanly and Morally.

They know absolutely nothing of corruption and degeneracy with which the whites have infected the Athapaskan Indians and Eskimos. Dr. Gordon lived for several months among them.

"Though they are dying out," Dr. Gordon said, "they are strong and clean physically and intelligent. They have retained the most ancient characteristics of dress and speech. In clothing, instead of wearing furs, they wear skins of birds in robes, using the breasts of loon and various species of ducks which abound in the river."

Of their clothing, utensils, arms, etc., Dr. Gordon gathered collections, and when they arrive, he and other ethnologists will try to discover whether the tribe is of Asiatic origin, or whether it migrated from Lower California.

They are monogamists, and no such thing as vice is known among them. They are permitted by their priests to have more than one wife, but never do so. They have no laws at all, but are governed by patriarchs. They are tall, and the women graceful and beautiful.

"There are only 400 of them left," said Dr. Gordon. "It is to be hoped that the white traders get to them. Then they can die as cleanly and happily as they live."

## HUMAN REDEMPTION.

How to Redeem the World from Wrong Conditions.

This subject is one of vast importance. How shall we redeem the world from so-called diseased conditions, physically, mentally, morally and socially, and lead all mankind into harmony, health and peace? First, educate man and woman to know themselves; the sin of ignorance cannot be ignored, it is winked at; all there is of sin is broken laws. How can one obey the laws of his being when he is ignorant of the laws? Then, first of all, know thyself, in every department of your body, brain, heart and soul.

Second, make thy body fit for the indwelling of the spirit; next cultivate the brain with all that science can give or do for you—read, think, and in a broad, liberal manner take truth wherever found, on sacred or profane ground.

Third, unfold the spiritual being, the real man or woman that acts through thy brain. It is this ego, this divine in you, that part of the God manifested in the universe that has moulded and made us recognize this divinity in ourselves, and obey the laws of thy spirit; make thy body, with all its members, appetites and passions, subject to this divine within thyself. Science, knowledge, education, all aid to give us this light, the truth and the way, yet none of these alone can redeem the human race. It is the spiritual light beaming upon your cultured intellect that points you to the heaven of rest and peace.

It is this God manifest in the flesh that lifts up and cures the diseased conditions, and it can give you power to heal, and prevent physical changes, so-called sickness and death. This light that lighteth every man that comes into the world is not faith without knowledge, but with knowledge as clear as day. It is that faith that takes hold of all things in this life, and gives us a perfect vision through our spiritual senses into the life beyond.

It does not leave us to walk in this earth in darkness, fear, anxiety and feebleness; but opens up to us the highway of truth, joy, courage, peace, harmony and success. Choose this day whether you will serve God or mammon. First seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be given to you. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man gain in exchange for his soul? Who seeks to save his life from a sensuous standpoint shall lose it, but who loses his life for the truth's sake, for the Christ-life and principles, shall find it. These things are no miracles; it is the unfoldment of the real spiritual life for men and women.

When living thus true to that divinity within us, this spiritual unfoldment which comes to those who ascend the spiritual Alps to redeem yourself and to reach your own possibilities.

For those who reach that place and those conditions, they are laws unto themselves. You are in possession of that, the so-called world that lives on the sensuous plane of life cannot destroy you nor take you from your heaven where it is peace, harmony, great power and health. It will put you where you have mastered yourself in all departments of your being, then you can become savior to others, to teach, lift up, unfold and heal them.

These truths are not reached in a day. You have went through what the world calls suffering, thus you have attained to higher spiritual heights, yet these sufferings should be taken with patience, for they are outgrowths of true growth; it is the leaving of minor things for the greater ones; it is the leaving your idols, which are earthly toys and sense pleasure, behind you, and taking on a new life higher, sweeter, better and more noble thing. It is following in the footsteps of the divine man. It is taking into your life a true Christ-spirit—what often has been called "born again"; this is the redemption of the whole land and the whole world.

When you have lived life here in all these departments, it becomes a hundred-fold more beautiful, and while you are living you help to lift all mankind up as well as yourself, and when that change called death shall come it will be a sweet transition to planes higher.

A. B. SPINNEY.

Belding, Mich.

## DREAM REVEALS RELIC SECRET.

Substitution of Historic Regalia in Russian Museum—Phantom Visits a Clew—Mystery Hides Replacing of Royal Jewels by Imitations.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 29.—The remarkable substitution of certain historic relics of considerable intrinsic value in the Hermitage museum in this city has been revealed, according to a current story, by means of a dream, and the matter has attracted much attention from superstitious lower classes of the capital.

## Visited by "Phantom."

A subscriber to the Russian *Znamya* wrote to the paper saying that for three nights in succession he was visited by the "phantom" of the early custodian of the treasures, who complained of their disappearance. The treasures consists of a collection of golden medals struck off by the various emperors of Russia in memory of great historical events, as well as a number of antique golden coins found during excavation work in southern Russia.

The "phantom" complained that they had been replaced by copper replicas, and it declared further, according to the writer, that a number of the diamonds belonging to the crown regalia stored in the Hermitage museum and valued at \$10,000, 000 had been replaced by glass imitations.

## TREACHTANT REFLECTIONS.

Selected from the Writings of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis.

Progress, my friends, is a law of Nature. "That was not first, was spiritual, but natural, afterward the spiritual." The fair and beautiful always unfold from the rudest beginning. The first developments of minerals, of vegetables, and animals, are universally low and imperfect. The ANGULAR form is first; then succeeds the circular; then the ascending circular, which is the spiral, and this form merges into the spiritual. For example, the child is first, which is angular; then the youth, which is hasty and impetuous, because changing from the angular to the circular in character; then comes manhood, which is the perfect circular; then the period of maturity, which is the ascending circular, but which soon becomes a spiral, and glides away into the spiritual realm of life! There is a regular chain of beings from the little insect to the HIGHEST form of matter.

The time hath been when this planet was but a dark and barren desert. Frequent convulsions or earthquakes sent into the air black and grotesque rocks, creating, in a moment's time, channels for the roll of oceans, and forming deep valleys and ravines—dark and dismal as the fabled dominions of Pluto. No bird of song broke the silence; no creeping thing animated the dust. Thus was it once with our earth.

But the eternal principle of Progress continued still to exert its mighty power upon the physical elements, and soon there came forth green leaves from the mountain cliffs, lofty palms from the valleys, and sea mosses quickly gathered in rich profusion upon the craggy acclivities. Another long era passed, and ocean was peopled with living forms—even the earth became animated with mighty saurians; and so, in due order of progression, animals came forth, improving in their type and character, in harmony with the advancement and refinement of the elements of food, light, air, and the surrounding geographical conditions. And, finally, the crowning issue of all, as a coronation of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, there came forth MAN! And man, physically and spiritually, has steadily advanced from the earliest dawn of human life to the present day. Still his course is eternally onward, and the once barren and dismal earth is rapidly becoming an incipient paradise.

Old theology complains, through its popular devotees, that "Nature is too much praised!" Nay, it cannot be. He who would study the works and ways of God (Nature), must contemplate Nature; and she cannot be examined without inquiring in the true mind gratitude, delight, and reverence. Nature teaches that low and imperfect forms always precede high and beautiful creatures. But Nature, my friends, IS NOT LIMITED TO THIS LITTLE PLANET. It is the boundless universe, and, "beautiful" as the Living God.

Love-streams break forth from the deep depths of Deity like the impetuous gushings of mighty fountains. In its deep harmonious it sends its startling energies through myriads of planets at the same moment, arousing the little germs which lie hidden and slumbering in the earth, into the joy of being; yet there is no discord, for Wisdom describes the method of the vast accomplishments. As progress is the law, so the development of everything is graduated upon an infinite scale. Trees grew from the earth upward, and there is a harmony more or less perfect in everything. The coral reefs with their harmonious skill, and builds the mighty reefs against which the ponderous waves of old ocean may perpetually roll; and upon these islands cities might stand secure for ages. The song of birds, too, and the waving willows, blend in harmonious motion. Sweet fountains gush forth musically; melodies break forth from rippling lakes; the summer winds breathe the joyfully over green fields, and the distant valleys murmur forth a peaceful hymn!

But this NATURAL HARMONY is more and more perfect as we ascend the spiritual scale of being. The songs of birds foreshadow the perfections of the human voice. The sweet harmonies of the mid-summer season faintly typify the diversified beauties of the Summer Land! The Universe is beautiful as the Living God; because it is his temple.

Transcribed by  
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000 had been replaced by glass imitations.

## Skeptical of Denials.

The publication of this dream was followed by one by semi-official denials, but today it was admitted that the medals and coins had been substituted because of the danger of their being carried away during some extreme revolutionary disorder. The originals, it is declared, are stored in safety. The disappearance of a jewel-headed came which belonged to Peter the Great, reported by the "phantom," also is admitted, and many persons believe that the "phantom" may be right regarding the regalia diamonds.

There is not the least necessity in trying to prevent people from thinking. They are quite ready enough to be stupid or indifferent without any external inducements. The huge dead weight of established prejudices is amply sufficient. We may say that free thinking is not only right, but a duty. A man, that is, is bound to be as reasonable as he can.—Sir Leslie Stephens.

We are so vain as to set the highest value upon those things to which nature assigned the lowest place.—Seneca.

whence it follows that nothing is so firmly believed as that which a man knoweth least.—Montaigne.

## PECULIAR EXPERIENCES.

An Interesting Story by One who is Highly Mediumistic, and in Whose Presence Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations Have Occurred—Digging for Money.

I never believed in Spiritualism, although when a child I could do some things, and could locate lost articles and find anything stolen. Once a little girl was drowned in the Ohio river on her way home from school while playing on a boat landing. The police searched everywhere for her, but could not locate her. However, at last, some children found her shoes on the landing, and the search began in the river, but no success. Like all children I went to see them hunt for the little girl. The officers were dragging the river, dynamiting, etc., and at last gave up. I instructed the chief policeman, who knew me well, to put just one more charge in a certain spot in the river, but he said it was no use and wanted to go, but as I begged him so hard to put off one more charge he consented, and to the surprise of all they got the body of the little girl.

I found several valuable papers which were stolen from the court house, after all the efforts of the officers were unrewarded.

At the age of 22 I lived in Erie, Pa. There we lived in an old house, the owners having died years ago. Behind the house was an old wood shed. This old shed was full of old wood of all descriptions to the roof. Every time I went past this particular shed something seemed to want to lead me in. This occurred several times, and at last I told my grandmother what my feelings had when passing this shed. She told me to do as my impressions desired, as the spirits wanted me to do something for them. I laughed, as I did not believe in Spiritualism, although my father is a great Spiritualist. So some few days after this I went behind the shed to get some apricots and plums. While there something seemed to drag at me, and before I really knew what I was doing I was in the woodshed throwing the wood out in the yard. Grandma saw me and never said a word, but watched me all the while. After a while I had a hole to the floor, or rather the ground. Then I cleaned away all the rubbish, found an old wooden step and before long was digging under this step in the dirt and rubbish. I worked for some time and at last Grandma could not stand the strain any longer and asked me what I was doing. I got up off my knees and said, "I don't know." I was ashamed of myself. She told me to go on and I would go in the house and see what she left and soon I was at work again. Soon I found a five-dollar gold piece; then several silver coins; then another five-dollar gold piece; then I went in the house and showed them to grandma. She went out and found some silver also. She said the spirits took me there. I asked her whose spirit, and she said, "The folks that owned the old house." I did not believe in it yet, but always said they must show me before I believed in it.

Now I do believe, am convinced and am satisfied and at rest. In September last I was asleep in the bed when there was a hearing, and one night about 2:30 I was awakened by an Indian lady who told me to go and get the broom. I was scared to death almost, but somehow went and got the broom and brought it to my bedroom. My room-mate was awakened by my being up, but I did not think of him; I sat on a chair, held the broom out in the air, then she commanded me to let go the broom, but I could not let it go; however, at last I did get loose and the broom stayed in the air. Next she told me to stand it on the end of the handle straight up. It remained there three or four minutes, then fell toward me. Next I put one end on the back of a chair, the other end in the air, and with the same result. I did not go to work the next day, and when my room-mate came to dinner they all began to look at me and laugh. My room-mate then said: "Well, you've got over your night-mare, have you?" Then I knew he saw me and I said nothing. That evening I took him to the room and he told me all I did, and he told me what made me get up that time in the morning and do that.

I can now make a table, chair, log of wood, or anything, stand up straight or lean out, and some of my friends here come to see me do these strange things. I can make these articles fall in any direction I wish, at will, and I don't care how heavy they are. If I can lift them on end I can make them stand there straight, leaning any way at will. I can also cure headache by the touch of my hand, and the object of my letter to you is, I would like for you to put me in touch with some suitable medium so I can develop myself. I am now 29 years old, weigh 185 pounds, have medium dark hair, blue eyes. If you will please write to me and send me the address or your advice of a good medium I will feel greatly indebted to you for your kindness. JAS. A. ENGLE,  
Marienville, Forest Co., Pa.

You do not know how great is the value of friendship, if you do not understand how much you give him to whom you give a friend—a commodity which is scarce not only in men's houses, but in whole centuries, and which is nowhere scarcer than in the places where it is thought to be most plentiful.—Seneca.

The ghosts told us there was no virtue like belief and no crime like doubt, that investigation was pure impudence and the punishment thereof eternal torment. They not only told us all about this world, but about two others; and if their statements about the other worlds are as true as about this, no one can estimate the value of their information.—Jagersoll.







# Read and Reflect.

Charles Bailey allows Investigators to subject him to any test conditions they may desire, and excellent results always follow. Not a single materializing medium in the United States will allow that.

## THAT MOST WONDERFUL MEDIUM.

Mr. T. W. Stanford's Seances with Charles Bailey, the Spirit Manifestations Being Most Remarkable—Reported by Mrs. Charles Bright for the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

It is a matter of satisfaction to find that the account of the seances, with illustrated supplement, which appears each month and in which the scientific side of Spiritualism as shown in "The Passage of Matter through Matter" is so wonderfully allied to the high spiritual teaching contained in the addresses, has met with such favor everywhere. Not only in these southern lands, but in the great centers of Spiritualism all the world over are these articles looked for. Some are quoted in full in American papers, while the leading French journal, *Revue du Spiritisme*, edited by Gabriel Delanne, gives its readers each month a report of the "proceedings at this unique seance." This is the more important, as at the present time there is anxious questioning among its old-time adherents as to the future that awaits Spiritualism. One of the most striking signs of the great unrest in America is found in the latest American papers. The Light of Truth, which for the last 39 years has been in existence, and since 1905 under the editorship of Mr. Willard J. Hull, and with Mr. James B. Townsend as financial supporter, "goes out of existence," says the editor, and I, as its manager, take my departure for broader fields of endeavor. Willard J. Hull changes the name of his paper to "The Journal of Man," which is to include everything in religion and philosophy that tends to his elevation. It will be seen from the statement below that Willard J. Hull has surrendered the flag as a result of the absence of spirituality in its professors.

"I am assured now," he says, "that my perception of the possible failure of Spiritualism as a movement conducted on promiscuous lines of communication between finite spirits in and out of the flesh, was correct. I have always looked disapprovingly on the uses of mediumship that place it in the category of other commodities of exchange and barter. We see the effects of this estimate of mediumship everywhere in the degrading prostitution to which it is now subjected, and the precarious situation of those mediums who have sought to keep their mediumship unutilized by the contaminations of barter."

"During my career as a public character identified with Spiritualism, I have made it a rule to magnify the essential principles of the spiritual philosophy, and so far as the average mind might be able to grasp and make use of it in life, I have advocated an intelligent and discriminative recourse to phenomena. Unquestionably many thousands of persons have become interested in the ordinary thought, nomenclature, etc., of Spiritualism through these phenomena, but I am prepared to affirm that not more than one in a hundred of them has used these phenomena as stepping-stones leading them toward the summit of the spiritual pyramid."

But this possibility exists in every other department of life as well as in Spiritualism. To choose the good and eschew the evil is the secret of the soul's progression in spiritual things, and this has been the contention of this paper from its outset. It becomes more necessary than ever for Spiritualists in these southern lands to uphold this higher teaching. Phenomena, such as are produced at the Bailey circles, are capable of scientific proof. It is the great hope for Spiritualism in the future that scientists are giving serious attention to the study of psychic phenomena. To find that the laws of vibration stretch indefinitely beyond the confines of our mortal senses is to grasp the meaning of the universe—to give us something that takes us close to Spirit. It is seen, then, that the psychic world is a necessary and logical sequence to this, and to realize the interblending of the mundane and the spiritual spheres is to take us to the heart of the spiritual philosophy and to the central truth of Christianity. So it is gratifying to find that these circles are doing much that has been craved for them. A gentleman, Rev. Joseph Taylor, of Nelson, N. Z., who has lately been lecturing for the Christchurch Spiritualists, and whose able pamphlet, "Principles of Absolute Philosophy," should be widely read, writes: "I have been able to make excellent use of the supplements containing remarkable 'apports' brought through the mediumship of Charles Bailey. I have often exhibited them and found them to constitute objective lessons of more value than much talk, being, moreover, convenient for carriage and for striking the attention of the outsiders."

Among the many instructive addresses given, the following, by Dr. Robinson on Spiritualism and Spiritism, drawn from researches into Chaldean Magic, is given as especially apt at the present juncture. These two opposing forces—good and evil—White and Black Magic—have existed throughout the ages. As will be seen from Dr. Robinson's able address, they are part of a natural law inherent in the universe.

A brief account of the phenomena since last issue will be found below.

48th Seance. July 4. Address by Professor Denton on "What and Where is Heaven?" Phenomena. Small clay tablet, the first of its kind brought to these meetings with two writings on it. Bird's nest with two different-sized eggs. Dr. Whitcomb said it was the nest of the Buhl-Buhl, in which the Bell bird, which lays a long, narrow, white egg, often deposits an egg; the other egg is that of the Buhl-Buhl. The nest is made of feathers and coconut fibre. Clay with Mosaics. Conditions not good.

July 12. No sitting.

49th Seance. July 19. Address by Signor Valetti, entitled "Does God Care?" It was mentioned that two lots of "apports" were to be brought instead of three, as one would be very large, and procured specially for photographing purposes and the Museum. Before the address a lump of wet clay with mosaics fell heavily on the table. After the address, the conditions being pronounced excellent, the sitters were requested to join hands and to have special singing, when to the surprise of all present the dress of a cannibal was found on the table. It is fully described in supplement. "This dress,"

said Dr. Whitcomb, "is a very fine specimen." This closed a most interesting meeting.

50th Seance. July 24. Address by John B. Gough, entitled "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Medium, although searched by Mr. Stanford and a gentleman on the press, had his coat removed and body thumped all over when in the trance condition, and controlled by Dr. Whitcomb, as it was announced that a live creature was to be brought. Medium controlled by Abdul, then walked to the other end of the room, sat at the end of table near Mr. Stanford and produced a small bird, the mate of one brought some time ago. Lump of clay with mosaics, 3½ pounds in weight. Bird's nest of a perfect kind which it would be impossible to hide without injury.

51st Seance. August 2. Creswick Evening. The recital, a composition of Mr. Creswick's in spirit life entitled "Vengeance is Mine," in which several characters were introduced, was one of the best ever given. The play occupied nearly two hours in delivery, equal to about four columns of one of the morning dailies. It was a superb piece of composition and acting, and left an impression on those privileged to be present, which surpassed anything obtainable in the shape of "tests."

Address by Dr. Robinson:

## "SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITISM."

An Inquiry into Chaldean Magic and the Origin of Spiritism, Fortune-telling, Incantations.

[Specially reported by Miss M. Wilson, shorthand writer and typist, Premier Buildings, Collins St., Melbourne.]

After drawing a diagram on the blackboard, giving the early Chaldeans' idea of the earth and the universe, Dr. Robinson said he proposed to speak of Chaldean magic and its relation to present-day developments in spiritual matters.

The ancient Chaldeans, he began, scanned the face of the heavens, and took note of the appearance of comets, eclipses, positions of the stars, and other heavenly phenomena. These were duly noted down and written upon terra cotta tablets, many of which have come down to our day. Some of them have been placed by occult power upon this table. We do not gather from the early Chaldean tablets that they held the belief that a God or gods had created the world. They believed in two opposing forces—spirits of the good and evil spirits—which were responsible for everything. An ancient writer tells us that the early Chaldeans' idea of the earth and the universe was something like the diagram I have just drawn. The earth was like an inverted boat. This zone at the top was the place of the fixed stars, which were ruled over by a good spirit. Underneath were the planets and above this zone were the celestial waters. Coming down to the space between the earth and this zone they believed that here dwelt the atmospheric spirits, the spirits of the storm, the wind, the hail, the rain, the lightning and the thunder. This space represents the earth and underneath it was an abyss ruled over by an evil spirit. Underneath this abyss was the great reservoir of water. I have no doubt that the Jews got the idea of Hades or the underworld from this Chaldean conception. Here are the great gateways—seven of them—to the underworld. This pinnacle is the great and high mountain, the pinnacle on which the heavens revolved. At the sides you can see the foundations of the heavens resting at the side of the earth-plane. Underneath were the storm spirits. The Chaldeans believed that every object, every stone, every tree, had behind it a spirit, and, as I said, they were divided into good and evil spirits.

From the earliest tablets we gather that the universe was the outcome of perpetual warfare waged between the good and evil powers. You can easily understand, looking at the diagram, how the Chaldeans believed that the spirits of heaven and earth were more powerful than the evil spirits. The latter dwelt in the underworld, in high mountains, and in marshes. They firmly believed that evil desire was caused by obsession and baneful influences. Hence it became necessary to have certain spells, incantations, sacred words, which the magicians alone understood. I am going to try and show you this evening that modern Spiritism may be traced back and no doubt had its foundation in the necromancy of the Chaldeans. Recent excavations in Mesopotamia have brought to light a vast number of tablets, and many now in the British Museum, and other collections of antiquities are magical or incantation tablets. They were formulas used by the magicians of those days to dispel disease and to cast out the obsessing spirits. The poor Chaldean believed himself obsessed by a number of enemies. During the night time the incubus came upon him and disturbed his sleep; in his waking moments the evil eye, the curse, and the ban had to be avoided; so it was necessary to have a large number of incantations as well as magicians who knew how to dispel the evil influence and cast out the obsessing spirit.

## Incantations Against Disease.

Before proceeding further I will recite the text of a few magical tablets which have been discovered—two are now in the British Museum. In case of disease, the sick man was placed on a couch, and in front of the couch the magicians lit a fire. He then took in his hands the hair of a goat, a bunch of dates, and the leaves of a tree, and, after muttering the following words over them, they were handed to the sick man. Said the magician: "The baleful demon has come down upon this poor man. He destroyeth his house, his goods he despoileth, his health heeth away. Like a hurricane cometh the baleful demon." Then handing a bunch of dates to the sick man he had to repeat those words after the magician, who then added: "And may he depart into another place; may he never return; may he be destroyed like these dates." He then cast into the fire. Then he took the hair of the goat and said, "May the baleful demon depart from me; may he never return; as this hair is destroyed by the fire so may he pass away from me." And so with the leaves of the tree. After that the sick man was supposed to get well. If he did not get well, it was because of some fault in the man himself or in uttering the formula and incantation—or perhaps the evil spirits were more powerful just then than the benevolent ones.

And here I would like to say that the ancient Chaldeans undoubtedly practiced what is so well known in India as White and Black Magic. The magician who was in favor of the good spirits practiced White Magic, but those who invoked evil spirits, as they sometimes did, for the purpose of putting a ban or curse upon their enemies, were those who practiced Black Magic. If we had time it would be interesting to trace how these people first became acquainted with the fact that spirits, good and bad, were able to commune. Stripped of all its mystery, there cannot be any doubt that they were acquainted with the fact that good and evil spirits approached unto them, and that they could and did communicate with them. In those days spirits of course came down to the earth. They were around about men in the flesh as they are at the present time. But the crude minds of the Chaldeans were not able to dis-

cern that they were the spirits of departed friends or relatives, hence they believed that every stone, every tree, and indeed every thought and every word had behind it either a good demon or a bad demon.

## Incantation Against the Evil Eye.

Here is a magical incantation to avert the Evil Eye. It is strange that even down to sixty years ago a great number of people believed in the influence of the Evil Eye, and at the present day in Italy they have charms to avert its influence. The incantation tablet says: "The baleful demon, the mighty one, cometh like a rushing wind and taketh possession. When the sun shines the spell is cast, the evil is wrought. May he be cast out, may he pass away into the dark places and return no more. His power is great, his influence is mighty. Oh spirit of the heavens, conjure him! Oh spirit of the earth, conjure him!" Note that when Jesus, the great Teacher, came in contact with men obsessed, He said: "I say unto thee, come out of him!" The Chaldean magicians were held in great respect by the people, and they received support from the State. To insult one of these holy men who had power over these potent evil influences would assuredly bring about the death of the person who was bold enough to do so. One interesting tablet, now in the Museum in France, declares that certain persons having spoken disrespectfully of one of the magicians who practiced the White Magic, there came in the night time a great tempest, and on the following morning five of these persons were found dead. The tablet goes on to declare that the great lords and the great gods fought against the evil ones and the men in the flesh who had dared to insult the old magician. You will remember in reading Roman history that the Augurs inspected the entrails of beasts and birds, they watched the feeding of the sacred chickens, and drew their prognostications therefrom concerning the welfare of the Roman people. In the same way nothing was done in Chaldea without consulting magicians. We find from a broken tablet that on a certain day one of the early Chaldean kings was about to open a battle with an Amorite king. The tablet declares that on this particular day, at a certain hour, it thundered several times, but a break in the tablet prevents us from knowing how many times it thundered. The omens were considered auspicious, and the Augurs gave the word that the king would be victorious. Underneath it is added that he followed the bidding of the magician, and the omen was true. He took great men captive, cut off their heads and placed them on the gates of the city. The writing on the tablet finishes up with praise of the benevolent spirits. It would appear that the Chaldeans had no system of medicine like unto the ancient Egyptians. Even in Babylon it was a common practice when any person was sick or ill of a disease to bring him on a bed into the open court, there to lie all the day in case some passer-by might recognize the disease that he was suffering from. A man might have had the same disease himself and in passing would tell the sick man just what cured him. There are evidences, however, that they understood the properties of herbs and sometimes used them. But they placed their supreme faith in good or benevolent spirits, who, at the command or solicitation of the Chaldean magicians, invariably cast out the obsessing spirit or dispelled the disease.

## Spiritualism Not Spiritism.

Modern Spiritism—and I must speak plainly on this subject—is not to be confounded with modern Spiritism. One of the Chaldean ceremonies has its counterpart in some spiritistic practices. A great fire was lit and the magician or magicians—sometimes more than one—squatted on their hands around the fire and cast into it a prepared powder. In the black smoke—something like the smoke of burning pitch—that arose from it they read the future or cast the horoscopes of kings and other dignitaries. But modern Spiritism, I must reiterate, must not be confounded with modern Spiritualism. Modern Spiritualism is a blessing to man, sent to teach him the way of life and to assure him of immortality. That there are signs and wonders following the teaching of the truth in the present day we know, and so there should be. It was so with Jesus of Nazareth, and in the first centuries. But modern Spiritism was never intended to forecast the future, or to tell fortunes, or to utter anything that would be injurious to the spiritual or physical welfare of any man or woman on the earth. Modern Spiritism is undoubtedly a curse to mankind, and it is only the necromancy of the Chaldeans under another name. I gather from the tablets that many of those old magicians led evil lives. They were unscrupulous persons, and I have no doubt that they became very rich by their practices. It is a fact, however, that Chaldea as a nation occupied a position of pre-eminence that she could not have attained if she were not renowned for her magicians and her magical arts, and so at the present time we find numbers of persons practicing necromancy in the name of Spiritualism. But it is Spiritism pure and simple. There is a vast difference between Spiritism and Spiritualism. A forecasting of the future, telling of events connected with the private lives of persons, pretending to cast the horoscope of those who come unto them, or the practice of Black Magic, is Spiritism. I am sorry to have to say that I have known some Spiritualists who, for filthy lucre's sake, have told their clients that they would prevent certain people from doing certain things. If they were able to accomplish this it would undoubtedly have caused a great deal of trouble and misery. They invoked the undeveloped spirits; they invoked the spirits that dwell in the marshes and in the high mountains, as did the ancient Chaldeans, and I have heard—horrible to relate—of them pretending to put disease on certain persons just out of pure malice. That is Spiritism. It does not alleviate mankind; a man's spiritual life gets no support or food from Spiritism. But Spiritualism is the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, and a man having once tasted of that bread shall not hunger again. I desire to make this plain, because there are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people at the present day who mix the two together. A large number of those connected with orthodox are doing so and it is for this reason that much odium has been cast on true Spiritualism. Don't make any mistake—Spiritism is simply Chaldean, Babylonian necromancy under another name.

There is much to say on this subject and I wish to show you in the first place that it is this Chaldean necromancy that was forbidden to the Jews, as you read in the Old Testament. And I desire to make it equally clear to you that real communion with departed spirits was never forbidden under the Jewish dispensation. That the Chaldean magical incantations and ceremonies were sometimes stupid—we admit, but at the back of it was a foundation of truth, and these evil spirits when invoked undoubtedly came to the assistance of the black magicians. A question once asked me by a gentleman in an audience like this was: "Why are the evil spirits permitted to approach men in the flesh?" There are a great many things permitted, let me observe, that are not approved of in the spirit world. Men lie and thieve and murder. They are permitted to do this for a season, but undoubtedly, they are not approved of.

They are under condemnation. Evil spirits as well as good have power to approach your earth plane, and they do so, and if they find congenial company they will come in and take up their abode with that man. There cannot be any doubt about that. The Great Seer taught the people that if, after an evil spirit had been cast out and that man returned to his old habits, his former way of living, the evil spirit might return and bring with him other spirits, and they would take up their abode with him, and "the last state of that man is worse than the first." So, to-day, invoking spirits may be a very dangerous practice. Communion with your departed friends and relatives is most sacred. You are drawing nigh to the invisible world. It is solemn, serious and sacred. The danger is in drawing around you evil influences. In France some years ago a number of people who were called "devil worshippers" used to congregate in a tavern and there invoke the devil and his angels. Though the prince of the devils does not exist as a personality, there are any number of demons—devils if you choose—and many of these evil spirits came around about these devil worshippers, and on one particular evening two of the company, who slept at the hotel where the meetings were held, were found dead in their beds with their tongues protruding and their faces black. Notwithstanding every effort was made to trace the murderers, they failed to do so. If they desired to find the murderers they would have to look away from the mundane sphere. I wish you good night.

Further Particulars with Reference to Mr. T. W. Stanford's Seances with the Medium, Charles Bailey.

There have been several remarkable occurrences during the month, both as regards addresses and "apports." On August 30 Dr. Whitcomb said that he wished to thank friends for "the increasing harmony. We expect," he went on, "to perform great things in the future, leading you up to something great." He said that in an old place in India were some excellent "apports" which would certainly excite the wonder of persons in this city. "One that I have seen myself," he went on, "and should desire to be brought, is a large Indian tapestry with a border of scenes from the lives of the Brahmin gods." This was brought on Friday evening, September 13, and proved of exceptional interest. A very strong power was manifested in the circle; the hands of the sitters were joined by request and special singing asked for. Abdullah, who had control of the medium, was found, when the light was turned up, enveloped from head to foot in the piece of tapestry, measuring 11 feet in length and 5 feet in width. Walking down to the room he sang a Vedio hymn with great fervor, and then, disrobing himself, explained the various scenes depicted on the tapestry of Indian workmanship, which was stretched full length in the hands of some of the sitters.

Some people, who do not see the trend of spiritual development going on the world over, are apt to decry the utility of these marvelous phenomena. But on every hand comes evidence of the potent impression being made both on the scientific and lay mind by psychic facts, which can alone prove the spiritual origin of matter. Many are the people whose eyes have been opened to the fact of a spiritual universe all around with its unseen and mostly unsuspected potencies through the phenomena witnessed at these circles. They literally "came to scoff and remained to pray." In an address given by Professor Denton on "Spiritualism from a Scientific Standpoint," on August 16, he said: "Spiritualism becomes more than interesting under these aspects. It opens up another view of life—a glorious view, a wondrous view. Man has had too narrow, too cramped a view in the past. But the moment a man is convinced of the immortality of the spirit and its potencies a new view of the universe is opened to him. . . . Science desires to investigate and demonstrate. The scientific world is in the waiting attitude at present—watching the efforts put forth by a certain number. . . . You are hearing up in this circle such a mass of testimony that the fraud theory is now dying away, and men are looking for some other solution. Go on with your good work."

On the evening of August 23 the Rev. Gilbert White, who gives the opening hymn and invocation, said through the medium: "This work must go on, and will have the great and grand results intended. May each and every one of the sitters remember that these phenomena are but a demonstration of a superior power, and may they not fall into the error of coming from time to time just to witness the production of phenomena, lest their faith be in vain. In the old gospel times the teaching of the truth was followed by 'signs and wonders,' and these also are the signs and wonders prophesied. (In the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my spirit on all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy and your young men shall see visions.) These are the times prophesied; the signs and wonders are in evidence, and they call humanity to serious thought and consideration. It is necessary to show the high motive underlying these phenomena, especially as these circles are attracting attention all over the world." In a letter received by the last mail from Ven. Archbishop Colley, mentioned in another column, he says, after acknowledging the receipt of the monthly copy of the Harbinger: "It is well used and lent about, and the valuable supplements are all framed, and handed around at my meetings in my hall and at parlor lectures in Leamington, and shown to visitors here at the Rectory."

Truly the work is a great and far-reaching one. The following is a brief account of the seances since our last issue:

52d Seance. August 9. Address by Rev. John A. Dowie on the most important events in his life. Phenomena. Clay with mosaics from Central America. It was explained that the mosaics would be brought for another six months, and would eventually be arranged so as to show the pavement with flowers and border they formed originally. Seed about 1½ inches long, brought and played by Abdul in pot. It grew several inches during the sitting, and after being placed in Mr. Stanford's conservatory, would, in the hot weather, it was said, bear beautiful flowers. In India they are offered to Brahmin in the temples by the Brahmins. Clay with three spear heads.

53d Seance. August 16. Address by Professor Denton on "Spiritualism from a Scientific Standpoint." Phenomena. Lump of clay with mosaics. Small bird from India brought. Nest of the same beautifully made of small roots of tree. A quantity of red dust called sacred earth. It half filled a good-sized dish that was asked for; is held sacred in India, and only to be obtained in one place.

54th Seance. August 23. Address by Dr. Robinson. First part of a remarkable lecture entitled "When Rome was Mistress of the World." It was replete with historical facts and deductions therefrom, occupying nearly two hours in delivery. Phenomena. Clay with mosaics. An "apport" from China, the first of its kind. A bag of Chinese silk containing 144 pieces of Chinese money (brass coins). Other apports could not be brought, as the power had been exhausted by the long address.

55th Seance. August 30. Conclusion of address by Dr. Robinson "When Rome was Mistress of the World," the whole forming one of the most remarkable deliveries given through the medium, full of historical events.

(Continued on page 3)

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# Scenes In Spirit Life.

As Witnessed by Abby A. Judson and Carlyle Petersilea. - Given Through the Mediumship of Amelia Petersilea.

## Acts and Scenes in Spirit Life.

"Will you serve a slight repast?" I asked. She bowed and withdrew. Shortly after she brought in a silver salver, together with a dish of fruit, and placed them upon the table. "Come, let us be seated," and I placed a chair for the minister.

"Really, Petersilea," he said, "I am hungry; but it seems preposterous that spirits should be hungry and eat."

"Take a slice of this dainty bread," I said, as I passed it to him; and there being a carafe, I poured out a glass of the sweet elixir of life—immortal life!

"Help yourself to some of this fruit—spiritual fruit, it is. Could anything be more perfect and beautiful?"

The minister's eyes sparkled as he looked at it, and he dipped from his glass the red wine of life.

Now, I want to say right here, that this elixir is not an intoxicating liquor, but an elixir of life, which represents the spirit; for there are other beverages besides water, which are harmless and refreshing.

"How incredible it seems," he said, "that I, as a spirit, am eating and drinking."

"How incredible," I said, "it used to seem to me, that spirits could stand before the throne of God, singing his praises, and playing the harp, with a heavy crown of gold upon their heads—by the way, that crown would become pretty weighty and tiresome after awhile. My head was always very sensitive, and still is. I could scarcely bear the weight of a light hat. I think I should want to tear that crown off and throw it down—

and, then, to stand, throughout eternity, without food or drink! What do you think of it now, my friend? That is what you have preached to the world since you were a very young man. Now this is more natural—more as it should be." The minister looked at me pleasantly.

"Really," he said, "I feel glad that I was in error."

"But it would have been better to have known and preached the truth would it not?"

"Yes, if I could have known."

"Well, now, sir," I continued, "labor with all your might to teach others, who are yearning for such spiritual truths; for he who works will surely win. But you are weak yet. We will make you happy and strong first. Have you no near relatives here in spirit life?"

"None that are very near," he answered. "My father and mother are still on earth. My little son and one sister. She is still there. One brother, and he went, as missionary, to China. I have not yet visited my father, mother, or sister; nor searched out my brother; for my mind has been so intent on my own little family, I have scarcely thought of anything else."

"Have you no children here in spirit life?"

"No—why, yes; I must have. I lost a little babe, scarcely a month old, some six years ago. O! it cannot be possible, Professor. Have I really a child here?"

"You certainly must have," I replied, "and we will make it our business to find it."

"How are we to do that?" he asked. "Such a little babe as it was, but two or three weeks old."

"Now, brother," I said, "as you have been telling other people, for so many years, all about these things, you ought to be able to find your own little child. As a Wesleyan Methodist, I suppose you did not preach that hell's fire was paved with the skulls of little ones—not quite so bad as that, brother; but as you were a minister of the so-called gospel, I suppose you thought your little one was in heaven, swinging the harp and singing praises to God; but, how could such a babe possess understanding? Do you play and sing yourself, my brother?"

"No; I never could play; sing a little, I did, sometimes."

"Then you could not play the harp, even here?"

"No."

"Well, we must find that child. I have a very dear friend here in the spirit, who has a large school. Perhaps she may find out something about your little one, for she is filled with good works. Abby Judson. Possibly you have heard of her?"

"Indeed, so," he answered. "And where is the minister who has not?"

"Well, Abby is a grand soul."

"Our fraternity have always looked upon her as a sort of renegade from the church of God—Adoniram Judson's daughter! It really seemed too bad."

"Well, that same daughter shall find your daughter for you. It was a girl, I think?"

"Yes, a wee, little creature, of three weeks."

"After you have rested thoroughly, the remainder of what to you may be called night, we will pay Abby a visit, and see what she can do for us in that direction. Have you slept yet since you have been in this world?"

"Not yet," answered the minister; but, I have been weary and worn with care, worry, and perplexity, not finding things as I expected, and not knowing just what to do."

"We do not have real night here, but to the weary soul, lately from earth, there is a responsiveness. Now, come with me, and I will conduct you to an apartment for just such souls as yourself."

I took the weary minister to a beautiful room in the building, and making it dim like a soft twilight, I pointed to a pure, white bed, within gauzy curtains, and left him to rest; meanwhile I would see what could be done for him. I telephoned to my friend Abby.

"Telephoned?" you ask, surprisedly. "Do spiritual beings have telephones?"

"Well, my dear sir, or madam, telephones originated within the spiritual spheres. Read 'Mary Anne Carey'

and you will understand more about it. The book was written long before a telephone existed on earth. Yes, spirits have telephones; but we do not have any wires connected with our telephones; they are worked on the same principle as wireless telegraphy.

I could speak to Abby by thinking of her intently, holding the thought of her firmly in my mind until I had attracted her attention and she had responded. These thoughts back and forth vibrated within the ether.

"Abby Judson!" I called forcefully and distinctly.

"Mr. Petersilea, do you call me?" came the response.

"If it is convenient will you come here to the conservatory. I have something of importance to communicate."

"All right," came the response. "I will be there, shortly."

I had not long to wait, for spiritual beings can accomplish whatever they wish in a very short time.

When Abby stood before me, after greeting each other warmly, I said: "I have need of your assistance, and so sent for you to come here, as I thought the work could be done better accomplished."

"And then old her that has been related to the reader. And now, Abby, can you help me to find this child? She would be taken very far away from her former home on earth—not far from her father, mother, brother and sisters."

"No, indeed," said Abby. "You will be able to find this child much better than I can."

"I shall discover her whereabouts, if possible," she replied. "It may be that I shall be able to have the child here by the time the father awakes; so I will be as expeditious as possible. Adieu, but expect to see me again very shortly."

"We have little time for idleness—no more than those of earth life have. We do not look to, nor pray to God, to give us everything here, while we remain idle. An idle person here would be as unhappy and full of mischief as one of earth would be; yet there are idle spirits, plenty of them, no care to do no good works; they wander about somewhat as those of earth do, finding fault with everybody and everything, envying those who are industrious, and trying to destroy all that may be orderly and beautiful; for the mind must work in some direction. There are those who would destroy Abby Judson's school and scatter her pupils and little homes in all directions, although they, themselves, would not be capable of teaching or caring for any of them. There are others, just as of earth, who envy me my powers as a musician, and would like to tear down my work, and are filled with good works; but in the what would be to the minister, morning, Abby returned, bringing with her a little girl of some six years, as pretty and dainty a little creature as one would wish to wish at."

Andrew Jackson Davis is right about mischievous spirits—in other words, idle souls; but I was never an idle man on earth, and I certainly may not be idle here.

So, while I awaited Abby's return, I gave lessons to waiting pupils, while the minister still slept on, poor soul. He needed rest just now. Neither had he been an idle man on earth; but now, in a short time, as I well knew, he would be at work for the truth with all his might; man was wholly irresponsible. That is one great reason why we have so many tramps here in spirit life. They would rather than work. But thanks to the good that naturally exists within the larger half of humanity, they like to work, and are filled with good works.

Early in the what would be to the minister, morning, Abby returned, bringing with her a little girl of some six years, as pretty and dainty a little creature as one would wish to wish at."

"And so you were successful, and found it?"

"As you see," she replied. "But it required quite an amount of perseverance on my part. Once or twice I came near giving up the quest, but my soul commanded me to go on, and, at last, I was rewarded. You see, the child passed into spirit life so early, that she had not had time to be near relatives that cared to take care of such a little creature, she was placed with a kind spirit who had passed to this life in giving birth to a babe. The babe lived and is still on the earthly plane. The mother had taken this little creature, but, after it became older, it was placed in a school where, by making many inquiries, I was at last able to trace her, and here she is—a beautiful little creature, is she not?"

"Beautiful, indeed! Receive my thanks, I am very grateful, Abby, for your kindness. You will remain and help me to make her known to her father?"

"Indeed I will," responded Abby. "As I thought the minister had, by this time, rested sufficiently, I went to the room to wake him. He lay, calmly sleeping, his face pale, looking like a corpse, his eyes closed, and his hands crossed over his chest. He was a little child, and she has, from a tiny infant, become a child as large as one of six years ought to be. You can also tell that, and her mother and father would be glad to know it, I am sure. Now, I shall take you to my home, and introduce you to my husband—my other half—and, if you would like, you shall be a teacher, therein, teaching such branches as you are qualified to teach; and, what a grand vista of hope opens up before you; but, I think, according to your former ideas of heaven, after getting there, there would have been an end—that is, such a heaven would stay all hope."

"(To be continued.)"

# SCINTILLATIONS

As They Emanate from the Pen of Henry Morrison Tefft.

## THOUGHTS QUARRIED FROM MANY MINES.

Individuals die, nations die, worlds die. Every man is mortal! Life is full of suggestions, but few fulfillments.

Mankind will never falter in looking after the "fountain of youth," the "philosopher's stone," and the ideal society. There are certain instincts which are common to all men; there are certain characteristics which are common to each nation, to each time and age. The man who said, "The love of money is the root of all evil" uttered the most complete truth ever spoken. Why should we censure a person for using every means that comes to his hand, whether right or wrong, to get money?

The world puts a premium upon fraud, upon stealing, upon hypocrisy, upon leading immoral lives. The man who has no money, whatever his character may be, loses caste. By fair means or foul you must get wealth.

A criminal is more respected than a pauper. No man can now run for office, without money. The success of any party must be purchased. Can a government be purified if the electorate's bought? Can you draw pure water from an impure fountain? Each individual, to a certain extent, is responsible for, and a sharer in, the sins of the people which whom he associates. The effect of one individual life may be but little noted in the world in which it moves; but sometimes a single family have the power to elevate or debase the whole community in which it lives. Yes, it is no stretch of the imagination to say that I do not know my country in the United States whose combined efforts would do more to cleanse the moral and political standing of the people, regulate their living and give economic direction to their habits and customs of life, than all the preachers in the land.

One generation plants the seed that is to fructify and bear fruit in the next. The people are fooled, cajoled, flattered, led—sometimes driven; there is no other way to control their minds. Reason will not do it, neither will argument.

There are all kinds of slavery; moral, religious, intellectual, and physical bondage. The slave is as authoritative as the other. A precedent, a custom, a habit, is as binding on a community as a statute is in proceedings at law. For blind obedience to authority the ordinary mind is ready to go to any lengths. Nothing is ridiculous, absurd or out of place when fashion commands the pace. Nothing is regarded as sinful or immoral that public opinion indorses or tolerates.

We abhor the savage tribes on account of their dress, their indecent exposure and practices, but they are as civilized as we. The same formulas and social laws, the same as civilized nations do. "Humboldt," says Herbert Spencer, "tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will labor a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and a European woman who would not hesitate to take her bath without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare commit such an act of indecorum as to go unpainted."

Someone quotes a certain philosopher as saying that "every child is born into the world like a piece of blank paper, and that you may write thereon whatever you will." There is nothing as inconsistent in its action as a human being—civilized or uncivilized. Brute instinct is more to be relied upon than reason; for the former, upon a given state of facts, always acts the same; not so with the latter. A creature of time, place and circumstance. He is with every climate, whether frigid, torrid or temperate. The pronunciation of a word is often a matter of geography. In giving testimony the Hindu swears by the waters of the Ganges and the Christian by the Bible. If you have a creature of time, place and circumstance, he is born whether he is a saint or a sinner, a missionary or a warrior, a revolutionist or a conservative, a reformer or a mountebank.

"Had John Alexander Dowie lived a thousand years ago," said Rev. Theodore B. Gregory, "he would have been an emperor—a Charlemagne or a Hildebrand."

Consistency is not the trait of a master mind. Time fades out the faults of men and brightens their virtues. Greatness wants room, distance, perspective, to give it value. They take more leisure in microscopic; the brain of an ant than in looking at the most brilliant star. A three-cent piece held close enough to the eye is sufficient to obscure the light of the sun. The great reformers of the world were first demagogues, then patriots, and finally the men of their own life. Often the most unpromising child becomes the head of the family. The wisest writer cannot tell which of his works will perish and which will be immortal. Sometimes a single character infection will brand the whole nation. Shakespeare stamped the character of Shylock on every Jew that has been born since "The Merchant of Venice" was written. A man, a book, a work of art, a race, or a civilization. What Napoleon spoke, France thought. The genius of Burns made the legends of Scotland classic. A single sentence written that will be read for a century outweighs a volume that lasts only for a day. It is not words that count, but ideas. Richard Watson Gilder, says of Napoleon, "His words went to their mark, as quick as a stroke of lightning. When he speaks, it is as if an earthquake had passed under one's feet."

Every person possesses a mental and spiritual individuality of his own, differing from all others, as clearly marked and outlined as his physical form. This characteristic manifests itself in every department of life. The sculptor voices it in his statue, the painter in his picture, the singer in his song, the writer in the style

and matter of his composition, and the orator in the manner of his oration. Each man sees in an object or in a thought just what he is capable of understanding, and no more. Nature speaks a distinct language to each individual. A beautiful landscape, a gorgeous sunset, a song, a melody, a picture, a statue—all bring different messages to different souls. No two persons live in the same world, have the same thoughts, the same enjoyments or the same sorrows. Every individual life stands alone. What is pleasing to one is torture to another; what is beauty to one is ugliness to another.

"The thoughts that stir the poet's heart Are not the thoughts that others feel; From the world's creed they're all apart, And oftener work his woe than weal."

"They are born of high imaginings, Kludied to life by passion's fire. As o'er earth's dross his fancy flings The golden dreams that wrap his lyre."

Beauty comes from within, and not from without. We appreciate and understand just what Nature, education and environment have fitted us for, and no more. Emerson says: "The profit of a book is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps in a mind until an equal mind and heart make it publish itself."

Life has no value unless we study its lessons. There is no point from which the universe can be viewed as a whole. We see a part, add prophecy in part. Our noblest and deepest conceptions must be expressed in figures, types and symbols. What to us seems actual and real are simply shadows. There is no such thing as color, a physical entity; it is only a mental conception. There is no such thing as sky.

Every atom of matter contains all the possibilities of life, morals, religion, philosophy, poetry and song. Only requires time to bring knowledge to full fruition. In the noble qualities of mind and heart. Life is a development, a natural process; yet there are scientists who say it may be a creation. "We learn," says Axel E. Gibson, "to believe in a universe that, with all its motley array of life and form, is one single source and origin. \* \* \* Admitting this, every substance must necessarily consist essentially of the same basic elements, since a unity of source implies a unity of essence. Man is then not the only being on our planet endowed with mentality; in every physical molecule there is a tiny, but complete, mental and physical attribute, though latent and to a large extent as yet unavailable."

Mind controls matter and directs energy. First the thought, then the visible expression of it. Spirit is constantly taking on form; there is no permanent material substance. The fundamental substance out of which all phenomena occur has not yet been located or named.

No one can explain, while the substances that compose our bodies are continually changing, our personality and looks remain the same. Conclusions are steadfast, though the body is constantly departing. Somewhere there is a living fountain of knowledge and life from which all thought, wisdom and force proceed. It is confidently believed by some that it will yet be possible for people to communicate with each other without use of language, voice or words. Is thought substance? Can it be concentrated into form? It is claimed that it can. "Thought," says one writer, "is a wonderful power when there is a persistent purpose behind it. \* \* \* Persistent thought, with the image of that which has form and size well defined in the mind, and directed to that end, can be photographed, the vibrations of the clearest thought taking form in the atmosphere of that which is in the mind of the thinker, are carried through the lens of the camera to the sensitive plate."

Science is not only teaching us the kinship of all peoples in blood and the identity of all languages and tongues, but it is pushing the lines still farther and holds to the oneness of Nature, the sameness of mind, matter and spirit.

Nature furnishes the pattern for our art, for our mechanism. There is nothing new but discovery. Whether our inventions, or our philosophy is new or old, we know not. How many times they have appeared and disappeared upon the earth is unknown.

Much that passes for new thought is as old as the Vedas or the Zend Avesta. Neither history nor tradition penetrates far into the past. We talk of the beginning and the end of time without knowing the meaning of our words. We are lost when we speak of the "First Cause," the "Absolute," the "Eternal." Rollin in his "History," relates that when Hiero, King of Syracuse, asked Simonides to define God, "The poet desired a day to consider the question proposed to him. On the morrow he desired two days; and whenever he was called upon for his answer, he still doubled his time. The King, surprised at his behavior, demanded his reason for it. 'It is,' replied Simonides, 'because the more obscurely becomes.'"

We look backward or forward in vain. The future is a world beyond which we cannot see. The problem of good and evil can never be solved. If it were impossible to sin, there would be no virtue in goodness. What we call ugly and deformed, in the infinite mind is beauty and symmetry.

Is not Nature constantly bringing order out of chaos, beauty out of ugliness, incorruption out of corruption? Does not the fragrant flower spring up and grow out of the foul and noisome dunghill? It has been said that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health. Our faculties are not perfectly developed until we can look upon a worm with

the same wondering eye that we do upon a man.

Nature is not just; she knows nothing about morality, or what is right or what is wrong. Both the animate and inanimate world are built up on the law of sacrifice. One species of animals has had to die so that a higher type might live. One order of plant and vegetable life has given way to make room for others. Every animal and plant has its parasite. Whatever benefits mankind comes through sacrifice. It is the law of life. "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built; and at the birth of a star there is pain."

Every event is eternal. There is no past, no future; all is present. Divisions of time and space are of human invention. Much that we call instinctive in man comes from habit, education and environment.

To get a broad view of mankind we must read all history, study all peoples, times and conditions. Many things that we have been taught were of divine origin, or miraculous origin, are nothing but natural evolution—living history and experience. In proportion as knowledge increases, miracles diminish. The story of Moses being rescued in the basket of bulrushes; the story of the deluge; the incident of Aaron turning the rod into a serpent; the immaculate conception, are all echoes of similar facts that have floated down the stream of time in the current of tradition.

All theories must finally stand or fall on the verdict of science. The mind of man will in time figure out much that is now deemed supernatural. Abraham Lincoln was as divinely sent into the world as Jesus Christ, and had as important a mission. Today the spirit of his life is being felt in every part of the globe. Some men's fame increases with age, others diminish. The preface of a book is always written last. Mozart, the great musical composer, was buried in an unknown and unmarked grave, but later on, eulogies have been pronounced to his memory, and monuments erected and societies named in his honor. Ruskin is quoted as saying that "a house is not in its prime until it is five hundred years old."

Time adds lustre to great characters, and blots out the small ones. The judges who condemned Socrates are unknown. Few men can tell the name of the judge before whom John Brown was tried, yet the name of Socrates has come down through all the ages, and the name of John Brown will be known until the word liberty shall perish. Time is the crucible through which all characters, opinions and doctrines must pass. Contemporaneous events are but little noted. The panorama of life moves swiftly. We only get a glimpse of a picture before it is gone and others take the place in too rapid succession for us to fully comprehend the meaning.

The biography of a great man cannot be properly written until he has been dead a thousand years. To get a correct view of history it has to be seen over a large field. We are utterly incompetent to justly estimate the present. The critic is bounded by his horizon. He judges the world from one particular standpoint. Outside of his environment his calculation is worthless. It is impossible to deeply sympathize with a person we have never seen, or with a situation we have never experienced.

Has vice any knowledge of virtue, coarseness of refinement, ignorance of learning? Does the miser know any of the enjoyments of the spendthrift? There is no affinity between any of the two conditions. The dividing line is marked and distinct—each living and moving in a different sphere. Sight is not light. But "all of us are playing some part in the production of life's harmony." Buzzards and vultures act as scavengers on the land; sharks and dogfish act as scavengers of the sea. There is nothing more useful than a microbe.

The world is a great machine shop. Every force, power, passion and created thing-forms a necessary part in its complex machinery. Who is prepared to say that a single individual life could be spared to the universe of God? "All things somewhere touch infinity. To the ceaseless life is common to every man. To him the meanest life may come freighted with tragedy, with pathos, with beauty. \* \* \* It all depends upon the soul that surveys. \* \* \* The discerning man sees the great in the little, the uncommon in the commonplace, the abiding in the fugitive. To Keats a moldering urn cast up an hour of buried Hellenic to live in immortality in the memory of man. To Blake a fly upon a leaf touches him with kindly sympathy and sends upon his heart a vision of the oneness and the wonder of all life. To Lowell the aimless circling of a globe in a globe casts forth a lyric scripture on the meaning and mystery of existence."

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For many years I have been advising in American and foreign newspapers and magazines; perhaps your next-door neighbor knows me or has consulted me for advice. I have built up a reputation by giving honest, accurate and conscientious service to my patrons. The editor will tell you I am America's Reliable Astrologer. I do not ask you to take my word for any statement made here, but I do ask for an opportunity to demonstrate my ability. Rear what three of my patrons say about their horoscopes:

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"My marriage took place in 1880, and I was married to the man I love and who I am the happiest woman in the world. I feel that you are the only one who would not turn for advice and comfort to any other source. You have given me information as to my future, and I am sure that you are as accurate as any other one as to my future. Yours very truly,  
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"My horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had. I have put it in my hands, and I would not take a hundred dollars for it. I have given me information as to my future, and I am sure that you are as accurate as any other one as to my future. Yours very truly,  
BENJAMIN A. K.

Mountain Park, Okla.  
"I have been able to do so much for my family, and I am sure that you are as accurate as any other one as to my future. Yours very truly,  
BENJAMIN A. K.

Has vice any knowledge of virtue, coarseness of refinement, ignorance of learning? Does the miser know any of the enjoyments of the spendthrift? There is no affinity between any of the two conditions. The dividing line is marked and distinct—each living and moving in a different sphere. Sight is not light. But "all of us are playing some part in the production of life's harmony." Buzzards and vultures act as scavengers on the land; sharks and dogfish act as scavengers of the sea. There is nothing more useful than a microbe.

The world is a great machine shop. Every force, power, passion and created thing-forms a necessary part in its complex machinery. Who is prepared to say that a single individual life could be spared to the universe of God? "All things somewhere touch infinity. To the ceaseless life is common to every man. To him the meanest life may come freighted with tragedy, with pathos, with beauty. \* \* \* It all depends upon the soul that surveys. \* \* \* The discerning man sees the great in the little, the uncommon in the commonplace, the abiding in the fugitive. To Keats a moldering urn cast up an hour of buried Hellenic to live in immortality in the memory of man. To Blake a fly upon a leaf touches him with kindly sympathy and sends upon his heart a vision of the oneness and the wonder of all life. To Lowell the aimless circling of a globe in a globe casts forth a lyric scripture on the meaning and mystery of existence."

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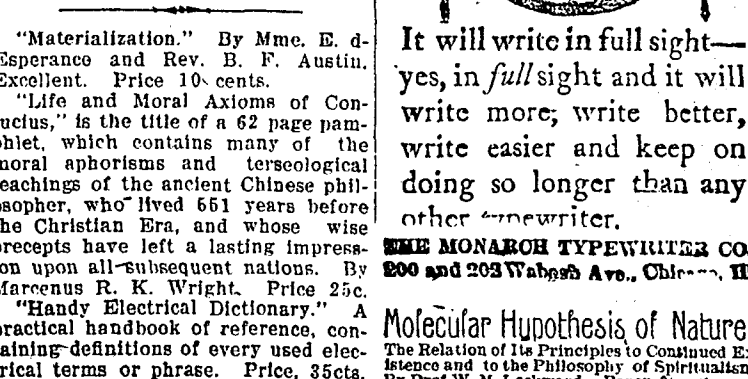
It will write in full sight—yes, in full sight and it will write more; write better, write easier and keep on doing so longer than any other writer.

MINNESTOLA, H. D. C. MILLS.

Opposite St. Joseph Sanitarium and Bath House, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

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**RHEUMATISM CURED**



**MINNESTOLA, H. D. C. MILLS.**

Opposite St. Joseph Sanitarium and Bath House, Mt. Clemens, Mich.



# Scenes In Spirit Life.

As Witnessed by Abby A. Judson and Carlyle Petersilea. - Given Through the Mediumship of Amelia Petersilea.

## Acts and Scenes in Spirit Life.

"Will you serve a slight repast?" I asked. She bowed and withdrew. Shortly after she brought in a silver salver, together with a dish of fruit, and placed them upon the table.

"Come, let us be seated," and I placed a chair for the minister. "Really, Petersilea," he said, "I am hungry; but it seems preposterous that spirits should be hungry and eat."

"Take a slice of this dainty bread," I said, as I passed it to him; and there being a carafe, I poured out a glass of the sweet elixir of life—immortal life!

"Help yourself to some of this fruit—spiritual fruit, it is. Could any thing be more perfect and beautiful?" The minister's eyes sparkled as he looked at it, and he slipped from his glass the red wine of life.

"Now, I want to say right here, that this elixir is not an intoxicating liquor, but an elixir of life, which represents the spirit; for there are other beverages besides water, which are harmless and refreshing."

"How incredible it seems," he said, "that I, as a spirit, am eating and drinking."

"How incredible," I said, "it used to seem to me, that spirits could stand before the throne of God, singing his praises, and playing the harp, with a heavy crown of gold upon their heads—by the way, that crown would become pretty weighty and tiresome after awhile. My head was always very sensitive, and still is. I could scarcely bear the weight of a light hat. I think I should want to tear that crown off and throw it down."

"And then, to stand, throughout eternity, without food or drink! What do you think of it now, my friend? That is what you have preached to the world since you were a very young man. Now this is more natural—more as it should be."

"Really," he said, "I feel glad that I was in error."

"But it would have been better to have known and preached the truth would it not?"

"Yes, if I could have known."

"Well, now, sir," I continued, "labor with all your might to teach those who are yet preaching such nonsense, the truth; for he who works will surely win! But you are weak yet. We will make you happy and strong first. Have you no near relatives here in spirit life?"

"None that are very near," he answered. "My father and mother are still on the earth. I never had but one sister. She is still there. One brother, and he went, as missionary, to China. I have not yet visited my father, mother, or sister; nor searched out my brother; for my mind has been so intent on my own little family, I have scarcely thought of anything else."

"Have you no children here in spirit life?"

"No—why, yes; I must have. I lost a little babe, scarcely a month old, some six years ago. O! it cannot be possible, Professor. Have I really a child here?"

"You certainly must have," I replied, "and we will make it our business to find it."

"How are we to do that?" he asked.

"Such a little babe as it was, but two or three weeks old."

"Now, brother," I said, "as you have been telling me about these things, you ought to be able to find your own little child. As a Wesleyan Methodist, I suppose you did not preach that hell's floor was paved with the skulls of these little ones—not quite so bad as that, brother; but as you were a minister of the so-called gospel, I suppose you thought your little ones were in heaven, swinging the harp, and singing praises to God; but how could such a babe possess understanding? Do you play and sing yourself, my brother?"

"No; I never could play; sing a little I did, sometimes."

"Then you could not play the harp, even here?"

"No."

"Well, we must find that child. I have a very dear friend here in the spirit, who has a large school. Perhaps she may find out something about your little one, for she is filled with good works. Abby Judson, I suppose you have heard of her?"

"Indeed, so," he answered. "And where is the minister who has not?"

"Well, Abby is a grand soul."

"Our fraternity have always looked upon her as a sort of renegade from the church of God—don't you know, son's daughter? It really seemed too bad."

"Well, that same daughter shall find your daughter for you. It was a girl, I think?"

"Yes, a wee, little creature, of three weeks."

"After you have rested thoroughly, the remainder of what to you may be called night, we will pay Abby a visit, and see what she can do for us in that direction. Have you slept yet since you have been in this world?"

"Not yet," answered the minister; but, I have been weary and worn with care, worry, and perplexity, not finding things as I expected, and not knowing just what to do."

and you will understand more about the book written long before a telephone existed on earth. Yes; spirits have telephones; but we do not have any wires connected with our telephones; they are worked on the same principle as wireless telegraphy.

"I could speak to Abby by thinking of her intensely, holding the thought of her firmly on my mind until I had attracted her attention and she had responded. These thoughts back and forth vibrated within the ether."

"Abby Judson!" I called forcefully and distinctly.

"Mr. Petersilea, do you call me?" came the response.

"I did. If it is convenient will you come here to the conservatory. I have something of importance to communicate."

"All right," came the response. "I will be there, shortly."

I had not long to wait, for spiritual beings can accomplish whatever they wish in a very short time.

When Abby stood before me, after greeting each other warmly, I said: "I have need of your assistance, and so sent for you to come here, as I thought the work could do so better accomplished."

"I then told her all that had been related to the reader, and then, to stand, throughout eternity, without food or drink! What do you think of it now, my friend? That is what you have preached to the world since you were a very young man. Now this is more natural—more as it should be."

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"Not yet," answered the minister; but, I have been weary and worn with care, worry, and perplexity, not finding things as I expected, and not knowing just what to do."

"We do not have real night here, but to the weary soul, lately from earth, there is a correspondence. Now, come with me, and I will conduct you to an apartment for just such souls as yourself."

I took the weary minister to a beautiful room in the building, and making it dim like a soft twilight, I pointed to a pure, white bed, within gauzy curtains, and left him to rest; meanwhile I would see what could be done for him. I telephoned to my friend Abby.

"Telephoned?" you ask, surprised. "Do spiritual beings have telephones?"

"Well, my dear sir, or madam, telephones originated with the spiritual spheres. Read 'Mary Anne Carew' and you will understand more about the book written long before a telephone existed on earth. Yes; spirits have telephones; but we do not have any wires connected with our telephones; they are worked on the same principle as wireless telegraphy."

The minister looked eager and followed me with anxiety. Alas! had taken a seat, and the child was upon her lap, resting its sunny curls against her breast, one little arm about her neck. Abby arose as we entered, holding the little girl by the hand.

"And you are she who was once called Miss Judson?" asked the minister.

Abby bowed, together with her old-fashioned courtesy.

The minister's eyes flashed forth admiration.

"Yes," answered Abby, "I am that person whom you once called a renegade and apostate. You perceive that nothing can be hidden, and I am well versed in all that has been said of me."

"Madam, I humbly beg your pardon."

"It was granted, even before the asking," she said, with a sweet smile. "I must have seemed rude to you at that time, but time makes all things right and straight at last, and the apostate and renegade restores to you your lost child."

She led the little creature forward. "What is your name, darling?" she whispered, as she did so.

"Hope," answered the child; "but they call me Dalea at the school. Is this my papa?"

"This is papa," said the minister, as he caught up the little one in his arms, kissing her sweet face a number of times. She stroked his head, his face, his beard, with her little hands; and with each stroke, new beauty appeared, as though it had been concealed beneath a covering of care and helplessness, which the little hands deftly removed.

"O, how much she resembles her mother," said the minister. "I should know her among a thousand other children; and she is the counterpart of what Nettie was at this age. How much I thank you, and the Professor, for your kind interest in my welfare. But what shall I do with the child, now that I have her? I do not feel myself competent to care for her properly, and yet I would like to see her every day—would like to be very near her, and have her with me much of the time."

"That can easily be arranged," said Abby. "I will take the little one into my home, care for her tenderly, and teach her as rapidly as she is able to learn. But you, my dear sir, must enter into some good work that will occupy your mind to the exclusion of sorrow and despair. You were, on earth, a minister of the so-called gospel, which means good news. Why not be a minister now of good news—the good news of immortal life, and aid those who are hopeless and despairing, as you have been?"

"If I have no hope," said the minister, "how can I aid those who are hopeless?"

"What would you hope to attain?" asked Abby.

"I had hoped to remain with my family on earth for many years. That hope is now broken, and I have hoped, when I should come to die, I should see God and his beautiful Christ; that I should enter the pearly gates of heaven and sing God's praises forever more. This, I now find, was all an illusion. My wife and little children are filled with sorrow at my loss, and I am powerless to comfort them, or provide for their material wants. Indeed, although happier than at first, still what is there to hope for?"

"If you are happier than you were at first, then there is good reason to suppose that you will attain to greater happiness when you go on. You have been in this life but a very short time now, and yet considerable has been brought to pass in that short period of time; and, really, you are already looking five years younger than at first, showing that the soul has already advanced quite a little. If you have not seen God, I have brought to you your own sweet, little baby girl. If you have not entered the pearly gates of heaven, you have entered a grand conservatory of music, where the simple twanging of a harp is considered quite primitive, and who music is carried into the heights of exquisite sublimity, where one may get in touch with all the grand, harmonious souls that have ever lived; for music is a wonderful vehicle; and where you may become a pupil if you like; there is no end of hope in that direction, for eternity is before you, and you may not be able to accomplish it."

"I think preaching, and teaching others, would be more in my line—more like that which I have been accustomed to do."

"But how can you teach others unless you first teach yourself? You do not desire to go on propagating errors, do you?"

"Not! No! I think not."

"Then you cannot preach the truth unless you first know what is true. You now know that you survive the dissolution of the material body; all others here know that as well as you do; but those of earth do not. You are fitted to teach that great truth to the earthly world. You know that you can communicate with those of earth; you can also teach that. You have not seen the God that you used to teach about on earth; neither the heaven, nor the hell, nor the devil. You can tell the people the truth about that. You have met your own little child, and she has, from a tiny infant, become a child as large as one of six years ought to be. You can also tell that, and her mother and father. You have seen the God that I am sure. Now, I shall take you to my home, and introduce you to my husband—my other half—and you shall visit my school, and, if you would like, you shall be a teacher therein, teaching such branches as you are qualified to teach. See, what a grand vista of hope opens up before you; but, I think, according to your former ideas of heaven, after getting there, hope would have been at an end—that is, such a heaven would slay all hope."

(To be continued.)

# SCINTILLATIONS

As They Emanate from the Pen of Henry Morrison Tefft.

## THOUGHTS QUARRIED FROM MANY MINES.

Individuals die, nations die, worlds die. Everything is mortal! Life is full of suggestions, but few fulfillments.

Mankind will never falter in looking after the "fountain of youth," the "philosopher's stone," and the ideal society. There are certain instincts which are common to all men; there are certain characteristics which are common to each nation, to each time and age. The man who said, "The love of money is the root of all evil," uttered the most complete truth ever spoken. Why should we ensure a person for using every means that comes to his hand, whether right or wrong, to get money?

The world puts a premium upon fraud, upon stealing, upon hypocrisy, upon leading immoral lives. The man who has no money, whatever his character may be, loses caste. By fair means or foul you must get wealth.

A criminal is more respected than a pauper. No man can now run for office without money. The success of any party must be purchased. Can a government be purified if the electorate is bought? Can you draw pure water from an impure fountain?

Each individual to a certain extent is responsible for, and a sharer in, the sins of the people which whom he associates. The effect of one individual life may be but little noted in the world in which it moves; but sometimes a single family have the power to elevate or debase the whole community in which it lives. Yes, it is no stretch of the imagination to say that a dozen men could be named in the United States whose combined efforts would do more to cleanse the moral and political standing of the people, regulate their living and give economic direction to their habits and customs of life, than all the preachers in the land.

One generation plants the seed that is to fructify and bear fruit in the next. The people are fooled, cajoled, flattered, led—sometimes driven; there is no other way to control their minds. Reason will not do it, neither will argument.

There are all kinds of slavery; moral, religious, social, intellectual, and physical bondage. The one is as authoritative as the other. A precedent, a custom, a habit, is as binding on a community as a statute is in proceedings at law. For blind obedience to authority the ordinary mind acquiesces and adapts. Nothing is so ridiculous as a crowd of people when fashion once gets the pace. Nothing is regarded as sinful or immoral that public opinion indorses or tolerates.

We abhor the savage tribes on account of their dress, their indecent exposure and practices, but they are only following the customs of their ancestors, and the same is true of civilized nations do. "Humboldt," says Herbert Spencer, "tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will labor a fortnight to purchase pigment for the purpose of making himself admired; and that the same woman may write and read, and be a philosopher, and not hesitate to leave her husband without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare commit such an act of indecency as to go unpainted."

Someone quotes a certain philosopher as saying that "every child is born free, but the world is a piece of blank paper, that you may write thereon whatever you will." There is nothing as inconsistent in its action as a human being—civilized or uncivilized. Brute instinct is more to be relied upon than reason; for the former, upon a given state of facts, always acts the same; not so with reason. Man is a creature of impulse, place and circumstance. He varies with every climate, whether frigid, torrid or temperate. The pronunciation of a word is often a matter of geography. In giving testimony the Hindu swears by the waters of the Ganges and the Christian by the Bible. It depends on the place and under what conditions a person is born whether he is a saint or a sinner, a missionary or a warrior, a revolutionist or a conservative, a reformer or a mountebank.

Had John Alexander Dowie lived a thousand years ago," said Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, "he would have been an emperor—a Charlemagne or a Hildebrand."

Consistency is not the trait of a master mind. Time fades out the faults of men and brightens their virtues. Greatness wants room, distance, perspective, to give it value. Some people's view is microscopic; they take more pleasure in viewing the brain of an ant than in looking at the most brilliant star. A three-cent piece held close enough to the eye is sufficient to obscure the light of the sun. The great reformers of the world were first demagogues, then patriots.

No man can estimate the value of his own life. Often the most unpromising child becomes the head of the family. The wisest writer cannot tell which of his works will perish and which will be immortal. Sometimes a single character incident will brand a whole nation. Shakespeare stamped the character of Shylock on every Jew that has been born since "The Merchant of Venice" was written. A man, a book, a work of art, a race, or a civilization. What Napoleon's speech at Austerlitz. The general in Burke made the last sentence written that will be read for a century outweighs a volume that lasts only for a day. It is not words that count, but ideas. Michael Watson writes of Napoleon, "His words were to their mark, as quick as a stroke of lightning. When he spoke it is as if an earthquake had passed under one's feet."

Every person possesses a mental and spiritual individuality of his own, differing from all others, as clearly marked and outlined as his physical form. This characteristic manifests itself in every department of life. The sculptor voices it in his statue, the painter in his picture, the singer in his song, the writer in the style

and matter of his composition, and the orator in the manner of his oration.

Each man sees in an object or in a thought just what he is capable of understanding, and no more. Nature speaks a distinct language to each individual. A beautiful landscape, a gorgeous sunset, a song, a melody, a picture, a statue—all bring different messages to different souls. No two persons live in the same world, have the same thoughts, the same enjoyments or the same sorrows. Every individual life stands alone. What is pleasing to one is torture to another; what is beauty to one is ugliness to another.

"The thoughts that stir the poet's heart."

Are not the thoughts that others feel; From the world's creed they're all apart, And oftener work his woe than weal.

"They are born of high imaginings, Kindled to life by passion's fire. As o'er earth's dross his fancy flings The golden dreams that wrap his lyre."

Beauty comes from within, and not from without. We appreciate and understand just what Nature, education and environment have fitted us for, and no more. Emerson says: "The profit of a book is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps in a mind until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it."

Life has no value unless we study its lessons. There is no point from which the universe can be viewed as a whole. We see a part, and add prophecy in part. Our noblest and deepest conceptions must be expressed in figures, types and symbols. What to us seems actual and real are simply shadows. There is no such thing as color as a physical entity; it is only a mental conception. There is no such thing as sky.

Every atom of matter contains all the possibilities of life, morals, religion, philosophy, poetry and song. It only requires time to bring incandescent substance to full fruition in all the nobler qualities of mind and heart. Life is a development, a natural process; yet there are scientists who say it may be a creation. "We learn," says Axel E. Gibson, "to believe in universes that, with all its mother array of life and form, has one single source and origin." Admitting this, every substance must necessarily consist essentially of the same basic elements, since a unity of source implies a unity of essence. Man is then not the only being on our planet endowed with mentality; in every physical molecule must likewise inhere mental and physical attributes, though latent and to a large extent as yet unavailable.

Mind controls matter and directs energy. First the thought, then the visible expression of it. Spirit is constantly taking on form, there is no permanency in material things. The fundamental substance out of which all phenomena occur has not yet been located or named.

No one can explain, while the substances that compose our bodies are continually changing, our personality and looks remain the same. Consciousness is steadfast, though the body is constantly departing. Somewhere there is a living fountain of knowledge and life from which all thought, wisdom and force proceed. It is confidently believed by some that it will yet be possible for people to communicate with each other without the use of language, voice or words. It is thought substance. Can it be concentrated into form? It is claimed that it can. "Thought," says one writer, "is a wonderful power when there is a persistent purpose behind it." Persistent thought, with the image of that which has form and size, is dedicated to the mind, and directed to that end, can be photographed. The vibrations of the clear-cut thought taking form in the atmosphere of the thinker, are carried through the lens of the camera to the sensitive plate."

Science is not only teaching us the kinship of all peoples blood and identity of all languages and tongues, but it is pushing the lines still farther and holds to the oneness of Nature, the sameness of mind, matter and spirit.

Nature furnishes the pattern for our art, for our mechanism. There is nothing new but discovery. Whether our inventions, or our philosophy is old, we know not how many times they have appeared and disappeared upon the earth is unknown.

Much that passes for new thought is as old as the Vedas or the Zend Avesta. Neither history nor tradition penetrates far into the past. We talk of the beginning and the end of time without knowing the meaning of our words. We are sure when we speak of the "First Cause," the "Absolute," the "Eternal." Rollin in his "History," relates that when Hiero, king of Syracuse, asked Simondes to define God, "The poet desired a day to consider the question proposed to him. On the morrow he desired two days; and whenever he was called upon for his answer, he still doubled his time. The king, surprised at his behavior, demanded his reason for it. 'It is,' replied Simondes, 'because the more I consider the question the more obscure it becomes.'"

As we look backward or forward our vision soon becomes bounded. There is a point in the moral world beyond which we cannot see. The problem of good and evil can never be solved. If it were impossible to sin, there would be no virtue in goodness. What we call ugly and deformed, in the infinite mind is beauty and symmetry.

Is not Nature constantly bringing order out of chaos, beauty out of ugliness, incorruption out of corruption? Does not the fragrant flower spring up and grow out of the foul and noisome dunghill? It has been said that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health. Our faculties are not perfectly developed until we can look upon a worm with

the same wondering eye that we do upon a man. Nature is not just; she knows nothing about morality, or what is right or what is wrong. Both the animate and inanimate world are built up on the law of sacrifice. One species of animals has had to die so that a higher type might live. One order of plant and vegetable life has given way to make room for others. Every animal and plant has its parasite. Whatever benefits mankind comes through sacrifice. It is the law of life. "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built; and at the birth of a star there is pain."

Every event is eternal. There is no past, no future; all is present. Divisions of time and space are of human invention. Much that we call instinctive in man comes from habit, education and environment.

To get a broad view of mankind we must read all history, study all peoples, times and conditions. Many things that we have been taught were of divine origin, or miraculous origin, are nothing but natural evolution—living history and experience. In proportion as knowledge increases, miracles diminish. The story of Moses being rescued in the basket of bulrushes; the story of the deluge; the incident of Aaron turning the rod into a serpent; the immaculate conception, are all echoes of similar facts that have floated down the stream of time in the current of tradition.

All theories must finally stand or fall on the verdict of science. The mind of man will in time figure out much that is now deemed supernatural. Abraham Lincoln was as divinely sent into the world as Jesus Christ, and had as important a mission. Today the spirit of his life is being felt in every part of the globe. Some men's fame increases with age, others diminish. The preface of a book is always written last. Mozart, the great musical composer, was buried in an unknown and unmarked grave, but later on, eulogies have been pronounced to his memory, and monuments erected and societies named in his honor. Ruskin is quoted as saying that "a house is not in its prime until it is five hundred years old."

Time adds luster to great characters, and blots out the small ones. The judges who condemned Socrates are unknown. Few men can tell the name of the judge before whom John Brown was tried, yet the name of Socrates has come down through all the ages, and the name of John Brown will be known until the word liberty shall perish. Time is the crucible through which all characters, opinions and doctrines must pass. Contemporaneous events are but little noted. The panorama of life moves swiftly. We only get a glimpse of a picture before it is gone and others take the place in too rapid succession for us to fully comprehend the meaning.

The biography of a great man cannot be properly written until he has been dead a thousand years. To get a correct view of history it has to be seen over a large field. We are utterly incompetent to justly estimate the present. The critic is bounded by his horizon. He judges the world from one particular standpoint. Outside of his environment his calculation is worthless. It is impossible to deeply sympathize with a person we have never seen, or with a situation we have never experienced.

Has vice any knowledge of virtue, coarseness of refinement, ignorance of learning? Does the miser know any of the enjoyments of the spendthrift? There is no affinity between any of the two conditions. The dividing line is marked and distinct—each living and moving in a different sphere. Sight is not light. But "all of us are playing some part in the production of life's harmony." Buzzards and vultures act as scavengers on the land; sharks and dogfish act as scavengers of the sea. There is nothing more useful than a mangel. We are the world is a great machine shop. Every force, power, passion and created thing-forms a necessary part in its complex machinery. Who is prepared to say that a single individual or a life could be spared to the universe of God? All things somewhere have their utility. The spider's web is common or empty. To him the meanest life may come freighted with tragedy, with pathos, with beauty.

It all depends upon the soul that surveys. The discerning man sees the great in the little, the uncommon in the commonplace, the abiding in the fugitive. To Kate a moldering urn calls up an hour of buried Hellas to live in immortality in the memory of man. To Blake a fly upon a leaf touches him with kindly sympathy and sends upon his heart a vision of the oneness and the wonder of all life. To Lowell the aimless chattering of a goldfish in a globe calls forth a lyric scripture on the meaning and mystery of existence."

HENRY MORRISON TEFFT, Norwich, N. Y.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1907.

## WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. 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 perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

## AN ENTIRELY NEW DEAL.

The POSTAGE on papers has been increased to all the British possessions on this continent. On a single paper we are compelled to pay ONE CENT each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid the pound rates—a mere trifle. Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

## A Close Resemblance.

There is a close resemblance between the claims and Christians. The former seclude themselves in their shells, and when approached every avenue to their interior is closed, and thus remains so long as the intrusion lasts.

The Christian, when approached with facts, shows the fallacy of his creed by imitating a clam. He shuts his eyes and ears to truth, will not listen to reason, but contracts his shell more closely. The priests do the thinking for Catholics, and laymen must follow their direction under threats of excommunication and damnation if they disobey. Certain books are prohibited from being read by the Pope, while ignorance on scientific subjects seem enjoined on every communicant. Protestants have no index prohibitions, but the works of the world's great thinkers are as effectually excluded from many Protestant libraries and from being read as is accomplished by the positive Catholic prohibition.

Says Dr. Inman, in his "Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism": "The greatest curse to a nation is not a bad religion, but a form of faith which prevents manly inquiry."

## Without Authentic History.

The Encyclopedia Britannica, article Israel, p. 431, Vol. 13, says of the Historical Sources of information relating to the Jews:

"For all that precedes the time of Alexander [B. C. 356-323] the Old Testament is the only native authority. Among the foreign sources, besides the stone of Mesha, the Assyrian inscriptions held the first rank; for the chronology they are of decisive importance. The Egyptian inscriptions on the other hand are of slight value."

The inscriptions on the stone of Mesha are clearly a comparatively modern Christian forgery, as are the productions of Jerome, Eusebius and Josephus. The coins, every one of them pretending to be genuine, other than those issued by the Maccabees, have been proved to be fictitious, and modern.

And that Old Testament history of the Jews proves to have been principally copies of Babylonian records, adapted to the Jews.

## A Grand Project.

The Evangelical General Conference, late in session in Milwaukee, took steps toward forming a union of all evangelical and unevangelical churches. It is proposed to rope all Christian denominations together for the upbuilding of the faith, and of course, with the hope of crushing all opposition. The latter is probably the main object of the movement. It looks to us like an attempt to group the thought of the barbaric past into one mighty mass to crush the expanding knowledge of the wonderful present.

## Antiquity of the Cross.

"The devout Christian believes all who venerate the Cross may hope for a happy eternity, without ever dreaming that the sign of his faith is as ancient as Homeric Troy [900 years before our era], and was used by the Phenicians probably before the Jews had any existence as a people."—Inman on Christian Symbolism.

The will of man is by his reason swayed.—Shakespeare.

## HON. ABRAM H. DAILEY.

This distinguished Spiritualist, author and lawyer, passed to spirit life a few days ago. Full particulars will be given next week.

## A Great Man to the Front.

Great men, leaders of the people and of great achievements, have been common to all ages. We must not think that Paine with his pen, Washington with his sword, or Lincoln with his emancipation proclamation, are the principal men to be honored for noble deeds; but wherever we trace the footsteps of the race we find heroes whose fame is preserved in story and in song, and are all worthy of endless preservation. There was Leonidas, at the head of the brave three hundred, who defended the narrow pass at Thermopylae against the Persians, whose memory will survive while worthy actions are glorified. And there were persons in private life whose deeds have been long forgotten, were they known would be equally deserving of remembrance with the most renowned.

But recalling a Wellington, a Napoleon, a Caesar, and many others whose names are covered all over with glory, there is one that rises superior to all. There is no fiction associated with his wondrous doings. The Holy Scriptures inspired by God, and many suppose written by his fingers, tell the story; while priest and prelate join in rivalry in harrating the event, each laboring to excel in wordy description, and in vain attempt to magnify that which was already too magnificent to be properly understood by the most advanced of mortals.

The honest, conscientious inquirer will find a recital of the event in chapter ten of Joshua. Now Joshua was the son of Nun. He succeeded Moses as leader of Israel. Don't confound the name Nun with the word none, and imagine Joshua merely "grewed," like Topsy, in a romancer's brain. Joshua succeeded to Moses who mouthed the will of the Lord, otherwise Jehovah, the tribal god of the Jews. Joshua acquired great fame at the siege of Jericho; for he led that noble band who seven times marched around that walled city; then all shouted, with an immense shout, and seven priests with ram's horns blew a tremendous blast, when the walls of the city fell flat, then the assailants marched in, and slaughtered all, men, women, young and old, ox, sheep and ass, leaving nothing alive save Rahab, the harlot, and her father's household.

Well, this Joshua became involved in a war with five kings. He met their forces at Gibeon, a great city, whose people the inspired penman says, were mighty. The opposing armies met in mortal combat, the Lord fighting with Joshua, and promising victory. The enemy was discomfited with great slaughter; but, sad to relate, while the enemy was in retreat, the Lord showering hailstones, and Israel killing with the sword, it was discovered the sun was in its decline, and the slaughter was far from complete. It was then, on the plains of Gibeon, the great armies still in deadly strife, when Joshua, with more blood in his eye, took in the situation. After a brief speech to the Lord, our hero turned his attention aloft, and in the commanding tones of a conqueror, in the sight of all Israel, he addressed the great orb of day, saying:

"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon."

Whether it was love or fear that influenced those great luminaries the historians failed to tell.

Had the incident occurred in these modern times, and an army chaplain acting in the premises, he would have asked the Lord to hold the sun and the moon in their course; but Joshua, with a stronger arm and greater faith, addressed his command to the sun and moon direct, and they stood still for about a day, and allowed the killing to go on.

The five kings fled into a cave, while the conqueror rolled great stones into its mouth and barred their escape, until the strife was over. Then he brought out the kings, trampled on their necks, smote and slew them, and hanged them on five trees.

No other person in all the history of the race, has had the ability to arrest a planet in its movement; and the meteors in their flight, trifling as they are, will not change their course at the request of any one. Phaeton, in classic story, gained permission to guide the chariot of the sun for one day. No sooner had he grasped the reins than the flame-breathing steeds sprang forward, conscious a new hand was in charge; they took a new course, and all would have been consumed, but Zeus launched his thunder, and hurled the terrified rider from his seat, and he was finally changed into a swan. And then we have the case of the comet in the 16th century, was it? That was rushing earthward. The Pope graciously arrested it, and commanded it to depart, and it obeyed him, all of which good Catholics believe; but the good Joshua stands alone in stopping the sun in its course, and he shall have all the honor for performing that wonderful miracle, an infinitely greater task than that of Moses in temporarily opening a highway through the Red Sea.

## The will of man is by his reason swayed.—Shakespeare.

## Bible Spiritualism.

They who want Bible Spiritualism will consult 2 Kings 6:8, to sequel. The king of Syria warred on ancient Israel. He was informed that Elisha, the prophet, told the king of Israel the words he spoke in his own bed chamber. Convinced that Elisha possessed such power he determined to gain control of his person. Learning the prophet was in Dothan he sent horses, chariots and a great host to capture him.

When Elisha's servant arose early in the morning he saw they were surrounded by the Syrian army. With great alarm he reported to his master, and inquired: "What shall we do?" Elisha replied:

"Fear not; for they who are with us are more than are with them." The servant's eyes were opened in consequence of a special prayer by Elisha to the Lord, and he saw the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire, completely surrounding the man of God. The Lord came to Elisha's relief in answer to prayer, and smote the Syrian forces with blindness.

The reader should be informed at this point that in those times the Lord always fought with his friends. He has changed his tactics—it seems so at least—in modern times he gives victory to the strongest battalions, provided they are well equipped. Then a little lie on the part of Elisha, which the Lord must have winked at: Though the enemy was in Dothan, yet Elisha told them—we quote his very words as recorded by inerrant wisdom: "This is not the way to the city. Follow me, and I will bring you to the man ye seek." Instead he led them to Samaria.

It matters not by whom or when the book of Kings was written, so far as our present purpose is concerned, it shows that what is now called clairvoyance was then in vogue, believed in and practiced. The larger host with Elisha was not seen by the servant until his abnormal vision was given him.

It is to be regretted that the writer of this narration, even if it is wholly fictitious, had not a better conception of ethics, than to make a "prophet of the Lord" guilty of practicing a falsehood, and at the same time complicating the Lord in his lie. It is true the sin of deceit was a very common occurrence with the patriarchs, whose characters are presented as worthy of emulation; but it is difficult for a people to rise above their ideals.

## Noble Experiences.

Wrote Ernest Renan the learned French scholar and author:—

"In childhood and early youth I tasted the purest joys of the believer, and from the bottom of my soul I say those joys were naught compared with those I feel in the pure contemplation of the beautiful and the impassioned pursuit of the true. I wish for all my brothers who have remained orthodox, a peace comparable to that in which I live since my struggles came to an end and the lulled tempest left me in the midst of a great, still ocean, a sea without billows and without shoals, where there is no other star than reason, and no other compass than one's own heart."

Brave words, worthy the great mind who wrote them. Renan had traveled in the holy land, and become fully conscious of the great truths preterit had woven around the beginnings of Christianity. He saw with his own eyes the devices still employed to sustain the ancient falsehoods. He broke away from all creeds, and wrote his own views of what he knew and thought.

If unbelief gave Renan such joy, how much greater his pleasure had he lived a generation later, and become familiar with the evidences, now incontrovertible, that there is no death, no sleep in the cold grave, no general judgment, and that no belief in an imaginary demi-god is required to save an immortal soul from eternal tortures, of which those of the infernal "holy inquisition" were but rude imitations.

## A Good Story.

The Woman's National Daily tells this good story:

A member of the Illinois legislature had allowed a session to near its close without making a motion. He was anxious to do something to let his constituents know he was not asleep. He communicated to a fellow member his desire, and was advised to move the appointment of a committee to revise the twentieth chapter of Exodus. He was instructed to prepare a brief speech in support of his motion. The ambitious member watched his opportunity, made his motion, urged the necessity of the revision of the chapter to bring it up to these advancing times. Says the Woman's National:

"He had hardly begun when the house was in an uproar. He took it for enthusiastic approbation, and plunged ahead fairly tearing a passion. All the ardor of his school boy days came back to him, and he was exhausted with his own oratory, and in a profuse perspiration he dropped into his seat. It was a grand effort. In a glow of self-approval he wiped his brow and whispered to his fellow member: "By the way, what is the twentieth chapter of Exodus, anyhow?"

That is the chapter containing the ten commandments. They need revising.

The idle man is the devil's cushion.—Bishop Hall.

## SOME N. S. A. AFFAIRS.

All is moving well at this office. The work is active, and the public interest is encouraging. The financial theme needs to have more activity, for success depends upon ability to achieve; and money is the basis of all accomplishment.

The need to assist worthy mediums is becoming more and more necessary. Hence, as that fund is having steady drains, the convention asked for:

## A Gratitude Day Testimonial.

To that end I made the authorized call for a public collection and prayer devotion to be made on SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, next. That call has been published for November 20, which is an error. Remember, the date set is November 24th. Let all true Spiritualists make that truly a day of gratitude to mediums for their labors of love to us all.

## Endowment Fund.

This fund has had splendid help by the munificent gift of \$2,000 by Mr. and Mrs. A. Sanders, of Elvira, Ohio. The N. S. A. thanks to this worthy couple, and gives by the convention, an has been supplemented by the Official Board's appreciation. I add my own and that of the former secretary, as personal tributes to such liberality. May others do likewise, is surely a hope of all who want to see Spiritualism make progress toward greater public utility.

## Collectors of Funds.

No collectors of money for the Endowment Fund, or any other fund of the N. S. A., are as yet appointed. If such should be appointed, they will have proper credentials, under the N. S. A. seal and official signatures. It is important to know for all donations should be made direct to this office, or with positive surety to a person whom you know to be trustworthy, and who will agree to produce a N. S. A. receipt. All donations coming to this office will be re-credited for.

## General Fund.

This is an important fund to contribute to, for it is the only working fund for the N. S. A. Do not forget this and fail to assist our working power. Help NOW, for the N. S. A. has immediate need.

## FRANCIS W. KATES,

Secretary N. S. A.  
600 Penna. Ave., S. E.  
Washington, D. C.

## THE TEMPLE FUND SOCIETY.

Having been re-elected as president of the Temple Fund Society, previous to being elected secretary of the N. S. A., which latter position will conflict with giving much attention to the Temple Fund Society effort, I must ask that the associates on that society's board of officers will give their special activity to its enterprise.

The development of a Temple fund is very dear to my desire, and I have entertained hopes that I should be able to see its growth and usefulness. There are so many enterprises in the public cause of Spiritualism that each of these will have only a portion of the help that so many desire to give. Great and momentous affairs require that we rally to the public support of the N. S. A. and each of its auxiliary affairs. The whole cause depends upon the support of its units. No more worthy enterprise for public good is instituted than the effort to gain edifices for the Spiritualists to hold meetings therein, and have a home center. To that end I trust that the Temple Fund Society will have some support this year, and that the N. S. A. will not interfere with prosecution of said society, for the vice-president and secretary, especially, will take up the activities that otherwise I should have made.

All who can; will aid this fund by becoming personal members, the fee of which is one dollar per annum. For the purpose of footstep, the book for liberal donations to make a fund now needed to assist in temple or edifice extension.

Address Mrs. Carrie H. Mong, secretary, 415 S. Franklin street, Muncie, Ind. Fraternally,

GEORGE W. KATES, President.

## A CORRECTION.

To the Editor:—I write to state that I am not Mrs. Julia Josselyn, with a guide "Nettie." That lady, after a residence of five years, moved from the city nearly two years ago.

She was quite well known at that time in all the societies here. I have lived here much longer, and am a distinctly different individual, known by the majority of the workers. No wonder people retire within themselves, fail to stand up to be counted, or say a word in defense of truth when to do so places them, or is liable to such a light on such a light on my humble effort has me, namely, that I falsified in my statements. The Mrs. Josselyn that your correspondent refers to, did sit in Mrs. Fuller's class, did have a guide named Nettie, and may have received him at her home for aught I know; but I never sat in the class. I was not so unfortunate.

MRS. EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

## CAN I FORGET?

Can Summer's sky grow dark and cold?  
Can azure blue turn into gold?  
And rivers cease their endless flow?  
The sun or lose its wondrous glow?  
Can ocean waves grow calm in rest,  
And pulsing life in Nature's breast  
Forget its stir and nature's own?

If this can be,  
Perhaps when I am older grown  
I may forget.

Perhaps when twilight turns into day,  
When all life shows another way,  
When all the birds forget to sing,  
When memory's bee has lost its sting,  
And in man's heart no serpent dwells,  
That Love the old true story tells—  
Perhaps when all this comes to pass,  
My hands crossed on my breast at last—  
If death ends all  
I may forget.

GEORGIA GLADYS COOLEY.

Much of the religion to-day is only respect for the religion of the past—Investigator.

## Review of N. S. A. Convention.

Interesting Particulars With Reference to Same, by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader.

From the north, south, east and west gathered the delegates to the Convention just passed into history. From the Pacific slope to the Atlantic coast, from the lakes of the north to the Gulf stream they came to do honor to the cause of organization. It was a memorable gathering of representative men and women, seeking to evolve a better and stronger National body.

What was impressed upon the on-looker was the determination on the part of the delegates to legislate the business before them and not throw the burden of it upon the incoming Board of Trustees as has been the case in former years. For this reason much practical work was accomplished. It is to be regretted that a full account of the actual work done cannot be published, as in former years, owing to the fact that the Board of Trustees, from methods of economy, no doubt, has done away with the office of Assistant Secretary, to the convention, who used to furnish the reporters of the Spiritualist Press with a concise account of the Convention, and thus create interest in the National body through the Spiritualist papers. We hope that this want will be supplied another year. Now the only copy of the proceedings is at National Headquarters, and the Spiritualists generally know little of the important matters that came up before the delegates at session.

Among the many were the Temple Fund Society, the Morris Pratt Institute, The Mediums Pension Fund, which ought to be re-named the "Gratitude Fund," The Endowment Fund, The Lyceum Fund, The Local and State Societies and Missionary field. These and kindred matters claimed the earnest attention of the delegates for five days, while the evening sessions were replete with good things both phenomenal and philosophical. Those who were convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, listened to the old, old story with grateful hearts, while those to whom the truth had not become a reality listened earnestly and to many came a new hope, that what they might be true.

That this convention was different from any other was at the outset felt by everyone familiar with other Conventions. The bodily presence of the big-hearted, whole-souled Theodore J. Mayer, our late Treasurer, was missed by everyone who had known him, and he was spoken of as a missing link in the remembrance before the session closed. Then again the announcement that President Barrett would not again be a candidate for office, as well as the knowledge that Mrs. Longley would no longer act as Secretary, brought about a condition to be met only by careful consideration on the part of the delegates. It is no easy task to fill acceptably the place held by Harrison D. Barrett since 1893. Then organization had few friends. The Spiritualist Press teemed with articles as to why "Spiritualists should not organize," and its opponents were the vast majority. At the close of the first year's labors, the report showed only \$88.60 in the treasury. At the Convention, the report showed a cash balance of over \$12,000 and property value of at least \$25,000, the greater part of which is due to the munificence of Mr. Mayer.

What is due to Mr. Mayer as a financial benefactor is due also to the faithful work of Mr. Barrett, who in the early days struggled to gain for the N. S. A. by his arduous labors, and now when he has retired from his post of duty, to take up the pen of the Historian, he can look back with pride to what was accomplished while he was at the helm.

As Historian, a grave responsibility is placed upon his shoulders, and he must be able to fill acceptably the place held by Emma Hardinge Britten, and the Convention was unanimous in voting that Harrison Barrett stood alone at the present time, as the one best fitted for the honorable position.

Mrs. Mary T. Longley had filled her place so acceptably, that at first the delegates could not be persuaded that they must choose a successor. Every one had a good wish for her. Both in her official and personal capacity she had endeared herself to all, and her determination to not be a candidate was hailed with regret.

The election of Dr. George B. Warner as President was a fitting recognition of his services in other departments of Spiritualism. As President of the Morris Pratt Institute, President of the Illinois State Association, and as official sealer in the Crumbaugh Will Case and the Goff Will Case, as well as in the legislature when it was necessary, and other places too numerous to mention, the delegates felt the importance of honoring him with the greatest office within their gift. A personal friend of Mr. Barrett, with whom he always worked in harmony, we look for great results.

The election of Mr. George W. Kates to the important office of Secretary brings to that office by no means an untrained Spiritualist. For organization always, as a former member of the Board of Trustees, and as a missionary for the N. S. A. there can be no doubt in the minds of any one that he is a worthy successor of Mrs. Longley. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kates are well known to all Spiritualists, as earnest workers. In the election of Dr. Warner and Mr. Kates the delegates felt they chose wisely.

Those interested in the Lyceum movement, will be pleased to know it had more than the usual attention. It was given a side issue. This year the Lyceum Committee created unusual interest through its recommendations, and the delegates unanimously voted to have published a Lyceum Lesson Sheet, issued by the N. S. A. for distribution among the Lyceums. Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader and Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle were elected by the Board of Trustees as Editorial Committee to take charge of this work in accordance with a resolution passed by the convention. Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss was elected National Superintendent, and \$100 was appropriated for Lyceum expenses outside the Lesson Sheet.

to its requirements? It certainly is due to negligence. Not a delegate was present, who could not have acquainted himself or herself with what was required of each auxiliary society before being entitled to a seat on the floor. And it is certainly a matter of duty for each society to know to what it is pledged before sending a delegate to the Convention.

Yet strange as it may seem, there is scarcely an auxiliary society that complies strictly with the Constitutional requirements. A representative of one of the strongest auxiliaries, a man noted for his devotion to organization, and his practical work in every way, put himself on record as against the adoption of a By-Law, because it required a report to be sent into the N. S. A. If the auxiliaries do not feel that it is one of their privileges as well as their duty to send in a report of the work accomplished each year, how can the N. S. A. be what it was organized for? viz. The objects of said Association, shall be the organization of the various Spiritualist societies of the United States into one general association, for the purpose of mutual aid and co-operation in benevolent, charitable, educational, literary, musical, scientific, religious and missionary purposes, and enterprises germane to the phenomena, science, philosophy, and religion of Spiritualism.

It is the duty of every society to send in a report, and it should be a pleasure to have on file at the headquarters both of the N. S. A. a complete statement of what was accomplished during the year for the information of the Board of Trustees, who by this means are kept in intelligent touch with the progress and needs of their constituents.

If the rules of the N. S. A. are not right, make them right. They should be lived up to or abolished.

An amendment was voted down to alter the terms of the Trustees of the N. S. A. with the intention of finally making them four years each. This is not feasible as long as there are salaried officers. Should a salaried officer be elected for a term of years, it would create a contract for which the N. S. A. would be liable, and if the officer was found inefficient, the difficulty would be to remove him or her. A way has been suggested to overcome this difficulty; viz: to elect the officers each year, and elect the five trustees for two years each, when they would not be eligible for reelection until several years had elapsed. In this way there would be some changes every year, and it would do away with much of the feeling on the part of those who were removed.

Everyone seems to feel that Mr. Grimshaw should have been re-elected. He has done valuable service for Spiritualism and will continue to do it even when he is no longer a member of the official Board.

Last, but not least, the evil effects of the proxy system seem to have taken hold of the thinking delegates. Mr. Maxwell is credited with blazing the way for their abhorrence. That they cannot be absolutely done away with at this time is certain, but they can be regulated. No one should serve as a proxy who lives within a certain radius of the place of holding the Convention, say two hundred miles. That will do away with the local element, and it is certain to prevent much discontent on the part of far-away societies who feel they have no voice in the Convention. Those who come from a distance and who are recognized workers in Spiritualism who could act for far-away societies, as the needs of Spiritualism are the same everywhere, but the filling up of proxies by local Spiritualists is to be deplored.

The need of uniform music books for the Spiritualists was taken up, and a committee was appointed. Solomon Dill, and Mr. G. Tabor Thompson are members of it. Mrs. Longley presented several hundred copies of Mr. Longley's song books to the N. S. A. So we hope to accomplish something this year. It is near time for the Spiritualists to stop singing the songs which interpret their religious teachings we have grown away from, and in their place substitute songs which will give expression to our knowledge of spirit communion. The soulful rendering of "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," by C. Payson Longley will do more to bring Spiritualism into the hearts of the people than will a thousand renderings of "Hold the Fort."

The Spiritualists at large can congratulate themselves on the personnel if the new Board. Everyone will strengthen the chain of organization. Mr. Schirm, with his legal ability, Miss Harlow, with her splendid poise and sound judgment, Mr. Ely, the official stenographer, Mr. Maxwell, the war horse of the west; Mr. Stevens, the financier; Mr. Belden, who unites the Atlantic and the Pacific with our dear Mrs. Longley, headed by the Illinois statesman, George B. Warner, and not forgetting the Historian, Harrison D. Barrett, nor Mr. George W. Kates, the one-time N. S. A. Missionary, are all representative Spiritualists, and if organization does not take forward strides this year, it will be no fault of the members of the Official Board, but of those who withhold their co-operation.

M. E. CADWALLADER.

## Pension Fund Gratitude Day.

I am glad that my first official appeal, in communication, to the Spiritualists of the United States in the interest of the Pension Fund, that is of such great importance to the cause of all of us love so well. Our indigent mediums must not be permitted to suffer. The noble-hearted donor, Bro. Mayer, has given it a perpetual help that will partly sustain the present pensioners, but the fund is now so exhausted that there will soon be an impossibility to help these needy ones in a material manner, unless there is an immediate increase of Trustees has instructed me to make a call to all auxiliary societies of the N. S. A., and all other societies of Spiritualists, and persons, to take a public collection and solicit personal contributions, on the LAST SUNDAY OF NOVEMBER.

Each society and person can make that day a memorable one for the

cause of Spiritualism by a generous response. Please remember that it is desired to make

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1907, A DAY OF GRATITUDE TO THE SPIRITS AND THEIR MEDIUMS FOR THEIR HELP AND COMFORT TO HUMANITY.

If you feel that the new officers of the N. S. A. should be encouraged in their earnest efforts that they shall make for the cause of Spiritualism, then respond to this needed call, and show that you are willing to join hands in CREATING A NEW ERA FOR OUR MUTUAL CAUSE.

Make all remittances to the N. S. A. office, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Fraternally,

GEORGE W. KATES, Sec'y.

Genius always gives its best first; prudence at last.—Lavater.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more.—Goethe.



# How Many Religions Are There?

Discourse by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Oct. 13, 1907.

This question was asked by a friend who had been interested in the parliament, or congress, of religions. "There are gods many and lords many," but there is only one Eternal Ruler.

We have said to the Congress of Religions, and to the New Thought people, and to the Spiritualists, and to a great many people: There are many kinds of BELIEFS, but there is only one RELIGION. We do not mean by this that it is labeled by any special name; but whenever and wherever RELIGION is found, it is always the same. Theologians there are without number. If you visit China you will find tomes centuries old, many more thousands of years old than the Moslem record says that the earth has been in existence, and they are actual historical records and sacred volumes dating back more than one hundred thousand years. If you accompany any of the exploring expeditions that are dismantling the ancient cities of Egypt and other portions of the East, you will find strata upon strata of civilizations, temple upon temple of religions, so called, every one of them dedicated to the especial god or special deities of that particular age of worship. If you visit some portions of England and Scotland to-day you will find remains of ancient Druidic temples, built upon by the Normans and Saxons, temples built by the Roman Catholics and dismantled by Cromwell and rebuilt by the Protestants. If you go to Central America and to some of those interesting places now being excavated in Mexico, you will find that thousands of years before the present growth of vegetation there were cities, and these cities have temples, and in these temples there was some form of worship, and the name was sacred to which they bowed in worship.

If you go to the sources of the river Nile you will find in the most ancient regions of the earth religion has its origin far up on the mountains, for wherever rivers run, men follow the course of rivers, and they worship the sources of waters because they were productive of beauty and bring forth the vegetation. If you travel along the mysterious seas that lead to the sources of human history you will find, overlaying one another, all the wonders of each succeeding form of worship and human belief.

Religion is not, as many secularists and materialists will say, the result of human fear or human instruction. Some one must have had the first idea of God, and that idea must have sprung from some great INWARD KNOWLEDGE of Deity. Some one must have been inspired for the first time to speak the perfect name of Truth, whatever it is. However broken in fragments, by whatever names the different deities have been called, however many tutelary divinities there are, we find in the world five great primal religions. We find that one has its sources originally far down in ancient Egypt; long before the religion of Osiris and Isis there were veiled images of tutelary and other deities; before the three-fold Isis, Osiris and Horus we find One Great Primal Name veiled or buried in the sanctuary of ancient Egyptian lore, and the Kabalistic symbol is the sphere with its wings of light being invulnerable and unmeasurable, being Infinite, but resolved into the original meaning that Deity is OM. We find far back of all that is known in India of the modern Buddhists, the modern Brahmins, that the ancient Vedantic religion first expressed in the Vedas, has been more or less handed down to every succeeding Hindoo religion.

The great primal religion of India has a deity that is formless, that is immaterial, that has no attributes of time and sense, but must be broken to the understanding of man. So, being broken to the understanding of man, the great Brahminical religion itself is born of the Vedantic religion, and the name of the deity is Brahman. Brahman is not material. Brahman has no temples, forms or offices of worship. Brahman issues no commandments. Brahman is infinite life; but for the comprehension of man there is BRAHMA, the good; VISHNU, the preserver, and SIVA, the destroyer, meaning that these three-fold powers in Nature prevail as the expression of infinite purpose and law. The Buddhas are the visible expression of Vishnu, who come to preserve and bear forward the great records of this supreme love, and make it adaptable to human needs. So out of the great Hindoo religion has sprung all those wonderful marvels of that transcendental spiritual worship that has prevailed in the Orient. And this deity, Brahman, not Brahma, is also traceable to the same root of ancient language, to that OM—All.

Whether you go to Persia, and whether you worship at the shrine of Ormuzd and Ahrimanes—where it is said they still worship those flames of fire that are symbols of the living light of the soul—you will find there the inspiration of this wonderful lore; you will find there the supreme good of which Ormuzd is the manifest spirit, and the disintegration of which Ahrimanes is the manifest spirit. But the great, unspeakable name, like that of Egypt, is only known in the Silence of the Temple, and that is the Silence of the Soul. Perhaps the Persian (i. e., the Parsee) form of worship has passed through fewer changes than any other of the so-called religions in the world, since even to-day there is the same simplicity of worship; the fact that the flame of fire symbolizes the aspiration of the soul that goes out to meet the Infinite Love. Unquestionably the Magians, who came, knowing the child Jesus was to be, were from the Persian "wise men of the East."

If you go to China you will not find any national religion especially; you will find part Brahminism, part Buddhism, a part that is traceable to the ancient Vedic religion, and a great deal of philosophy, because the Chinese nation has been so long in existence, and its records are so numerous and it has the scholarship of all past ages, so that one form of religion has not crystallized above it, around it or through it. Therefore it is simply Orientalism modified by all these different forms; Confucianism is a compilation of all.

More ancient still, that which has at the present time no record upon the earth, and which must have been born in those past ages that are now obscured because of the intervening glacial periods of destruction, in former civilization was that which symbolized itself in the form of worship of the primal elements—earth, air, fire and water. The Rosicrucians restored somewhat the secrets of that worship. But the ancient Hermetic mysteries and rites were held in the caves and in their secret and sacred revelations that are supposed to be the foundations of religion, and that was simply the response of all life to the great Infinite Life of the universe; not "Pantheism," exactly, in its modern interpretation, but the immanence of Infinite Life as manifested in these four "primal" elements of Nature.

But whether there be deities or whether there be names of deities, the essential substance of all these things is the same. It is true the symbol may be carved differently. It may take the form of an egg, the

universal ovum, or it may take the form of the wings of the dove, overbrooding life, or the sphere upon which the "great" power of the Infinite Life breathed, nevertheless the traditions, terminate in the same idea, and the name of the great Father-Mother of the universe is at the foundation of the primal roots of all language concerning the Infinite. This Infinite Oneness, this Power of Life, this Love and Wisdom, constitute the primal source of all religious beliefs.

True religion has ever been defined as being the same: The love of God and the love of humanity; the doing of good to mankind and that worship, which goes spontaneously from the human soul unto the Infinite. The reason that this is broken into so many fragments of forms of beliefs is owing to the imperfect conditions of the human race and to the needs of humanity. It is not possible for all people in their states of infancy of expression to conceive of the Infinite Presence. It is not possible for all people to realize that worship means the aspiration toward the Infinite, keeping the bodily temple pure and doing good to humanity. It is not possible for all people to go on from day to day without being bolstered up by smaller conceptions of the deity.

Tutelary deities are nothing more or less than guardian spirits and angels, who were known or were appointed to have charge of human lives, just as many of you think they do to-day. The guardian spirits of Modern Spiritualism, the guardian angels of the Roman Catholic church and the Protestant church, or the various Divas and deities of oriental philosophies and forms of religion are none other than those spiritual assistants who, because of human needs, minister to and assist in the daily conditions of human life. Therefore when in Egypt almost every act of daily life was a part of their worship. If you performed your morning ablutions at the river side, the deity that watches the streams has charge of you as much as when you sow your seed you are under the charge of the goddess of the harvest, Ceres; and when you plant your vineyard, then there is also a divinity there, or if you are doing any particular thing, those ancients would ascribe to these deities, these gods or guides, an especial ministering power in that direction. This is not very different and a great deal more reasonable than calling upon the Infinite God to do all these things in person. Because, if there are ministering intelligences, as all forms of religion teach, and as you help one another here, why should you not call upon these intelligences to help you? Why should they not help each other? With all this great universal helpfulness of these tutelary deities they were not regarded as objects of WORSHIP superseding the Infinite, but rather attendant ministrants to whom daily recognition and daily petitions were given for the daily needs.

Of course out of ancient Babylon came all the knowledge that up to that time was known in the world, and, according to the Jews, all the sinfulness. We have not touched that Jewish theology or religion, which is a compilation or continuation of the Egyptian and other oriental countries combined, mostly Egyptian. We think a large proportion of the Jewish theology was taken from the temples of Egypt. Moses and Aaron were both educated in those temples. Aaron in the more external sense and Moses in the inner sense before they went "up out of Egypt." The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was measurably forgotten, belonging to a still more remote period, and more allied to the religion of the then past. But traces of this Egyptian religion fastened itself upon the Jewish temples. Their one symbol in "the Holy of Holies" is that wonderful, mathematical, Kabalistic and Masonic symbol, the six-pointed star, which means a thousand times more than any Mason knows anything about; a thousand times more than the present Jews know anything about. But whatever it does mean in the Jewish synagogue, it means a thousand times more in the Egyptian temples. This symbol has been handed down from Judea into Christendom; it is the very key-stone, the key-note mathematically of all that was known concerning science and religion.

Every point in the six-pointed star has a Kabalistic name and meaning, and, as a whole, the figure is the Kabalistic solution of the Infinite Circle or OM. To-day if you ask any Freemason what it means, he could only tell you in a very broken way—even if you are a Mason. But if he knew that it remains forever the most secret and sacred symbol in the temples of Egypt, that it was the symbol of the innermost knowledge of the earth and the heavens, that it was the symbol of the Infinite as that Infinite meets the finite, as it was, also, the key to the solution of all mathematical problems, he would even then only know a fragment of its original meaning.

In these various symbols and traditions, however, there are primal truths that have never changed. As any mathematical figure is as perfect mathematically to-day as when it was discovered, so the truths of this star (the hexagram) in all ideas that it symbolizes are as perfect as when they were discovered. It symbolizes Infinite Love, Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Knowledge blending with that which is finite here upon the earth, and blending, also, with every quality of the mind and spirit of man.

But these symbols are only valuable as expressing the ideal. So when people call the Egyptians and the Parsees and the Brahmins and the Buddhists "pagan" and "heathen," we deny it if the word is used in any sense of opprobrium. It is no more a term or epithet of blame to be a Parsee, a Brahmin, a Buddhist, a Vedanta, than it is to be a Roman Catholic, a Jew, or any of the various Protestant denominations of Christians, for, remember, there are symbols employed in the Christian worship, and if there is any paganism in the worship or employment of symbols, why! it is just as much pagan to worship the symbol of the cross, which is borrowed not only from the Egyptians, but is also an ancient Roman symbol. The worship of a human being is also borrowed from the Orient; and the crown is the symbol of triumph, and is from the Orient—the crown with which Osiris is crowned; the crown of gold. He who walks the earth in trials was said by the ancients to bear the "crown of thorns." So we must not say that these worshippers of other forms of religion are "pagans" and "heathens" while we have these symbols. But we have them properly and justly if they express what we mean.

Language in itself is a symbol. It has grown to meet the demands of the human thought for expression. It has come from the roots of all sounds and symbols that the world has ever known. These characters that your stenographer is writing here are many of them borrowed from the ancient symbols and hieroglyphs of the Egyptian temples. In the various temples or establishments of ancient Egypt you find symbols of various ideas—ideographs, that are the beginning of language. "Then sound takes the place of sight, when words take the place of emblems that are expressive of thoughts

or ideas, you have that which appeals more and more to the mind.

So, when words are known to express ideas, you have perfect warrant for the joining of any new words that will best express your ideas.

The English language to-day is affluent in words for all that which you may wish to express, and he or she who says, "I cannot find words to express my ideas," simply means that there is not a sufficient knowledge of words, or that the ideas are not well formulated. You no longer have to draw crude outlines of a bird, or a fish, or a human being, to express what you mean, either of the changes of the seasons or what shall come to man. If you were out there on the plains you would not know the symbols that the Indians used when they wished to tell that the Comanches are on the warpath, and that the Apaches are hastening to help them destroy. Here is a serpent, that means the Apaches; here is an arrow, that means the warpath, and whatever position these symbols are, the meaning may be interpreted by the one who is skilled in the language of the red man, who used symbols in place of words. These symbols are the remnant of the worship of THINGS.

Things were only worshipped for their use, for their value, save what they meant for ideas. Streams, and trees, and birds and other objects of Nature were valued as symbols of ideas when there was no language. At last there came that which is traced to Memnon, the Egyptian, the wonderful discovery of language, and for which Cadmus, the Greek, went into Egypt to acquire more and came back with other words and letters, all being but methods of expression of thoughts and ideas.

We no more blame people for the symbols that they use for the expression of the deity and the soul, and their ideas of immortality, than we blame you for using (perhaps) crude and imperfect words to express your ideas. When ideas grow there will be better language used by all people. When they shall be concise, when there shall be perfect formation of the thought, there will be no difficulty in forming or expressing or finding language in which to convey that thought. So the power which is in the human spirit of worship and love of God, love of the Infinite may be symbolized in the most perfect form of human speech, when the idea is there and when its formulation is perfect. Yet we do not claim that all that the soul may know concerning God can be expressed in human speech; it does not need to be.

YOUR BELIEF may be what you have been taught, but your religion is your soul's perception of God; that is different. Just as soon as you become aware that your soul-perception is greater than your belief, you outgrow your belief. People change around from one church to another, not because they change their religion, but they are looking for a resting place for their beliefs. We do not blame them, for any form of belief is better than none. The only people in the world that we actually pity are the materialists. Yet, it is a solemn secret that we will declare to you, there are no materialists after all. We do not know of a human being, even those that claim that they do not believe in God; that they do not believe in immortality; that they do not believe in any hereafter, but what at some time or other betray unconsciously to their belief that they are materialists, that they have the utmost confidence in the Infinite. Do they not talk about infinite law? What is infinite law if it is not infinite knowledge, infinite intelligence? When the great agnostic Robert Ingersoll stood by his brother's grave and uttered words that made all the world shed tears, partly of sorrow and partly of joy, did he not say, "We hope to meet again"? What right has a materialist to say that? Was it not his belief that death ended all? But he spoke from his soul, where religion abides. So when a Roman Catholic woman went to a medium, and the medium said there are three children here with you, one named Patrick, one James and one Bridget. "Oh, no," the woman said, "there are only two." But the medium insisted that there were three. Then the woman broke down and burst into tears and said, "Why, I thought Bridget was in hell, because she was not baptized." Her belief told her that the child had gone forever, but the mother-heart recognized the child after all. So this soul of yours—this soul that everyone has, through all these varying beliefs, these theologies that are so insistent and so complicated, that have made people so antagonistic that they frown at each other if they do not believe the same, is a thing that does not pertain to the belief of the mind.

This belief is something that has been taught you. But as said before, religion is deeper than that, or people would not outgrow their beliefs. So, when you look at the Protestant reformation and see in this great movement that it did not outgrow religion, it simply outgrew the form of the church that had, measurably, crowded out religion, and came anew into the enjoyment of that communion with the Father. Then in turn the Protestant church became formulated and persecuted others for opinion's sake, the Dissenters outgrew that; finally Dr. Priestley and the Unitarians outgrew those Dissenters, and the Universalists also came, and at last the liberal churches were all the result of the outgrowing of beliefs. But a great many preachers, in outgrowing the beliefs have forgotten their religion, their souls, and preach just as near nothing as it is possible for people to preach and say nothing. Simply in forgetting creeds, forgetting their beliefs of the past, they have not listened to the voice of the spirit.

Friends, there never was a manifestation of religion in any human life that was not a manifestation of the spirit. There can be no religion unaccompanied by the spirit. So what the spirit needs and craves is an opportunity. What the soul wishes is that this knowledge of God and knowledge of the soul shall more and more pervade the mind, and therefore the life of the individual. That is why mere belief does not satisfy. That is why mere form does not please. But the form of speech and the form of action that springs spontaneously from within the soul causes the manifestation of glorified religion whenever and wherever it may be.

Four pilgrims were crossing a desert. They joined a large caravan of merchants who were also crossing the desert with various treasures for the markets of the world. These pilgrims were going to their various shrines of worship. One was going back to India from whence he had wandered; another was going to Mecca for the sake of the prophet Mahomet; another was journeying

to Jerusalem for the sake of the arisen Christ—who was not in Jerusalem at all; another was going to the ancient shrine of Buddha. All of these met and they discussed their various beliefs. One said his was the only way; another that his was the only way. Then there came a great storm upon the desert; the breath of the simoon was there, and the sand-clouds were steadily approaching. Those who were accustomed to crossing the desert prepared their camels, prepared their goods, prepared all things, that they might be ready in body to meet the storm. When the Mohammedan, the Christian, and the one who was called a Jew, went out to their various places to pray, the guards and guides said: "Come here! There is no safety there, even with your gods." And each one was so awed with fear they all came together and knelt praying behind the barricade, in the place arranged for those who were accustomed to crossing the desert. When at last the storm came there was great terror, and they bowed their heads in the sand. At last the storm was over and there was not much destruction. Then the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist and Christian, all faced one another, and they asked the question inwardly, "Whose god was it who saved us?" Then the light broke through their countenances. Silently they clasped hands, for they said, "Whatever be the NAME we give, it must be the ONE God over us all, or we all would not have been saved."

So the meaning and the name became one. The great solvent of human experience under the great light of crossing the desert of human existence in the storm, under the wonderful stress and strain of material life, is because none are lost. When you at last arrive at the journey's end and the storm is past you, Jew, Gentile, Parsee, Mohammedan, Brahmin, Buddhist, Chinese, and all worshippers beneath the sun, Christians of every denomination, and even the materialist, cross over the borders and say: "It must be one God, or we would not all be here."

## AUTUMN: THE MORNING OF PEACE.

(Impromptu poem given through Mrs. Richmond, the subject being suggested by the audience.)

The fruitage of the year on vine and tree;  
The golden grain already harvested;  
The leaves, splashed here and there with tracery  
Of red and gold, sun-embroidered;

What can be more mellow and golden,  
Or beautiful than the perfect time, so dear,  
When all things have been the best beholden,  
And most beautiful, yielding the harvest for the year?

What time of life can ever better be  
Than when all the passion-arors are hushed and still?  
And when, at last, to make complete, we see  
That which the lines of life must ever will?

You bring your life-fruitage unto God's feet  
And say: "All is Thine—all of the life that was  
mine,  
For thou who has made the springtime and summer  
sweet,  
Hast also made the ripening harvest time."

Now it may be that through neglect or sloth,  
Or weakness, I somewhat have failed to see,  
But whatever life gave 'tis Thine; Thou doth  
Know in what time and place the crown shall be.

Complete and fair, the fruitage ready to hand;  
Or when one finds a welcome over there  
And the great growth of life and love's command,  
If one's hands were ever trained to do their share;

If one's feet willingly have ever trod  
Along the path, or if the heart has gained,  
Though pierced sometimes with thorns, and if the rod  
To make that life more beautiful and fair.

One passes under, leaves something attained;  
There is nothing that will not be used there  
To make that life more beautiful and fair.

Oh, golden autumn sunsets, and wondrous shades  
Of crimson, purple and amethystine clouds!  
Great light of suns that glint down the glades,  
And weave the warp and woof of mist-like shrouds!

What wonder, in life's autumn, if you and I,  
And all, shall in that season see  
The best of life—the glory of earth and sky—  
A portion of God's best command: Life's victory.

That after all the scorn and striving here,  
After the struggle we shall understand,  
That 'tis completeness of His will made clear,  
The glorious ripening for the "Better Land."

We have gleams of the morning sky; we know the  
day is here,  
Though sometimes, after the morning rays have  
shown so clear,  
Dark, threatening clouds arise in the sky,  
Veiling the brightness that was nigh.

Great storms of thunders are whirled afar;  
We know that the day of peace is not far away,  
For we know the rays of the morning star  
Would not mislead us so, unless there were the day

That had come to bless. So do we know  
That the morning's light of the great Day of Peace  
Hath given its gleam. We know that far the glow  
Along the heights of the eastern hills gives release.

The rays have lighted the way of prophets and seers,  
For the fulfillment of that perfect day;  
We bide our time; through the clouds of dark years  
We will see the light shed that lighteth the way.

We know that the gleaming from that blessed home  
Will guide us; that Peace as a shining morn  
Will light the way whence prophete shall come,  
Until at last the full, perfect day will be born.

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# A Day at Lily Dale.

## Most Excellent Results on the Part of an Investigator.

To the Editor:—As an old subscriber may I claim some of your valuable space to relate some experiences I had on the 15th day of August last (1906) at Lily Dale, N. Y. Many of your readers have visited this beautiful spiritualistic camp, or "Spook Town," but the majority have not; and it would well repay all those who can do so. Lily Dale is situated near the western end of the State of New York, fourteen miles south of Dunkirk, which is on Lake Erie. It is some 800 feet above the level of the lake, among and surrounded by shady maples, with a couple of placid pools or mountain lakes in close proximity. The air is cool and bracing, and the hospitality of the campers is charming. There is no religious fanaticism displayed, like I have seen at the old-time camp meetings and other religious gatherings. The visitors to Lily Dale are up-to-date twentieth-century sensible seekers after truth.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are so marvelous that to most minds they are incredible, especially when not personally witnessed; and we hear so much of trickery and fraud that we are inclined to doubt the evidences even of our own senses; but the circumstances under which I received some evidences of life after death on this occasion compel me to believe in the genuineness of Spirit Return.

I arrived at Lily Dale alone on the evening of the 14th of August, from Rochester, N. Y., where I had been visiting a few days, a perfect stranger to the place and people. Early next morning I struck out to make engagements with some of the noted mediums on the grounds. I found the cottage of a trumpet medium. A farmer-like looking gentleman sitting on the piazza informed me she, the medium, was at breakfast at the hotel, a few rods away. I sat down with him and waited her return. He did not ask my name, nor did I tell him who I was or where I came from, and I feel sure there was no way of his knowing. In a few minutes the lady came, and I went into the seance room with her alone, without giving her any information about myself. She asked none—not even my name. A small lamp was burning, the window and door darkened. A trumpet, an aluminum horn about three feet long, five or six inches in diameter at the large end and one-half inch at the small end, was placed upright on the floor in the center of the room. After extinguishing the light the medium sat by my side at the end of the room and placed her hands on my knees, requesting me to put my hands on hers. This may not be called absolute test conditions, but the results cannot be referred to fraud, because I was an absolute stranger in the house. We sat a few minutes, then I heard a child's voice at my knee, apparently saying "Sybil." I asked, "Whose little girl are you?"

"Aunt Etta's."

"Who brought you here?"

"Anna. Tell papa, tell mamma I was here. Tell grandma, and tell Aunt Bella and Aunt Annie. Uncle Sam."

"Tell papa, tell mamma. Good bye, Uncle Sam."

Now, "Sybil" was the name of my sister's little girl who died five years ago at or near the age of five years. Her mother's name is Etta. We all speak of her as "Aunt Etta." The other names given were also correct. The medium was in her normal state and described the person whose name was given as "Annie" so correctly that I had no difficulty in recognizing her as an old school friend and sweetheart, now dead some twenty years or more. The medium said: "Is she your wife? She looks as if she belongs to you?"

After this conversation the horn tapped me on the forehead very lightly. The room was pitch dark, and I don't see how this could have been done so gently by physical hands or persons in the flesh. Then a voice in the horn said: "Hello, Sam. How is Jen and the children?"

"They are well," I replied. "Who are you?"

"Charlie Wamp. How is mother?"

"Oh, she is not very well, Charlie. I guess you will soon have her over there with you."

"I know that," he replied. "How is Bella?"

"She is not very well, either."

"She has been sick a long time, but she will get better," replied the voice in the horn.

Charlie Wamp was a cousin of my wife, and he used to call her Jen, and Bella is my sister, who has been in poor health for a number of years, her first serious illness taking place some time before Charlie died. His manner of speech was so characteristic and life-like as to be almost startling.

Following this conversation I felt something like a breeze passing through my hair, and a cold touch on my forehead, not comparable to anything physical I ever felt, and I saw one or two small red lights near the floor to the right. I asked the medium what they were, and she said they were the lights of spirits trying to manifest to me.

The truth of this statement we may have our opinions about, but these physical phenomena were not like anything produced by ordinary means. Next, the medium said: "There is a man here connected to you, not a relation, who was killed by accident," and a voice in the horn said: "William Wamp. I showed myself in that way so you would know who it was."

"Yes, I know you were killed in a railway accident at Georgetown, Ontario."

"Yes, I never had the pleasure of meeting you in the flesh," the horn said, "but I am pleased to meet you here to-day. Will you tell your wife I had a talk with you?"

"Yes, I will."

"You were with us the other evening in Rochester and wrote a message through my wife's hand?"

"Yes. How does she do?" I asked.

"She gets along well," was the reply.

William Wamp was a favorite uncle of my wife, and he met his death at Georgetown, as has been stated, in 1889. What purported to be he, had come to us in private at our own home, and it was a great satisfaction to me to have him thus identify himself and speak to me so distinctly without being thought of by me, or asked for at this time, through this strange medium.

A voice said, "Sister."

"Yes, I have a sister dead. What is your name?"

"They call me, Lily here."

"Why? Is this the name of my daughter. You were not named before you died?"

"No."

"Did you know I had a name picked out for you?"

"No. What were you going to call me?"

"I was going to call you Ethel."

"I like Lily better," was the reply.

"Do you know what was the cause of your death?"

"Spinal Meningitis."

"I did not know that. Was there any other cause?"

"I had whooping cough, but the meningitis was the cause of my death."

"I suppose you are a fine young lady now?"

"Yes."

"What is your appearance?"

"I am fair."

Well, I remembered my sister, the younger of the family, who died in infancy of whooping cough, as I supposed, twenty-five years ago. She was a beautiful child of fair complexion.

After this the trumpet seemed to be floating near the ceiling from side to side of the room, and voices in it, with a receding, far-away and solemn sound kept saying "Good-by, Good-by." Then suddenly the trumpet struck the floor with a rattling sound, and the seance was ended. The medium arose from my side where she had remained all the time conversing with me, answering questions and speaking to the voices in the horn, opened the door and the trumpet was lying on the floor some little distance from the place where it stood up right when the seance commenced.

Now I think we had in this seance some evidences of personal identity of deceased friends that cannot be accounted for on any other theory than the spiritualistic. To say the medium was a ventriloquist, and that she got the "communication" from me telepathically, is an explanation that does not explain to any one who knows anything about telepathy.

I next made an engagement with a medium for slate writing. I asked him if I could bring my own slates. He said "Yes." I had a pair of new marked slates which I brought with me from Rochester, and at the appointed hour I was on hand. The medium asked me if I had any metal on them. I showed them to him, and he said, "They will do. Metal seems to attract the magnetism and the results are not so good."

I had never met this man before. He did not ask my name. We sat down on opposite sides of a small table by a window, through which the sun was shining brightly. (This was no dark seance, to which so many people object.) I laid the slates on the table, and never for one moment did they get out of my sight or reach. They were not placed under the table or manipulated in any way. The medium slipped off a small piece of slate pencil which I placed between the slates. It was too thick; the slates would not lie flat together. I removed it and he shaved some off the side of the piece of pencil, which I again placed between the slates. I then shook the slates to see if the bit of pencil was free, and it was. The medium then slipped a rubber band, about three-quarters of an inch wide, around the slates and laid them down on the table. He asked me if I had any questions prepared, and as I had not, he told me to write the names of five or six persons, not children, but those who could write in life, asking any question I wished. I did so on separate slips of paper and signed my name to each, while the medium leaned back in his chair on the opposite side of the table. I folded these ballots up tightly and placed them on the table in a heap at the right hand and awaited developments. We sat ten or fifteen minutes and nothing happened. The medium remarked that it was rather unusual to have to wait so long, and added, "You are not opposing it, are you?"

I replied, "No, I am not; I want to get the writing, and believe we will get it; others have in your presence, and I don't see why I should not. I am willing to sit longer if you have the time."

He glanced at the clock on the wall, and said, "No hurry; plenty of time yet." Just then he said, "There is some one here now," and the medium picked up the pencil from which he had broken off the piece which was between the slates, and reached over and wrote across the top slate the name "Aykroyd." He pushed the slate around to me and said: "Can you read it?" I told him. He said: "That is a strange name; not many by that name in this country, are there?"

"No, none that I know of. There are some, but they spell the name differently."

"Did you ask for anyone by that name?"

"Find the ballot and put it on the slate."

I did so. Then the medium said, "Mack—Who is Mack?"

I replied, "I know." I had asked for J. B. McKay, who was familiarly called "Mack," although I had not been in the habit of doing so, and had not thought of him by that name at this time. I found his ballot and placed it on the slate. We kept on till we got five ballots on the slate, then the medium said, "The control says that all he can get. (There were two ballots said, "They are done; open the slates."

I did so, and he took hold of the opposite side of them and immediately the pencil scratching away began to write. He said: "Do you hear the pencil?"

I could distinctly hear the pencil scratching away between the slates, while they were thus held tightly together by us, and in less than a minute three raps were heard apparently between the slates, and the medium said, "They are done; open the slates."

I did so and on the inside of the bottom slate were five messages in five distinctly different hand writings, signed by the five people whose ballots I had placed on the slates. These messages were written in three directions: two from my side of the slates, two from the medium's, and one diagonally, in red pencil, across the face of the others. Moreover, they were written in the handwriting of those people while in the flesh. The message by J. B. McKay, who was the writing instructor for the public schools of the city of Toronto at the time of his death in May of last year, I showed to his business college partner here, who says it is McKay's hand writing and characteristic style.

On the ballot I asked him to give me a message in his own fine style of penmanship for purposes of identification. He did the best he could, I am sure, with a stub of a slate pencil lying flat between two slates. His signature was finished with a flourish, and dotted, as was his custom. If it was not J. B. McKay who wrote that message, then there was some clever forgery somewhere. This is the message: "Dear Aykroyd: Does it surprise you to receive a letter or hear from me? I assure you I haven't just come from the cemetery. I am no spectre; neither am I a resurrected body out of the valley of dry bones. I am a natural person from a real state of substantial life, and I see and know you. Help me to come to those who think I am dead and buried. I am, J. B. McKay."

I will not take the space to give the other messages or comment on them more than to say each was characteristic of the person whose signature was appended, and some of my questions were definitely answered.

I might add one other message as an example. I asked my grandfather if there was any property in England belonging to me.

"There is property in England, and you should have received part of it. Grandpa Samuel Aykroyd."

Later in the afternoon of this remarkable day I secured

another sitting for the purpose of speaking, with a different medium. The horn was placed on the floor in the middle of the room. The medium took the opposite side, and during the seance conversed with me in her natural voice, which was distinctly different from any of the voices in the horn. The voices were so clear and the answers so definite that I remarked to the medium, "Isn't this good?"

"Yes; you bring good conditions; keep asking questions it helps them." There was no delay. In a minute a voice, loud and distinct, said, "James Aykroyd, do you know me?"

"No, I have heard the name. You belong to the old English family don't you?"

"Yes. I am your great Uncle."

"Do you know anything about the property in England?"

"Yes."

"How much is there?"

"Quite a bit."

"Is there any chance of getting it?"

"Yes; put in your claim."

"Where is it?"

"In the Court of Chancery."

"You know it is difficult to prove heirship so far back. How will I proceed?"

"Can't you employ a lawyer there on commission with the understanding that if he does not succeed he gets nothing?"

"Yes, perhaps I could."

"You haven't done so."

"I might here explain that I had been making inquiries about the property in England, and James evidently knew about it from his last remark. Then he turned the conversation and said, 'How is your father?'"

"He is not very well. He is a pretty old man now, you know."

"Not very old; eighty-one."

"No, he is not eighty-one yet."

"He is in his eighty-first year."

"Yes."

"No, he isn't very well. His heart's action is poor; his back bothers him, also, and his kidneys; and your mother's feet trouble her."

"Yes, that is all correct."

"We know, we have been there and seen them."

The physical condition of my father and mother were so accurately stated that there is little room left for doubting that the statement "We know, we have been there and seen them" must have come from Spirit intelligences.

D. J. Jones, a Chicago dentist, was next heard, and he continued, saying: "I have been attached to you for the past six months, trying to impress you with a new material for filling teeth. Gold and silver are nice and good, but I know something better and cheaper, and something for making plates, not rubber. Would you like to have it?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"I can't give it to you through the horn, but think I can impress it upon the tablets of your brain."

"How soon?"

"Inside of six months, if you will give me the opportunity. You know I have lost my trade."

"No teeth to fill over there?"

"No."

"What is your name, again, please?"

"D. J. Jones, Chicago. You can write and find my name among the records of Chicago dentists."

I haven't done so because if it were verified it would prove nothing; neither have I been impressed yet with the composition of the filling material; but the interesting point to me as a psychic researcher, is the fact that he knew I was a dentist, and seemed to know that I wanted some other material for filling teeth; especially have I become tired of gold as a filling material, and have been looking for something to take its place, better, cheaper, and easier to insert.

Following this message from the decarnate dentist, a voice said, "Brother, your brother."

"Yes; what is your name?"

"They call me Starlight or Starley here."

"My brother died in infancy before I was born, without being named."

Then I asked, "What is your occupation?"

"I study music and astronomy. You like astronomy, don't you?"

"Yes. What is your appearance? Do you look like me?"

"No; I resemble father more than I do you."

"Are you tall or short?"

"I am tall."

### INTERESTING DETAILS.

What Coverted Her to Spiritualism—She Could Feel the Loving Arms of Her Darling Around Her.

For some time I had felt the suffering of some unseen grief that I could not account for. One morning I awoke to the sensibility of some great trouble. I felt it would dawn before night. I dreaded the hours to pass in case my fears would be realized.

Previous to that time I had lost three little children, two little boys and one little girl; one after the other passed away.

I thought my life was then without hope. Time passed on and a dear little boy came into our home and I grasped at the silver cord which is called Hope once more. We were then a family of four—a husband, my oldest girl, the dear little boy, who came to comfort us all, and myself. I lived happily for seven short years; then this terrible blow dawned upon me, the terrible blow that I dreaded so much, but could not foresee, came at last. My darling boy that we all loved so much was hurled from me. Life, hope and joy went out at last, as I thought, never to return.

I had nothing to cling to. I could not accept the orthodox religion. I suffered intense agony—not in body, but in mind or spirit; as I now understand. I felt that my life was void on earth, and without hope for the world to come, as I thought then, the darling that I had buried was taken from me forever. For I could not see by the orthodox teachings or studying the Bible as I understood it then, that it could be otherwise; it seemed to me at that time that both ministers and the Bible could take you as far as the grave, but no farther.

I often sat and pondered, is life worth living? But I was not destined to grope in darkness, for the Angels of Light appeared to me, spoke in tones of loving kindness, brought my darlings—whom I thought lost—to my side, so that I could feel their loving arms around me. They told me not to fear, for they would never forsake me, but would always be with me to guide me onward and upward. They brought me the sweet assurance that they would meet me on the other side of life, with wide-open arms and loving hearts.

It is any wonder that I became a Spiritualist? In time I began to realize that life was worth living, if I lived in the proper way.

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Know thyself. Look within for everything, and by so doing you will find all things made plain. Come with light in hand, and God will guide you in all love and truth. The angels will walk by our side to guide us over all stumbling blocks and the rough ways of life. Let all, through our lives, be 'Nearer my God to Thee.' May we be able, by the help of the higher angels, to express our thoughts to others so they may be able to reach the light also. So as I grew out of ignorance into the knowledge of truth and wisdom, my mind expanded by the help of those who have gone before. I grew out of darkness into light.

I was converted to Spiritualism because I knew that God was in all Nature, in everything that grows. God is a part of you, a part of me. I know that I have guardian angels beyond the veil that hover around me, help me in all I undertake to do, if I only ask them in all good faith and earnestness.

I was converted to Spiritualism, because I knew that I have dear little ones waiting on the other side of life for their mother and dear ones on earth, for they have come back and told me so.

I have heard their dear voices in space, really speaking to me.

So, after knowing all this to be true, I could not accept my other religion. This is the religion of all religions to me. I pass each hour of the day with the wonderful knowledge of peace. I sleep at night with the sweet consolation that if I should pass out before morning all would be well. I am willing to live by it and I am more willing to pass through the shadow of the so-called death, which I know is not death, but life; for I know that the dear spirit friends and the little angel babies that have passed on will be there with loving arms to guide me over.

I was converted to Spiritualism because I have the assurance that Jesus was my brother. He did not die to wash away my sins, nor to redeem the world. He died as a martyr; was put to death because he upheld the truth, fought for what was right, and for so doing was put to death by those who were more physical than spiritual.

"Well, then, you take after your mother's side of the house, as I do."

"Yes; but I look more like father than like you."

Now I may add that I have since had a spirit photograph taken, and one of the faces of the picture (whom the spirits say is my brother) has a decided family resemblance. Every one who has seen the picture says this face, of which there are four on the card, looks like a member of our family.

What struck me the most forcibly in this message were the words, "You like astronomy," for I have always been fond of reading astronomy. It is to me a fascinating study, but the study of psychic phenomena is more fascinating still, and just here I feel like quoting Sir Isaac Newton's reply to some one who was complimenting him on his great knowledge: "It may seem so to you," said he; "but as for me I am as a little child playing on the seashore; occasionally I find a pebble a little more variegated than another, while the great ocean of truth lies out before me all unexplored."

"You like astronomy, don't you?" was to me a polished pebble on the shore of the great unexplored sea of psychic phenomena, and caused me to do some serious thinking. Some other names of deceased friends were given: Elizabeth, my wife's mother, and Mary Ann Hamilton, the maiden name of my grandmother, on my mother's side.

A voice in the horn said: "Grandfather Aykroyd."

"Yes, pleased to hear from you, grandfather."

"I should have looked after that property before I died."

"Yes, I know that, grandfather."

"Does your father speak of me often?"

"No, not often now. I have heard him speak of you."

"Do you know Jane Aykroyd?"

"I have heard of her. She is here, and she is a very happy spirit."

My mother has since told me who Jane was, and says she was a most excellent woman.

"Grandfather, will you tell me the cause of your death?"

"I had paralysis in my lower limbs for about three years, and when it reached my heart I died suddenly."

This I considered an excellent proof of identity, for it was exactly correct. It seems to me a very remote possibility that anyone in this strange place could have known the cause of my grandfather's death, which took place in a foreign country forty-five years before.

The last to speak to me in the seance was my Uncle Andrew. He said: "I let the others speak first for fear the forces would be used up. You know we have to take on a semi-physical state to speak. It is a great study."

"Yes, you know, Uncle, I was interested in this study before you died."

"I know you were. I wasn't much. I thought it might be a delusion. We will not detain you. You have got to get down to the depot. We will all go home with you. Good bye."

My uncle never was a man to push himself forward, and I thought his consideration of others, in giving them precedence, was quite like him. I was sorry, though, that he terminated the seance so abruptly, as I wanted to ask him some questions so as to identify him more clearly. I have reported these seances pretty fully, thinking it might be of interest to some of the readers of The Progressive Thinker, who have never had the privilege of like experiences. The skeptic may say it was all trickery and fraud, and the critic may see much that proves nothing, but if they will consider all the facts and the circumstances, what conclusion can be arrived at other than the presence of decarnate beings; and if decarnate beings, then Mr. Dawburn's theory of "Fogland" is disproved. The answers to my questions were as clear as the noon-day sun, without a trace of fog in them. My experiences go to show that when we have fog in psychic phenomena, it is always in the medium's brain. When spirits write on slates or speak through a trumpet, and not through the organism of a medium, they are as bright as they were in earth life, and sometimes apparently a good deal cleverer. I consider trumpet speaking the most satisfactory phase of mediumship yet developed. If the scientists who are trying to prove "life after death" could engage the services of good trumpet mediums, their task would be easy and sure of accomplishment. The Spiritualists of the United States and Canada should aid Prof. Hyslop in this matter, and if a good trumpet medium can be found who is willing to sit under test conditions, the means should be provided to bring such medium in touch with the Psychic Research Society of New York for scientific experiment. S. A. AYKROYD, D. D. S. Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

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## THE BAILEY SEANCES.

(Continued from page 2)

and erudite comments thereon. Phenomena. Quantity of magnetic earth, said to be from an island in the Pacific Ocean. Clay with nodules. Some of different color promised. Dr. Whitcomb said that the power had gone and the time up, but a bird was caught in the light by Abdul, who explained that Selim had just brought it. It was remarked by Dr. Whitcomb that this was a remarkable test. The medium had been searched, and no sifter could possibly conceal that bird for an hour and a half. The medium entranced left his chair, went half down the room, and lifting his hand in full light caught the bird out of vacancy, as it were.

Address by Dr. Robinson:

## "ATLANTIS: THE LOST CONTINENT."

Delivered on the Evening of June 4, 1907.

[Specially reported by Miss M. Wilson, shorthand writer and typist, Premier Buildings, Collins St., Melbourne.]

I have been asked to speak to you this evening about "Atlantis: The Lost Continent," and it gives me sincere pleasure to do so. Plato has given us some account of Atlantis. In his day the people believed that at one period of time there existed in the Atlantic Ocean a vast continent which had disappeared. I would like to say at the outset that the time stated—4,000 years before Plato's day—is wrong. I cannot fix the exact date, but I should say that 12,000 or 13,000 years before Christ the continent of Atlantis was in existence. At the present time there are only a few persons who believe that such a continent existed in the Atlantic Ocean. But that is not strange, when it is remembered that for hundreds of years, right down through the middle ages, very few persons believed that Pompeii and Herculaneum ever existed as cities. They were referred to as the myth or legend of certain Italian cities. You know to-day that Pompeii and part of Herculaneum have been uncovered, and that the visitor to Italy can walk through the old Roman streets just as they were over eighteen hundred years ago.

The continent of Atlantis extended from off the coast of France and the west coast of Africa right across to Yucatan, which is east of Mexico. The Canary Islands, which are northwest of the coast of Africa, were, I believe, a high portion of Atlantis that was not submerged. A very interesting manuscript was not very long ago found in Mexico buried among the ruins of the Aztecs and other primitive races who once lived in Mexico, and it has been translated by a distinguished scholar who went out to Mexico to study the hieroglyphs of that country, which are different from the hieroglyphs of Egypt. He tells us that this manuscript contains a clear statement concerning the continent of Atlantis. Travelers in Yucatan have recorded that they have found roadways laid down with huge blocks of stone, and following these roadways they have come to the seashore. A little way out from the shore there are certain islands. Crossing over these they have again found these roadways, and on clear days, at low water, they have been able to see portions of these ancient roads imbedded in the sand under the water. It is claimed by certain people that these were the roadways laid down by the Atlanteans, who crossed from Atlantis into Yucatan and thence on to Mexico. While I hold the opinion that the primitive tribes inhabiting Mexico originally came from Asia, which, in my lectures on the Aztecs, I sought to prove, I can quite believe that they were able to cross from South America into Atlantis. It has been shown, moreover, by certain investigators, that many of the hieroglyphs and symbolic pictures are very much like certain hieroglyphs and pictures which have been found in the Old World. Some of the modern scientists who have taken soundings of the bed of the Atlantic, notably in the U.S.A.S. Dolphin and H.M.S.S. Challenger, declare that undoubtedly the soundings show that there exists at the bottom a submerged land. They do not declare absolutely that it is a submerged continent, but a submerged land or islands with hills, mountain peaks, and valleys have undoubtedly been shown to exist by the soundings taken from these ships.

## Ancient Myths Concerning a Deluge.

I must now for a short time speak to you of certain myths or legends which have been believed in by various races and tribes in the past and point out the probability that they got these myths and legends from the old Atlanteans. In the book of Genesis we have an account of the destruction of the world by water, which is known as "The Flood." There cannot be any possible doubt, and I believe I have the scholarship of the world at my side, when I affirm that the account in the book of Genesis was borrowed by the Jews from the Babylonians and the Chaldeans. The Jews were carried captive into Babylon, and I think it is now generally admitted that the first books of the Bible were not written until after their captivity. They borrowed or brought out from Babylon certain myths and legends, and the legend of the flood is one of them. But I would draw your attention, my friends, to this fact, that among nearly every nation there exists, fragmentary or otherwise, some account handed down from generation to generation, of a great cataclysm or flood, and orthodox teachers generally boast of this universal belief in a flood as substantiating the Biblical account. Now, what I want to prove is this, that a great cataclysm, 12,000 or 14,000 B.C., submerged the continent of Atlantis. It is quite possible that many escaped to other continents, possibly only a few—we do not know. The old Atlanteans in the spirit world have gone on so far that we who have not reached unto the highest places, do not come in contact with them. It is quite possible for those spirits who are interested in certain inquiries to gain some information through spirits in other spheres; but as I have not done so, I must speak only of what I do know. The continent of Atlantis was vast, and you will understand that when I say that it stretched from off the coast of France to Yucatan, or possibly beyond, on the coast of South America. It extended to the coast of Africa, and I have no doubt joined certain parts of North America. Now, there are geological evidences on the continent of America of a break-away at some time in the past history of the world. I would draw your attention to a similar fact in connection with this land in which you live. Professor Denton has assured me that Tasmania was at one time joined to the mainland. You have a number of islands between the mainland of Australia and Tasmania. These were left when the submergence or cataclysm, or whatever it was, that broke asunder and submerged the land that existed between the two took place. And so we believe that the Canary Islands were just a portion that was left, and I believe that on the mainland of the continent of Atlantis there existed volcanoes, because certain parts of the Canary Islands are volcanic. Now, regarding this legend of a universal deluge. How happened it that nearly all nations have preserved some tradition or legend in connection with that great cataclysm which we find recorded in the Ancient Babylonian books and copied into the Jewish Pentateuch. And you go among the North American Indians in my country,

you will find that they, too, have preserved the tradition of a great flood or cataclysm which destroyed a large number of people. Similar accounts may be found in India, Persia, Africa, and, I believe, right throughout America. Certainly the Aztecs and other primitive peoples have preserved a tradition concerning this terrible catastrophe. Now, if it can be established that the configuration of the globe was altered at that time, and all geologists are agreed that there has been a great alteration in the conformation of our globe even in historic times, a great fact has been established. I ask you to remember also that a few years ago certain islands near to Java disappeared, while others have come in sight, having apparently risen from the bed of the sea. In early Roman times there existed a lake not far from the city of Neapolis, or Naples; to-day it is a mountain, or, at all events, a low hill. We may assume, then, that this tremendous convulsion of Nature broke up and submerged this large continent. Mark, it may not have happened suddenly—all at once; it may have been some time in operation. The northern portion may have been submerged before the southern portion, or it may have been submerged all at once. We do not know. On such a continent there would be dwelling large numbers of people; and I am inclined to the belief, drawn from evidences which I find presented in the growth of language, in the manners and customs of certain primitive peoples and in their hieroglyphs, that there must have existed somewhere on your earth plane, a civilization which led up to the higher civilization of the ancient Egyptians. Professor Petri, of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, was ten years digging in Egypt, and he declares that we can go back in Egyptian history for at least 9,000 years. I say that we can go back 15,000 or 17,000 years, because in the British Museum to-day may be seen a mummified body of a pre-historic man. The hair, even, has been preserved all this time, but the body was not mummified as the ancient Egyptians mummified their dead. It was preserved after the manner of the Aztecs, and that was by drying the bodies in the sun after having extracted all the viscera. We can go back in Babylonian history to 8,000 B.C. Some of the tablets unearthed at Nippur by Professor Hilprecht, of the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania, go back to that date. How many long years, we may well ask, must have passed before they attained this high state of civilization wherein they had gotten a written language, for they had by this time invented this cuneiform writing. How long a period of time, I repeat, must have elapsed from the state of savagery in which man once dwelt to this high state of civilization? We know that man commenced his career upon the earth plane as a savage; of that there cannot be any doubt. I say that thousands of years must have elapsed, and that would carry us back to 12,000 or 14,000, perhaps 15,000 or 20,000, B.C. It would bring us to the Atlantis period.

All the legends that have come down to us, stripped of the fanciful and the fabulous, clearly declare that at one period an awful catastrophe, or cataclysm, took place, and drowned at least the majority of the people who lived on this continent. The idea of a universal deluge cannot be entertained. I think that is conceded by even liberal-minded Christian scientists. It must have been a local deluge. Common sense would, of course, lead us to suppose that it could not have been universal, and on this continent of Atlantis, with its volcanoes, its mountain peaks, its valleys, and its civilization, there would be found a gifted and intelligent people. Many, perhaps a large number, escaped, and they dispersed into various lands and carried the news of this awful event with them, and that is how so many nations have some tradition concerning this terrible event. I think you will agree with me that this is a reasonable view to take in the matter, and I am now giving you a few facts acquired in the spirit world before I close.

## Traces of the Atlanteans in Other Lands.

I believe that the Atlanteans were an intellectual race and great builders, and if a survey could be made of the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, right opposite the Straits of Gibraltar, I know that remains of gigantic stone buildings would be found. A certain writer has put forward the idea that some of the Atlanteans, escaping from the submerged continent, found their way to England, and there built the Monoliths of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plains; others to Egypt, who erected the Great Pyramids, and I am inclined to this idea myself. It is absurd to think that the Druids had any hand in building the stone temples on Salisbury Plain. From what we know of the Druids, both on your plane and in the spirit world, they were incapable of erecting such buildings. That the Atlanteans built the Pyramids I am not so sure, but the huge Dolmens found in Norway and Sweden may have been the work of the wanderers from the Lost Continent or their descendants. They would have a language and a writing of their own. They held intercourse with the inhabitants of the adjoining continents. If, as supposed, they passed over this stone road into South America, we can then account for certain pictures and symbols to be found in Mexican temples which have up to the present remained undeciphered. A learned doctor, who has made a special study of some of these pictures and symbols, leans to the idea that they were borrowed—I think I may say that expression—from a primitive race now extinct. This would fit in with what I have been stating, that the Atlanteans had intercourse with the inhabitants of South America. I believe the time is coming—perhaps a long way ahead—when science, assisted man, will yet survey the bottom of the Atlantic. At present it is impossible. What is possible now has been done in taking soundings, but I believe a scientific survey by appliances yet to be invented will open to man's gaze the bed of the Atlantic, disclosing the hills and valleys of that continent which once existed in the Atlantic Ocean.

## What I Have Learned in the Spirit World.

Primitive races, especially those who dwell in what Paul called "times of ignorance," have had a long period wherein to gain knowledge. These simple souls were charmed, delighted, with the teaching on the spirit side of life, and readily received it. Their progress was much more rapid than that of evil men who had light and knowledge while in the flesh, and they have passed into the seventh sphere. That is the reason they do not come down through the other spheres to your earth plane. But certain high intelligences, with whom we come in contact, who also are in communication with the angelic messengers, have received from them certain information concerning primitive races, and I have been able to gather a little knowledge from these intelligences. About that period of time there came into the spirit world thousands, hundreds of thousands—I suppose millions—of spirits who were in the low spheres, the schoolhouse of heaven, for a considerable period of time. Some of these were refractory spirits, while the majority were only ignorant as regards truth. The refractory spirits were placed in the prison-house, where all such are detained. If this be true, and I know that it is, then I understand more clearly the passage in the 1st Epistle of Peter, 3d chapter, 18th and 19th verse, which declares that the Nazarene, "quicken by the spirit," went and "preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-

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