

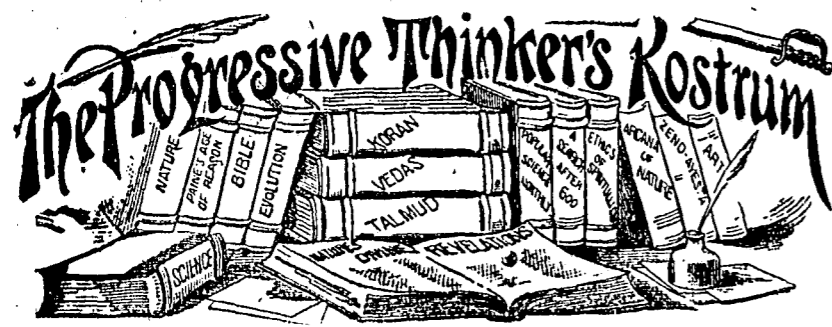


Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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## NATURE'S LAWS.

As Understood by Hon. A. B. Richmond.

His Comprehensive Reply to the Scientist, Prof. Lockwood.

He Explores with A MASTER-HAND THE FIELDS OF NATURE.

"That very law which moulds a tear And bids it trickle from its source, That law preserves the earth a sphere And guides the planets in their course." —Samuel Rogers.

"Could any but a knowing, prudent cause Control such motions and assign such laws? A conscious, wise, designing cause, Which freely moves and acts by nature's laws."

### WHAT IS LAW?

Nearly two hundred years ago one of the world's greatest jurists defined law to be: "A rule of action, and it is applied to all kinds of action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational." This is the accepted definition of both scientists and lexicographers, and on it we base our argument, in the following answer to the criticism of my article on Ingersoll's lecture on "The Gods."

"Order is nature's fundamental law." This is to-day an axiom of the beginning of the world, beyond the dawl of incredulity or the denial of agnosticism.

Long centuries ago mankind knew no law in the material universe but the caprice of the innumerable gods and demons of mythology. All natural phenomena, as well as the contents and the direct actions of invisible spirits or celestial beings. On Mount Olympus the deities that inhabited the earth, air and water assemble to legislate for men and nations. From his radiant throne in the Olympian palace Jupiter announced his edicts, and an awestruck world received them with fear and trembling.

Now all is changed, and it is the boast of science to-day that the material universe is governed by natural laws, "inherent in nature as its infinitude."

But of the spiritual world, or the realm of thought and consciousness, we can only reason from the known to the unknown; and as law or "rules of action" govern all natural phenomena, as far as science has investigated, we must logically conclude that law governs all things, although many of its rules are yet undiscovered. I have here stated a logical deduction that seems as certain as the demonstration of a problem in Euclid. The axioms on which it is founded are to-day self-evident truths, and the conclusion inevitable.

PROF. W. M. LOCKWOOD.

I was surprised to read in the able article of the truly learned professor, W. M. Lockwood, the following paragraph:

"Before closing this article we will point out the misuse of one more term, frequently met with in his (my) communication, and in use by very many writers: The term 'Law of nature.' 'Natural law,' etc. etc. At the risk of being called by a name indicative of mental imbecility, I shall affirm that from well-established data, there is no such thing as a law inhering in nature as an infinitude; no such thing as a natural law, or law of nature. The use of the term in this connection is a misapplication of the true meaning of the word, and a fruitful source of disagreement and mental conflict among thinkers."

"No such thing as a law inhering in nature as an infinitude," says the able scientist, Prof. Lockwood. I do not know that I correctly understand what he means by the expression.

Surely infinitude means a boundless number, encompassing within its embrace all things in the domain of nature. Now it must be evident to every mind that if there are laws or "rules of action" in nature itself, they cannot be restricted in their action to a limited sphere of motion.

They must govern alike all things, from atoms to planets. If these rules are not infinite they must be finite, and, therefore, while, according to Prof. Lockwood, they do not govern the Empire of the Universe as a whole, yet they control its minor principalities. But motion is infinite.

Therefore, if a portion of it only is governed by law, can the Professor inform us what part of nature is law-abiding, and what portion is lawless? Where are the primordial elements controlled by law, and when and where are they unrestricted by "rules of action?" The Professor says: "There is no such thing as a 'natural law, or law of nature'—that is, no fixed and immutable rules of action. Now, Brother Lockwood is certainly learned in chem-

istry, my favorite science—probably much more so than I am—and he surely is well acquainted with what is called "the law of definite proportions," by which it is proven that all the elements of chemical compounds unite with each other in certain proportions only, and that these proportions are invariably the same. Thus, in nine grains of water there are eight grains of oxygen combined with one grain of hydrogen, and water could not be formed from any other proportions of its elements. Again, one proportion of chlorine unites with one proportion of mercury, forming the "protochloride," or calomel, a comparatively harmless cathartic; while two proportions of chlorine with one of mercury forms the "bichloride," a most deadly poison; and these elements will combine in no other quantities or proportions.

This is a fixed and rigid rule, without an exception. And so it is with all chemical compounds—a certain definite number of proportions of one element will combine with a certain number of proportions of other elements, producing a certain result, and no other. This is a natural law of chemical affinity; a rule of action, that governs all matter in its numberless combinations. If this is not a law of infinitude in nature, what is it? It certainly prevails in everything we see, feel, taste or smell.

Is the law of gravity a rigid, infinite rule that governs all matter without a change except in so far as it is obstructed by other equally immutable laws. For instance, all matter is acted upon alike by the attraction of gravity.

In a vacuum, a cannon ball and a feather will fall with the same velocity to the earth. But in the open air the resistance of the atmosphere will retard the fall of the feather more than it would the cannon ball, but the ratio of the increase of the velocity of falling bodies per second is the same throughout the world. It is a positive, fixed law, without change or variation unless modified by the interposition of other equally unchangeable laws. It is a law of "matter in the infinitude." So it is with all the other laws of Nature: The certainty of their action and the forces they control is the basis of all astronomical calculation, and with prophetic tongue they predict with accuracy the relative position of the worlds and suns in the celestial orrery for centuries to come.

Yet Brother Lockwood ignores the existence of "Nature's laws" and affirms "that from well-established data there is no such thing inhering in nature." A morbid curiosity leads me to inquire where and what is the data? and who has demonstrated that science to-day is mistaken in proclaiming the existence of the unvarying laws of nature?

Prof. Lockwood says that "nature alone is infinite, and in her laboratory of omnipotent energies with inherent tendencies toward a higher form, we find the promise of every type and condition of life."

This may be true, (?) but whence comes the promise except from our knowledge that the immutable laws of nature, acting on the forces and matter of the universe, cause progression and evolution in accordance with her infinite decrees? What does Brother Lockwood's "inherent tendencies" promise but a future result—the accomplishment of a future design? And what could this promise with certainty but an intelligence with power to fulfill its pledges? The very inherent tendencies of nature prove the existence of a mental force, a nature that governs matter—a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself.

Prof. Lockwood further says: "conscious energy being the real ego that has been evolved from potential energy through the inherent tendency of matter to a higher form, is the factor of indestructibility," etc. Now, who knows that the conscious ego was evolved from matter? Science does not even know that the lowest form of life is thus evolved; and if it is not proven that the simplest, feeblest vitality is inherent in matter and evolved therefrom, much less does it know of the origin of intellectual consciousness: when and where it was begotten, when and where born, or whence its parentage. It is an old scientific maxim that "all life comes from the living." This doctrine has been denied by a few scientists of modern times, and that of spontaneous evolution, or what is now known as "abiogenesis" has been adopted by them, only to be confuted by investigation.

Huxley says: "It may be true of the occurrence of 'abiogenesis' at some time, but if the present day or any recorded epoch of geological time be a question, the exact contrary holds good." And he continues: "Of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter, it may be said that we know absolutely nothing."

This is the opinion of one of earth's greatest scientists, who is also a materialist, yet he admits that there is no evidence of potential life in matter.

How, then, can it be said that the intellectual, conscious ego is the offspring of its inherent tendencies towards a higher form of being?

Is it not evident, then, that there are two kingdoms in nature? one of matter, the other the realm of mind—both governed by immutable laws, and that "the glory of the one is not the glory of the other." It is true that these two sovereignties are not independent of each other, yet the tie that binds them together is as yet unknown or undiscovered. It is certain that there was a time in the remote past when all the matter of our globe existed in the form of intensely heated vapor or "fire mist." Uncounted eons passed, and it became condensed into a flaming orb, like our sun, burning with a heat so intense as to preclude the possibility of the existence of life germs in its caverns of fire and seas of flame. Billions of ages rolled on like the waves of the ocean, each one carrying in its ceaseless flow the radiant heat of the earth and dispersing it through the regions of boundless space, until at last our world was cooled to a temperature that would permit life to exist on its surface. Then came life; but from whence? Not from the matter of our globe, for no science positively asserts. In vain has chemistry by synthesis and analysis attempted to construct even the "protozoa," or lowest forms of primordial life. In vain has the keen-eyed microscope with almost God-like vision searched among elementary matter for the link that binds the living forces to the dead atom, while the origin of the conscious ego evades the researches of science before its birth in the human body, and defies the investigation of her laboratories after it has "passed away." In vain do we speculate and reason on the whence and whither of the human soul. Philosophy alone will not aid us; faith is a broken reed, and hope a dream. Nothing but the positive proof of Spiritism, and communication will satisfy the longing of human heart.

For weary centuries science has investigated the ego in vain: with saw and scalpel she has invaded its supposed sanctuary, "THE DOME OF THOUGHT, THE PALACE OF THE SOUL," but only to find its portals vacant and its chambers desolate. Thethrone, with all its regal trappings of veins, arteries, nerves, "gray matter" and cellular tissues, would remain, but its seat would be vacant. The power that once sat there in all the royal splendor of human intellect has gone forever, leaving not a trace of its former presence. Science in searching for the cause of its absence finds all the wonderful organism of the physical body as perfect as when it was a living man; but the mysterious intellectual force and vital energy that once gave it warmth and motion, and made it a thinking, reflecting being, have forever. In vain do the votaries of science search for it among the "potentialities of matter or the possibilities of its inherent tendencies." It has gone somewhere in the infinitude of space, and its pathway is as trackless as the rushing keel in the ocean's waters, or the swallow's wing in the evening air.

A few hours since there lived in this inanimate body a wonderful intellect. There learning had a home, and poetry and music abiding places. There eloquence clothed thought in its splendid drapery. There vaulting ambition sought new worlds to conquer, while philanthropy planned to better the condition of mankind. There joy smiled in unison with pleasure, and sorrow wept in sympathy with suffering and woe. There benevolence gave in kindness, and avarice coveted more. There love beamed forth in kindly glances, or hatred frowned defiantly. There memory registered the words, forms and faces of loved ones long since passed away. There hope had kindled its inexhaustible fire, and faith fanned its flame with gentle wing. We know that all these emotions are not a part of the physical body, or the product of the potentialities of matter of which it is composed; and while they are all caused and governed by the particles of matter from the body to be replaced by new ones. Now, if Brother Dawbarn's theory is true, every "speck of matter" that is taken into the system "carries with it a speck of intelligence and force which cannot decay or die."

These are taken up by the lacteals and built into organism. But as intelligence and force do not wear out or become useless or diseased, they would not be reabsorbed by the lymphatics and removed, but remain when the dead matter is eliminated. Is it not obvious, then, that in every human system there is a constant accretion of "force and intelligence?" If then, we could live long enough, what Samsons and Solomons we would become! But unfortunately, the facts do not sustain the theory, but rather confute it. For if intellect was to be measured by the quantity and quality of the "speck-laden" food taken into the stomach, it ought to change materially the logic and mental ability of the orthodox ministry.

It seems to me that if the theories of Professors Dawbarn and Dawbarn et al., are true, it would result in the destruction of our personality in the Spirit-world, which would be equivalent to annihilation. I do not care to live in the future if my personal ego is to be absorbed in the great infinitude mind of the universe, or resolved into primordial "specks of intelligence," to be again distributed through the ever-changing chemical combinations of matter. I have no objection to the cast-off matter that has clothed my weary body in this

life being used to habilitate the meanest of earth's formations, but I have an affection for the aggregation of "specks of intelligence" that constitute my mental personality, and I hope to retain possession of them forever. This alone is immortality.

### CONCLUSION.

In all this controversy my critics seem to take it for granted that the theory of evolution in its broadest significance is an undisputed fact. Yet even its strongest and ablest advocates only claim that it is a possible or probable theory; and we must not forget that even in scientific investigations the apparent truths of to-day prove to be the errors of to-morrow. That which science demonstrates to be true now must remain so forever. But all her theories are not demonstrated. The problem of life—its origin, cause and parentage, is as much a mystery as it was when the first protoplasmic cell was formed on the surface of the new-born earth.

When the theory of evolution can prove that life first originated in and by a combination of material elements, then, and not till then, will there be a solid foundation for its plausible and fascinating theory. And then it might follow as a logical deduction that a future life might evolve from this. Now, while science is in doubt, and her votaries in contention, how cheering is the philosophy of Spiritism, and how convincing are her heaven-born manifestations.

All of the mysteries of the universe are not solved, yet from what we do know the thinking mind can logically reason from "nature up to nature's God"—from the finite mind, with its almost unlimited capacity, to the Infinite mind of the universe, that must have existed before man was made.

I have not attempted to answer all of my able critics; I am so much employed in court that I have not time to engage in controversy. Yet if my articles serve to invite investigation, I shall read with pleasure all that may be written on so interesting a subject as the one herein discussed.

FRATERNALLY WITH ALL,  
A. B. RICHMOND.

## SPIRITS AT WORK.

Sensation in School.

They Work Through Harley Swank.

TO THE EDITOR:—Quite a sensation occurred in the seventeenth district yesterday. Harley Swank, a boy eleven years old, while studying his lesson, heard "cracking" in his desk. It was heard all over the schoolroom, and the "knocking" and "speaking" of the boy being scared, said, "No, I don't do it." If the boy put his hand in the desk he would jerk it out quickly so it wouldn't "shoot," but it would "shoot" all the same. The school mist tried to hold in subjection the desk, which was screwed tight to the floor, but it would shake when the boy laid his hands on it. To-day the teacher kept him in and said she was going to investigate that "knocking" and she asked the janitor if he ever heard "spook noises" about the house. He said that he had not.

Last Tuesday night the boy was sitting in a small circle and got independent voices the first time, and the controls said that he is a fine medium. The teachers, who are strict Christians, think the schoolhouse is haunted. The boy while studying can see white spirals emanating from his thumb and forefinger. He can rub a knife-blade over his hand and then pick up needles with it. His father, Reuben Swank, is a Spiritualist, and is highly elated at the boy's mediumistic qualities.

DR. TOMAN.

Dayton, Ohio, April 26.

Robinson's first teacher was his mother, and his first concert tour as a soloist was made when he was not quite 10 years of age.

Raff was a school-teacher who studied music after the day's work of teaching a country school had been concluded.

Scarlatti, one of the greatest musicians of his day, is now known only by the "Cat Fugue," a comical imitation of the meowing of cats.

Mozart's "Requiem" was left unfinished at his death, and was completed by Schickelader, who repeated the fugue found at the beginning.

Meyerbeer could sing popular melodies at 2 years of age, at 7 he was an accomplished pianist, and at 9 was considered the best performer in Berlin.

Bellini was the son of an organist in Catania, in Sicily, and began his musical career by playing on the organ while held in the arms of his father.

Sullivan's first effort for public performance was the music for Shakespeare's "Tempest." It was first given in 1862.

Tartini was a fencing-master, but by a lucky quarrel was compelled to change his occupation from fencing to music.

Piccini wrote 133 operas, a number of oratorios, 32 masses, and an immense quantity of other music for the church and stage.

Something new in the art line is statutory made of paper pulp. Mrs. Cornelia Shout, of Pittsburgh, Kansas, is the inventor.

It is a curious fact, as noted by Sir Samuel Baker, that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant, or any wild animal.

## VIRCHAND R. GANDHI.

He Steps to the Front in Defense of His Country.

He Shows Why Christianity Has Been a Failure in India.

He Presents a Lucid Statement of a Perplexing Problem.

AN EDUCATED HINDU REVIEWS THE REASONS WHY THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHRIST HAS NOT BEEN MORE READILY ACCEPTED IN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY—CONVERTS TO THE FAITH FROM AN ARYAN POINT OF VIEW—LICENSES OF EUROPEANS HAS PROVED AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE TO MISSIONARIES.

Forum for April: To understand the tendency of modern Hindu thought one must go to the beginning and follow the course of philosophical speculation from the Vedic times to the present. Says Max Muller:

"If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, and most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of them which will deserve the attention of those who have studied Plato and Kant, I should point to India. If I were to ask myself from what literature we, here in Europe, may draw that corrective, in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, and, in fact, more truly a human life, not for this life only, but for a transfigured and eternal life, again I should point to India."

This being so, it must be interesting to study the progress of the religious thought of the Aryans, from its infancy to its maturity. Again, every system of modern philosophy, excepting that of the Aryans (Hindus), is the direct descendant of Aristotle, Plato, or Socrates. But Indian thought is indigenous, and unaffected by any foreign philosophy. Nay, it is highly probable that the Greek philosophers borrowed many of their ideas from it. On the banks of the Ganges the Aryans (Hindus) grappled with the knotty problems of human existence at a time when their European brothers were groping in darkness. To understand the philosophy of a people so ancient as the Aryans (Hindus), to explore the thoughts that developed in a country acknowledged by all scholars to be the motherland of religion and philosophy, it is necessary to go to their earliest records, which have been preserved (considering the foreign attacks that have been directed upon their mild sons) in marvelous purity—the Vedas. Through these Vedic hymns runs the idea of the one God of nature, not an extra-cosmic creator standing apart from the created, and meting out rewards and punishments, but a permanent essence underlying the whole universe, material and spiritual, of which the various forces of nature are merely manifestations. They were the attempts of the growing intellect of man to comprehend the Brahman which Western (European) philosophy has not yet comprehended. Brought face to face with the various aspects of nature, surrounded by incomprehensible forces whose subtle influence they felt, the simple-minded Hindus awoke to a sense of the Divine. Colebrook, Bentley and others say that the Vedas were arranged in their present shape 1,100 or 1,200 years before Christ; Max Muller says that the time was 2,000 years before Christ. Thus they will make the Vedas 3,000 to 4,000 years old, but Rigveda, the oldest, is more than 4,000 years old.

### IN THE EARLY DAYS.

When the various schools of philosophy in India were at the height of their glory, what we call European nations had no existence. The ancient kingdoms of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon and Egypt were in their palmy days contemporaneously with the best times of Aryan [Hindu] philosophy. Greece and Persia came afterward, and at the beginning of the Christian era Rome was the mistress of the West. The supremacy of Rome came to an end about the third century after Christ, and to a certain extent the foundation of the modern European civilizations was then laid. Christianity, though already born in Jerusalem, only at this time spread in the Roman Empire (which tottering prolonged its existence to the twelfth century), and mingling itself with the older religious sentiments of Egypt and Greece, it spread through Roman influence in the whole of Europe. The ancient kingdoms of Chaldea, Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome had accepted the spiritualistic philosophy as found in the Vedas system. At that time literature and art were flourishing, of which the great Library of Alexandria was a testimony. It can be easily seen that, as long as Christianity followed the line of ancient thought, it had in it the essence of the older Spiritualism (soul-theory). While Christianity was thus continuing its existence the Caliphate of Baghdad rose into prominence under the influence of Islam in Arabia. The Pope, the representative of Christ on the one hand, the Caliph, the head of the Mohammedan faith on the other, between them extirpated all literature and art. Although these were dark times, the spiritualistic idea was not quite extinct. Also, about now, the Crusaders began to come to Asia. Genoa, Venice, and

Portugal began their mercantile connections with India. Asiatic thought was then brought into Europe. The power of Constantinople, which was a branch of the Roman Empire, broke down; and the library at Constantinople, which had been looted, spread philosophical thought throughout Europe. Commerce was on the increase; people were being educated in the warlike arts; gunpowder and other blessings of civilization, and the art of printing were invented. By this time also America was discovered.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EAST AND WEST.

The land and climate of the Western countries are different from those of India. In the former the climate is cold, and people have to wrest from the unwilling soil, fit for cultivation for only a few months in the year, a meager livelihood. Hence it will be seen that the very conditions of these countries are not favorable to the growth of spiritualistic thought. They are eminently fit for bringing out all kinds of materialism, and they did so. Lacon and Descartes, the apostles of new schools, opened new paths of inquiry. They would not take for granted the older thoughts without putting them to new tests. Materialism came into prominence. The existence of the soul was doubted. They attempted to prove that everything can be established by the assumption of the existence of matter and matter only. Atheistic materialism began to proclaim itself as an established fact. It thrust its head into the social relations and political affairs of men. Its cries were heard everywhere—in the arts, in the sciences and discoveries, and with it appeared the glittering civilization of the nineteenth century, and from this time we may date the relationship of the Indian people with European countries, and thus the materialism which was reigning in the West set its foot in the East.

The dogmas of Christianity—at least of Protestantism—are these: That God, the creator of the universe, is an extra-cosmic being, standing aloof from his creation; that Jesus the Christ is his son; that he was incarnated for the purpose of saving mankind, and preaching truth, sacrificed himself for the welfare of man; that faith in him, and him alone, will save man, and that the believers in reincarnation, idol worship, and in the efficacy of rites and ceremonies, are destined to everlasting perdition; that as Christ sacrificed himself, so must his followers sacrifice themselves to spread universal love, and that this leads to their final salvation, the peace of God. Looked at superficially they seem very good, and to people unaccustomed to religious and philosophical thoughts they may appear as fostering the idea of love and brotherhood.

It is no wonder, then, that at a time when the true spirit of Aryan [Hindu] philosophy was obscured by superficial rites and ceremonies, the teaching of the Christian missionaries could find favor with the natives of India. As the merchants went there for secular trade, so did the missionaries go for religious trade. Notwithstanding their great efforts, not a single true Aryan [Hindu] has been converted in 300 years. When the early missionaries found they failed, which might have been expected had they known anything about the material they had to deal with: when they found it impossible to convert the people to a religion for which they cannot possibly have any sympathy, most of them wisely abandoned their efforts and betook themselves to a more laudable undertaking—the education of the masses in European culture and science.

The radical differences between the Christian and Aryan religions are not, perhaps, clear to most people; but those who have pondered on this subject see the all-sufficing nature of Hindu philosophy—how the simplest mind can have its cravings satisfied, how the intellectual giant can accept their reasonings; and they do not wonder that Christianity, with its narrow and intolerant dogmas, makes such little progress among the Hindus. Christianity has ended with the idea of "extra-cosmic creator"; but the Aryan [Hindu] philosophy started with this theory, and soared higher and higher till it lost itself in the essential identity and oneness of the intelligent cosmos. The human mind cannot soar higher.

### UNIVERSAL LOVE OF THE ARYANS.

Christianity boasts of the time-worn saying of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but what is this compared with the universal love of the Aryans? Says the Bhagavad Gita: "The enlightened look with equal love upon a Brahmin full of learning and righteousness, upon a chandala (the lowest of castes), a cow, an elephant, or a dog." Other religions teach, Love your neighbor as yourself; the Hindu philosophy teaches, Look upon all as upon yourself. The philosophy of the absolute does not respect caste or creed, color or country, sex or society. It is the religion of pure and absolute love to all, from the tiniest ant to the biggest man. Above all, the Aryan philosophy is expressly tolerant of all shades of religion and belief, for it looks upon all the different modes of thought as so many ways to realization of the absolute, devised to suit the capacity of various recipients.

The Christian might say that there is little difference between the "Essence that underlies the universe" and their own God. True, the Essence is one; but the moment you attribute human qualities to this Essence and limit it by human conditions you diverge from us.

CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE.

# THE CLOISTER BEACON OR THE CURSE OF THE CONVENT.

## CHAPTER XIII, Continued.

"The Night the Light Went Out" was a most remarkable story, founded on absolute facts as testified to by a prominent gentleman of this city. We commenced in No. 225 the publication of its companion piece, the scenes being laid in England. It is in the Hammonds Hills, of the *Agnostic Journal*, London. We are sure it will prove of great interest to our numerous readers. All new yearly or trial subscribers will get "The Night the Light Went Out" free.]

"The knight, my lord, may have transgressed the law!" rejoined the other in bitter irony; "aye, such law as king may forge and break at pleasure. His crime is love for the maid of Kirtan. Stay," he continued, perceiving the Archbishop make a sign of impatience, "stay, my lord, he is more guilty still: he did entertain the crime of shielding her—in the absence of her father—against the advances of the King of England."

"The King of England's right to visit his displeasure on a subject may not be gainsaid. Enough, thy first request shall be attended to; for the knight, De Brabancon!"

"His birth is noble, my Lord, and he is—"

"What?"

"Fit mate for the Lord of Kirtan's daughter."

"That is as her father and the King shall decide. What is he to thee?"

"The son of a dear friend, now no more."

"Thy friends can have no claim on our regard, since thou, equally with them, art unknown to us. Our interview is at an end."

"Not always was the father of De Brabancon unknown to thee; not always was I unknown to thee," rejoined the Briton; "not always."

"Thy name?" demanded the Archbishop with a penetrating glance.

"Men call me Cyrrangon," replied the man of mystery; "men call me Cyrrangon now; but once I bore another name, a prouder one to Norman ears; for, nurtured in Druidic faith, and descended from a long line of British kings, my mother wedded offspring of the invader. But we will not awake the past; enough, I am—"

"and Cyrrangon, approaching the Primate, murmured a few words in subdued tones, which, upon hearing, Hubert Fitz-Walter, almost recoiling, exclaimed, 'Impossible!'"

"Nay, not impossible, my Lord Archbishop. Have I, indeed, so changed that still my features are unknown to thee—to thee, who, of all men, methinks, should have remembered them? Gaze on me once again, and say, dost thou not recognise me now?"

"I do indeed, yet sadly art thou changed; grim time hath set its seal on thy once noble countenance."

"But not so changed as thou; and Time, though he hath ploughed deep furrows in my cheek, hath left my soul unscathed. Primate of all England, canst thou say the same?"

"'Tis not for me to boast my soul is pure," rejoined the Primate, "my soul is God's to judge; 'tis not for me to prate of gentle deeds and kindly actions done; but only to repent and to confess my great shortcomings."

"Of which the greatest, perchance, hath been thy violated vow. Hubert Fitz-Walter, thou and I, in Eadon Comheangalladh, were consecrated by Druidic rite to worship only the god of Universal Nature! Pride and ambition caught thee in their toils, and thou, direct descendant of Aneurin Gwawdrydd, thou in whose veins flows the same blood as that inspired the 'Monarch of the Bards' to sing his 'Llad Gododin'! thou to whom the honor was given of transcribing from Welsh Homer's Muse the Englynion y Misoedd; thou who hast allied thyself with a flagitious heresy, become a persecutor of that genius whose glory crowned thy ancestor with bays, and casts a halo even around thee! Ambition, Pride, Power! for baubles such as these thou hast compounded with the Christian tyrant; for bribes such as these thou hast made of thy conscience a retributive fire, broken thy sacred vow on Aongusa Pit-an-Druich, Kerig Druidion! Archbishop of Canterbury, I do not envy thee thy sacerdotal power, despised though I may be by Christian men! Primate of all England, from thy almost regal throne thou swayed with thy sceptre a nation's destiny; I tread the earth an outcast, yet I would not exchange my lot for thine. No broken vows can haunt my path; no fellow-creature oppressed by me can dog my steps; no genius hunted down can cry for vengeance on me!"

"Oh! do not harrow thus my soul, thou who alone mayst dare, my boyhood's friend—"

"Remind me not of friendship past, since between us the link hath long been broken;

\* Mutual confederation.

† "The Gododin" poem written on the battle of Castrath, was called the British Llad.

‡ Aneurin was called the British Homer, and the Father of Welsh poetry.

§ Odes of the month.

¶ Vow made on the Druid stone near the grave of the hero.

"twas thou who severed it, and for worldly advancement."

"Nay, for the Christian faith."

"They both are one, and avarice begot them! I tell thee, priest, the link which united us is broken. To me the laws of Nature are still the laws of God; thou wouldst dwarf Nature to thine own span. To me man's genius is the priceless gift of Heaven; to thee and to thy creed it is the brand of Cain. The gift is rare, and well indeed it is so under Christian dispensation, for in its wake follows the torture of a thousand hells! Our paths are different, let me alone; I walk the earth unshackled, free, although an outcast! You kneel within the narrow cell, or pace the cloister lone; you chant the Latin dirge before the altar, or from the throne proclaim mankind's eternal doom. I have all nature for my God; thou hast—what wouldst thou more?—thou hast—thy Carpenter!"

"No more," the Churchman said; "no more; I am an ordained Christian priest; I may not listen to thy heresy; and, for thy charge, the Christian Church seeks not to crush, but only to put a fitting curb on genius."

"A fitting curb!" echoed the Druid; "a curb on that which hath no limit. Oh, it is a crime indeed to possess a noble intellect. Take thou thy calendar of victims, and place it by thy calendar of saints; which is the nobler record? Arius denied thy Galilean founder was divine; for this denial Athanasius, thy charitable Christian saint, Archbishop, caused him to be poisoned. Porphyry and Celsus, two more noble men on whom Heaven bestowed the gift of genius—pardon me, Primate, I mean sealed them upon the forehead with the brand of Cain—Porphyry and Celsus, not content were thy priestly predecessors, thy saintly fathers, with taboos them, but they also destroyed their priceless works; and we in Britain, we whose antiquity Celsus proclaimed to be greater than even that of the Jews, and whose learning he declared more advanced—we, by thy persecuting Church, have lost the record; the Christian priesthood has destroyed the key with which we might have opened the gates of knowledge, and we perforce must stand without and accept tradition for our guide, since truth found only martyrdom."

"Hast done, old friend, hast done, rending my feelings thus?" asked the Archbishop, in low and broken accents.

"One other name, and I will say no more. Hypatia—Hypatia the beautiful, the renowned, what was her crime? Genius! What the punishment? Death! And what a death! Hypatia, daughter of Theon, was martyred for being a great philosopher, for holding classes, and for teaching mathematics; was found guilty—guilty of instructing youth, guilty of improving the world's mental culture—and by a merciful Church massacred, the quivering flesh being scraped off her bones with oyster shells! Dost tell me, Christian priest, thy Christian God gave to Hypatia powers denied to millions, in order that she might be punished for possessing them? Dost tell me, Christian priest, thy Christian God looked down and smiled upon the zeal of the vicars of his Vicar, and on that mortal torture? But let it pass; close we the record now—let it be black. I say to you Archbishop, that unto endless time the hand of every priest who lives upon the Mammon garnered by the Christian Church shall bear the taint of blood."

"True, Cyrrangon, I am an alien from my boyhood's faith, and from the faith in which your hopes are still embarked. But judge me not; thy frailties are not mine, nor are my errors thine. My secession from thy faith thou knowest; what the temptation was that lured me to the Christian fold thou knowest not. Judge thou me not, who dar'st not judge thee. Leave me to heaven; man punishes the fault, God views the circumstance!"

And Hubert Fitz-Walter, Primate of all England, and Cyrrangon the Druid-Bard, clasped each the other's hand in token of their re-remembered friendship.

A short, impressive pause in the conversation ensued; when the Archbishop, breaking the silence, said: "Methinks the present claims attention now; and for thyself—say why, since thou didst so strangely escape death, why hast thou concealed thy existence thus?"

"Because in seeming death my life is safe from treachery—because in seeming death I may forego my Norman name, the blot upon my British lineage."

"Briton or Norman matters not. I knew thee as the patriot of thy country. As the patriot of thy country, then, and in memory of our former friendship, I grant thee thy request. But scant time is there, would we prevent the Lady Isabel from setting out for Winchester. Farewell, then. The maiden's safety looked to, Roland de Brabancon shall be released from prison, and accorded sanctuary within the cathedral precincts."

And within the hour Alexander the Abbot set out for Windlesore Castle.

And Cyrrangon the Druid departed from Canterbury, in what direction none knew.

And the Primate of all England, in the garb of a monk, quitted his palace for Dover.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Archbishop Demands the Release of the King's Prisoner.

How Cyrrangon the Briton, after his journey to Canterbury, reached Windlesore in time to keep his appointment with Isabel within the Myrtle Grove has been already recorded. How Alexander the Abbot accomplished his errand is also known. That the Archbishop of Canterbury would be equally successful in his undertaking may be premised, especially as at the period of which we write, owing to John's quarrel with Pope Innocent, the Primate's voice was far greater than the King's; and Hubert de Burgh, the constable of Dover Castle, hesitated not to yield the prisoner John had sent thither, when commanded to do so by the powerful churchman.

De Brabancon, whose astonishment was only equalled by his gratitude, and who looked upon the interest thus suddenly and mysteriously shown in his fate by so exalted a personage as the Archbishop as nothing short of supernatural, scarce drew breath until he and his protector were well on their road to Canterbury. Then, his anxiety for Isabel lending him courage, he ventured to address the Primate.

"So unexpected was my delivery from prison, my Lord and Father," he said, "I scarce have thanked thee yet. But thou hast saved me from a fate worse to me than death, and I would fain devote my future life unto thy service; and thou wilt hold me thine to command."

"Enough!" replied the Churchman; "newly-favored recipients are ever rich in thanks. In time the service and he who hath bestowed it will be alike forgotten."

"I will not boast, my Lord, that it shall not be so. Since words have little meaning, thou wouldst not heed such declaration. I'll trust that time will give me opportunity to prove my faith, not by promises, but by deeds."

"We like the sentiments thy words convey; we, too, will trust that time will prove them fair."

"Wherefore thou hast displayed such interest in my behalf, I know not," continued the knight; "I only know thou hast made me thy most grateful debtor; but—here he paused awhile, then broke in passionately—"Oh, my Lord, I would it seem for one upon whom thou hast but now conferred a favor to ask thy aid again; but there is a maiden, fair, innocent, and unguarded, at our monarch's Court. Wouldst thou transfer thy protection unto her, right willingly I'd yield myself as hostage, and return, to end my life if needs be, within the prison from which thy kindness but now hath wrested me."

"Thou speakest of Isabel of Kirtan?"

"Aye, my Lord and Father!"

"In a few hours she will be safe."

"Safe, my Lord?" questioned the astonished knight.

"Ere we quitted Canterbury we despatched her uncle, Alexander the Abbot, to Windlesore Castle, there to demand her of the King. To-morrow will the maid return to Kirtan."

"Oh, my Lord, I knew not until now how great indeed is the debt I owe to thee. Isabel safe! heaven hath indeed rained blessings on my head! But—pardon my fears, my Lord and Father, I pray thee—the king, should he refuse to surrender the maiden to her uncle?"

"He will not refuse our demand!" said the Primate calmly, but in tones that carried conviction with them.

And so it will be seen that Isabel and her lover were both rescued from immediate danger through the agency of the mysterious being who so strangely entered Kirtan Manor on the night of the tempest, and who no less strangely quitted it.

But the wheel of destiny rolls on, and time, which heals old, can also inflict new wounds. And this from which the youth and maiden have been rescued is not the only dark shadow which is to fall upon their lives.

## CHAPTER XV.

### One Sorrow More.

We would conduct the reader once again to Kirtan Manor, whither the Abbot hath arrived with his lovely charge.

Kirtan Manor! Over its lofty portal is the atchment hung, and shadows darken the sluggish waters of the moat; a solemnity pervades its lofty halls—a solemnity which communicates itself to all who cross its threshold.

But Isabel, what of her? With hope and expectation animating her breast, she espied the clear-cut gables of her manor home; but, as she passed once more beneath its portal, a boding fear seized on her, lest over her return should hang the shadow of approaching death! Approaching death! already had the grim tyrant entered—already had he snapped the cord which bound the soul to its frail tenement of clay—and Isabel de Clere had reached her home too late to shelter herself upon the bosom of maternal love.

"Too late! too late!" the maiden in her anguish cried. "What matter though I had not come at all, since I have returned too late—to late to hear my mother bless me ere she died?"

And the heart-broken daughter abandoned herself to grief; hot tears welled forth, and passionate sobs burst from her aching bosom. Near her sister stood; the silent calm of resignation on her brow, she looked more saint than mortal; her eyes were raised to heaven; and, though her lips were mute, 'twas plain to see her hands were clasped in prayer.

When Isabel's grief had somewhat abated, the elder sister gently said: "Murmur not at the decrees of Providence. O Isabel—Provi-

dence that works all things to its own purpose. Remember, 'God's will is not our will, nor are His ways our ways'; and, though the morning be overshadowed by threatening clouds, yet the dawning light cometh like herald to proclaim the day hath broken—the day which, even in its imperfect, earthly state, points ever through the vista of long years to that great, glorious one when it shall be eternal summer, and when parted friends shall meet again in a home of surpassing glory, there to be rewarded for trials past and gone, there to unite around the throne of grace, to join the heavenly choir where saints and angels sing their songs of everlasting peace, where each rescued soul shall be adorned with its pure robe of light, where it shall reap its bright reward, the priceless crown—the crown which is everlasting and incorruptible."

"Sister, sister," moaned Isabel, "not thus can I find solace in religion; it hath no power to stifle my great sorrow. I only know my mother lived, and she is dead to me; I only know I quitted her dear side, and have returned too late—too late!"

"Nay, not too late, since Heaven willed it so, but at the proper time. 'Tis thy rebellious spirit whispers thee thou art too late; thy heart is sorrowful; sister, but the sorrow which now wrestles with its pride shall lead thee by the higher path safe to the Christian fold!"

"Oh, I have strayed too far; the shepherd may not find me; yet, at least my punishment hath been greater than my sin."

"Repine not thou, but take thy cross and bear it to thy goal, following Christ, thy Lord. By sorrows we are chastened; this grief will purify thee, Isabel, as I pray it hath done me."

When the voice of sisterly affection had softened the maiden's grief, Isabel felt how great indeed must be the consolation of religion when it thus enabled her, who had watched with patient anguish by her mother's couch till death relieved her vigil, to speak words of comfort after the cherished spirit had departed, which could soothe another's sorrows, and, patient to the end, be still the one who could sustain the weeping sister.

And the Lord of Kirtan—how fared it with him? Well nigh heart-broken, he, too, depended on the gentle Frances for consolation in his hour of trouble. And as she murmured low, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!" Geoffrey de Clere bowed him to the yoke, and forgot his sufferings in the joy he felt that she whom he so deeply loved had been welcomed to that land where sorrow and tears might not enter, and where there should be no more death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### To the Friends and Patrons of Mt. Pleasant Park.

Arrangements are nearly completed for the twelfth annual camp-meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, to be held at Clinton, Iowa, commencing Sunday, July 25th, and closing Sunday, August 26th, 1894.

The following first-class talent has been engaged for the rostrum, who will interest and instruct the people in the higher phases of practical Spiritualism and the advanced thought of the day:

Prof. J. S. Loveland, of California, president of the association; Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Cleveland, Ohio; Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass.; Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, vice-president of the association, and Willard J. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Several of the best mediums are secured, and others representing various phases have promised to attend the entire month. Among the number are Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., platform test medium; Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, materializing medium, of San Francisco, Cal.; W. A. Mansfield, of Willoughby, Ohio, slate-writing medium; Mrs. Mary A. T. Barkalow, clairvoyant and clairaudient medium, of St. Paul, Minn.; Lizzie and May Bangs, of Chicago, Ill., slate-writing, clairvoyant and business medium. Many other test, business and healing mediums, also trumpet and independent voice, will be added to the list, affording ample opportunity for all investigators to obtain evidence of the grandest truth ever given to the world.

Prof. Hoffman's orchestra, of Clinton, Iowa, will furnish the instrumental music, with additional instruments for band music on Sunday.

A quartette of male and female voices will furnish the vocal music, introducing the latest and most popular songs appropriate for the occasion.

With the talent engaged, and mediums secured, the outlook for a grand and successful meeting is unsurpassed.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all friends and investigators, also to good reliable mediums, to meet with us and be happy in aiding to advance the cause of truth. Circulars with complete program will be issued at an early date. All mediums intending to be present and who desire to have their names appear therein, please address,

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### Another Visit to Farmer Riley.

To many of the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the name of James Riley, the materializing medium, who resides on his little farm near Marcellus, Mich., is more or less familiar. Like many others who have had the good fortune to attend one of his seances, I feel prompted, from a sense of duty associated with pleasure, not to allow the event and results of a seance held on March 30th, 1894, to pass into oblivion without being presented to those interested in associating themselves with loved ones in Spirit-life.

Mr. Riley gives everyone the liberty to take his house all to pieces, only asking them to put it back as good as they found it. After all are satisfied that everything is as it should be, several slates with a pencil are placed upon the bed (which is in the room). Some have messages written on them to those in the Spiritland, and some are left blank.

Mr. Riley has a teaspoonful of common flour placed in his hands, and then he takes his seat inside of his cabinet, at the left of the door, at which time the curtains are dropped, leaving him in total darkness.

The light in the parlor where the circle sits was then turned about half-way down, and a few familiar tunes were sung; only to be interrupted by a rattling of the slates that were placed on the bed, showing us that the medium has become entranced by his spirit control, Mr. John Benton, who soon parts the curtains and makes a polite bow to those present. Mr. Benton is about six feet tall and is in full dress. Most of those that materialize are generally recognized by some one in the circle as friend, relative or acquaintance. When dematerialization takes place, it presents a scene to the observer as if a form gradually sank down through the floor.

Col. Robert Ingersoll says that from the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no answer; that we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing voices; also that the witnesses who taught the immortality of the soul have been dead nearly two thousand years, and hence his agnostic views, that, in my opinion, would vanish like the morning dew before a June sun, should he visit a seance with my friend Mr. Riley.

The following message, received from a sister of mine who has been in the Spirit-world over twenty years, goes into detail in such a manner that no earthly power can convince me that it is not from the spirit of the one who signs her name; and to further substantiate the question under consideration, the penmanship exhibited is a fac simile of hers penned while here on earth. My messages to her and her replies are as follows:

My dear sister—Can you tell me about the spirit land a little more? Do the departed dwell in spheres, and is your world as real as ours? And is it a fact that everything on this earth has its counterpart in the Spirit-world? Kindly go into detail as much as possible.—Charlie.

Dear brother Charlie—I come to greet you and to give information asked for. Dear brother, when one comes to our world, they are met by some one of us and welcomed with a kiss, then escorted to a place of rest, where they are permitted to rest and think over the change; then they are guided back to the earth-plane to visit their earth home and see their loved ones. Yes, we are all graded here according to our standing morally and intellectually. Yes, everything has its counterpart here. May and I have our work to do: it is to help the unfortunate ones who come to us. Our mission is one of love. Now, my darling brother, as one lives on your earth plane they rest. Oh, my dear brother, promise me, your loving sister, that you will drink no more intoxicating liquors; it will ruin you and you will come to me in darkness. I must go—good bye. Loving sister, June.

My dear sister—Of course you know that that my habit of drinking intoxicating liquors will be difficult to overcome, circumstances considered; but my word for it, I will make an honest endeavor. Try and be with me and help me.—From your loving brother, Charlie.

Oh, bless you, my darling brother; May and I will aid you. Every time you are tempted I will impress you with my presence. Oh, my loving earth brother, I know you will succeed.—Spirit sister June.

"May" means a niece of mine who died about three months prior to the death of my sister, about two years old; and I had nearly forgotten her, but, as will be seen, they are associated. In conclusion, I would say that those who have any desire to strengthen themselves in the belief of an existence hereafter, and dislodge all possible doubts, will find that a seance or two at Mr. Riley's will not yield negative results. I will bring this to a close by saying that I am now a temperate man, and intend to stay so the balance of my days. Friends on earth may speak to us occasionally relative to our weaknesses and imperfections, with favorable results; but their influence is not to be compared with those who speak from the other side of the valley of death.

Dr. CHARLES D. GORRUM.

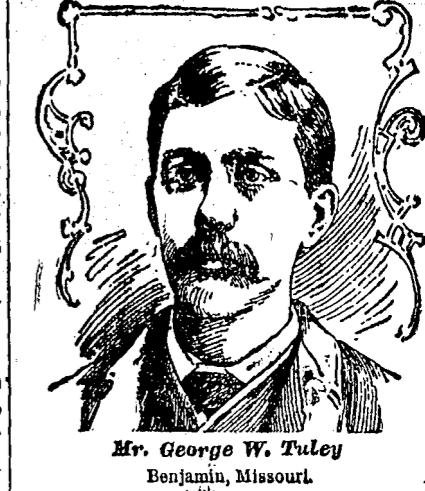
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## The President of the National Association in the Lecture Field.

Many Spiritualist friends in the East have urged us to write an account of our journeyings during the past two months, for your valuable paper. It has been delayed by circumstances over which we had no control, and this is the first opportunity we have had to greet our many friends, through your columns, for many weeks.

Late in the month of January we were called to Boston on important business connected with the National Association, where we found many workers in full sympathy with us and our endeavors to form a closer union among our Spiritualist friends. Mr. James H. Young, of Onset; Mr. F. B. Woodbury, of Roxbury; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Melrose; Mrs. Loring, of Fitchburg; Dr. Fuller, of Worcester; Mr. James, of Lynn, and many others were endeavoring to complete their State organization, which had been so auspiciously formed in December, 1893. These friends were strong allies of the National Association and have done much toward sustaining it and assisting its officers in furthering the work which that association purposes doing throughout the union. We were invited to address the Ladies' Aid Society, also the Berkeley Hall Society, and the First Church of Spiritualists, in Lynn, on the subject of "The Aims and Objects of the National Association." We were greeted on all three occasions by large audiences, and found much sympathy for the cause of organization, in every instance. The National Association has been misrepresented to our friends in New England, and to have its objects clearly stated to them modified their opinions of its merits very materially. After we had been made acquainted, we could ask for no more cordial reception and kindly treatment than we received while in that State.

From Boston we were called by telegram to Skowhegan, Maine, where we addressed many friends, upon the subject of organization and the principles of Spiritualism. We found several very earnest Spiritualists in this place. Dr. F. S. Bigelow, who for fifteen years has been a faithful defender of our faith, and one who has endeavored to make it known to the people of his resident village, was found on deck, endeavoring to discharge his duties in the same faithful manner as of old. Many of our school friends and associates of bygone years had disappeared from the mortal plane, and given up to their immortalities, since we had last visited that place. The audience that greeted us was small and contained only a few familiar faces. Time works changes rapidly, and it has not stood still with the friends in Skowhegan. Many of those who were outspoken Spiritualists in the olden time have either gone into churches, or else are endeavoring to keep their Spiritualism out of sight for fear of their neighbors' opinions in regard to the same. Yet we found a spirit of earnest inquiry among the people in all denominations, and we feel that a good speaker and medium would create a great revival in Skowhegan.

We next went to Canaan, our birthplace, which we had not visited for five years. How changed were the faces that were left to greet us! Schoolmates and the friends of the other days have been scattered, and we almost felt as the poet says:

"Like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but him departed."

Yet many friends were still found in the form, among whom there was manifested an earnest desire to learn something of the truth of Spiritualism; W. C. Fitzgerald, T. B. Barrett, Geo. W. Johnson, Dr. Ivory Lowe, Mrs. M. B. Bragg, C. A. Boston, Frank Rand, Henry Johnson, Levi P. Barrett, H. C. Gower, Amos Stephens and others were found to be investigators and believers in our philosophy and religion. We were invited to address our friends on the subject of Spiritualism, and were greeted by large audiences on two occasions. We may well characterize it as one of the happiest moments of our life to greet our old friends in this way after many years of continued absence from their midst.

On the first of February, we were called to Cornville, Maine, to attend the funeral of Rev. Samuel Woodman, who for thirty-five years had been an earnest advocate of our cause and an outspoken defender of its claims. He has gone up to his immortality at the ripe age of 88 years and 7 months. His mind was clear to the very last, and with almost his last breath he expressed his love for and knowledge of the religion of Spiritualism which had stood so faithfully by him during his earthly pilgrimage. He was educated for the Methodist ministry, and for thirty years was a minister in good fellowship in that denomination. Spiritualism came to him in his own household, and because he was brave enough to heed the voice of the angel loved ones he was dismissed from fellowship in that body. He uttered his convictions in regard to Spiritualism freely and fearlessly, and by so doing won the respect even of his opponents or enemies, if he had any. He was repeatedly called to positions of honor and trust by the citizens of his native town and county, and was everywhere honored for his honesty and integrity. We met him for the first time fourteen years ago, and heard him utter some very earnest words in behalf of Spiritualism, on that occasion. As that was about our first introduction to Spiritualism, Mr. Woodman took a deep interest in us, and came to us after the meeting was over, and said with emotion: "My young brother, no man can ever sacrifice anything for truth's sake; remember, it." We have remembered it; and those words have been with us during all the years that we have been endeavoring to work in the interest of our beloved religion. That remark was woven into our discourse at the funeral services, which were attended by a large concourse of his friends and neighbors. His wife, two sons and two daughters survive him, all

of whom have the comforting knowledge of Spiritualism to sustain them as they mourn the loss of his physical presence.

From Canaan we went to Portland, where we spoke for the First Church of Spiritualists on the 11th of February. We were welcomed by Brothers H. C. Berry and Nelson Lord, both of whom are pillars in the holy temple of Zion in that city. We were greeted by good audiences, both afternoon and evening, and honored by the application for a charter from the N. S. A. as the result of our labors.

Spiritualism in Maine has no more earnest workers than Nelson Lord and H. C. Berry. The State is ripe for a rich spiritual harvest, and it can be reaped by any earnest worker who will go there in the spirit of truth, and with the sincere desire to awaken the minds of the people to the comforting knowledge that Spiritualism alone can give them of the after-life, and of their relations to the present. If the Spiritualists of the country could only be made to realize the importance of missionary work, they would be astonished to see what great results would follow even the slightest effort in this direction. The unjust laws of which so much complaint is now being made by our people, and the spirit of persecution, so rife among the ignorant in other denominations, would disappear before the sunshine that would come in from the illumination of the spiritual natures of men. Men cannot fail to be broad in civil, political and social matters when they have come out into the larger light of the clearer truth of Spiritualism. They can only be made to see this by earnest missionaries who are themselves touched, as were the lips of Isaiah of old, with coals of hallowed fire from off the altar of truth. We sincerely hope that the importance of this work may be realized by our people throughout the country, and closer attention given to it hereafter.

Of our subsequent journeyings we will write in a future letter. H. D. BARRETT.

## Saginaw Valley Association.

TO THE EDITOR:—Perhaps a few lines from me regarding the quarterly meeting of the Saginaw Valley Spiritualist Association will not come amiss. The meeting commenced on Saturday, April 21st, with a fine attendance; on Sunday commenced the rousing feast of spiritual things. The first on the program of Sunday morning was a masterly solo by the Sankey of Spiritualism, P. O. Hudson, followed by a charming address by Mrs. Martha E. Root, the gifted speaker of our city. The address was a feast of spiritual thought. The morning services closed with "On the Shore of that Beautiful River," solo, by Prof. Hudson, after which the Lyceum assembled and was presided over by Prof. Brooks. Then came the sumptuous repast prepared by the Ladies' Aid Society, auxiliary to this society, of which all were invited to partake. Then came the grand discourse by Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids; subjects taken from the audience. Questions were quite numerous, Mr. Moulton answering every one in his masterly style. During the afternoon session a beautiful violin solo was rendered by Prof. Hudson; also the closing song, entitled: "Roll Back Again those Bygone Days." After this a sumptuous supper was served in the dining-room connected with the new Odd Fellow's Temple, at which place our meetings were held. The evening services were opened by an overture by Prof. Hudson's orchestra, followed by the grand flow of oratory by Mr. Moulton, his subject being: "Science, Orthodoxy and Religion," which subjects he handled in his own inimitable style, receiving bursts of applause showing how Spiritualism filled the space between threadbare, worn-out orthodoxy, on one hand, and cold materialism and science on the other, scorning several well-taken points on Moses, on Mt. Sinai and old Joshua murdering the unoffending tribes, and the earth standing still while he was permitted to continue the butchery. The hall was crowded and many were not able to gain admission. The musical gem of the evening was the closing solo by Prof. Hudson, entitled, "Mother Come to Me in Dreams," after which the audience was dismissed, all expressing one grand general opinion that the meeting was a success in every particular. Bay City, Mich. SUBSCRIBER.

## Social Events of the Grand Rapids Spiritual Society.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Grand Rapids society has prospered under the ministrations of Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, during the month of April. Several delightful social events have transpired also, at which she has officiated; among these, I may mention a threefold birthday surprise party at the pleasant residence of Mr. L. A. Austin, commemorative of Mrs. Austin's, Mrs. Winch's and Mr. Stowe's birthday, which all occur on the same date. Some forty or fifty friends assembled. The opening remarks were made very happily by Mr. L. V. Moulton. Friends had prepared some simple but beautiful gifts. These were presented by Mrs. Reynolds; also the triplets, as they were facetiously called, were each christened with a full-blown rose given them, with poetical and symbolical remarks in Mrs. Reynolds' own inspired and attractive manner. She was followed by Dr. Shermerhorn, Mrs. T. V. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay and your humble scribe, as the inspiration of the hour dictated. Music was rendered by Mrs. Dr. Batdorf. Refreshments were daintily served, and amid laughter and kindly converse the evening passed, one long to be remembered by those who participated. Another birthday surprise was held for Mr. Winch at his residence a few days ago. Mr. Winch has passed his eightieth year. Friends gave him a fine umbrella; this also was presented by Mrs. Reynolds with a poem, and an enjoyable evening followed.

At one of the afternoon circles, where our good sister, Mrs. Winch, has worked long and faithfully as a test medium and has charge of the public circles, and has given her

services freely, it was decided to give her the day's offering, whatever it might be; it proved to be five dollars. This was presented her by Mrs. Reynolds and was gratefully received. Mrs. Reynolds gave some beautiful remarks on the occasion; a poem was also given by the undersigned. A large circle was in attendance. Mrs. Reynolds, audiences are large and appreciative.

Mrs. C. H. HINKLEY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Col. Ingersoll and Hon. A. B. Richmond.

In your issue of February 17th, Mr. A. B. Richmond has an article under the head "That Critique Review." The first part of Mr. Richmond's article I regard as able and scholarly. I like it very much, but I feel that the latter part deserves a few words from some one who looks at the matter from a different standpoint.

I think Mr. Richmond's argument in support of an immortal principle, spirit, or entity, which exists in man, yet is independent of him which lives on after this form of matter is laid aside, and of which this but its expression—is very fine and affords data for earnest thought.

His exposure of the fallacy of that remark of Mr. Ingersoll's about "wonderful chemistry by which a loaf of bread is changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet," was good. I think he is right when he says that we might as well talk about that wonderful chemistry by which a few shovelfuls of coals in an engine that runs the printing press is converted into those "winged messengers of thought," filled with scientific productions, or evolved into eloquence and song.

The brain no more produces thoughts than the piano produces the melody; in each case there must be a player working through the instrument, although, of course, the power of the player to manifest himself in thought or in melody is limited to the capacity of the instrument.

In some places Mr. Richmond talks as though he believed in God as a sentient being, a God who plans and cogitates like man, a being possessing intelligence; yet intelligence, and the only intelligence we know anything about, implies limited faculties, such as memory, benevolence, calculation, etc., and these can only exist in a being confined to locality, "finite in knowledge and subject to infirmities," he parallels his work with man's. Then he speaks of creation and a creator. He thinks it absurd to suppose a "universe without a God." In this he agrees with Paley, that prince of orthodox theologians and commentators, for he says all the works of nature demonstrate the mind of a designer. Oh! yes, certainly. Mr. Ingersoll proves this in the case of the cancer. He says: "These religious people see nothing but design everywhere, and personal, intelligent interference in everything. They insist that the universe has been created, and that the adaptation of means to ends is perfectly apparent. They point us to the sunshine, to the flowers, to the April rain, and to all there is of beauty and of use in the world. Did it ever occur to them that a cancer is as beautiful in its development as the reddest rose? That what they are pleased to call the adaptation of means to ends is as apparent in the cancer as in the April rain? How beautiful the process of digestion! By what ingenious method the blood is poisoned so that the cancer shall have food. By what wonderful contrivances the entire system of man is made to pay tribute to this divine and charming cancer. See by what admirable instrumentalities it feeds itself from the surrounding, quivering, dainty flesh! See how it gradually but surely expands and grows! By what marvelous mechanism it is supplied with long and slender roots that reach out to the most secret nerves of pain for sustenance and life! What beautiful colors it presents! Seen through the microscope it is a marvel of order and beauty. All the ingenuity of man cannot stop its growth. Think of the amount of thought it must have required to invent a way by which the blood of one man might be given to produce one cancer. Is it possible to look upon it and doubt there is design in the universe, and that the inventor of this wonderful cancer must be infinitely powerful, ingenious and good?" (Gods, p. 7.)

Then Mr. Richmond quotes Mr. Ingersoll as saying: "The time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so." Is not that a beautiful doctrine? Could the highest altruism be expressed in fewer words? Would anything more be needed to bring the kingdom of heaven to our very doors, here and now? Surely, if this were done the art of living together in harmony and brotherly love would be found and the whole mission and purpose of Christianity would be fulfilled, yet Mr. Richmond pronounces those words as "most pernicious doctrine, and if carried out would end the progress of civilization and enlightenment." It seems strange to me how a man of Mr. Richmond's ability can take such a view. I cannot believe that all his readers will agree with him.

"When a true philanthropist erects noble institutions of learning that future generations may reap where he has sown," is not that the way he takes his happiness, here and now? When the "husbandman plows and scatters the seed that he may reap a future harvest," and the "scientist investigates, that future generations may be enlightened by his researches," is not that their way of taking their happiness, here and now? Or when Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Richmond (both iconoclasts from an orthodox view) are upon the rostrum preaching the doctrines that square with the eternal principles of right, sending their hot shot of truth to pierce superstition's armor, causing the walls of prejudice to crumble before the batteries of progressive knowledge, is not that their life and their happiness, here and now?

All men seek happiness. Mr. Richmond seeks in doing good to others, in giving them

light and knowledge, and in preaching and writing grand truths (certain portions of the article under review excluded) which tend to lift up and elevate humanity. Others seek theirs by gratifying the propensities of the animal man, while others, like Howard, make martyrs of themselves, and engage in deeds of philanthropy, here and now.

A Jesus suffering upon a cross, or a John Rogers and Michael Servetus, expiring amid flames and smoke in order that the truth might more abide in future generations through their sufferings here and now, is the highest possible happiness I can conceive of, when viewed with a wider horizon and measured by the higher standards; they were only obeying the voice of God (speaking after the manner of the world) which they heard whispering in their hearts—nay, commanding them, pushing them to the glorious consummation of the martyr's sacrifice.

Mr. Richmond continues: "He has broken the church and creeds, and on their vacant pedestals has set up one of his own, more horrible than any ever formed or painted by the creeds of the past or the superstitions of mythology." I am sure all kind-hearted and benevolent people will disagree with him here. He thinks that to exist forever in torment and enduring most excruciating torture and suffering would be preferable to passing into a state of unconsciousness, or what he chooses to call annihilation. I hesitate not to say that Col. Ingersoll has done more toward enlightening the world; done the world more good; done young men and young women more good by teaching them to love, worship and aspire to all that is high and noble in human nature; to reverence all that is pure and sacred in woman; in short, he has done more good by teaching them to do right for its own sake, here and now, by giving them broader, higher, better views of life and living and the way for them to be happy here and now, than any other man on this round globe.

Mr. Ingersoll does not say: "There is no future," that is Mr. Richmond's interpretation. He simply says that as he has not seen the evidence, he does not know. Mr. Ingersoll is a man who has a heart; he is a man who has a soul; he is a man with a large, kindly, generous nature, and broad sympathies, and his soul is tuned in perfect accord with all nature, and is too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of content and sympathy with the purposes of the universe, to doubt that whatever the future holds in store for us, is not wrong—but is best.

Mr. Ingersoll's belief as to a future life does not accord with my own. I feel that there are strong evidences, amounting almost to proof, that we live again; yet I do not expect Mr. Ingersoll or anybody else to become converted by the evidence which came to me. It has ever seemed to me that there ought to be another life to supplement this, on the score of justice; but in the absence of any absolute proof of it I have contented myself with the thought that as there has been a power which has brought us out of the seeming nothingness of the grave, there may also exist a power that will bring us out of the seeming sleep of death; but if we could only know that there is a future life, the single item of knowledge would, I believe, do more to settle all our trouble, all our social, political and industrial problems, than all else combined.

I know modern Spiritualism claims to solve this problem by demonstration or presenting the proofs for which the mind of man is so earnestly seeking, and it does appear in some instances to give these proofs. I know of some people who appear perfectly satisfied that they have communed with the spirits of their departed friends. That is some evidence to me of another life, yet who can say, "I know," and if there should be one having the boldness to step forward and say, "I know," and a few questions to him brings out certain experiences, certain phenomena upon which he bases his knowledge, may we not be equally competent to interpret the phenomena, and because we differ with him as to the meaning, or because we draw different conclusions from the same facts, or supposed facts, are we to be called a "visionary ideal of Agnosticism."

Well does Mr. Richmond ask: "What savant has analyzed the elements of the imperishable agents of nature, as heat, light, electricity—either gravity, or the phenomena of attraction and repulsion?" Has he done so, that he speaks with such assurance?

I like Mr. Richmond's reasoning very much in the first part of his article; but in the latter part there is to my mind a dogmatism pervading it quite as offensive as anything Mr. Ingersoll has said. H. L. HUTCHINSON.

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SATURDAY MAY 5, 1894

## Ancient Gods.

An interesting chapter could be written on the making and the capture of ancient gods. Incidentally such information would pave the way to a better knowledge of modern ones. All who are posted in the rise of nations are aware that about the first thing necessary to secure a stable government was the invention and construction of a god who had power to hold his people together, and lead them in battle. As these gods could not discourse in ordinary language, it became necessary to have priests to interpret their will.

The priest was prolific in promises so long as the subject observed the will of the divine being they had enthroned; but they never forgot the terrible curses that would follow if his commands were disregarded.

These priests followed the soldiers to the battle-field, and the chaplains of the conflicting armies implored the favor of his special god, and made him all sorts of wondrous promises if he would secure them victory. Hesiod, the Grecian poet, makes his readers well acquainted with the doings of the gods, and shows their plots and counterplots, each striving to make his own arms victorious.

In process of time foreign wars were waged with the sole purpose of capturing a powerful god who had led an opposing army to victory. When secured, with great toil and tardy movements, he was dragged in triumph over a pathless desert to his new home, then was set up with martial pomp; new shrines were erected to his honor, and new priests were designated to minister in his temples. Serapis, imported from Pontus on the Black Sea, to Alexandria, during the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, is a case in point as to an imported god.

Bible students are sometimes shocked when they read Judges 1: 9: "The Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." This God, powerless against chariots of iron, was probably the one who was waged in "the ark of God," of whom we get a good account in the fourth, fifth and sixth chapters of 1 Samuel. The Philistines captured this God, but he was so intractable that Dagon, cutting off his head. He smote the people with disease, and they were glad to get rid of him, so they loaded "the ark of God" into a cart, to which they tied two cows, and these kine took the straight way, lowing and bellowing, turning neither to the right nor left, until they reached Beth-shemesh—house of the sun—where the poor cows, so sorely distressed because they bore a god, were slaughtered and sacrificed to "the Lord." We are then told 50,000 men were also slain, because they looked into the ark.

This "ark of God"—chest of God would be more correct—finally reached the temple, where, according to Bible narrative, it remained until the Babylonian captivity, when it seems to have disappeared. After that the Persians, otherwise the Zoroastrian God, seems to have been substituted in place of David's God, before whom "the man after God's own heart" leaped and danced in wondrous mirth.

## They Don't Like It.

"I don't see why this man, who is no worse than the rest of us, only he has been discovered and we have not, should be punished, unless we are to be hypocrites."

Such was the language of Col. Thompson, the leading lawyer of Breckinridge, on the occasion of his late trial in Washington. "You are a hypocrite," Colonel, as was your client, as are multitudes of churchmen who pose as favorites of heaven. Observation has taught us to distrust that whole brood of religionists who make a display of goodness for public honors, who pray to be heard of men, and who legislate to make other men good.

## The Process of Translation.

The world must have been profoundly shocked when Father Hardoun, a Catholic priest, about 1690, first gave his "Prolegomena" to the public, wherein he exposed the terrible frauds of the Roman church, and showed that the entire ecclesiastical history of the first twelve centuries is absolutely fabulous; that the series of popes back of that period was fictitious; that the pretended writings of the fathers of the church, as Origen, Augustine, Tertullian, Jerome, Clement, etc., are really modern forgeries, not older than the fourteenth century; that the forgers employed all the arts known in their day to give appearance of antiquity to their productions, using parchments and inks in imitation of the earlier centuries, to make their fictitious manuscripts appear genuine; that ancient coins were ransacked for names, and others were forged to aid in the great fraud. Hardoun, like Galileo, at the direction of his superiors, repudiated his own teachings; but before his death he republished his statements with augmented force.

Prof. Johnson wrote his "Rise of Christendom," in which he maintains equally extreme positions, unacquainted with Hardoun's labors until he had reached similar and in many respects more extreme positions.

The Catholic priest's work was written in Latin, and has never appeared in English, but *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is glad to state that Prof. Johnson, at the instance of his American readers, is now engaged in translating the "Prolegomena" into English, to which he will add copious notes. The hope is that thousands of copies will be in the hands of English-speaking people before the year closes.

## Preparing for War.

We chronicled the fact awhile ago, that Protestant churches were organizing military companies of juvenile Sunday-school scholars, and were drilling them in the use of arms. Now we note the same thing is being done by Catholics. In the Rockford, Ill., *Star* of April 18 appeared a notice stating:

"The boys of St. Mary's parish have organized into a juvenile military company, to the number of sixty, and had their first drill last night."

"In time of peace prepare for war," is only saying, "Prepare for war, and you will have strife." When children are trained by the churches for mortal combat, and are loaded with instruments and emblems of slaughter, then is the time for philanthropists to weep. Let no one lay the flattering unction to his soul that all these preparations for war are a destined purpose. It is fratricidal strife, in which neighbors and friends will meet in deadly array. It means a revival of the medieval ages, with all their bloody horrors. Instead of encouraging these military drills among children, offered by priests, government should lose no time in arresting the movement.

Churchmen do not seem content to trust their future to the State, nor to the pacific policy of advancing civilization, but the opposing church elements are marshalling and instructing their cohorts for the clash of arms.

## Real Merit.

If a more worthy sentiment ever fell from human lips than that sublime one accredited to Pythagoras, it has not been our fortune to see it:

"Those who aim at honors will do well to imitate those who are crowned in the games. They did not injure their adversaries, but strove to gain the victory by their own worthy endeavor."

## Joan of Arc a Saint.

The Maid of Orleans, burned at the stake, May 30, 1431, for sorcery, her crime the leading of the armies of France to victory, has just been beatified at Notre Dame, Paris, with great honors. Cardinal Winchester presided at the terrible execution, while numerous bishops and scribes were in attendance to see that the orders of the Vicar of the Inquisition were faithfully observed. What does the church now say of her priestly representatives?

## More Heresy.

Prof. Garvin of Butler University, Indianapolis, Ind., is now the target at which bigots are aiming their ecclesiastical popguns. He is charged with being a false teacher, and is asked by leading ministers of his sect to resign his chair. The naughty man, educated in the modern languages, and for what passes as Hebrew, twelve years a professor, it is alleged had the effrontery quite recently, to declare: "The death of Christ had no more to do with the salvation of men than the death of any other good man."

It is very evident the Inquisition must be revived, if all men are to adopt a common belief. Excommunication does not seem to crush out heresy. Stronger means must be employed.

## The Spirit Artist Campbell.

The Spirit-artist, Mr. Campbell, has returned from California, after sojourning there for several months. Great success accompanied him there as well as it does everywhere else. The manifestations given through his mediumship are always highly interesting to believers, while they confound the skeptics. His next stopping-place will be at Cassadaga, N. Y., where he will remain for some time. He leaves a host of admiring friends in this city.

The falls of Niagara are traveling backwards at the average rate of nine feet a year.

On the shores of the Mediterranean the beets grow wild.

## WHAT IS THE USE?

That is the Important Question!

It is Lucidly Answered by the Clear-headed Col. Van Horn.

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"As a man thinks so he is," says Col. R. T. Van Horn in the *Kansas City Journal*. People live in their thoughts. You can get a man to change the cut of his garment at the caprice of fashion any time, but his thought is like the fossil in the rock. The teacher has an awful responsibility, and the more egotistic and narrow he is, the worse for poor humanity that takes its first impressions from him.

It is a very strong expression to make, but it is true nevertheless, that the basis of thinking, the formative concept in the thought of the mass of mind among us today, is that of a thousand years ago. The average instructor, in all branches of so-called knowledge, thinks on the plane of Ptolemaic cosmology. Then, again, men in the very highest walks of modern science gravely tell us that science and religion are two distinct "professions," and that they have no connection—calm and jargon for the one, catchwords for the other. Yet they overlook the fact that the one is forced into the stomach to make a healthy brain for the acquisition of the other—or that salvation is a means to salvation. That may sound disrespectful, but it is descriptive.

We are led to this cynical form of reflection by the flood of questions, criticism and comment induced by our reference to the elemental conditions of the universe—of space being but a solution of words and substance, and creation but its condensation. The very statement takes the old-time concepts of matter, time and space out of the problem, yet nine in ten ask and comment as though the fact was untouched. Another will look at it in the Berkeleyan sense, of there really being no such thing as matter at all. All these seemingly radically different forms of thought are really from the same basic God idea—a personal manipulator of things. Even when the idea of an "intelligence" in nature is conceded, this old form of thought puts that intelligence "behind" it—a strictly personal relation. So it is that what the priest with an ominous air of injured sanctity calls pantheism has this personal ideal simply homeopathically diffused in cosmos. Nearly all our formulae, as to the persistence of force, the indestructibility of matter, conservation of energy, etc., are tinged with this underlying personality in creative activity. Possibly this may be inherent in the finite condition of our mental life, but it should be regarded as an equation in thinking instead of being by a priori concession made the controlling factor in thought.

For example, we have read a long disquisition in contradiction of the theory of "intelligence and law," in cosmic conditions, as a "mental vagary," and the writer illustrates his position by this example: That a grain of common salt is found on analysis to be certain proportions of chlorine and sodium combined by electrochemical action to a certain vibratory rate, when they combine, and we have common salt. And as this is always so, he claims it as a fact of molecular action, and not of an intelligence at all. But he totally overlooks his own intelligence that has discovered this fact and mastered the chemical manipulation that controls it forms the salt, or separates it. Or, in other words, but for intelligence he would never have known the fact to tell it. So, after all, there is but a change of terms.

The higher knowledge never comes as long as we use the old concepts of thought. We must come up higher—a new philosophy can never be built up out of the old cosmogony bricks of the personal creative concept—that the world somehow was hand-made. The "intelligence" in creation will always be more or less anthropomorphic as long as this creative idea is allowed to color thinking. It is this idea that has thwarted the theory of gravity. That theory in the mind of Newton, and in essentially a mathematical one, and in that aspect is a working hypothesis yet, but as a creative concept it is, as has been illustrated in former mention, not equal to all demands. Now it is very easy for a mere immemorial machine to ask or sneer about knowing more than Newton, but that is the privilege of that class of mind that thinks a text-book in the pocket to be knowledge in the brain. We are talking for men who are students. Gravity is as much a fact today as it was in the hands of Newton, but it is widening as a fact. The attraction of gravity exists as ever, but instead of being the cause of cosmic phenomena is itself part of those phenomena, or in other words is the result of force in one direction. The fact of gravity, so-called, has been too often suspended and is of too constant witnessing to give it universal control. When suspended, what is it but force operating in a different direction. Now, instead of getting bigoted and abusing somebody, let us try as Newton did to discover the fact lying back of it.

Thinkers are perfectly aware of the fact that from our present methods of interpreting thoughts in words, there must be a great deal yielded to words. The recently buried Kossuth said words were things—a most true and truthful saying—but they are things very awkwardly used sometimes. Did you ever think in a dream, or awake when awake, and then try to express in words what was so clear to you? We are doing or attempting to do that impossible thing all the time. After all, these disputes and arguments are but different words for the same thing. The priest says God; the philosopher says intelligence; the statesman tells you it is law, natural law, and the scientist and chemist insist that it is molecular action, while the physicist discourses about atoms. All are mere words in the field of mental activity in each has given birth to. But all mean the same thing—the cause immanent in all things. And so it is that in the end we come back to the starting point of all knowledge—the origin, the creation, or the nature of suns and planets, because this is the basis of all thinking.

And here we take up the thread where it dropped last week—the vortex concept—or the idea that instead of

gravity, as popularly understood, vortex form is the cause of external force, rather than an outward force, but this outward force is not the whole, any more than gravity is, but it is the primal force. Modern science tells us that the ether is so subtle that it pervades everything—that it is between the particles of granite as the air is between our houses or between the trees of the woods. What is this but the curvilinear vortex—the force that is external to all form? Will anybody tell us why a block of wood weighing a pound will fall to the earth, while a bird weighing ten pounds will rise from it? What does the bird do but change the direction of force by its mechanism? In one case force acts in one direction as gravity; in the other it acts different as levitation. The book is spoken will tell you it is buoyancy, but the idea of the brain will tell you the force external to both was changed by conditions.

Again, the gravity theory tells you that worlds were formed by rings thrown off from suns, and that moons are but rounded rings of a planet. It may be all true, but how can a force pulling eternally and potentially to a common center throw off a ring and hold it there for ages, and then by an extra pull in the outer direction, throw it into a moon and throw it off 240,000 miles and keep it out there forever against the pull of a body whose mass is 80 times greater? Such questions destroy scientific dogma, as well as those of science dispel theologic platitudes.

Now let us take an ordinary tornado, or whirlwind as our fathers called them, and see how the vortex acts—for they are the most potent and potent form of the vortex known to us. They are in the air, of the air, they are in the atmosphere, and they are the most infinite power so palpably that there is no mistake. They carry everything before them, but destructive as they are over the belt of country covered by them, they are calm in the center—for animals and persons have been carried distances by them and deposited unhurt—being in the center and discharged at the end or pole. These tornadoes burn even green timber carried in them—from the friction generated. Then they are so violent because the current forcing them condenses the saturated atmosphere into the funnel-shaped cloud. Here is present in atmospheric miniature as a sign or symbol to our quickened intellectual perceptions the world-creative vortex in the infinite ether or space. What made the tornado, or rather how was it formed, but from cloud substance in solution? Was our atmosphere, as is space, undisturbed and original as to state, the tornado would never be dissipated, for there would be no vortex to force it to condense, then be as enduring as that of sun or planet. Is there anything in the vortex theory that is harder to understand than there is in that of gravity? We are not urging it as the true theory at all, only to point out to the thinking mind that there is no infallible dogma in science any more than there is in religion or any other department of human inquiry, but that the human mind can and ought to reason for itself. The field of knowledge is by no means exhausted. We have a profound respect for human acquirement in any branch of knowledge, but in the field of religious, scientific or philosophic inquiry, because all are legitimate and a part of the universal field of knowledge, but the most unendurable of all ignorant people is the learned man in any of these departments who turns up his nose at a fact outside his professional mill. It is this habit and almost rule with the teaching class that has banished progress to the outside world and to what is called the "practical side of life."

What the world needs is to look up, wake up and think. The first lesson to learn is to think for yourself. Let us look at our self-constituted thinkers and examine their credentials: First, the clergy: They spend their student years over books written centuries ago by men who didn't know a tittle as to God's works that our high school children know today. And the ideas of those old time men are held up to us as infallible truth. Then take the next most influential class, the physicians: They are taught a rigid formulae, based entirely on experiment, when for 1800 years they didn't know the blood circulated, and for the last hundred years denounced human magnetism as a fraud, when every person they shook hands with was an object lesson to its truth. And even our scientists, who have done so much for mental emancipation, are too prone to denounce as vagaries any knowledge that is outside their curriculum. As late as 1893 certain papers, by two of the most eminent scholars and scientists of merit, were subjected to censorship and mutilation before the results of their highest thought could be printed in the transactions of the Smithsonian Institute.

Is it any wonder, in the face of facts like these, that the modern student should protest against the conditions that make such teachers the ultimate educational authority for the people? But next comes the highest teaching of all—that of the philosophers: They have a profound respect for human acquirement in any branch of knowledge, but in the field of religious, scientific or philosophic inquiry, because all are legitimate and a part of the universal field of knowledge, but the most unendurable of all ignorant people is the learned man in any of these departments who turns up his nose at a fact outside his professional mill. It is this habit and almost rule with the teaching class that has banished progress to the outside world and to what is called the "practical side of life."

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## HOMO-MAGNETISM.

Its Practical Utility Demonstrated.

A PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATION—CHLOROFORM AND WHISKY—A PSYCHIC PROBLEM—THE YOGI.

TO THE EDITOR:—For a surgical operation, this ever-present, ever-living nerve-psychic compound (if such it can be called) is now happily utilized.

The surgeon of the City and County Hospital of San Francisco of late employs this instead of chloroform or other anesthetics. Being adverse to the use of chloroform, he is the more readily disposed to adopt any answering substitute.

A few weeks or months ago, he operated on a Mr. Gray, who was the victim of lung trouble. Mr. Gray wanted the surgeon to cut into the thorax, hoping thereby some supposed local mischief might be got at and removed.

The patient was made ready and placed on a table. The surgeon then had as many students as could stand and form a circle around the operating-table, six feet long. The students joined hands, and the members at the ends of the line held each hand of the patient. This made quite a strong battery, with their combined thoughts concentrated upon the invalid subject.

As the labor of taking out a section of two ribs to get a passageway into the chest went on, the patient remarked:

"How is it? It does not hurt? I expected it would hurt and pain me, but I do not feel the cutting."

Thus the operation went on and was completed without any pain or suffering. It was a happy success.

My informant, an eye-witnessing student, and a fully competent observer, said he had witnessed four operations, and most of them were painless. But one patient felt the cutting and cried out in pain.

These examples show the great advantage of homo-magnetism over chloroform whenever it can be made available. But some are found to be insusceptible to the magnetic influence, therefore the operator selects his subjects. What rule guides him in this selection I know not. Perhaps he can scarcely tell himself. However, this beginning of a new anesthesia in surgery is encouraging. We may hope for improving results. It is an easy matter to resort to chloroform when magnetism proves inadequate.

Here let me state a fact that should be widely known. Over a quarter of a century ago my brother, Dr. A. T. H., discovered that a stout glass of liquor, or brandy or whisky, given to the patient a few minutes prior to the use of chloroform, insures safety to its action, facilitates the gentle accession of sleep without choking, strangling, or coughing. Another point of value is, he adds about one-fifth of alcohol to the chloroform that is employed.

This method, which was adopted a few years before the late war, was used throughout his division of the army, and up to the present time not a fatal case has been reported when employed after this method. Hence we have really no fear in using chloroform on all needed occasions.

The value of this drug is seen in the fact that besides the release from suffering, it protects the patient from the shock of the operation.

## ANOTHER PSYCHIC PROBLEM.

A few years ago there appeared a man upon the streets of the city of Stockton who seemed to be a dentist. He gathered a crowd of people around him and proposed to extract aching or decayed teeth without pain, and without anesthetics, and without the usual instruments.

On approaching the patient he examined the tooth, and with his thumb and finger, and without apparent effort, extracted a molar tooth. This surprised the spectators. They saw him do it repeatedly.

In the evening he gathered an audience in a public hall and gave something of an address or lecture. Meantime he invited members from the audience to come forward and have their defective teeth removed without pain, and without artificial instruments.

Many availed themselves of the opportunity. But the most astonishing marvel was that some of those teeth were removed without the patients knowing it.

A man brought his daughter, twelve years of age, to have a troublesome tooth out.

They came upon the stage, and the operator examined the molar with his thumb and finger and made some little motion, when he said: "Well, this is a pretty bad tooth, you had better go to a dentist and have it out." Soon the disappointed parties turned to leave, when the operator said: "Here, as you are going, you may as well take your tooth with you," and handed the girl her tooth in her hand. She did not know it had been extracted at the time; he only seemed to examine it. In like manner he took out several teeth before the audience.

There was an item in one of our medical journals, recently, on this subject, though I cannot now put my hand on it. The journal reported the instance of an American in Japan who had occasion to seek the services of a dentist. To his surprise the tooth-surgeon, after looking in the mouth, with thumb and finger brought forth the aching member without pain or further motion.

Now, Mr. Editor, we ask: How are these things done? Who can explain the enigma? This is eminently a practical problem, and it does not look like the feats of hypnotism.

To my view these dentists are like the Yogis of India; they are expert mediums through whom spirits exert their power.

The spirit force which lifted Dr. Slade up two flights of stairs could extract a tooth without pain. This is merely guessing at the reason. But it is a pity this gift, faculty, or whatever it be, could not be cultivated and made available in everyday life.

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