



# A ROCKY NEST

## A Story of SPIRIT-HELPFULNESS

BY EMMA MINER.

Author of "Bars and Thresholds," "Led," and other stories.

### CHAPTER X.

#### Clouds with Silver Lining.

They were seated on the rocks one afternoon, enjoying the delicious sea breezes. The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen about them, when they espied four forms approaching them.

"They look familiar," said Alma, whose young, far-reaching eyes were intently fixed upon them. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and rushed away toward them, turning to shout over her shoulder to her mother:

"It is Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Ames, Mr. Marcella and —," the rest of the sentence was lost upon the wind, but it proved to be Mr. Emmons. And what a jolly quartette they were! Mrs. Adams hastened forward to meet them. Even Mrs. Millis, stranger as she was to Mrs. Ames and Mr. Marcella, went forward with a face of pleasant welcome.

They settled themselves in various niches of a huge rock which proffered welcome seats to all.

"We have already dined," said Mrs. Adams. "We were delayed a little, so Mr. Marcella took us to the Essex for dinner; so we have plenty of time for a chat here before we go up to the house, thank you."

"How much better you are both looking!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames, delightedly, to Mrs. Adams.

"We ought," replied Alma smilingly. "We have done nothing but rest, eat and sleep. I even forgot to read, and sit watching every wave as if it were the last I ever expect to see!"

Mr. Emmons had not made his seat near Alma; but when the shadows grew a little longer and deeper, and by certain signs along the pathways they knew the supper hour was approaching, and they turned to go toward the cottage, he naturally found his way by Alma's side. Mrs. Adams and Mr. Marcella walked together, while Mrs. Millis, Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Adams straggled along like three young schoolgirls, all talking at once.

They entered the cottage. Mr. Marcella said laughingly:

"You needn't think you have got to invite us to supper. We are going to invite ourselves," and he opened the dining-room door. Mrs. Adams stopped on the threshold in amazement. The table was laid for seven.

"I sent a telegram down to old Marsh yesterday to have everything in readiness for us to-night, so you see I have surprised you twice already!"

There was a queer little accent on that last word, and Mrs. Adams observed it, but Mr. Marcella's genial face gave no clue; so she was content to join in the surprise and enjoyment of the hour, and soon forgot it.

"This accounts for Marsh's unusual activity and nervousness to-day, Alma," said Mrs. Adams. "I wondered what ailed them both."

"I thought they seemed to want to hurry us out of their way this afternoon, soon after lunch," said Alma. "You kept your secret well," she said, smiling into the face of the old servant who was waiting on the table.

The supper was not quickly dispatched. They lingered long over various substantial edibles, and over coffee, chatting comfortably and happily together.

Then, pulling soft, warm wraps about them, they went out on the wide veranda. The moonlight fell softly around them. The waves sang in a deep undertone, and a spell of utmost harmony fell upon the happy group.

In the midst of it all, Mr. Marcella, looking upon Mrs. Adams, noticed her refined and spiritual face—a face which was already losing something of its previous care and perplexity.

Even now she was only thirty-eight years old. Her hair was still soft, brown and waving. Alma was like it. Indeed, Alma was very like her mother, and looked nearly as old, Mr. Marcella thought.

"Poor child!" he said mentally, "she has had a hard time. If I can have my way, I will make it easier for both mother and daughter, and place them where they belong."

Mr. Marcella had come suddenly to the conclusion that they belonged to his house—or the house he meant to have.

All these years, for he was now forty-five, he had turned resolutely away from match-making mamma's, and their marriageable daughters. He had found many good, true, handsome women, but none that he wanted particularly. Was it not strange, that instead of choosing some young, beautiful girl, he should fix his mind upon Mrs. Adams?

But so it was; and then there he determined to make her his wife, if he could win her.

Mrs. Adams, blissfully unconscious of any such intention on Mr. Marcella's part, had allowed her thoughts to wander back to one part of their recent trouble.

"What has become of Mr. Ledyard?" she asked.

"Mr. Ledyard is still employed with me."

"I thought you would keep him. I felt sure, after I saw your face, it would be like you to give him a chance."

"Yes; a chance to start anew in the world," replied Mr. Marcella. "We had a square talk. He was for going away. He felt the disgrace bitterly. I advised him not to go. I told him if he went now, everybody would remember his wrong-doing against him. I told him he had better stay and live it down. I couldn't honestly give him a recommendation—that is, if he were to go away—but he might stay and earn one; so he decided to remain."

"That was kind in you. I am glad you did it. He has ability enough, and might become a good man."

"I thought you would wonder at my keeping him; some of the others did. Some thought he ought to go."

"I am not one who like to see people pushed down-hill if they want to make a struggle to get up. I would even help Mrs. Echo if she needed it, or wanted help."

"I have not much faith that she will want help," said Mr. Marcella. "From what I have since learned of her, she naturally is inclined to cheat and speak falsely. Of course, she has some good qualities, but there is so much which seems evil mixed with it, that even her friends have to be on their guard with her. They never know when it is going to assert itself."

"I think you used that word 'naturally,' in the right sense, in speaking of her," said Mrs. Adams. "The question has been in my mind for some time as to how far such people are responsible for their bad actions, when they are not well-born."

"I have thought of that myself. That many people are born deficient in good qualities there is no doubt. That we must do the best we can with them since they are in the world, no doubt. They are like deformed limbs upon an otherwise healthy body—crippled, distorted."

"With just this difference," commented Mrs. Adams. "A deformed limb harms nobody but the unfortunate owner; while these moral monstrosities can do much harm to others."

"Yes; the comparison is a true one. And when these moral defects are implanted in a person of Mrs. Echo's wonderful personal magnetism, with such remarkable psychical powers, there is a double opportunity for unhappy influences and their equally unfortunate results. We can only pity such people. It is a great perplexity, sometimes, to know how to be with such people long enough to do them any good and not suffer for it ourselves. They are a mysterious product of nature."

Mr. Marcella sighed a little as he spoke. He had had some trouble—some experiences in that line.

"And it is just such an one as she who makes so much mischief in the ranks of Spiritualist workers. It takes a dozen honest mediums six months to undo one act of such an one—be they man or woman; and then they can't really undo it; the evil lives longer than the good; for it is characteristic with a part of human nature to remember a bad act longer than a good one; and so thoughtless people think all mediums are like her. We suffer from such."

"I suppose it must be so," replied Mr. Marcella; "but as I have had no experience with them either way until lately, I have not been prepared to judge; though I will confess my mind has been somewhat influenced by the popular prejudice. But I can see now there are two sides to this, as well as in many other things. But I shall believe in the truth of the good in future, and shall be interested to learn more of the truth."

All this time, Alma and Mr. Emmons were discussing softly of the beautiful places along the beach, and it all seemed so restful. Alma had nearly forgotten her previous troubles in the peace of the present—or only remembered them to be thankful for the kind friends who had so generously defended her in the midst of them; and as they sat thus, with hands closely clasped, another man, a younger man, had renewed his determination to win Alma for his wife.

Near this happy couple sat the three other ladies, enjoying every moment of the happy evening. It was only to Mrs. Millis that a revelation of the ultimate developments was given, and she wisely refrained from speaking of it.

Before they retired, they held a quiet session, to which Mr. Marcella was a surprised and attentive listener.

"Can such things be?" he asked.

"Yes; I believe it," answered Mrs. Adams. "Isn't it of a little different order from Mrs. Echo's work?"

"Yes; but Mrs. Echo has fine powers also. She might do good work if she would."

"It is to the spirit-world, through the mediumship of Mrs. Millis, that we are indebted for the proofs which were the means of our release from our trouble," said Mrs. Adams.

"It all seems strange, but if there is anything in it, I want to know more about it. I am already convinced there is. I think I must

stay around here a week and investigate a little with Mrs. Millis."

"I sincerely hope you will. You will find her truthful. You may learn some surprising things in regard to the spiritual philosophy."

It was a happy week to them all. When they returned to the city, Mrs. Millis accompanied them.

"I feel as if I must go," she said. To this there was no resistance urged, for each felt as if she might possibly have a duty awaiting her return. Indeed, happy as she had been there during her pleasant stay, she now seemed to feel a great degree of uneasiness to return to Laureldale.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Mr. Vane's Vain Scheme.

The next day after Mrs. Adams' return she received a call from Mr. Ledyard.

"I want to see you alone a few moments, if I may," he said.

Mrs. Adams was startled at the great change in his face. He had grown very pale and thin.

"I have come to make a confession, Mrs. Adams. I can no longer rest under my guilt. I am the one who took that money from your desk. I didn't want the money particularly, I wanted to hurt Alma. But I can't rest under it, and I thought I had better make a clean breast of it to you. You can do as you like now."

"You have not surprised me any. I knew it was you; have known it for some time."

"How did you know?" he asked, almost incredulously.

"A medium described the whole scene to me. She described you, and told me all about it."

"Was it Mrs. Echo?" he asked doubtfully.

"No. The same medium described Mrs. Echo, and found the articles in the bureau."

"Why didn't you say something about it to me at the time and arrest me?" he asked curiously.

"For the very good reason that what the medium said would not be accepted as evidence. We could not have produced proof. I was sure, in my own mind, that the medium was correct, but if that story had been told to a judge and jury, there would have been any amount of fun poked at it. You would have known it was true, but nobody else would have believed it."

"Sure enough, they wouldn't," he replied. "Now, so far as I am concerned, I don't propose to make any trouble for you, Mr. Ledyard. If you have made up your mind to strike out in the right direction, I would be sorry to hold you back."

"Of course, there are certain parties who know of it," she continued, "but they will preserve silence. Beyond those people it will not go. There is much good in you, and you can make a smart man of yourself, if you try."

Tears were rolling down Mr. Ledyard's face. He could hardly utter the thanks which trembled upon his lips.

"I will make no promises," he said; "time will tell what I mean to try to do."

"If you would like to come back here to my house to live, Mr. Ledyard, you can do so, and have your old room again."

"Oh! if I only could! I am wretched where I am. I have been homesick ever since I have been here, and besides, I should have been half starved if I had had any appetite. Perhaps I shall get a new one. Now I have got this off my mind, I shall feel easier."

"All right," she said smilingly. "I will undertake to feed you." And so Mr. Ledyard became a member of Mrs. Adams' family once more.

The next day Mrs. Millis called on Mrs. Adams. She appeared troubled and ill at ease.

"I had to come again," she tried to explain. "I don't know what for, but let me go where I can be alone with you and undisturbed."

Mrs. Adams led the way to her own room. "There is going to be some more trouble. There is danger of something. Oh! I must know what it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Millis excitedly. "There's danger, danger of fire. I can see a short, stout man; a man with side-whiskers—there's a little gray in them, and I hear vain—vain—vain!"

"O, perhaps you mean Mr. Vane; that answers to his personal description."

"Well, they didn't spell it for me, I only heard it. I was afraid it meant I would try in vain to get it."

"Well, you just go on," said Mrs. Adams, encouragingly.

"Anyway, the man I see is in a great building. Yes, it is that Mr. Vane."

"But Mr. Vane has gone away, and nobody seems to know where," said Mrs. Adams, doubtfully.

"Well, if he did go, he has come back again. Yes—he is there. He seems to be sly. It is surely in Mr. Marcella's store. I am sure of it! The trouble is with that sleek, whiskered man. He means to do some mischief."

"Do you see anything of Mr. Marcella?" asked Mrs. Adams. She felt impressed there must be some trouble.

"No, but they tell me it is his place, and that he is not in the building. He seems to be gone away for a few days."

"Now, this man is sly, and it is something about a fire. I do believe he is planning to make one in or near a certain part of the basement, and another near the elevator. He must be watched! He has done something already. Oh! if somebody could only stop him! You must. You must get word to Mr. Marcella, somehow, so he may have warning! I am sure there is trouble about fire!"

"I will send word to Mr. Marcella at once that I want to see him," and Mrs. Adams dispatched a messenger hurriedly.

She returned where Mrs. Millis was sitting. "Who has been telling you this?" she asked.

"It is Alma's father. He says he went there to see Mr. Emmons, and saw what was going on."

The boy who carried the message happened to see Mr. Marcella on a car, and so the errand was done sooner than expected, and in a few moments he was in Mrs. Adams' parlor.

"Mrs. Adams—Alma?" he asked anxiously as he entered.

"No; they are all right, but I thought best to send for you."

She related the scene of the hour previous.

"Perhaps I am taking too much of a liberty, but I felt you ought to know it."

"Not at all. It may be Vane is hanging around, plotting mischief, but I thought he had left the city. I have not seen or heard of him since he left me. I have been out of town for two days, and was not expected to-day; but important business compelled my return. I have not been in the store to-day."

Mrs. Millis turned eagerly to him while he was speaking.

"Now, you just hurry down to the store. See if Vane has been there to-day, or lately, and search the basement, particularly somewhere near some part of the elevator."

"I will, thoroughly. If there is a trap, I will find it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### HAD A VISION.

#### Mr. Bataglea Learns of a Crime Thereby and Awoke Just in Time to Escape the Villain's Knife.

The following telegram from Sioux City, Iowa, August 4, illustrates the importance of dreams:

"James Nelson, a workman on a farm owned by Anton Bataglea, of Salix, near here, assaulted the wife of his employer while her husband was away on business last Thursday night."

"The next morning he went to Lemars, got a team, drove out in the country where Bataglea was, and told him that Mrs. Bataglea was ill and wanted him to come home immediately. Bataglea drove back to Lemars with him, but as there was no train to Salix until the next day, they took a room together at the hotel."

"Bataglea had a dream during the night in which the crime of Nelson was shown to him so vividly that he awoke to find that his companion had left the room. Bataglea was partly dressed, when he turned and saw Nelson coming in stealthily with a huge knife in his hand. Bataglea screamed with horror and escaped past Nelson."

"When he reached home in the morning Bataglea learned the confirmation of his vision. Nelson was arrested to-day. He will probably not be taken to Salix, as he would be almost sure of lynching there. Mrs. Bataglea is likely to die."

#### Ben M. Barney and Dr. S. B. Hendee.

TO THE EDITOR:—I promised, in a former letter, to write you more particulars regarding our many mediums here in Portland. I do not pretend that I can do them all justice; but it is a satisfaction to us old pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism to be able to note the wonderful progress there is going on all around us. In this letter I will confine my remarks to only two of our most wonderful mediums, because these two have lately joined teams and propose to work together in the promulgation of spiritual truths, and if they don't make a strong team, then I am mistaken.

Ben M. Barney and Dr. S. B. Hendee are two of the most popular mediums of the day. Mr. Barney has been with us here in Portland for about a year, giving to the people the most marvelous tests of spirit return, reading sealed letters verbatim, and frequently going so far as to read letters yet in the pockets of persons who had not yet handed them to him.

These letters are generally written to parties in Spirit-life, and in which the case the spirit thus addressed appears to Mr. Barney and answers the letters, always to the satisfaction of the parties writing them. These things are being done time and time again. After an acquaintance for a year with Mr. Barney, I can truly say that I believe him to be a genuine medium and a true gentleman; and he, with his amiable wife and accomplished daughter, makes a host of friends wherever they go.

Dr. S. B. Hendee is a son of D. H. Hendee, the old pioneer Spiritualist, of Oregon; a man that has stood as a landmark of progressive thought in Portland for more than forty years. Young Dr. Hendee (whose mother was a medium) has grown up among us from his very boyhood, and has been known as the boy medium, speaking in trance and on subjects which in his normal condition he knew nothing about. We are proud of him and feel that the cause will be much promoted wherever he goes. We all feel in our hearts to say, "God bless you. Go forth and do the Master's work." CRAUS A. REED.

Portland, Oregon.

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Maple Dell Camp-Meeting, Ohio. TO THE EDITOR:—Last night we bade adieu to Maple Dell Park, and while we have had a successful year, yet 'tis sad to say good-bye when we have been so closely allied to each other for the past three weeks; 'but the best of friends must part,' yet we have the blessed assurance that if we don't live to come to this lovely camp in the year 1895, we can come in spirit, and be recognized, and can help aid the cause and swell the unseen force which comes here each year to aid in elevating humanity.

We have just closed the first successful camp ever held here (practically speaking), although we have had grand, good meetings here before, but we never had the widespread influence of this year sent abroad to induce visitors and campers to dwell among us, from New York to the Gulf, from Connecticut to California, and all appeared to be happy and stayed to a finish. This has been done by the pen more than any other power, and what makes us feel better than all is, that those who were among us have promised to return and be with us at our next camp for 1895.

We are glad to say that the State of Illinois was well represented; have taken stock and will return next year. We have built seven new cottages this year, and have now engaged for the building of sixteen more.

We also expect to build an auditorium 80x130 feet, with a seating capacity of 2,000, and it will require all that to seat our audience, on Sunday especially. The glad tidings are fast spreading among the people, and while we cannot say that many converts have been added to the cause this year, yet the people here who have been the great scoffers among us are now coming unsolicited and offering their funds to aid the cause, which shows we are doing good each year, which makes us happy.

We have had a number of speakers this year who have done good work; and although the mediums who were employed to be with us did not all come, and while some left us before the expiration of the meeting, yet to take it all in all we have had a good time, and indications are that next year our camp will have a regular boom.

Well, we have begun to look forward to 1895, by electing our officers, appointing committees and employing speakers, and we will have the best talent of the land represented upon our platform. We will have a good band, who will enliven the camp with sweet music.

With a new auditorium and many new cottages, we hope to give you grand reports for 1895.

Maple Dell officers elected for 1895 are: M. C. Danforth, president; L. King, vice-president; W. N. White, secretary; W. F. Ball, corresponding secretary, and to whom all letters should be addressed.

W. F. BALL, Secretary.

Mantua Station, Ohio.

#### Maple Dell Camp-Meeting, Ohio.

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Mantua Station, Ohio.

Interesting Spiritualist Gathering. We had the pleasure of attending a spiritual gathering on Skunk River, near Metz, Iowa, last Sunday. All seemed to enjoy the amusements, and did ample justice to the good things that were served for dinner and supper. At the close of the day's festivities Mr. and Mrs. Engle invited all hands to their home for a seance. At least twenty-five of the party accepted their kind invitation, and the circle proved to be the most enjoyable I have attended since visiting Clinton camp last season. Several were controlled to give beautiful and loving messages. White Lily's address of welcome through the mediumship of Mrs. Engle was excellent. Miss Nellie Sims was controlled to talk, and for the first time, under control, showed a remarkable power.

Mrs. Paschal, of Colfax, gave some remarkable manifestations. The closing speech by the Spirit Bertha, through the mediumship of Miss Ella Bond, was truly grand.

Thus passed the day that will be fondly remembered by those that were there.

There are a large number of Spiritualists in this country, and we have an organization, but it seems almost impossible to get our officers to do anything for our cause. We need a good test-medium to give our people a warning over. We do not lack for funds, but for someone to go ahead. Let us hear from some responsible medium it would be possible to secure for a short period. BERT CLEMENT.

Likes It the Best. TO THE EDITOR:—Inclosed you will find one dollar to pay for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I would not be without it for three times the price. I like it better than any other liberal paper I have ever read. Spiritualism is taking quite a spurt in this camp. I believe that a good speaker could do well here, for a time at least. Of course, I could not guarantee anything. There are a great many here who would like to hear of the truths of Spiritualism. We have a population here of from eight to ten thousand. There are several circles being held, but we need someone here to expound the philosophy.

W. F. BOGART, M. D.

Cripple Creek, Col.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1924

## Examples of Hyperbole.

Hyperbole is a term adopted into our language from the Greek, and in rhetoric is a figure of speech which exaggerates facts, and makes them appear greater or less, better or worse than they really are. The Munchausen tales are a species of hyperbole that have become famous because of their extravagance in description. It occurs quite frequently in all our literature, both sacred and profane. One very marked example occurs in the last chapter and the last verse of St. John. We purposely add the Catholic title "saint" to the author, for it is needed to ensure conviction of its truth. We quote:

"There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they were written, every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that could be written."

Dr. Clarke in his Commentaries, very correctly shows that this exaggeration of facts is common to the Old Testament and gives numerous illustrations. He quotes one from the Jewish writer, Basnage, in his History of the Jews, wherein he tells of one Jochanan:

"He composed such a great number of precepts and lessons, that if the heavens were paper and all the trees of the forests so many pens, and all the children of men so many scribes, they would not suffice to write all his lessons."

And still another from the same pious author; in eulogizing Eliezer, he says: "Although the firmament were vellum, and the waters of the ocean were changed into ink, it would not be sufficient to describe all the knowledge of Eliezer."

One more illustration of exaggerated lying by holy men, to show what they are capable of, for it is from these common drunks the priests and clergy have drank in large profusion. The reader who is familiar with the Christian Fathers will open vol. 9, ix, book 5, chap. 33, sec. 3 and 4, p. 146, Ante Nicene Christian Library. The author, Irenaeus against Heresies, was telling what great rewards would come to Christians, and how "our Lord" taught that:

"The days will come in which vines shall grow, each having ten thousand branches, and in each branch ten thousand twigs, and in each twig ten thousand shoots, and in each of the shoots ten thousand clusters, and on every one of the clusters ten thousand grapes, and every grape when pressed will give five and twenty metretres of wine. And when any one of the saints shall lay hold of a cluster, another [shall] cry out, 'I am a better cluster, take me!'"

A metretre, according to Smith's Bible Dictionary, article Weights and Measures, was equal to two and two-third gallons. A learned writer who has stopped to make the exact figures says:

"One millennial grape-vine will produce a quantity of wine equal in bulk to the planet Mercury. Allowing the thousand millions of earth's inhabitants enough to keep them constantly intoxicated, say two gallons a day to each person, it would keep them all drunk for the space of thirty thousand million years."

A prolific vine, a first-class lie, just such as only a Christian Father could invent, and a credulous follower believe, and yet it is a staple production in what passes for ancient Christian literature.

## Well Said.

In his letter to Samuel Adams, in 1802, replying to that distinguished personage, who had expressed regret for his religious opinions, Thomas Paine wrote:

"A man does not serve God when he prays. It is himself he is trying to serve. As to hiring or paying men to pray, it is the Devil needed instruction. It is, in my opinion, an abomination." It does seem that good men everywhere ought to echo that sentiment.

## One Better.

"The best time to help your favorite paper," says an exchange, "is this week." We agree. "Put not off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day."

## Another Black Eye.

Cambridge, Mass., has recently been the field of strife on the Sunday question. The druggists, keeping their shops open on the "venerable day of the sun," sold soda-water and tobacco to customers. The ministers, God's earthly representatives, protested to the mayor against such unholy desecration of the day devoted to sectarianism. The druggists closed their doors when threatened with prosecution for disregarding the statutes, so, however pressing, the sick could not be supplied with needed medicines. In that city of blue-law worshippers there was one man who dared do what he conceived right, and, though warned of the terrible consequences, persisted in selling and delivering to customers, on Sunday, ice cream. He was prosecuted. The case came up for trial before Judge McDaniel. After hearing the facts the Judge dismissed the case as no infringement of the law. Mayor Bancroft, like a sensible man, accepted the situation, and withdrew his objection to the selling of tobacco, soda-water, etc., on Sunday, but went further and said:

"Under the decision of Judge McDaniel there can practically be no violation of the Sunday law; for if the delivery of ice cream is lawful, it is difficult to conceive of any kind of work on the Lord's day which convenience may require that be unlawful."

And the clergy mourned, for they had received another black eye.

## Reading Their Doom.

"If the Christian Sabbath goes, Christianity goes with it," says the Christian Reformer. So to maintain the Christian Sunday, and save the church, these professed moralists deem it proper to quote the command: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," knowing at the same time the Sabbath of Moses had nothing to do with the "venerable day of the sun," which then pagan Constantine ordered to be observed. These religionists did not hesitate to forge some ten millions of names to petitions sent to Congress asking that body by legislation to close the World's Fair on Sunday—putting more names on the petitions from Ohio, Michigan and Connecticut than there were inhabitants, including infants, in those States.

## Another Relic.

Now a link of the chain which bound Saint Peter when he was carried a prisoner to Rome, by special dispensation of the Holy See, has been removed to Burlington, Vermont, where it will be shown to the devout; also a facsimile of the entire chain.

The new world is being filled with new shrines, where ancient relics are on exhibition and where faith and the word of a priest make holy anything they care to exhibit. The more ignorant the worshiper, the greater the veneration for such trumpery. It will be a sad day for priestcraft when the parochial schools are abolished, and every child shall have, by requirement of government, a good secular education, and be able to discriminate between the true and the false.

## They Teach Tolerance.

One of the most prominent of the secret orders, against which Catholicism hurls its most vindictive anathemas, in its instructions to neophytes says: "Opinions are neither criminal nor virtuous, but the manner in which they are maintained or combated may be." Such a spirit of tolerance is obnoxious to the church, hence the desire to silence those who promulgate views diametrically opposite to theirs.

## Very Sinful.

One hundred thousand visitors to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, one Sunday in June, and the city is still standing, and the clergy are still trying to get legislation in favor of closing the people up in the churches on the "Lord's Day." Why don't they close the parks?

## What Next?

As we write, the remnant of Coxey's army, the veterans who marched to Washington, now thirty-eight strong, are languishing in the Maryland House of Correction for vagrancy. Another fraction, numbering forty-three, were given transportation to Indianapolis. They are there threatened with arrest for vagrancy. What shall be the next subject for the sensational press?

## Who Is He?

J. O. Barrett, one of the foremost thinkers of the age, writes: "Who is this E. C. Gotsinger? He has hold of a thread that may yet prove a strong cable in spiritualistic science." This young scientist is one of the brightest young men of the present age, and he will yet make a deep impression on thinking minds all over the world. He resides at 160 Monroe avenue, Detroit, Mich.

## Indorsed.

Truth being true is infinitely better than the most sublime or the most brilliant airy castles which have nothing better than the visionary dreams of fanaticism for their support. So wrote a philosopher.

## A Fact.

An old Spanish proverb says: "Man-kind is an ass who kicks those who endeavor to take off his panniers." Truth simply told.

## Our Dangerous Cautious System.

"The caucus is the most important political agency in a republic. No caucus should be lawful unless it be advertised thoroughly a week beforehand, by having conspicuous notices posted in every precinct, in the wards of every city, and in every village in the township, besides being published in one or more papers three days before such meeting. It should be fine and imprisonment for any one to vote out of his ward and precinct or township. I have lived and taught school in six intelligent States, from 1822 to 1824. I do not know that one State has this important agency thoroughly regulated."

WARREN HUTCHINS.

## AT IT SOME MORE.

## Trying to Abridge Human Rights.

One would suppose, after all the lessons in "mind-your-own-business" that the Sabbath bigots have received within the last few years, that they would have been able to reach the conclusion that force will never make church-goers. The columns of our secular papers have fully demonstrated the fact that until the church has something more practical to offer the people than hell and damnation, the seats will not be filled. There are a few places where an effort has been made to meet the tide of unfolding from the physical to the spiritual plane, but the accommodations are not enough to hold all who would attend. What are the fellows who can't get in going to do? Sunday is a long day for those who are busy all the week during every waking moment. They must do something to break the awful grind that has given them a few minutes of respite. Is it not better for them to go out into the clear sunlight and the fresh air, and have their blood, thickened by the arduous toil of the week, stimulated by the excitement of the game in the base-ball park?

But the Sabbatharians, as usual, playing into the hands of the saloon-keepers, seek to close up this innocent game, hoping to make capital for themselves. The cant of these self-appointed guardians of the public morals is after the usual style: when they cannot make a point in their favor with the truth, they do not hesitate to lie. If they told the truth they would say: We desire to shut up, and off, everything on Sunday but the gospel shops, and the strident tones of the sky-pilots, in order that they may have more attention to their sayings and doings.

If a thing is intrinsically good, the reverence and esteem for it in the hearts of men will constantly grow deeper and stronger as the years go by. If not, then there will be a constant revolt against it, all the stronger in proportion to the violence used to enforce it. There has always been an opposition to the religionist's Sunday, with all its deadening rituals. The voice of the people, when persistent, is always right. It is rest and change from the humdrum monotony of daily tasks that our men and boys who toil for their daily bread, seek in going to the park. They are not able to choose the day of their going. It must be Sunday or not at all. It speaks well for the crowd who go, that saloons in the neighborhood of the grounds have to close their doors for want of patronage. The pleased shouts of the audience, whose throats grow husky and parched during the week in competition with the rattle of machinery and the clang of hammers, are the only sounds that disturb the air of a neighborhood that is but thinly settled. And yet the venomous bigotry of these Pharisees would take this from them.

It is a commentary on the whole business that the prosecutors seek to enforce their plans without any expense to themselves. They do not believe in their work enough to "put any money in it." Then the petition was such a tissue of misstatements that the Judge was obliged to quash the injunction. We thank him, in behalf of all liberal thinkers. If we must pay for a Sunday entertainment, we would rather invest in the open air of a sunny day at the ball-park, than in the chaff of pretentious falsehood, in a hot and ill-ventilated church.

The attempt to control men in doing that which is to them a matter of free choice, has reached nearly to its last end. We seriously advise our Sabbatharian friends to climb a high tree, and take themselves out of the sight and sound of the fellows who, having nothing better to do, like to see a nice exhibition of skill on the diamond in the open air, and whose lungs are sound enough to shout.

To these and all other bigots on these lines THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER serves an injunction of hands off. It will count more for you in the future than the system of petty annoyance that will only result in your own discomfiture.

## THE DEATH PENALTY

Ay, scorn the gospel of the ages  
That angels taught!  
Spit on the truth that saints and sages  
Revealed within the sacred pages  
Of Christian thought!

Deny there's either soul or spirit  
That man's great God has made!  
Declare that man doth not inherit  
A life-inalienable merit,  
Endowed by heaven!

Enact in legislative session  
A legal bill,  
That if man murders, save in reason,  
Then murder him, to save from treason  
A nation full!

What's wanted is a sure protection,  
Both swift and stout,  
That won't react in its correction:  
The gallows does it to perfection  
By choking out!

Bring on a priest to do the praying,  
—It fills the bill!  
And let us have a jubilant slaying;  
Swear reverent it is God obeying  
When thus we kill!

No look or word that's kind or tender,  
Tis 'gainst the law!  
He's proved to be a head offender;  
An offering we now must render  
The bloody maw!

'Tis "eye for eye"—don't you impeach  
It!  
Great Moses said,  
To all the people early teach it,  
And let the ministers all preach it—  
"Till you be dead."

—J. O. Barrett.

## Rather Pointed.

An exchange tells us this way: The priest saves the man who helps support him, and damns the man who don't. The doctrine of the church is: "God will damn the man who will not pay the priest."

The editor of that sheet is evidently beyond the saving grace of the Holy Ghost.

## FROM THIBET.

## Occult Science in That Far-Off Clime.

## Statements Made by Heinrich Hensoldt.

COOMA SAMI—THE PHYSICAL WANTS

—THE BRAIN AND STOMACH—A MIRROR AND A SERMON—THE CRYSTAL PLANE OR CONCAVE MIRROR—THE EARTH DISAPPEARS.

The Arena, published in Boston, and edited by B. O. Flower, is one of the leading magazines in this country. In one respect, however, it is in advance of all others—in the careful and critical examination of occult subjects it has no successful rival. A single article on that subject is often worth the yearly price of the magazine. In the August number, Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., has an article on "Occult Science in Thibet," of which we make a brief abstract. The Professor states that in his paper entitled "Among the Adepts of Serinagur," published in the January and February numbers of the Arena, he described how he found his way into the vale of Kashmir, and became the guest of Cooma Sami, an initiate famous throughout the Punjab, who, with four others of the mystic brotherhood, had taken his abode in a secluded part of the upper Serring Valley—now a lovely wilderness of cypress and cedar.

He goes on to say in the August Arena that in India there are to be found, at this day, hundreds, if not thousands, of individuals of the type of Cooma Sami, although comparatively few have risen, or will rise, to a degree of occult power and wisdom equal to that which he possessed. Like the hermits of the Middle Ages, these men lived in austere seclusion; either in the solitude of India's great forests, or in the hill country, always selecting some locality as remote as possible from the contingency of disturbance. The impenetrable jungle region along the Malabar coast of the peninsula is full of these recluses, and they are numerous also in the hills of Mysore, in the Neigherries, along the Nerubudda and Juma, and even in the Rajputana Desert. Their place of abode—usually a primitive bamboo hut—is often cunningly constructed in imitation of nature, to ensure concealment or at least as little attention as possible, so that even the expert hunter will often pass by those silent retreats without in the least suspecting their presence.

They have succeeded in reducing their physical wants to a minimum, are all brain (while we are all stomach), whose knowledge of the mysteries of the mind and life is far in advance of that in our possession, who have spent years in introspective brooding over this great world illusion, who have acquired a mastery of telepathy or mind-reading, such as we can neither understand nor appreciate, and whose knowledge of the possibilities of what we call hypnotism is far ahead of anything of which we can now even conceive. These men, from time to time, will leave their hidden retreats in the jungle, or their mountain caverns, and suddenly appear in the cities, where at once they are surrounded by an interested crowd of spectators. A miracle of some kind is performed in broad daylight—it is seen perhaps five thousand or more people, a mass of most impressive character is delivered. In the middle of a street they will stand in the open day, wave their hand, and in two minutes a huge tree will appear right before the eyes of all; or they will perform the most amazing feats of levitation, such as the famous rope trick; will rise perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet and then deliberately walk through the air and disappear from sight.

There are thousands of humbler individuals who are engaged in a process of teaching, and who have set themselves the task of warning and admonishing the masses, arousing them from their intellectual and moral torpor, and bringing them to a higher level. The Yoghis and Rishis are among the foremost of these; and it cannot for a moment be asserted that there has existed at any time, or that there exists at the present moment, a lack of the teaching and prophetic element in India.

The great principle which underlies the almost endless modification of Hindu occultism may be embodied in the term "abstraction," namely the attainment of a complete state of introspective vision as possible, by the withdrawal of the senses of sight, hearing, touch, etc., from the external world. Assuming, however, that all sound were excluded, there are impressions of sight which are an equal, if not a greater, obstacle in the path of him who would seek to attain the innermost state of "single-bladed grass." If it catches the eye will start a train of thought which may embrace a thousand subjects; a caterpillar, a grain of sand, a raindrop, will lead the mind into a labyrinth of reflections that are more or less involuntary. Now, granting that the perceptions of sound, sight and even touch, could, for a time at least, be completely extinguished, there still would remain the memory of this or that sorrow, of frustrated hopes, of business troubles, of all the petty vexations and annoyances of life. Unless these also be completely annihilated, there can be no such thing as abstraction in the sense of the esoteric philosophy of India. When the desired condition is reached, so the masters say, "The mind is a scroll upon which nature will write." In other words, the Gnostics state that individuals themselves, with the Brahman or universal consciousness, are parties in a measure of the divine attribute of omniscience as well as omnipotence. Among certain schools of Fakerees and low-grade initiates, the practice of crystal-gazing is largely followed as a means of enforcing the introspective condition.

Prof. Hensoldt claims that the reader may imitate this practice, and the result will be a surprise and a revelation to him. The eyes should be placed on a level with the crystal, and about ten inches away from the latter; a light ray should be used sideways, so that its image is not in the line of vision, and a piece of black cloth should be suspended behind the crystal. Within less than two minutes the Fakere has attained a degree of introspection, and will then behold in the mirrored surface whatever he wishes to ascertain.

Of course, what he apparently sees in the crystal is in reality transpiring in his own mind; he has reached a degree of introspective vision, but is obliged to make use of some external, tangible object, which, for the time being, becomes his medium. A plane or concave mirror, set in a wooden frame, and floated upon water, will answer the same purpose, and many Fakerees enforce the abstract condition by merely gazing into the water, which they have poured into a small earthen bowl. The breathing exercises resorted to by the so-called Hathya Yoga school of occultism have no other purpose than to identify the consciousness of the individual with that of the Brahman, and fifty pages might be filled with a description of the endless variety of methods which this school enjoins.

The true adept, however, who has attained to the highest pinnacle of esoteric wisdom, places himself in the abstract state within a few seconds by mere will power; whereas the common Fakere identifies the occult phenomena with the crystal, the mirror, or the magic cup, which he correspondingly reverences and regards with superstitious awe. Cooma Sami was one of those high-grade adepts who had come as near perfection in the line of occult wisdom as probably any Hindu initiate of the time of the great Sakuniamun. His power of mind-reading was perfectly marvelous; he could read Professor Hensoldt's thoughts with as much ease as if he had a large type-manuscript before him. During the first few weeks of Professor Hensoldt's stay among the adepts of Serinagur, he regarded these men as very unusual; he seldom uttered a word, or even exchanged a greeting; it was not long, however, before he realized that while apparently mute, these men carried on an active life, but with one mind—other—they had simply risen above the necessity for speech. The development of telepathy or mind-reading in India as a national characteristic is amazing. During the late Afghan war it invariably happened that the news of any success or disaster to the British was known all over India long before the authorities at Calcutta were officially informed.

It is absurd, claims Professor Hensoldt, to try to account for this on the supposition that the news will travel from mouth to mouth, as it were. Why, the news of the great disaster which befell Napoleon's army at Moscow took over six weeks to reach Paris, and this at a time when postal communication was already well organized all over Europe; in India it would have been known all over the land in less than two hours, and not merely in the sense of a vague presentiment that something had happened, but in the shape of a distinct vision, which although not seen by everybody, is beheld by tens of thousands, who are not slow to communicate it to their fellow-men. We have, Professor Hensoldt asserts, this capacity of mind-reading developed, to some slight extent, even in our Western culture, and there is not, perhaps, an individual of mature years and experience who has not had evidence of it.

He goes on to say that thought, after all, has its origin in a molecular motion which goes on in the matter which composes the innumerable convolutions of the cerebrum. Not that this gray matter produces thought, for the brain is merely the organ of the mind, in the same manner in which a musical instrument is the medium on which the composer expresses his feelings.

Now, if thought is a molecular motion (modern science, as we know, reduces everything in nature to motion), then each particular thought must start a wave motion, which is bound to radiate outwardly, and which, of course, must go through all brains. The reason why it affects only a certain brain, so as to produce consciousness, while leaving a thousand others indifferent, is very easily accounted for. Let the reader take a violin into a room where there is a piano and then with his bow strike a certain musical note, say G. Now, if this is performed clearly and distinctly, he will be startled to observe that the same sound is given forth by the strings of the piano. Why, of all the strings of that inverted harp, does only the G respond? Because its vibrations coincide or harmonize with those produced in the first instance. Similarly, among all the myriad brains of the human species, only the one whose structure or complexity is such that it is capable of receiving impressions, started as wave impulses by a certain other brain, will be able to respond and experience sensations of a certain character.

It is fortunate that spurious disciples are speedily recognized by the masters, who will impose upon them such hardships that the great majority give up the pursuit in less than three weeks, and but few will stay a year or longer. Among these, again, a very small minority ultimately reach the object of their desires, and are gradually initiated into the various degrees of esoteric wisdom.

Professor Hensoldt has not the slightest doubt that if he had persisted in the course of austerities that were imposed upon him by the adept, Cooma Sami, during his stay in the Vale of Kashmir, a more or less complete initiation into the secrets of the mystic brotherhood would have been attained.

After a residence of nearly six months at his hermitage, Professor Hensoldt determined to quit; not because his desire to raise the "curtain" had become less intense (for he had indeed obtained a glimpse behind it), but because he hoped to arrive at the desired goal by a sort of short-cut—that is, he conceived the idea of going into Thibet and studying occultism at the very fountain-head of esoteric lore. Although this desire had been ripening in him many weeks before his actual departure, he never uttered a word, or acted as if he had any intention of leaving the vale of Kashmir, or of quitting the incomparable "valley of roses," yet the subtle atmosphere detected what was going on in his mind and one day took him to task about it.

"You want to go into Thibet," he said, "because you are tired of our regime here; the idea is a laudable one, although I can tell you beforehand that you will not find there what you seek. The path lies everywhere and nowhere and the eternal truth you must seek within the depths of your own consciousness; that is the road to Thibet, and you must climb the Himalayan heights with painful effort. I was once

## SCINTILLATIONS.

## They Come from Ohio

## And Touch Upon Passing Events.

A LAKE BRADY SPEAKER—THE A. P. A.—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN—EMISSARIES FROM WASHINGTON—CATHOLICS DEFEY THE LAW.

TO THE EDITOR:—One of the platform speakers at the Lake Brady camp-meeting recently depreciated the expedition of the devotees of the Protestant clergy and the Catholic priesthood. In that regard I differ with the gentleman, and deem it a duty I owe to society to expose those whom I find masquerading in a religious garb. "Their name is legion, for they are many."

Jacob L. Quick, whose failure a year ago caused such a sensation, was arrested at his home in Loudonville, Ohio, recently. He was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school when his failure for \$75,000 caused losses to many poor people who had loaned him money. He was indicted for embezzling \$6,500 from his wards. He was also charged with misappropriating Sunday-school money, and was committed to jail. Served him right.

Two saloon-keepers at Butte, Montana, displayed letters forming A. P. A. in front of their place. During the night, some one, presumably a Catholic, set off a stick of giant powder under the window, demolishing a large pane of glass. One man fired six shots into the saloon. D. H. Daly, a special policeman, was shot through the heart and killed. Another man was shot in the side, and one received a shot over the eye. It seems that the A. P. A. has no rights which the Catholics are bound to respect. That is the opinion of Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin.

A contest was announced in Cleveland for Sunday, June 24, for a purse of \$200, and the championship of Ohio. The Plain Dealer says: "The contest is for blood, and will be interesting and exciting." All this in spite of "Christian Endeavors," and thousands of pious hypocrites who dominate religious society in that church-ridden city, but are always on the qui vive to denounce Spiritualism.

Archbishop Corrigan has written a letter to the editor of the Wine and Spirit Gazette with regard to the decision of Mgr. Satoli affecting Roman Catholic liquor dealers. An editorial in the Gazette says: "Fully two-thirds of the retail liquor-dealers are Catholics. Some of these are liberal contributors to the church funds. . . . We voice the sentiments of a large majority of the liquor-dealers of New York and Brooklyn in saying: We dare Archbishop Corrigan to enforce in letter and in spirit the blind obedience of the liquor traffic just issued by Satoli. Let the archbishop do it, and watch the consequences."

The archbishop replies: "I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of my duty."

The bishop is right. However, there is a small hole left, out of which the archbishop can creep in an emergency; it is where he says:

"Please remember, however, that acceptance of principles is not to be confounded with the blind application of the same on all occasions and under all circumstances."

It is safe to presume that there will be no excommunications of liquor-dealers, especially as some of them are "liberal contributors to the church funds, anyway. I must censure our Catholic brethren just a little bit, even at the risk of offending a few of my spiritualistic friends. I would mildly and kindly suggest to the latter that Harmony, spelled with a very large H, would not be inappropriate, even at some of our camp-meetings—notably so at Lake Brady.

Emissaries from Washington City have recently been here for the purpose of manipulating party politics in the interest of the Democratic party. This is not right, and will do more harm than good. Two or three of these men were in governmental employ, and are paid out of the taxes of the people. One of them is a gross violator of the Catholic church, and denounced the A. P. A. just as bitterly as Senator Vilas and Grover Cleveland would do. I suggest to these Washington City gentry that they read what the Rev. E. A. Taylor and also the historian, Macaulay, says.

Rev. E. A. Taylor, of Utica, N. Y., a Baptist minister, in a paper at conference, says:

"I am fully persuaded, however, that the Roman Catholic church is an enemy to freedom and a hindrance to Christianity, and 'the polity of the church of Rome,' says Macaulay, 'is the very experience of twelve hundred eventful years, the ingenuity and patient care of forty generations of statesmen, have improved that polity to such perfection that among the contrivances which have been devised for deceiving and controlling mankind it occupies the highest place.'"

This is the institution that is patronized by President Grover Cleveland, and that our Government stipendiaries from Washington City forbid us to oppose. The Rev. Taylor continues:

"The Romish church has but one head, and but one purpose. The pope is the central power, the animating spirit, the vicegerent of God. One word from a single old man at Rome can at once set in motion in every country the most powerful machinery the world has ever known. The one purpose, no longer concealed, but arrogantly proclaimed, is to regain papal supremacy. It is the same that induced Philip II. of Spain to order the execution of the Protestants. Their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, and especially their wives and sweethearts, were hurried to the polls as soon as possible. The result showed that the Catholics had elected six out of the nine trustees. The Protestants say they will contest the election on the ground that many of the women who voted were not of the required age. Prominent members of the A. P. A. will enjoin the

Jus TICE.

The veteran Moses Hull writes: "On account of financial troubles, the Anderson (Ind.) Society have asked me to cancel my engagement with them for October and November, which I have done. I therefore have these two months' subscription to my paper, the first of which I apply. Permanent address, 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

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## SHEIK TZERAN.

His Experience in Spirit-Life.

Read Clairaudiently by Madame Joan.

[CONTINUED.]

Having reached the second sphere of space, I felt somewhat relieved to find myself away from the old life; that of myself to me was Heaven. I began to investigate this sphere. I saw a city with human beings going about their business, somewhat upon the same order as they did in earth-life; they were the same beings who had undergone the transformation scene called death. Their bodies were lighter—not so material as when upon earth. I found these people to be those who had lived mostly for self, cultivating greed and avariciousness, and who had, as a rule, thought very little of God and his divine laws. They had always been in the so-called Christian and had never cultivated that broad mantle of charity which covers so many misdeeds. I was surprised to find only such people among the inhabitants of this sphere.

I studied this state of my progression thoroughly, and at last concluded that I did not feel secure in this sphere, for I felt that I must get into a country or state where Allah was upheld, and believed in thoroughly; where strong faith, coupled with good deeds, would make me feel secure and happy, for I was not happy in this sphere, for my misdeeds haunted me and depressed me. I wished to get away from them and to know that I had outlived them for good.

I now began to pray most earnestly again to Allah, asking him to send some of his angels to minister to my needs. I begged for forgiveness of all my sins, and after a long time of constant meditation and prayer, I received help from ministering angels who directed me to the right course to pursue, and who advised me of the absolute need of prayer to the spirit during progression.

I noticed that their faces were radiant and beaming while mine was dark and clouded in trouble. I soon saw after such a comparison that I was wrong, and that I must get away from this sphere as quickly as possible. I lived in prayer and supplication for a long, long time, and at last I was carried into the third sphere. There I found people like myself who were anxious to learn the power and strength of Allah, who were willing to be taught and who were striving earnestly to find the Nirvana or Heaven. They were striving for the kingdom of the perfect spirit, and were trying to outlive all the desires and passions of the old material body.

This sphere had also a city, but to a small degree more etherealized than the other had been. No one felt perfectly secure at this stage, for they knew that there were still greater heights to be attained. Here, they were tempted and tried, and those who were developed far enough to withstand temptation, were, after a time, lifted up from this state or sphere into the fourth sphere of space. This sphere was the same as all of the others, only still more spiritualized. The people of this sphere were still pushing on, and striving for perfection, for they, having started upon the journey of the true spirit, were very

anxious to reach the end. Some there were, of course, who remained a long time in these different spheres, for some were slower than others to understand the requisites of a spiritual life, and some were more earnest pilgrims than others.

Then there were also others who were contented with only a part of the attainments necessary to reach the exalted altitudes of the perfect spirit. Such spirits, of course, remained in the spheres which they were in a long time, for not being able to see, or having no desire to understand the delights of the pure soul, they were withheld from the joys thereof until they had required a greater degree of perfection, and were able to share in the beauties of the seventh sphere; this could only be obtained through the individual himself who had a perfect desire for better things beyond, and who strove to cultivate the spiritual. When he had reached this conclusion, then, and then only, had progression entered his soul.

In the fourth sphere the spirit is still tempted and tried by the evil that still exists within him, for at this stage he has not overcome all evil desires and thoughts of the body. Here he begins to cultivate the absolute control of all those desires and passions that existed in the corporeal body.

Here he begins to understand the true meaning of brotherly love, and tries to forgive all feuds that ever existed between him and his enemy. He now begins to outlive all this, and learns to love those that hate him and who spitefully misuse him.

After he has attained a good beginning or foundation based on pure brotherly love for all, and an exalted idea of Allah, who is love, then he is taken from this sphere into the fifth sphere, where he is now taught the thorough abstinence from all desires of the stomach. Here he outgrows all habits, such as having a love for drink, tobacco or narcotics of any description. He also outlives all the desires for food, which the spirit only takes by inhalation. If he was a bon vivant in earth-life, and cultivated his appetite to nothing but fine food, thinking he could not exist without it and all the luxuries pertaining to such a life, here he learns and feels the utter uselessness of all those desires and at once he begins to hate them, and strives to outlive them; he at the same time keeps cultivating the other virtues that he acquired in the other spheres, for he knows that in this state he has not yet reached perfection. When he has attained the height of perfection that he is capable of reaching in the fifth sphere, then he soars into the realms of the sixth sphere, where he now begins the perfection of all virtues acquired in all of the other spheres. He is able and fearless exponent of his philosophy. His wife has also assisted him with tests, and given private sittings acceptably.

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