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REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

Reflections on His Various Opinions.

PHENOMENA—EXTERNAL FACTS—
LAWS, PRINCIPLES AND SPIRITUAL
ENERGIES—CLAIRVOYANCE—PSY-
CHOMETRY—DR. A. J. DAVIS.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was pleased to see in a late number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a very fair and deserving article from the pen of our old friend Mr. Wetherbee, regarding the attitude of the Rev. M. J. Savage toward modern Spiritualism. Clergymen and scientists have usually passed these things by as being too much beneath their dignity to merit attention, and it is quite refreshing to see an intelligent man independent enough to give that attention to the subject which it claims demand.

The spiritual phenomena claim to prove what his compatriots in the theological world assert on the authority of history alone—man's immortality. The only evidences of this great fact that authoritarians have, are derived from external history, and its advocates usually denounce or ignore any testimony aside from this assumption of record.

Mr. Savage manifests hospitality, as Mr. Wetherbee says, in regard to the phenomena, is critical in his investigations as far as he goes. In his book, "Psychic Facts and Theories," Mr. Savage has given a great number of valuable facts for the thinker, and his painstaking carelessness can hardly be over-estimated. But his reasoning is often based on, or formulated from, external facts almost exclusively, rather than based upon the laws and principles that underlie the phenomena. Hence there are some errors, as it appears to the writer, in his otherwise valuable book. These may be due, perhaps, to the methods pursued by the Psychological Society. They have investigated, I take it, too much by the external methods of science, which weigh, measure, test, and bring everything to material standards. The laws, principles and spiritual energies cannot always be so treated. Spiritual reasoning, and co-ordinate standards, only must be used to ascertain the nature of spiritual entities. Omission of this precaution is where psychic science investigators have often failed. We cannot determine by a foot rule man's moral and spiritual stature. The laws, principles or spiritual energies cannot appropriately be measured or interpreted by external facts, tests or estimates. These laws and principles receive their initial propulsion from the spiritual universe, and our material methods will never determine the inner nature or reality that lies within the veil.

Let us refer to the text of Mr. Savage's book in one or two instances. On page 23 the author says: "I do not know of a case where clairvoyance is even claimed to see what were once facts, but which no longer exist." His candid acknowledgment here, that "he does not know of a case," etc., may be criticized, but here is a case very much in point, that seems to conflict with his statement:

"A gentleman while swimming failed to sustain himself, and before assistance could reach him, sank, as he supposed, to rise no more. Then he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his own being, from the first dawn of memory until the time he entered the water. They were all grouped and ranged in the order of the succession of their happening, and he read the whole volume of existence at a glance; nay, his intellect and entire being were purged on his mind; illumined by light, the panorama of the battle of life lay before him." (Quotation by Hudson Tuttle, in *Psychic Science*, pp. 96-97.) This author remarks: "Clairvoyance, as thus appears, has a retrospection, and is able to see the past." ("What were once facts, but which no longer exist.") This is but one instance among many found in other authors, conflicting with our author's statement. It is surprising that a man of such apparently keen research should have, at this late day, so limited an understanding of the sweeping faculty of clairvoyance, which is the very power of all faculties of the immortal spirit. It is the supreme state of the spirit's interior intelligence and wisdom. What is often called psychometry—soul-gauging, or soul-feeling, or, also, what is usually termed mind-reading, is only, in other terms, a localized or limited phase of clairvoyance—a soul sensitivity applied to a detached or special subject.

Genuine clairvoyance, which is rare, is quite different in its range. It is almost unlimited, and is entirely independent of any external influences. It is but a half-step removed from death itself. There are many cases recorded in different countries, under unimpeachable testimony, of its exercise, in past and in modern times, as our author—a psychic student—probably well knows. In our own country, the case of the Rev. Wm. Tennant, cited with credence by Prof. Bush, is in point. It is called a case of trance; so it was of the body, but within his spirit was clearly awake and wonderfully clairvoyant, but not fully alive in what he saw. In later times the case of Dr. A. J. Davis is most remarkable. He has so cultivated the faculty that he exercises it at will. His own case is well given in the *Magic Staff*, pp. 215-217; also in other volumes.

It is a matter of surprise that Mr. Savage so entirely omits reference to Dr. A. J. Davis; than whom no seer of modern times has had so wide and deep an experience, covering the nature of every case cited by our author, as well as thousands of other facts that do not appear in his book. Neither the Society of Psychic Research nor Mr. Savage can afford to overlook so rich a mine of re-

cord as is given by this remarkable seer, and do justice to metaphysical philosophy, or to psychic research. Mr. Savage's views on clairvoyance, psychology, etc., would probably have been more lucid and explanatory if their writer had been more conversant with the philosophy and writings of this seer, now living, not surpassed by any clairvoyant revelator of ancient or modern times.

The psychological condition can best be represented, perhaps, by reference to a fact in electrical science. Here are two wires running parallel, but separately. One carries a primary current. In the other wire a secondary current is induced by that in the first, though the two wires are not in contact. The second wire represents the sensitive, or psychological subject. The first wire is the inductor—the operator—and this may be a visible or an invisible personage; or the sensitive may take on a soul-feeling of the object presented, which in such case is the inductor, resulting from a natural sensitivity to that object. But whatever manner of current it is, light, heavy, or vibratory—it is represented in the secondary wire, or subject. But this is not clairvoyance. It is more nearly akin to one phase of mediumship. Now, clairvoyance is not necessarily mediumship, nor is mediumship necessarily clairvoyance, though often so-called by those who are not very close students. The germ of clairvoyance is innate in every one, but not always unfolded in this life. It inheres in every spirit. But mediumship does not. This is an incident peculiar to many, by virtue of vital adaptability, or make-up, as is the color of the eyes, hair, or skin.

Again, let us refer to page 41 of Mr. Savage's book. He says "Clairvoyance requires that the mind should be directed, or sent on some definite errand to some particular place." This is certainly a grave misapprehension of the true nature of the almost infinite power of clairvoyance, although the case he cites preceding this quotation from his book does not seem to justify his conclusion as stated. He must have been unfortunate in not meeting a case of true clairvoyance, or if he has met such he failed to comprehend its subtle power.

In another case, given on page 58, et seq., he closes by saying: "This case cannot be explained by clairvoyance, for the lady did not possess the power." Now, in view of the preceding quotations and other statements in his book, and his evident misapprehension of this sweeping nature of clairvoyance, how is he justified in saying this lady "did not possess the power?" It is almost self-evident from the text that it was a case of clairvoyance, which is sometimes so subtle that it is but momentary in its action. Guessing, as he wisely remarks, is hardly admissible in the case. Under the misapprehension assumed for our author above, the evidences of the subtle phases of this searching and far-reaching faculty of spirit must, certainly have escaped his recognition.

On page 82 the author arrives at the conclusion that "clairvoyance as ordinarily understood sees only what is going on at the time." As ordinarily understood perhaps it is, with some. But do such minds yet perceive the subtle and almost unlimited sweep in time, present, past and future, of independent clairvoyance? We have yet much to learn. On page 152 he states that "clairvoyant power does not ordinarily reach so far, nor does it deal with mental and moral states and sufferings." This would lead us to think certainly this author had never yet met a case of real clairvoyance in his investigations. This is very much to be regretted, because his close accuracy of investigation and loyalty to truth, as he perceives it, and to his convictions, would have given to the world some most valuable results and lessons.

JAS. B. LOOMIS.

RECIPE FOR "BALM OF GILEAD."

For the benefit of your readers, I will, by request, offer for publication a recipe for the "Balm of Life," the original formula of the "Balm of Gilead," as proffered me by a ministering angel. For all we will a prescription write That cures all ills, and restores lost sight.

Take a handful of pure Love Leaves—The kind you use when baby grieves. Of Human Kindness, one half-pound. The purest, too, that can be found. Mix well together, then grind them fine In the Mill of Charity for all mankind. Pour over this one quart of gin. Distilled from good acts redeeming sin; To this you add one pint and a gill Of Sweet-toned Words the heart to thrill; To this add each a pound and a half Of Buoyant Spirit and Hearty Laughter. Then lastly you add a grain or two Of True Self-sacrifice, Puritan blue. This for you a compound makes That heals all wounds and cures all aches. One dose a day for some may do, But others you will find need two. Allopathic doses to some we'd give, But with homeopathic they'll surely live. No small dose was ever known to fail, And many a weary woe will heal. Has found an end to large doses given In quick succession—the patient living For many years in a blissful state. To neighbors and friends will oft relate The wondrous cure he did procure. That Love's Sweet Compound will insure. ELLA F. HARRIS.

French architects during the reign of Henry IV. expected to receive 1 per cent of the cost of the houses they erected.

REFLECTIONS.

As They Come From the Past.

Revealing the Teachings of Confucius, the Sage of China.

CONFUCIUS, THE PEER OF ANY OF THE SAVIORS—HIS WONDERFUL INFLUENCE—HIS DIVINE TEACHINGS.

Confucius is a great historic personality. His history is as true and as vital to the 400,000,000 of Chinese as that of George Washington is to the 68,000,000 of Americans. On the banks of the River Sze, to the north of the capital city of Loo, at the end of a fine avenue of old cypress trees and in the midst of a shady forest of oak, is the burial-place and the tomb of Confucius. It is a huge mound, overgrown with trees and shrubs, and at the end stands a tablet 25 feet high by 6 broad, on which are engraved the name and the doings of Confucius, the Sage.

No historian has ever ventured to doubt the genuineness of his tomb. The burial places of Virgil, of Homer, and even of Alexander the Great are still unknown. But such is not the case with that of one whose name and teachings have influenced the great world of China for twenty-three centuries or more.

Confucius flourished at the very time when Pythagoras established his school of philosophy at Crotona, when Cypus the King permitted the Jews to rebuild their temple, and when Hagar the prophet uttered those words which now form a part of our sacred Scriptures. He was born 551 B. C., when the Prophet Daniel received his visions, and he died at the advanced age of 73, just about the time when the Athenians were rebuilding the walls of their city, and becoming great among the nations of the earth.

He was poor, and at an early age became a public storekeeper. Having committed the induction of contracting marriages when he was only 19, and the marriage of a young man, he finally divorced his wife after she had borne him a son. At the age of 21, he found him released from the tolls of Confucius, and devoting his time to the more congenial task of imparting instruction to a band of admiring students. With idle and stupid scholars he had no patience. "I open the truth," he would say, "to those who thirst after knowledge. I help only those who want to help themselves. My teaching is in a solid square, but I present only one corner of a subject, and I expect my pupils to find out the other corners."

The people flocked to him for information upon every conceivable topic, and when he was but 30 years of age he was surrounded by a company of 3,000 disciples.

The times in which he lived were corrupt. History does not repeat itself. The corrupt condition of the government of some of our modern cities finds a parallel in the condition of the great city of Loo in the sixth century before Christ. It was the effort of Confucius to reform the government of his own city, and then to reform the government of the province. He maintained that the very basis of all authority and government is discipline, and that the reformation must begin in the home. "You must purify the home first before you can purify the politics of a city. You must purify the politics of a city first before you can rectify the politics of the State." In other words, this old-fashioned sage of China would have said, you must trace the bad government of a city, not to the municipality, or to the Commissioners of Police, or even to the Grand Jury itself, but you must trace it to the confused conditions of family life in the homes of the tenement houses, and to the want of discipline and government in the residences of the wealthy.

A prophet has no honor in his own country or among his own people. This was the proverb in the ancient oriental world, and just as the Man of Nazareth was rejected by the people of Judea, and Mohammed had to flee from the people of Mecca, and Socrates was poisoned by his fellow-citizens, so was Confucius the Sage compelled to flee from the people of his own city.

And yet, during his lifetime, he had for a short period the satisfaction of seeing the beneficent results of his principles. "Crime ceased," we are told, "disorder ceased and dishonesty hid their heads. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of the men; chastity and docility those of the women. He was the idol of the people, and found a place in the popular ballads of the day." But it did not last. The other provinces grew jealous of the prosperity of Loo. The sage of China went down to his grave, convinced that his teachings had been rejected and the mission of his life had failed. The career of Confucius was a failure because he was not a man who could shamelessly sell his name to the passing breeze. He never appealed to popularity for a confirmation of his teachings. The verdict of posterity has been one favorable to the great name of Confucius. Now, after the lapse of 2,300 years, his teachings are recognized by all the religions of China and Japan. Whether we speak of Taoism, the ancient religion of China; of Shintoism, the national religion of Japan; or of Buddhism—no matter what the religion of the people may be, the teachings of Confucius still remain an influence in the customs, manners and morals of the people.

If the whole of China and Japan were converted to Christianity to-morrow, the teachings of Confucius must still stand

as the basis of individual, domestic, and national life.

Confucius taught nothing about God. He believed in God. He believed in a great ruler of the universe, but when asked for his opinion about death, he answered: "While I can tell you so little about life, what can I tell you about death?"

The Christian apostle tells us that "life and immortality have been brought to light through the Gospel," and therefore in the religious future of Japan and China there is no reason why the teachings of Christ should not stand side by side with those of Confucius.

Life, then, was the study of Confucius; life as represented by man as he exists. The question, whence man came and whither he is going never troubled him. He simply looked on man as a member of a society.

All the teachings of Confucius were intended to construct an ideal, or as we translate the expression from the Chinese language, "the superior man."

He separated mankind into two great classes—the wise and knowing and the dull and stupid. "To attain the ideal," therefore, education is necessary. Not merely education in reading, writing and arithmetic; not merely the education of the schools, but a study of everything which constitutes life.

He said there were four things necessary to enable an ordinary human being to reach the level of the superior man: "to serve my father as I would require my son to serve me; to serve my elder brother as I would require my younger brother to serve me; to behave to a friend as I would require him to behave to me; to be earnest in practicing the virtues of life and to be careful in speaking about them." These were the four great principles laid down by Confucius. We find them also laid down by Jesus when he said, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. We find them enunciated distinctly in the church catechism when we read: "My duty toward my neighbor is to love him as myself and to do to all men as I would they should do to me. To love, honor and obey my father and mother; to submit myself to my governors, spiritual masters and teachers."

With Confucius discipline was the law of life. He would have been horrified to learn, as we did from the papers last week, that a young man in Harlem, running to catch a street car, tripped up an old man of 78, and did not stop to apologize, but left the poor old man lying in the road. He would have expected the young to rise and show deference to the aged when they enter a room, a public building or a railway car. He would have rebuked and repressed all rudeness and want of respect shown in the presence of those in authority. We find the Apostle Paul following the principles of Confucius, although he probably had never heard of his existence. When the ruler of Judea said, "Your hearts must be rectified," Confucius replied, with the politeness of a gentleman, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of sobriety and truth."

With Confucius the ideal man was one who seeks culture for the good of others. In other words, unselfishness must characterize the superior man. Confucius climbed up the ladder reaching to the ideal, in the following way: "You must obtain knowledge by investigation. You must attain as complete knowledge as you possibly can. That was his first step.

"Your knowledge being complete, your thoughts must be sincere. "Your thoughts being sincere, then your hearts must be rectified. "Your hearts being rectified, then your persons must be cultivated. "Your persons being cultivated, then your families must be well regulated. "Your families being well regulated, then your cities must be rightly governed. "Your cities being rightly governed, the whole empire must be tranquil and happy."

The main object of the teaching of Confucius was the tranquillity and happiness of the nation. But to this end he would begin with the individual, the family and the home. In other words, he would have said it is absolutely impossible to get good government out of bad citizens, and impossible to get good citizens out of bad and undisciplined families and homes.

Confucius always insisted upon the acquirement of concise and exact knowledge. "Shall I teach you what knowledge is?" he once said. "When you know a thing, hold on to it; but when you don't know a thing, always allow you don't know it; this is knowledge." He once likened imperfect knowledge to a chair on four legs, with one leg broken. "You sit unevenly," he said, "on such a chair as that."

The first principle of Confucianism is, as I have said, the completion of knowledge. The second is sincerity of intention. The third is the rectification of the heart. The fourth is the cultivation of the person.

The graces necessary to be cultivated are virtue, then valor, then benevolence, then loyalty, then reverence, then faithfulness, then the government of the family, then filial piety, then friendship, and lastly, the right government of the state.

Such is an outline of the teachings of this remarkable man. Although he had many opportunities of advancement in public affairs, he lived a life of poverty, and never repined at the absence of wealth. He would say: "Give me rice to eat, with water to drink and my

bended arm for my pillow, and I am contented and happy. Riches and honor acquired by wrong-doing are to me as floating clouds."

The mantle of Confucius fell on Mencius, who became a teacher of Confucianism about the year 330 before Christ, at the time when Alexander the Great was making his conquests. Mencius had no system of his own to enunciate, but clothing himself in the armor prepared for him by his master he went forth to combat the evils of the day. What Aristotle did for the teachings of Plato, and what St. Paul did for the teachings of Christ, Mencius did for those of Confucius.

From the time of the rise of the Chinese Empire, about 200 years before Christ, to the present day Confucius has been the object of supreme veneration. Temples have been erected to his honor throughout the empire, and the literature bearing his name is studied by every educated man in China.

The above from the New York Sun illustrates the fact that even in the so-called pagan nations a light has sprung up, which, if it had been followed by mankind generally, would have led to the full development of all the cardinal virtues, and now crime would be unknown, and the millennium be ushered in.

DIVINE WRIGHT.

SIT IN THE SILENCE.

Sit in the silence, and learn to be still, Listen unto the Omnipotent will.

Through all the duties of every-day life, Through all the largeness and smallness of strife,

Through the great movements that uplift the race, Through all the changes of time and of place,

Through all the sorrows and woes that oppress, Through all the pleasures of real happiness,

Listen and learn what the silence will teach, Lessons that passeth in wonder all speech.

Peace and its purposes are waiting to tell Wonderful stories of how to live well. Stories of burdens that vanish in air, Stories of splendors beyond all compare.

Splendors eternal, that, growing in grace, Flow from the inner to outermost place. Courts of the silence are spacious, profound, Centered, and circled, and jeweled around.

Truth, in its grandeur, here waits to impart, Needs of the soul and needs of the heart. Knowledge here blesses in wonderful ways; Science, too, builds on a rock for its base.

Hope, with its snowy-white pinions, proclaims Rescue of race from the thraldom of pains. Freedom of spirit in ecstasy soars, Bearing its brightness to farthestmost shores.

'Tis in the silence the soul meets its own, Mounts to its height, and is crowned on its throne; Finds in the boundless no bars to defeat, Drinks in a peace that is perfect and sweet.

Feels in the vastness the throb of a heart, That is of its life the centermost part. Pulsing and beating in rhythmic time, All of the universe falls into line.

Currents of being sweep in and around, Lifting us up without jarring or sound. Caring for us in the tenderest way, Healing all hurts as the Infinite may;

Sit in the silence, that we may behold Life and its laws writ in letters of gold. ELLA DARE.

A PASSAGE OF THE BIBLE.

And Criticism Thereon.

TO THE EDITOR:—In reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the editorial page always affords great pleasure, and my object in writing at this time is to call your attention, in friendly criticism, to the force of your editorial comments on Matthew xvi: 18, 19. Your main purpose is, I judge, to "rub down" the Romish endeavor to override all power and authority, and the rights of humanity, and establish its own supremacy. Rome and its methods must be downed, but then it is much like Banquo's ghost, it will not remain down. But in this instance, are you not unjust to the original Greek, which, if properly translated, with the force of "Petrus" (feminine), properly understood, takes all the ground from under the Romish claim put upon it, or the whole passage quoted. Does not "Petrus" refer to the statement, "Petrus" confessing Christ, rather than to Peter? With this understanding, the Romish church has no power, and any church or power that gains control of religious rites, and superstitious methods will lose its foundation, in the same fair and correct interpretation of Matthew xvi: 18, 19, and the one word on which the whole matter hangs.

F. T. LATHE.

The first bite of India rubber that were sold in London for erasers brought about 160 a cubic inch.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

A Hymn of Horrors.

WALTER HOWELL—MEDIUMS APPRECIATED—DR. WATTS' HYMNS, AND REFLECTIONS THEREON.

It is Christmas, and the streets of the city are thronged. The day on this Pacific Coast is lively. Smiles gladden every visible countenance. And the song—the "Wish You Merry Christmas"—rings out musically from millions of happy souls; but music has its minor tones. Under these hilarious shoutings of holiday merry-making there are deep undertones of sorrow. There are hovels in which hearts are aching, orphans calling for clothing, and children crying for bread. Go!—go, dear reader, to their relief. You will be none the poorer. Human life is short. You cannot take with you bonds and mortgages, gold and silver, over there. Character, memory and personal qualities will then lift you to the homes of the blest, or consign you where Judas went—to your own place.

Life in this century is a strange make-up of sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow, bloated, ill-gotten wealth and piteous poverty side by side. Only in consideration of the demonstrated fact of a future existence can the ills and inequalities of this life be righteously adjusted. In fact, there is but one life—one giver of life, ever flowing onward and onward, in which are eddies and dangerous deeps. If a fellow-brother is drawn in, rush to his rescue! Lift him out! Lift him up!—help him every way possible. Such a noble, unselfish act will strengthen you, and by the psychic law of reflex action place you all unconsciously upon a still higher and heavenlier plane.

WALTER HOWELL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

After delivering a short lecture to the Spiritualists, Sunday evening, in Shriner Hall, I slipped out immediately, leaving the other remarks and ceremonies to others, and hastened to Golden Gate Hall, to listen to the inspirations of Walter Howell. Richly was I repaid. The hall in architecture and finish is magnificent; the floral decorations were profuse; the music of the highest order, and the subject by Mr. Howell, "The Christ." And briefly put, the address of nearly an hour was clear, logical and masterly. He took the ground taken by Rabbis Wise and Wiel—by all learned men and all intelligent spirits, so far as I have ever heard to the contrary—that Jesus, the great Nazarenean medium, lived and wrought the spiritual marvels ascribed to him, and then he drew a marked line of demarcation between Jesus the man and "the Christ"—the Christ spirit—the Christ of the ages. The audience was very large, refined, cultured and literary. As long as these present I noticed W. Emmett Coleman. Mr. Howell is a harmonizer, and is doing a grand work. Introduced to his audience, I talked just two minutes.

OLDEN HYMNS FOR WORSHIP.

The following hymn—plous hymn from the old collection of Mr. Watts—No. 42, second book, I frequently heard sung fifty or sixty years ago, when I was a fair-haired lad, summering and wintering by the foot-hills of the Green Mountains.

With holy fear and humble song, The dreadful God my soul adores; Reverence and awe become the throng, That speaks the greatness of His power.

Far in the deep where darkness dwells, The land of horror and despair, Justice hath built a dismal hell, And laid her stores of vengeance there. Eternal chains and heavy plagues, Tormenting racks and fiery coals—Darts to inflict immortal pains, Dipped in the blood of damned souls.

There Satan, the first sinner, lies, And roars and bites his iron bands; In vain the rebel strives to rise, Crushed with the weight of both Thy hands.

These guilty souls of Adam's race Struck out and howl beneath thy rod; Once they could scorn a Savior's grace, But they incensed a dreadful God. Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son. Sinners, obey your Savior's call, Else your damnation hastens on. And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

If the world damnable were justifiable, the above might be called a most damnable hymn, read by Calvinistic Presbyterian priests, who preached under the inspiration of hell and the devil; translating hell, hades and devil, demon; the demon of bigotry, I am justified in applying the above epithets to their inspirations—to their dogmas generally. They were unreasonable, irrational, damnable!

COMING, COMING TO CALIFORNIA.

Midwinters are the palms, moved by the light breeze; they are reflectors upon the mountains, catching the earliest sunbeams; they are the sentinels upon the walls, telling of the brighter morning-time and the fuller light of the noonday of freedom, brotherhood, and an immortal glorious and progressive.

Dr. O. E. Watkins is the noted medium and physician who will reach San Diego, Cal., by the middle or 20th of February. I knew "Charlie" Watkins, as he was familiarly called, many years ago, when he was giving test seances to the Rev. Joseph Cook, in the residence of Eves Sargent, Boston; in the residence of the wealthy Wade, of Cleveland; at the genial home of Geo. W. Taylor, in West-

these years, I am delighted to know that he leaves the North-lands for the sunnier Summer-lands of California. In the line of diagnosing disease and prescribing for the sick, he has no superiors. Not a few, but many, he snatches from the very jaws of death, and he was never accused of fraud. He comes by the way of Cincinnati, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston and San Antonio, to San Diego, Spiritualists in these cities should write him at Ayer, Mass., and induce him to stop off a day or two in each city to do spiritual work. His family will accompany him. Upon reaching San Diego, I shall welcome him to my residence—my Episcopal residence—to meet a company of friends. Paraphrasing the words "Episcopalian," but I do so enjoy punching holes in the bellows of bigotry.

J. M. PEBBLES, M. D.

San Diego, Cal.

DISMAL PROPHECIES.

Look Out for Breakers!

PLENTY OF PROPHECIES, AND A MARKED PROCLIVITY TO PROPHECY—THE PRESENT YEAR—DARK FOREBODINGS.

Prophecy are plenty; but prophecies do not always fulfill. This was ever so. In the days of Jesus events were managed so "that it might be fulfilled as spoken by the prophet." In these days, circumstances are not so accommodating; perhaps because there is so much more to manage, and so prophecies lose their prestige and prognostications are at a discount. Nevertheless there are abundant evidences that future events can be foretold with great accuracy; and, modern prophecies are not accorded to a special miracle in each case, which none but a God can perform. There is a marked proclivity to prophesy which seems to be quite general in the Spiritualist world; but spirits, like mortals, have their limitations, and only in exceptional cases are their prognostications more than guesses, as appears from the failures, which far outnumber the successes. But if "practice makes perfect," all of this may be discipline, education of the prophetic faculty—if such exist—and in the long future the fruits of these trials may appear. But while it is well to heed all rational warnings, it is unprofitable and harmful to waste time in coaxing abnormal, dread, and preparing for the impossible, or highly improbable, because some seer has uttered a warning.

Some twenty years ago the most terrible events were set forth as near at hand by various prophets, astrologers, mediums, etc., that were to convulse this continent, and destroy at least fifteen million people, all within a decade or so. The loftiest mountains were to "toss their heads into the sea," and islands, and perhaps continents were to rise in the passive ocean bed, and disaster and ruin were to run riot in the world. Thousands of people worked and planned to escape the day of doom, by migrating to the Eden of safety—the Pacific Coast; but nothing has happened to justify the expectations thus feverishly excited.

Last Sunday afternoon I heard Mrs. Colby Luther—who is speaking here within two or three blocks of the hall where the First Society holds forth. Her subject—given by the audience, was "Life." I understand she has no recollection of what she utters, and presumably a spirit dictated the speech. She enthused the people, and applied life to a wide range of affairs; dwelt upon the advance of science and Spiritualism, the reign of reason, and said we no longer had any use for religion of any kind. She (or the power that spoke) referred to the extraordinary character of the season, and said that we have entered upon a year that has no precedent in the history of the world; and the events of the year 1895 would be of extraordinary character. The absence of the usual snow and ice at the forth, and the presence of unprecedented snows and frozings to the far South, the bare fields of the Mississippi valley, and other wheat-raising areas, would result in short crops—or no crops—and want and starvation confronted the people before the end of 1895. She admonished all, rich and poor, to spend not a dime unnecessarily, for it would be needed; if not for yourself, for your starving neighbors. It was a strong appeal, and whether the reason teaches is, quite another. The needs and the way have long been known; but the incentive to do can only come of moral evolution, and Spiritualism furnishes the stimulus, in the inspiration of heavenly love, as the sunshines and the rains awaken the life of the soil and people the earth with fruit and flowers.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

In 1780 a handkerchief cost 50c in Massachusetts, while a pair of stockings cost 10c, and potatoes were 80c a bushel.

During the years immediately preceding the civil war, 81,000 was a common price for a healthy young man.



CHAPTER XII.

Into the Wilderness.

Equipped for the journey, with their household goods loaded on covered wagons drawn by patient oxen, the missionary band set out from Philadelphia, then scarcely more than a trading post, toward the northwest. They reached a point on the Lehigh river which presented so many attractions that the Indians had gathered in a large village. It was equally attractive to the whites, besides the facilities it offered of at once entering on their proposed task. Gaining permission of the Indians, they erected log dwellings and prepared to pass the winter, which, if it in any way prevented their other labors, would give them the opportunity they desired for learning the Indian language and enlightening the darkness of the savage mind. When spring came they were so well satisfied with the location, they resolved to make it a permanent base of operation and called it Bethlehem.

The restless spirit of Louis was not content. He desired to mingle with the Indians where they were entirely free from the influence of civilization. Where he now was its waves were beginning to break; and would soon overwhelm the frail barrier. Whatever it might do for the whites, for the red man it was destruction. The savage is akin to the lower world of whites, and accepts their evil ways, grains habits and appetites with far greater relish than the doctrines of constraint and self-control. The fire-water of the trader is more eagerly sought than the understanding of the truth.

Louis became familiar with the language and learned that the vast region known as the valley of the Ohio was inhabited by Indian tribes of a comparatively high order of intelligence, and that they were mostly congregated along the banks of numerous tributaries of that great river. To reach this field across the trackless forest was impracticable, but nature had made a way, used from time immemorial by the Indians in their migrations. The journey being made in canoes up the Susquehanna to its source, then a portage through the forest to the headwaters of the Allegheny river, and descending to the Ohio.

The chiefs were interested in the enterprise. They had learned to repose trust and confidence in the strangers who came among them and devoted themselves to their welfare. "Our white brother has only to command and we obey," sentimentally said Webahaso.

"How far into the West have you pursued the deer?" asked Louis.

"To where the great river which flows to the southwest broadens." "Well, then," said Louis, "I want you and two warriors, with a large, light canoe, able to carry us and our stores."

"It shall be," replied Webahaso, and the next morning that is young and will grow and light us on our journey."

Inspection and found everything in readiness for their departure. Darkness was gathering and in the west on the edge of the twilight was the thin crescent moon and the evening star. A blush was over the landscape.

"What a strange web is human life," he soliloquized; "how little we know of the future or where we shall drift." As he approached the house he met Gertrude.

"I am glad to meet you," she said, frankly, "for I want to say good-bye before the moment of parting." "And I, my sister, am glad to find you here, for I start so early and there will be such confusion in the morning, that the parting word will be all we can say."

From the dense shadows of the forest came a plaintive cry like a human voice: "Whip-o-will, Whip-o-will, Whip-o-will."

"What strange birds there are in this new land!" "I have heard this call for several evenings," replied Gertrude, "and it makes me quite homesick. I weary for the warmth of sunny France."

"You have your trials to bear, Gertrude, as we all have, and it is, perhaps, best you should."

He called her Gertrude! Not sister! Her heart thrilled at his pronunciation of her name. "I am sure I ought not to complain if you do not," she replied. "It, however, will be a long time before you return, if ever." Her eyes glistened through tears.

"My dear sister, you must not yield to grief, which is like a wolf, ravenous to those who resist, not but fleeing away when bravely met. I shall return in a year, mayhap before." He gently wiped her eyes as he continued, "I am happy to be so kindly loved by you."

"Oh, why could he not understand? Why did he call her sister, a word as cold as ice."

"There is your star," he said, pointing to the west.

"My star and the moon," she replied, sadly; "like us, they are near together, but soon to part, wider and wider until the whole heavens lie between."

"After a time, again to come together."

"Not again as now. Never as now, however near they may approach."

"Since your story of the star, Gertrude, that orb has had a mystic meaning. It is like the face of her who has gone." He took her hand and they walked homeward. "It is late and we must part. Good-bye is a sad word which in the great beyond will not be heard, nor farwells said by the broken-hearted."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Gertrude. He kissed her cheek, and as he turned away said, fervently: "God and angels guard and bless you."

In the early morning the party was ready. Good-bye and God bless you was exchanged.

Webahaso was detained by the grief of his young wife, Segosowin, the most beautiful of her tribe. They had been married less than a month, and fearing her objections he had not told her of his going until that morning, and she clung to him and to him as he strove to loosen her hold and enter the boat.

will and peace, like the tuft of white feathers on the bow of the canoe, and in her presence the arrow remained in the quiver, and the tomahawk in the belt.

CHAPTER XIII.

Into the Depths of the Wilderness.

They had passed the most laborious part of their journey and embarked on the Allegheny. When they entered it from one of its tributaries it was a small stream with a swift current and dangerous rapids, around some of which they carried their canoe, and others they ventured to run. The stream broadened and deepened, until they came to a small peninsula formed by the embouchure of another stream. They had reached the point where the Monongahela and Allegheny unite to form the Ohio. On the peninsula was a fort and village, and they felt that they had again reached the borders of civilization. This was old Fort Duquesne, the modern Pittsburgh, whose busy thousands told at their vulgar labors in the black smoke that conceals the day.

Founded by the French, and after many disasters wrested from them by English, to be abandoned, its position was such as to make it a better strategic point for commerce than for war. The city now extending for miles along the shores of both rivers and over the hills, was then represented by rude log huts, and clustering wigwags, scattered irregularly along the bank.

Here they rested for a few days and became acquainted with an Indian chief by the name of Black Wolf, who had been taught by the Jesuits. He knew the value of trading posts, and as he drew no distinction between traders and missionaries, he thought it a fine stroke of policy to induce the company to go to his hunting-ground on the Muskingum river. His description of the country was flattering, and they descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Muskingum, and then ascended that stream, until the tenth day they arrived at the village of their Indian friend. It had more than two score of lodges, located on a soft swelling bank, clear of underbrush, with stately trees giving the appearance of a park; a more charming landscape never met the eye, and the delighted voyagers were still more pleased with their reception. The villagers swarmed around them, and when Black Wolf explained the purpose of a visitors, they escorted them to their lodge, which they furnished for their use.

It was late in summer, and it was necessary to erect at once a suitable building for their comfort during the winter. Louis wished to set an example to the savages in the art of living, as well as to elevate them morally. There were the trees of the forest from which to build, and they had axes to cut and hew them into shape. The Indians were eager as children to assist, and after the logs were out there were helpers enough to carry them to the chosen site.

Big was invaluable as superintendent, and surpassed in the dextrous use of the ax. When the walls were of proper height, poles were laid across for rafters, on these small cross-pieces, and on these, bark in place of shingles. A door was cut out on one side, and openings for windows on the other. These were covered with thin white cloth saturated with oil, which served for glass.

The crevices between the logs were filled with triangular pieces of wood, driven in, and thick mortar of clay plastered over them within and without.

A rude dwelling, but a palace of comfort compared with the Indian lodge covered with bark or skins.

A house for worship and for a school was suggested by Louis, under the name of a Council Lodge. The tribe was interested, and in a week's time its walls were completed.

The Delaware, to whom this tribe belonged, were among the most intelligent and susceptible of the race. They occupied a territory abounding with fish and game, and cultivated maize, beans, squashes and pumpkins on the river bottoms and other favorable localities. The increasing density of population had begun to develop an incipient civilization.

In a worthy spirit of emulation some of the chiefs erected dwellings after the model furnished, and before winter the village began to have the appearance of a frontier town.

The corn was ripe. The frosts had changed the foliage to gorgeous tints of gold and carmine. The days were perfect in their warmth and dreamy haze. The corn was gathered, and the day for celebrating the harvest, the great corn-dance, which was synonymous with the festival of the year, approached. Of all food grains the Indian corn is most beautiful. From the time it first sends up its tiny green leaves, until it waves its tasseled plumes high in the air and conceals beneath glossy green banners the golden ear, it is remarkable for its vigor and the generous return it makes to the hand of care.

Louis proposed to Black Wolf to hold the festival in the new Council lodge, and the chief at once consented.

"I have a brother chief," he said, "by the great river, who must come, and many more east and north, I want in council."

As the coming of these would spread the knowledge of the mission, he desired their attendance, and fleet-messengers were sent with invitations.

An amusing episode occurred at this juncture. Big, who had apparently been absorbed in helping others, a few days before the festival, with more than his usual diffidence, and stammering, confided to Louis a momentous secret. He had fallen in love; yes, actually lost his heart!

"You see," he explained, "as I told you about that Scotch lassie, whom I have been always returning for, there was never one like her, but here I am, and it's no use to think of that place, and what's the use when there's one just as good right here."

"Who is your choice?" asked Louis, amused by the simplicity of the confession.

"Ah, Ataska! Well, she has a pleasing face, yet, as you have not learned her language, how do you know she will accept?"

"We have talked much," replied Big, with embarrassment, "we don't need to speak the language better than you suppose, and we have come to an understanding. What we could not say we looked. I have not been knocking around the world these thirty years without learning how a girl looks when she's in love. I know Ataska loves me. I met her bringing a load of sticks, and I took them from her and carried them. When I came in the women

laughed and called me squaw, but she ran away. Don't that show that I am right?"

"Well, my brother, what do you intend doing?"

"Intend, that's it. That's what I came to you for. I want to be married."

"To this Indian girl?"

"Why not? We came to civilize and convert them, and it strikes me it will be a good way to begin."

"Certainly, if you are suited. When do you desire the ceremony to take place?"

"The sooner the better."

"You must gain her father's consent."

"Oh, that I understand. He told me by signs when I was building his house, that he would sell her for an ax."

"Did you agree to this heathen proposal?" sternly asked Louis.

"Why, sir, I cannot get her without buying her. He is not fully converted, and we cannot wait until he is."

"Perhaps," thoughtfully said Louis, "it is best to yield to these pagan customs until they can be supplanted with Christian ideas. I will not reproach you, Big, and the day of the festival shall witness your union."

"A thousand thanks, and further obliged will I be for leave to build a house."

"Before that day?"

"Certainly, I must have a house. With more than usual spirit. The Indian part of the ceremony cannot be performed unless I have one."

"Have me to mix pagan rites even with this sacred relation?" Louis recoiled from the intensely practical view of his subordinate.

"I want you to marry us in strict form before God," pleasantly replied Big, "and then turn us over to the Indians. You know they can't harm what you have done."

"My good man," said Louis earnestly, "you have faithfully served others, and to-morrow we will all take hold and assist you in building your house, and I pray you may prosper as you deserve."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

My forefathers were all Virginians! There's none of my stock claim any descent From the Puritans of Plymouth Rock. My grandfather fought under Jackson at New Orleans.

Was born and bred a "Calhoun Democrat!" It seems that I inherited his views. Believed the doctrine of "State's Rights," right or wrong, the fight of the war Grew out of that "Democratic doctrine."

When the war broke out I gave my support. And allegiance to the State whose bosom Claims all that is mortal of Washington. I enlisted in Stonewall Jackson's brigade; Was at the Battle of Bull Run, midst roar and fusillade.

Of cannon and musketry; carried the colors of a State. The mother of presidents, eminent and great. Wild as waves of the ocean, fierce as gales that arouse them, The terrible charge we made on the foe; And the troops in gray, heath the stars and bars.

With glory and honor were crowned that day. As leaves of autumn fall, as grain by the scythe, Fell the foes of our rights on that battle-field.

On my cheek there fell, bright and pure, a tear; Its language no tongue nor pen can describe.

Strange the feelings oft compressed in a tear. Slowly I opened my eyes with surprise, Saw a face sweet as Raphael's Madonna. The blush of the rose, it mantled her cheek;

With virtue and beauty and modesty meek. To deceive her, I feigned to be dazed in my mind.

And wondrously asked, "Where am I?" Archly and naively she sweetly replied: "You are safe in the hands of the enemy." Never, no never before did I know, How easy 'twas to fondly love your enemy.

Under the enemy's gentle kindly care, Came the vigor of strength and health and space.

And with it a convert to Webster's view. Of a union, one and inseparable, now and forever.

In a conjugal as well as political sense. My nurse wooed and won back my love for the flag.

Flag beneath which our brave forefathers died. Dear flag of the land of George Washington.

The pity she showed soon ripened in love. Why weary with story, the detail of which May be told in a word? "We were married."

And the cloud on my mind of her brother, And the dark stain of his blood on my hand, Have vanished, for, strange to say, he, Fell in Christian hands of the enemy.

A maiden loyal to the sunny South, Whilst searching on the bloody field for friends, Saw some signs of life in the bleeding form That faced the carnage and the battle's storm.

That fell by my sharp bayonet's cruel thrust, On Bull Run's battlefield that bloody day.

Tenderly she conveyed him to her home, and fondly nursed him back to life again. Strange the power of love, and yet 'tis true. With a lover's art brought back her heart.

Won back her love for the dear starry flag, "Old Glory," famed in history and story; Freedom's emblem on fields crowned with valor.

Strange the coincidence, yet true it was, She, like me, was a convert to Webster's view. Of a union, one and inseparable, now and forever.

In a conjugal as well as political sense. Flown have the years on the wings of time. Since the charge we made on that battle-field;

And he and I who were foes at that time In that bloody fray, live to bless the day That we fell in the hands of the enemy.

LEANDER THOMPSON.

THE OLD STAIRWAY DOOR.

In the home of my childhood there stands A stairway so narrow and tall; 'Twas built by honest, rough hands From dining-room to upper hall.

Its smooth boards my feet oft have pressed; I've counted the steps o'er and o'er. Each night as I went to my rest, After closing the old stairway door.

At morn's early dawn I could hear Father's footsteps below on the floor, And his voice, as he called, smites my ear.

Up the stairs from the old stairway door. I sit in the twilight and dream Of those who have passed those stairs o'er.

But who, long ago, crossed the stream That borders eternity's shore. And, dreaming, I fancy I hear A sound so familiar of yore— The step of a brother so dear. On the stairs near the old stairway door.

One night as I slept in my bed, In the room at the head of the stairs, Methought that my spirit had fled Away from this world and its cares.

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STARNOS.

WAR OF PHILOSOPHERS.

They Are Just Like Doctors,
and Cannot Possibly
Agree.

TO THE EDITOR:—Our friend E. C. Getsinger thinks I am "raising h—l" with his theory on sound, and if so, I hope in time to show that such unsupported theories do not only deserve h—l, but condemnation as well. I do not wish to become vulgar in quoting this orthodox phraseology, but it is suggested by Mr. Getsinger in his last and somewhat heated article.

He says I am not fair, and did not comprehend and understand what he meant. I admit I cannot comprehend his unsupported statements, and formulas, as they are completely outside of known science and all scientific demonstrations, just as the purported Beethoven communication was, and that is why I criticized it and wanted some proofs. It is all well enough for spirits of certain classes to talk about a "lost Atlantis," or some ancient historical events which are beyond any possibility of refutation, but when they descend into our domain and undertake to contradict facts, or suggest theories that are contrary to what we know to be facts, we expect to ask for some proofs.

Now, to show that our friend has got onto the same ethereal, incomprehensible and high-flown theories about sound, I will show that he is contradicting the known facts in relation to sound, or has failed to learn what sound really is, and I will do this by quoting his own words, so that he cannot say I have "twisted" his meaning.

He says: "Sounds that have evolved into higher octaves can, by the same law, be devolved into their original baseness; hence, stellar sounds can be devolved so as to be heard by mortals in modified form, by passing through our atmosphere to earth."

Here is a statement which is false from end to end, and it matters not from which end you look at it. Sounds can never be "evolved into higher octaves," nor can they, or any high octave, be devolved into lower ones. There is no law by which a sound can change itself, in passing through space or air, into a higher sound. There is no such an effect produced upon a sound in its passage, by any change in the density or any other condition of the atmosphere, for this reason: First, the pitch of a note, whether high or low, depends on the length of its wave; second, the wave of a sound, or the length of the wave, does not alter as it proceeds. The pitch of a note, therefore, depending on its wavelength, can never change, no matter how distant it may be heard from the point of disturbance, or where the sound was produced. Hence, distance has no power to evolve a low into high octaves, nor can any sound be decomposed, split up, or changed into more than the one sound, as the waves which cause the pitch always continue the same length. The wave will increase in radius with the velocity of sound, but its thickness will always remain the same. Third, the same sound or disturbance, whether composed of a fundamental and any variety of overtones, or harmonics, is constantly transferred to masses of air greater and greater as it ties out into this globular wave disturbance, and in proportion to the surface of the spherical wave, and therefore the amount in a given bulk (say one foot or one yard), will be inversely proportional to this surface. Hence, the loudness of sound is diminished inversely as the square of the distance is from the point of production, and it is no more than what the composition of the sound may be. It follows, therefore, that as the waves proceed outwardly, the original force producing them must be expended in proportion as it spreads into space, and that the sound, or sounds, while remaining the same in pitch, must, by vibrating this enlarged body of air, be eventually lost as sound or sounds, as the force becomes dissipated and this force converted into heat. And if it were possible to produce a force and sound to go to the limits of our atmosphere (which it is not), the pitch of the sound would remain substantially the same, the wave-length the same, until it ceased altogether as sound. If, therefore, it is not possible to disturb our whole atmosphere with a sound, it is equally impossible to convey any sounds beyond it, and any force eventually will be converted into heat by friction.

SPLITTING UP TONES.
Another chimera of his is that tones can be decomposed similar to light. He says: "When we express a sound we express many degrees of action. It is sent out into space; there the sound is decomposed, as by a prism, each degree of action finding an element which corresponds to its action, and this element conducts this particular vibratory action onward and upward. Where we had only one sound at first we have a variety now, and yet the unscientific would swear we had one sound before as well as after. Thus each particular vibration, as sent out, sets into action all the elements corresponding to it, and thus this note has increased in volume and strength; consequently the sounds go on and on, and finally reach the plane which consists of all like sounds, and there it makes up and unites with the great universal force, not as that sound uttered, but as a part of it; while the divided parts make up the whole."

This is one of the most befuddled, unscientific and impracticable statements I ever read. First makes a sound, using a certain amount of force, then by some internal or external force or resistance he has it split into splinter-tons, as by a prism, and it passes on and on until it becomes many sounds, and they become louder and stronger the farther they go, until these many sounds reach a plane where each sound unites with a "similar sound," and at last, I suppose, they all unite with a universal hum. I suppose the similar sounds must have been waiting for millions of years until the late ones caught up. If one part of a sound gets there, no doubt they all arrive in time, and instead of one sound, we would hear a sound from each of the split and much louder tones composing it; and if the split-up sound, having been augmented by the dying force originally given, is once united into one sound again, or even if each part has been so augmented by the decaying and dissipated force of the original force, so that they are all much louder, what a terrible roar it must make?

SOME PUZZLES.
What puzzles me in the above statement is this: If a certain force is given or required to produce a certain sound, by what hocus-pocus arrangement do the fragmentary portions of that sound become louder and stronger as they go on through space? I have always been taught that to divide a force was to weaken each part in proportion to the whole. If I have one hundred soldiers at one point of attack, and divide them into ten squads of ten men to each squad, I suppose that each squad would then only be equal to one-tenth of the whole force; but, according to the above proposition and logic, instead of weakening the force by division, Mr. Getsinger and the Spirit Beethoven, or Mr. Cole, the strength of the division the greater the strength, or force, so that force accumulates by division.

Then, again, I cannot imagine how those pre-historic speeches, all divided and split up, passing through space, can be humming around through the 160,000 or 200,000 years since man first began to talk them. I suppose that I am naturally incredulous, and not quick to comprehend a grand idea, such as this, but I must "acknowledge the corn." I am too dull to "catch on." And if I should ever be compelled to listen to those pre-historic speeches, I fear Mr. Getsinger's heaven would be the worst hell I could be consigned to.

Another thing puzzles me, and I may as well make a clean breast of it while I am at it: My experience is that a sound produced at a given point ceases to exist there as soon as the waves have carried it out into space. If I fire off a gun, a five hundred yards away does not hear it when I do, but later, and a man a mile away hears it still later, and after the wave passes each one of these persons, others still farther away may hear it, but to us who have heard it the sound remains no longer; so that sound travels on until it dies out. If so, how can pre-historic speech be loitering about the Spirit-world, or anywhere? What keeps it flapping about and waiting to be heard? Why did it not pass on? And why, if force is constantly augmented and sound increased thereby, may not something like the roaring of a tornado, and its tremendous power, be the result of a very mild whisper made by some prehistoric mother to her infant child? What a tremendous "idea," with a capital I.

A man chopping wood a thousand yards away, the sound of his axe will appear to reach me a second after the stroke, and be fainter than it will be to him, by one-half, and at two thousand yards it will become very faint. This determines the distance we are apart, and I defy our friend to prove anything to the contrary; nor did he ever hear any sound change into higher octaves. If he heard higher tones, or over-tones, they were the result of the first impulse, and not acquired by passage through the air, as he states.

He thinks my theory about density of air, as it approaches the earth, and heat and light being the result of magnetic and electric forces, will have to be modified, but he admits the theory probable, but states that his knowledge of heat and light is "complete," but he is not ready to publish it yet. Well, I published the theory thirty years ago; so it is not new.

WHAT IS MATTER?
Now, listen to this as a sample of wisdom. He says: "Matter is substance, whose elements are particles of force in least possible quantities or volume-atoms." That is to say: Matter is substance, and substance is composed of elements, and their smallest particles of force are called atoms. Thus making atoms and force the same. Now, I admit that matter is composed of elements, and I know that atoms are associated with force, but, chemically, I know that the atoms of each elementary substance differ, and produce a great variety of forces; but I recognize the fact that matter, and the life of matter, are not simply atoms or force. I am certain that the atoms of each substance differ from the atoms of every other substance, and it is this difference in the atoms of the elements which causes what we term chemical action, and by which chemical force is generated, the different atoms being repelled or attracted, and formed into molecules, compounds, etc.

No two atoms ever touched each other; they are separated by a sphere of ethereal, self-moving life, in which the atoms continually vibrate. This life-element is in constant motion; needs no external force to move it. The atom floats in it. The force which will result from the action of life upon the different atoms will vary according to the quality or qualities of the atoms; for instance, gold is an element of matter, lead another, copper, tin, zinc, platinum, etc., for the sixty-eight discovered. What constitutes these elements is because they are simple, cannot be reduced; they are not composed of more than one substance, not a compound; hence, as their properties differ with regard to density, ductility, or in any other way, so do their atoms differ. The atom of lead is not the atom of gold or any other metal, and consequently so does chemical action upon the various atoms differ, and produce different mechanical or chemical forces. For instance, chemical action upon a sheet of zinc by sulphuric acid, acting at the same time upon a sheet of copper, will generate two distinct forces, one a positive force and one a negative force, just in proportion as each metal is acted upon, as in the common battery. This is done simply because the acid acts more upon the zinc than the copper sheet, and this difference of the generation of forces pertains to the whole realm of matter. And as atoms differ, and forces differ, so do different metals give out a variety of sounds, struck by the same electric force of force, according to density, pitch, etc., residing in the substance—for each substance has its tone pitch.

All matter is composed of atoms, and also of elements, and the atoms of different substances must therefore also differ; hence, atoms and force are not one and the same, and no slipshod theory like the above will fit the case. Nature rebels at being put into a straight jacket. The atoms of the solid wall of facts, and "raise Cain" with his neighbors.

If a fork should be vibrated in a partial vacuum, we see it move. Yes, it will move better and continue longer in such a place than in the air; but no sound can be heard, simply because there is no air wave. Now, when our friend talks about that it seems all conjecture. He, nor any mortal, can experiment on "ethereal elements," but his theory has this advantage, the louder his octaves become, and the stronger the tones, the less we hear them.

ANOTHER UNSUPPORTED STATEMENT.
"When we get beyond a certain number of octaves, we enter the realm of the

ethereal elements—the counterpart and multiplication of octave vibrations." How does he know this? When we exhaust a receiver we take from it the air, but let it chuck of ethereal elements, and that is why a vibrating fork struck within such a receiver would make such an augmented racket.

I do not wish to prolong this discussion, and hope if Mr. Getsinger is not satisfied he will excuse my further attention to his rarefied theories.

J. R. PERRY.
AN EPISCOPALIAN.
And Yet a Broad Spiritualist.

TO THE EDITOR:—I notice in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of November 17th, an editorial paragraph under the above heading, concerning the membership of Dr. Peebles in the Episcopal church, which, I am pleased to note, is in a very tolerant spirit, so far as his right goes; but when you say, "possibly this fact, if it is a fact, of Episcopal membership, may somewhat influence the good Doctor's feelings in regard to Catholics, for we believe the principal difference between the mother church and her daughter to consist in the ritual, one being in Latin, while the other has been translated into English."

I beg to say a word. First, putting aside that small faction of the so-called "high church" Episcopalians, as non-representative of the Protestant Episcopal church, a church that John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and a man as far from "Rome" as Spiritualists are, thought good enough to live in and die a member of; a church whose confession of faith is the same as the Methodist. To class this church along with the Roman Catholic church, with her infallible Pope, her Virgin Mary, her transubstantiation, her purgatory, her confessional, and her celibate priesthood, with power to forgive sins, is quite surprising.

Having read all of Dr. Peebles' articles in regard to Catholics, and those of his numerous critics, as published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I must say, in all candor, that his criticisms—most of them have misapprehended the Doctor's position, and seem anxious to push him on to ground that he has never occupied.

The Doctor needs no plea or apology from me. He is a veteran Spiritualist. He has written books on Spiritualism, and will yet write more books. He was contemporary with such "landmarks" in the cause as Andrew Jackson Davis, Robert Dale Owen, Prof. Hare, Judge Edmunds and many other grand souls of that class and time. He was for four years editor of the western department of the Banner of Light, and corresponding for its columns for thirty years more or less.

Dr. Peebles took the lecture-field several years ago, as did many others, no doubt, because the spiritual pastures were too bare to sustain any more. He turned his attention to his much-loved profession, that of doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of men.

No man on this habitable globe is more loyal to the higher truth of Spiritualism than is Dr. Peebles. He has traveled twice around the world, and found Spiritualists among nearly every people. He has worshiped with all peoples and found that by whatever name, whether Brahmin, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Christian, Pagan or savage—all are found aspiring after and looking to some higher good; showing that all are brothers of one common race.

When he first came to San Diego, last March, to a crowded house in our large auditorium, he gave a ringing lecture for our society, on "Spiritualism," pure, plain, practical, positive and undeniable.

Later on, after a tour of inspection up and down the coast, he returned, brought a fine home and settled here, where he expects to live and work for the good of mankind for a quarter of a century yet. He is now near 73 years of age, but as full of energy and activity as a man of thirty.

We are very proud to have a man of such wide information, broad mind and tolerant views among us, and if, perchance, like the honey bee that gathers its sweets from every flower, no matter how bitter the tree upon which it grows, the good Doctor chooses to visit other organizations at times when he cannot attend a spiritual meeting, and get from them whatever of good he may—letting the bad go as it were, not what of it?

When such notable clergymen as Archbishop Farrar and Dr. Hober Newton, of the Episcopal church; Dr. Lyman Johnson, of the Congregational church; Bishop Foster, of the M. E. church; and Minot J. Savage, of the Unitarian church, know of the fact of spirit return and communion, and are not ashamed to say so, it is very dangerous for a Spiritualist to be broad enough to go among, or even to join any of the more liberal congregations whereas the central ideas are taught altruism and human ethics; much more entertainingly than the babbling of some ignorant spirit through the lips of an ignorant medium, as is often the case to our shame, I said.

And if it is to our shame, I will put up with some silly, doubtful facts? Is it any wonder that spiritual Spiritualists get hungry, and go out now and then for spiritual and intellectual food?

Dr. Peebles has lectured frequently in our hall, and in the First M. E. church. He has also lectured in the Theosophical hall, and the effects of his brave utterances for the truth of Spiritualism are plainly visible in our city; our meetings are better attended by a class of people that have not heretofore been attracted to them.

By the way, I mention that our society has a well-attended and interesting Children's Lyceum.

JOHN WESLEY MARSHALL.
San Diego, Cal.

Practical Illustration.
A neat story is told of a Roman Catholic priest in Victoria, whose sermons are usually of a practical kind. On entering the pulpit one Sunday he took with him a walnut to illustrate the character of the various Christian churches. He told the people the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was the Wesleyan church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable and worthless—that was the Presbyterian church. He then said he would show them the holy Roman apostolic church. He cracked the nut for the kernel and found it rotten! Then his reverence coughed violently and pronounced the benediction.—Exchange.

The Aroostook River took its name from an Indian word signifying good men.

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LOVE AND DUTY.
Translated from L'Americo Del Popolo.

The father had become a Republican by conviction; he had fought at Santo Domingo and was wounded there. Political dissensions and clerical intolerance had induced him to retire with his companion to a small village of Campania, where he had consecrated himself entirely to the education of his two children, George and Theresa, into whom he had known how to transfuse the better qualities of his own character, namely: loyalty, and the spirit of independence. Theresa was named by the family the "Puritan," and her old father never spoke of her among his friends without avowing her inflexibility of character with the accustomed aphorism of "Break, not bend." George, without being scrupulous, had the best of habits, and was especially intolerant of all authority.

Called to military service, George was unwillingly going into the service of a tyrant, but his father said to him: "Go, my boy; do the best you can to-day, for to-morrow, perhaps, your country will have need of you, and will find in you a capable and warlike soldier."

And the son, faithful to his father's command, soon gained the esteem of his superiors, and obtained the epaulettes of an officer.

In the meantime, the father, on the eve of seeing realized his hopes for the independence of his country, died, leaving but small possessions to his wife and children, but a large treasure of sacred memories.

It was the 20th of April, 1860, and the little family, now composed of the mother and daughter, was surprised with the unlooked-for arrival of George. He had been informed by one of his father's friends that Garibaldi would attempt a revolt in Sicily, and, mindful of the words of his father, he had deserted, in order to betake himself to Genoa, where the rising would take place, but before going he had desired to see once more his mother and sister.

Whilst the preparations for his departure were being made with the greatest precaution, a loud knock at the door threw the poor little family into consternation. George had made a confidant of a fellow-soldier, and had been betrayed. The young man, to conceal himself from his pursuers, descended into an old well. Loudly came the knocking, and the mother went to the door when in a moment the house was invaded by a band of cut-throats in search of the deserter.

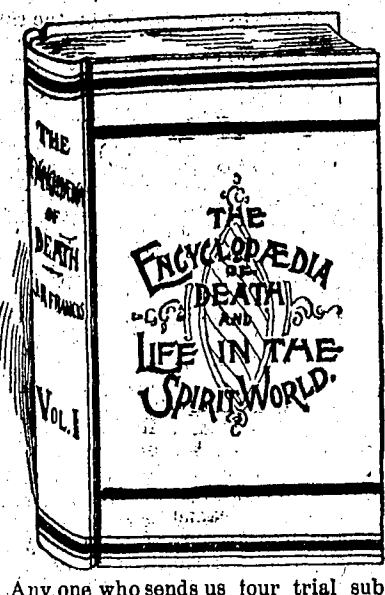
At the demand of the sergeant the mother straightway denied having seen her son (poor mother!), but the sister was silent. Love for her brother put her loyalty to the test. She who had always felt not only a profound dislike, but a great contempt for falsehood, should she resort to it now, to shield her brother? At that moment the sergeant turned to her with his insolent, threatening and direct questioning, and in a flash of anger, seeing that he could get no answer, even dared to shake the young woman by the arm.

At this daring liberty Theresa sprang to her feet, and bold in the knowledge of her right, she thrust forcibly back her rash assailant, saying: "Villain! do you dare attempt to make me swerve from loyalty? Very well, I will tell you. Yes, I have seen my brother again; he was as beautiful as an angel; as courageous as a lion, and ready to fight and die for his country. It is your business, sir, to hunt him out, for he is here. I shall not allow you to leave him. Do your worst of a spy, ransack, search, arrest, kill, if you can, the honest son of his father, but offend not our anguish, expose not our reputation, if you do not wish to merit the title of a vile wretch!"

The young woman's firmness confounded the soldier, and quickly calling his men together, he left the house, more afflicted, perhaps, by the hard lesson he had received than by the fruitlessness of his research.

When, a few moments afterwards, George came forth from his hiding place, he gave his sister an angry look, while she, afflicted by what had transpired, was dreading the consequences of the free use of her tongue. There was not much of a discussion between the pair, but a compendium of the whole conversation could be made in a few phrases, which were concerning "duty" and "love." George maintained that it was excusable to lie when it was necessary for the accomplishment of a good purpose, and for the defense of persecuted innocence, while Theresa, on the contrary, repeated the words of a wise man who said: "Do not evil that good may come from it."

It was night at length, and George must go to unite with the volunteers at Quarto. The brother and sister could not part in anger, and Theresa, taking George by the hand, said: "George, God is the defender of the



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just; let us trust our cause to him, and let us do nothing contrary to his will, even though it may in some manner appear necessary. I am sorry to have displeased you this morning, but not for having told the truth. Our father would have done the same."

George impressed a kiss on his sister's forehead, and with a benevolent smile, said: "A little sermon, as usual. The Puritan will break, but not bend," and started off.

He had not gone many steps from the house when he felt himself seized by a strong hand. It was the sergeant who had come in the morning to arrest him. George thought he was lost! But instead of that, the man furnished him with an authoritative safe-conduct to the border, saying to him with much caution: "Go, and may God be with you! The cause to which you devote yourself must be a noble one if it can be welcomed by a heart as generous as yours, and as loyal as that of your sister."

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Washington, D. C.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH.
And Life in the Spirit-World.

WORDS FROM A PROMINENT BUFFALO MEDIUM.
The Encyclopedia of Death is at hand, and read carefully, and all that I can say is that it is full of lessons—grand, good lessons—and truthful ones, too, from beginning to end. Every line, every sentence, every chapter is full of lessons for the benefit of the world of man, no matter whether he is a Spiritualist or not. All should read this book, and learn therefrom the truth concerning life and death, and the situation in Spirit-life—and the price merely nothing.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
Col. H. S. Johnson, a veteran of the war, passed to Spirit-life very suddenly, near Hornellsville, N. Y., on the morning of Dec. 18, last. With unimpaired faculties, at the age of 80 years, without sickness or pain, without a moment's warning, the transition came—just as he had often expressed a wish to go—just as he expected to go. Many Spiritualists scattered throughout the land have pleasant memories of him, as one of the oldest pioneer Spiritualists, who, in the happy days of his past prosperity welcomed all to his beautiful home in Tioga, Pa. He was a member of Post No. 1, G. A. R., and received a commission as Colonel from Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania. He was a man of much natural ability, and in earlier days was a man of great local influence in political, social and business circles in Tioga. Of late he had resided with his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Hathaway, of Hornellsville. He leaves four sons and three daughters.

E. F. J.

William J. Saxton passed to spirit-life Thursday evening, December 20th, at 8 o'clock, at his home on State street, aged 61 years. Deceased had been a resident of Appleton, Wisconsin, for many years past, and was an honest, industrious citizen who enjoyed the esteem of a large circle of friends. He served through the war in the Fifth New York Artillery regiment, and has an excellent record as a soldier. He was a member of the G. A. R., and at the funeral services, conducted by the Rev. John Lusher, that order was well represented, the members wearing their insignia and mourning badges.

The society at Atlantic, Iowa, is grieved to learn that the death-angel has visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Pool, and called little Philis to the Spirit-land. The funeral service was conducted by Prof. Amie, at the family residence on Maple street, and thence to the Evergreen Cemetery. Of the service we can truly say it was beautiful and impressive, it being the first spiritual funeral held here.

Charles Jones passed to spirit life at Vicksburg, Mich., aged 61 years. He was an enthusiastic Spiritualist for almost forty years. He was always ready to defend his cause. He held many circles at his home, where the spirits would come and show us lights, pick on the violin or guitar, or speak or sing through the trumpet. He has been one of the circle for the time for several years. His dying request was that we should keep up the circle, so he could come with others and give messages. Mr. Robert Baker's remarks at the funeral were very pointed and consoling. I officiated at the grave. C. E. DENT.

Mrs. D. Helm, formerly an excellent medium of this city, passed to Spirit-life January 9, at Tacoma, Washington. She had many friends in this city.

Dear little Mary King, 9 years and six months of age, daughter of W. D. King, of 806 North Western avenue, Chicago, and one of the brightest stars of the Lyceum at Nathan's Hall, 1665 Milwaukee avenue, a lovely child, and wonderfully responsible in household duties, passed to the Spirit-world on Saturday, December 23, 1894, leaving, by her eternal absence from this visible world, her unconsolable parents and a deep sense of gloom and sorrow throughout a large and appreciative community.

Mrs. M. SUMMERS.

A Remarkable Paper.
We also will send out for each New Departure Subscriber a copy of the most remarkable illustrated paper ever issued from the Spiritalist press, dated December 23, 1893. No book ever issued contains more valuable information.

Remarkable Production.
First and fourth pages: They contain an article from the pen of Moses Hull, on "Christmas, Christ and the Cross." The information therein contained is invaluable to every reflective mind.

The Finest Presentation.
Second page: It contains an excellent address by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, intended to go forth in the book containing the addresses delivered at the World's Parliament of Religions. It is one of the finest presentations of Spiritualism ever published.

An Illustrated Address.
Third page: It has an address by Olney H. Richmond, of the Temple of the Magi, Chicago, on "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream—A Vision of Past Ages." It is a unique and valuable production.

A Masterly Production.
Third and sixth pages: They have a sensational article, illustrated, on "The Trail of the Serpent—Landmarks of Roman Catholicism in History." It is by one who has made a life study of the question. It is a masterly production.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1895

Must Be Suppressed.

The Pope, through his Cardinal, Monaco, announces that after submitting the question to the Most Reverend Sacelli, and to the Inquisitor General, he has determined and decreed that the Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance and the Knights of Pythias are irreligious bodies; that his representatives shall strive to keep the faithful from becoming members of such societies, and must not fail to admonish their people to that effect, and that any thus admonished must be debarred from the sacrament should they fail to abandon or keep aloof from said societies."

The Bishop of Wilmington, A. M. Curley, in giving official publicity to this sweeping decision of the Holy See, says:

"When Christ speaks through His Vicar, and in such words, there can be no question as to the purpose of the utterance."

The Sons of Temperance is exclusively a temperance organization. It was called into being by earnest temperance workers, in 1842, to co-operate with and supplement the work of the Washingtonians. Its members are pledged to entire abstinence from the use of spirituous and malt liquors, wine and older as beverages. In a quiet way they have done a grand work in rescuing the fallen, and in bearing aloft the banner of temperance reform when other organizations have fallen by the way. But "Christ speaks through His Vicar" against them, and the sacraments must be withheld from those who, loving sobriety, will not keep aloof from them.

Why does Christ thus speak? No other idea can be conceived of than because this temperance brotherhood have banded together to put down drunkenness produced by the use of wine, in the manufacture of which "Our Lord" distinguished himself near two millenniums ago.

The other orders against which the head of the church hurled his anathemas, are organizations to provide for members in adversity, to bury their dead, and care for their widows and orphans in distress. Christ is reported to have said, "Let the dead bury their dead," and "Take no thought for the morrow." Herein their action conflicts with his teaching, and hence, probably, the reason for the attempt to suppress them. Maybe Christ is falsely reported, and that the Pope was voicing the wishes of the other fellow. We would sooner think so than believe a good man, much more a God, would object to the good work of these beneficent societies which have undertaken to protect their members from want, and to alleviate the woes of the entire race.

Excellent Advice.

A young man wrote Rev. Talmage, saying:

"I earnestly desire to overcome an evil habit. May I not claim in this matter the fulfillment of Christ's promise, 'Ask and it shall be given unto you'?"

In replying, among godly suggestions was this most excellent advice from the dominie, which all thinkers will cheerfully endorse:

"Take up some study or occupation for which you have a predilection, so the mind will have no leisure to listen to the tempter."

There is practical good sense, and it followed with the forming of bad habits, as well as cure those already acquired. Truly, "an idle brain is the devil's workshop." With half the crimes of civilization perpetrated during the hours of enforced idleness on Sunday, any observing person should gain a lesson. Mr. Talmage would insist that the monotony of Sunday leisure should be relieved by church attendance. He does not know that the long, dull, droning utterances of the average pulpit are not followed by those in the pews, and that while seeming to take in the labored discourse, their minds are journeying in distant fields of thought. People go to church because it is fashionable, not to be instructed. Engaged in manual labor, the reading of an instructive book, or a newspaper, the mind is active, seldom wanders into forbidden paths.

Horror on Horror!

From time to time it has been chronicled in these columns that the manual of arms and military tactics were being taught the young in church Sunday-schools; that they were being armed with implements of death; with swords, fire-arms, and, late advices say, with artillery, and are becoming skilled in their use.

To add to this damnable horror the secular press say the same thing is being done in the public schools. Instead of denouncing it as they should, they are encouraging this war spirit, and assure their readers that "the cadets soon become proficient in the use of arms."

Was such a mad scheme ever known before? In the fury of the French and Indian wars of 1756; in the war of the Revolution, in 1776, when a nation was struggling into being; in the war with Great Britain, in 1812, to maintain independence; in the war of the great rebellion, in 1861, to preserve the nation intact, no such thing was dreamed of. In all the desolating wars of Europe the like was unknown.

For long years philanthropists have been looking forward to a period when battlefields, contention and slaughter would cease, when all international disputes would be settled by peaceful arbitration; when general disarmament of the nations would prevail, and man would learn war no more. The United States and Great Britain led in inaugurating this blissful period, which it was hoped all other civilized nations would imitate.

The evils of war are known of all men. The loss of life in deadly encounters, the great waste of treasure, and the desolate homes that follow, are trivial as compared to the retardation of progress, the incitements to crime, and the general prostration of public and private morals. Children born during periods of sanguinary strife inherit the war spirit of their parents, and this is again developed in after generations. The American civil war, thirty years ago is now bearing fruits, seen in lawless violence and crime everywhere.

This mournful aspect, visible in the churches, and now entering the public schools, should be deplored by all. A universal humanitarian effort should be made to suppress it, while yet in its inception, before it has gained strength to rise in rebellion against constituted authority and pull down the pillars of the Republic and of widening civilization.

A Grand Idea.

That was a happy thought of Rev. Dr. Chubb, in an address upwards of a year ago:

"The belief that man is a risen ape fills my soul with hope for the future of the race. The belief that man is a fallen god is despair, an abandonment of hope."

And why not? If man occupied the sublime heights it is claimed and he fell, as did an angel of light, who stood next the great white throne, the prince of the morning, the day-bringer who felt and became chief of devils, to what depths of degradation may not man descend? If, on the contrary, commencing with the lower forms of life, man has ascended the ladder of progress to his present eminence, and if he continues to advance through all the coming ages, imagination cannot depict his future glories. Yes, it would be better to commence an ape and rise to be an angel of light than descend and dwell with devils.

That Is the Rub.

A Citizens' Association has been organized in our neighboring city of Racine, to enforce Sunday closing of all business houses, theaters, etc. They are determined the whole people shall observe the day sacred to the preachers, and do no naughty thing while they worship. The manager of the Opera House was lately prosecuted for giving entertainments on Sunday evening. A jury trial resulted in an acquittal. On a former occasion the jury failed to agree. It is difficult to see how the religious element is disturbed when that portion of the public which takes no stock in creeds, and does not attend church, visit places of innocent recreation. In most cities there are resorts whose influence is only evil. If the idle, made such by perniciolous legislation, can be induced to turn aside from these haunts of vice, to visit well-conducted places of amusement, they should be encouraged. But the miserable attendants upon theaters make no contributions for the support of the churches, and to compensate the preacher! Ah, there's the rub.

Is it Boodle or Perjury?

The Lexow committee, which has been making such a frightful exhibition of fraud, peculation and boodle among New York officials, turned aside from other investigations to look after the doings of the well-known Anthony Comstock—he of the Anti-Vice Society fame. Louis S. Streep, on the witness-stand, said two indictments were against him for dealing in "green goods," that in August, 1890, he and his brother called on Comstock, who told him that the indictments would be dismissed on the payment of \$1,000, "not as a bribe," said Tony, "but as a subscription to the Anti-Vice Society." Streep says he paid the money to Comstock, and the indictments were dismissed. If Streep's evidence is true, and if he is faithfully reported, Tony had an eye to the main chance, as his enemies insist has always been the case; if false, the witness is a great liar, as Anthony insists. Which?

A CORRECTION.

Planets and People.

This is a new venture, a monthly magazine, called Planets and People, explaining the many mysteries of occult astronomy and presenting some startling facts in reference thereto. It is superbly printed, finely illustrated, and will undoubtedly have a large circulation. Last week a mistake was made in stating the price. The yearly subscription-price is \$2; single copies, 25 cents. Bear this in mind when remitting.

Direct to Ormsby & Sprague, 169 Jackson street, Chicago, Ill.

HARD TO GET RID OF.

Crippled Condition of the Educated Mind.

By Col. R. T. Van Horn, in Kansas City Journal.

Published by Special Permission.

STUDY OF THE OCCULT—THE INFINITE—AN INDEPENDENT WORLD—THE PLANETS—WHY GO TO THE MYSTERIOUS—THE OFFICE OF MAN.

It is almost tragic to witness the crippled condition of the "educated" mind when it comes to try and think out of the old ruts that dogma has dug for thought, through the ages that man has been its victim. Then, again, it is almost amusing to witness the infantile conceptions of the teaching guild.

The questions and suggestions that come to us in response to the study of the occult from two recent Sunday discussions of the subject are illustrative of this fact in a remarkable degree, and nearly all ask what we mean by the cosmologic idea. We will try and talk on that subject to-day—if we can get the topic itself out of the old rut. The task of getting the mind to understand that it is in a rut is the hardest part of the work.

Men, as we know, are prone to look upon wisdom as something outside themselves. So the man that knows something we don't is regarded as wise, and the man who has read what we have not is learned—though in the common-sense things of life they may be bigger fools than we are. We, too, are disposed always to worship the mysterious and incomprehensible, but as soon as the mystery is solved worship ceases. These conditions have governed the race, and are the basis for all dogma and for all domination of the professional in life—priest, physician, lawyer, prophet or prestidigitator.

So it is we are always trying to find out the Infinite, speculating as to life on other planets, running after astrologers, and hiring people to talk to us about the influence of worlds millions of miles away, while we are ignorant as to the nature of the dirt under our feet. We want to know who made us, and how, or what, while the means of making ourselves, so to speak, is under our noses for the ages, and yet we are as ignorant of it as the moles that undermine our gardens. We have telescopes pointing to the sun and stars, and have catalogued them and made them into a great menagerie, but have so far failed to realize that we are as completely the children of our own earth as the creatures of the sky. We are controlled by it as absolutely as the puppets of the string the boy pulls. We cannot think without its foods, nor can we exist the space of an instant without its forces. All we can know is from our relation to the planet; the largeness or smallness of our mental horizon is just as we apprehend and comprehend it, and the thing we call truth, is exactly as we see and understand it. The truths of science, as we call our attempts to know it, are but the few facts we have been able to see. Art is but copying its manifestations, and religion is what we imagine is outside and beyond it.

Why should the planet itself be dependent on other worlds, when it is in all respects an independent world in itself? If there are forces the highest have been equal to the formation of the planet, to the features that constitute its so-called physical geography, and the life that exists on it, why not be equal in itself to maintaining those conditions without calling on Jupiter or Neptune or Mars to help?

What do we know about life? Yet we must live to even think of a superstition. If the creative power had designed us to spend our time among the stars, we would have been endowed with the power to go to them, but as we have only legs and arms to respond to our desires as to external things, this world we are on is evidently our legitimate sphere of knowledge. The utmost stretch of our knowing is that this life is not the end of living, in inspiration it ought to be to make the highest use of it, rather than, as we so largely do, neglect it for mere fanciful speculation as to what the other phases of a continuous life may be. Knowledge of our own planet is the highest use as to life on it.

Let us see: It is not long since we whipped our dogs during an eclipse, and that we prayed to Jupiter not to get so mad as to threaten us with lightning. And we would kill a fellowman in a minute if he doubted our wisdom or the size of our deity—and we do the same thing to-day as to our present concepts. Yet eclipses and transits are now used to measure planetary distances, and since Franklin rolled back the lightning bolts, we have electric lights and almost equal terror of trolley travel. But we are not afraid of the skies any more. Still it is a curious fact that our dogmatic heaven is just where it was before space was discovered, and hell doing business at the old stand, though George Francis Train has been round it in seventy days. It is this mental condition that makes the occult mysterious, and invests facts of nature with the clouds of ignorant speculation. But this is getting away from the line of thought we began with—the planet itself and we on it.

We seem to lose sight, in our planetary studies, of the most essential thing, so far as life is concerned, connected with it—the atmosphere. So far as life manifestations are concerned as to activity, it is the planet. Yet we practically regard it as separate, an effect rather than a part. Life is from the atmosphere. It condenses water, and it feeds form. The cultivation of the soil is but the preparation of the chemical material through which the atmosphere is condensed into food forms and the material of form growth, and rains are but another part of this chemical preparation. All you have to do to demonstrate this fact is to put a plant into a pot of earth, water it, and watch the result. You may grow a plant to fill a dozen pots, and pour water enough on it to float a ship, but there is not a particle less earth than when you planted the seed—the atmosphere has supplied it all. So of the human body exactly—its food and its waste balance—but it has grown as you see it.

Now, why go to the mysterious "out there," to find out this fact which is absolutely true? We have become so accustomed to dreaming of an outside power, a distant governor and a far-

away creator, that we look in the same direction for the forces that govern the material planet as well. Such as the attraction of gravity—"that every atom in the universe attracts every other atom," in certain defined ratios—an incomprehensible theory, unless you improvise a counteracting force to overcome it. No mind, however great, has ever been equal to even a reasonable hypothesis of such a resistance.

As an illustration of how an idea will carry the mind beyond the probable, take the theory of the tides. These, by science, are governed by the moon, on the principle of gravity. Now, gravity works by mass and distance. Yet here is the moon, a dead planet, according to science, without a trace of magnetic life, more than three times less diameter than the earth, drawing the waters of the earth's oceans and generating tidal waves that threaten continental boundaries, when by this same law of attraction the earth ought to draw the moon to it, with the irresistible power of mass and distance. If the inherent force of the planet forms its oceans, and this fluid mass, as it is known to be, subject to the impulse of motion, why should they not respond to the diurnal and orbital motion of the globe, and the friction of the atmosphere that is carried with it? The tidal regularity is a necessity of the regularity of the planet's movement, which is our time-keeper for the procession of the universe. But why should the planet that is equal to the production of its own life be dependent on some other world for its government, or why should it lend its power to another, and then borrow from that other? Is it not more consonant with intelligence to regard each world as the center of a life and phenomena all its own, governed by the same inherent forces that govern it being? This puts away at once all the supernatural and miraculous from the concept of life and destiny, and brings the study and economy of existence within comprehensible limits, and endows it with the possibilities of knowledge.

The reader can now see why it is that the concept as to the origin and nature of things must control our thought. The cultivation of the soil is governed by our knowledge of it—or is deficient in result from our ignorance. And so of the subtler forms of life. Man, as an abstract proposition, is just what the planet makes him, and civilization is as much a thing of locality as is the cocoon of the South American, and you will find the reptile life as abundant as blackbirds in the Northwest uplands of the State. The same fact governs the rise and decline of races and nations—they are in the degree of the air they breathe and the food they eat—the air and food are but two states of the same thing—modified by the cultivation of man's labor. This is civilization.

What is the office of man from this view? The modifying agent of the conditions of the planet, as the mole and the earthworm, are modifiers of the subsoil of the earth, for the help of vegetable growth. This is the creative function of man—that which constitutes him in the image of creative power. As civilization declines the earth reverts back to what we call its original conditions of life, and the soil sleeps, as is the case in the old fields of the race in Asia to-day. All that is needed to wake up the mind to these simple facts is their mention. There is nothing occult or learned about it, for the animals know it, and act upon it, by their disappearance, and becoming extinct. Only man is blind to it, because he has allowed a selfish influence to steal away his free thought, and lead him through a fog of mysticism, and direct his aspirations to things beyond his planet home, of which he can know no more than he can unravel the secrets of the pole star.

We are in this age getting back to our mother's loving nurture and to our father's house, where we can learn something of ourselves, and the longed-for goal of humanity, which is fact, and all the powers of entrenched misconception and dog-whipping cannot stop the tide of common aspiration that to-day moves civilized humanity.

To the nervous, it is only needed to say that this movement is constructive, not destructive. Truth never hurt anything, not even wrong. A candle brought into a room does not hurt darkness, but only displaces it. So of truth. Never mind the wall as to what you are going to put in the place of these hoary systems of wrong. Nothing is to take their place more than the candle does in the dark room—the old darkness will disappear. If man could survive and retain within himself the divine spark of spiritual aspiration during the night of materialism, which the fact has proved involved him in, he can take care of himself when that darkness is dispelled. Those who ask the question as to what you propose to put in their place had better be concerned as to their own place in the future—a much more practical question to them. A very significant suggestion in that direction was once given by a wisdom that has been forgotten, about rocks and mountains being invoked to hide certain conditions. That is just now a practical question to much hoary misteaching. The great fact is, man is beginning to understand what he is, and what he is on this planet for. And he will yet find it out, to the full degree of mental emancipation and freedom of self-action along the lines of planetary being. Hard as it may be to get rid of the old, he will succeed.

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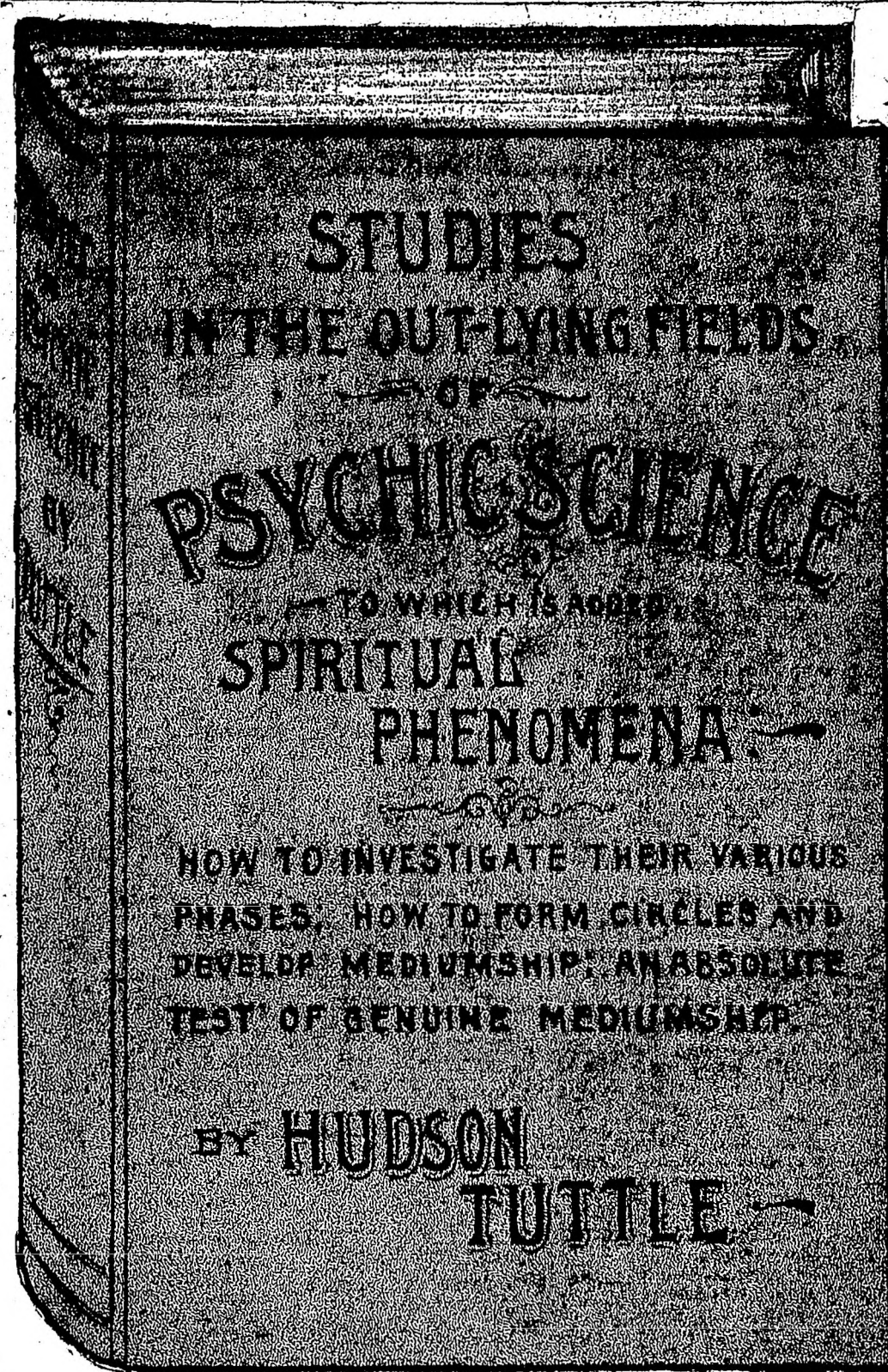
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The New Departure has been a great success. Just think, Spiritualists, of the amount we are saving you on the two books we have published. Studies in Psychical Science has been sold for \$1.25. The first edition was disposed of at that price. We are now selling it, with important additions to its pages, for 75 cents, saving the purchaser 50 cents. Supposing that each of our 40,000 readers should purchase the book, there would be a saving, in the aggregate, of \$20,000, while if the Encyclopaedia, were also bought by each of them there would be a total saving to them of \$60,000. The magnitude of our work can be seen at a glance.

THE GRAND TEMPLE.

Interesting Proceedings at Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—In accordance with previous announcement, "The Grand Temple" was transferred to the Michigan State Temple and opened in due form December 21, and closed the 30th. Seven convocations were held during that time, and degrees, from first to fourth, were conferred. A class of six Mystics were raised to the seventh degree, and the State Temple authorized to confer up to that degree. Members from different parts of the State were in attendance, and many others have expressed their regrets at not being able to be with us. The success attending our efforts proved a surprise, both to the Grand Magea and Mystics who were associated with our work. Persons of prominence, both of the rostrum and educational field, from different parts of the State, united with us; and others of unquestionable merit and moral worth are only waiting for an opportunity to do the same.

Christmas proved a memorable day in the history of our Temple. Very unexpectedly we were called upon to witness and participate in one of the most unique and beautiful of Mystic ceremonies, a report of which has already appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The Republican representative, a man of mature experience, both in literature and journalism, is a man who has been favored by all the opportunities and privileges that the rites of the F. and A. M. can give. His knowledge of symbolism enabled him to look deep into the significance of what he witnessed and his report was both fair and candid. The last session of the Grand Temple was held Dec. 31. It was a pentecostal feast from beginning to close, and pronounced the most successful work yet done outside of the Grand Temple at Chicago. If health and circumstances will admit, the Grand Master will make a semi-annual visit to our Temple, and set up the Grand Temple on the period of ten or fifteen days. Convocations are held each Saturday evening at 8 P. M. Sessions only during the week, when attention has at Michigan Branch Temple, but

Lansing, Michigan, is

that could

TESTING IN CIRCLES.

Some Points in regard to Them.

TO THE EDITOR:—The position of Mr. Hatch, regarding conditions and results in testing materializations, is not well taken. If I understand Mr. Hatch, he seems to think that if a medium was subjected to tests it would spoil good conditions. I cannot agree with him. If a medium was examined and positive assurance could be given that no paraphernalia is taken in the cabinet, and if the sitters knew positively that there was no opportunity for assistants; if the sitters could, and did sit down with that assurance, I think the conditions would be the best possible, as no one would think of fraud, and that objection would be eliminated.

He says, too, "That the doctor (to whom he is replying) must have made up his opinion from sittings with some other persons whom he names, but whom he generously does not want to name as frauds," thus positively admitting that he knows of fraudulent materializing mediums. Again he says that "sitters are to keep away from fraudulent mediums," but how can these sitters know who are fraudulent or genuine till they are tested. Then he suggests that one should go often enough and use his judgment, etc., in order to discover fraud or genuineness. I hardly think he talks to the point, and his objections are not practical. Most of the people who go to these seances do not go for the purpose of investigation. Many are new to that phase of Spiritualism. At a camp person goes once or twice, and this is in many cases the extent of their time and means, and why should they be imposed upon? There are no good reasons for it.

Let Spiritualists insist on test conditions; make them gentle, reasonable, kindly, but make test conditions. I repeat again that genuine mediums will not object, and let frauds be exposed. I understand about personations, and that those are not frauds, if they were announced as such, and this is the only honest way to do it. Honesty is the best policy. The writer's sense of personality, and knows that his mountain, and changed in appearance, but when this happens at a seance let it be announced, and then there will be no grumbling.

E. BACH.

Encyclopaedia of Biblical Spirit-

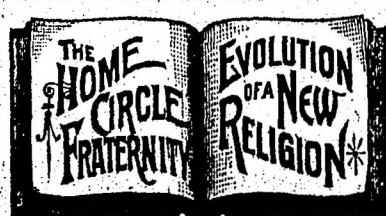
ualism.

Send in your dollar at once to Moses Hull to pay for his new work. Every-

body will want it, for there is data therein that will prove invaluable. Di-

rect to him at 29 Chicago Terrace,

Chicago, Ill.



DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

They Return to Bless the One Manifesting Them.

I.

It is said that one touch of nature makes the whole world akin. Beautiful thought! Every heart has a tender place in it, which, if rightly nurtured, expands into magnificent proportions. The gentle sunshine brings light, gladness, freshness and beauty, ninety-five millions of miles. One touch of the sun's genial rays awakens the seed, the violet, the plant, and the bud, and through them nature smiles sweetly and benignly on humanity. The little flower is laden with an incense that diffuses itself throughout the room, as if blown thither by the breath of an angel. There is the rock-bound, uninviting coast of Labrador, presenting an appearance as if heaven had withdrawn therefrom its choicest gifts; but there are fairer climes, the home of the orange, the rose and the fig, and where nature smiles lovingly on her children. While the human heart, too, may have its desolate place, there is a tropical region there, which, if nurtured with the hand of kindness, yields abundant fruit. The sun leaves us each day, disappears with a benediction upon its vanishing rays, but the morning is sure to be ushered in with anthems of praise from singing birds. So it is oftentimes with a human being. The light of happiness fades from him as sweetly as the expiring echoes of an Alpine horn, and the dreary darkness of the night side of life supervenes, and desolation seems to gather around him with its dark mantle. You, perhaps, have sometimes been plunged into the night-side of life; portentous clouds overhead, and a desert waste on every side. The charms of life have departed, and look where you will a monstrous darkness confronts you. Nature seems unkind to some. She made that one an idiot; another a cripple; another blind; another deaf and dumb; another a physical and moral monstrosity. She sends her lightning to kill; her tornadoes to ruin the thrift of the prosperous farmer; her waterpots to inundate the fertile valley; and her earthquakes and volcanoes to render mankind miserable. But there is a compensation somewhere for all the mishaps of life. The morning will be ushered in sometime to every careworn, weary soul. There are brilliant stars and pulsating worlds far beyond the ken of mortal vision; there is a haven of rest beyond the clouds and dreary surroundings of those who have despaired. Imperfections, stained and scarred, sinful and licentious, gradually disappear, and the glorious morning time comes to each soul.

II.

There was a poor girl—homeless! If you have never been homeless, friendless and deserted, you know nothing of the appalling darkness that surrounded her. For a time she despaired; poverty—grim, gaunt, ghastly, hellish—pursued her, and turned her life into a long wall of anguish. She gazed at the world with bitterness in her heart and walked along as if dazed. But John Potts, the village blacksmith—simply a blacksmith—but with a heart as grand and noble as ever pulsed within the breast of man—looked in this homeless girl, loved her, cared for her, educated her! At last the little waif passed from the roof of this honest son of toil—emerged from the home-nest strong, vigorous, beautiful. For many years he lost sight of the tender plant that he had so kindly and tenderly nurtured with his own rough hands and uncouth ways. But one day Mrs. James Rutledge, the wife of a Pittsburgh millionaire, made herself known to him as the despairing waif of many years ago—she had returned to reward him for his kindness. Truly, his kindness was "broad cast upon the waters," returning to honor and bless him.

III.

Every act of kindness, every deed of charity, every word of good cheer, every impulse that springs forth from the human heart like an Angel of Mercy, desiring to benefit humanity, are so many pebbles that cause ripples on the great ocean of human destiny, and which pulsate to the very presence of the highest angels, and bring forth from them approving smiles. Each one should cast bread upon the waters.

There is a beautiful Indian legend related of the Cherokee rose, which is as pretty as the flower itself. "An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but became so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young, dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape; but he would not do so unless she would flee with him. Yet, before she had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and pre-

serving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminole. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known between the capes of Florida and throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose."

IV.

Human nature is tender, if rightly approached. There is a pathway leading to it which is tremulous with sympathy and love. If you can find that avenue to it you can redeem the darkest, blackest human soul. It is the great highway that leads one heavenward. The dusky Indian maiden's sympathies were aroused, and her nature then became radiant with an impulse that would have rendered brilliant the features of an angel.

Sympathy must redeem the world. It throbs in the heart of the philanthropist like the sunshine in the bud, striving to awaken therefrom the slumbering flower. It founds our hospitals, our reformatory institutions, our charity schools, asylums for the poor, and it extends from the earth to heaven, and entwines itself in the very hearts of cherubims and seraphs. Have you never shed a tear? Tears are the pearls of the soul, when glistening in the eyes and forth with sympathy. They come forth as messengers of love and light, and then vanish—gone heavenward to bear evidence in your behalf.

V.

An old cripple, full of the spirit of kindness, lingered near a palatial residence to catch a glimpse of a charming little girl, his benefactor. She finally came to him with a glad smile, and her tender words touched his heart, and the blood pulsed through his veins more rapidly, and higher and nobler impulses animated him. She kissed him—kissed away the tear that forced its way to the eye, as if to baptize with its love the sweet lips of innocent childhood. To that careworn, poverty-stricken cripple, the kiss of that child sent his aspirations towards the evergreen shores—towards the home to which we are all tending.

He was a pauper, but he could not help being one, and the kiss of that little girl and her gifts of food were sunshine to his soul. But by and by, as he made the accustomed rounds, he lingered in the back kitchen for the little girl—but was finally told that she was sick—dying! The old man shuddered, and with tears in his eyes left the room. They did not see him again until the day of the funeral—when the funeral cortege arrived at the cemetery, there he stood, the poor old man with reverent look and bowed head. He had come to witness the burial of one who dared to kiss the tears from his pauper eyes. He saw the coffin lowered into the grave, heard the dull thud of the dirt upon its lid, and then hobbled away. The little child's father, as if inspired by his little daughter, gave the old man a home, and made his last moments pleasant and happy.

The members of the Home Circle Fraternity look for the good in each one, and they nourish and cultivate that. They know that there are human weeds in society, and that the only way to redeem them is by reconstruction. Condemnation without an effort at reconstruction is equal in venom to the saliva of the mad dog, the sting of the centipede, or the bite of the cobra. It is only through gradual growth and development that the world can be made better. Each one should ever bear that thought in mind, yet never fail to censure wrongdoing in emphatic terms wherever manifested, but always giving the evil-inclined the right hand of fellowship whenever they manifest the true spirit of repentance.

John R. Francis

SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF.

Whatever others may say or think, This is a grand old world to me, With its life of change and boundless range.

And its prophecies yet to be, Though with friends I must part, There's something that seems to say: There's a healing bliss in the friends we miss.

And the dawn of coming day, Whatever others may say or do, There's only one course for me, To keep the fires of my soul's desires Strong-heated, warm and free.

And though I labor and wait, And trust to the harvest of years, I know, of a truth, the springtime of youth Is arched with the rainbow of tears.

Whatever others in their lives may be Shadowed by care and grief, I will find time to laugh—life's nectar quaff.

And seek in good-nature relief; For we always love best The heart that is blithesome and strong; And the hours of grief should be silent and brief.

In the conquest of evil and wrong, Whatever's in store for others or me, In this grand old world of ours, There's none that live, whom God does not give.

Glad days and happy hours; And we find just behind The shadows that dim our dull sight, The star's glimmering light in the silence of night.

To guide in the pathway of right. BISHOP A. BEALS.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's Life Work.

This highly interesting work is now fresh from the press, and ready for delivery. It should have an extensive sale.

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LOOKING TRUTH IN THE FACE.

A Minister of the Gospel's Liberal Views.

TOO LIBERAL AND BROAD FOR HIS CONGREGATION—HE SEES GRAND TRUTHS IN SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am a minister of the gospel in one of the leading denominations of the country, and have, for many years, been actively engaged in what is known as evangelistic and pastoral work in the different churches. I have, from childhood been bitterly opposed to what is known as modern Spiritualism; having formed, a prejudice at that early age, from seeing some of the many evils which have grown out of this much-despised phenomenon; and this prejudice kept me from investigating the matter, and has kept me blindly thinking that Spiritualism was of the Devil, and therefore should be left entirely alone.

Fortunately, I was brought up in the Quaker church, in Union county, Indiana, where a devoted Christian mother taught me to believe in the leading of the spirit, and I afterwards became a minister in that church, and preached, as they had taught me to believe was possible, under the influence of the holy spirit. After several years I found that church was too narrow in some of its lines of work, and left it and attached myself to the Presbyterian church, which gave me a wider field in which to preach; that, for a while, was a larger church, and yet, for the same reason, but it was bound by a creed which required me to believe the interpretation which men placed upon the Bible two hundred years ago, which, of course, precludes the possibility of any advancement of thought, and made the writers of that creed as infallible as the God which gave them life.

However, I swallowed all that down, and without any very great reverence for the creed and the catechisms of the church, I went everywhere with the Bible in my hand, and in my heart, doing all the good that I could, by telling what the Bible taught, and speaking generally under the immediate inspiration of the spirit, often getting my brightest and best thoughts at the moment they were spoken. During all this time I have been a very devoted student of the Word of God, depending almost entirely on the Holy Spirit to teach me the proper interpretation of the same, and fearing to trust to commentaries by men.

This impartial way of studying the Bible is right, for God is as able to teach now as he was when the book was written, and I cannot see why the power of inspiration should not be the same in all ages and with all generations, as he is said to be no respecter of persons.

In this impartial study of the Bible I came in contact with the thought that there are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" also that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them;" and I have followed this line of thought until it has taken possession of my mind and has entered largely into my preaching, and has been the means of drawing much larger audiences to hear me. This was very pleasing to me, and was thought, to be a fine influence toward the building-up of the church and establishing the millennium. But it was in ancient times, when the sons of God came together, Satan came also among them; and the more orthodox ones of the congregations began to discover that in the sacred precincts of the church, which had been dedicated to God, and made sacred by his presence, Spiritualists had actually dared to come and listen to my sermons, and had been heard to say that they liked my preaching.

This was more than the good people of the church could stand, for they were all satisfied that Spiritualism was from the Devil, and that Spiritualists were all bound for perdition, and the inference was that if my preaching was attracting them to the church, I must be very nearly allied to Satan myself, and so, under the direction of one of the wise men of the church, they called a hasty meeting, and decided to dispense with my services, giving as a reason that I was too liberal and broad-minded to be a good pastor, and therefore they desired a change.

Now that my time in the church will expire with this year, I am in a good position to meditate on cause and effect, which has brought about this change. I am glad that it was stated that I was too liberal and broad-minded for the church.

While I have been following the teachings of the Bible under the inspiration of the spirit, I have all unconsciously grown broad-minded and liberal, and have been attracting outsiders to hear me give expositions of the Bible, even Spiritualists. This makes me remember that "God is a spirit, and seeketh such to worship him as worship in spirit and in truth." As Moses said when he saw the burning bush: "I will now turn aside and look this way," so I will turn aside and look straight at Spiritualism, and I wish to invite the attention of the reader to the beliefs the teachings of the Bible; but I think they have been spiritually understood by few.

I am determined to stand where I can look truth in the face, whatever may be its source; and I will never allow prejudice to blind my better judgment. WM. P. HAWORTH.

Long Beach, Cal.

Boycotted the Congressman.

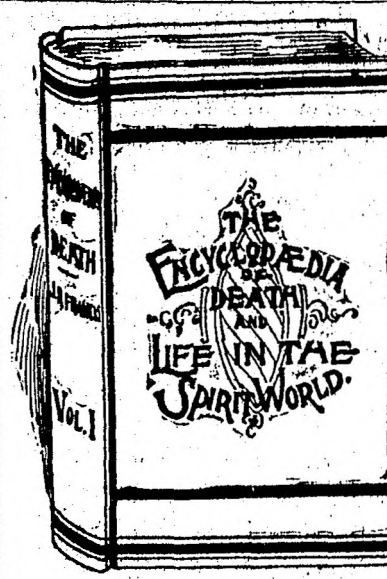
A telegram from Memphis said 4,000 women of that city belonging to the Nineteenth Century Club, represented by the Woman's Club, passed a resolution to boycott W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Miss Pollard fame, when he should appear to lecture there. Willie seems to be in bad odor. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

In 1435 peaches cost in Italy 12c a thousand. They were very small, hardly exceeding the size of almonds. The huge masks in which actors played on the Greek stage in the time of Eschylus cost 50c a piece.

A Pompeian hand mirror of brass cost 78c; of silver, \$9.27, and the seller guaranteed to keep it bright.

During the reign of Trajan, a Roman laborer paid 6c for two pieces of woolen cloth to serve as socks.

A marble statue, life size, cost during the reign of Commodus about \$1,600; in the time of Charlemagne nearly \$3,000.



Any one who sends us a new yearly subscriber can have the Encyclopaedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, for 50 cents. The subscriber can also have it for 60 cents. Any one who desires the book can easily get a new subscriber. Try it.

A. W. Moore, a noted journalist, says: "I was delighted beyond measure to receive a copy of your Encyclopaedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. It appears to be a remarkable volume, and one that will open the eyes of the world to many sublime truths in connection with the 'hidden self.'"

ETHICAL CULTURE.

It Should Begin in the Public Schools.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY—PUBLIC MORALITY—CHARACTER-BUILDING—RELIGION SHOULD NOT BE TAUGHT.

The World's Congress Auxiliary was commemorated at the Auditorium in this city on New Year's day, and many excellent addresses were delivered by the elite and learned ladies and gentlemen present; but Mrs. J. M. Flower, trustee of the University of Illinois, touched the most vital point when she said: The first and most important teachings in the schools should be public morality.

As Bishop Spaulding had recently stated at a Chicago banquet, character-building was the care of the public school. The work should be done with the child before the age of seven, and should be done in the kindergarten.

The higher education, to which the most attention was given by the other speakers, is necessarily intellectual, but not necessarily either moral or immoral. Neither are men necessarily moral because they are highly educated, as education goes.

All education should be constructed on a moral basis. Religion, in its present state of development, should not be taught in the public primary school, because it is, at best, but a formula or creed of sectarian theology without any religious life and any engenders superstition. But morality, which refers to human conduct, one person with another, is a very different thing.

As soon as the child is capable of comprehending an idea, it should be taught that it must never lie, defend, or injure another in any way. This should be done in the home, the kindergarten and the public school, and then it would be a solid foundation for the higher educators, in colleges and universities, to build upon.

If this were followed up, and if it were distinctly understood that every educated person must do what is positively just and right in order to maintain rank and position, then we might expect to have honest lawyers, honest commerce, good government and justice in every department of civil life.

But what shall we do with those whom Mrs. Flower designates "illiterate unassimilable," the fifth and offshoots of other countries who regard the hospitalities of this country by archery, burglary and murder, till we are not safe on the street or in our homes behind barred doors.

It is an old maxim that "a good cow may have a bad calf," but is the converse true; that a bad cow may have a good calf; and if the stock degenerates, who is to regenerate it? Stock-raisers will see to that; but if human stock degenerates, who can regenerate it as long as the slums are more prolific than the boulevards, and only the refined go to school or church, and those who need regenerating influences are neglected?

Let us now begin with the children, like the Catholics; not to make them good Catholics, or good Protestants; but moral men and women. We insist that ethical culture be made the primary factor in public school education, because it is the ABC of a true life, and leads by easy degrees, in the natural order, to the attainment of the higher spiritual and divine attributes of the soul in its aspiration to the source of its being—God, which is religion pure and simple. This brings everything in its proper time and place; but to reverse this order by giving precedence to religion is like sending a child to college without rudiments.

We further insist on withdrawing the missionary efforts now being squandered in foreign lands and in directing it on the heathen at home.

R. N.

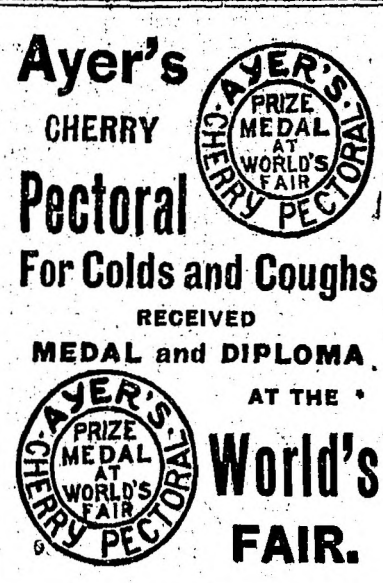
A TRENCANT HINT.

And It Comes from the Detroit Philosopher.

TO THE EDITOR:—In reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I find so much that is more valuable to the reader in general, and capable of doing more good than my article answering my critic, Dr. Babbitt, consequently I request that you do not publish said answer, but use the space for your own productions. In the future, when I desire my "frankness" corrected, I will call on your "frankness" and not encroach upon the valuable time of a learned professor.

Yours fraternally, E. C. GENSINGER.

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.



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GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send us a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines; but long reports will not be used. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be ready by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

A letter from Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, of Boston, Mass., served the Indianapolis Spiritualist Association, during the month of December, in a most able manner. Those who were fortunate enough to hear her were delighted. As an inspirational speaker she is certainly eloquent, every word being full of music. Her psychometric readings were convincing indeed, and those who had private sittings, hearing Onaseku speak through his 'Sunshine,' will look forward to her return in 1905. Mrs. Whitlock held a reception every Monday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock, to all who were interested, for the purpose of informal talks and exchange of ideas, which were largely attended and enjoyed. The Spirit-world cannot fail to do wonderful work through such a fine instrument."

J. S. Walker, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "The two spiritual societies of Baltimore enjoyed an unusual treat on Sunday, January 8th, by the visit of Mrs. Cadwalader, Mr. Moulton, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury. The party were returning from Boston, where they had been working in the interest of the National Association at the Massachusetts convention. In the evening, Mr. Moulton, who, as everybody knows, is one of the finest, brainiest speakers on the spiritual platform, addressed the members of the First Spiritual Church, on the 'Origin of Evil, and the Necessity of Every Man's Working out his own Salvation.' His address was enthusiastically received. Mrs. Cadwalader and Sec. Woodbury, of the National Association gave short talks on this work."

L. H. Walker writes that as for spirit return he knows nothing, but for good morals, humanity and Americanism THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER cannot be excelled. He refers to a case of obsession mentioned in this paper, and expresses his opinion that persons so controlled are not responsible for what they may do while under such influence—that a good act or a bad act, if so done, only indicates the character of the "control," but if this be so, what, he inquires, would be the use of education or training, if we should be so unfortunate as to have a vicious guide or control? He believes that it is the kind of an education one receives that determines the character of a person; his habits are molded by his surroundings. We should say that hereditary traits and tendencies also have much to do in the forming of one's character, and sensitiveness to spirit influence also has its bearing on the subject.

H. D. Barrett, president of the National Association, writes: "Kindly permit me to state, through the columns of your valuable journal, that my address for the month of January will be 2859 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. I would be pleased to make week evening engagements with friends of Spiritualism in the cities and towns within five hundred miles of St. Louis in any direction. My terms will be merely traveling expenses from St. Louis and return there-to, with entertainment while in the places where I speak. I hope to find work for every night in the week. Your New Departure is a grand thing. It will do much good, and I rejoice that it has been made."

The Cheyenne Daily Sun and Laramie papers state that Prof. Bernard Holm, while in a hotel at Laramie, located a mine thirty miles away, from a reading of ore. A fourteen-foot tunnel was run, at the location, and a rich vein of gold, copper and silver was found.

Carrie Bell writes of a little girl of nine or ten years, Maude Robinson, who recently gave a number of tests from the platform, describing spirit friends in the audience at a meeting of Unity Society of Spiritualists, Buffalo, N. Y. Her descriptions were accurate. It was her first appearance before the public, and she was not under any influence—it was natural clairvoyance. When under control she gives beautiful writings.

John P. Goodwin writes that after making a planchette for a lady, he tried it, to see if it would work for him. The first thing he received was "Ask me questions." He did so, and received a message from his youngest sister, four years in spirit-life. It was a business matter, and investigation proved it to be true. Formerly skeptical, he laid his skepticism aside. He procured the Payne, and developed the phases of alphabet and independent writing. There are two that call for pen, ink and paper, and their penmanship is a perfect fac-simile of their writing when in earth-life. He has had no aid in his development except spirit aid.

J. A. Blackman writes: "I enclose \$1.50, for which please send me THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER one year and the Encyclopedia of Death, and all material, and all my experiences, and all my thinking and reading, have compelled me to regard death very much of a fact. However, you are battling earnestly for soul liberty in this country, menaced as it is by plotting and malignant priestcraft, and I add my mite to encourage you in the fight."

Miss M. Duffes writes extolling the country around Nampa, Minn., for agricultural and fruit-raising purposes. It is the urgent desire of herself and other spiritual friends that Spiritualists avail themselves of present very favorable opportunities to settle there—to better their fortunes and aid the cause of Spiritualism. There are excellent opportunities open to settlers, concerning which further information may be had by addressing her at Nampa, Minn.

Secretary writes: "The St. Paul Spiritual Alliance held its annual business meeting for the election of officers on January 3d; F. E. Irvine, president; A. H. Hall, vice-president; and John Sauer treasurer. They were re-elected unanimously. There being no one present who could take the secretaryship permanently, Mrs. A. H. Hall was elected secretary pro tem. The treasurer's report for the past year was very encouraging, showing that all obligations had been met and there still remained a balance in the treasury. The prospects of the alliance for the ensuing year are good. It has services Sunday afternoon and evening at Odd Fellows' hall, corner Fifth and Washburn streets. At present, Mrs. Tryon, of Minneapolis, the lecturer, and Mrs. Jacobs, of the same city, test medium, are doing a good work and giving satisfaction."

J. Madison Allen has recently been occupied at La Crosse, Moose and Spring Hill, Kansas, and Powell and Kansas City, Mo. He is now under engagement with the society at Stuttgart, Arkansas, where he may be addressed during January, 1905. He will make further engagements in that general locality for Sunday and week evening lectures, seances, etc. He gives test readings in connection with his inspirational lectures.

Secretary writes: "We have had at Arlington, Nebraska, a spiritualistic society, organized here for more than a year. We meet every alternate Sunday."

Marguerite St. Omer writes: "I am now lecturing in Ohio. On Sunday next I lecture in Toledo for the new society there. My meetings in Clyde, O., for the free and progressive thinkers, are always crowded with those wishing to hear a word from some loved one gone before, and a cheering word from the font of inspiration."

Dr. Lucy Barnicoat has been very sick with la grippe, and has become so much reduced in strength that she has been compelled to cancel the engagements she had made in Utah and Colorado, and go where the climate is warm. She would like to hear from societies in southern California; also Texas. Address her at 24 Glen Park avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. C. C. Bacon is glad to see so many expressing their honest convictions concerning the "frauds" in the name of mediumship—especially in the phase of materialization. She was surprised at the camp she attended last year, that the officers of the association did not make an example of two so-called materializing mediums who were holding forth alternately every night. Spiritualism must cleanse its own ranks of frauds, and the cleansing process will be a protection to the genuine mediums, and a great benefit to the cause we so much love.

Prof. Bach has recently been lecturing at Wilkes Barre, Pa. A local paper says of one of his lectures: "The address was mainly a reply to certain strictures upon Spiritualism made by writers in the local press, and sought to prove that the days of miracles were not past; that spirits were as plentiful now as in biblical times, and that even the Savior himself, in performing his miracles, had to have certain favorable conditions. Prof. Bach quoted liberally from the New Testament to prove the existence of spiritual manifestations and showed himself to be a close student of that book so far as it had any relation to the religion he teaches. Among other things he held that in the raising of the dead Christ invariably proclaimed that they were not dead but sleeping, the inference being, in the opinion of the professor, that the soul had not left the body."

H. H. Velie thinks the churches of the present day should not be reminded of the persecuting methods of the churches in former times; that Protestants and Catholics look back on those occurrences in their history as errors of the past, and both are working reform; and to throw in the face of the present generation the wrong-doings of their forefathers is not spiritual nor Spiritualism. It might be answered that these reminders are called forth by the ill-effects of intolerance, and persecuting spirit manifested by the churches to-day. Especially is this true of Romanism, which clamors for favors and freedom under free secular governments, and shows gross intolerance wherever the governments are under the dominating control of that church.

The Cleveland Leader says: "Interesting exercises were held by the Children's Progressive Lyceum in Weisberger's Hall, this city, January 6th, the occasion being the installation of new officers, and a public reception to Miss Eva Davies, of Chicago, a former member of the lyceum. After instrumental music by the orchestra, and a hymn by the Lyceum pupils, Mr. Thomas Lees installed the following officers: B. F. Bellows, conductor; Carrie L. Hopkins, guardian; Samuel Russell, secretary; Joseph Fischer, treasurer; Samuel Russell, Jr., music director; Albert Derby, librarian; Jennie Thayer, postmistress; Nellie Cook, watchman; Arthur Derby, Hiram Cook, Edgar Emerson, Harry Taylor, guards; Samuel Russell, Thomas A. Black, trustees. Following the installation, a silk flag was presented to the new conductor by Miss Lily Root, in a highly patriotic speech. A reception was tendered Miss Eva Davies, formerly an officer in the Cleveland Lyceum, but now living in Chicago."

The Secular Union of this city is prospering. Its president, Leon Lewis, lectured before it last Sunday, showing that "No Such Man as Moses Ever Existed." The place of meeting is at 181 West Madison street.

Bishop A. Beale is doing an excellent work at Bay City, Michigan, where he will remain this month.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain writes: "If any of the friends who kindly remembered me, have not received a reply, I would be obliged if they will notify me. I should be pleased to write those who have not favored me with their address, if they will do so now. I am happy to say I am gaining a little in strength, but regret to state that my father is very ill, and entirely helpless in bed. Two are required to care for him." Mrs. Chamberlain's address is box 56 Mattapan, Mass., where all can address her who wish to assist her in her heroic struggle to take care of her aged parent.

Corresponding Secretary writes from Toledo, Ohio: "On January 6th the First Society of Spiritualists held its meetings in its new hall, in the National Union Building. Dr. Schermerhorn, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was the speaker for the day. The Doctor is a fluent and advanced speaker, giving the truth in a most intelligent and expressive manner. All were well pleased and hope he may be with us again. The psychometric readings and tests he gave were remarkable."

Frank T. Ripley, lecturer and platform test medium, has just closed a two-months' successful engagement at New Orleans, La. He is now serving the First Spiritualist Society of Allegheny, Pa. He has March and April open. He can be engaged on liberal terms for those months. Address all letters to him at 116 Washington street, Allegheny, Pa.

The Free Press, of Stuttgart, Arkansas, says: "Rev. J. Madison Allen, one of the leading exponents of Spiritualism, conducted exercises at spiritual Temple on Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Tuesday evening of this week. While the attendance was not large, the meetings were quite interesting. Whether or not Mr. Allen gets inspiration from 'over the border,' his discourses are very learned and interesting."

W. writes from Atlantic, Iowa: "I wish to say that Prof. A. Amie is still with us, giving lectures and tests, and assisting others in their development. During his stay here the professor has organized the First Spiritual Society in the county and is doing a good work for the cause. On Sunday, January 8, we were treated to one of the professor's beautiful lectures. The subject for discussion was: 'Are Spiritual Meetings and Seances at Large Devoted to Much More Than the Gratification of Curiosity?' It was ably handled."

Dr. W. S. Eldridge having returned from Florida, where he lectured and gave tests several times each week, will answer calls for the same; also officiate at funerals and weddings. Address: 49 Front street, South Portland, Maine.

D. S. writes from Aberdeen, S. D.: "The Spiritualist cause in this city was encouraged and helped by a visit from Mrs. Jacobs, of Minneapolis, in December. She gave two public test seances, at which the audiences numbered from 100 to 200. The tests were mostly recognized. She also gave readings in private, which gave general satisfaction."

S. F. writes approvingly of the good work done at St. Clair, Mich., by Mrs. S. M. G. Cronk, of Port Huron. Her descriptions of spirit friends were always recognized and her tests were truly wonderful.

The secretary writes from Ludington, Michigan: "Our society is steadily growing. Every other Sunday evening, after the lecture by Madame Parcell Dunn, we hold a circle, and a great many attend, and have started to think for themselves. The churches are denouncing Spiritualism as works of the Devil to their loaths. New Year's Eve we held a Bon Social for the benefit of the society, at the home of Mrs. Dorsey, which was well attended, and we held a splendid time. After supper, all had a watch meeting, with thirty in the circle. We had good results, and at half-past two dispersed, all happy, feeling that time could not have been better spent."

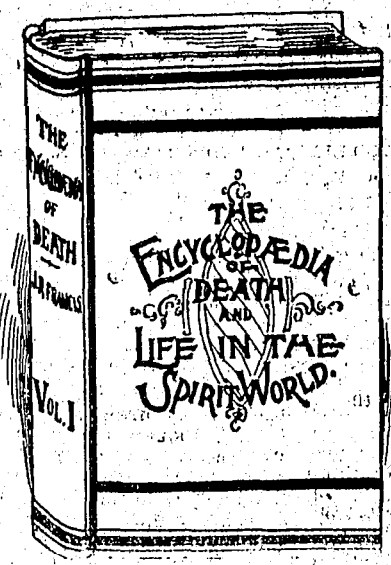
The Cleveland Progressive Lyceum has inaugurated a series of Sunday evening "fact meetings" in Weisberger's Hall, to which everyone is invited and requested to speak of any fact in their investigation into the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. A different presiding officer will be chosen at every meeting.

W. S. Hanson writes: "On the second day of December last Mrs. O. E. Daniels was ordained a minister of the Spiritualist church. The services were held in the beautiful hall of the Progressive Society, 3120 Forest avenue, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond officiating. The services were very interesting and impressive. The address of the guides of Mrs. Richmond, requiring nearly an hour in delivery, was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. It was Mrs. Richmond's first visit to our society, and she expressed herself as being highly pleased with our beautiful hall, and its surroundings, and especially with the members of the society whom she met. It is to be hoped that we may have the pleasure of her presence often; and we can assure her of receiving a right royal welcome from us at any time she may come."

F. W. Scott writes: "In wishing you a happy new year, I extend the courtesy in wishing the noblest of papers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER (and your New Departure) the greatest success, and may it double its circulation for the year 1905. Suiting my desires by the action, I send you a list of subscribers. If we can only once get THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER into the household of the people, they will acquire such a taste for the paper that they will never want to do without it—judging others by myself."

Lyman C. Howe can be addressed during January, 1905, at Hotel Plunket, corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, Pa. His camp engagements for 1905 are: July 14 to 18, inclusive, Cassadaga, N. Y.; July 28 to August 2, Mantua Station, O.; August 2 to 15, Island Lake, Mich. He is yet free for engagements from July 19 to 25, and August 2 to 8, and August 10 to 25, 1. Permanent address, Box 879, Fredonia, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

Abby A. J. writes: "I spoke at Malden, Mass., Sunday evening. I had a tremendous crowd; doctors of divinity among them. Rather was born there in 1788. Mr. Caswell carries on a meeting every Sunday afternoon. He is a fine speaker and also gets some outside help, as Rabbi Schindler, Abby Morton Diaz, etc. I spoke for him last Sunday in the afternoon."



Anyone who sends us four trial subscribers can have the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, sent to him for 50 cents. Every Spiritualist will want the various volumes of this Encyclopedia. Your library will not be complete without it.

That veteran worker, Moses Hull, says: "I am interested in the future volumes of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World. To-day I picked up your book again; positively I do not know how to lay it down. There is so much in it I have wanted for years, I shall read it and re-read it, and mark it for reference. I am interested in the future volumes of this work."

The Indianapolis Dispatch speaks as follows of Mrs. Ada Foye, of this city: "The Spiritualist Society which meets in Lorraine Hall has secured the services for this month of one of the most noted ministers of the cause in the person of Mrs. Ada Foye. Mrs. Foye's reputation is world-wide. She is not only noted for her gifts but for her broad charity and the kindly hand she has extended to the help of others. At the morning meeting, which took place at 10:30 o'clock, there were no features of special note, excepting that the Grand Army had left the hall most elaborately and beautifully decorated; that there was an unusually large attendance, among whom were many Union veterans, and that Mrs. Meddett sang a solo of exquisite beauty. Mrs. Foye discussed and gave answers in her own way, to eighteen written questions propounded by different members of the congregation. The great interest centered in the meeting of last night, when the weather was dismal and rainy, but at 7:30 the hall was crowded. Mrs. Meddett, who is a sweet vocalist, again entertained the audience with a solo. Mrs. Foye delivered a short sermon on mediumship, a sermon full of new thoughts. She especially dwelt on scriptural proof of mediumship and spirit return. Following this came what was called a test seance. Bits of paper were distributed through the audience and each one was asked to write the name of some deceased friend thereon—some friend from whom a message was desired. These papers were folded and taken up and piled on a table in front of Mrs. Foye. There was a half-bushel of these little pellets. Mrs. Foye stated that the message received might not be from the one whose name was written and that if it was other spirit-friends were liable to come along and give their names. She asked all to be as quiet and respectful as possible, for whatever they might think of the proceedings; that Spiritualism was her religion, and as she respected theirs she asked to be respected. Then she seized a pencil and wrote a message from right to left, upside down and read it to the audience. Then she began to pick up the pellets one by one, asking for the spirit called for to rap when she reached the name. As she picked up the twelfth one the loud raps echoed on the ceiling behind her. She then gave the last name of the spirit and asked if any one recognized it. 'Ido,' said a lady in the rear-end of the house. Then Mrs. Foye said his first name was Samuel. She then proceeded to give the names of those with spirits accompanying Samuel and to describe them. They were likewise recognized. 'Do you know me?' Mrs. Foye asked. 'I do not,' was the answer of the lady. Then the latter asked a few questions, mentally, which were answered by the loud raps. Mrs. Foye gave the age of the deceased at the time of his death and other startling facts. She then mixed the pellets and called for a skeptic from the audience. He responded and was asked to pick up the tablets, one by one; and stop when he heard the raps. He did so and soon found the name of the communicant spirit. There were probably a hundred such recognitions, and in no case was there a failure. Sometimes Mrs. Foye would describe a spirit standing by her side and give the name. In such cases there was no pellet on the table, but the description was recognized. Sometimes she would say a message and a name was written before her in the air and she would read it to the astounding of some one present. It is said that those who received messages were not Spiritualists, but strangers in the hall. Mrs. Foye deserves her reputation as a mystifier and those who wish to witness these things will have to be early in their attendance at the Sunday meetings or they will be crowded out."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium.

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

J. W. S., Angola, Ind.: Q. (1) Is healing by laying on of hands a spiritual gift?

(2) Can healing power be strengthened by sitting in a circle?

A. Healing by spirit magnetism, or by a magnetic healer, are, in principle, the same. A person of strong vital powers may magnetize by means of his own aura, and when susceptible of spirit influence, they may unite their powers with his, or stimulate his to greater activity. In the latter case, the sensitiveness acquired by sitting in a circle would increase the magnetic power. The healer is noted usually by soft, moist, "cushiony" hands, and the desire to alleviate suffering. He cannot display his gift at its best, unless actuated by motives of purest benevolence. Nor can he heal all cases, and he should heed his impressions which to attempt. He must believe in the impressions thus received, and by his earnestness and sincerity gain the confidence of his patients.

Magnetism and spiritual healers make a great mistake in not waiting for impressions as to whether or not they can cure cases presented to them. They proceed with the declaration that they can cure, and failure, which often follows, makes the patient lose confidence in them, and far more disastrous to their powers, makes them lose confidence in themselves. I once saw perhaps one hundred people pass before the celebrated Dr. Newton. He laid his hands on each and said "you are healed," with intense earnestness. There were many cured of long standing diseases, and some marvelous cases, yet the greater number experienced no effect.

"Why do you make that declaration?" I afterwards asked him, "when in many cases you necessarily must fail, for there are organic changes which magnetism cannot reach?"

"Do you not see," he replied, "that I must be positive, and thus impress the mind, or I should fail in all cases?"

"No," I said, "I do not agree with you. Better wait and distinguish those you can help, and tell the others the plain truth. Then they will not go away, as they now surely will, condemning you as an impostor." Magnetism has a wide field, but it is not a universal panacea.

Mrs. C. E. S., Lansing, Mich.: Q. (1) Can the hands of a materialized hand be grasped and held when the form is trying to draw away? Can the bones be felt, and are they cold and moist?

(2) How can psychometry be best developed?

A. (1) The true materialized hand may be grasped, and it gives the sensation of cold; but it held it would melt away. A "materialized hand," in which bones can be felt, is not so solid, and ought to be regarded as a deception, and such materializations belong to physical beings only.

(2) This question has already been answered at length, but in a general way psychometry, as dependent on mediumistic sensitiveness, is strengthened by any process that cultivates that faculty—as sitting in circles, and especially by practicing, in doing which it is necessary to have a friend select the objects tested, and record the results.

"G. C.," Sacramento, Cal.: My wife and I were born and raised Roman Catholics, but investigated Spiritualism, and found it true, a satisfaction and consolation. We had a child, baptized, of course, by the Catholic priest, who died at the age of two years. If there are Catholics over there as here, as I believe, the child not being old enough to realize the truth on either side, who received and took charge of the spirit—Catholics, or those not believing that faith?

A. Where the child spirit has near relatives in the Spirit-world, it is received by them, or if not there, by loving ones who conduct the little stranger to their home. As the soft arms of a mother's affection receive the child into earth-life, so the love of the angels receive it with caring into the Spirit-life. The question of their faith here or in the higher-life does not affect the issue. They may be Catholic, Protestant or independent, this office of love will be the same.

But progressive growth will bring the most superstitious to the light.

J. E. M. W., Montreal: (1) Q. Is it true that there is marriage in the Spirit-world?

(2) Is it true that one's counterpart or affinity is generally in the other world?

Yes, it is true that there is marriage in the spheres above us; but marriage there has a new and higher significance. There are no selfish motives to bind spirits together; no commandments of conventional customs, laws and social regulations, or sales for worldly considerations, and what is of greater consideration—no passion or its consequences to draw souls together. The union of two individuals, in the sphere, at least, directly beyond this, is essential to the full measure of happiness of each, because of the mutual gain in growth of understanding. That union is an ideal marriage, based on love, which gives everything and asks nothing. It is what marriage should be on earth.

(2) The doctrine that has been taught, unfortunately so widely, that all the disappointments and antagonisms of married life were referable to "wrongly mating"—that is, to the "wrong halves" inadvertently getting together—based as it is on the assumption that such "halves" exist, if not on earth then in the Spirit-life, is responsible for a great deal of mischief and suffering.

The assumption that there is one man and one woman in all the world "created for each other," and that for happiness these must find each other, and unite, is a fancy unsupported by facts, and in defiance of every law of creation, as it substitutes miracle for continuous order, and furnishes a ready excuse for the most flagrant injustice between those who find antagonism. For if "right

halves" have perfect union, then few marriages are as they should be, for there is more or less antagonism between those best mated; none are perfect, and love is constantly called on to smooth the path of differences of opinion which two thinking individuals maintain—would maintain.

To believe "one's affinity" has already escaped the scenes of earth, and hence married peace cannot be expected; complicates the case, and is essentially an immoral doctrine. Several instances where communications have been made to those happily married have come to my knowledge, and in every case the result has been a wreck of domestic life. To live in marriage relations while believing the husband or wife is not the "true mate," and that that mate exists in the body or out of it, is reprehensible as unjust and immoral. To hope a desired and idealized unknown "spirit-bride," appeals to the lowest passionate nature, and is devoid of a ray of spirituality. The doctrine of "halves," and "affinity," paved the way for the Woodhull escapade on Spiritualism, and in the hands of opposers furnished the means of casting obliquity and scorn on a cause which is not responsible in the least. For they who studied Spiritualism well know that the philosophy is of the spirit, and not of the passionate and selfish desires, which are secondary, and should be held in abeyance.

"Cosmos," Brooklyn, N. Y.: Q. It is asserted in the spirit that astronomy bears witness to the appearance of a wonderful star on the advent of Jesus. Is this true? How explain the appearance?

A. Quite the reverse of true. There is no known star or comet, that could have answered for the Star of Bethlehem. Ptolemy, the famous Greek astronomer, made no mention of such an astonishing appearance, yet his record is so minute and careful that had there been any such appearance it would have been impossible for it to have escaped him. Nor has the carefully-preserved annals of China preserved mention of this wonderful phenomenon.

The ancients knew of the planets, and distinguished them as well as the astronomers of the present, and it is puerile to suppose that "wise men of the East," when the stars were studied for the purpose of astrology, would mistake the planet Venus, as has been conjectured, for a freak.

The return of the Star of Bethlehem is one of the conjectures which make a startling item, and periodically goes the rounds of the press, which cares more for sensation than for truth.

What was the star? A pleasing myth, to show the consequence of the Messiah, that even the stars sympathized with his birth.

In Jewish legends it is said that a star appeared at the birth of Moses, and when Abraham was born his star was visible. At the birth of Caesar a brilliant star appeared in the heavens.

There is this peculiarity in the story of the star: It is not said that a star appeared, but "his star," in accordance with the astrological belief that every individual was born under the influence of a particular star.

Matthew 11: When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, of Jude, in the days of Herod, the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

No one else had seen this star. These Magi, worshippers of Ormuzd, had become aware, in their distant home in the East, that Christ was born, and came to Jerusalem. Had they seen the star, they would have followed it direct, and not, by stopping at Jerusalem, caused the slaughter of the innocents. When they again set out, the star appeared to guide them. How could this star of the Magi be introduced from the myths of Persia without "His Star?"

J. P. M., Oklahoma City: Q. Has a medium who has departed this life returned, and told what their experience has been in Spirit-life, and what the influence of their mediumship on their condition? Is there any medium who has been controlled by such a spirit?

A. I have had communications from D. D. Home, who was one of the most irreproachable mediums, and from Judge Edmonds, who was also a medium. Neither claimed that they gained anything from their mediumship, further than a better knowledge of the future life.

C. M., Crego: This correspondent often sees spirit forms clearly, and is not conscious of being in another than his present state. He asks, can we see spiritual beings with the normal eye?

A. If the normal eye could see spirit forms, all would be blessed with such vision. That they are not, proves that the natural eye is not susceptible. But within the natural eye is the celestial eye, which may be momentarily quickened and clairvoyantly see spiritual beings, and this may occur in such a manner as to be confounded by consciousness with natural sight. Really, it must be considered as momentary clairvoyance.

William Craig: Q. Are there Jesuit spirits who have a deleterious influence? If so, what good is accomplished by the change called death? A. A fundamental proposition of the spiritual philosophy is, that the spirit remains unchanged by death. Hence a Jesuit man becomes a Jesuit spirit, until by educational growth he is changed. There is nothing more certain than that the cause of Spiritualism has had, and still has, a strong opposition from this order of spirits. Death cannot be regarded as a means of good or evil, but as a necessary change, and, like going on continuously, the field is open for reform, and sooner or later superstition and ignorance will yield to knowledge.

"There Is No Death," by Florence Marryat. An intensely interesting volume, giving an account of her wonderful experiences in her investigation of Spiritualism. She describes the scenes she witnessed with her own eyes, and repeats the words heard with her own ears; making an account more entertaining than any novel, and far more instructive, to say the least, than the Spiritualism. Paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"A Bankrupt Heart," by Florence Marryat. A fine novel, in the best style of the well-known, talented writer. Price, paper 50 cents, cloth \$1.25. For sale at this office.

BOSTON LETTER.

Manifestations at the Spiritual Temple.

THE GOOD WORK OF MR. AYERS—A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT—P. L. O. A. KEELER—EXCELLENT MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH HIM—PHENOMENA AFTER LECTURES.

"Ah, show me the scent of one lily, to tell That it grew outside of the world, at least;

Ah, show me a plume to touch, or a shell, That whispers of some unearthly coast."

The sentiment of these quoted lines is the heart sigh of all thoughtful people, for, as Mr. Savage said in a late sermon: "What mankind wants to know to-day is not anything else, as, if that is the end, or if there is a future life after this mortal life is over."

Mr. Ayers at his temple is showing the scent of the lily that is sighed for, and the plume to touch, and the shell that whispers of an unearthly coast. In the physical and sensuous manifestations that he is giving on Sunday forenoons as a part of his temple services. They are the object-lessons that are wanted to prove that man survives his physical death; they are given with much dignity, and people of a religious turn of mind can have no scruples about their appropriateness on a Sabbath day, and they seem to be appreciated by large and increasing audiences; and in such a place and under his management they are very convincing. What is the use of Sunday preaching, of churches, or ministers, unless we are sure there is life after this; who wonders that the materialist or agnostic considers all Sunday teaching and sermons as bosh, if this life is all? And one must remember there is no proof that death is not the end, except in the intelligence connected with these physical phenomena. The churches have faith, but faith is not proof, and in human nature "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

The poet says:

"Auspicious Hope, in thy sweet garden grows Wreaths for each toil, and balm for all our woes."

The human heart says amen to the sentiment, and considers hope a fact and a blessing, but knows at the same time it is not proof, any more than faith is. How important, then, are these "object-lessons" of Mr. Ayers, which prove another life; and if received by the ministers and given after their sermons to the same audience, even if a dull one, it would eliminate the bosh and become of practical value even to the agnostic listener.

I often wonder that ministers are so opposed to the claim of modern Spiritualism, which only gives them proof positive of their every-day assertions.

Spirit phenomena can get along without the ministers, or the churches, but the churches, or the ministers, cannot without the spirit phenomena. The whole church system has degenerated, in these modern days, into social institutions, and as religious bodies they are playing out. No one now among the thoughtful or educated considers the Bible of any authority, or as the revealed word of God. Modern Spiritualism makes that ancient book of inestimable value, full of old manifestations which prove that modern Spiritualism is not significantly modern, but that the ancient and modern are of one piece, and the Spiritualist is really the only respecter of the Bible, which has come to stay by virtue of its ancient spirit records.

All the world, ministers included, speak of death as that bourne from which no traveler returns; and I never knew a church-member who took stock enough in his faith in a future life to sacrifice any of this life for it—which shows they have their reasonable doubts. How important, then, is the sensuous proof of such a life, and that is what Spiritualism claims and what Mr. Ayers is publicly doing as a free gift to intelligent investigators.

Mr. Ayers is a high-toned, successful merchant, of wide spiritual experience, whose convictions have made his life to use his fortune for the cause of Spiritualism. He has generously built a temple and carried out its services; has spent near half a million dollars, and continues doing so. There is no commercial taint in what he does, no money in it, so the public naturally have confidence in him; besides having the proof of their own senses, they also feel sure there is no fraud, where such a man is the manager.

He began these seances December 8th in the lower hall of the temple. There was an audience of about 150 to 200; on the 18th there were some 300 present; on the 23d the hall was quite full—about 400 or 500. He said that he should soon have them in the large hall upstairs, in connection with his Sunday lectures in the afternoon. The announcement elicited loud applause.

The audiences that gather here seem to be highly respectable and quite interested, and come generally as investigators. They appear to want the truth, and seem to feel and act as if they got it. Mr. Ayers is doing a good and great work in giving these dignified and interesting seances.

On the 30th the seance was given in the large upper hall, as usual, in the forenoon, which drew quite a large audience—more than could have gotten into the lower hall. I shall be glad when he gives them in the afternoon in connection with his Sunday lecture, succeeding it, for I think the philosophical or religious and the phenomenal should go hand-in-hand, and help each other; and of all men Mr. Ayers is the man to inaugurate the method and give the exhibition a religious character.

The medium at these seances which Mr. Ayers is now using is Mr. P. L. O. Keeler. He is a very good medium, so it will not be necessary to describe in detail his phases; he has rapid, muscled, showing materialized hands and using them in writing messages on a small block of paper and throwing the leaves Marryat. An intensely interesting volume, giving an account of her wonderful experiences in her investigation of Spiritualism. She describes the scenes she witnessed with her own eyes, and repeats the words heard with her own ears; making an account more entertaining than any novel, and far more instructive, to say the least, than the Spiritualism. Paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

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seances because I am able to say "absolutely honest," knowing well what the word absolute means.

I was called upon the platform, and when I got there I saw a materialized hand as part of an answer as it was projected through the black case. It was said to be the hand of my old neighbor, Epes Sargent; of course, I could not tell him by the hand, but I think I have evidence he often comes to me, so I think it was he. I know it was a spirit's hand. Something seemed to say, "look over the curtain"—it certainly was not the medium or any of the sitters by the side of him; it may have been imagination born of my desire, but the hand I was shaking drew me close to the curtain, so I looked deliberately over into the space behind. It was quite light inside, by the light from the table all by itself, and I could not easily see the whole of the inside, while I had hold of the spirit hand, and I am sure it was not connected with a mortal body, for there was none there for it to connect with, and I am as sure it was a flesh and blood hand, unattached to any person, as I am that I am now writing with a pen; so I am absolutely sure I was holding a spirit's hand.

These seances at the temple will do Mr. Keeler a great deal of good, they are so clear and unmistakable, and under the auspices of Mr. Ayers, so no one will be likely to doubt him after this—and generally no one has except churchists, the spirit grabbed the said "it held to the hand I would find it would be Keeler's." By the foregoing it will be seen it positively was not.

A rather interesting incident occurred at this seance which may be worth relating. A man who said he did not believe in Spiritualism came up and was anxious to be one to sit near the medium, and he was allowed to, and the hands appeared and he tried to catch one and hold it. His efforts rather amused the audience, and at the close he came forward and spoke to the people and said he did not believe in the seance nor had any mystic, he simply wanted facts and could make his own theories. He said he saw five or six hands and tried to catch them; that they were flesh and human hands, and must be connected with some person—intimating there was a deception somewhere. Someone asked him his name. He said it was Smart; that he was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, giving its location, which I have forgotten; and said also that he was a D. D., emphasizing quite loudly the D. D., which made his remarks quite interesting. In going out in the crowd I heard the Minister, Mr. Dole's voice; he was talking to the D. D., who was saying he did not believe in a hand that was not connected with a human body. Dole, who is good on Scripture, said: "How about the hand that wrote mine, 'mene, tekel, upharis' in Belshazzar's hall?"

The D. D. said he knew nothing about that; and in a manner as if he doubted the record. I said I did not think there was a minister in the city, a sensible person either, who did believe it, unless he was a Spiritualist; and that reminds me what an object-lesson that would be, if a minister was preaching from that text, of the hand writing on the wall, if an illustration of a spirit hand could be given in the way of proof, and so of many other statements in the Bible—how quickly it would change them from fictions into possible facts. Well, it has got to come to this—it is only a question of time, and Mr. Ayers' seances are a step in that direction. Many more will have to be taken before it reaches the churches, but it is coming, coming, coming; and the churches will become Spiritual temples, and thus the stone which the builders now reject will have become the head of the corner.

There are some—E. W. Gould, Lyman C. Howe and others—who think it is unchristian to have phenomenal attractions at our meetings in connection with the lecture, generally succeeding it. I have seen it done sometimes where they were out of place, a sort of farce or afterpiece after a thoughtful and inspiring lecture, seemingly done to attract an audience, and generally done of people who do not like lectures of any kind, but wait impatiently for them to be over and the fun to begin, and those who like to hear lectures and come to hear them, generally wait till said "afterpiece," hoping something will come to them—for there is always a fascination in what is mysterious and instead of wisdom some object entertainment called spiritual phenomena, that makes a laugh even among those who were attracted to the lecture, and drives from the minds of those who came to hear the lecture all the good thoughts they had heard by attending to it, which was the more rational part of the meeting. If there was not something better than this, I would be among those who think the plan unwise and injudicious; but I look upon it in a different way, and think the two kinds should go hand-in-hand, and be a help to each other—one the philosophy and the teachings, the other the object-lesson to make both practical and worthy of serious attention.

Mr. Savage's bold and open hospitality to Spiritualism and the doings of the Psychological Research Society are making the subject respectable in the estimation of the outside world, and Mr. Elliot Coues, the scholarly scientist of Washington, admits the fact of ghosts in these modern days—apparitions of both the dead and the living—for he has seen them. These show the trend of modern thought.

Theodore Parker, the scholarly radical of the fifties, said to me, over thirty-five years ago, that modern Spiritualism; only a decade old, looked more like being the religion of the country than Christianity did of being the religion of the Roman Empire in the second century. What would he say if he were with us to-day? He would probably say that Mr. Savage did in a late sermon: that we are on the eve of demonstrating that there is a future life.

Mr. Ayers is doing a good work in these giving people an opportunity of having sensuous proof that death is not the end; and I and many others will be glad when he connects the phenomena with his Sunday lecture in the dignified way he will do it.

How admirable after listening to an able address by some inspired speaker supposed to be under the influence of some departed spirit, when, at its close, before the same audience, he has some spiritual phenomena which everyone can see and also at the same time, that they are spontaneous; no one touching the table, and not made by any contrivance, and has the word of Mr. Ayers that "they are what they claim to be—

and those rape, translated by the alphabet, read: "I am John Jones, who died and was buried three months ago; but I am still alive and am John Jones." He may be recognized by some in the audience who question the invisible and get rational, correct and intelligent answers. Someone may say, looking at the table all by itself, no one near it: "If you are John Jones, or an invisible spirit, move the table eleven times," and the whole audience, looking at it, see it move eleven times. They see it is intelligent, and can hear spoken words. Some may think it undignified for spirits to be connected with or doing such trifles, but they must and will naturally think that trifles become sublime by their source. As Emerson said: "Goats, crabs and scorpions become sublime when hung up as signs in the Zodiac," and every sensible, thoughtful person will feel so. What an object-lesson that would be to all a meeting that John Jones, who had died physically three months ago was still alive and had thus returned from that bourne from which it was said no traveler returns. Is there a man present who believes in his senses, and feels that he is honestly dealt with, that will not feel that death is not the end, and by a little further investigation and study learn that:

"The Spirit-world Lies all about us, and its avenues Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms, That come and go and we perceive them not. Save by their influence."

The listener will remember also pleasantly the bright words of the lecturer, and feel that it may be inspired and come from a higher source than the person who lectures.

I remember on one of these occasions a man in the audience was not satisfied, and said so. He did not know but there might be some one behind the curtain. Several said they were present and saw the curtain put up. The man said it was up when he came. Mr. Ayers said the man was right, and he had seen the time when he would not be satisfied; but he would satisfy the stranger if it took seven years. The stranger went up and thoroughly examined it, and then took a seat with the medium as one of the testers. The manifestations were very fine, and the man came forward and said he was satisfied.

Mr. Ayers said he was glad to satisfy one, and that was more than the church had done in 1800 years; and the audience applauded. But it is time I brought this sketch to a close; so instead of the beautiful and mournful lulls in Grey's elegy:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap, Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

We have the hopefulness I began with made a transparency of by the spirit torch behind the curtain.

"Ah, show me the scent of one lily to tell That it grew outside of the world, at least,

Ah, show me a plume to touch, as a shell That whispers of an unearthly coast."

JOHN WETHERBEE.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Views of the Secretary of the Psychological Society.

TO THE EDITOR:—Permit me to congratulate you upon your scheme for a comprehensive "Encyclopedia of Life and Death." The conception is excellent and the publication very timely. I have carefully examined the first volume with it. A measureable and pleasurable addition to my stock of information upon these matters is the result of its perusal.

One of the things which contributed to induce me to begin psychical investigations, was the simple narrative by her daughter of the last moments of her clairvoyant mother. I gave an account of this in a paper in Belford's Magazine. If I can find it, I will send you what I said, as I think it would not be out of place in your next volume.

MILES MENANDER DAWSON, Secretary Chicago Branch American Psychological Society.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH.

He Regards It an Elegant Volume.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read the Encyclopedia of Death—rather life, as it is simply a transition to a higher state. I should infer from the many reports therein, from the mundane and supramundane, that that change is one of joy and not to be dreaded.

To say the least, it is an elegant volume, one which should be in the hands of all church people, as well as Spiritualists; for, from my experience, few fear death more than any other class, and this work would be a lamp unto their feet, down into the dark and shadowy future, to them the future is truly a fathomless abyss into which faith will not illuminate. I can recommend it to all your readers as being well worthy of perusal, to both saint and sinner, and will do much to illumine the pathway of life, and take away the horrors of death.

DR. W. F. BALL, Mantua Station, O.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

They Have It Act as Missionary.

TO THE EDITOR:—I must add that I am delighted with your new work, The Encyclopedia of Death. My husband and I have read it with great interest until finished and have started it out on a missionary work among orthodox people. I want everybody to read it, and as soon as one person finishes it I will put it in the hands of someone else that I think it will do good, and so long as there is a seat of it left. Such books I don't think ought to be stored away in a library; they can do so much good by keeping them in circulation, that they will cause good seed to spring up everywhere.

MRS. W. H. HARVEY.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

A well-written treatise on personal magnetism with plain, simple rules for developing it to assure improvement in life, can be had by sending a postal note to the publisher, Dr. L. H. Anderson, Mantua Station, Ohio. This book should be in the hands of every person who is serious in the betterment of moral, mental and physical condition and well-being.

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BEYOND THE VEIL,

And Glimpses of the Same.

Experiences of a Clairvoyant.

To visit the spheres (clairvoyantly) and give a correct delineation of all seen while in that state, is a very difficult task. Everything seen is of a superior nature, and there is no language I can command that would be adequate, and it would therefore be very unsatisfactory, in my experience at least. We see things then in a manner like an impression—in an idea, not language—and to transcribe in an intelligible, readable form, and to describe it minutely, I believe is beyond the power of any. Some will give a better and more satisfactory illustration than others, but it is not an easy task for any one.

I remember when I was in the army, and after returning from some expedition, some of the "boys" could give a great deal better description of what transpired than others could—could tell of things that occurred that others did not see, although they were with them and saw and experienced about the same. This may be due to being closer observers.

After returning from the World's Fair, a year ago, I could tell to those who were not fortunate enough to attend that great show a good many scenes, and give a pretty good idea of some of the wonderful displays I witnessed there. But it is a greater task to paint a word-transcript of what one sees in Spirit-life, for reasons before stated.

My experience as a clairvoyant has been somewhat varied. Occasionally they are clear visions, at other times scenes pass before me like a panorama, and often quite indistinct, passing in rapid succession, and a description of such scenes would be impossible. At other times they appear quite distinct, and then vanish, and another appears in their place.

I give the foregoing simply as an illustration of the difficulty the clairvoyant has to contend with in describing the beautiful scenes that appear to him while traversing the golden shores of Spirit-life.

I will attempt to give but a few of the many delightful experiences in this line, those that I can recall to memory. I remember quite distinctly, a few years ago, I was awakened very suddenly from a sound sleep. I was not in one of those dream-like conditions one is apt to be in on awakening from a sound slumber in the middle of the night, but was as conscious of all that occurred as I was at this very moment. I felt as if I were in my own room, and there appeared before me a beautiful scene. Immediately before me was a valley, gradually sloping away to the foot of small mountains, or rather hills, where a sparkling stream of water flowed in majestic loveliness. All was covered with a green verdure, hills and valley alike. The most attractive part of the scene was a flood of light of gorgeous golden color. The ripples on the stream would reflect this golden light, and the entire length, so far as I could see, was sparkling like brilliants from the rays of some celestial star.

On the opposite side of the river, and standing at the foot of the hills, where a beautiful ravine wound its way through the hills to the stream, stood a horse of gigantic proportions. He was at least six times the size of an ordinary horse of earth. He was a beautiful dapple gray in color, and bore on his back a silver-mounted harness.

The scene was one of grandeur and magnificence, perfect as scenes in Spirit-life are perfect. The golden radiance that illumined valley, hills and river, was a gorgeous display of chromatic splendor. One vision I will not likely forget for a long time, as it made a lasting impression on my mind, was about as follows: From the standpoint of observation, there was a slight elevation, there was a beautiful floral park, which contained a wonderful display of nature's most imposing work of beauty. Winding through the entire park in a serpentine manner were beautiful gravel walks, which resembled pearls from their lustrous appearance, with a soft, green plat of green grass, just enough to break the monotony and make the whole scene "a thing of beauty." On the opposite side was a building, resembling in size and appearance a railway station. People in great masses were coming and going to and from this building, each one seeming eager on some mission of special importance. The entire scene was alive with humanity. The whole presented a picture of grandeur and magnificence which was antithetical and harmonious.

But life changes! After gazing on this marvelous display of beauty for some time it gradually passed away—and what remained? A desolate scene, indeed, in comparison. Where but a short time ago all was animating with busy life on all sides, was changed to gloomy discord and despair. Where once the spring and summer seasons had lavishly decorated every spot with the luxuriance of celestial beauty, now remained only a barren winter scene; not a blade of grass, leaf or flower; only rough, frozen clods of dirt, partly covered with snow. Imagine the contrast. I was afterwards impressed this was a symbolical illustration of the spiritual and the material philosophies. The first represented the spiritual, with its life-giving, animating principles; the last, materialism, with its cold, barren, hopeless theories. The building represented, with its many doors, with people going and coming in vast numbers, how eager humanity is to ascertain the truth concerning immortality; and here they could investigate and be satisfied. The beautiful pearl garden represented the grandeur of the spiritual philosophy, with its many attractions, where all is life, perpetual and eternal joy. Now look on the other picture—say, let us drop the curtain and hide forever this loathsome scene.

I saw at one time a spiritual aurora borealis, which was much superior to any I had ever seen with my common vision. It in some ways resembled the "Northern Lights," seen by every one, but more perfect in outline and beauty of display. It was double, one immediately above the other, which was inverted, and presented every color of the rainbow in alternate layers of light. The bands of light reached from one to the other, where they touched and blended in perfect chromatic harmony.

I was once conducted to the Spirit-home of one of my guides, Dr. James Rollins, who told me he practiced medicine a number of years before the war, in Cincinnati, Ohio. This noble spirit, likewise an Indian spirit, Waunataw, who was the chief of a band of healers and developers of mediums, were the guides of the writer for some time, and the names of Dr. Rollins and Chief Waunataw became household words in my family for several years; and when I pass to Spirit-life I will be as eager to see my red brother in his "happy hunting ground" as any one on the other side of the great divide.

The home of Dr. Rollins in Spirit-life is a very plain but massive stone structure, situated on the banks of a beautiful "babbling brook" that flows at the foot of a lawn that extends to the beautiful marble steps at the front of the mansion. This lawn was entirely devoid of any extra ornamentation, save a few small trees; no flowers or shrubbery, nor anything of an attractive nature; but a beautiful, smooth, grassy sward. This is characteristic of the man. Very plain in outward appearance, but a straight-forward, every-day-alike, honest-purpose and helpful soul.

But the inside of the house was in every respect the reverse. It was most artistically decorated with symbolic paintings and designs. The library and science apartment seemed to be the leading attraction, for here was stored up a great deal more knowledge than the mortals of earth will be able to digest for a good many years yet to come. Three sides of this large room were shrouded to near the high ceiling and filled with books and manuscripts, treatises on subjects of the higher laws of nature, works of science and art, music, poetry, literature, etc. There were, also, a great many scientific and philosophical instruments of which I have no knowledge as to their significance. In the adjoining room was what he called his "Solar System Apartment," where a complete movement of the planets and many of the fixed stars could be seen. The planets were suspended from above with invisible wires, and all driven in their orbits by electricity around a great central sun.

The other parts of the mansion were elaborately decorated; parlor, sitting and reception rooms were of the most artistic styles.

The whole scene is a very imperfect description of a few of the many scenes of this nature I have been favored with for ten years or more. I wish I had the power to picture them in all their majestic and perfect order, but as they are on a superior plane from what the mortal eye is accustomed to, there is no way to illustrate by comparing with any of the scenes of earth.

D. D. GLASS.

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D. D. GLASS.

Talk of a Camp-Meeting in Texas.

In answer to a call from the Spiritualists of Texas to convene in Dallas City, December 28th and 29th, a good delegation of representative Spiritualists met in Spirit-life's hall, 322 Elm street. This delegation of ladies and gentlemen was enthusiastic upon the camp-meeting question, and if there is truth in the saying, "Thoughts are things," the thoughts sent from this convention will materially aid in the work of the Spirit in the near future. The deliberations of this convention were characterized by that liberality and brotherly love seen only among people whose religion is the "Religion of Humanity."

The voluntary co-operative system for the management of the camp was unanimously adopted, and a committee of one from each town and city was appointed to co-operate with the officers of the Texas Spiritual Camp-Meeting Association, in securing funds and receiving proposals for suitable grounds. Two State lectures were appointed to canvass the State in the interest of the association—Mrs. L. A. Hinsdale and Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, of Fort Worth, both estimable ladies and in every way eminently qualified to present the truths of Spiritualism and the great importance of this camp-meeting movement.

The secretary was instructed to issue an address to the Spiritualists of Texas, which will appear in a few days. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year: J. C. Watkins, president, Dallas; Mrs. L. A. Hinsdale, vice-president, Fort Worth; W. J. McConnell, secretary, Dallas; Mrs. C. W. Watkins, treasurer, Dallas. The convention will be called together in the early part of May for the purpose of determining a suitable location. J. C. WATKINS, President Texas Spiritual Camp-Meeting Association.

SOCIAL MEETINGS.

In Which Spiritualists Enjoy Themselves.

The Spiritualists of Grand Lodge, Pottsville and West Windsor have two societies, holding meetings on alternate Sundays, in the village or in the country at private houses. We can't always use a hall or a school-house, and prefer to have barns and stables in which to put our teams. We take our lunch-basket along and have a good dinner, picnic fashion, together, setting two or three tables. The dinner hour gives us an interval in which to stir about and be sociable. We do not sit through the service as orthodox people do, as if in straight-jackets, but we feel and act as if we were at home, and enjoy ourselves immensely. We are scattered apart many miles. Our speakers are local mediums. To get investigators to begin holding seances and searching for the truth is one of the best ways to propagate the philosophy of life. In these social meetings we enjoy ourselves better than orthodox people do or can. We have a little collection also. In this social we have held meetings for several years. HENRY E. MARTIN, Dimondale, Mich.

IN CONVENTION.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

Representatives of thirty-four cities and towns assembled in the beautiful temple of Mr. Ayer, in Boston, on January 1st, 1895, to take part in the deliberations of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, which is also an auxiliary body of the National Spiritualists' Association.

Three sessions were held, and much enthusiasm was displayed. Besides the delegates from Massachusetts, three from New Hampshire, two from Maine and one from Vermont were present. The National Spiritualists' Association was represented by President H. D. Barrett, Secretary Francis B. Woodbury and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia.

President Geo. A. Fuller, of Worcester, Mass., called the delegates to order promptly at 10:30 A. M., and on motion of Mr. Woodbury it was decided to go into business session at 11:30, until which time a conference was held, President H. D. Barrett of the National Spiritualists' Association presiding.

Mr. Barrett made a brief and effective address in behalf of associative work on the part of Spiritualists, and urged the necessity of banding together in order to secure proper recognition in the courts of our land.

Mrs. M. T. Longley followed with a plea for a home for mediums who were unable to care for themselves, which would not be looked upon as a charity, but a place where they could receive tender affection and care.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, being called upon, responded by making an earnest appeal for a medium's home—not in charity, but in justice. For herself, she felt that no medium could put the message which conveys us of the presence of our dear ones. Therefore we should consider it a privilege to care for those messengers who had grown old in faithful service.

Dr. Chas. W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Dr. Field, Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon, Vermont, and Dr. Mary T. Longley spoke earnestly upon the Medical Bill of Massachusetts, and related their experiences with regard to it.

The conference then adjourned, and Dr. G. A. Fuller resumed the chair. President Fuller opened the evening exercises with appropriate remarks, and after music by the Longley Quartette, Mr. A. T. Tidale made some stirring remarks in favor of organization among our people. He said:

"Our idea of organization is not to crystallize, to form creeds, or misuse facts, but to co-operate along the lines of harmonious association for the spread of truth and the betterment of our cause."

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, representative of the National Spiritualists' Association, followed, with effective remarks upon the necessity of upholding "Spiritualism pure and simple." She declared herself in no sense a "Christian Spiritualist," and thought it a waste of time to attempt to bolster up the follies of old theology. Spiritualism needs no Bible bolstering. It only needs the loving messages that come to us from the unseen shore, where our dear ones have gone, to convince us of its truth, and we should not hesitate to accept it in all its truthfulness, untrammelled by any religious relics of the past.

Mrs. F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, made a vigorous address, and thought the views of Mrs. Cadwallader none too strong, if we were to preserve Spiritualism in its purity. His address was patrolled in the extreme, as he identified Spiritualism with the cause of liberty, equality and fraternity, and paid tribute to "Old Glory."

Following his address was the singing of "America," by the entire audience, which filled the hall. Mrs. Carrie Loring, of Braintree, S. L. Beal, of Brockton, and Mrs. N. J. Williams, of Weymouth, followed with appropriate remarks, which were received with applause.

A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. M. S. Ayer, for the use of the temple, to which he briefly responded.

A collection was taken up for the National Spiritualists' Association, amounting to \$28.50.

One hundred and twenty-five members were received for the National Spiritualists' Association.

Mrs. S. E. Loring spoke long and earnestly in behalf of the National Spiritualists' Association, and of the work that is being accomplished by it. Mrs. Lillie is truly the mother of the Massachusetts Association, as she was lovingly called by one of its members.

A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Mr. H. D. Barrett and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, for their attendance at this convention, and for their earnest work in behalf of the association.

Dr. Field spoke at length upon the medical bill, and urged the necessity of upholding the National Liberty League, which paid special attention to the repeal of such laws as were opposed to medical liberty.

The following officers were unanimously elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, George A. Fuller, of Worcester, Mass. Vice-presidents, Mrs. Elmira Loring, of Fitchburg; S. L. Beal, of Brockton, Mass.; F. A. Wiggins, of Salem, Secretary, Mrs. M. T. Longley, of Brandon, Vt. Treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Banks, of Boston. Directors, J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Melrose; Mrs. Carrie Loring, of Braintree.

A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring directors, Messrs. Young, James and Fox, for their services of the past year.

Henry W. Pitman, associate editor of the Banner of Light, Dr. C. W. Hidden and F. A. Wiggins, were appointed a special committee on legislation.

Dr. A. H. Richardson spoke effectively of the work that had been accomplished from the days of '48 to the present hour. The meeting then adjourned until 7 o'clock.

Mrs. M. T. Longley was the next speaker, and emphasized the need of co-operation among Spiritualists: in order to prevent encroachment upon our rights. She called attention to the need of sanctuaries under the care of progressive healers and physicians, whereby those afflicted could receive the proper care. She also paid tribute to the work of the A. P. A. and to the American Society of San Francisco, a publication devoted to equality for all.

Mr. Barrett made the closing address

which was answered by Mr. Barrett by giving the following novel articles of faith in the Spiritualist church:

1. A majority of Spiritualists believe in a great life-principle diffused or differentiated throughout the universe.

2. They believe in the saving power of truth, the revealer of the life-principle, the gleaner of wisdom.

3. They know that every individual human soul is immortal.

4. They know that every human soul is capable of infinite progression and unfoldment.

5. They know that open communion between the world of spirits and the world of mortals is a fixed fact, attested by thousands of competent witnesses in all quarters of the globe.

6. They know that human sympathy has the power to relieve human suffering, when applied by philanthropic souls to their fellowmen.

7. They know that Love is a powerful lever in lifting humanity to a higher level of thought, and in bringing in nobler and higher conditions among men.

He cited the laws of several States in regard to marriage. Special legislation is necessary in this State in order that marriages may be made legal, and great caution should be exercised in order that trouble be averted. Committees on legislation should be appointed, and I am glad to state that measures are being taken here to that end. By unity we can succeed, and our cause be recognized by all good people everywhere.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie stated that the Secretary of State informed her that the State of Massachusetts has no right to give or withhold the right to ordain. The laws stated which officers have the right to administer marriage ceremonies.

F. D. Edwards replied to Mrs. Lillie saying Spiritualists should respect the laws of the commonwealth. He thought the Secretary of State could not grant the power to the State Association to qualify its ministers to solemnize marriages.

Dr. E. A. Smith spoke on ordination in Vermont, and stated that licenses were granted by special legislation. J. J. Houghton, of Orange, N. H., every means was taken to make the charter of the State Association conform to the law.

Pres. G. A. Fuller stated that he thought that the marriages solemnized by Spiritualists were just as legal as marriages performed by any other ministers.

EVENING SESSION.

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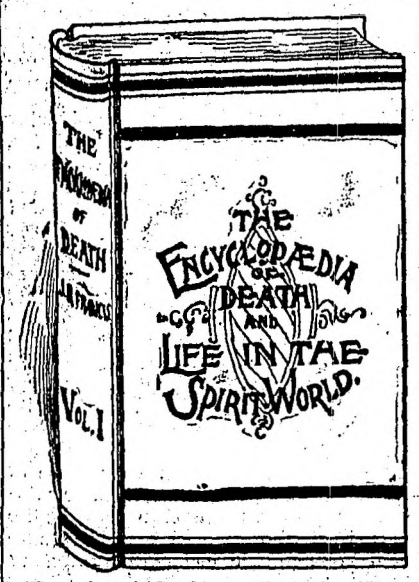
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of the session, and as usual made his remarks tell in the direction of "Organization." His earnest words made a deep impression on the minds of the hearers, who gave the closest attention to his utterances. He thanked all assembled for the co-operation manifested by their attendance at the convention, and assured them of his willingness to work for the good of all.

Too much praise cannot be given Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and Mrs. R. S. Lillie for their earnest efforts to render the Massachusetts State Association a success.

If the enthusiasm and interest manifested in the Massachusetts State Convention is any criterion, the movement of organization is in a healthy state of progress in the old Bay State.

M. E. CADWALLADER.



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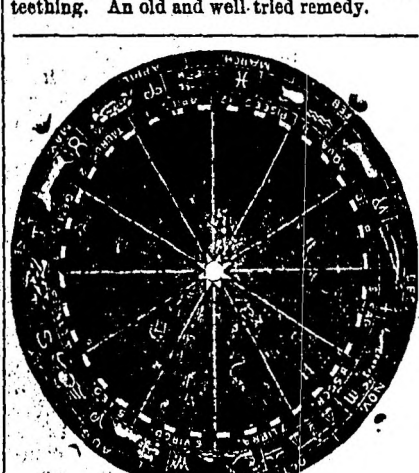
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