



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

VOL 9

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1895.

NO. 285

AN ANALYSIS OF A PECULIAR CLASS.

CRANKS! CRANKS!!

Those Ancient and Modern.

In the mysterious provisions of "Our Father, who art in Heaven," as everywhere else, names are often bestowed in derision that are exceedingly appropriate. There is an evolution of words as of worlds; births of names, as of babes, and, at birth, few there are who can correctly prophesy the future of a name of a child.

As all there is comes from and is amenable to God, cranks and the name applied to those who are possessed of ideas in advance of some of their fellows, must come from a good source. The crank certainly came from a living idea and represents one. It is a thing by which other things are moved. A thought put in motion and made useful. The best thoughts and the worst ones are alike as the dead, until put in motion.

The crank is an emblem of progress, an embodied certainty of usefulness. They had none in the Stone Age, and they are none, too, abundant now. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—Praise God from whom all ideas grow—Praise God for "Crank"—for the things that move things and incite life.

They are all about us now as they have been, even before man found for them a name. The line extends from this time back to Noah. Noah was a crank, and it may be said a truism of all cranks, that they at all times see and hear things the common people do not see and hear. Being a crank, Noah heeded the voice that spoke to him; whether it was the voice of God or some other power outside of himself, we leave for everyone to decide for himself, but we do differ in our idea of the deluge, from the interpretation put upon it by the church.

The voice spoke to Noah and told him there was to be a rain, one that would last longer, before the clear up, than the one we are having under Cleveland, who is not a crank.

The voice told Noah that the heavy wet, which was coming, would be disastrous to all who were not possessed of a boat. Noah heeded the advance thought and began building an ark. Looking back, I fancy I can see him now at work with teams, saws and other tools in the grove near the mouth of the creek, as he listened to what the voice said from time to time, keeping right on with his work of making an ark. I can see the long line of women, village groups, with their poke bonnets, as they "poked" their way to the business of others. On their way to the village store, they would stop and turn up their pretty noses at Noah, as they called him an idiot; and the men of the village I can see now as they hung by their arms on the fences watching Noah as he built his ark, while they chewed tobacco, or cheap licorice, spat on all that was within reach and derided the crank who was carrying out an idea, the one end of which was in God, the other on Mount Ararat and elsewhere in the future.

But, despite the gabble and the babble, Noah continued with his organization of material things and a usage of the means that were at hand. He lost no time in waiting for the things and ideas, not yet credited nor suggested. The words of the multitude did not affect his purpose, and at the appointed time, Noah, the derided crank, had a boat of his own. He lost no time in praying to God to fill it with people, who were not that way inclined, or in making suggestions to the great suggester. He had no way by which to control the movement of the ark; it was unprovided with sails or rudder; it must have drifted at the will of the winds and currents.

Now, the waters of a universal deluge must have been covered with the wrecks of cities, the trees of the forests, everything in the world that would float on water. Through all this driftwood, we are told, the ark moved safely and grounded, at last, on the snowy mountains of Ararat. "Without continued higher interference, would not its sides have been broken by collisions with this floating timber?" It was not anchored and yet it floated but a short distance from where it was launched. But the breezes touched it lightly, and it landed all its passengers alive and well on snowy Mt. Ararat. This ark of human freight was piloted by the invisible hand of an omnipresent Creator—a Deity of infinite mercy—a God of love. Then it is credible it seems that he destroyed the human race for its disobedience and sin. An Omnipresent Creator, a Deity of infinite mercy, a God of love, could never have destroyed the human race for its disobedience and sin. No creature of His could ever have wrought a deed or dreamed a dream that he had not foreknown before the first nebula had been condensed into a star! He could never have been angry at the conduct of any living thing, nor could He ever have repented of His acts.

We read in Grecian fable that Deukalion's universal flood was prudentially sent to extinguish the fearful conflagration which Phaethon's unskillful driving of the steeds of the sun had caused. The gods of the Greeks had blundered—the earth was wrapped in the flames of the sun, which they could subdue only by a deluge, for they were never believed to

have been all powerful or otherwise. But they were the friends of the human race and had taught men arts and arms; they loved the beautiful earth and sent the waters to save it.

The God of Israel, we are told in Biblical myth, was grievously disappointed in His creatures. Though He had formed man in His own image, and the ape in the image of man, they had not behaved themselves as he had expected them to do, and now, in His wrath, He would destroy some of them, at least, in the waters of the universal deluge. An all-wise Deity, it might seem to us, would have swept them all from the earth forever, in order that their places might be taken by new and better races. He would not, we may reasonably conclude, have preserved, by millions of miracles, remnants of these degraded creatures, for the purpose of again repopulating the earth with teeming myriads, no better than those that the waves had washed away. We are told that Noah, divinely chosen chief from all the sons of earth, though the storms of six hundred years had cooled his blood and tamed his passions, could not resist the allurements of the grape, when once ashore; and that he cursed with perpetual slavery, for a trivial thing, all the posterity of a son, whom the Ancient of Days had accounted worthy to be saved from the waters of a drowning world! Had the animals of the sea seemed less than those of the field and forest?

Why must the dove and the oriole die and the shark and the devil-fish still paint the sea with blood? It is nowhere pretended that the tiger is less cruel, the monkey less obscene, or the serpent less malicious and venomous than those that the waters are said to have swallowed up. What would we think of the mental condition of a man who planted an orchard, tasted the fruit when the trees were laden, condemned it all as bitter and worthless, cut down date, orange and apple, being careful, however, to preserve seed, and slip from which to grow another like it? Or of a human inventor, who, manufacturing various machines, destroyed them all, when finished; preserving, however, an exact model of every one, from which to fashion others not one whit better? The rocks contain the fossil remains of unnumbered animals that have vanished from the earth forever.

The mammoth and the cave-bear, the mylonid and the saber-tooth, had perished long before the ark is said to have plowed the waters of the universal sea. "So careful of the type? But no—From scraped cliff and quarry stone, She cries, 'A thousand of the types are gone, I care for nothing, all shall go.'"

A universal deluge would not have destroyed all life upon the earth. As the trees of every forest would have been floating upon the waters, many laden with fruit and seed, all aboreal animals would have found a refuge on them, and the birds would have soared above the waters, resting on the floating branches of trees, or on the backs of whales, seals, porpoises and sloths would have had food in abundance; squirrels and other rodents would have stowed away a supply of nuts in hollow branches, and the wild bees, having their homes in the cavities of trees, where they would have floated in safety above the water, would have lived upon their store of honey.

Birds of prey would have eaten doves and thrushes, and as the waters of the universal sea must have been covered with the bodies of all the great land animals of the earth, vultures and other carrion birds would have fared sumptuously every day.

At all times, nuts and seeds had been consumed, all animals that live solely upon these must have starved, but those that had hidden away a store would have survived.

Carnivorous animals, other food failing, would have eaten each other, and the kite and the crow would have become the prey of the eagle and lynx, and the sable the food of the cougar. It is a well-known fact that all carnivora can survive long fasts; snakes, even for years; and, as many species of serpents are strictly aboreal, they could easily have found secure retreats in caves or hollow branches.

Thousands of species of insects live solely in decaying woods, and as it is their only food, they would not have been at all inconvenienced by the waters of the great deluge. Now, as the whole family of woodpeckers feed exclusively upon such insects, and always rest on trees, the waters would in no wise have injured them, and they would have carried safely with them through the sea-birds—the gulls and stormy petrels.

The waters, then, could not have destroyed all life upon the earth, and other causes that would have killed these animals would also have been fatal to those within the ark.

The animal world has been improved and perfected by variation from the common type, and the survival of the fittest; low and imperfect forms have been slowly transmuted by the law of evolution into better and higher ones. If an all-wise Creator had determined to destroy all life upon the earth, He would have surely employed a method less cruel and more efficient than a universal deluge.

Moses was a "crank." He grew, and the older he grew, the more of a crank he became; he so far sympathized with labor and the palm that earned the food

its owner ate, that he slew an Egyptian for the trivial offense, in those days, of striking down a hard-working Hebrew. He kept right on as a crank, till he moved the waters of the Red Sea backward and watched the children of Israel across the gulf, into the promised land. He claimed to be a Spiritualist—a spirit medium—and it looks as though he was. As a crank he did great work.

When a man is carrying on many kinds of business and is operating men in various localities, he requires many agents. God is carrying on a great amount of business in many far-apart localities. He has been at work from the incident and establishment of order and has called into activity, of special nature, thousands of agents—of mediums. Now, every one of His agents has been a Spiritualist, a servant of the most high powers, whether he or she knew it or not. Man's knowledge of why and wherefore is not in the least necessary in the dictation of our Father, who knows enough for all, regardless of the opinions of the multitude.

Daniel was a crank; so were David and Solomon; so, too, were Elisha and Elijah, but they appear to have been well sustained while they were in the business they were put to here on earth. They all shook things up from the foundations or concentration of this regard for the higher life and its higher laws. Balaam was not a crank. He rode an ass; the ass could see "something" in the road and acted accordingly. Balaam could see nothing; he was not a crank. The ass was a crank and was beaten as a punishment for his power of sight.

With Jesus came several cranks—John, Luke, Mark, Matthew and others—what a lot of earnest workers they were! All but two of the disciples, or apostles, of Jesus were cranks. Judas was not a crank; he was a first-class business-man in those days. He was considered level-headed and a man who could keep his eye on a piece of silver till it led him into the melting-pot. He bought with a kiss and sold for cash at three thousand per cent. profit. No man called Judas a crank.

Simon Peter was no crank. As soon as the trouble came, he stood and warmed himself. When asked, if he was one of the spirit agitators—one of the disciples of Jesus—he evinced no evidence of crankiness, but faced the multitude and went right back on his former professions. Not Peter was no crank. The crank turns other, but never turns himself inside out or outside in to find a hiding.

John Bunyan was a crank. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends and Quakers, so called, was a crank. He was full of human sympathy and desire to progress in the ways of mental growth and the peace which is of the family of harmony. His followers were the first to organize an anti-slavery society in this country. It was a combination of Quaker cranks, but it moved matters in time.

The next crank on record was an Englishman, who came from England in 1772, and was the first to introduce umbrellas, as he then did in Philadelphia. Here was one crank who almost lost his life through coming along with a new idea. Now, if there is not a crank for every umbrella, there is an umbrella for every crank.

Fulton, with steamboat; Morse, with telegraph, as was Franklin, with his experiments in his disposition to peace—all were cranks. So were the inventors of the reaping machine, the sewing machine, and all of the great and useful inventions that now bless the world. It was not long since Edison was counted as a crank, and a very wild-brained, funny one, at that. Now see what he and his cranks have accomplished.

The lesson we learn from the deluge is this: That communion between the two worlds was possible, and understood by Noah. But, like many others, fell from grace. Noah was a deliverer to the people, who believed in him. He was inspired from on high, but he fell from his high estate to the level of a common drunkard. All through the Bible, we find flashes of light, revelations given to the people at that time, for the good and the elevation of mankind. It being a medium, exercising them cranks and mediums, Jesus is foremost among the number.

Jesus, evidently, felt the world's need of mediumship, for he knew it to be the one only means of intercourse between heaven and earth. He saw manifestations of its power recorded on the pages of the Bible. He knew Abraham, Moses and the prophets were mediums. He read of Elisha and his visions, of the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, of Daniel and his deliverance, of spiritual beings walking and talking with men, of spirit voices in the air; and yet, in his own day, such phenomena had become things of the past and were unknown. He, therefore, saw the necessity of making fundamental in his platform, the fact of mediumship and its exercise by his ministers, otherwise it might again be crushed and fettered by the prejudice and opposition of the world. Jesus did all it was possible to do in the age in which he lived to make mediumship a permanent factor in faith and life. But, also, his fears were well grounded, for, within a century, the world had set its iron heel upon it in spite of all he and his disciples had done in its defence. But Jesus did not give up the work even after the cross had bereft him of his physical form. Notwithstanding his spiritual nature was so large and strong that it drew him instinctively away from earth and upward to the highest spheres.

He yet remained with his disciples; indeed, had he not all would have been lost. His disciples were dismayed and disheartened; evidently they never

would have rallied. But, suddenly, Jesus appeared in their midst. He materialized and came to James and John and many others; talked with them and made himself recognized by them. This was the most wonderful exhibition of psychic power of his whole life. It has always ranked first in importance in the history of the Christian church. Materialism, to-day, fills the soul with amazement and wonder. We know it to be true by actual experiment, otherwise we might reject it.

It is well known to many of my friends that, for a number of years I have been investigating these remarkable phenomena under tests as to the truth or otherwise of Spiritualism. During the last few months, I have frequently sat in seances with Mrs. Gillette, at the home of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Voorhes, 47 Campbell Park. I have realized many remarkable manifestations so far as the senses of hearing, sight and touch have made the proof of the return of spirit friends a certainty to me—among the materialized forms, often more than two or three at one time. I have on many occasions had reason to believe that my departed mother, who passed to a higher life upwards of thirty years ago, has returned to me, and in ways truly characteristic of herself, has given me undoubted assurance that she still lived, and unceasingly took an interest in my welfare.

I want to say that before investigating for myself, I was utterly opposed to Spiritualism, and was determined to put the strictest tests of which I could think on all occasions. This I have done, and have come to the conclusion that our departed friends are permitted to return and commune with us.

The next active interposition of Jesus was his conversion of Paul. Though a powerful enemy, Jesus found in him a powerful medium. He threw upon him his magnetic influence and impressed him with his presence, and made him the instrument of his control. He thus, most likely, saved Christianity from annihilation. The whole book of Acts is but little else than a catalogue of the most astonishing psychic phenomena the world has ever known. On the day of Pentecost, when they were assembled with one accord, there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind, and they began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance, and all were amazed, saying: "How hear we all in our own tongue, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, Jews, Egyptians?" Some said they were full of wine, but Peter, standing up, said: "These men are not drunk, but this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, saying: 'It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.'"

Peter says of Jesus: "Not that he was the man who taught us to love our enemies, but he was a man approved of God by miracles, wonders and signs in the midst of you, as ye yourselves know." Peter's life was a succession of psychic wonders, which, were they recorded in any other book than the Bible, the church would reject as fables; but they are as well authenticated as any part of scripture. When he and his companions were thrown into prison "an angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors and brought them forth." Next to Peter in mediumistic power was Stephen, full of faith and power, who did great wonders and miracles among the people, and who died, at the hands of the people, a martyr to the cause of ancient Spiritualism.

A few weeks ago everybody was praising Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, as much for his shrewd knowledge of the world as for his brilliant work as poet and essayist. Did one in ten of his praises know what he wrote about Spiritualism, in his famous book, "The Professor at the Breakfast Table"? Yes, they all knew it well enough, but not one of them, so far as we know, ever referred to the subject. But Spiritualists must pass it by. He said it is: "You don't know that plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology. I will tell you, then, it is Spiritualism."

Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state, which have been and still are accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community—to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of. The Nemesis of the age is ending in a shape it little thought of, and ending with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies in Christendom. You cannot have people of cultivation of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life.

We believe that law governs these obscure phenomena, as it does those of chemistry or physics, but the appearances are so elusive, the causes so entangled, that we need the steady influence of the habit of thought engendered by science enable us to patiently and honestly to pursue our way.

The magnificent procession of these phenomena in the midst of which we stand, the realms and magnitude above us, too vast for the mind to grasp; the molecules and movements around us, too minute or too rapid for the eye to see, or the mind to conceive, are all marching to the music of a

DIVINE AND ETERNAL ORDER.

When Spiritualism is rightly un-

derstood, and logically followed out, it seems to us, there will be a great deal of praying to and for the so-called "dead." The Roman Catholic church has been wise in offering up prayer that the pure, wise and holy spirits may be asked to intercede for us with the Trinity or Mary.

The distinction is purely arbitrary, and, we may add, unnatural. Indeed, it forms one of the reasons for making an effort to escape from the churches in dealing with the deep and living things of the spirit. One fact may, however, be usefully borne in mind, that the addressing of the unseen ones, in what we call prayer, was almost, if not quite, universal in the fourth century and onward. The opposition to it was entirely a part of the militant operation of Protestantism, backed up by the extreme managerial and scriptural literalism. An examination of the Christian tombs in the catacombs yields many very curious results, one of which indirectly bears upon this subject. These tombs belong to the second, third and fourth centuries, and abound in artistic representations of the joyous faith and hope of these first Christians. One of these, which is very common, is a figure in the attitude of prayer—erect, with outstretched arms, as if to welcome the heavenly host—an interpretation which is, curiously enough, confirmed by the so-called "apostles' creed," in that memorable confession, "I believe . . . in the communion of saints." And, again, the beautiful suggestion is strange to say, passionately endorsed by one who has lately received the highest honor of the Presbyterian churches of Scotland, DR. WALTER C. SMITH,

whose touching and penetrating words shall close these thoughts on a subject of profound interest: O'er land and sea, Love follows with fond prayers
Its dear one in their troubles, griefs and cares.
There is no spot
On which it does not drop this tender dew
Except the grave, and there it bids adieu.
And prayeth not.
Why should that be the only place up-
cheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared
And sacred ground?
Living, we sought for blessings on their heads;
Why should our lips be sealed when they are dead?
And we alone?
Idle? Their doom is fixed? Ah, who can tell?
Yet, were it so I think no harm could I well
Come of a prayer:
And oh, the heart, o'erburdened with its grief,
This comfort needs, and finds therein relief
From its despair.
Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill
Our dearest, best?
And bring them home and recompense their pain,
And cleanse their sin if any sin remain,
And give them rest?
Nay, I will not believe it—I will pray
(As for the living) for the dead each day;
They will not grow
Less meek for heaven when followed by a prayer,
To speed them home like summer-scented air.
From long ago
Who shall forbid the heart's desires to flow
Beyond the limits of the things we know?
In heaven above
The incense that the golden censers bear
Is the sweet perfume from the saintly prayer
Of truth and love.
J. W. DINDS DALE.
1533 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Milton was quiet and reserved in conversation, but thoroughly refined and well bred. Sydney said that the soul of politeness lay in preferring the happiness of others to your own.

Philip of Macedon was courteous to all who approached him, even the humblest being sure of a hearing.

Pius IX., both before and after his elevation to the pontifical chair was a model of studied politeness.

Mohammed inculcated politeness in the Koran. He himself was one of the most courteous of men.

Andrew Jackson was rough in his manners but could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies.

The Duke of Marlborough said that he owed his success as much to his elegant deportment as to his talents.

Byron was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.

Robespierre was urbane in manner, and courteous, though brief, to those who approached him on business.

Beethoven was rude and gruff, and seemed to be in a perpetual bad humor with himself and every one else.

Talleyrand owed his success in life, to small extent, to the uniform courtesy with which he treated every one.

Haydn was the personification of courtesy. He once said: "It does not pay to be impolite, even to a dog."

IN TWO WORLDS.

A Visit to Unknown Realms Beyond the Clouds.

Views in a Brief Vision.

It was Christmas Eve. I retired at a late hour after an arduous day's business at the store. Being fatigued, I was naturally restless, and rolled and turned and tumbled in my bed until my nervous system seemed tensioned to its utmost. I was not only fatigued, but extremely sad. Four years ago that day my mother was laid to her eternal rest. I had been thinking of

HER WHOM I LOVED
above all that ever was or could be. All day I had been wondering where she now was, what form she occupied, and if I would ever be conscious of her existence in any other life than the one I had known and loved her in.

At these thoughts I grew frenzied. Prostrated with nervousness, I buried my face in the soft, downy pillow and began to count the seconds as they were measured by the timepiece upon my mantel, trusting that it would divert my thoughts from the awful agony of the past and allow me to go peacefully to sleep. I could not rest. Fearful of what might be, I trembled and choked and wept like a little child torn ruthlessly from its mother's breast.

I arose, dressed myself, passed quietly out into the hall, down stairs, and out into the cold and crisp December air. I grooved and walked until I was so weak and spent that all my physical strength seemed to have left me. My eyes grew dim, and even the familiar street lamp seemed to pale and faint. I retraced my steps, and upon reaching the house I went quietly to my room, threw myself carelessly across the bed, and knew no more until suddenly

I FELT MYSELF SLOWLY RISING
higher and higher and higher. I was entirely changed, a new being as it were, yet it was myself. I could see and recognize everything as before. I looked back and saw upon the bed my old form. How I escaped from the room I could not tell, but there was the body, clothed as it was when I came in from the street. The hands were limp and languid at the sides, yet I could feel. The lips were firmly set, yet I could speak, for I said: "How strange all this is!" The eyes looked dull and leaden like, yet I could see, for as I rose up, up, up, into the vast ocean of immensity above me, I could see the objects below me gradually growing smaller and smaller until at last everything disappeared, and I was being borne I knew not where nor how. There I was between the unknown above and the known below. I

PASSED BEYOND THE CLOUDS,
on, and on, and on. The very stars were now beneath me. I looked back, and there was the body still lying upon the bed, as I had apparently left it. I could not be mistaken, I recognized it as my old house, so to speak. I saw the ring upon the finger, as I had worn it when I was its tenant. Had I really left it? Where was I going, and would I ever return to it again? These were the questions I was asking myself, but the answers seemed as far removed from me as I was from that robe of passionate flesh that I once had clinging to me. I say me, because there was apparently as much of me now as there was then. I could touch, taste, smell, see and hear, as I could in my old form.

WHAT FORM I OCCUPIED
in my present state I could not tell. Why I ever occupied the other form was a mystery, but that did not concern me now; I had left it, and it was of no further use to me, nor I to it. Let those who lust after things impure and defiled take it and do with it as they see fit. I was no more a part of it, and they could not harm me. All the while I was being drawn onward and upward by an irresistible force. As I went on through that vast field of glories, I suddenly heard a voice across that bottomless and boundless and shoreless sea, saying: "He comes! he comes!" I looked in the direction from whence the sound came, and was, oh! so happy to see another world, and to think that I was soon to be there. I felt that I was soon to

ENTER UPON ANOTHER LIFE,
a life higher, better and purer than the one I had so recently left. Flesh to me was but corruption, with which no one could be pure, and without which all humanity would be as Gods. Flesh the boundary line between perfection and imperfect heaven and hell.

I soon found myself upon another world, arched and spanned by a glittering dome, upon the crown of which there was written this strange inscription: "Peace is Heaven; contention Hell."

It was not until then that I understood the significance of those terms. Where I was then was heaven; the place I had left was hell. There was no ivory throne, or golden streets; no angels singing songs of praise to him who died for man. But it was as a beautiful place, sacred to thought, whose groves and arches, as if touched by the weird musician's hand, did catch and hold all the sounds of Apollo's harp, strung with the ten thousand strings, and played by the deft fingers of enchanted words.

It was the realization of the soul's deepest desire.

A PERFECT HEAVEN.
There was no want or strife or cruelty. No sickness or pain or heartaches, no malice or contention or strife or jeal-

ousy, no fear nor hate, no death, eternal life, eternal bliss, everlasting sunshine, infinite love, by, through, and for all. My ideal of a place in which to spend eternity. As I strolled mid clinging vine and drooping flower, through the long vista of beauty I heard a voice calling: "Henry! Henry!" I at once remembered it as the voice of my dear mother, and in a spirit of extreme exultation I cried: "This is eternity!" I was conscious of her existence, and was happy.

As if in a swoon I began to rise. I tried to catch at passing objects, but to no avail; like a snow-flake I floated off into the distance. That other world was fast fading from me. I began to go down, down.

THROUGH MIST AND CLOUD.
I passed into the room, and into the old body that lay motionless upon the bed. As I entered into its silent chambers, its cold touch aroused me from my slumber, and I awoke, saying as I did so: "If there is another life, and we are not conscious, cannot know and love those who have known and loved us here, it is cold and cruel."

I rubbed my eyes, crossed the room, looked up at the clock and found that I had been sleeping but eight minutes.

H. N. BRADBURY.

Good Word for the Psychograph.

That I appreciate the psychograph you may know from the fact that I have purchased, one after another, ten instruments; not for my own use, of course, but I have found them the best means to start people thinking. If I get two or three acquaintances sufficiently engaged to desire to start a circle, I get a psychograph to form a central attraction, and fix attention. The rules for the formation of circles, and how to develop mediumship, which go with it, are so complete that if carefully followed they lead to success. I have in this manner started nine circles of investigation, beside my own, and only one has proved a failure, and that because the members did not persevere. They became discouraged after they had sat only three times without results, and discontinued their sittings. Now, this might have been brought about by other means, but it seems to me not as well. Mediums for various forms of manifestation have been developed, and many have received blessed assurance that their spirit friends were present, and with continued affection. As all this was through home mediums, who had the entire confidence of the circles, and came spontaneously, it was the more valuable. For one, believe in this home Spiritualism. It is a religion of the family circle, for it proves to us that death does not break up the strong ties which bind the family over there with the family here. Well, neither the psychograph nor any other instrument can make a medium of one who has not the elements, but by fixing the attention and thus uniting the circle, it is an important means, and, with a good medium, a ready means of giving messages in a reliable manner, as such messages have the independence of those spelled out by alphabet, and are more quickly given.

The medium in one circle explains that she knows just as soon as the first word is spelled what the sentence is to be, and accuses herself, fearing she moves unconsciously the index. But often the answers are beyond her knowledge, and such as no one present knows. This, I think, ought to be entirely satisfactory to show that somehow the movement of the index is accompanied by the impression of the medium with the thoughts of the spirit. It is not true that mediums are generally thus impressed? My observation leads me to think they are.

At one of our circles I asked the spirit of a friend if the times would get better, and the reply was: "Yes, from now on." That is encouraging to us western people, who have been ground fine between poor crops and low prices.

"Who will be the next President?" Answer—"A Republican, to name whom would be to defeat."

Now I am glad; it is no one we well know, as I know of no one I want to have for President. If there is anything like it, to see a man who wants an office defeated.

Well, I have written much more than I intended. I have places for two more psychographs, which please send. R. R.

Fox would never stand covered in the presence of ladies.

Count de Lesseps was the type of the French gentleman.

Cornell's manners were the admiration of his contemporaries.

Bret Harte is said to ape the behavior of the English aristocracy.

Goldsmith was ill bred and too much inclined to talk about himself.

Calhoun was so absent-minded that he often forgot he was in company.

Monroe was, even in his own time, called a gentleman of the old school.

Bancroft was rather reserved than otherwise with most persons whom he met.

Garfield was generally so quiet that he often created the impression of diffidence.

Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his time.

Marcus Aurelius was said to be the politest Roman Emperor who ever sat on the throne.

Dante was solitary in his habits, and, by his austerity, chilled most of those whom he met.

Justinian inculcated politeness on every official of the empire.

HYPNOTISM.

A Consideration of the Magnetic Forces in Man,

As Viewed by a Gifted Practitioner.

Physiologists teach that the brain is divided into two separate parts—the upper and lower brain. The upper brain is technically called the cerebrum, and the lower brain the cerebellum. The cerebrum is the larger part, and occupies the front and upper part of the skull. The cerebellum is smaller, and occupies the back and lower part of the skull.

The cerebrum is recognized as the seat of observation, memory, will, motion, reason, intellect, etc. The cerebellum governs, with the cerebrum, the action of the lungs, heart, stomach, etc.; that is, the governing power of the cerebellum over the organs of the body is automatic, or self-acting, while that of the cerebrum is dependent upon the will of the man or spirit who inhabits the body.

To these some writers add a third brain, located about midway down the spine, and called the solar plexus. Consideration of this theory is unnecessary here.

The phrenologists taught that the brain was divided into many separate departments, commonly known as "bumps," but this theory has generally been discarded for the more reasonable one of "nerve centers"; that is, for illustration, from each organ extends a series of bundles of nerves, which end in a common center in the brain. Hypnotism seems to corroborate this theory, as the student will understand when he learns to manipulate the head to excite or subdue action in any particular organ.

Motion produces magnetism. The magnetic currents are called electricity. There is close connection between the sun-spots and the magnetic currents of the earth. The earth itself is a great dynamo, swinging in space, the daily revolutions of which produce the magnetic currents which run from south to north.

The chemical action of the voltaic pile produces a weak magnetic current, yet sufficiently strong for the telegraph line; but it takes the rapid revolution of the dynamo to produce a magnetic current strong enough to run a car.

The spirit is enabled to live in the body solely by reason of the magnetic currents of the earth upon which the spirit feeds, and by which it controls, directs and moves the body. These magnetic currents are mostly in the three natural elements of air, earth and water. That is why the Indian, the child of nature, is so highly magnetized.

His bare feet tread the virgin soil; loose clothing, if any, envelops his body; his lungs were ever filled with pure air, while water was his only drink. Of course, this applies only to the "blue" red man, not to the modern, degraded specimens. His soul and body literally drank in pure magnetism abundantly, and he was thoroughly magnetized.

That is why exorcanted Indian spirits make such good developing controls. Mediums should live as much an outdoor life as possible, in order to get the very best magnetism. The color of the Indians—copper, a good conductor of magnetic currents—undoubtedly has something to do with their powers.

The body takes and gives out magnetism through all its points, but it receives the most through the lungs. The atmosphere (Greek, aura) of the earth is highly charged with magnetism, which is taken into the lungs through the breath, and speedily absorbed by the iron of the blood, which itself is a good conductor of magnetism. Many physiologists suspect that the oxygen of the air is simply one phase of magnetism; at least it is highly magnetized.

The oxygenated—magnetized—blood is forced in the arteries throughout the entire physical system. It is a significant fact that each artery, and no vein, is accompanied by a nerve.

Nerves are purely and simply telegraph lines for the conduct of electricity or magnetic currents. If a movement of the arm is made, the spirit sends a magnetic current from the nerve-center in the brain down the particular nerve to the particular muscle; and the muscle is magnetized and moved, just the same as the magnetized plate.

The separate action of the brain, muscles and organs of the body also beget magnetism, and that is why the clairvoyant sees a different magnetic aura or atmosphere of magnetism around each organ of the body.

Look at a heated stove and see the quivering atmosphere around it. That is the calorific aura or heated atmosphere of the stove. So everything, animate or inanimate, has its magnetic aura. The body itself has its own magnetic aura. The halo of saints in church pictures is a glimpse of truth in this direction.

The positive and negative properties of magnetism are too well understood to be described here at length. Wherever magnetism is manifested, whether celestial, terrestrial or animal, these properties or conditions exist. When the brain is active, and generating electricity, its magnetism is positive. When it is dormant—sleeping—and not generating electricity, its magnetism is negative.

During sleep, or the negative condition of the brain, there is less circulation of blood, and consequently, less magnetism in that organ.

A second definition of hypnotism is a magnetic sleep—that is, a sleep induced by the exercise of magnetic powers, as distinguished from ordinary slumber.

The spirit, sitting enthroned within the brain, possesses, directs, controls and governs the body by magnetism. Indeed, this agent or force is the connecting link or chord between mind and matter. Sever this magnetic chord and instantly and forever soul and body are separated. Persons may be easily killed while in the hypnotic state, because in that condition the soul is actually out of the body, and held to it only by the tender tie of magnetism.

Every person is subject to hypnotic influence, and some hypnotists claim that there is no one who cannot be hypnotized after repeated sittings, if not at first. Practice shows, however, that only a certain percentage can be readily hypnotized. This percentage is variously given by writers, from ten to ninety per cent. It will probably not average over forty per cent.

Those who can be hypnotized—that is,

put into the magnetic sleep—are technically called subjects, because they can subject themselves to the hypnotic influences.

A good subject is one who, as phrenologists would say, has his hypnotic faculty born "large," or has it grow large by education. That is, one whose will is able to direct his magnetic forces, or, in other words, can make himself magnetically positive or negative at his own pleasure.

Of course there are many good subjects who unwittingly become or unconsciously make themselves negative, and who, while in this condition, become hypnotized by evil operators. It is through this unfortunate class that nearly all the stigma upon hypnotism is brought. And to them should every right-minded hypnotist lend a helping hand. Nearly every common criminal belongs to this class.

Every medium is a good subject, and every subject can become a good medium. Subjects can only be discovered by trial. Those in whom hypnotism is "small" can enlarge it by education of the mind to concentrate thought.

It is astonishing how very few persons there are, comparatively, who can practice concentration of thought. To learn it is really to take the first steps in developing hypnotic power or to become a medium. Here are some illustrations:

Shut yourself up in a slightly-darkened room, as far as possible away from all disturbing sights and sounds—from every vibration that will counteract the vibrations of your own magnetic currents. Center all your attention upon one object, the ticking of a clock, a piece of silver, counting your pulse, anything, and wait results. Do this at stated periods, daily if possible, or not less than twice a week. Sit an hour at a time, if possible; if not, take at least ten or twenty minutes. From thinking of a hundred things in as many seconds, you learn to think of only one thing, and then of nothing. The world fades from view. You get down into the first hypnotic stage or dark belt. Your mind is vacant, so to speak. It has stepped aside for the time. Its directing organ, the key-board, is demagnetized, or to speak more properly, is negative and ready to submit to the positive magnetism thrown upon it by the operator, be he visible or invisible, incarnate or ex-carnate.

If, in practicing concentration of thought, you feel the slightest tendency to drowsiness, let yourself follow the inclination and go to sleep. You will wake feeling refreshed, and better than ever. Nature's sweet restorer—balm sleep.

"At first you don't succeed, try again." This second lesson in hypnotism, well practiced, will prepare you for the third. B. A. C. STEPHENS, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AU REVOIR.

What is the mystery, dear, that comes, With the closing eyes, and falling breath, In which the soul drifts out alone Across the river men call Death?

But this is only the picture seen By those who look with the sight of earth, To opened eyes in the spirit realm The soul but drifts to its heavenly birth.

And not alone, 'tis the ship of Life That sails away through the unknown sea, Bringing a soul into heavenly port, While earth-bound shadows forever flee.

Then bid the voyager e'er God speed, Say not good-by with his parting pain, But wait with a prayer, as he sails from sight, Those sweetest of words, "Till we meet again."

For meet, Love, we shall, sometime, somewhere, There is no loss, and the dead die not, Then cover your graves of cypress here With love's immortal forget-me-not.

Sweet Soul, that went from us yesterday eve, 'Tis thy living voice that now softly calls, And I see thee, a living love, my own, In the light that falls from the Jasper walls.

Vanished the fear of a parting for aye, For Death is of earth that keeps souls in twain; So I only say when you call away, As I kiss your lips, "Till we meet again." CALLIE B. MARBLE.

A NEW DECALOGUE.

Work with thy might and not forget That honest toil brings no regret, But proves the tenor of a soul That counts for one on heaven's roll.

Play when thy hour and purpose meet, The buoyant heart or restless feet, And win, by true fraternal zest, An interim of happy rest.

Talk, as when thoughts of thy concern Inspire the heart to teach or learn; Or love shall prompt the word of cheer To cancel pain or cast out fear.

Read much and thus enlarge thy scope Of truth and progress, life and hope; The lessons coned in leisure's hour, May some day be thy wand of power.

Write when thy reason brings to view A brand-new message, bright and true, With promise of a ray of light To pierce the gloom of error's night.

Think freely, as a hero ought, Who dares to think an honest thought; And love shall sweep thy brow of care, For truth to weave a garland there.

"Pray without ceasing" to arise And trample superstition's lies Beneath thy feet, and others lead Out from traditions dingy creeds.

Prove all things that are good and true With reason God hath given you, And teach your brethren that to know Precedes true faith with all below.

Go through the world and cry aloud, And spare not souls to error bowed, From some small gleams of freedom's light To dawn upon their stupid sight.

"Love one another" and fulfill The law of gospel and good will; The life this edict has expressed Acquits itself of all the rest.

SILAS BOARDMAN.

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A CRITICISM

By a Prominent Spiritualist

Of the Seances of L. P. Mitchell.

To the Editor and Subscribers of The Progressive Thinker, and to Spiritualists generally:

Feeling confident that you all will coalesce your utmost efforts with mine, in exposing and trying to break up fraud, as much as possible, that infests our ranks, and believing it should be the highest duty of every true Spiritualist to also do so, I will humbly submit to the editor the following report and a few remarks, to that effect, for publication in your valuable paper, as soon as your earliest possible convenience will permit. There is a man going around through the country in this State, by the name of L. P. Mitchell, who lives near Mason, Ingham county (his wife goes with him and acts as his manager), claiming to be a medium, and to give full form materialization, but the opinion of myself and all of those that attended his seance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Kent, of this place, is that he is a down-right fraud of the first magnitude, and I trust the following report will demonstrate, beyond a doubt, to any broad-minded person that he is such, and will tend to put the people on his track.

The seance was composed of twenty-four men and women, about twelve of each, honest investigators and Spiritualists equally divided. Having heard what was thought was a favorable report of Mr. Mitchell, I concluded to make an engagement with him for a seance, which I did, the 11th of March. The seance not being satisfactory and decidedly disgusting from beginning to end, to all that were present, so much so that I would not pay him his money until he would come back and give another seance under better test conditions and prove himself genuine for the first one. I have been negotiating with him ever since, trying to get him to submit to honest and reasonable test conditions, to which he doesn't feel at all inclined to comply.

I will epitomize our correspondence, as much as possible, and submit it also to you for publication, as I judge judgment can be made for themselves whether I have not been fair with him in every respect.

I met Mr. Mitchell, his wife accompanying him, at North Lansing, on the morning of the 11th of March, on which coming evening the seance was to be held, after a lecture, at the P. of H. hall, by Rev. Annie L. Robinson, of Port Huron. It was about 11 o'clock P. M. before the seance began, and it lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning. The cabinet was a large bedroom, which was prepared according to Mr. Mitchell's orders, by first nailing down the windows, for his own safety, I presume, and then nailing heavy quilts over them, after drawing the shades. He furnished his own curtains, to hang over the doorway, which were of heavy, black material, parted in the center, but tied together at the bottom, so when his form would come forth, a step or two, the curtains would be sure to come with the forms, which I, and every one in the circle, would swear was nothing more than his own individual Mitchell. The forms were very careful not to allow very close inspection, which accounts for none being recognized. I am quite sure there would have been one form recognized if a closer inspection would have been permitted. All the test conditions Mr. Mitchell sat under was a sack test, after allowing the committee to examine his clothing, and they found nothing but black upon his person. The committee, composed of five men—this being their first experience in such business, it undoubtedly was not thorough enough—helped Mr. Mitchell in the sack, after examining the room, and then gathered up the pucker string, close up around his neck, and tied the ends in a square knot. The knot was to be sealed with wax, but not being reminded enough, in all of their two or three years' experience in this line, the wax was not on hand, so Mr. Mitchell had an excuse to go in the room where Mr. Mitchell had previously taken off his white shirt, and where his baggage was, to procure it, after which he brought back anything else besides the wax or not, and concealed it in the room, while the committee was sealing the knot, is for her and Mr. Mitchell to know and for us to find out. The circle was formed in a double crescent shape, Mrs. Mitchell taking a position near the cabinet at one end of the circle. The manager, Mrs. Mitchell, requested singing by all, most of whom responded; also instrumental music, which was procured, and rendered intervening the singing.

About fifteen minutes or more elapsed when our attention was attracted to the curtains, which parted and revealed the upper portion of a form, purported by the manager to be Riley Avery, the cabinet control, who gave a few directions to the audience, by raising and lowering the curtains, and then, suddenly, and apparently through a trumpet, which could only be understood by the manager.

The supposed form of Riley Avery felt very strong, I suppose, on account of the good conditions that were given him to materialize, and requested three of the strongest men in the circle to join hands and take hold of his right hand and pull with him. A gentleman by the name of C. J. Harris, who was considered the strongest man in the circle, requested the privilege to be the one to take hold of the hand of the form, but was refused.

We understand that Mitchell had been exposed by Mr. Harris, who attended one of his performances, a while before this, which accounts for him not desiring to shake hands with Mr. Harris on this occasion. The writer had the honor and privilege to join hands with the supposed form, after Mr. Harris had been refused, and two other gentlemen took hold of my right hand, and we three tried to pull the form out of the cabinet; but the combined strength of us three was too much for the grip I had on the form's hand, which broke before we could pull very much, and after several repeated trials we gave up the job. I asked the privilege of the manager to take hold of both of the form's hands, which was stoutly refused, of course; the form could not brace himself against the door-casing so well this way, and undoubtedly would have come flying into the room if this request had been granted.

We allowed Mr. Mitchell and his wife to have it all their own way, and we all sat back and profited by their bad breaks and the shallowness of the whole affair. A mere child could account for everything that was done.

Forms would come and part the curtains, beckon to the person wanted, who would go to the cabinet, expecting to see some of their departed friends, only to be disappointed. Our form would appear in about every fifteen minutes, which accounts for their being so solid, as Mr. Martin, in the Grand Lodge Republican, under date of March 8th, giving an account of Mr. Mitchell's seances, says they were. O, yes, I think they were quite solid; I had hold of some of them myself, and if ever I shook hands with Mitchell, when I met him at the hotel, I did during the performance. I do not only think it took fifteen minutes for the forms to be made up, but I also think it took about forty-five years, which is, I think, about Mitchell's age.

The manager answered questions by the nod and shake of the head, and would extend a hand if requested, and shake hands, and quite a number who were present had the honor and privilege to shake a fair-sized, bony hand, which had a very close resemblance to the one that Mr. Mitchell has for every day use. The more singing and music, and the more noise we all made, the sooner a form would appear, not more than one at a time, until about twelve or fifteen forms came to the curtains, all male forms, except one of a little girl, which had a man's head on her shoulders, so said the lady that was called to the cabinet. There was light enough to recognize any person across the room; also the form of Mr. Mitchell at the curtain, which was the only one recognized during the seance.

About twenty minutes passed in singing and waiting for more forms to appear, Mrs. Mitchell urging us to sing all the time, the louder the better; when raps were heard as a signal to close the seance, and Mrs. Mitchell announced the seance closed, which, I presume to say, Mr. Mitchell thought was the best thing to do to avoid a complete exposure right there and then, for quite a number of the circle had made several quite audible outcries, remarks to that effect, for we were all becoming more and more disgusted every minute, and would have done something outside of the ordinary line soon. Closing the seance the way it was, where a great deal of the unfairness began, Mrs. Mitchell acting the insincere and hypocrite, and Mr. Mitchell the possum and the fool; for she would not allow the committee to make an examination of the sack, or anything else, until she went into the cabinet herself and covered up the medium with a large cloak, exposing only the back of the neck, and the knot, which of course was found the way it was left, but the actions and manner of the medium and manager were very disgusting to the committee and all that were near. The pucker and gather of the sack around the medium's neck in front was not allowed to be examined, which shows trickery on the face of it.

Mrs. Mitchell making believe, in the meantime, that the medium was most dead from exhaustion and suffocation, called for a knife to cut the pucker string, fearing the medium would suffocate before the knot could be untied, and all of the committee dived into their pockets at once to procure one, which they did, and Mrs. Mitchell made motions as if to cut the string, but I would swear, and so would all of the committee, that she did not cut it at all, and it is the candid opinion of all of us that she had been previously cut by the medium, in order that he might get out of the sack. It was one of their cute tricks of deception they tried to play on the people here, but it did not work a "little bit."

Mr. Martin says that those who lightly ignore and sneer at this phenomenon, stunt and warp their mental growth. All of those that attended the performance here are of the opinion that anyone who pretends to be a good Spiritualist, and will uphold such slimy pretended phenomena as he showed here, and call it genuine, have had their mental growth stunted sometime in the past, and have never recovered.

My mental growth has not been stunted so much yet that I will take in, and call it genuine, such a performance as Mitchell produced here. A few more such men going through the country, giving performances like this under the guise of Spiritualism, will tend to stunt and warp the growth of Spiritualism, more than it will the person that sneers at such deceptive stuff.

Spiritualists! open your eyes, and don't let your spiritual convictions blind you, for if they do, fraud will surely deceive you, which it stands ever ready to do at the first opportunity.

The proof of the pudding is the eating of it, but the sight of this one was too sickening, for not one morsel of it was palatable to anyone with a reasonable mind.

The sack was stripped off of the medium by the manager in the dark, no light was allowed to be near, the medium was laid out on a couch for resuscitation, which was slow, on account of waiting for the crowd to disperse.

During the black-art performance, the manager would go up to the curtains of the cabinet when a form would appear without being requested to, therefore would have all the chances in the world to pass in paraphernalia to the performer, and everything went to show that they tried their best to dupe the people of South Riley in great shape, but turned out a disastrous failure.

I endorse the philosophy of Spiritualism to the fullest extent of the word, and don't doubt but what there are genuine phenomena in the form of materializations and otherwise, and stand ever ready to do all I can for the good of the cause, therefore I am sincere and think I am doing good to the cause by writing up this report, and I will take my oath, a standing on the Holy Bible, soaked in Holy Water, if that will be binding enough, that I have given an exact report in every respect, and not only voiced myself, but everyone that attended the seance.

Credulity is the greatest curse and drawback to Spiritualism and to its followers. Spiritualists, when once convinced of spirit return, and communication with the other world is possible, are too apt to accept without questioning, and generally without thinking, everything that comes "way-billed" as Spiritualism, and the result is, frauds and blacklegs pose as mediums, and it puts a black spot on the name of an honest medium and brings mediumship into bad repute. The intelligent world out there seeing these mediums exposed, is confirmed in its opinion that Spiritualism is a monstrous fraud perpetrated on the people by the leaders for the sake of individual gain. And it is no wonder that its followers are sneered at and stigmatized as dupes and lunatics. We are to blame for this by being too eager for the phenomenal and not studying the philosophical part of Spiritualism, which is the part that converts thinking minds, and minds with the reasoning faculty.

If the people would away from these test seances more and devote more of their time to the philosophy of Spiritualism, they would become better and more sensible Spiritualists. But they will say, "How are we going to know whether there is any genuineness in the phenomenal if we don't investigate?" I will ask how many of you are any more satisfied that there is, after attending one of these test seances, than you were before.

There is one way, I think, that will put the phenomenal part of Spiritualism on a sure and honest basis, and that is the formation of the Association appoint a board of examiners, men and women, that know their business, and every medium that wants to go before the public and give seances or any other phenomenal work, shall have to go before this board and be examined, and obtain a certificate of genuineness before they will be allowed to do so, or not be patronized unless they hold a certificate. I think that would put a great number of our so-called mediums in the background.

One great inducement for fraud is that there are too many willing and always ready to frequent test seances, and seeking the phenomenal, and receive with childlike faith every medium that purports to come from the Spirit-world. We deserve the odium that has been so liberally cast upon us. So I say again, pay more attention to the philosophical, for that will always lead you right. Don't accept anything in materialization unless it comes in an ethereal form, for we can rely on that more than anything else under the present management of the phenomenal work. Be more true to your own convictions, and by so doing you will show to the world that Spiritualism has an attractive philosophy and a high code of morals that is worthy the consideration of any honest, upright and thinking man or woman, and people will cease to call us cranks.

L. G. KENT.
South Riley, Mich.

Concannon's Seances.

To the Editor:—I heartily concur in your effort to expose and drive frauds and frauds from the ranks of Spiritualism. I feel it a duty, as well, to uphold honest mediumship, and those who are honest and able workers in the cause.

Therefore, I wish to give a brief account of seances for materialization, and other physical phenomena, held by O. L. Concannon, now in Kansas City, Mo., as it was my happy privilege to attend several of them. In his physical seances no cabinet is used; and as the manifestations are given in daylight, there is no possible chance of fraud or trick. Musical instruments are played upon, bells rung, messages written to the sitters, and pictures of friends drawn on leaves torn from a writing tablet. His seances for materialization are given under strict test conditions. I have seen as many as four full forms out of the cabinet at once, sitting on the laps of friends, shaking hands, etc., while the medium was in full view of the sitters. One of the cabinet controls, "Little Maid," on several occasions floated out of the top of the cabinet and came down in the middle of the floor, where, after talking to the sitters a few moments, she would dematerialize in sight of all.

At one time she played on a French harp one of the audience gave her, all the evening, at intervals, and at the close of the seance came out and played and danced, until she dematerialized, leaving the harp lying on the floor.

I am sorry to know that so many charlatans and frauds are disgracing our religion by their tricks, to say no worse; but am happy to know also that there are many true, noble souls laboring for its advancement, and that O. L. Concannon and his estimable wife are among the number.

REV. MARY R. HUTCHESON.

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from the blood the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, increases the appetite and improves the digestion, drives away that tired feeling and nervousness, and gives the strength and vigor without which we cannot appreciate beautiful Spring. It is

tor, but I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken five bottles and part of the sixth and am feeling like myself again. I have gained flesh rapidly. The soreful bunch and my lameness has all gone, and I feel like a new creature." MISS HATTIE M. CLARK, Parkman, Maine.

phers; the picture of the old Hydesville house, near Rochester, New York, in 1848, the home of the famous Fox sisters (Leah, Margaret and Kate) where the raps occurred; and a picture of the theological world to the grand truths of modern Spiritualism; also another picture of Margaret Fox Kane as she lay in her casket, which produced a profound impression as the last of this illustrious family.

The most wonderful mechanical representation of independent slate-writing was shown. A picture of a blank slate, ten or more feet square, is shown. Instantly a message appears, filling the entire slate. Another blank slate is shown, a message slowly appeared, letter by letter, as follows: "Think for yourselves. Thomas Paine."

Pictures of Lincoln, the Magic Pansy, and many other beautiful dissolving views in colors appeared, including a view of "Where is my boy tonight?" The last picture said "Good-night to all." Every one, at the conclusion of the first-class exhibition held by Mr. Foster and McIntyre bade them God-speed, and left their compliments and congratulations, to follow them. The whole was a grand, amusing, consoling and interesting success. It is hoped that in due time they will return to this city, to give exhibitions at an early day, as they are deserving of praise for their efforts to please the

WE DO NOT REALIZE

How Rapidly We Are Growing.

The above is true. The exertions required to keep body and soul together; the incessant struggle for the necessities and comforts of life; the more than slavery under the bondage of which we all labor in order to provide for the future and present subsistence of ourselves and families; a legacy left us by superstition, oppression and ignorance, by the oppressors of mankind, who made the acquisition of intelligence a deadly sin, for the purpose of retaining control of the masses for their own purposes—has led our thoughts, and does lead the thoughts of the masses, in a channel where the real conditions are not always realized. We do not realize how much the most backward have advanced during the immediate past.

As the writer said to an audience in a church town a while ago, in speaking of this advance: "The very fact that I can stand on this platform, and not be arrested or driven away from it for expressing these liberal sentiments, proves my assertion true, that tolerance is far beyond what it was." To many ears, liberal ideas are blasphemous, terrible, and no doubt many a one wonders why God permits such persons to live, why He does not strike them dead on the spot. When the Mohammedan armies overran the Byzantine Empire, and when nothing could withstand them; when the prayers and agonies of the people received no answer, neither from their God nor from the relics of the saints in their churches, after these had been accepted as being able to do any miracle, the confidence of the Christians of that region waned; and the fact that all their hopes and cherished beliefs could not prevent them from being conquered by the reputed infidel, and when they saw that they were mistaken in their hopes and beliefs as to succor from what they called on high, they surrendered, and that fact was perhaps potent ally to the conquering Moslem as the sharp edges of their swords. Familiarity breeds contempt, and the familiarity with advancing intelligence, by such as come into contact with that advance, breeds a contempt for the myths and ignorance of the past.

At first, advance is hardly tolerated by many people, but finally curiosity, the desire for the new, the sensational, overcomes fear, and when an intelligent and progressive thought has once found a lodging-place in the mind, the seed is sown which in the very nature of things will eventually bring forth fruitage in intellectual advance.

Just imagine the change which has taken place in public sentiment when a newspaper in Columbus, Ohio, openly compares Moses to St. Paul. The idea of any reputable newspaper naming the two men together would have been sacrilege only a few years ago. It is but a very short time, in a town which is very close to where I write, when there was a little discussion between a few Spiritualists and the churches, a popular lady, an inhabitant of that town, took the tongue and threw the newspaper which had the audacity to mention Spiritualism favorably out of doors—she could not touch the vile thing with her hands, and peremptorily ordered the editor to never send another copy into her house. That lady was as good a woman, as good a neighbor, as kind-hearted and sympathetic as any one can be, but she was cursed with an intolerant education, and had never thought of this question for herself. She has learned better, and has the respect of the Spiritualists of her acquaintance. Intercourse with some of them has conquered her intolerance and has shown her that there are some things which she did not know.

A popular magazine, one which goes into thousands of homes in this land, had the courage to publish an illustrated article in February, in which the different instruments of torture used by the church (and the temporal powers) in order to send people to heaven, even against their wishes, and it did not flatter the intolerance which used these methods either. Only a few years ago such action would have sealed the fate of that magazine, but tolerance has become so universal among the intelligent that it is now taken as a matter of course to have such things brought to the light of day, as news. Those who would still condemn the publication of such historical facts are of the very lowest strata of life, and such advanced thought as is contained in magazines of that class does not reach them. They have not risen to such heights.

That great and brave thinker, Rev. Minot J. Savage, has sent forth two sermons analyzing the letter and directions lately put forth by the Protestant Episcopal bishops of America (these were preached February 7th and 14th), which shows the condition of advance permitted in the liberal pulpit, and which no progressive individual can afford not to read, and these two discourses should be especially read by our Spiritualistic platform speakers.

There is another phase of this advance which shows in the sale of anything which bears the "Newer Biblical Criticisms." A few years ago such literature would have been openly condemned, and the pulpit would have hurled forth its anathema maramatha with a lavishness which we have forgotten even in the short period since the time that these things were common and accepted as needed by the churches and a great majority of the masses. To-day no intelligent individual considers himself or herself in a proper condition as to advance, who is not studying these works; and they are as legitimate and common subjects of discussion among the intelligent as is the latest novel among the insane devotees of society.

This advance is making itself felt so strongly that instead of condemning, as of old, the best thinkers in the church have to take up the cudgel as a defensive, instead of an offensive weapon. Authoritative condemnation and a promise of hell-fire for unbelief have lost their terror, and are weapons which no one fears now. The issuing of the latest work by Prof. Sayce: "The Higher Criticism and the Monuments," is a case in point. The assertions and the bluntings which have been put forth in the past by the church have lost their force and intelligence does not respect their assertion. It calls for proof. The churchmen cannot stand up to-day and say that these old ideas are true because the monuments have proven them, without having to prove what monuments give this evidence; by

whom they were discovered, and what do they say? The assertion in Egyptian history that "not many years after this, a demand was made on Menephtah (who is 'supposed' to have been the reigning monarch of the Exodus) to let the Israelites go," etc., and then prove it by "Exodus," has lost its force. Too many people have studied even the one-sided and garbled reports put forth to the reading public to accept assertions of this kind. And just as soon as the most honest and truthful archaeologists try to harmonize their unproven ideas on the exodus, having no evidence whatever, only their preconceptions, they get into deep water, and no two can agree. And so one ideal after another is vanishing before the advancing intelligence of the age and the progressive genius which is getting the ascendancy, but we, who are in the midst of it, do not realize it fully, unless we take time to take a retrospective view occasionally.

The writer obtained the books of Prof. Johnson, of England, some time ago, and has studied them closely. What an advance his views would be, if they can be proven, and there is certainly some probability that he may prove them fully. There has been no time in the immediate past when such books could have been circulated, or would have been read, but this progressive condition makes it possible. I have been very much interested in his articles in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and he answers the very questions, and answers them properly, in my estimation—in regard to Gibbon, which came into my mind first, as an objection to his theory. I might continue to bring up these evidences until I filled THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, from first to eighth page, but enough.

Now, permit me to attach a moral to this, and press it home to the Spiritualistic platform worker, and to other Spiritualists. You are to-day followers of the most progressive thing on the face of the globe. We are as yet somewhat in advance of the great masses in liberalism. But those who are not Spiritualists are pushing hard. They are crowding on to our heels, and it behooves us not to tarry, but to press forward with increased vigor, to keep in the van. We have no patent on progress, and we must work if we shall keep at the front. Spiritualism has been the pioneer in the progressive condition so feebly outlined by me. There has not been a time in the history of the world, as far as we know, when such strides have been taken as there have been since 1848, when the first tiny ray resounded on the boards of the humble cabin at Hydesville. Our progress has been marvelous, and we must keep it up. The way to do this is to toil for that purpose. As Spiritualists, you all have a duty to perform. First, make your lives as near perfect as possible. Try, and try again, with this object in view, and you will succeed beyond expectation. Let every Spiritualist make himself and herself a synonym for all that is unselfish, good, virtuous, helpful and progressive. Spiritualism will need no brass band to announce that its followers are good. Let us all set our lights on the heights, and let that light be clear, and pure, so that all may see it, and the world will acknowledge it. As Spiritualists, you have no right to live in the past, but you must look forward for your inspiration. Let the dead past bury its own dead. As Spiritualists, you have no right to be found in the rear rank of the latest and best information. You must keep step with the music of the present and the future, and become attuned to the harmony of intellectual progression. Do not wrangle about the past. Let it go, live in the present, and try to prepare yourself for the future. There is nothing which could induce me to do what many preachers do, and I have such unbounded sympathy for them that words cannot express it.

No man, no woman, has a right to pass through this life without having done something to make the world better for having lived. Ignorance is the source of practically all evils, and it has been the aim of the pulpit of all ages and all religions to suppress intelligence and advancement, and retain the old—the retrograde—with its poverty, its suffering, and its evils. "Oh, ye grand spirits, can ye not open the eyes of these poor, deluded individuals, and show them the harm which they are doing?" Spiritualistic teacher! take an example, and do thou not follow their footsteps. Make thyself worthy of thy calling, so that when thou shalt be called home, thou wilt have only the best account to give for thy actions.

Aberdeen, S. D. E. BACH.

THE COMING MAN.

Oh, not for the great departed.
Who formed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest-hearted,
Who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero
To whom all bend the knee
My muse would raise her song of praise—
But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman
Is passing through to-day,
A man that is more than human
Shall yet be born, I say;
A man in whose pure spirit
No drop of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
A man who is proud to work.
A man with hope undaunted,
A man with god-like power
Shall come when he most is wanted,
Shall come at the needed hour.
He shall silence the din and clamor
Of clan disputing with clan,
And toll's long light with purse-proud might
Shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming,
To help to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming,
And see no flags that wave,
But the great soul-travel of woman,
And the bold free thought unfurled
Are heralds that say he is on the way—
The coming man of the world.

Worth not for the vanished ages,
With their great, heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen
For the grandest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old earth
In the men that are to be.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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AN HONEST CONFESSION.

We people called Christians, whenever enticed,
Ignore the commandments and teachings of Christ.
Then why call us Christians, even ever so small,
When we don't follow Christ in his teachings at all?

Don't take my assertions in matters so great,
Unless by the scriptures I prove what I state;
But if I succeed, may the aged and youth
Be candid and fair, and acknowledge the truth.

Christ taught to the people, we know very well,
That riches would send the possessor to hell.
That a camel could pass through a needle's small eye
Ere a rich man could enter the mansions on high.

Woe! woe! to ye rich! ye have had your reward
And blest be ye poor; ye shall dwell with the Lord;
Rich Dives was consigned to the torments of hell;
Poor Lazarus was carried with angels to dwell.

To store up great treasures above is our plan,
Yet we pocket on earth all the treasures we can,
And claim that our prospects in heaven are grand,
Notwithstanding we disobey every command.

Yes, call ourselves Christians and struggle for wealth;
To acquire it we sacrifice comfort and health,
But if we believed Christ's assertions were true,
Would we take so much risk, would we strive as we do?

While we claim to be treading the path-way so narrow,
Do we heed the command: "Take no thought for the morrow?"
We are told it is sinful to worry, or think
Of bodily ailments or victuals or drink.

The ravens are fed and the lilies grow tall
Without taking thought for the morrow at all;
That our Heavenly Father will give all we need
If we heed His kingdom and right-ousness too.

If we seek for His kingdom and right-ousness too,
Then "all of these things shall be added to you."
But instead of obeying we labor and strive
To pile up great riches to keep us alive.

And by the vain things of the world are enticed;
We claim to be Christians, but don't obey Christ.
When our cloak has been stripped from our back,
We don't say: "Take my coat, as you may need them both."

We don't give to all whose requests are made plain;
And when robbed of our goods we do ask them again.
We don't give up all to supply others' needs.
While we thus disobey, are we Christians, indeed?

If "smote on one cheek" by a villain of pride,
We don't turn for blows on the opposite side;
If our enemy gives us a slap in the face
He gets "tit for tat," notwithstanding God's grace.

Yes, we often resist when our patience is tried,
And do just the same as our neighbors outside.
We have the same nature all others have got,
And naught but self-culture can change us a jot.

So with goats we must go at the end of our days
As we fail to comply with the things which he says;
And nothing we've gained at the end of the strife
By crying "Lord, Lord," all the days of our life.

We are told by the teacher who taught on the mount,
"For all idle words men must give an account."
Yet we have friends and neighbors, both preachers and lay,
Who are fountains of jokes and gush forth every day.

No wonder we try to explain words away,
And claim that the scriptures don't mean what they say;
But if we ignore them and use common sense
We had better deal square and quit making pretense.

If we exorcised faith, even were it as small
As a mustard seed grain, we could make mountains fall,
And tear from the ground "yonder sy-camine tree"
And hurl it with power to the depths of the sea;

But our faith never blossoms to such a degree—
Only gives us queer feelings, which no one can see;
And the neighbors outside think our faith must be thin.
When, to say naught of mountains, we can't move a pin!

We don't treat sick members "according to Hoyle."
The elders don't come and "anoint them with oil."
We take up no serpents, till dead as a stone—
Since Eve ate the quince we let live snakes alone.

Still, we have no desire to be called self-deceivers;
Yet we can't do a thing which is promised believers;
As for healing the sick, it is out of our power;
If we drink deadly things we cannot live an hour.

E'en at casting out devils our progress is slow;
Can't "speak with new tongues" and "we're soon bound to go,"
And over our tomb this inscription be made:
"We are played out, and side-tracked, and left in the shade."

ABNER Sisson.

LOVE! LOVE!!

As Understood by a Woman.

She Differs Widely from Dr. Hudson.

TO THE EDITOR:—In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of date April 6, No. 280, A. S. Hudson, M. D., has presented a singular medley of assertions, experiences, definitions and criticisms concerning love.

That egoistic impulse of organic life called "love," is his initial, comprehensive, and unqualified definition. He throughout represents love to be void of altruism.

Man is a trinity, and the expression of love is threefold in human constitution, when there is any unfolding of the higher nature. The three great love centers are the loins, the heart, and the brain. These are the three great centers of the human organism.

To claim that only the expression of the loins center, which of itself is selfish, and the egoistic impulse of organic life—to claim that this is the only expression of love, is to ignore all that exalts humanity, and to deny the qualities that hold the higher possibilities of the race.

No one ever loved another, except altruistically. Selfish desire is not love. The enjoyment of any appetite is not love; to enjoy what gives self pleasure, is "love—it is selfhood simply."

"Love between the sexes, as between man and wife, is essentially specific, personal, and selfish as selfhood knows how to be."

The instinct to protect propagative power from becoming the destructive instead of the preservative agency of the race, is necessarily specific, personal, selfish. This love is a degree higher than the purely selfish, lust that is not specific, but promiscuous.

But there have been a sufficient number of instances in which the higher quality of altruism has governed the relation of conjugal companionship, to prove the possibility that even this most personal, selfish, egoistic impulse can be dominated by the unselfish and benevolent quality of the higher and spiritual love centers of heart and brain.

That Drummond or Schroder, in claiming that love is the greatest thing in the world, or Jesus in the command that we should love one another, recognized love as the specific personal, selfish quality of sex-attraction from the loins center, is absurd, is preposterous.

Dr. Hudson wholly separates altruism from love. This places love entirely on the physical plane, the relations between the sexes but an impulse of organic life, and all the ties of family and home a hotbed of selfishness. It is revolting as it is untrue, and so proven in human experience.

Love belongs to the individual, the family, the home. It never broadens outside of it. Love does not leave home to concern itself about others. Altruism is the essential quality of motherhood, and if the unbounded exercise of this in the family and home, which is a very common fact, does not furnish the altruism that concerns itself about others, cause and effect are in this line of human experience out of relation and sequence.

No wise man would command another to love. Love does not follow commands. The same unwise Jesus is reported to have said, in like mandatory way, love your enemies.

That Jesus commanded or taught that we are to feign attraction when there is repulsion, or to express affection when no such impulse is awakened, is not supposable.

The illustration of Cleo and the cat demonstrates the wisdom of the command to love one another, and the philosophy of the teaching to love our enemies.

Cleo exhibited a much more exalted dog nature in exercise, a altruistic love toward the cat, his natural antipathy, than in the more common expression of fighting.

That we may hold in our hearts an active principle of love, and send out from our finer forces an aura of kindly benevolent quality, is possible. This exercise would benefit ourselves whether or not it had any good effect on our enemies. It is hardly possible to be totally indifferent to one who is an enemy. We must either feel enmity (hatred) or love. Hate is the most dangerous and destructive impulse to the person who cherishes it.

The conditions recorded in the Old Testament evidence a much more vigorous disposition to fight enemies, and to treat other tribes and peoples as enemies, than to recognize a unity of all human beings, and a brotherhood of man. Jesus taught these great truths, and gave the command to love one another, a mandate which would tend, if followed, to unify and harmonize humanity.

Cleo helped the cat to physical health and the fulfillment of his life by applying to him that which would build tissue. Human souls can help each other to spiritual health and fullness of the eternal life, by supplying them with the subtle, permeating, soul-building forces of love, of good will, sending out benedictions instead of curses and antagonisms.

This is not theory; it is a blessed fact of experience. There are many who can testify to it. Were the whole earth bathed in this love it would abolish all sickness, poverty, crime, misery.

Maternal love is the strongest, truest fact of the living organism. Not all women who bring children into being are truly mothers, because the altruistic quality has not entered into the maternal function. But the illimitable, imperishable maternal love is the strongest potency in the universe, in the power that is over all in all and through all, and in the human organism.

And this altruistic potency is love. It is this love that is the greatest thing in the world.

The command to love one another is essentially wise. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Love comprehends altruism. Were all human beings to love one another, so as to do only loving thoughts, kind, tender impulses, there could be no wrong-doing.

Love is vastly more than the egoistic impulse of organic life. It is the "unifying, harmonizing, exalting quality and potency that creates, preserves, upholds and is eternally to eternity."

planet and destroyed the race long ago. Selfish motherhood is ever renewing all life with the potency of love. Human motherhood is ever renewing the altruistic love of the race. The greatest thing in the world is love.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Cheering Words from Mrs. M. G. McIntyre.

To the Editor and my many kind Friends,
Greeting:
Down from the North, where the waving pine
Lifts high its head toward the life divine,
And the waters flow on in their peaceful way,
Singing a song, all the livelong day;
Where the hills rise up with their rugged side,
And the mists hang low o'er the flowing tide;
Where whispering angels, and heavenly
Revel in the silence God's manifold loves;

We greet you, and meet you, in spirit and truth,
With the blossoms of age, and the buds of youth,
We bring to you treasures, priceless, rare!
God's gifts to His children, found everywhere!

In earth and in heaven, in shadow and light,
In the dawn of the morning, the darkness of night,
In the spheres above, the realms below,
We find them in beauty, wherever we go.

Though in spirit apart, and from form set free,
We live in the Light of Infinity!

You will see by the postmark that I have left the noise and din of our great metropolis for the hills of Minnesota, where I may commune, in silence, with nature, undisturbed.

Winona, where I am at present located, is most beautifully situated among the hills, close on the banks of the Great Father of All Waters, and while it is quite a large city, and a prosperous one, the people move less rapidly and seem content to live and let live.

It is truly delightful to get back to Mother Nature, and repose once more in her bosom, to pluck the lovely blossoms which are now unspringing, and to quench the thirst at her cooling springs; and when the evening shadows fall, and all nature is sleeping, how delightful to watch the stars come out, and catch the inspiration of their gleaming!

I am at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McFarlin, and those who have the pleasure of Mrs. McFarlin's acquaintance will realize how much that means. In this paradise on earth, this hospitable home, every barrier existing between the spirit-world and this world is removed, and even "the thin veil between us" disappears. Mrs. McFarlin with her wonderful mediumship should not be allowed to waste her fragrance on the desert air, but should find constant employment. She is a Spiritual Telephone, through which a great many disembodied spirits, friends and relatives, and commune with loved ones here as naturally as if using their own body.

Mrs. C. McFarlin and myself are open to engagements to lecture and give teachings upon the various subjects which are of interest to the advancing souls.

Aside from the spiritual work we may do, we are prepared to build up societies by giving elocutionary and musical recitals.

In impersonating character, Mrs. McFarlin is unexcelled. Having been her instructor in that branch, I feel qualified to judge, and can but rejoice over her success.

Societies desiring to make arrangements with us, should do so at once. My reception in Winona is all that heart can desire or spirit need. Everywhere I find an appreciation of the light and the truth.

Mrs. M. G. MCINTYRE.
386 W. 4th St., Winona, Minn.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
Sister Amanda Polk passed to Spirit-Life April 23, 1895, at Marion, Ind. The Marion Spiritual Association adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, There has again been removed a link from the chain that binds us together, and one of our choicest members has been taken to her home in Spirit-life; and

Whereas, By this death, or what seems so, there comes to each of us a sense of bereavement, and we are reminded that to one and all alike, sooner or later, the summons will come and we should be ready; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the transition of Sister Polk, our association has lost a faithful and worthy member; the community a Christian woman, and her family a devoted wife and mother.

Resolved, That while our loss is her eternal gain, we feel deeply that loss and tender our heartfelt sympathy to the husband in this his hour of sorrow.

COMMITTEE.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature, and presents his views as demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

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THE GOSPEL OF NATURE!

IT IS A MOST EXCELLENT WORK!

This work is by DR. M. L. SHERMAN, assisted by PROF. W. F. L'VON. Heretofore it has been sold for \$2, but the price now has been reduced to \$1. It is a book that will interest and instruct upon various subjects, and is full of suggestive thoughts. Dr. Sherman was a medium of rare quality, and his work is a masterpiece of natural history. It treats of the Soul of Things; Intelligence in Substance; Animal Intelligence; Purification; Disasters; Good and Evil; Unnatural Ideas; Church History; Progression; Inherent in Substance; The Unconscious Theory; Particles are Entities; Justice; Impregnation of the Virgin; The Science of Death; Spiritualism; Death; Immortality; Mourning; The Confinement of Language; The Spirit Above Matter and Spirit; Size and distance; Spiritual Organization; The Soul of Man; The Soul of the Universe; The Soul of the Cosmos; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul of the Snow; The Soul of the Wind; The Soul of the Fire; The Soul of the Earth; The Soul of the Sun; The Soul of the Moon; The Soul of the Stars; The Soul of the Planets; The Soul of the Comets; The Soul of the Meteors; The Soul of the Clouds; The Soul of the Rain; The Soul

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance.

One year (ten copies to the one getting up the club)	\$1.00
Three months (three copies to the one getting up the club)	.75
Single copy	5c

Remittances.

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10 to 15 cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, so don't send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895

Deplorable, but True.

Rev. C. S. Starkweather has just been elected mayor of Superior City, Minnesota. He announced from his pulpit that he would run no Sunday-school government; that he does not believe in prohibition; saloons he considers the poor man's club-room; and as the rich man's club-room is open on Sunday he sees no reason why the poor man's should be closed.

In one of the counties of Tennessee, in the summer of 1839, when James K. Polk, afterwards President of the United States, was canvassing the State on a political tour, a Whig grand jury presented him as a nuisance in calling the people away from the harvest field, to listen to his discussion of political questions. If grand juries generally would lay aside their religious prejudices, and see the baneful consequences flowing from Sabbath idleness, they would present its worship—not its desecration—as a nuisance.

Reader, don't misunderstand us. If sixty hours to constitute a week's service—which seems the general custom for wage labor—then instead of compressing this into six days of ten hours each, would it not be better to allow contracting parties, if they so desire, to divide it between seven days, devoting about eight and seven hours a day to earning the balance of the time to be expended in the home circle, in looking after domestic affairs, working in the garden, engaged in literary pursuits, reading the Bible or cultivating the soul, just as their judgment and interest shall direct? It is very probable priestcraft would not be so generously served by such procedure, but would not humanity be the gainer? In that case saloons and churches would meet a common fate.

Oh, How Shameful!

In conversation with a Catholic during the last week, he admitted the doctrine of an endless hell was fabulous; but he said: "The effect of such teaching has a restraining influence on the young and the uneducated, and the moral effect is good." He was apprehensive children could not be kept in subjection to parents without the aid of "many terms of superstition."

Influenced by similar motives, the heads of families in "darkest Africa" have resort to Mumbo Jumbo, to hold wives and children in subordination. This terrible god rushes from the forest at night, with loud howlings, and free application of the rod to the victim, exercising the same influence over his subjects as does the angry God of the church over the imaginations of children whom they wish to train to acts of virtue and morality.

But do not Catholics and Protestants, and the savages of Africa, err alike in judgment when they resort to fear, the lowest passion in the human breast, as an incentive to worthy actions? The child learns it has been imposed upon by falsehood, and loses respect for the threatened terror, as for those who employ it as a method of government.

If it is desirable to make the young love truth and practice it, only truth should be taught them. Ignorance may be instructed that the interior of the earth is filled with liquid flames; that volcanoes are portals; and that the souls of the wicked dead are forced to dwell eternally unconscious in those fiery abodes; but the educated and the thoughtful will rebel against such nonsense; and yet, oh, how shameful, the poor child's early years are clouded and blighted with the awful nightmare, and, if always priest-led, must suffer to the end of life with mental torture.

Under Arrest.

Geo. Jacob Schweinfurth, known as the Rockford Messiah, has been indicted by the grand jury of Winnebago county, with three of his "angels," who, it is said, have become mothers under his ministry. They are charged with living in open defiance of morality. The parties were placed under arrest, and afterwards gave bonds in \$3,000 for their appearance in court to answer and abide the verdict of a jury. It is a hazardous undertaking to set up in business as a messiah. Like whistling girls and crowing hens, they are sure to be taken in the end.

The elder Pitt was extremely rough in addressing those with whom he came in contact, and so made many enemies.

Oh, the Fraud!

"That Moabite Stone," to which we devoted an article a few weeks ago, recalls a pretended discovery made in that same Moabite region by Mr. Shapira. The treasure was known as "Moabite pots," and were covered with inscriptions. It is said the discoverer received from the German government £3,000 for his lucky find. On full investigation by archaeologists, the pots proved to be modern forgeries, and very clumsy ones.

In tracing the history of Mr. Shapira, it was found he visited London a short time before, having in his possession what he represented as the coffin in which Samson, renowned for his long and muscular hair, was buried. He proposed its sale to the Palestine Exploring Fund. It was referred to Dr. Neubauer, of Oxford, to ascertain the probable date when "Samson" was interred thereon. The learned antiquarian called attention to the fact that the Philistine who made the inscription was not a good speller; that he had added a superfluous p to the name, just as an uneducated Englishman would be likely to do. The St. James Gazette, telling of the occurrence at the time, said: "Mr. Shapira and his coffin both left London simultaneously." But it seems he was successful with his fraudulent Amphora among the Germans. His coffin is probably at this time on exhibition in some dime museum, the delight of the clergy.

If Mr. Shapira succeeded in getting away with the £3,000, it is possible a portion of the amount was invested in the Moabite Stone, the Rev. Mr. Kline, a German, like Mr. Shapira, an educated missionary to Jerusalem, probably short of funds, copying for him from the Hebrew Scriptures a passage which it was hoped would pass as one made by the Moabite king Mesha, 3,000 years ago, to commemorate one of his great battles. To prevent detection, the stone was broken into fragments, to be gathered up when all traces of the modern chisel were obliterated by fire and water.

Wholly Untrustworthy.

It was a criminal offence in the South, in ante-bellum days, to teach a slave to read. And why? Because when educated and made acquainted with his natural rights, he insisted on being his own master. During all the Middle Ages learning was limited to the clergy. Royalty received its education in a limited way from these intermediaries between God and man. If the clergy could have continued control, the masses of the people would have remained ignorant and brutal, slaves to a tyrannical priesthood. They would have been compelled to attend church, where they would have been taught a book had been received which was written by the finger of God, and was in the hands of the priests, teaching man his entire duty to the heavenly powers. It was their prerogative to expound this holy book, and glean lessons from it for the people, their word being law.

Martin Luther wrested this holy book from the church, and gave it as a sacred treasure to the people, who received it as a fetish and treated it as such. But ecclesiastical saw this fetish would lose its value if subjected to free criticism, so severe penalties were imposed on those who should deny it was the Word of God, or should speak lightly of it. In these times of advanced knowledge the book has fallen into the hands of persons who are capable of determining its worth. They find it a very unworthy and unreliable human production, of doubtful value in any field of literature. It was hoped the revelations of ancient monuments would synchronize with it, and its defective history would aid in revealing the past. But the candid scholar finds no aid from this source. It is a production wholly outside of authentic history, and so the world will regard it as developments go on, and the buried past becomes better known.

She Was a Witch.

Joan of Arc, who led the armies of France to victory, and left an untarnished reputation for maidenly virtues, whose patriotic devotion to home and country has made her name immortal, was burned at the stake May 30, 1431, for witchcraft; Cardinal Winchester occupying a throne erected for his special entertainment in full view of the awful tragedy, his prelates occupying a scaffold at his right, while the helpless, unprotected victim was chained to a stake in front, around which were piled dry fagots ready for the torch. Asked to recant her story, that she was directed in her action by heavenly voices, she declared:

"Though you shall tear off my limbs and pluck my soul from my body, I will say nothing else."

Brave girl, a genuine heroine, peerless in her devotion to truth, she died in a flame of fire built by Christian hands, a sacrifice to that damnable declaration professedly from God, preserved in His holy word, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Out in the Cold.

The American section of Theosophical Society, in session in Boston, withdrew from the International Society, by a vote of 185 to 10. They then set up for themselves, and elected W. Q. Judge president for life, thus leaving Mrs. Besant and Col. Olcott, of the Orient branch, to shift for themselves.

Ayer's Pills are recommended by leading physicians and druggists, as the most prompt and efficient remedy for biliousness, nausea, costiveness, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, jaundice, and sick headache; also, to relieve colds, fevers, neuralgia and rheumatism.

FLASH LIGHTS FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

CALIFORNIA

Catenations, Casuistries and Comments.

All these words: general, liberal, broad-minded, catholic, universal, have a similar meaning. And universalism, implying all-embracing, is the synonym of that religious faith which looks forward to the final triumph of good over evil, life over death, and the ultimate restoration of all human souls to happiness and heaven.

The pastor of the Universalist Church in San Diego has, in behalf of the California State Convention of Universalists, invited me to deliver an address or read a paper before its body of laymen, delegates and preachers, that is to convene in this city early in May. The invitation has been accepted. It requires no Daniel to prophesy what my theme will be.

Someone has said that "Spiritualism is Universalism gone to seed." It would have been better to have said: Spiritualism is Universalism demonstrated through the present ministry of angels and spirits. Not a spirit has returned with so much as the smell of sulphur upon its garments. Not a spirit has seen the Revelator's "lake of fire and brimstone," and not a returning intelligent spirit has failed to teach the great law of evolution or progression beyond this valley of shadows. Jesus, we are informed, preached to the Hadean spirits in prison, thus implying their repentance, progress and restoration.

Spiritualists alone have followed the apostolic injunction—"add to your faith knowledge." Universalists believe in a future life. Spiritualists know of it. Universalists walk by faith; Spiritualists by sight. Universalists hope to meet and recognize their friends hereafter; Spiritualists have already, in this world, met and recognized their spirit friends. With Spiritualists faith has blossomed out into a full fruition, and they can triumphantly shout: "O, grave, where is thy victory!"

HIGH COMMISSION COURT.

How many of you, readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, have studied the horrible secrets of that English inquisition known as the High Commission Court and the Star Chamber? Through it heretics and scholarly free-thinkers were unceremoniously brought to the block! John Bunyan, the symbolic medium, was imprisoned in Bedford. George Fox was hunted and vilified, and Mother Ann Lee was thrust into a Manchester prison, which I visited a few years ago in company with Fredrick Evans, the Shaker elder, of Mount Lebanon, New York. Persecutions, fetters, dungeons, fires, swords and inhuman butcheries have ever been the attendants of Constantinian Churchianity. And what is worse, these red-headed sectarists have justified their murderous proceedings by quoting such commands of scripture as—"If thy brother, thy son, or the wife of thy bosom, say, Let us go and serve other gods, thou shalt surely kill him; thou shalt stone him with stones till he die." (Deut. xiii:6-10.)

A DIABOLICAL EDICT.

That reigning Protestant Christian, Henry VIII., issued, in harmony with Old Testament commands, this edict: "If any person, by word, writing, etc., do preach, teach or hold opinions, that in the blessed sacraments of the altar under form of bread and wine, after consecration thereof, there is not present, really, the natural body and blood of our Savior Jesus Christ, or that in the flesh, under the form of bread, is not the very blood of Christ, or that the blood, under the form of wine, is not the very flesh of Christ, as well apart as if they were both together, then he shall be judged a heretic, and suffer death by burning." (Piercing's Statutes, Vol. IV., p. 471.)

Wherever a kingly and purse-proud Christianity has gained the most power, it has most obstructed the march of civilization, as in Spain and Italy. Guizot, the great historian of civilization in France, tells us that "when any war arose between power and liberty, the church always planted itself on the side of power."

THE SIDE OF POWER

Against liberty. This sectarian Christianity in our midst is the importation of the Dark Ages, the horrid nightmare of the world. It is grossly immoral in its tendency; for it sends good moral men to hell, and the life-long wicked to heaven if repentant at the last moment and soundly orthodox. According to this churchian belief, a man may commit all manner of sin—lie, swear, cheat, get drunk, steal, murder—then at the last hour comply with the "conditions of salvation," and swing from the gallows to glory! In confirmation of this demoralizing church doctrine they sing—

"While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

THE BALD HEADS.

"Go up, thou bald head, go." Who among the ancient prophets was thus taunted? Memory fails me, and my great library went up in flames. Why are there so many more bald-headed men than women? Because men wear the hard, stiff, stove-pipe-shaped hat, preventing largely both the circulation of the blood and the natural flow of the nerve-forces. Hence, the hair roots die for lack of nourishment. Our North American Indians, the Hindus of the Orient, and the Polynesians of the Pacific islands, have no bald heads. They wear no hats. Children of nature, they let God's sunshine and cooling breezes kiss them and fan their uncovered heads.

In London may be seen what is denominated the

"BLUE COAT SCHOOL,"

founded by Edward VI.; the boys, even

the seniors, all go bareheaded. This was a condition of the endowment. And these boys and young men thread London's streets hatless in the hottest weather, with never a case of sunstroke known—now bald heads in after life. Bald heads are common in our country; and yet the hair may be made to grow upon them by using the "waters of life" from Isham's famous springs, some ten or fifteen miles from San Diego, near the base of San Miguel mountain. These crystal springs of soft, pure water are certainly making the hair to grow luxuriantly and beautifully upon many bald heads. Having no financial interest in these springs whatever, I can have no selfish motive in thus sounding their praises.

IV.

THE ORIENT AND THE OCCIDENT.

The Orient, with its occult treasures, and the Occident, with its untold energies, meet along this western sunset coast. When money is yoked to education, and enterprise and idealism are harnessed to practical uses, progress becomes king, and life is richly worth the living. When in Cape Town, Africa, some fifteen years ago, I witnessed the business of ostrich farming. It was pronounced profitable in Cape Colony, and I said to myself, why cannot the ostrich be acclimated, and proved a success in Louisiana, Arizona and California? This thought I published in the New York Herald and the Philadelphia Press. The seed fell on good ground. Within two or three years ostriches were imported from Natal and Cape Town to this country. These

riding New Orleans and Galveston did not do so well. The climate was too cold and chilly in winter. Others were located in the warm, sheltered valley of San Luis Bay, Cal. These multiplied and did finely. So did those placed upon a branch farm at Coronado Beach, San Diego. A writer says those birds, instead of degenerating in captivity and exile, thrive and multiply rapidly, and the plumes rival those of Natal or Barbary, and by more skillful breeding may yet compare with the wild feathers of the Sahara.

V.

FRAUDULENT SEANCES.

Thanks to that faithful worker, Will C. Hodge, for his excellent article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, March 23, unmasking hypocrites, and warning Spiritualists against the frauds, fakirs and sleight-of-hand impostors, who, in the sacred name of Spiritualism, tramp from the Atlantic on the East, to the wave-washed shores of the Pacific, giving fraudulent seances, and robbing the poor of hard-earned money. Shame—shame to Spiritualists for patronizing these wandering snakes of darkness, and what is baser still, defending them when fully and positively exposed. Were not your columns overcrowded, I should like to reproduce half of Mr. Hodge's telling article. Permit me the following:

"Independent slate-writing, so called, is another disreputable method of winning dollars faster than honest methods will allow, and it is notorious that this phase is simulated by persons who possess the phase of automatic writing, but who can in no case produce the genuine article. Such not only palm off the spurious for the genuine, but they are not aware that their own slate-writing is a fraud, and is a cheap and easily learned trick. The desecration to learn a lesson in common honesty, by paying the penalty for getting money under false pretenses."

"There are those professing test mediumship who do not give a genuine test once in ten times. They rehearse the same old thing until it becomes a veritable chestnut, and wormy at that. Names and events are exchanged by these fakirs, who keep lists for that purpose, and they spring them upon their audiences as veritable tests from the spirit side of life. If we can believe the testimony of this class of mediums themselves, this method is learned by indulging in and to such an extent has been carried, many are seriously asking whether it would not be better to entirely discontinue the giving of public tests from our rostrums."

"The subject of 'Reverends' may be some considered too holy to find place in this article. The fact remains, however, the 'reverend' business has been largely overworked, and there are signs that the reaction has set in. To our shame, be it said, societies have ordained speakers simply for the asking, and without due regard to intellectual or moral fitness for the position. Oh, heaven! think of the astounding professor and reverends who gravely announce to their audience that the spleen is located between the kidneys and the backbone."

VI.

EXPOSURE OF PETER WEST.

In touch with the above, I am necessitated in behalf of true Spiritualism to give some of the facts relating to the professedly great "slate-writing" medium, the original Peter West, of Boston, Mass., who has just become conspicuous in San Diego by his timely disappearance. This man—fully six feet tall, and bearing about a monstrous visceral ponderosity, with any amount of cheeky brassiness—came to our city, unknown to Spiritualist societies, endorsed by a single well-known Spiritualist, and advertised himself as (I quote verbatim from his handbills):

"The original and only Peter West, of Boston, Mass., the clairvoyant of clairvoyants, everything you want to know is told you instantly, plainly, correctly; business transactions, wills, deeds, mortgages, partnerships, marriage, love, courtship, divorce, family troubles, etc." "Brings back your lover, causes speedy and happy marriages, removes crosses, spells, brings you good luck, locates mines, tells you the lucky numbers that win." Do not confuse me with others. I am the reliable, original Peter West, of Boston, Mass. If you are going to see a medium,

why not see the best in the world?" etc.

With advertisements and posters like the above, and others more impudently glaring, Spiritualists of thirty and forty years' standing flocked to this "Peter," as would hungry eagles to a dead carcass. Some of them actually wanted "tests"—think of it, a test! He was invited to excellent families; was put upon the Spiritualist platform Sundays and Friday evenings, for hypnotizing, chalk-talks, turning water into wine, giving slate-writing tests (?), and in the meantime taking in the golden shekels. He had no objections to ladies' rings and jewelry, to give them luck. Things went on swimmingly. Peter was happy—his heavy purse being supplied and sustained by the faithful. The sturdy ship, Spiritualism, seemed riding upon the topmost wave, and funds were talked of to construct, by Peter's aid, a magnificent spiritual temple.

But suddenly Peter was not! True, he promised to return promptly, but, as yet, he has returned, neither by railway locomotion nor in the clouds of heaven, and there is lamentation and mourning among the few in Israel.

Take hope, brethren—never a truth perished. If that grand truth, Spiritualism, could have been killed, it would have been killed long ago, by its professed friends. It is one of the peculiarities of Spiritualists to criticize and half pay their home mediums, and then chase after "phantoms" and socially coddle every traveling tramp that hires a shop, opens his carpet-bag, and advertises his questionable wares.

If certain San Diego Spiritualists deny or take umbrage at my plainness of speech, it will only compel me to get the affidavits of at least two ladies, who, after attending two or more of "Peter West's" private seances, came to Dr. Watkins and myself for medical advice.

MARK THE CONTRAST.

Only last evening, myself, Mr. and Mrs. Cook (patients of ours, but not Spiritualists) held a seance with Dr. Watkins. It was not only satisfactory, but overmasteringly so. I purchased the slates myself. They were never in Dr. Watkins' room or hands. I laid them upon the table, a large Rochester lamp burning in the center. The Doctor stepped out of the room while we prepared the pellets by writing on them the names of deceased friends, then folding them up and during his absence rolling them lightly. There were some two dozen of them mixed up in a common pile, not one of which was touched by the Doctor. Then as we pointed to them one by one he would say, "I see a light, or a star over that; pick it up and hold it;" then he would give the oral communication or write it, giving the spirit's name, which name corresponded with the one held in the hand every time, as the unrolling and opening of the pellets proved. The communications were apt, convincing and beautiful. We then, all four of us, took up these slates, holding them tightly together, when immediately we felt the vibrations and heard the pencil writing rapidly. Done!—and there were two different communications, in two distinctly different handwritings, and names signed corresponding with those pellets in the Cooks' hands. The communications were concerning friends and private family matters, and of the most convincing character. These were plain, substantial, straightforward spirit phenomena. It was all before our eyes, and of a high spiritual order. And such genuine phenomena through those whom we personally know are above all price. They demonstrate a future existence. They destroy this death-ends-all materialism. They bring the loved one to our homes again and let in the gladdening sunshine of immortality.

If I know anything through my consciousness, intuition and reason—I know anything through seeing, hearing, feeling—in a word, my senses—then do I know that the chasm is bridged—that the dead are alive. All honor be to God and the good angels!

VII.

GONE UP HIGHER.

Laying down his pen, and putting off his sandals, James Burns, one of the first and most enthusiastic Spiritualists of London, has gone up higher. Reaching England upon my lecture tour, he was always the first to greet, and upon leaving for my native land the last to extend the hand and say good-bye. It was under his auspices and supervision that I delivered the first course—a seven months' course—of lectures in the Cavendish rooms, London, and among my frequent listeners was that distinguished scientist, Alfred R. Wallace.

Friend Burns of the Medium and Day-break was not a "business man" in the sense of planning, plotting and scheming for worldly profit, cautiously, slipperily keeping just inside the line of criminal law. No; he was not a business man as the trafficking tradesman understands that word, but he was an honest man! No sin ever set upon his head that he would not have paid his last debt, had it been in his power. To-day he is spiritually rich, and many an old shynk miser may, over there, call upon him for water to cool his "parched tongue." His was a strong individuality. His moral courage was almost phenomenal—his industry proverbial. He loved Spiritualism more than he loved self, and for it, martyr-like, he sacrificed his life.

Some unhygienic, beef-eating Englishman has suggested, since Mr. Burns' departure from mortality, that he would have been in his body to-day had he eaten heartily of animal flesh—just as though the grease and the gravies of dead cows and oxen—just as though the corpses of dead sheep and hogs, stuffed into the stomach, would prolong life. It is an undisputed fact that the longest-lived people have been those that lived very abstemiously, or were outright vegetarians. A hundred years hence the meat-eaters of this century will be considered and called a sort of old-time cannibals.

VIII.

THE NOBLE MAN, J. J. MORSE.

Across the wide waters to England that I so admire, and to English Spirit-

ualists, whom I honor, I stretch my arm, and clasping the hand of that noble man and faithful worker, J. J. Morse, say with a heart all aglow with appreciation: I thank you—thank you for your inspired word at the memorial service of my old friend, James Burns. Listen:

"To-night, I ask you, one and all, to join in tribute to a man's work, good intentions, and good services. Let us remember all that was good, useful and true belonging to this man, clinging to his better part, so that it may be a touchstone calling out our better selves, and let us hope that when craving kindness for our own failings, we may grant like consideration for another's."

"The late years of his mortal life were embittered by a well-nigh hopeless struggle against financial difficulties, culminating at last in his own utter and complete personal poverty. Sick with a wasting disease, with failing sight, housed in one poor room, unable to procure, for lack of means, comforts that are so needful to the sick—think of it, on that cold December day, ill, dying, and I, not what else, for lack of means, with none to sustain him in his need but the faithful wife, who sat there in the sad grey dawn, soothing her despairing husband with snatches of faintly sung Scotch ballads, cheering him, as in happier days, when their lives were young, before cares had wrinkled their brows, silvered their heads, or embittered the waters of life."

The above lines filled my eyes with tears. They are not too old to weep for the sufferings of my fellow-men. But, further:

"There are many reasons why, standing here to-night, I should frankly admit my debts to our departed friend. Let me tell you one or two. Twenty-six years ago I met my ever-valued friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles. He was pleased to commend my mediumship, which, from his great experience, was commendation indeed. He learned from me that I was utterly alone in the world, virtually homeless and penniless. He introduced me to James Burns, who, finding me 'an unheralded,' literally fed me, and, on Mr. Peebles' suggestion, consented to establish those ever-memorable Friday evening seances, which were held for nearly four years at 15 Southampton Row. Thus, when life's prospects were darkest, James Burns succored me, and, all unknown to fame, I was by the same hand brought before you, and placed in the service, on the mortal side, of the angels, and mankind. It was ingratitude indeed to keep silence on this occasion upon such a matter. I who knew him in the early work of our cause, then, here to-night bridge the distance of the years we have worked apart, and join with you in recognition of his work and devotion to Spiritualism."

"My task is almost done, but, ere it terminates, a word or two more. How best can James Burns be honored? To my mind there are two things that need be done. A fitting stone to mark the spot where lies the dust of one who led the battle when our fight was first begun. This has been suggested by Mrs. Russell-Davies, and I trust she will do her best to see it carried out. But there is more important and practical matter still. We have with us the wife, left to face the world for the bread that perisheth, since it remains that James Burns died poor and in debt. We have two sons—James, the younger, is saddled with the responsibilities of his father's debts, he having, with a courage and a loyalty quite uncommercial, taken these difficulties upon himself. Better than tombstones, better than words of praise or sympathy, better than talk of any kind, would it be if the shadow of those liabilities could be lifted from across the path of James Burns' memory, so that, at the end of his name could be freed therefrom his family saved from beggary, and the paper he founded preserved to perpetuate the work he served with such devotion. Young Mr. Burns is prepared to do his utmost to uphold his father's work—he, his brother and his mother, as Spiritualists, are willing to do their utmost for Spiritualism at its best, and if honor to the husband and the father can be translated into results which will sustain the wife and sons in carrying on the father's work, then our sympathies will indeed be crowned with a notable success."

Spiritualism knows no England, no America—no race, no color, no country. Our work, our hopes, our joys, our sorrows are one; hence American Spiritualists sympathize deeply with Mrs. Burns and her two trustworthy sons, Willie and James, in their sad, soul-felt trials. The present, however, has no sorrows—no wounds that the future will not heal. God is good—and God reigns.

IX.

YELLOW WITH YEARS.

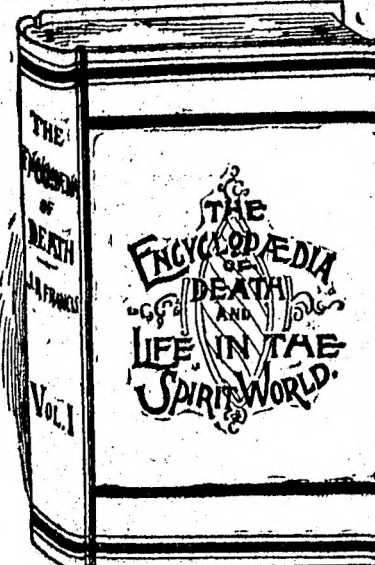
Here lies the letter, yellow with years! "Every thy friend, Wm. Denbow." Such were the closing words of a brief letter from that soul-souled Spiritualist, just on the eve of his starting out on a scientific expedition to that fatal island. "Thy friend!"

As sun to crystal waters, as mirror to polished surface, as pulse to throbbing heart, so is friend to friend. The wise have many acquaintances, and but few friends. Pure, unselfish friendship! What is sweeter, holier? And these unselfish friends—friends who confide in me! who tell me all! who confess all! and who, opening all their hearts' loved chambers to me, open mine afire with love to them. Such friends are earth's angels, and I have them. From them I conceal nothing. Our souls to each are as mirrors. They know my past—its good and its ill, its struggles and its victories. They know the ideal sought to be attained afar-off in the sunlands of eternity. Pure friendship is immortal. The soul thrives on this trinity—confidence, friendship, love. "Henceforth, I call you not servants, but friends," said Jesus.

That there are hypocrites, that there are two-faced traitors; that there are masked enemies who smile and stab while they smile, is not to be denied. The barred arrows make the sensitive soul to quiver for the moment; but, quickly regaining its balance, it plumes itself for loftier flights afar beyond the archer's arrows. There are but few really bad people in the world—wicked for wickedness' sake; and even these poor souls seek happiness by pursuing inverse methods to attain it. None are totally depraved. There is no absolute, no endless evil in the universe. God is good, and good is everywhere.

San Diego, Cal.

Alfred the Great said, "A king can afford to be polite."



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A. W. Moore, a noted journalist, says: "I was delighted beyond measure to receive a copy of your Encyclopedia 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.'"

Joseph Beals, so prominently known in connection with the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, says: "I have read The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, with great interest, and feel that it is a book well calculated to do missionary work. It ought to have a large circulation."

Exposure of Mediums.

We publish this week a criticism by L. G. Kent, a prominent Spiritualist of South Riley, Mich., of the mediumship of L. P. Mitchell. We have a large pile of what may be regarded as "exposures" of mediums, sent to

LIGHT IS BREAKING

And Will Illuminate the Whole Earth.

TO THE EDITOR:—In an issue of the Arena I read as follows: "Few people appreciate the significance of recent progress along the lines of psychological research, the vast accumulation of facts which demand investigation, and the growing interest in occult problems among the most thoughtful people in the civilized world. The old-time prejudice, which with supercilious arrogance relegated all psychical or extra-normal problems to the realm of superstition, is rapidly giving place to a spirit at once critical and truth-loving. From the evidence which is now being carefully collected and sifted by scholarly bodies and individuals, I am led to believe that we are on the threshold of a new world of thought, — a realm which will far transcend in interest and practical value the new world which the evolutionists have given us in the domain of physical science. Few people have any conception of the widespread interest among profoundly thoughtful people of to-day in matters relating to psychical phenomena."

I have read somewhere about a certain stone that had been rejected by the builders finally becoming the chief head of the corner. The application of this scrap of history at once suggests itself. Spiritualism has for nearly fifty years been not only rejected, but despised and ridiculed by orthodox builders. It seems, however, that it is yet destined to occupy the most important and prominent position in the temple of rational religion. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

As now felt and manifested all over the world an unbounded interest in the subject. To deny this is to deny that man has any interest in his immortality, which is self-evidently untrue. The only person with whom I am acquainted who is absolutely certain, convinced and satisfied of a future existence is the Spiritualist.

The pulpit has never satisfied the thinking few over the immortality of the soul. Even Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, confessed that he does not know that death does not end all.

Where, then, shall we go, not for the words of eternal wisdom written by anybody, but for the proof of the soul's immortality? If there is any proof of a future existence, the average mortal wants it, must have it, and will have it, sooner or later. It is only a question of time. Are we, then, not obliged to turn our attention to those phenomena that are, as yet, unexplained by no other than the Spiritualistic hypothesis? As long as those phenomena remain unexplained outside of Spiritualism, they will, no doubt, be considered explained by and within it.

In the present state of science and theology, who, I ask, does not hope and wish that Spiritualism is true?

Does the reader reply that those phenomena are the result of legions, and are not genuine? Then I answer, he has had no proper experience with them, or has fallen among deceivers.

Almost everything in nature is imitated. The artist's "painted boat upon a painted river" is wonderfully executed, and yet we know at a glance that it is a mere painting. Many good judges of bank notes, after accepting a genuine bill, cannot give you any other reason for its acceptance than that the note looks all right, its general appearance being above suspicion; he is convinced by intuitive impression that it is bona fide. The legions of the occult, as these phenomena present a palpable inconsistency which stamps with folly those who unduly urge it. However expert a man may be at sleight-of-hand, however difficult to distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit phenomena presented, there is an infallible rule by which the distinction can be made, and that rule is based upon the character of the intelligence received in any given test. The nature of the messages received by the investigator relating facts known only to him and the spiritual source from which they proceed, should settle at once and forever the question of legitimacy.

This infallible rule, however, does not stand alone, as the reader may be sure, and also the proof of the genuineness of those phenomena. It is grandly supported and corroborated by circumstantial evidence that would be accepted by any court of justice in the world. Thousands of human beings have by the strong arm of the law been sent to the gallows on evidence much less clear and satisfactory.

It is objected that the philosophy of Spiritualism renders the spirits of our departed friends omnipresent. The consideration of this aspect of the subject leads us into the domain of speculation—that is, "golden streets of the new Jerusalem," hazy, etc., a region into which one would suppose that the orthodox clergyman never enters, if we may judge by the character of his objections to Spiritualism. We will venture, however, the following observations upon this question:

God is a spirit.

God is omnipresent.

Man's spirit returns to the God who gave it.

The reader may draw his own conclusions as to the omnipresence of our departed friends, or their ability to

travel as quick as thought from place to place.

If, however, the inability to answer every question propounded to the spiritual philosophy constitutes a reasonable ground for its rejection as false, as a delusion and a snare, what will become of every other system of philosophy or religion on the face of the earth?

Would we be justified in rejecting, ridiculing the science of astronomy because the student thereof cannot tell us all about the planets Mars, Saturn and Jupiter? What the astronomer knows, he knows to an absolute, mathematical certainty, and no power on earth could persuade him that he was mistaken. When it is considered that he can calculate to a second of time the movements of those planets, it is not surprising that he should speak with certainty in regard to his knowledge.

What the Spiritualist knows, he knows to an absolute certainty, and all the pulpits and pews in Christendom could not alter a fact in his personal experience. He may not be able to render his spiritual experience intelligible and satisfactory to others, but it will ever remain so to himself, and that settles the question for him. The question of Spiritualism is one of individual experience, and he who, not possessed of that experience himself, attempts to expose as false that possessed by others, succeeds only in exposing his own ignorance and intolerance. There are many, very many questions that the Spiritualist would be glad to have answered concerning his philosophy, that yet remain and perhaps ever will remain unanswered. But does this fact justify him in renouncing and rejecting that philosophy? There is more expected and demanded of Spiritualism than all the religions, philosophies and sciences in the world. The infant, modern Spiritualism, is treated as a full-grown man, of the age of Methuselah.

When unanswerable questions are addressed to the pulpit, the interrogator is treated to some such texts as these:

"Now we see through a glass darkly."

"Here we know in part; there we shall know even as we are known."

Whether Spiritualists have any business with orthodox answers to knotty, naughty questions, I cannot now determine. My own opinion is that when asked unanswerable questions, it is better to follow in the lead of "honorable" men like C. R. Ingersoll, and simply say, "I don't know." It makes me tired to hear a man talk knowingly of that of which he is absolutely ignorant.

In a pulpit attack upon Theosophy about a year ago, the minister remarked that "one did not need to drink the entire ocean to ascertain that its water is salt."

The same simile will answer my purpose here. One does not need to rake up all the unanswerable questions that might be propounded to Spiritualism, or to travel the world over in pursuit of the varied phenomena it affords, in order to ascertain whether its philosophy be true. A single, solitary message, received under absolute test conditions, within the home circle, or at any other place, conveying intelligence known only to its invisible source, and the receiver, should be sufficient to establish its truth as a wonderful phenomenon that meant something, however difficult that something is to explain. As already remarked, as long as that something remains unexplained outside of Spiritualism, it will be considered explained by and within it.

I have yet to hear from the pulpit, pew, or any other source, the first reasonable objection to Spiritualism, or to the investigation of its phenomena.

The man who talks of exposing Spiritualism has evidently dropped out of the procession of progress, and has failed to catch up with the rank and file; that man is not "in it" at all. The day of "exposing" Spiritualism has passed, but the exposure of fraud, wherever found, in church or State, pulpit or pew, will continue as usual. For a minister of a gospel that is full of ancient Spiritualism to attempt to expose as false and ridiculous the modern form of it, is virtually to deny the truth of that gospel.

It is my opinion that the Rev. Dr. Talmage spoke wiser than he knew when he said: "Instead of the church converting the world, the world is converting the church." Unorganized Spiritualism, creeds, Spiritualism, the property of the world, is already operating as the medium through which the church is being converted. The reverend gentleman was rather tardy, or arriving at his opinion, or in expressing it, if we may judge by the length of time the New York Evangelist has anticipated him.

In that orthodox paper, long years ago, there appeared the following editorial:

"To the shame of the church! It must be confessed that the foremost men in all our philanthropic movements, in the interpretation of Christianity, in the interpretation of the Bible, in the interpretation of the rights of man, and in the practical redressing of his wrongs in the moral and intellectual regeneration of the race, are the so-called infidels of our land. The church has pusillanimously left, not only the working out, but the very reins of salutary reform, in the hands of men she denounces as inimical to Christianity, and who are doing with all their might, for humanity's sake, that which the church ought to be doing for Christ's sake; and if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, banishing rum, restraining licentiousness, reforming abuses, and elevating the masses, then must the recoil upon Christianity be disastrous in the extreme. We would woe to Christianity, when infidels, by force of nature, or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the church in morals, and in the practical work of Christianity. In the vindication of truth, righteousness and liberty, they are the pioneers, beckoning to a sluggish church to follow in the rear."

If the reader is interested in the subject of Spiritualism, without any knowledge of or experience with it, I would advise him, before seeking any of the phenomena thereof, to first read, as already stated, the Report of the Secretary of the University of Pennsylvania on the subject—a report written in the interest of the popular prejudice against it. After reading carefully this book, do not stop there, but follow it immediately with a "Review of the Seibert Commissioners' Report," by Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., who, mark you, at the time he penned the first edition, was not himself a Spiritualist. He is now, however, a very decided one, and says that up to the time he openly declared himself in full sympathy with the beautiful

and comforting religion, he was considered sane by his neighbors and friends.

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Modern Spiritualism is yet a mere infant, and the great possibilities—aye, probabilities and certainties—that it has in store for present and future generations, should awaken the keenest and kindest interest in the inquiring mind. It has already done this, and which the pulpit has failed to do—that is, accomplish the arrest of the progress of materialism and agnosticism. For nineteen hundred years the pulpit has preached the "hope" of immortality; for nearly a half century Spiritualism has furnished the "proof" of a future existence, which has never yet been overthrown, but, on the contrary, waxed stronger and stronger, as time passes.

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