

A MODERN SPIRITUALISTIC CLASSIC

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# SCIENTIFIC PROOFS

OF

# ANOTHER LIFE.

A series of essays comprising unique lessons  
of daily life, written by eminent persons  
after passing from mortal to  
spirit life.

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COMPILED BY  
**ROSE LEVERE, LL.B.**  
MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR

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*Mors Janua Vitæ.*

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The entire contents of this book written and  
sketched independently by spirits.

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Rose Levere

*DEDICATION*

With reverend love and gratitude  
to my dear parents,—soul father,  
soul mother and the spirit band, this  
book is dedicated.





## PREFACE.

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Fearless that this book will fail to at least interest the intelligent reading public, I present it as one of the most remarkable and unique literary compilations ever given to the world.

The essays herein are by persons of historical distinction, who, many of them, having passed on in former decades of time to the Great Beyond, now come back in spirit and independently write them.

The letters were given in my own room under conditions and circumstances which to me established beyond all peradventure the identity of the writers and the genuineness of the writings. But they hold inherent qualities which show this. The choice of themes, the style, the diction, the character of expression so peculiar to each writer, and so impossible of successful imitation, will at once appeal to the intelligence of every reader endowed with ordinary literary genius. It will be observed that no letter herein printed is a reproduction of any given during the mortal life of its author.

With love and kind regard to all into whose hands this book shall fall, I dedicate it as a pronouncedly affirmative answer to the question asked in all ages—

“If a man die shall he live again?”

ROSE LEVERE.



## \*CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
GREETING—Frank Leslie .....	1
THE HUMAN SOUL—Phoebe Cary.....	3
THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD'S LAW—Joan D'Arc .....	5
THE POWER OF THOUGHT—Fanny Fern (Sara P. Parton).....	7
THE EVOLUTION OF THE HUMAN RACE—William Ellery Channing .....	9
WHITE LIES—Stephen Collins Foster.....	11
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON—Lafayette....	15
REAL LIFE IN THE DREAMLAND—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.....	19
JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE—David Crockett.....	21
THE TRAGEDY OF 1813—Theodosia Burr Alston.....	23
ETHEREALIZATION—M. Jules Simon .....	27
THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE NAZARENE—Pontius Pilate.....	31
THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN AMERICA—Virginia Dare..	33
DOCTOR THOMAS—Phocion .....	37
RANDOM THOUGHTS—Abraham Lincoln .....	39
REGRETS OF GRADUAL PROGRESSION—Elizabeth Barrett Brown- ing.....	41
EDUCATION—Elizabeth Wright-Menafee .....	43
THE FALLING WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE—Edmund Halley ...	47
THE POWER OF MIND—Franz Anton Mesmer .....	49
THE SEANCE ON MOUNT SINAI—Moses .....	51
FRANCE AND THE ITALIAN TROUBLES—Napoleon III .....	53
THE FATE OF ITALY AND THE FALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE— Giuseppe Garibaldi.....	55
THE DREAD OF DEATH—Herbert Spencer.....	57
THE LAW OF PARENTAGE—Daoud.....	59

\*These are all posthumously written and published articles.

## CONTENTS

THE ILL EFFECTS OF WAR STATUES—U. S. Grant.....	61
THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE EFFORTS ON THE UN- BORN—Susan B. Anthony.....	63
HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF SHOWN IN THE RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES AND IN THE RECURRING EVENTS OF ALL AGES— Charles Darwin.....	65
CHURCH AND STATE—Benjamin Disraeli .....	69
LET US CULTIVATE HUMANE INCLINATIONS—Henry Bergh.....	71
HEAVEN IS WITHIN—Theodore Parker .....	73
DEATH THE EMANCIPATOR WHO SETS US FREE—Henry Ward Beecher .....	75
LIFE AND THE DRAMA—Dion Boucicault.....	77
THE AGE OF THE SPIRIT—Charles F. Berwind.....	79
MAN NOT THE ARCHITECT BUT THE BUILDER OF HIS OWN BEING—Florence Nightingale .....	81
ROCK OF AGES—Toplady .....	83
THE PRODUCTS OF TO-DAY ARE THE POSSIBILITIES OF YES- TERDAY—Omohondro.....	85
THE POWER OF THE VIOLIN AND THE FORCE OF PORTRAITURE— Ole Bull—Raphael Santi .....	89
SLEEP—Louisa May Alcott.....	93
THE COMPOSITE PICTURE—Martha Jefferson Randolph .....	95
THE WALLS HAVE EARS—Joseph Rodes Buchanan.....	97
WHY WE LIKE TO TRAVEL FAST—Socrates .....	99
REINCARNATION—Lucretia Mott.....	101
THE GREAT RED CROSS—Eugenie of France.....	105
IS INSPIRATION INSANITY?—Jonathan Swift.....	107
THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM—Elizabeth Cady Stanton	111
REFLECTIONS IN A CEMETERY—Mary Washington.....	115
NO MATTER—ALL SPIRIT—Henry Kiddle.....	117
THE LAW OF GRAVITY SUSPENDED IN FUTURE TRANSPORTA- TION—Sir Isaac Newton .....	119
THOUGHT FORMS AND MATERIAL FORMS—Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli .....	123
VISIONS OF THE FUTURE—Leon Tolstoy .....	125

## CONTENTS

HARMONY AND PERFECTION—Georges Sand .....	129
LOOK FOR THE LIGHT WHERE IT SHOULD BE—Mary Todd Lincoln .....	133
THE HEIGHT AND THE DEPTH AND THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH OF HEAVEN AND HELL, AND THEIR POSSIBILI- TIES—Daniel Webster.....	135
LONE STAR AND THE PALE-FACE MAIDEN—Lone Star.....	139
WHERE IS THE MILLENNIUM?—John Ericsson.....	143
THE NEED IS FATHER TO THE WISH—Archbishop John Hughes	145
THE SUNSHINE AND THE SHADOW—Phineas T. Barnum.....	147
CHINESE ARTICLE—Kwo P'Oh .....	149
THERE IS NOTHING WONDERFUL—Robert Bonner .....	151
THE MIND'S EYE—Dinah Maria Muloch-Craik.....	153
SOME OF THE FOLLIES AND FRAILTIES OF EDUCATION— Benjamin Franklin .....	155
FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD—Swami Vivekananda .....	159
ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN— W. W. Corcoran.....	161
MAN'S WEAKNESS AS A PHYSICAL BEING AND HIS STRENGTH MENTALLY—Samuel P. Langley .....	163
A VISIT TO WASHINGTON AND ALBANY—Mrs. Partington (B. P. Shillaber).....	167
MEN AND WOMEN ARE ONLY BOYS AND GIRLS—Sarah B. Hale	171
HOW THOUGHTS ARE CARRIED—Oliver Wendell Holmes .....	173
THE POST WITH AN IRON RING IN THE SIDE AND A STONE TOP—Emily C. Judson .....	177
ONE HUNDRED—The Man Who Sat in the Sycamore Tree .....	179
MEASURING THE WIND'S VELOCITY, CHURCH STEEPLES AND THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE EARTH—Christopher Columbus.....	181
MAZIE'S MEDIUM—Cyrus West Field.....	183
SOUL, SPIRIT AND BODY—Abu Ishak.....	187
MUSIC—M. Auber.....	189

# CONTENTS

## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES

No. 1—DRINKING FACILITIES ON RAILROAD TRAINS—Cornelius Vanderbilt .....	191
No. 2—FREE LUNCH COUNTERS AND SALOON GLASSES—William S. O'Brien .....	193
No. 3—LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AND FERRY BOAT PILOTS—Mathias W. Baldwin .....	195
No. 4—TIPPING—Russell Sage.....	199
No. 5—SIDE-DOOR RAILWAY CARS—Valentine Mott .....	201
No. 6—THE WEATHER BUREAU—William B. Hazen.....	203
No. 7—UNDESIRABLE PICTURE ADVERTISING—Clara Barton .....	207
No. 8—FALSE DETENTION—Deborah Reed Franklin .....	209
No. 9—UNNECESSARY INCONVENIENCES—Peter Cooper .....	211
No. 10—ALL EYES DO NOT SEE ALIKE—James Gordon Bennett	213
ADIEU—Samuel Finley Breese Morse .....	217
COMPENDIUM—William T. Stead.....	219

## LIST OF PORTRAITS

---

Rose Levere.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<b>FACING PAGE</b>
Frank Leslie.....	2 ✓
Alice and Phoebe Cary.....	4 ✓
Joan D'Arc.....	6 ✓
Fanny Fern (Sara P. Parton).....	8 ✓
William Ellery Channing.....	10 ✓
Stephen Collins Foster.....	14 ✓
Lafayette.....	18
Lydia Huntley Sigourney.....	20
David Crockett.....	22
Theodosia Burr Alston.....	26
Jules Simon.....	30
Pontius Pilate.....	32
Virginia Dare.....	36
Phocion.....	38
Abraham Lincoln.....	40
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.....	42
Elizabeth Wright-Menafee.....	46
Edmund Halley.....	48
Franz Anton Mesmer.....	50
Moses.....	52
Napoleon III.....	54
Giuseppe Garibaldi.....	56
Herbert Spencer.....	58
Daoud.....	60
U. S. Grant.....	62



## LIST OF PORTRAITS

	FACING PAGE
Susan B. Anthony.....	64
Charles Darwin.....	68
Benjamin Disraeli.....	70
Tecumseh.....	72
Theodore Parker.....	74
Henry Ward Beecher.....	76
Dion Boucicault.....	78
Roulania.....	80
Florence Nightingale.....	82
Toplady.....	84
Omohondro.....	88
Ole Bull.....	90
Raphael Santi.....	92
Louisa May Alcott.....	94
Martha Jefferson Randolph.....	96
Billy.....	98
Socrates.....	100
Lucretia Mott.....	104
Eugenie of France.....	106
Jonathan Swift.....	110
Elizabeth Cady Stanton.....	114
Mary Washington.....	116
George Washington.....	118
Sir Isaac Newton.....	122
Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli.....	124
Leon Tolstoy.....	128
Georges Sand.....	132
Mary Todd Lincoln.....	134
Daniel Webster.....	138
Black Hawk.....	142
John Ericsson.....	144
Archbishop John Hughes.....	146
Phineas T. Barnum.....	148
Kwo P'Oh.....	150

## LIST OF PORTRAITS

	FACING PAGE
Robert Bonner.....	152 ✓
Dinah Maria Mulloch-Craik.....	154 ✓
Benjamin Franklin.....	158 ✓
W. W. Corcoran.....	162 ✓
Samuel P. Langley.....	166 ✓
Mrs. Partington (B. P. Shillaber).....	170 ✓
Sarah B. Hale.....	172 ✓
Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	176 ✓
Emily C. Judson.....	178 ✓
The Man Who Sat in the Sycamore Tree.....	180 ✓
Christopher Columbus.....	182 ✓
Cyrus West Field.....	186 ✓
Abu Ishak.....	188 ✓
Daniel François Esprit Auber.....	190 ✓
Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	192 ✓
William S. O'Brien.....	194 ✓
Matthias W. Baldwin.....	198 ✓
Russell Sage.....	200 ✓
Valentine Mott.....	202 ✓
William B. Hazen.....	206 ✓
Clara Barton.....	208 ✓
Deborah Reed Franklin.....	210 ✓
Peter Cooper.....	212 ✓
James Gordon Bennett.....	216 ✓
Samuel Finley Breese Morse.....	218 ✓
William T. Stead.....	224 ✓



# Scientific Proofs of Another Life

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GREETING.

FRANK LESLIE.

In metaphoric language, I stand on the golden ramparts of progress and behold waving in the breezes of inquiry the flag of freedom—of freedom of thought. I look out on the broad plaza of experience before me and I see the Maid of Orleans as in the splendid militant glory of her French achievements, adorning the mustering army with literary ensigns armorial. And I see standing in the inimitable grandeur of his self-made glory, like the “Stonewall” of the civil war, that old tried and true champion of *belles-lettres*—the masterful litterateur, William T. Stead, heralding the *bel esprit* of the gone-by centuries. I read upon the windswept banners of the oncoming trumpeters the laws of Moses, the philosophy of Socrates and Omohondro and Daoud and Channing and Holmes and Simon, the astronomy of Halley, the art of Italian genius, the tender ballads of Foster, the poetry of the Brownings and the Carys, and the subtlety of the brain of Mesmer. I see the stirring activities of Garibaldi and Napoleon and Lafayette and Grant, the naturalism of Darwin, the statesmanship of Disraeli and Tolstoy, and the humaneness of Bergh. I see the suffrage of Anthony and Stanton, the religion of Parker and Beecher and Hughes and the Swami, the

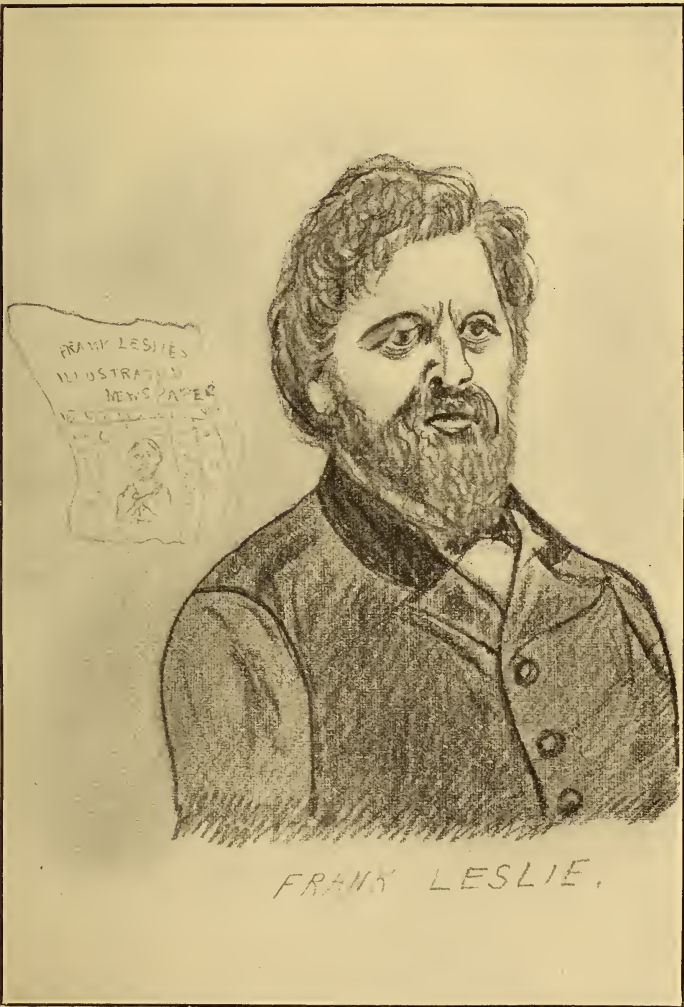
tenderness of Eugenie and Nightingale and Barton, the music of Toplady and Bull and Auber, and the dramatic art of Boucicault. I see the idealities of Washington and Lincoln and Mott and Alcott and Sand and Muloch and Sigourney, the gravity of Newton, the inspiration of Swift and Parton, the education of Kiddle and Menafee, the pathos of Alston and Lone Star, the mentality of Webster, the originality of Barnum and Bonner, the invention of Ericsson and Langley, the discovery of Franklin, and the practicability of Vanderbilt and O'Brien and Baldwin and Mott and Hazen and Cooper and Bennett and Sage. I smile at the humor of Shillaber, and I weep in the shadow of the Cross.

Marching hitherward are they all to make their "mark" on the public pages of

"SCIENTIFIC PROOFS OF ANOTHER LIFE."

I welcome you, brothers and sisters, all. And the Band and the World will peruse with interest and admiration the gems of thought which shall flow from your pens like the glistening beams scintillating from the imaginary regalia of the forward-marching army of celestial scribes.

Welcome and God speed you all.





## THE HUMAN SOUL.

PHOEBE CARY.

In distant eons of the past  
Ere sun or moon or world had birth,  
When bright Pleiades had not cast  
Its shimmer toward this unborn earth,

Ere the dial of time had marked  
The earthly day of night and morn,  
In venture nature had embarked—  
A man and woman's soul was born.

Not sex, divided, as is now,  
But two joined into one pure soul,  
Thus under Nature's plighted vow  
United made one perfect whole.

Ere Father Time made hour-glass runs,  
Before the Milky Way had sent  
The glimmer of its countless suns  
Across our night-black firmament,

There came a dreadful, fearful strife  
In embryo age that poured a rain  
Of awful fury on that life,  
And tore it ruthlessly in twain.

Thus on the parted souls have gone,  
And yet they have not seemed to meet;  
Both male and female were they born,  
But neither in itself complete.



And ever since this great divide  
Was made upon the human kind  
The severed soul has wandered wide  
In hope the missing half to find.

It passes through this vale of tears,  
Meeting not its natural twin,  
Pursues its journey through the years  
Till other worlds it enters in.

So in the blest millennium,  
When seventh sphere shall be our home,  
When peace and rest to us shall come,  
And end this lonely, ceaseless roam,

We'll find in that eternal day,  
When shines life's never ending sun,  
The part that somehow went astray,  
And reunite at last in one.



Alice and Phoebe Cary.



## THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD'S LAWS.

JOAN D'ARC.

The various acts and products and experiences in and under the laws of God vary in phase and form, but the laws of nature of themselves never change.

They are eternal and immutable. Here and there appears a man of learning who tells you of a new law of ethics, or of astronomy, a new law governing the appearing and disappearing of sun spots, and of solar rays, etc. He does not state his meaning clearly when he tells you he has discovered a new law of physics, or of psychic phenomena. He may have found the law, but it is not a new one. Its application may be new. He has discovered new modes of the operation of certain phenomena, he evolves new hypotheses. But he discovers no new law, for there is no new law to be discovered.

Law is as old as the universe, and older, for with it came the universe of all things.

It is immutable, and it governs changelessly all the things which man does discover.

It was as possible to have had in operation a dynamo in the city of Pompeii as in the city of Philadelphia. A Great Eastern could have been designed, builded and floated, and payed out an ocean cable, just as well in the days of the two Cyruses of ancient Persia as in the days of the more modern Cyrus of New York. It requires no establishment or discovery

of a new law to run an automobile. It is propelled under the same law that a wheelbarrow was pushed in building the great wall of China—an application of energy. And the same law governs the energy to-day that did in the days of Moses, whether it be an energy through a laborer's muscle, or through the pistons of an engine, or the valves of a church organ.



JOAN D'ARC  
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The only true likeness in existence.



## THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

FANNY FERN.

(Sara P. Parton.)

The sky-parlor! We all know where it is, because it is nearer heavenward than the rest of the abode. We all are consciously or unconsciously migrating toward heaven. Only now and then a traveler gets side-tracked on the journey. But we can all go on as high as the sky-parlor, in the quiet of which I love to meditate. In thought I find a power which is an inspiration, and inspiration lifts me still nearer heaven than the parlor under the eaves. In this retired room—retired from the velvet carpets too good in the ground parlor to step on, from the statuary too expensive to handle, from richly curtained windows that shut out God's bright sunlight, from the stately rows of books too valuable to be unshelved: in this retired room I discern the scintillations of the real heaven.

Peace, quiet retirement, ease, holiness, inspiration! And here I realize the power of thought. It is an incentive to me to better things.

I love to sit in the silence and *think*: Think of the sweet kiss of an angel mother's love, of the gentle admonitions of a dear old father, of the brother's hearty hand-clasp, of sister's reposing trust. I am wont to think of the love days of youth, when the moon's pale glow fell athwart my pathway of love's young dream, when the guileless blush of tender maidenhood was the signet of affection's betrothal,



and a lover's words, playing upon the harp-strings of my being, were the sweetest music my soul had ever known.

I love to think of the kindness of friend to friend, of beneficence to the worthy poor, of the glory of a pure and proper life, of the smile on the dead face of the good and true which death itself could not steal away. I like to contemplate the joyous reunions in the days after death. These reveries put me in touch with the Infinite, lift me above the sordid things of earth.

In the power of thought I see the smiles of angels and find an inspiration from heaven and from God himself. Go up to the sky-parlor, rest in the roof-garden. *Go into the silence and be one with God!*



FANNY FERN.



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE HUMAN RACE A GREAT STUDY.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

In all ages of the world, in all parts of it, the evolution of the child into the man begins under the most tender processes and ministrations. A wise fate seems to have entrusted these early stages of advancement to the direction and care of mother love. Indeed might youth, the earliest period of youth, if possessed of the consciousness of after years, feel grateful that its innocent moments are entrusted to care so true and gentle. For many there is hardly an education beyond this of the mother in their tenderest years. All the life through is the education of the cradle felt, not alone by the child evolving from it, but by the entire world affected by it, for is not all an evolution from cradle precept? It is most truly said that, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." This early teaching instructs the senses, guides the unfolding faculties.

And the embryo man bespeaks the wise or unwise master of events in later years. All subsequent education has for its superstructure the precepts of the tender mother. An old adage tells us that experience is our best teacher.

A later concept is that observation is the great teacher. But I am inclined to substitute another

term. Who shall say that, after all, reflection and meditation are not the great teachers?

Reflection upon all the events of the past, meditation upon the situation of the future.

Blessed indeed is the mother; she is the savior of the world.





## WHITE LIES.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Is untruth permissible? Is deception to any degree a commendable practice? Are "white lies" pardonable?

We tell a sick person he is looking better and getting on very well, when we know he is "struck with death" and will soon pass out. It usually eases the patient, for most persons want to live; that hope of life which springs eternal in the human breast is stimulated.

"I fear my sermon last night wearied you, and the text was a dry one to you," remarked the pastor.

"Oh, no, Doctor; not at all! It was very interesting and reviving," answered his listener, unaware that his sleep during the sermon had been observed. But the preacher's vanity was tickled and he went away feeling that he had not mistaken his vocation, and that his call was a profitable and a pleasant one.

"Dear me! dear me! I think I must be growing fatter by the minute," gasped big Mrs. Blowhard as she arrived panting at the head of the stairs.

"Why, Mrs. Blowhard, you wrong yourself," answered her complimenting hostess. "You imagine it all. You really and truly look much smaller to me, and I was about to ask you what brand of anti-fat you were using." The hostess *thought* Mrs. Blowhard needed a derrick to let herself down out of the window as they do a safe, while Mrs. Blowhard never felt lighter on her feet than she did that afternoon,



and she looked over the engagement card of the soiree that was to be given the next week.

"Alas! alas!" sadly murmured three-score-and-ten Mr. Graybeard, "I am greatly advanced in years, and I feel my age most keenly as well as look it," and he fanned himself in the large rocker despairingly.

"Nonsense, Mr. Graybeard, you act and look like a boy, and your complexion is as clear as a maiden's."

"Oh! ah! Really? Thank you." And Mr. Graybeard hitched his chair toward the front of a mirror on the wall. That afternoon he went out happy and visited the barber shop to have his hair and mustache dyed jet black.

The telephone in the third floor back room rang, and to Mrs. Stayathome's "Hello!" Mrs. Gadabout said: "I thought I would run around and see you for an hour or so if you would be at home this afternoon."

"I am extremely sorry, but I am just going out. Come some other day."

She wasn't sorry at all, nor was she going out. She passed the afternoon at home quietly and peacefully. Her white lie gave her the quiet, restful season at home she desired.

Mr. Johnson had but little more than started downtown when a messenger rapped hurriedly on his wife's door. "Do you know this person?" he asked nervously, handing her at the same time a card bearing Mr. Johnson's name and address. Continuing, he added: "He is over in the drug store. An automobile ran against him. He is hurt; I am afraid he is very badly hurt."

"Thank you, sir; I'll go over immediately. Come, Sister Sarah, let's hurry over. John is badly hurt. I fear the worst."

The messenger knew that John was dead when he rapped on the door, but he broke the news of the accident in that gentle, gradual way to prepare the widow for the later shock. Had he revealed the truth at first she and Sarah would have probably fainted. Was the messenger's concealment of facts right or wrong?

A dear old mother and her only son were mortally wounded in a railroad wreck. They were conveyed to an extemporized hospital and rested in separate rooms. The boy died within two hours. "How is my boy Tom?" inquired the old woman of the visiting doctor.

"He is better," was his answer.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the old mother. A smile of relief and peace illumined her features, then shortly after the gray pallor of death o'erspread her face, and she joined her boy in another world.

Did the doctor do any good in his juggling with truth? Did he do the right way when he started that old soul-suffering woman on her journey through the spheres with a relieved mind and a hope for the best?

Many of my ballads were not alive to exactness, but my exaggerations wreathed the world in smiles. My songs were sung the world over for years, amid smiles and tears, and their anthem-like sentiments were wafted to the supernal realms. Even our own Bonnie Blue Players sense the pathos in "O Susanna," "Nellie Bly," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dog Tray," "Uncle Ned," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Old Folks at Home" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."





STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER,



INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MARIE JEAN PAUL ROCH YVES GILBERT MOTIER.  
(MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.)

During my stay in America, in the last years of the 18th century, my association with General George Washington was of that close character which rendered it a real comradeship. Though there was a difference in our ages of twenty-five years, the General seemed to regard me in as companionable a way as if we had been of similar ages. His headquarters and his home were shared with him by me on all permissible occasions. We became very close in our confidences. I freely told him of my boyish caprice of marrying at the tender age of sixteen, and he related to me many interesting and amusing incidents of his early love-life. Indeed, he oft assured me that to no one else had he so frankly extended his confidence.

The strikingly similar features of our youth seemed to impress him greatly, and to act as a bond between our friendships. When we first met I was under twenty years of age, and he was forty-four. At the early age of nineteen years George Washington was appointed adjutant of the Virginia troops, and at the same age I was appointed captain of the French dragoons. At the age of twenty-one Washington was appointed by Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie commander of the Northern Military District of Virginia, and at the same age I bore the honored distinction of

Major-General of the American army. This parallelism of military favor at similar ages seemed to endear me to the General, and I certainly found him a very congenial social partner and a most lovable, companionable man.

General Washington was hardly known to have ever read a book through, and seldom looked at a newspaper. Of course these were not found in his day in the profusion they are now. He was no reader. In private life he busied himself with his plantation affairs and saw enough to occupy his mind in attention to them. His business judgment was of the best. In his long legislative career he made no speeches, but he laid plans which his more talkative colleagues put into action. The great and varying responsibilities which confronted him all through life educated him to greatness.

Washington, when a young man, was a great admirer of the fair sex. He had his sweethearts in many sections of the thirteen colonies, and more than one had been led to hope she should some day bear his name. He cherished them almost to serious love, but he invariably made it a special feature of his wooing to feel the pocketbook of each fair one. His affection in every instance but one was tempered by the amount of wealth the girls were backed up with. This one instance was in his really serious heart affection with Miss Sally Fairfax at Bell Haven (Alexandria) in Virginia. With the intense earnestness of his nature he sought her in marriage regardless of her finances, but Miss Sally had no real room in her heart for her pleading suitor, and for once George Washington was defeated. His later marriage to Martha Custis he never discussed with me, but she brought a fortune to him which no doubt poised his affection most admirably.



George Washington believed in and advocated the propagation and conservation as far as possible of all woodlands, believing that in the advance of time great want in the way of fuel would be experienced. When a very young boy, to show his disregard for superstition, he capped the chimney tops of his mother's home in Fredericksburg each with thirteen bricks, and planted thirteen trees in a circle around the house and lot. Three of these trees still stand (1912). George Washington was stricken with small-pox when a boy, contracted from a young man driver of a baker wagon with whom he rode the rounds. He was nursed in the Fredericksburg home by a black woman named Harriet Page, who took the disease from him. Washington survived, but the nurse lost her life. Washington wore a set of ivory false teeth, ill-fitting and clumsy, which, with his pitted face, rendered him rather unprepossessing in feature. But he was of magnificent bodily proportions. His height was six feet two inches, and not six feet, as is commonly understood. Owing to the lack of advancement in medical knowledge at that time, he was bled to death by a butcher named Craik, of Alexandria, who was called a doctor.







LAFAYETTE,



## REAL LIFE IN THE DREAMLAND.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Have you fallen almost asleep, perhaps in your big easy chair near the open window on a lazy summer afternoon, and then suddenly revived to a state of wakefulness? Have you gone through these almost momentary changes a number of times, perhaps, and have you observed that the thoughts in the awake moments have been carried into the asleep states, in maybe a distorted or irregular manner—roamed, as it were, in an unguided, fantastic manner? For example: You sit looking out on a beautiful street coolingly shaded by trees, and you think what a charming afternoon and opportunity to take a stroll there if you could but arouse yourself from your lethargy enough. And while you are so mentally soliloquizing, you nod off in sleep, and you dream you walk down the bowered street, and you enjoy it quite as much as you would had you bodily left the room and sauntered beneath the summer foliage. Apparently the trees are as real and the tread of the foot upon the ground as substantial as in your physical moving experiences. In these dreams, so vividly realistic that you do not know you dream until you awake, your thoughts are to you as wide-awake experiences. You are unable to distinguish a difference. The mind is traveling over this or that route. And the mind of man is his real part. Hence thought creates the experience, and thoughts are things. The spirit in all cases is the real, the material is the fading copy.

The material anchors the spirit at times, and it is not free. While spirit has to bolster up and keep active the qualities of the physical body, it is hampered. When the body relaxes into a certain state of independence, the mind is partially free at small periods of time. As long as the mortal body is to be kept capable of susceptibility to the returning indwelling spirit, it must be watched over by that spirit. It may now and then dodge out as the mother bird flees from the nest of its young for short flights, rather than remain away long, thus repeating its brief absence, and the spirit is never wholly free from the body until that body arrives at the stage where its functions shall end. Hence the travels of the spirit or the mind are imperfect and confused, oscillating between the free experiences and those it is circumscribed to by the physical form.

Thoughts are things and are the real. The bookcase filled with books in the corner of the library are mere expressions of thought. They existed before they became those physical objects. A man has to think of a book before he can write and print it. It is a production of the mind. A man thought out the size and form of the bookcase before he made it. Thought was the creator of the book and the bookcase, instead of the printing press and the cabinet maker.

Dreams, therefore, are the experiences of the mind, the spirit, circumscribed by limitations of the physical form. Their imperfections and irregularities and idiosyncracies are the effect of the life-line leading from the material form to the wandering spirit. No part of life and real consciousness is lost in sleep. We live on as active a life as in our hours of body inhabitation. The spirit is ever conscious.



LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.



## JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

DAVID CROCKETT.

When a lady pays an acquaintance a call, or goes in a public company, wearing beautiful diamond earrings and finger rings, she assumes a state of oblivion to their existence, and her friends never appear to observe them. A man may wear an exquisite scarf-pin or a valuable ring, but his auditors must not seem to see them. They may give sidelong glances, but when the wearer observes them they must turn away. Yet jewels are costly and decorative, they are worn because the wearer prizes and likes them, and he expects others to admire them.

When we enter the room where a dead body lies, or attend the obsequies, or stand near a funeral cortege, we invariably lower our voices to a very subdued tone. The mourners are not disturbed by the ordinary voice of friends, and surely the corpse is not. At military funeral services cannons boom and thunders roar without protest from the living or awakening the person asleep in death.

Some person's literary proclivities predominate at peculiar periods. For instance, many a man in a crowded street car becomes so absorbed in his newspaper that he utterly fails to see ladies struggling on the ends of balance straps.

Some men and women resemble statues. This claim is well established by the tenacity with which they cling to the end seats of summer street cars. A barnacle on a ship or a freckle on a boy's face could not be more immovable.



The activity of many men at the opera or theatre is marked by the frequency of their annoying climb out and in and over rows of ladies and gentlemen. The bar-rooms attached to theatres are fitted with powerful magnets.

Edison's phonograph is not the only talking machine in the world. Automobilists own the public thoroughfares at present. The moan of a fog horn speaks a useful message to the pilot on the river, but the "honk! honk!" of an automobile says to pedestrians on the street, "Get out of my way or suffer the consequences. I am the people."

How strongly the marks of a man's trade cling to him. Subway, elevated and surface railway managers were evidently pork packers and sardine boxers in some day of their life. They do not care for the comfort of their traveling patrons any more than they did for the room occupied by pork tenderloins and small fishes. They do not get any revenue from the people to enrich their pocket-books, a little seraph from an unknown realm comes down and fills their coffers.

Women's long and sharp-pointed hatpins are no menace to the people. Why need the wearers or victims mind an eye or two gouged out or a scratch given, as long as the shop on the avenue sells glass false eyes, and every drugstore has plenty of court-plaster?

Why care for the rebuffs of employers, the soullessness of corporations, the coldness of one-time friends, the chill of charity? There is a rusty stone and a few sticks of wood in the back shanty. We can go in there and get warm.



DAVID CROCKETT.



## THE TRAGEDY OF 1813.

THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON.

The sunrise of the new eighteenth century illumined like a blazoned escutcheon of glory my young life, but the zenith of my earthly joys, pride and happiness was darkened so completely and forever by the footfalls of a sudden night that I wondered I had ever seen the light.

From my earliest recollections up to the closing days of my father's political career in 1804, my life seemed one round of unadulterated joy. Father was Vice-President of the United States, and had almost been made President in preference to Jefferson. I was most happily married to one of the best of men, who stood high in social and political distinction, a man so generous that no expressed or apparent wish of mine was left ungranted. Like a little cloud that hangs in the dome of a midday summer sky, the only shadow whatsoever over me was the contemplation of the distance between Washington, D. C., and Georgetown, S. C., separating the two men I loved best on earth—Aaron Burr and Joseph Alston. But that cloud was destined to draw others to it and blight the radiant joy which illumined my days. The unfortunate death of Alexander Hamilton at Weehawken, the charge of murder against my beloved father, his social and political ostracism and his sad exile from America, the decease of my only boy, my poor health and broken heart, were the woes which trod upon another's heels in such quick succession

that my sun of happiness and of life itself soon sank below the horizon forever. The few remaining months of my mortal life gathered no brightness for me, and my heart was eaten out in its earnest yearning to see my father whom I revered and loved as someone above and beyond anything belonging to this world.

At last affairs became so adjusted that he returned to New York. And in the midnight of my sorrow came the single lightning's flash as the thought of his dear arms again about me gave the sudden impulse of light to my emotions. I at once arranged to go to him for a visit. Hardly willing to leave my devoted husband, I yielded to the yearnings of a sorely tried heart. Then came the tragedy which has been wrapped in mystery to the world for an hundred years.

Setting sail on the pilot boat Patriot from Georgetown for New York, a terrific storm rose which lashed the waves to fury and swept the Carolina coast from end to end. The recent war of 1812 had left the seas abounding in privateering vessels, and unfortunately our boat was driven into the direct path of one whose commander was of a most unscrupulous class. When the storm abated all aboard our boat except myself were murdered. I was below and was at first unobserved, but later seeing me, I was dragged out and transferred to the pirate ship. Next day I was visited by the captain, who informed me that I was held for a choice between serving his bidding and walking the plank. I refused once, last and all the time to submit to the first provision, and begged that life and liberty be granted me for the sake of my husband and father.

The Patriot, dismantled by the storm, was abandoned to her course, and she drifted ashore off Kitty Hawk, near Nag's Head, North Carolina.



Fifty-seven years after the disappearance Dr. W. G. Pool, a physician of Elizabeth City, N. C., spending the summer at Nag's Head, was called to attend professionally an old woman named Mann. In lieu of a fee she presented him with an oil painting of a lady. Mrs. Mann explained that in her young days a pilot boat came ashore near Kitty Hawk and was boarded by Mr. Tillett, who afterward became her first husband. He found no one on board, but everything was in order, and a meal was set on the table. In one of the rooms, apparently occupied by a woman, the painting was found and appropriated by Mr. Tillett. This boat was the Patriot, and the painting was a portrait of myself, which I was carrying as a present to my father.

The captain of the pirate boat did not carry out his threat to walk me off the plank, but instead later landed and confined me in a shack on what appeared to me an island unknown to me, somewhere, from what I could manage to understand, about a hundred or two miles from Cape Hatteras. Here I was confined for a number of weeks under the espionage of an old sailor, who, while treating me with rude manners and supercilious contempt, offered me no other indignities. I was not cold, but I was ill and frail, and was starving under the coarse food supplied me. A superhuman strength sustained me in my awful ordeal. My guard was a foreigner, and did not understand English or any language I could speak. I begged him through signs and words and tears to allow me to escape and take my own life. I tried to communicate to him the address and name of my father and husband and to induce him to let them know of my fate, whatever it should be, that their suspense might come to an end. But my efforts availed nothing.

After what seemed an interminable length of weeks the pirate boat returned, and the same captain took us on board and sailed off. He made known to me his intention to either have me comply with all his commands or to suffer further and longer imprisonment on the same island. I still refused. I was subjected to all kinds of insult and meanness from all the desperate crew. I seemed to face probable death, for they would not set me free on inhabited soil.

One balmy night I sat on a coil of rope by the ship's edge. The spring was approaching, and the air in that latitude was soft. The full moon was shedding her pale beams upon me, and the starlit sky seemed as calm as the ocean's bosom. Reflecting on the horrible suspense of those who loved me, anticipating death or worse at the hands of the fiend who held me in bondage, mind-racked, soul-sick and insane, I plunged over the railing into the watery grave below. No one observed me. In a moment I rose to the surface, the moon looked down into my pale face with pitying solace, and the stars in their twinkling seemed to beckon me to the heights of heaven. I sank again and the waters closed in forever over all that was mortal of me. Now for the first time in the history of the world is given the real story of the tragedy of Theodosia Burr Alston. The conditions justified my rash act, and the dark record of it in the Lamb's Book of Life was blotted out by the tears of angels.



*Theodosia Burr Alston.*





## ETHEREALIZATION.

JULES SIMON.

Correctly speaking, the manifestation is not etherealization when a form is visible. Even when reduced to a degree of insolidity in which the unaided eye does not take cognizance of it, but which could be discerned by the more acute sense of vision aided by clairvoyance, microscopy, second sight or the photographic camera, it is nevertheless material. Because the unassisted eye does not perceive the animalcula in a drop of water, or a moving mite in a piece of cheese, is no reason for those objects being termed ethereal. Invisibility should not be confounded with ethereality.

Referring to the spirit and the body of man, the general acceptation of belief is that one is ethereal and the other material. St. Paul's observation that there was a temporal body and a spiritual body was not designed to apply to the spirit itself, but to the embodied states of the same both before and after the change called death. *Body*, in my understanding, indicates solidity, ponderousness, substance, material, while *spirit* appears to me quite the reverse of these conditions. To some persons the expression "spiritual *body*" is contradictory and irreconcilable. But the author expressed his meaning correctly. By the term "spiritual body" the consideration of the spirit was intended to be eliminated, and note taken of the greater and lesser degrees of materiality gathered in the bodies in the two states of existence. By

the term "temporal body" was meant the familiar mortal organism, and by "spiritual body" that sublimated structure without which the spirit would be wholly invisible to material eyes. The finer material or sublimated body is the ethereal body, but it is a body nevertheless.

On another page is given an explanation of the multiplicity of reductions of a material object by the microscope until materiality has been seemingly annihilated. Yet the "spiritual *body*" (a really material body) holds together all the time. Otherwise it could not again become visible to material eyes. Anything which the material eye sees is material, though it may be apparently in a very delicate or sublimated degree material. The passing of matter through matter has been so thoroughly and scientifically elucidated that intelligent observers into the intricate realm of spirit no longer question the phenomena. This is done by one object being reduced to the degree of ethereality which enables it to pass between the particles of the grosser object without being affected by their resistance, just as a chemist may pass a gold bar through a plate of iron by arresting the solidity and reducing to an ethereal state the one object when the other will readily permit its passage. In neither case is the substance lost or etherealized except so far as is implied by the terms finer and subtler.

As stated, spirit unembodied is invisible. To become at all even indistinctly within the plane of observation, it must assume some degree of material embodiment. Hence, when it clothes itself in a body so infinitely finer than the earth life bodies about it as not to find an obstruction in passing through the latter, or through inanimate objects, it becomes visible to the mortal eye, and in common parlance you

term it an instance of etherealization—you say you saw an ethereal spirit. It is, truly and correctly speaking, a materialization, but of such delicate texture that it can pass through grosser substance unobstructed, as water will pass through the mosquito net, or a large lump of earth shaken to dust will pass through a sieve, the sublimated body going, as it were, through the pores of the more solid.

Some persons try to liken the “etherealized body” to the shadow cast by a scurrying cloud flitting down over the hillside through various objects. But the comparison is not well drawn. The former is something occupying space, while the latter is merely the absence of the greater strength of light. In strictly legitimate language, there is no etherealization; it is a degree of lesser, finer, more delicate materialization.







## THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE NAZARENE.

## PONTIUS PILATE.

Translated and Transcribed by Wm. T. Stead.

Various translations of the event of the great crucifixion have lost to it its real colors. You are told in the King James version that Simon carried the cross of Jesus. This was not possible. It was of too great weight and too cumbersome. The cross was borne by Simon and his two strong sons, Alexander and Rufus. Jesus was not raised and pinioned to the cross. It was laid upon the ground and he was laid upon it and nailed thereto, and it was raised and secured in standing position. The death of Jesus was not the simple result of crucifixion; that method of punishment was usual in that day, and it was well known that persons so hung upon the cross lived three days and even longer. Jesus was a young man of strength and vigor, and could hardly have expired in the brief period of six hours.

The crucified died under lingering processes of exhaustion and faintness. A few minutes before his death Jesus cried out with a loud voice. The sudden termination of his sufferings was not due to any injury to brain, lung or vital organ except the arrestment of the heart action by syncope, or a rupture of the walls of the heart. His loud cry and other exclamations showed his was not a case of fainting, or stopping of the heart action by syncope.

Jesus succumbed to death by rupture of the walls of the heart. The time of death is regulated by the



size of the ruptured opening. In his case it was brief in consequence of the blood escaping from the interior of the heart into the pericardium, three or four pounds of blood having accumulated within it, separated into red clot and serum, or blood and water.

Post-mortem examinations were not permitted in those days, but a virtual post-mortem examination in crude form was possible in the case of Jesus through the gash made in his side by the thrust of the Roman soldier's spear; in fact, so large that the apostle Thomas was enabled to place his hand, not his finger, in the opening. This he did as examination and not from doubt, as is wrongly recorded at the appearance of Jesus in materialized form.

As a result of that piercing was the flow of blood and water seen by the apostle John. Nothing could have produced this but the collection of blood in the pericardium resulting from rupture of the heart—this crossamentum and serum. Severe mental emotions sometimes produce rupture of the walls of the heart.

No victim offered a more striking example of agony and suffering than Jesus, scourged as he was and forsaken by those he believed were his friends, under wrongful accusations. Remember the scriptural words:

“Reproach hath broken my heart!  
My heart is like wax!”

Jesus was slain not by the effects of the pain of his body, but by the greater anguish of his mind. He died of a broken heart.



PONTIUS PILATE.



## THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN AMERICA.

### VIRGINIA DARE.

I bear the distinction of being the first white person born in America. I was in the strictest sense truly an American citizen, the first white human being having birth in the new world. Like my sister suffragettes of to-day, I was raised without the privilege of the ballot, a victim of taxation without representation, by nature naturalized but hereditarily disfranchised, a natural, hopeful, aspiring suffragist. May the suffering women of progress of this twentieth century find solace in the fact that there was the first born and barred suffragette in America in the person of Virginia Dare. It is a rare privilege to me to realize that I was the first native white child to look upon the fair land that had not yet forgotten the visit of its illustrious Columbus.

While I may impress you as one beginning a new age, a new condition of things, yet the world was long before my time, and America was as old as Africa or Asia. The emblazoned escutcheon of history was replete with the glory of the past.

Previously to my advent the Tudors had led England by a snap of their fingers. The two Henrys—VII and VIII—Edward VI and Mary I, had reigned with power and pomp, and silently passed into the gloaming. It was during the halcyon days of the

virgin queen Elizabeth, in whose honor the dominion of Virginia was named, and who swung the golden sceptre of English rule till the appearance of the Stuarts, that I first saw the light of the new-found world at Roanoke. *New-found*, with the emphasis on found, for the world was as old here as across the Atlantic. The mighty torrents of Niagara were gnawing the foundations of its gorge then, and the wide wastes of territory stretched in wildness from far east of the Great Lakes westward to the zephyr-kissed lands in the golden glory of the setting sun. Ferns graced the dells and wild flowers bloomed on the mountain sides where human foot of the white man had never trod, and the dews of heaven had long nurtured the fertile valleys and plains of the red man's home. When Virginia Dare was born the air from the Mohawk Valley and the Hudson River on the east to the outlying woodlands of the distant west echoed with the warwhoops of the tribes of the Algonquins, Iroquois, Choctaws, Uchees, Natchez, Catawbas, Sioux and Cherokees.

In my day inventive genius had not bared her hand very largely. There were no fire or steam engines, no steamboats, no railroad, no sewing machine, no piano-forte, no photography, no electrotyping, no gas or electric lighting, no locomotive, no matches, no barometer, no balloons, no air pump, no mower, reaper and harvester, no hydraulic press, no phonograph, no telephone, no electric telegraph, no efficient watch. The microscope was born with me. And you wonder how life was endurable. Yet apparently mine was as happy and as full of blessedness as is yours now, for I had not known of these improvements and

advancements. The telephone, the most useful invention of modern business life, has come into use within your memory perhaps. Many of you recall a period when it was unknown, yet the busy marts of the world were operated as smoothly and as well as now. Until we possess a commodity we are not inconvenienced by its absence.

Since my birth more wonderful and useful discoveries and inventions have been made than during the existence of the world prior thereto. For over ten thousand years the only vehicle of transportation on land used by man was a cart with wooden wheels drawn by a dumb animal. The glittering chariot in the splendors of ancient Rome was but one of these crude carts adorned; and where would a Roman chariot be now compared with a great power automobile? Greater strides have been made in modes of conveyance during the last one hundred years than had been attained in the entire time of the existence of the planet dating to that period.

When a man having a father in the grave who fifty years ago followed the sea and knew of the fatal wreckages of the great watery highway, can now stand on the shore and send messages to and receive them from vessels in the middle of the ocean, even while the darkness of night and the fury of storms prevail, is it any wonder that in his wish he would wrest that corpse from the grasp of death and reveal the marvelous wonders of the progress of the ages? Vainly would he dig the dust from the tomb, drag forth in the fury of his enthusiasm the skeleton from its sepulchral sleep, arouse it from the lethargy of death, and cry into its deafened ears, "By the God



and the power above us, my father open those wasted eyes, peer out from those sunken sockets, behold for an instant, ere you relapse to the dream of the tomb, the marvelous work of man's mind!"

But peace to his ashes, the intelligence rests not in the sepulchre. Father is not the wasted skeleton you would drag forth. He is risen, as is all the world whom the angel Death has touched, and they know of the improvement and the progress of the ages, just as do you and your friend—Virginia Dare.



VIRGINIA DARE.





## DOCTOR THOMAS.

## PHOCION.

Thomas, one of the gentlest, most confiding and best learned of the famous twelve disciples of Jesus, through various and erroneous translations of so-called holy writ, has been for many years known of as "Doubting" Thomas, until this term is almost universally applied to persons who are regarded as doubting apparent facts. Instead of "Doubting" Thomas proper translations should have read "Doctor" Thomas.

Considering the narrow boundaries set about medical and surgical progress in those early days and primitive localities, Thomas was well skilled in a medical and surgical line, and on more than a few occasions used his knowledge to the highest degree permitted in that day. Post-mortem examination as practiced now was then prohibited by the law. Hence information was gained through avenues of accident largely. When Jesus was released from the cross Thomas, the only surgeon near, availed himself of an opportunity offered by the gash in the side made by the soldier's spear to hurriedly but carefully examine the exposed heart, lungs and other internal organs, and he did not hesitate to affirm that the victim came to death by an abrasion of the walls of the heart, and not from the more extended suffering of crucifixion. Later when in the closed room Jesus appeared and Thomas was present, it was not through any doubt of mind that the appearance was the crucified one

that he made an examination of the hole prints in his hands and the wound in his side. It was done rather by request of the other disciples, who were really the doubting ones regarding Thomas as the one able to do so and by the desire on the part of Thomas to study the appearance of the wounds, external and internal, as compared with their appearance immediately after his death ensued, and to know whether in a materialized form all the internal organs were formed anew.

The term "Doubting" Thomas cannot be rightly applied to this disciple. He was *Doctor* Thomas.



PHOCION.



## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The millennium is yet so far away that men's passions cannot at all times be curbed by peace congresses and arbitration committees. Hence, when opposing factions form, each believing honestly, earnestly and irrevocably itself to be in the right, wars are as possible and as imminent in the land today as they ever were. So, "in time of peace be prepared for war."

Like the moth that flies into the flame and destroys itself are men and women unconscious of many of the dangers which surround them. With more intelligence than moths, people in a measure protect each other. When men build a bridge they put up a railing to keep others who may desire to cross it from walking off into the chasm or river beneath, notwithstanding the latter would know it was a bridge and that danger lurked there. Windows at extreme heights are enclosed with bars or otherwise to keep persons from falling out. It is an instance of the babe shut in by the garden gate, and the older babe shut in by the latticed tower window. "Look out for the locomotive" seems a necessary sign to keep some people from a wrestling match with a railroad train.

In public places "Beware of Pickpockets" signs remind you of a fact you well know, that light-fingered gentlemen may be near you. Strangely by a

lack of alertness of the mind it requires stimulation, and it is told by these mute sentinels to guard your valuables if you have any about you.

The way to get a drove of horses or a flock of sheep to ford or swim a creek or river is to have one set the example, then all the others will follow. One buffalo will start a stampede of a whole herd on the prairies. A man may be so obscure as scarcely to occupy a thought of any one's mind, but let a wave of contemplation be started in his direction as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and there will be a whirlwind of preference directed toward him. A man is elected to the Presidency, but his real worth or his fitness for the exalted place is not known. Like the convict in prison, he must serve his time ere one can know what the real character development of the man is.

Ninety per cent. of the people wear masks, and until those are removed the remaining ten per cent. are classed with the former. Nine-tenths of the troubles of the mortal world are caused by misunderstandings, and the remaining tenth has not happened yet.







## REGRETS OF GRADUAL PROGRESSION.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Although we are going onward to conditions better than our present ones, yet we cannot stay feelings of sadness at the thought of what we are leaving behind. There is a sense of regret that we are leaving things which we regret to leave. We kiss the dimpled cheek and stroke the golden curls of the little child that fondles at our knee. We know he is growing to something greater, nobler and more useful, yet we regret to see the child die into the grown-up man. You would keep the little soft cheek pressed against your own, yet you welcome the manhood to which the child shall grow.

The days of our early struggles when we romped under the old elm on the green in front of the little cottage in which we were born are dear to us when the success and affluence of later days place us in a palace of luxury and ease. The law is inevitable that we cannot possess two inconsistent good things together. We cannot as a child frolic in the orchard in the country and shout in childish glee to the rhythm of babbling brooks and songbirds in the trees, and at the same time as a man be proud of our genius and power and influence. We cannot dwell in the little crude cottage by the hillside and hear the frogs pipe and croak when the evening shades thicken, and at the same time dwell in the mansion on the mountain top and dream in the melodies of a harp of a thousand strings. We cannot at once be the merchant prince

in the town and the bare-foot boy wading in the swamps of a rural clime. And though we know it is well these evolutions occur, it is with sadness that we dwell in the memory of these earlier things.

These are the sentiments of every human being. And as we reach out into futurity for a life higher, purer, better in the Great Beyond, we regretfully let go of the simpler, lesser developments of the life on earth.

It is in the human soul to praise God for what we have been, have had, and for what we are to be and are to have. We anticipate heaven not without regret that we leave earth.

And thus do the first joys of memory so sweet  
Die into the heaven we afterward meet.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



## EDUCATION.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT-MENAFEE.

Founder Voorhees Industrial School, Denmark, S. C.

The word Education does not mean the mere acquirement of the rules of grammar, or a knowledge of hydraulics or of mathematics. In other words, the understanding of the three R's—reading, riting and rithmetic—or a familiarity with etymology, syntax and prosody, does not constitute education. Those are departments of learning, but thorough, real education means the uplift of the spirit to the apex stone on the pyramid of universal wisdom. It does not concern only the mortal world, but must embrace those spirit realms to which we are going, to which we belong, of which we are a part. Earth life is but the kindergarten, the introduction, the prelude to the great and lasting chapters of the drama of eternal existence. Education to be efficient must embrace all that relates to us in the eternity of which our mortal experience is but the dawn of the day.

Education is obtained only by degrees. We cannot jump at once to the summit of complete knowledge. The logs of the primitive cabin were laid before men knew how to build with blocks of granite, the timbers preceded the girders of steel, the telegraph led up to the telephone. The later developments were possible at the time of the early ones, but the steady tread of education was necessary from one up to the other. The baby crawled along the floor ere it walked. But if the telegraph and the timber and the log had sat-

ified the forward tendency of the spirit, the telephone, the steel girder and the granite block would still have been unknown. If the complete knowledge of geography had sufficed, you would not have known anything of geometry. If the study of the earth had been sufficient, you would never have seen the rings of Saturn or the moons of Jupiter. If the creeping across the floor had ended the desire for further development, men and women to-day would be crawling like worms. Education means the attainment of the concepts of the developing mind. Birds fly because the species in the beginning longed to. It was the impulse of the spirit. Imprison a new-born bird that has never flown, and when it arrives at the age of self-levitation it will not be able to fly. It must educate itself to the act. A horse is as intelligent as a bird, but it has no desire to fly and probably it never will. Man craves to fly and he soon will. His education is going on.

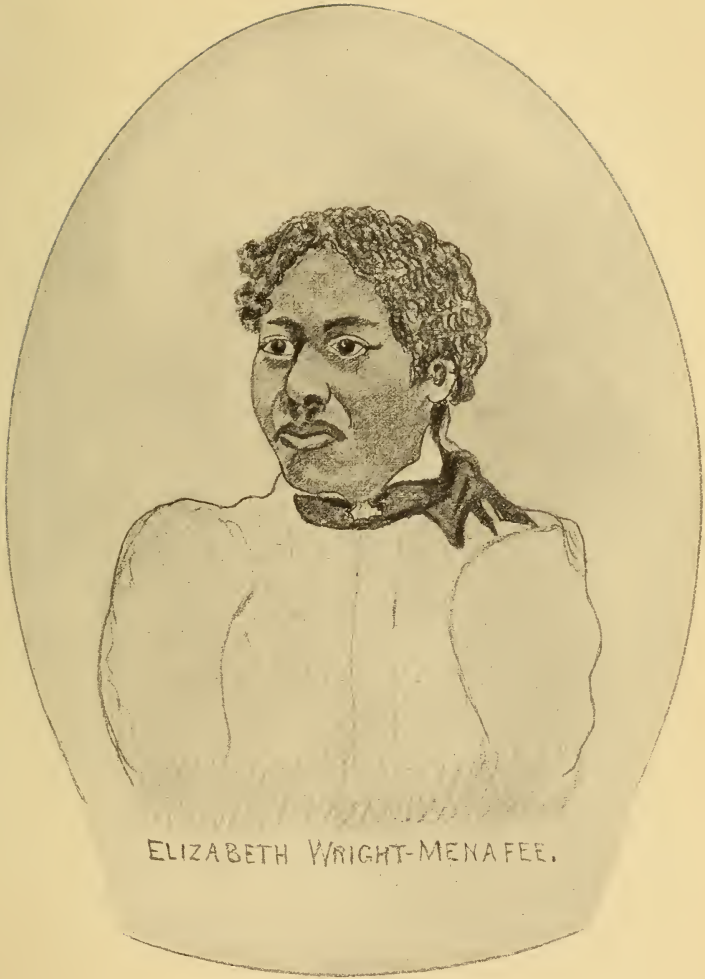
During my mortal days I studied to learn. I founded an educational institution, but I was not at rest with that. I sought information of the other world I was destined to inhabit. When at an early age I transcended the environments of the terrestrial globe, I craved knowledge in the celestial spheres, and I have only begun the great march thitherward. I see the everlasting sunshine of wise erudition gleaming over the hills of the promised land. I say hills, for they are here for us to climb as on earth—the hills of progress and perfection. At their top glistens the citadel toward which we are struggling—the fullness of perfect unfoldment which shall some day illumine the millennium period of earth and heaven. As I listen adown the everlasting slopes from which I have climbed, I hear the advancing tread of an endless army of knowledge-seekers from the valley; and look-

ing aloft I watch in the fading vista the vanguard in their onward tramp, tramp, tramp—these warriors from earth like the golden trumpeters of the sky, the sun-kissed clouds of the storm-cleared dome. Onward they come and onward they go toward the Alps of complete development. But it is a happy climb. We now and then break ranks, we bivouac on the way; it is like going a-Maying, we pick the wild flowers in the spring and summer-time fields of the summerland. We may all be happy in the acquirement of education. If we cannot have a palace, we can have a place; if we cannot have a rosebush we can have a rose. No one need fear death, for the ransom is so great. The little struggle of the spirit away from the body is like the bee leaving the flower it has sipped the honey from. Then the experience of demise is not unpleasant. I looked about me, suddenly I closed my eyes and opened them in wide fields of educational opportunities.

It was so I had desired to depart,  
'Twas thus that the summons were given;  
There was a quiver; a pause of the heart,  
A vision of angels—then heaven!







ELIZABETH WRIGHT-MENAFEE.

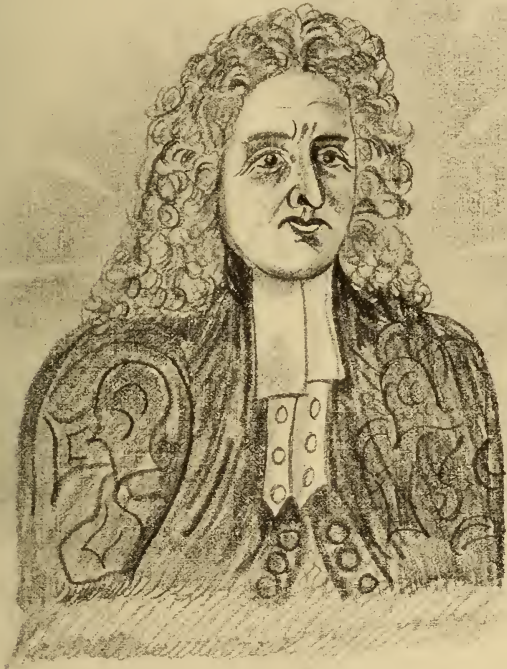


## THE FALLING WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE.

EDMUND HALLEY.

Bring to your mind's eye a picture of a number of small globes of various sizes heavier than air, dropped from the top of a tall building, and see them falling through the air to the ground below, each retaining its relative position occupied at the start. Now continue the picture and see the ground withdrawn, and an endless chasm through which these little globes shall fall. In this picture you have a miniature of the real scene of the worlds, not only of your own solar system, but of the unseen and unknown stellar systems in the fathomless distances of endless space. Take for example our own great universe, the sun, planets and visible stars, as well as the great dark stars—those great black worlds in space that ages ago died, as the stars die, but hold their places in the midst of their fiery companions. It has been and is believed by most persons that this greater system of worlds revolves in a fixed place in space, each world performing its revolutions; and by the law of gravity, attraction and repulsion, sustaining its relative position. It is believed erroneously that these worlds occupy the same place in space to-day they did at their beginning. This appears to the common mind because the fallacy is made of measuring the condition and position of the planet earth by the standard of the earth's position from its sister stars. But as a matter of fact they never occupy place in the same space two consecutive moments. They are re-

volving on their axis, performing their annual rotary movements, but the entire systems of worlds are as a whole at the same time falling in space. You have seen a line of little fiery globes shot up in a sky-rocket emerge from the explosion and tied together at fixed distances, float outward, onward and finally downward. Just so are the movements of the universe of worlds tied together as they are by the law of attraction, they remain at relative distances from each other, yet a mass of worlds all falling in the endless spaces about them, have been falling since they came into existence, and will continue as long as they remain worlds. The finite mind cannot conceive of the measureless distance these worlds are today from the places they held at their beginning. Electricity is not evolved from the worlds and their atmospheres only. These great spaces are constantly sending forth wave currents and cross currents of electrical conditions. Your world and the sister worlds are passing through these varying electric currents all the time, sensing their energies as they are distributed upon them. While a somewhat fixed state of seasons prevails in your world owing to its distance from the sun, yet the great and varying electric currents encountered in this aerial change of position of the whole mass of worlds make the heat and the cold, the wind and the calm, vary upon the earth. Hence, while the worlds are in the same position relatively to each other this day in June they were the same day last June, they are not as a whole in the same sphere currents, and the weather is not therefore the same.



EDMUND HALLEY.



## THE POWER OF MIND.

FRANZ ANTON MESMER.

As the days approaching the millennium pass regularly by, the student of nature arrives more closely at an understanding of the methods of mental action and to greater appreciation of the same. It is becoming universally known now to persons of thought that mind entirely governs matter. One without mind or rather without ability to exercise it at will, as when in slumber or under the influence of an anaesthetic, or when it is stultified by accident or disease, becomes at once a helpless being. When the functions of the mind are subdued individuality ends, personality ceases.

These are facts demonstrated in instances of the exercise of the hypnotic power. The mind of the operator becomes the mental power of the subject. He becomes what the mind of the hypnotist pictures. In another form you have it verified by the action of your mind over your own body. If you place your hand flat upon a table and remove all mental influence from it, the hand will remain upon the table, remain there until your thought takes it away. When you walk along the street and you intend to change your course at a certain intersection of a street, and go out that street in a cross direction, you immediately turn when you reach that intersection, and go in the other direction, and without apparently any effort. Your body acts according to the action of your mind.



The mind cure! What is that? It is a form of mental influence to remove the ills of afflicted parts. Can the mind do this? Oh, yes, without doubt. How? By deep breathing. But not without the concomitant process of mental action. Deep breathing is the result in every instance of thought power, and afflicted parts reached direct by deep breathing are readily relieved by it. But how shall you reach with the breath those parts of the body remote from the breathing organs? In this way: Breathe deeply, inhale all the air into the lungs you possibly can, and at the same time concentrate with all the energy possible the mind upon the afflicted part, the shoulder blade or the knee joint. The deep inhalations distribute the air from the lungs into the blood. The concentration of the mentality upon the affected part drives the blood holding the air in great profusion to that point, and a cure is accomplished.

Breathe deeply, inflate the lungs fully with the healing balm of pure air, concentrate the mind upon the shoulder blade or the knee joint, and you will heal without drugs or other applications.

The power of mind, commanding the accessories of nature, distributes a quality needed for every ailment.



F. A. MESMER.



## THE SEANCE ON MOUNT SINAI.

## MOSES.

“And the Lord said unto Moses, ‘Come up to me into the mount, and be there; and I will give thee tables of stone and a law and commandments that thou mayest teach them.’”

“And Moses rose up into the mount of God and a cloud covered the mount, and the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai. And the Lord said unto Moses, ‘Go down, charge the people lest they break through to gaze.’ And Moses said, ‘The people cannot come upon Mount Sinai.’”

Now I, Moses, cometh unto ye this night in the city of New York, and speak unto ye saying, I had bounds set around Sinai that the multitudes should not come upon the Mount and interrupt the writing and talking seance. The giving of the tables of stone meant the giving me the place to find them.

The glory of the Lord was the harmonious condition necessary. The tables of stone were smooth plates or slabs of soft stone or slate deposit. I hewed cross sticks from a tree, and laid on them the slabs, one on top and one on the bottom, and between them I placed a pebble of sapphire, and a great cloud overshadowed my sitting place, to subdue the light, and in the midst of the darkness the great commandments were scratched upon the surface of the tablets by an angel hand sent thither by the Lord. And a voice

of an angel of the Lord through a silver trumpet spake when the seance was over. And then I went down unto the people and some believed and divers others believed not in the manner of the writing. And thus occurred the memorable stone or slate-writing and trumpet seance of Mount Sinai.



Moses.



## FRANCE AND THE ITALIAN TROUBLES.

## NAPOLEON III.

At the close of the year 1848, having been elected President of the French republic over Cavaignac and Lamartine by five million votes, and in 1851 constituted Emperor of France by a vote of eight millions against two hundred and fifty thousand opposing, because of the Bonapartist feeling and my descent therefrom, my natural tendency was a system of government in line as far as practicable with that of my uncle Napoleon Bonaparte.

Briefly mentioned events are matters of history: With Uncle Bonaparte in Egypt the first year of the last century, his arrangement of affairs in Italy had gone utterly to pieces. Boundaries, principalities and princes had been displaced, the Naples district had become the Parthenopean republic, Carl Emmanuele of Lardinia had gone, Pius the VI. fled from Rome to a deathbed in France.

All know what followed the Crown at St. Ambrogia in 1804: Ferdinand saw Naples, Tuscany became the Kingdom of Etruria, the Pope remained in Rome, Eugene Beauharnais ruled the Ligurian and Cisalpine republics and came under the magic wand of Uncle Bonaparte Austerlitz, Venice and Naples.

It was natural for France to feel a sovereignty over Italy, for had she not resurrected her out of the ashes of misrule and protected her from its effects in the first few years of the nineteenth century—a series of events sadly predicating her return, upon the fall of



the first Napoleon, to the former despotic Spanish-Italo-Teutonic subjugation? The political reign of terror, aided and abetted by Austria, which followed crushed out the real spirit of Italian liberalism.

In 1859 Garibaldi's intentions were plans hostile to all that leaned toward fair French rule. He had vaingloriously proclaimed himself dictator in the name of King Vittorio Emanuele of Italy, and had not concealed his intention to march on Rome. Entering into a pact with Italy to withdraw all French troops from Rome, provided Italy respected what remained of the Pope's temporal power, I did so withdraw them in good faith in 1866, only to be confronted with the uprising of Garibaldi with the threat that he would "take Rome or die!"

It is true that in 1830, when a young man of only twenty-two years, unschooled in affairs of state and the government of countries, of venturesome boyish spirit, I had taken a stand to a slight degree against the power of the Pope in Romagna, but a more thorough knowledge of existing conditions revealed to me in later life the fallacy of my former conclusions.

I regard it as absurd for Garibaldi to in any way connect with these military operations in 1859, the fall of the French empire a decade of years later, or the transition of myself thirteen years afterward, or the killing of my beloved son, Napoleon Eugene Louis, in Zululand twenty years afterward. The imputation laid on these sad events of transition which must occur to the whole human race is unfair, to say the least.



NAPOLÉON III.



## THE FATE OF ITALY AND THE FALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Though wounded and cast into prison and forced to submit to indignities beneath my station in life by the people I sought to benefit, I enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing I had striven with all the zeal at my command to redeem Southern Italy from an Egyptian bondage blacker than any proverbial Egyptian darkness ever known.

The ideal labor of my life was to give Victor Emmanuel the greatest boon of his day, the brightest jewel that ever studded a monarch's diadem of power. I failed in the effort because the combined powers were arrayed against me. And yet I received the blessings of the friends of freedom throughout the civilized world. An Italian army marched against me, an Italian fortress held me a wounded prisoner in its bondage. The establishment of Italy's freedom I worked hard to achieve.

Perhaps Victor Emmanuel had no choice. No doubt he feared the ire of Napoleon III. of France. But I am assured now in the spirit realm by Count Cavour that had he lived during the terrible question that was rocking Italy, he would not have tarnished the crown as did Emmanuel.

Louis Napoleon of France, as is well known, gave great impetus to the adverse movement. But he was well paid in the annexation of Nice and Savoy. His weakness was so pronounced that it might well have

been termed a crime. And has it not come to pass that his page in the affair was a dark one in the history of France, showing as it has that Italy was thwarted in her desire for unity by the French occupation of Rome? The Empress was a great obstruction in the way of a settlement of the Roman question. She feared lest more misfortune fall upon her son if the French government were to take steps against the Head of the Church. But see how swift justice placed France in the balance. Eight years later came a retributive train of events: The Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon dethroned, the Prince Imperial translated to the spirit world, Eugenie exiled and the empire made a republic.

The great hindrance to the freedom of Italy swept away as by a whirlwind. And all that I fought and bled and suffered for shall come to pass. It is the edict of the supernal world.

“Ever the truth comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.”



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.





## THE DREAD OF DEATH, OR DEATH, LIFE AND THE SPIRIT.

HERBERT SPENCER.

In all ages of which we possess even the most remote history the dread and the fear of death, physical death, have dominated every living creature.

The spider at the slightest touch has recoiled itself into a ball, feigning the very state which it seeks thus to avoid. The fly would spring away at the wave of a hand to protect itself from seeming danger. The toad has hopped squeaking ahead of the chasing serpent, the chicken has hidden from the hawk. The small fish of the sea swim away from the devouring large ones. The fox has run before the hound, and the mouse from the cat. The sizes or capacities of these victims of dread do not regulate them. The smallest gnat is as quick to observe a cause for possible death as is the lion or the elephant.

Mankind is as vigilant. In this case, as in all, eternal vigilance is not the price of liberty only, but of physical life itself. All act involuntarily, ever to the mandate of nature looking to self-preservation. The repugnance to death, the tenacity for life, demonstrate intelligence in all forms of living beings. They show there is within a consciousness of the life that is.

Life cannot be destroyed, you cannot kill life. And life consciousness, and the desire, the innate desire to live, show that all life is immortal. It can no more perish in the spider or the fly than in Jesus



of Nazareth or John the Baptist. Hence all life continues. But as the spirits of men are graded in spheres or realms here according to their degrees of development, so are the insects, the fishes, the animals, graded in territories suiting their peculiar life and development over here.

In the great design of the All-Wise, one creature does not intrude upon another in the perfected realms of the spirit world.

Who of us is wise enough to say which shall and which shall not survive?



HERBERT SPENCER.

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## THE LAW OF PARENTAGE.

DAOUD,

(The Soul Mother of the Compiler of This Book.)

Translated by Amuzaac, a Ruler of the Province of Amia, in  
Atlantis, the Lost Continent, and Transcribed  
by Wm. T. Stead.

Long before the slopes of the Nile pinioned its silvery stream, and before the Arno's dreamy flow through the fertile plains of Pisa and Arezzo, before ancient Rome had emerged from its baby clothes and the hanging gardens of Babylon had become one of the seven wonders of the world, before the dawn of the Christian era and the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I lived, for I dwelt in Amia, the seventh province of Atlantis, fourteen thousand years ago.

You, too, dear child of the soul, lived in Atlantis during one of your early incarnations. Just as through the brief span of a lifetime on earth one has a spirit guide to look after the spiritual needs of the life, so through all the embodiments, covering incalculable periods of time, does each person have a mother and father of the soul, whose combined watchfulness makes a guardian spirit of the ages. I have been your soul mother from the beginning and have kept the eternal vigilance of the ages in all your incarnations.

When as a child you dipped your little feet in the winding streams of sunny Italy before it was Italy; when in another incarnation, wrapped in the skins of animals now extinct, you trod the icebergs of the

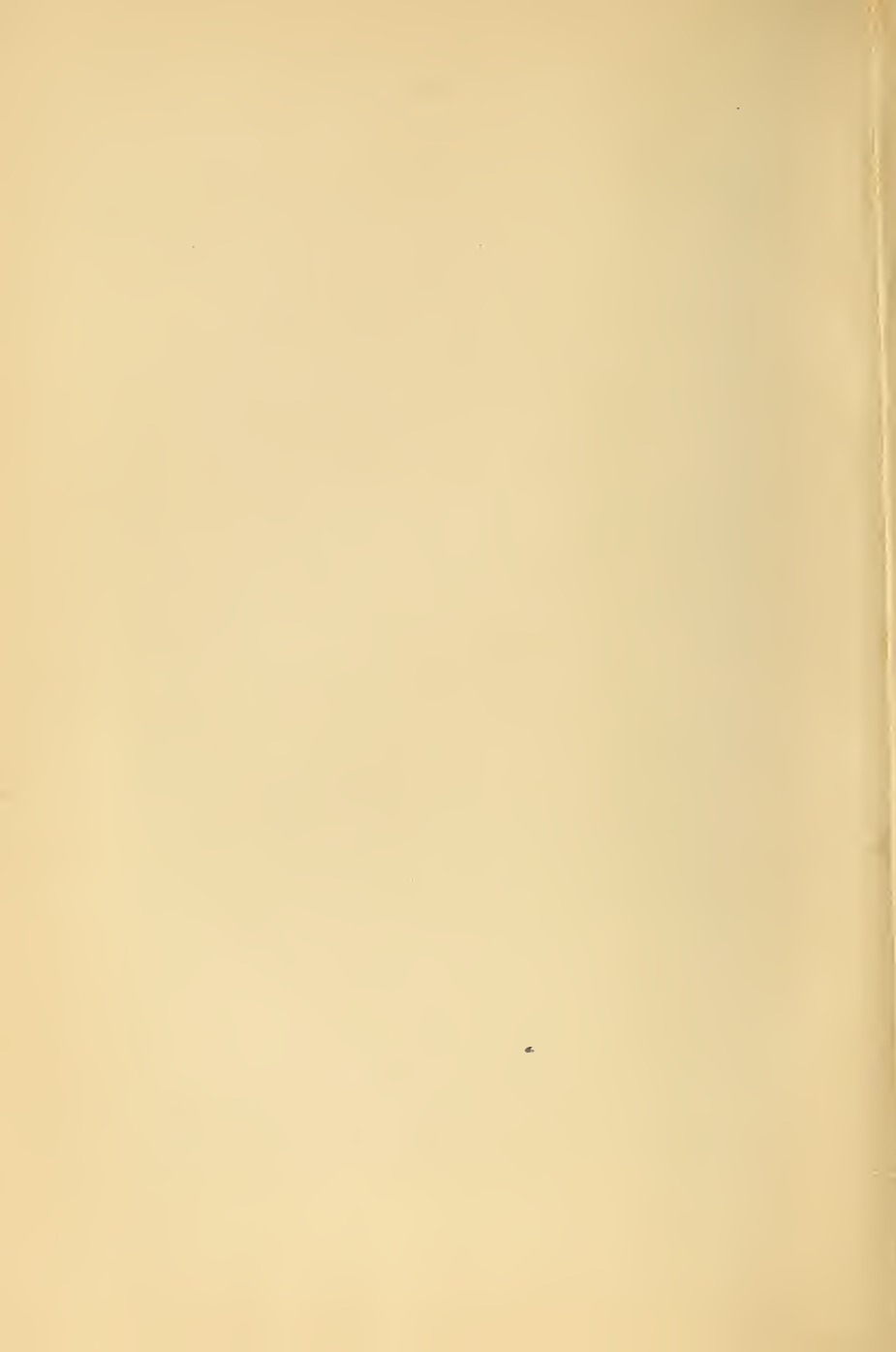
frozen zones, when frigid Greenland formed its icicles and amorous sunbeams of the tropics later kissed them away; when you as a Grecian watched the rise of the Temple of Minerva on the Acropolis of Athens, and as a maiden of Greece your beauty challenged the decorations of famous Phidias, and in other, and other, and other incarnations I faithfully watched over you, and was thy soul mother, the guardian of thy soul in its many evolutions.

As God is termed the Father of all in all times, so has the human being a soul father and mother, who guide and guard it through its many and remote incarnations.



D A O U D.

Her face, so lovely,  
haunts me still,  
Though many a year has fled.



## THE ILL EFFECTS OF WAR STATUES.

U. S. GRANT.

Let us have peace, was and is my motto. When in the sixties sectional strife was high it was not regarded as possible that the bitterness of feeling existent could be allayed during the lifetime of those who actively or inactively participated in the war. Even as late as the Presidential term of Grover Cleveland the animosities still lingering in the North and the South were exhibited. President Cleveland ordered the battle flags captured from the South restored to the regiments that fought under the stars and bars. But so alarming was the outcry in the North against this proposal that the order was rescinded. But time and events, especially of the Spanish-American war in 1898, in which the North and the South unitedly took up arms against Spain, so softened public sentiment north of Mason and Dixon's line that it became possible for President Roosevelt to carry out what President Cleveland had inaugurated only a few years before. This act accorded comfortably with my sentiments, and events have shown the wisdom of my leniency at Appomattox, where I told General Lee's surrendered army to keep their horses and take them home, for they would need them in the spring plowing. That course at the immediate ending of hostilities in the field, though not sanctioned at the time by the war department at Washington, contributed much toward engendering harmony in the entire country.



Every act, every thought, put forth toward the soothing of factional strife in a land of brothers and sisters, is highly desirable and adds to the successful cementing of affections. The two divisions must avoid a display which revives the bitterness of that awful period of devastation, human suffering and death. For this reason I deprecate the erection of equestrian and other war statues, standing in the parks, streets and buildings of almost every city of the North and South. These statues, grand and beautiful in themselves, perpetuate memories of the most horrible epoch in American history. The rush to arms is the act of ignorance, a relic of barbarism, and bids the devil in man to come to the front.

These statues commemorate no lofty sentiment, nothing Christ-like, pure or humane, but, on the contrary, remind us of men's passion and the fury of hell. On each pedestal of these war statues stands a lasting picture of a butcher of human lives, of terror brought to the land, of wives widowed, children orphaned, and suffering and sorrow appalling, not alone in the home land, but all over the world.

Perfect serenity of soul, harmony of mind, forgetfulness of sickening and deadly scenes cannot be effected while these bronze and stone monuments face us with a silence which speaks louder than the cannon's breath and the bayonet's clash.

Let us have peace.





## THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE EFFORTS ON THE UNBORN.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

It is a well known fact that most great progressive movements are precipitated suddenly. It is an old saying that when the people of a community thought or contemplated the building of a railroad, they had to talk it over for twenty years before they began to build it.

And you have no doubt observed that it has not been the old or original projectors, but a new generation of people who have put the talked of project into actual being. There is a peculiar psychological law governing this. Thoughts become things. The thought of the forefather impregnates the embryo descendant and becomes a thing. The father thinks out the railroad and the then unborn son later builds it. The slave question was agitated many years before the younger generation wiped it out of the American states. A free mind had deprecated all institutions of human slavery when Abraham Lincoln and Wendell Phillips slept in their mothers' wombs.

All important political factions were formed long prior to their coming into being. Useful and startling inventions were studied ere they became materialized theories. Benjamin Franklin locked a flash of lightning with his famous key, while Morse and Edison and Marconi were unborn. Mammoth buildings were towering in men's brains before the skyscrapers of lower New York had been heard of. Many

a man in his mentality crossed the Niagara rapids and the rivers of the world ere suspension bridges spanned the roaring narrows and waterways. Ages before Sam Patch jumped into the Falls of the Genesee, and Roebling engineered the great span across the East River in New York, a little spider spun his web from one projecting rock across to another, and boldly walked over. The spider built the first suspension bridge, your grandfather saw it and he thought, and through the vast resources of psychological influences and telepathic wave radiations this thought became a part of the unevoluted life principle, and later the new man worked out in magnificent realization what his grandfather had thought and what the spider had thought long in advance of him. The wonderful evolution of a thought! Empires have risen and fallen long after the questions affecting them have agitated the mentalities of men and women. Then when the great innovations came they were plunged suddenly and unheralded upon an amazed people. The earlier thought has had its effect upon the prenatal life. That which is discussed and considered and studied now becomes a fact in the prenatal state, and when this new generation buds forth these designs, plans and ideas are easily taken up. They have become conditions of fact upon the unborn child. Woman suffrage cannot reach any marked degree of success during the present generation in which it has only been intelligently agitated.

But its principles and precepts are being impressed upon the mentality of a coming generation of intellectual men and women who will place the suffrage question where it belongs.



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.





HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF SHOWN IN  
THE RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES  
AND IN THE RECURRING  
EVENTS OF ALL AGES.

DARWIN.

There was a time in the history of the world before the present when everything in it was in exactly the same position as to-day.

Every blade of grass was made of the identical parts, every bush, every rock, every drop of water, was in the same place as now. The brick that tops the chimney in the house in which you dwell was on the same chimney of the same house and formed precisely the same before. Every grain of sand that is tossed and rolled on the great stretches of sea beach was there before. This seems like a more exaggerated statement than it is. But all changes in the universe are repeating themselves over and over.

Fathomless, thinkless wastes of time are occupied in these reproductions.

But what of that? Not only have these changes been taking place in this world, but in all other worlds and in the interims the worlds themselves, the great systems of the universes have been coming into and going out of their forms of existence, at periods being even blotted into shapeless masses, and even disintegrated, and in the mighty processes of evolutionary influence formed anew time after time in the precise states they now are in.



Glance at the rise and fall of empires. Where Rome was is devastation; where devastation is Rome was. Before Rome there was a howling wilderness. Where wild beasts roamed in the jungled thickets empires of learning, culture, science, art, have reared their marble facades; and in the morasses of the wilderness of swamps and monstrous serpents, platoons of granite have held the mightiness of civilization. Nothing remains inactive. Change is the universal law; and as a given quantity can make only a given number of changes they must become repetitions.

But to comprehend the recurring events of countless time you must place yourself outside of time, must in thought pass beyond all limitations set by time, and conceive of the worlds of the universe being, as it were, annihilated so far as all present form and shape are concerned, and then see them rebuilding into the former identical spheres.

A man builds a home, it gets old, it crumbles to pieces, the pieces rot, they become fungi, they reach liquid states, the earth absorbs them and becomes enriched, vines and bushes and grasses spring up on the same spot, then decay in the earth. The house comes up in the bush and the vine and the grass. Then in the passing ages trees grow up, formed of the same pieces of material as the trees that builded the first house, but the pieces are not in the same places. They have become transposed. These trees are made into boards, they build another house remote from the location of the other. This house goes down through the ravages of time. Decaying particles are carried hither and thither by the varying winds, they reach the clouds in moisture, the rainfalls deposit them in the ocean, they help form the physical bodies of fishes, then die, go into decomposition, decay, disintegration; and they form a grain

of beach sand or pebble, the grain of sand is washed for countless ages by the eternal swish of the sea, it is swept across the ocean, it crumbles in decay and passes through all the changes known and unknown, and through the passing ages a particle gets to the place of the first tree spoken of. Another tree rises and falls, ages pass on, the lights of the firmament one by one are blotted out, a long night of countless ages reigns, and the great unlighted ether is like an endless ocean of darkness. Then in the gray morning of a new era a light begins to shimmer through the mists of the ocean of ether, it is a star, a sun formed over again, and in time a new system of worlds comes into being. They twinkle in their distant orbits till again they pass from shape and form. This is repeated a thousand, yes, a hundred thousand million times until the field-glass of nature reflects again the same veritable spheres in the same spaces of the vapors about, formed again as they had been before.

Then occur and recur the changes on the earth until again rises the same tree that builded the same house before, every atom is restored to its former position.

The vast time required for all this is outside of time itself and for the brain to try to conceive of it would ossify ere it approached the merest conception of it. But everything that is in the world to-day was here and in the same relative position before. Matter is as indestructible as spirit, for it is spirit, and spirit is as eternal as God, always has been and always will be.





CHARLES DARWIN.



## CHURCH AND STATE.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

I have been and am in favor of free inquiry on all subjects, civil and religious, but I contend that the outcome of all inquiry should be the result of examination and discussion conducted with learning and conscience.

The religious and civil question has in its early inception been much governed by the theosophical philosophy of Germany.

About one hundred and fifty years ago the theology which was mystical began to be critical, and a system was devised for the interpretation of Divine Scripture, which it accepted with objection, and with which it undertook to explain all the then-called supernaturalism by natural causes. In a few years the rationalism, so-termed, absorbed the intellect of Germany, being supported by both learning and ingenuity.

Every Protestant community felt its influence. In less than one hundred years later German rationalism was shown to be irrational. And now arose a new system called the Mythical, but in turn that was shown to be a myth, and return was made to Pagan Pantheism.

Now, one hundred and fifty years later, what has the church to fear in all these speculations so discordant? Nothing! No religious creed was ever destroyed by a philosophical theory, often full of error and with no substantial backing. In my opinion church should repulse error, not punish it.

I believed in the union of church and state and deprecated the onslaught upon the church in parliament. But now as a spirit I have to repudiate my theory that the connection between church and state is to be upheld and vindicated as the soundest principle of political theological philosophy. I quite admit that the most powerful principle which governs man is the religious one. It is eternal because it originates in human intelligence.

I also repudiate my idea that a wise government, availing itself of sectarian religion—not the universal religious principle of common good and truth so conspicuous in Spiritualism—would consecrate society and sanctify the state. I believe now that the Church of England is not conducive to religious liberty. I believe that in the religion of Spiritualism is a ground upon which religious followers can unite, and should, then there might follow that broad-minded unity of church and state in the highest, broadest, purest, most beautiful conception.

In the broader religious thought of the world you will have no trouble to find a union of it with state, and accord to each the privilege due. And with the banishment of all hitherto prevailing religions, uniting on the broad foundation of pure spiritual teaching your charities will not be assailed, your public worship will not be abused, the sacred fabrics of the marriage relation will not be destroyed, and your graveyards will not be robbed to supply the denizens of the heaven and the hell of ecclesiastical powers.





BENJAMIN DISRAELI.





## LET US CULTIVATE HUMANE INCLINATIONS.

HENRY BERGH.

As is stated in another writer's article that all living creatures have spirits, it may be deduced that what affects one spirit either pleasantly or unpleasantly, or what is a physical shock to one creature is pretty likely to in some degree affect similarly all others, allowing of course for the variation in brain development and consciousness. In another writing the fear of death is treated ably, and we may in this case likewise deduce that if there is a fear of death there is an accompanying fear or dread of pain, and all living creatures we know protect themselves, either intuitively, instinctively or intellectually, from impending pain. Violent death whether resulting from accident, intention or by decree of state, is always a shock to the community in which it occurs.

As we more finely develop our sensibilities the more severely do these occurrences shock us. It is to many persons as unpleasant to look upon the butchery of a dumb animal as upon the execution of a human being.

Though one of these acts is the outcome of the widely conceded necessity for the providing of food for man, and the other for the protection of the law-abiding citizen, neither is really essential. Ample food is found aside from animal flesh, and capital punishment is not a deterrent of crime, if we may judge by the statistics of states maintaining that mode of punishment and of those having abolished it. These violent acts are shocks to the community,

and what shocks the people is not good for their moral advancement. The same God that made you made the cow. You have no more moral right to slaughter the cow to feed your body than a lion has to devour you. In both instances it is might instead of right that becomes the assassin. But if under the present state of the world's adherence to certain forms of procedure in these matters, instead of devoting so much time and study and discussion to determine the most humane manner of putting a man to death, since revenge is not presumed to enter the arena of human execution, why would not sentiment be more easily served by administering to the victim an anaesthetic which would release him from both the mental and physical pain of decease? And in the slaughter houses where thousands of beeves, lambs and other animals are daily put to death for the consumption of man, why would it not be humane to administer a certain formula of gas that would quickly pass from their bodies, leaving them in quite proper condition for food? To tie a cow's head to a ring bolted in the floor (as I once personally saw done in a country slaughter-house) and strike the forehead a furious blow with the butt end of an axe to reduce the animal to a state of unconsciousness that the throat cutting may be more easily performed, is horribly cruel to say the least. Other animals undergo the ravages of the knife while their flesh fairly quivers from the pain and fear they undergo. This is demoralizing, when it is understood, and cries out in its tortured voice for humane actions on the part of human beings. Administer to the helpless, suffering, fear-stricken beasts a mild anaesthetic, I say, and relieve the poor creatures, who have done us no wrong, from the pain of the blow of the axe and the gash of the knife.





## HEAVEN IS WITHIN.

THEODORE PARKER.

When Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," he was in his mind drawing that picture of the innocence of thought, the purity of motive, the chastity of purpose, that scintillation of divine goodness of which the bright spheres of the spiritual realm are made. In being fit to ascend to the superior spheres, the heavens of existence, one must aspire to transcend all sophistry, all vainglorious thought, all selfish consideration so prevalent in the days on earth. Of this purer, more innocent condition, is heaven made. It is the "being born again" and to it the chastity of childhood is welcomed, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Heaven in its real aspect is not a location to which we go, but rather a condition which comes to us. "Heaven is within," said the master. To experience heaven it is not necessary that we pass on to the spirit world or to any place outside of the space we occupy at the moment.

Happiness is heaven, unhappiness is hell. Both are within. Hence whatever renders us happiness transports heaven to us. If some one or something that we much love is in the grove back of the cottage in the lane we will not establish any great degree of happiness by spending our summer at the seashore, or in one of the seven heavens of futurity.

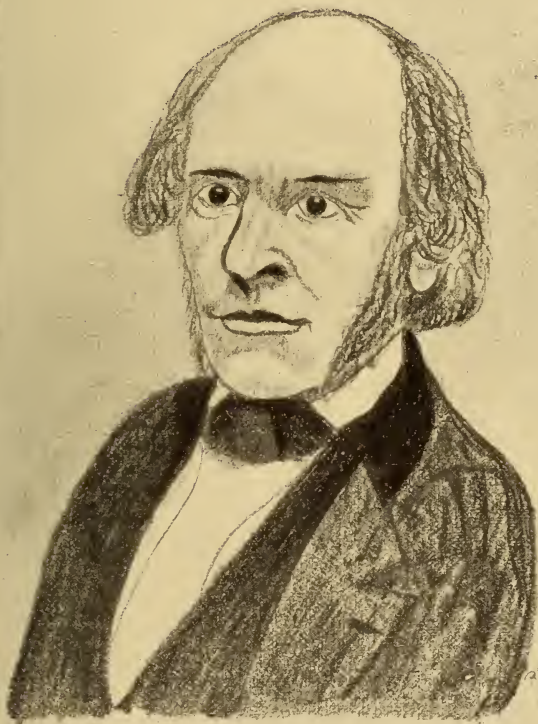
If the beloved one whose presence is essential to our great happiness be in London, for instance, we

will not gather any marked joy by going to the heaven of the saints away off somewhere in the ether blue.

Heaven being happiness, it can be attained only by the influx of that happiness given out by the individual or the thing we desire. Location does not cause the happiness. The true lovers find as much happiness on the mud-flats of an inland bay, provided they are not separated, as on the noted Lakes of Killarney. They would be as much at peace in the mushroom fields of North America as in the supernal realms beyond the starry skies.

Heaven and hell, therefore, being attributes of the soul, death of the physical body is not essential to experience either state. Keep body and spirit wholesome, pure and true, live up to your best views of right and you will walk the golden Appian way of the New Jerusalem all along the earth spheres and the realms beyond the earth.





THEODORE PARKER.





DEATH THE EMANCIPATOR WHO SETS US  
FREE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Water seeks its level. All things have a leaning in the direction of the spheres of existence which are most congenial to themselves.

The man in whom the manifestation of the spiritual predominates migrates to healthful and pure conditions. He whose spiritual qualities are overridden by the material tends toward the squalor and imperfections of life. Undoubtedly so designed in the creation principle, all natural tendencies of the human soul are upward and onward, the rarified qualities of itself being disposed to quicken the impulses of the spirit to throw off, move away from, such contingencies as weigh it down to surrounding foreign elements.

Any condition which checks spiritual progress is not desirable. Note the term I use—*progress*.

Spirit itself is ever pure and undefiled, but in our carelessness of using terms we speak of the *development* of the spirit. The spirit is always developed, but it is not always free, and its progress is arrested by the material conditions in which it is often held. The tree and the rock, for instance, remain in their material state, and the spirit remains in its spiritual state. They do not change places with each other. The elements of both continue in the line of their respective existences.

So we notice that spirit and matter are eternally at war with each other. They are the exemplifica-

tion of the first great warfare, the God in heaven and the Lucifer cast out.

Spirit in its desires soars to realms congenial to itself, and to which matter cannot go.

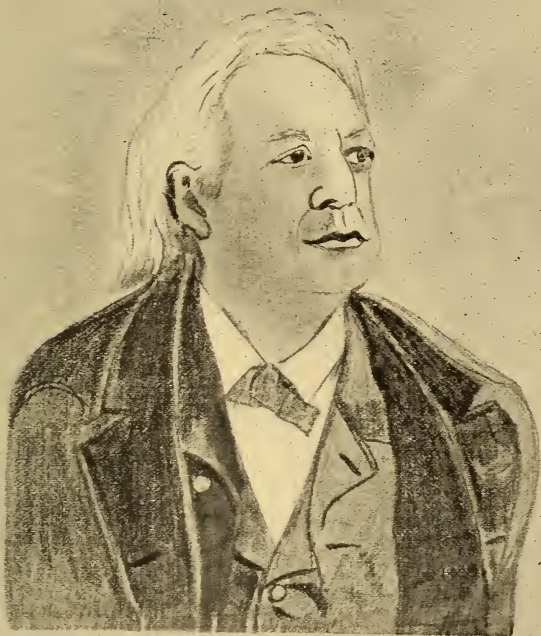
The latter is at rest where it is. Matter is complete in itself, and so is spirit.

Each is content in its own sphere of congeniality. But spirit in its upward inclination is forever dragging matter with it, and matter in its satisfied lower state is hanging on to the skirts of and holding back spirit. The two are not congenial partners, they lead a cat-and-dog life, always at war with each other. Being good is thinking good. If one thinks purely the material and the spiritual conception are brought into more peaceful relation.

Disease, ill sentiments, suffering of the body, are incongenial to the spirit, and thus death, as we term it, comes as a relief, a release, an emancipation to it, and leaves it untrammelled and unfettered.

When body-tortured, soul-racked and spirit-burdened, the rustling wing of the white-robed messenger of death should be a welcome sound, and usually it is.

Death is our emancipator and sets us free.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.



## LIFE AND THE DRAMA.

DION BOUCICAULT.

It has been my observation since my life in the spirit spheres, and during my mortal career, that no method of instruction surpasses that of object teaching.

When persons are shown, it is what they see, more than what they hear when told, that leaves its enduring impress.

It has been said, "Experience is the best teacher." The kindergartens of the world have done more than any other system of instruction to train the infantile mind. The cartoonist's pictures have done more to impress the public mind than the columns of printed writings.

The atlas has more safely than the readable geography lighted many a boy's mental pathway through the difficult passes of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and the wilds of the western prairies, and the gardens of the equator. Nothing portrays the fire better than the smoke.

All the compliments covering the breadth of the earth do not convince a woman of her beauty as quickly as does the mirror in her boudoir.

The theatre stage reveals human character more accurately than the combined pulpits of the United States of America.

It is the great object lesson. The legitimate stage has ever been the educator of the people, the great lessons of the hour are there laid bare.

Two thousand years ago when Christianity was waiting to be born, glistening in the eastern sky the Star of Bethlehem was a greater beacon to soul-stung men than all the sermons the elders preached.

The tablets of stone from Mount Sinai with their living letters have guided the world toward better things for thousands of years, and the flickering light along the shore in the Colleen Bawn has illumined the way of many a heart-sick man and woman.

God bless the theatre! It is the great kindergarten, a picture lesson, a moving panorama, the atlas of the world, the great looking-glass of nature, all combined, and through them the world learns by object lessons the great trend of human experience.







## THE AGE OF THE SPIRIT.

CHARLES F. BERWIND.

To many persons in mortal life it is a matter of wonder what age they will be during their sojourn in the spirit world, or rather what it will *appear* to be, for it may be said there is no age limit to spirit, it having always been and always is to be.

People pass over at all periods from infantile years through middle life to old age. Are there children, and youth and the aged in spirit?

The spirits being without age, are they all of the same age there?

Spirits control their own ages in the spirit world. They can assume any age they desire. They usually decide their apparent age by some period of earth life in which they found the greatest happiness. If they experienced on earth their supreme comfort and joy at forty years or twenty years or sixty years, then they will take on that age in their appearance in spirit. That will afford them the most happiness.

Ages too young to be remembered are not assumed in spirit because no memory exists of that early period and hence no happiness is recalled.

But in reappearing on earth, it may have been noted that a person who passed over an infant, but who at the time of reappearance would by earthly computation be thirty or forty years of age, will sometimes present himself as an infant and at other times as at his prevailing age reckoned by years.

This is done for the purpose of identification. But it shows the pliability of the conditions which enable him to take on any age he chooses.

Hence in the spirit world are people of all ages, from the young to the advanced years of their mortal reign.



*Roulania, the Navajo girl artist,  
assisting Raphael.*



## MAN NOT THE ARCHITECT BUT THE BUILDER OF HIS OWN BEING.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Nature is the architect of man, and he himself is the builder thereof. He constructs the purpose to pursue certain lines along life which become character marks.

Some build wisely, some do not.

Some remember and profit by the old expressions, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," "All is not gold that glitters." Nothing goes farther towards making a man the best piece of workmanship than his own handiwork. And his handiwork upon his own character building will be excellent if he makes his patterns from the highest ideals of his mentality. (When I say man I am speaking of human beings in general, and these include woman.)

To live a good life, pure and useful, not for a reward outside of himself, but because it is Right and Best, is what builds the ideal person; what accentuates man's beautiful construction is the motives, not the maneuvers in his life; the purpose, not the preaching; the precepts, not the performance; the intention, not the act. A noble thought incorporated in a worthy deed, both builded because of nobleness and worthiness, point to a higher heaven and a holier God than all the gilded spires in Christendom. Make yourself great and good because you want to be so,

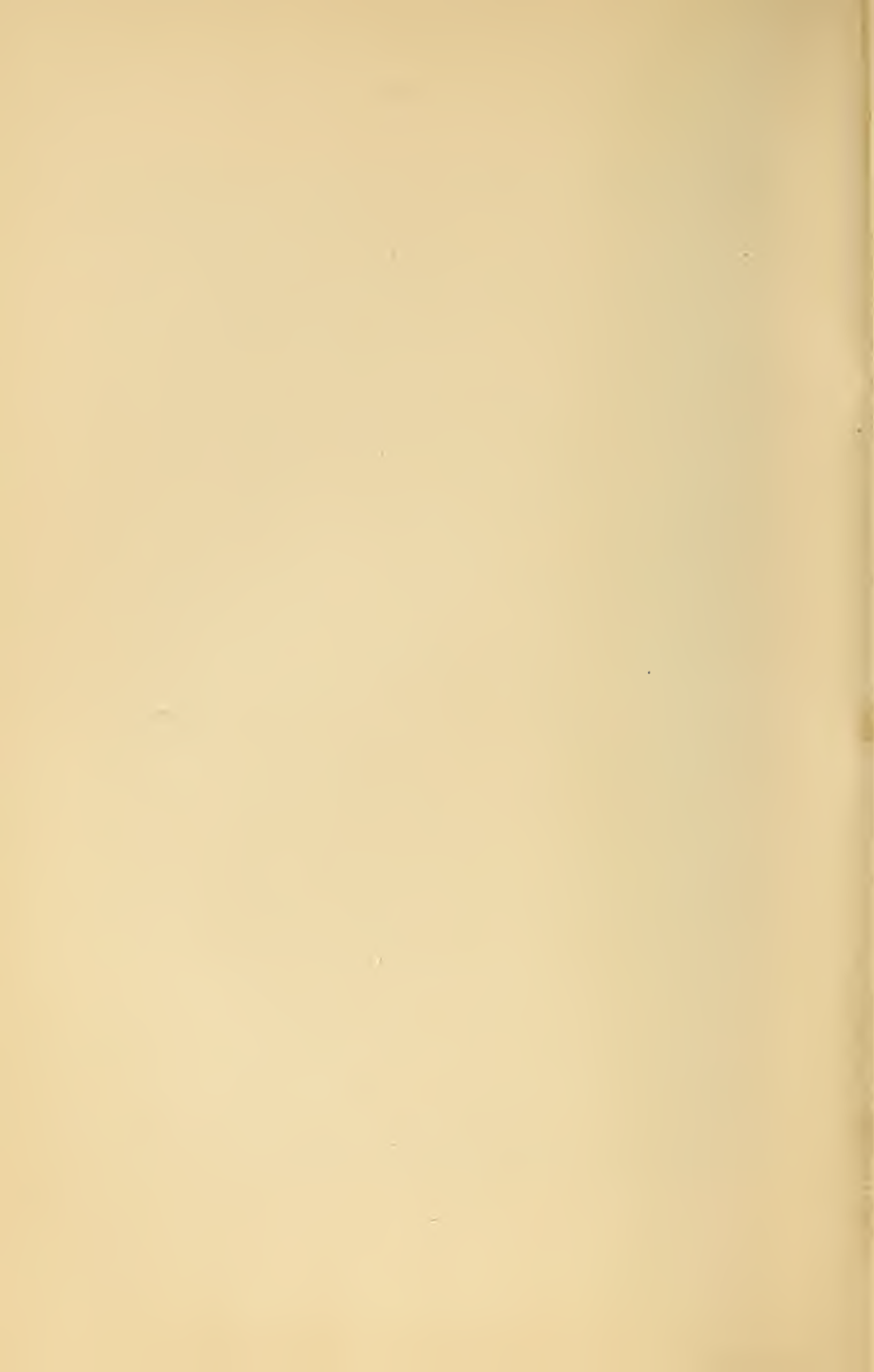
not because you desire to be paid for it, and you will build the noblest structure in the world.

Nature is the architect of your being, but you are its builder. See to it that you hew to the line, use good material, deal honestly with yourself and you will build both wisely and well.





FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



## ROCK OF AGES.

## TOPLADY.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.  
Tu per lympham profluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,  
In peccata mi redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,  
Quamvis tota vi laborem,  
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,  
Fletu stillans indefesso;  
Tibi soli tantum munus;  
Salva me, Solvator unus.

Nil in mann mecum fero,  
Sed me versus crucem gero;  
Vestimenta nudus oro,  
Opem debilis implora;  
Fontem Christi quæro' immundus,  
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit.  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedeus Judex inter nubes  
Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.





A. M. TOPLADY.



## THE PRODUCTS OF TO-DAY ARE THE POSSIBILITIES OF YESTERDAY.

OMOHONDRO.

(The Soul Father of the Compiler of This Book.)

All the luxuries we enjoy, all the freedom we experience, all the conveniences we have to-day for the first time, were quite as possible yesterday. In the use of the terms to-day and yesterday, I mean the present and the past.

Two illustrious men were Presidents of the United States at widely separated periods of time. Each was the equal of the other in condition of mind, in strength of character, each was in his way a constructive genius.

Undoubtedly George Washington found as great a degree of happiness in life, and desired to live as much, as did Abraham Lincoln. Yet attached to Washington's time were the hardships of a tedious tramp on horseback to the seat of government, and Lincoln rode to it on a bed in a railroad sleeping car. Could not George Washington and his coteries under the government have traveled with the same ease?

Benjamin Franklin, exposed to the storm, watched the electric spark dart to his key on a kite string.

Thomas A. Edison in the quiet and comfort of home through the agency of the electric spark speaks to his friends a hundred miles away.

But the railroad car and the telephone were as possible in the time of Washington and Franklin as to-day. It was not that these possibilities did not exist,

but great mental operations, and others, had failed to sense the vibrations of these possibilities and harness them.

Mind is ever the same. One man, because he invents or discovers something which another man does not, is not necessarily of a superior mentality.

All brains are not attuned to a key which responds to the same activity of a possibility. Elias Howe, who invented the sewing machine, had no greater mind power than the mechanic who built its tread. His brain caught the activity of the mechanical thought of the inventor just as the inventor's brain caught the vibration of the possibility of the invention. Thomas Jefferson was no greater writer because he could produce a great declaration of principles than was the unknown author of the rhymes, jimes and jingles of "Mother Goose." Washington, Napoleon and Grant were great military commanders, but no greater in mentality than Paine, who as Junius wrote the pamphlets that really instigated the American Revolution. Mind is a universal quality permeating the brains of men. One and another become eminent by differing mind waves passing through the brain cells.

A brain will collect certain passing mind waves, while others will pass through without leaving any impression. For example, place two or three sieves, one above another filled with various sized holes. Drop into the top sieve a number of jewels of various sizes. The small ones pass through openings suitable to them, the larger ones are retained in the first or second receptacle. A sapphire is caught by the first sieve, a ruby by the second and a diamond by the bottom one. One may be as valuable as the other. The sieves illustrate the equal greatness of men. The man who invented a carpet sweeper was quite as



great intellectually as the one who made a machine add a column of figures, or the one who thought out the ponderous engines that move the steamboats on the ocean.

The products of this year are the possibilities of yesteryear wrought out in the various and unfathomable channels of men's brains.





OMOHONDRO.



THE POWER OF THE VIOLIN,  
AND  
THE FORCE OF PORTRAITURE.

OLE BULL  
and  
RAPHAEL SANTI.

VIOLIN.

All written and printed history of the violin gives the date of its construction and use as the middle of the sixteenth century, and as descendent from the viol. But as a matter of fact, not known to the modern world, it was made and used under somewhat different comparative dimensions of neck and belly in the time of the glory of the ancient Athenians and of Jesus of Nazareth. Socrates listened to its tones in the temples of the Acropolis, and it was a favorite instrument of the disciple James, who played it many evenings at the river side when the day's fishings were over. Mary Magdalene was an expert performer, and danced bewitchingly to the music played by herself for the steps. The violin is the most remarkable musical instrument, and it could be made to imitate the human voice more exactly than anything ever invented up to the time of the advent of the talking machine. A single violin string continuously sounded would crumble the ramparts and walls of the strongest fort in the world. A single note if continuously sounded in one location for a long time would disintegrate and destroy the foundations and topple over the walls of a city block. It

would render steel structures too weak to be safe; in time it would lay in ruins the entire elevated railroads of New York, if the vibration could reach every part of it.

A violin played for years in one building would overthrow its masonry and make the iron parts of the structure as brittle as clay pipe stems. The dome of St. Peters at Rome or the Capitol at Washington could be wrecked to the ground by the continuous sounding of a single violin string under it. The violin is the most powerful instrument ever made.

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#### PORTRAITURE.

The limner's art can trace the distant feature,

And bear you on the wings of thought close to that absent soul,  
Who, catching thus from you the mental picture,

Tender bonds by cruel absence broken once more makes whole.

You look upon a picture of a person, and instantly you think of the personality. You study my picture before you, and you do not think of the light or the heavy lines of the pencil on the paper, but rather of the man Raphael. You at once associate yourself with past or present incidents connected with the life of the person whose picture you see, and you thus become a part of the life and the time of the life of the same. But that is not all. It is a conceded fact that you cannot earnestly concentrate your thoughts upon an absent one without, either consciously or unconsciously to that one, projecting your individuality, your own influence and spiritual presence. Thoughts are things, is a common saying. By them you are carried into relationship with the person you send the thoughts to; you are placed in a mental association with incidents of that person's life, past or present, or both. So a portrait is a forceful bond between two parted individuals. The distances of



OLE BULL.





time and space are bridged by the pencil of the artist, and we clasp soul hands with the absentee. In this bond we live over again the joys of the past, or anticipate the happinesses yet undeveloped. Through the subtle powers of the portrait we can buoy up and gladden the downcast spirit of the one across the sea, and revel in the sunshine of life with those beyond the stars.





RAPHAEL SANTI.



## SLEEP.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

Sleep! Every night in our slumber we are born again, made over, molded anew.

Not only do we live a new life, but we pass again through much of the old.

To-night the prisoner serving a life sentence will be a free man, out in the sunlight and the fresh air of God's world. Will the brief respite help him to bear exile better? Suppose he were to be actually freed for a day, then reincarcerated, would he feel better or worse? Does his dream life make easier his waking hours? In slumber to-night the father and mother or sister and brother you laid to rest in the grave long ago will be in sweet converse with you in the various details of the home life. You will sit at the breakfast table with mother, chatting over the cup of coffee as you did twenty years ago. You will look out the window of the old country kitchen that was torn down when you were in your teens and see father swinging the same old dull axe to swell the winter wood-pile. In the "wee sma' hours" of the morning you will "trip the light fantastic toe" across waxen floors long gone to ruin, and in the gray morning twilight of your silent sleep you will escort home in Mother Shipton's horseless carriage the coquetting sweetheart who refused you in marriage fifty years before. To-night you will go on a moonlight excursion through the beauties of the Nile or the Hudson, and feast with dainty products the appetites of the little

son and daughter upon whose graves on the hillside of the cemetery you to-day noticed the wild flowers blooming. To-night you will sail blue seas you have longed to cross, you will be dressed in purple robes instead of the simple garment you hung in the wardrobe when you retired to rest. You will shine in rubies and sapphires you never saw. Soon after you have said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," you will clasp hands with the President of the United States in the White House and King George in Buckingham Palace; you will listen to the rumble of Mount Vesuvius, and see the lava flow over Herculaneum and Pompeii, or on the wings of the winds you will listen to the music of the spheres in the eternal mists of the distant Pleiades.

Sleep, sweet calm sleep! Nature's vast storehouse of blessings! Upon thy peaceful shrine we lay a tribute of our gratefulness. Not alone do you rest the weary body and revitalize the energies of the exhausted brain, giving a new flow of life, but of thee it is true that through the mysterious maneuvers of your phantom powers the wasted fortune is recovered, the lost prize is restored, the shortcoming is forgiven, the harsh word is softened, the sorrow becomes joy, the new garment is worn, the jewel adorns, the suffering ends, the new land is visited, the dead again live.



A. B. A.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.





## THE COMPOSITE PICTURE.

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.

Have you seen a composite picture, a group of faces blended in one, presenting a face made up of many?

In that one expression are the looks of many. Have you looked into a garden full of varied flowers, and beheld in their blending one striking concentration of beauty? Could you look upon a man's brain, or a woman's brain, you would see a composite picture of the various impressions made upon it by the daily passing scenes and events.

What would you think if I should tell you that you not only can have a look upon the composite picture of one man's brain impressions, but upon the composite picture of the impressions of many men and women's brains. This at a moment's thought may seem an impossible privilege, but it is quite possible and easy. Glance into an engine room, look at the plunging pistons, the moving shafts, the turning wheels, the running belts. What is it you see? A composite picture of the many pictures that were impressed upon men's and women's brains, for in the complicated mechanism before you are the pictures which cast themselves upon the brains of many persons. One man had a picture of the piston, another made an improvement, another was impressed with the balance wheel, and so on. Whenever you look upon a car-brake, or a butter-churn, an electric motor, etc., you are looking into the brains of many people, for the pictures of all these rested on the brains before they

became the moving pictures of realities which you behold. When you look upon the sewing machine you see the brain of Howe together with many others whose improvements in the mechanism are reflected there. In the steamboat you are looking into the brain of Fulton. In the steam engine you see the brain of Watt. In the electric light is illumined the brain of Edison. In the clicking telegraph you see the brain of Morse. In the lightning-rod is the brain of Franklin. In the cloth-shielded shirtband button-hole the brain of Dr. Mary Walker.



MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.



## THE WALLS HAVE EARS.

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

Every moving thing on the earth makes, I will say for simplicity of terms, air waves. These are what you more familiarly call sounds. You ordinarily in conversation say you hear the thunder, you hear the flap of the bird's wing, you hear the voice of your friend. What really takes place is the action of the air waves upon the sensitive brain through the mechanism of the ear. There is no sound where there is no ear or other avenues to convey the air waves or vibrations to the brain.

If there were no living conscious beings on the earth, there would not be any sound to even the loudest clap of thunder, nor would there be any sight of the flash of lightning. Sight and sound belong only to brain centres communicated with by the eye and ear mechanism.

The moment the brain is oblivious to its surroundings, sight and sound do not exist in the realm of physical life.

When a brain is placed profoundly under the influence of an anaesthetic, the eye does not see and the ear does not hear.

Now, all sound waves leave their indelible impress upon all their surroundings.

When you sit in a room and speak, every word you utter, every movement you make, establishes a wave radiation which spreads and fills every part of the room, and these are registered on everything in the

room, on the chairs, on the tables, on the walls, everywhere, thousands of repetitions of the same message, just as the wax roller receives the sound waves through the phonograph.

There will come a day when these impressions may be repeated back from the walls and reproduced just as given in. Once started back, they necessarily recreate the sound waves as originally created. Then will be verified the familiar saying, "The very walls themselves have ears." Until these waves act upon the ear there will be no sound from the impressions. There is no sound in the phonograph. Only when the air vibrations start will you secure what you call a sound.







## WHY WE LIKE TO TRAVEL FAST.

SOCRATES.

A child riding with its father on a railroad train asked: "Papa, why is it I feel so good when the train goes fast?"

"Because," answered the father, "rapid traveling exhilarates."

This reply was about as obtuse to the child as it would be to the whole traveling public. We all are aware that it exhilarates, but we might ask why does it exhilarate?

If we sit on a veranda in the refreshing breeze of a summer day, we are exhilarated. A glass of wine exhilarates. Anything that lifts us above the more sordid conditions of earth has a tendency to exhilarate us.

The eternal law of life is progress, evolution from lower to higher conditions of being. The natural trend, the aspiration of the soul, is toward a more ethereal state. We want to throw off the grosser states, leave them behind us.

Inactivity is weight, heaviness, material. Activity inspires to the aesthetic.

The trend of the spirit is toward the spiritual, and when we travel fast we are in spirit lifted above the material.

We say *above*, but, as there is neither above nor below in space, it is simply the removing from the material earth, the inclination to overstep the law of gravity. Though the body weighs as much on a

fast-moving train as on one moving slowly, the spirit feels more free as the former is more released from the natural attraction which the earth has to physical surroundings, and its thought-flight is accelerated.

Anything that hastens us through the air gives the spirit a sense of temporary emancipation from the material environments of its ponderous encompassments.



SOCRATES.



## REINCARNATION.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

I am a through-and-through reincarnationist. What surprises me is that any one can in his or her sane moments doubt it. Everything that we see about is a reincarnation of an earlier substance, thought or spirit existence.

The purpose of reincarnation is attainment of perfection. When the spirit or the thought becomes pure and perfect, reincarnations cease. When a boy sits and studies a difficult example in arithmetic, then lays it aside, and goes at it again the next day, and the next day and so on until he masters the problem, that is nothing more nor less than a succession of reincarnations of his thought, expressing itself, developing itself through the various phases of his brain. When the thought has mastered the problem there is nothing more to be obtained in that case, and it ceases to act on that line. It is developed.

When the oak attains its age and drops off its acorns or other propagating principles, new trees rise in their places. It is the seed of the former tree seeking a complete unfoldment, and it reaches it in that way, and the material tree reaches perfection at the same time.

Just as long as the tree is irregular and awkward in formation it will propagate itself. But when the propagating seed has reappeared through a succession of material bodies till it becomes in every way perfect, that tree in which it so expressed itself will not

again appear. Its perfected life principle will not again come forth in the material form. It has perfected itself by its regeneration. It is so with the flower, the shrub, the blade of grass.

All of man's cultivation of a tree cannot make it symmetrical and perfect in form. He can lead it in that way, that is all. Its perfection can be brought about only by the successive embodiments of the tree principle.

The American Beauty rose was the result of generations of the ordinary rose rising to its supreme state through cultivation.

And so it is with mankind. The man's soul, his spirit, his thought, his desire, his inclination, are hampered by the narrowness of the undeveloped functions. Spirit and body improve, develop, rise together. The spirit develops its perfection through the experiences in the body.

No restaurant keeper is so successful as the one who began by washing dishes in the kitchen and going to the market on errands; no shoe-dealer is better developed for the business than the man who in earlier years sat on the cobbler's bench; the man best equipped to take charge of a great engineering undertaking is the one who at some time rose from the trenches and overalls.

A perfect life principle cannot enter an imperfect form. When the spirit has attained growth and perfection, it can no more inhabit the inferior tenement of clay.

Its mission is then beyond. Until this be so, the human spirit seeks renewals of its perfecting experiences through a number of embodiments. Advancement is as impossible without reincarnation as peace of mind is over a wrong you have done without repentance.

If you kick a dog in the street and have not fineness of nature following this act sufficient to regret it, you remain undeveloped and will be ready to kick more dogs, and a woman or child whom you should love and shield.

Reincarnate! It will do you good.







LUCRETIA MOTT.



## THE GREAT RED CROSS.

EUGENIE OF FRANCE.

The events of the world impressed through the parents upon the offspring in its prenatal conditions often leave their mark upon the after life of the child. Miss Susan B. Anthony, the famous American advocate of woman suffrage, refers to this fact in her admirable article within these covers. Even before the nineteenth century had donned short dresses, when it was in the cooing days of the flower of its babyhood, there was born in the historic Tuscan city a child destined to link together in the gratefulness of memory the amelioration of human sufferings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. One of God's real angels, this good Samaritan lived an earth life of nearly one hundred years, blessing the earth with her presence and power through nearly the entire nineteenth century—the few baby years of its period being deducted, as it were, to afford her that lengthened breath of life for an introduction of her great personality to the new-born years of the twentieth century. I refer to Florence Nightingale. Taking up her earthly career with her parent's impressions a part of her being, who can say what was the influence upon her life of the stirring events which had but so recently rocked with seismic force not only France and England, but the far-off colonies of fair America?

The French Revolution and the destruction of the Bastille had stirred to activity the spirit of freedom

in France, and the American colonies had been racked and tortured in their long siege against England's supremacy. Suffering and privation had left their deadly sting upon all sections, and the need of amelioration of these direful conditions set the world to thinking, and the unborn were marked with this spirit of sympathy and tenderness. Fresh from the fruitful states of affairs for good rose Florence Nightingale, a white-winged guardian angel, over the carnage and suffering and strife and death in the trenches of battle. Now I come to the story I would tell. So gracious and beneficent were the ministrations of the noble woman in the great Crimean struggle of the middle nineteenth century that Queen Victoria of England, in a simple, unostentatious act, established the sign of the great Red Cross that has marked and is destined to mark in generations yet to come, the beneficent society and work so nobly and lately served by the immortal Clara Barton. Calling Florence Nightingale to Balmoral, the Queen presented to her as a token of English appreciation, a beautiful ruby red enamel cross on a white background, telling the recipient to let that be the emblem of the immaculate spirit of self-sacrifice and splendid work done for suffering soldiers on blood-stained fields of battle. Miss Nightingale told the Queen and myself in England that she should lay plans to found an organization to be called the Red Cross Society, whose work for good should not be confined to any territory or any people, but as wide as the world and as general as was suffering.

And thus did Victoria of England and Florence of sunny Italy give to the world and the organization its strange emblem of the Red Cross.



EUGENIE,  
FRANCE.



## IS INSPIRATION INSANITY?

DEAN SWIFT.

At this time when discussion relating to my mental poise in mortal life runs high through the public press and elsewhere, it seems meet and proper that I should enter the arena of debate with those who assail my name and fame.

It is an easy but not at all times a wise accomplishment to introduce claims of insanity or imbecility into a man's life one, two or three hundred years after his demise. But, praise God, it is possible in this era of the world for the assailed to rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the tomb and defend himself.

I was a spiritual medium capable of being acted upon, influenced by, discarnate spirits. The spirits guided me to produce many of my writings, and, being a candidate for the office of the legitimate accumulation of means for a livelihood, I put all my productions out to the public.

What is inspiration? It is a quality from without which impresses the consciousness within. Because I was susceptible to this influence the modern medical world is questioning my sanity.

James Watt was sane enough in the estimation of the people when as a civil engineer he measured the fields in feet and inches, for they could comprehend that, but when associated with the invention of steam engines which they did not understand, he had gone crazy. Newton, like Watt, sitting before the fire stu-



diously observing the power of steam on the lid of a kettle of boiling water, was swatted on the side of the head and pushed aside by the housemaid in a manner befitting the fly-swatting operations of to-day, because he was "an indolent, lazy boy," but when the achievements of that studious brain spanned in company with Halley the spaces from earth to the Pleiades and startled the civilized world by its scrutiny and power, he was no longer an "indolent, lazy boy" sitting before the fireside embers. Consider Humphry Davy, the lunatic, peering into the dangerous dark coal caverns watching for the deadly explosions following torch lighting, and then contemplate the sane Sir Humphry Davy with his invented safety lamp that has minimized the dangers of death to every miner who has lived since his day. Look at the asylums yearning for Haeckel, Gutenberg, Columbus, Moses, Pythagoras, Dante, Galileo, Charlemagne, Constantine, Voltaire, Cadmus, Gustavus, Adolphus and Helmholtz, the father of the later achievements of Carty, Marconi, Edison and our own Franklin.

In your day Samuel F. B. Morse walked the streets of Washington City, his sanity tabooed by the execrations of those who could not grasp his wondrous inspiration. Later the lightnings of the skies testified to his saneness through the electric wires that belted, like Saturn's rings, the earthly globe.

Elias Howe was one of these madmen, but his madness had method, for it made it possible to clothe half a million warriors in the war of the rebellion who must otherwise have gone unclothed. Harriet Beecher Stowe was called by the publisher who refused to print the manuscript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a fanatic and a libeller of the South, a robber of the black man's liberties. Poor, simple-minded woman found to be so strong that by a dip of her pen she



inspired Abraham Lincoln to wrest the shackles from four million slaves, and enabled the "Sunny South" to at last see the real sunshine of progress and justice.

Edgar Allen Poe went to the grave "weak-minded," but all the world to-day is stirred by the inspiration, the pathos and strength which could write—

"Tell this soul with sorrow laden  
If within the distant aiden  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore."

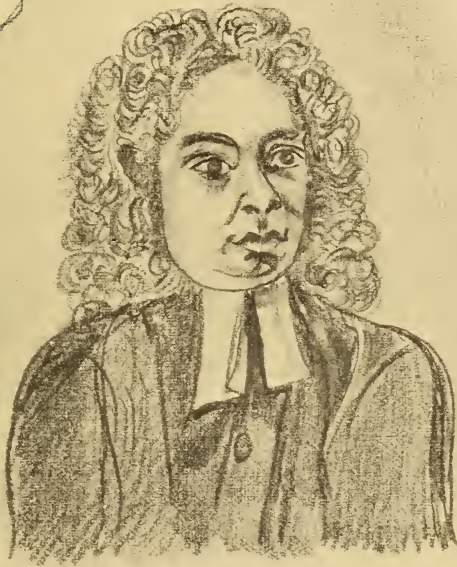
Was Dante crazy? Was Daniel Defoe irrational? Were the authors of Aesop's Fables and the Arabian Nights mad? And was the writer of Gulliver's Travels fit for the asylum? Has the author of "Letters from Julia," and the author of "Journal to Stella," clasped hands in the madmen's spiritual dungeon, or does Poe's Raven sit over the threshold of hell and chant "Nevermore?"

"Thus saith the Lord," wrote the Holy Bible. "Thus saith the Lord," wrote the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai. "Thus saith the Spirit," wrote the Harmonial philosophy in the 1840's. Can one mind influence another? When, by the science of Mesmer, an operator makes a bootblack from the street quote the lines of Homer's Iliad, is the bootblack crazy? When Moses produced, in accordance with words spiritually given him, the greatest lesson the world has had, was he insane? Was Dean Swift a lunatic when a spirit inspired the "Drapier Letters?" When a patient is under the influence of an anaesthetic, and lies still through the gash of the knife, is he an imbecile?

Were I able to summon a genii, I would ask him to erect on my grave a memorial tablet bearing as an

epitaph these immortal words of the immortal Addison applied in his mundane life to me:

“Dr. Jonathan Swift was the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.”



JONATHAN SWIFT,  
Dean of St. Patrick's.



## THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Precepts have different effect upon us according to the particular avenues through which they reach us. For instance the value of a contribution does not always set its worth. A poor man may have eaten most of the meat from a bone for his frugal repast, and have but little left for the morrow's meal. A wealthy man may be counting the gold that has accumulated in the vaults of his treasury. The poor man tosses his bone to a starving dog that is shivering at his feet, and the rich man counts out a thousand crisp banknotes and hands them to his niece on her birthday anniversary.

The poor man's gift was the greater one to both giver and recipient, for he gave away the only semblance to his next day's dinner to a starving beast, while the rich man gives out an amount insignificant to his possessions. The niece receives it without an emotion of real thanksgiving. It was the need that created the value. In this case a ham bone was of more value than a thousand dollars.

A bad man reveling in ribaldry and wickedness may tell you it is better to follow a proper, becoming system of conduct, and a clergyman or other sincere teacher may likewise direct you. The advice is the same in both instances, and may be equally sincere, but the latter will impress you the more because in

that you have confidence, while in the case of the man of ill life an element of distrust arises. You ask, if the pure life is the better, why does he not follow it?

People receive things and thoughts differently, owing to the differing degrees of brain cell sensitiveness. To a man with no appetite, a disregard for dumb animals and a greed for wealth, there is no charity in the gift of the bone, but the donation of money occurs to him as a generous act.

There is an old saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Worldly Tom Jackson wanted it to rain yesterday to increase the value of his farm crops, but his religious daughter Sally prayed for sunshine on the occasion of her Sunday school picnic the same day. When the sun rose over the eastern horizon in glory, Sally blessed God, and her father spoke in the French language. In the afternoon when a storm came down Tom praised the devil and Sally wept with the elders and deacons.

Three women in different houses, each expecting in her own conceit to be serenaded by one and the same man, sat looking out of their respective windows at a light signal by the railroad track. Toward the first a green glass intervened, toward the second a red screen intervened, the third saw it in its natural glow. As the serenader did not appear they got together and pulled the hairs of each other's heads out in a warm discussion over the light. One said it was red, another maintained it was green, and the third declared it was neither, but a plain light.

Yet all three women were looking at the same light. Conditions had made the emanating rays reach each

spectator's brain cells differently. The act, the object, the subject was the same, but the conditions of observation were different.

Things are not always what they seem. It is the manner, the condition, the circumstance of receiving, not of giving, which affects each individual consciousness unlike.







ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.



## REFLECTIONS IN A CEMETERY.

MARY WASHINGTON.

How thoughtless many of us are of the value of every living thing other than our own kind and often of our own.

One day I wearily sat upon the border line of a beautiful cemetery. The summer sun shot forth reflected rays from the alabaster shafts that marked the places of the entombed. The listless winds that lazily drifted from the Southland were lulled to sleep in keeping with this silent city of the dead.

A picture of sacred beauty rose to my view. There sleeping in the silence of the grave reposed the bodies of those who had walked and talked on earth as I had, their mortal life forever ended. A single bird flew across from a neighboring tree and rested on a bough above a mound. That bird, quickened with the pulse of mortal life, was the greatest thing, because the only living thing within the gates of that sacred precinct.

There lay many a brain and heart and sinew once as strong and great as those of a Nero, or a Robespierre, or a King Henry the Eighth, or a Louis the Fourteenth, or a Franklin or a Napoleon. All silent dead at end. And there was the bird with its summer lay, now greater than all these, for in it pulsated the life that no longer quickened the physical bodies buried below. The crack of a shot, from the gun of a hunter near whizzed by, tore off the plumage of the bird, and it fell a corpse too in this city of the

dead. It had enjoyed life, suffered death just as all the entombed men and women had. Now all lay equal upon the common bier of nature.

Then came a vision of the resurrection. An archangel stood in the midst of all, bearing the great scale of Justice.

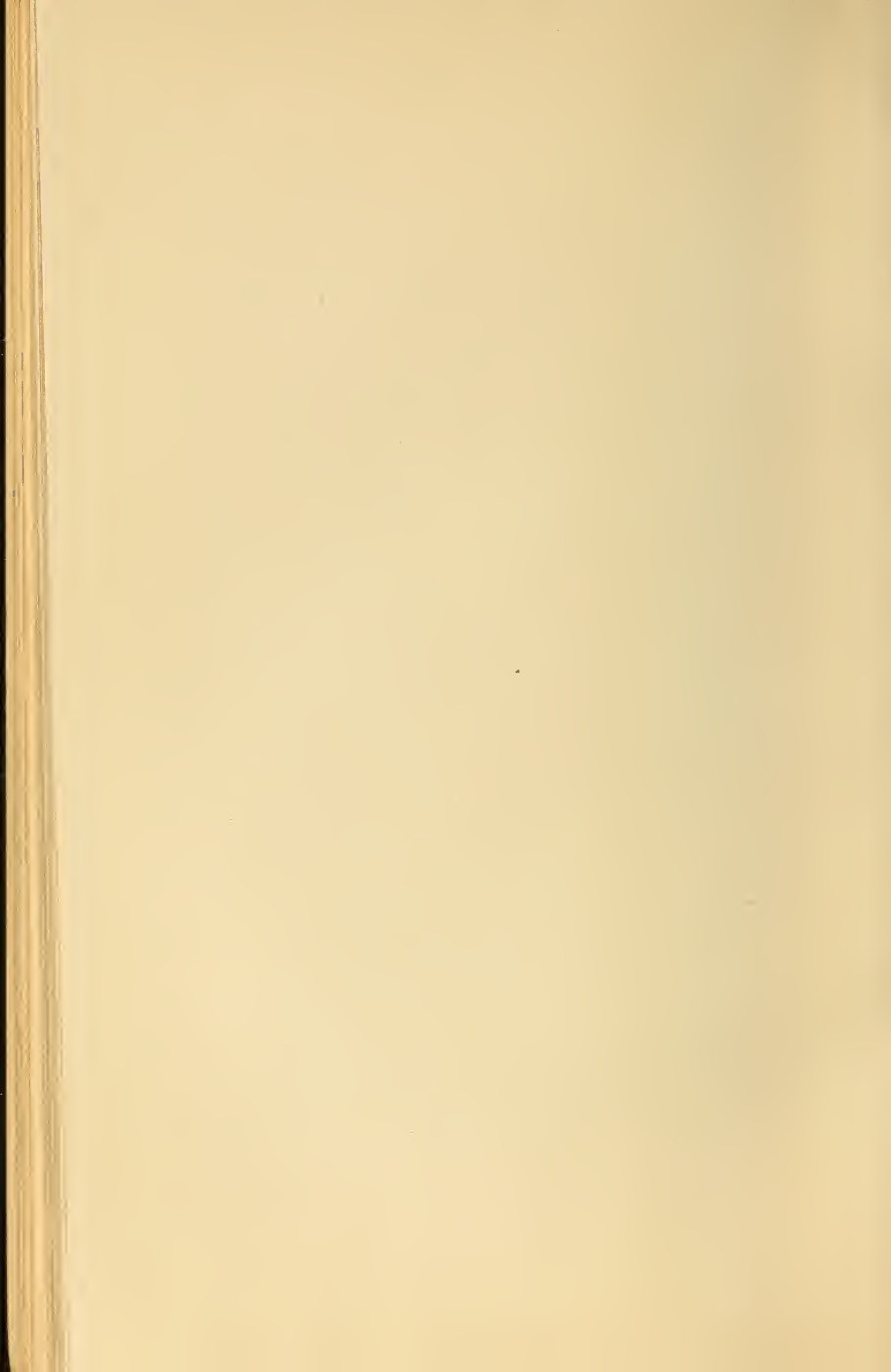
On one balance he laid the corpse of the hunter, and, picking up the body of the bird he had killed, laid it on the other balance. In the sight of the Eternal God, they weighed alike.

Both man and bird had lived, enjoyed the happiness and felt the bitterness of life, and had gone to the cemetery, both the creation of the same master-mind.

Truly may it be remembered there is not a hair of the head that is not numbered, and not even a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed.



MARY, THE MOTHER OF  
WASHINGTON.



## NO MATTER—ALL SPIRIT.

HENRY KIDDLE.

No two parts of any one thing, or any of the parts of all things, touch one another.

Could you see the little particles, you would see minute round balls in revolving motions just like the worlds of the universe in their revolutions, revolving separately and distinctly each by itself.

When you press your thumb and finger together you commonly suppose they are in contact, but they are not. When you clasp the hand of an acquaintance in greeting, or the hand of the maiden you love, you do not touch either. It is the magnetic aura springing across the chasm between you that you sense. This seeming contact in one instance creates little emotion, while in the other an ecstasy is established. It is not a touch but the magnetism you perceive. You walk down the street carrying a wooden cane. Your hand never touches the cane, nor do the revolving globes that constitute the cane ever come in contact.

The cane is at one stage of perception a succession of little disconnected globes. Now could you look more keenly upon these globes you would see these subdivided into other globes, all of these smaller ones forming those first referred to. These in turn are subdivided and subdivided ad infinitum until only pores are left, and pores are the spaces between what to a less keen view seem to be small particles.

The result shows that could you view the chair on

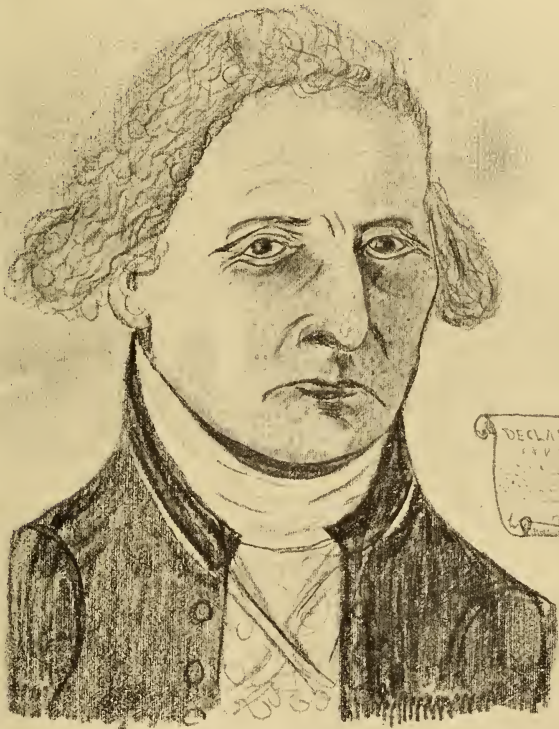


which you now sit, and the body in which you now live in sufficiently quickened wave motions or vibrations, you would fail to discern either material chair or a material body. They become by the multiplication of pores dividing and subdividing them reduced to nothing, and all matter is lost. In their places you perceive a spirit chair and a spirit body.

Observe a piece of lace. Magnify the ligaments, and then what to the unaided eye seemed to be solid connections are again porous. Again and again observe under stronger and still stronger microscopes the remaining successive ligaments, and finally these are wholly annihilated. Only one great hole, a void, is there, nothing of matter, a mere spirit lace.

There is no actual material in existence. All matter is spirit, and spirit is all there is. Can you think of it? It is true.





GEORGE WASHINGTON.



## THE LAW OF GRAVITY SUSPENDED IN FUTURE TRANSPORTATION.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Everything but the mind and the spirit is governed by the fixed law of gravitation. All material bodies allied to earth gravitate to it. But the spirit and the mentality of mankind may go above, without, beyond, away from this natural gravity. And anything the mind or spirit can control, it can convey beyond the environs of this great law of the material universe.

Your body is sitting on a chair. Remove mind and spirit, and the body will remain there, of itself immovable as long as it endures as a form. When it rises from the chair and goes across the floor to another room, it is propelled by an unseen power which you call mind or spirit. The body could not move itself.

We see it move in the two dimensions of space without external appliance, but how shall it move in the third? Consider the three dimensions in space—length, breadth, height. In a plate of glass cut two grooves at right angles crossing each other just deep and wide enough for a pea to roll.

Place close on top another plate of glass and you have the pea confined to the grooves. It can move the length and breadth of the glass, but no higher. Similarly are you held to the surface of the earth by gravity. You can move over the earth, but not above it. Remove the upper glass and the pea has the freedom of all dimensions just as your body has

when the law of gravity is suspended by the boundless spirit, the measureless mind.

The law of gravity cannot be entirely thwarted by material objects because they cannot ever get away from the earth to any great distance, and never at all only by the use of material mechanical appliances. But how shall the mortal body be moved in a manner seemingly in opposition to the understood law of gravity? This may be done and shall be done by application of mind to the physical form. If by mental processes you can move your body, through action of the muscles and feet and limbs, thus carrying it along the surface of the earth, it but requires another application of the mind to move the body in the third dimension of space, in which event it is levitated above the obstructing points on the earth's surface. When a once noted medium was levitated above the material objects in his room, and carried to the heights of his house in the air, it was by the power of the minds of spirits external to his own. His own, had he known how to exercise it, would have accomplished the same result. By the power of mind you may levitate and propel your physical body above the trees and buildings to any point in your thought just as readily as it now moves it along upon the earth's surface.

This will be the future mode of transportation. Stage coaches, steam railroads, electric conveyances and airships will become mere memories of the past. You will go from one place to another quickly and safely with no power except that of the mind.

Accidents will not then occur, there will be no railroad trains to leave their tracks, no steamboats to sink, no electric carriages to "skid," and no airships to fall.

Traveling will be free from danger, expedient and delightful. To think yourself at your destination will put you there. It will annihilate space in traveling as the telephone does in talking.

Indeed, the law of gravity as now affecting mortal beings will be suspended under the boundless freedom and influence of thought and the spirit.

All mechanical means of transportation will be done away with. It is known that the bird flies not with its wings, but with its mind. And so does the child walk. In their tender years the bird walks and the child creeps. When the mind acts, the confidence comes to the bird and to the child, and the one soars in the air and the other stands upright on its feet.

Everything of which the human brain is capable of thinking is possible of accomplishment, all the known theories of mechanics, physics, philosophy and their advocated concomitants to the contrary notwithstanding.





Sir Isaac Newton.





## THOUGHT FORMS AND MATERIAL FORMS.

MARGARET FULLER  
(Marchioness D'Ossoli.)

The one important fact to be borne in mind in comparing the material-gathering powers of spirits disembodied and those embodied is that with the former the same work is accomplished instantaneously that the latter do through long, slow processes of poorly understood physical laws.

Nothing is created. Material bodies are the aggregation of elements already in existence, molded into the various forms which you behold. The constituents of a piece of woollen cloth are primarily in the atmosphere. A spirit gathers these constituents instantly by thought power, while the snail-like processes of land-fertilizing, cotton-growing, sheep-raising, weaving and the many other stages through which these constituents pass must be gone through with by the mortal who would have the raiment.

A piece of muslin produced by these evolutions was in the mind before the land was selected or the seed planted, and the component parts of it were in existence in the atmosphere.

When a spirit clads itself in a garment, the garment had existed in thought, and the thought instantaneously took on form.

In considering the body itself, it must be borne in mind always that the body is not the individual, but the product of the individual; the indwelling spirit is the actual person.

For nature to produce a mortal human body is a slow and intricate process, yet in this case it is gathered from the atmosphere.

“From dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return,” and dust ultimately goes to the air. Yet a spirit can transcend these slower physical laws by the law of mental concentration, and form from the surrounding elements a physical body.

This was exemplified in the appearance of the body of Jesus, and its sudden disappearance in the room in the vicinity of the sepulchre.

Everything that man forms existed first in thought. The thought is the real thing, the material formation of it is a transitory substitute, a copy, unenduring, fading, perishing. Hence to the spirit which is the real, the spirit or thought creation is the real.

The thought is as actual to the spirit senses as the thing is to the mortal senses. Truly it is said, “Thoughts are things.”

In the years of mortal life most enjoyed by M. Auber, Sir Isaac Newton or Georges Sand, the style of mortal raiment worn by them is indelibly impressed upon their mentality. In sitting here for Raphael to draw a picture, the thought processes at once construct the form of dress worn at that period of mortal life.

These are thought creations, elements molded instantaneously into the form thought of. Hence you have a likeness drawn by Raphael and Roulania in clothing worn by them at the period of earth life the picture represents.

Spirit existence is a thought existence, but no more nor no less so than mortal life, for both are making into material forms copies of their mental creations.



*Margaret Fuller D'Assoli.*



## VISIONS OF THE FUTURE.

LEON TOLSTOY.

As has come to be widely known through the channels of the public press, I passed into a state of spiritualistic entrancement late in the year 1910, and delivered a remarkable message from one on the spirit side of life to be transmitted by the Countess Nastasia Tolstoy to the Czar of Russia, and by him to the German Kaiser and the King of England. This message was anonymous at the time, but I have come here now to supplement it with the name of the author and additional prophecies.

At the time of my entrancement I did not attribute my insensibility to outward things to the operation of discarnate spirits, nor did I undertake to explain it by any of the claims of modern spiritualistic phenomena. I simply did not know. I merely was aware that I could pass into that trance and that I could give forth messages of which I had no knowledge. Since my own entrance to spirit life, the phenomena have become perfectly intelligible to me as communications between the two worlds of life, the physical and the spiritual.

The spirit who gave the remarkable prophecy covering a period of events from the present time to the middle of the twentieth century was Archbishop John Hughes. In this vision were depicted the continued ravages of warfare despite the much-boasted golden peace arbitration tribunals, the reign of bigotry and hypocrisy, falsity and fanaticism, the dangers of un-

authentic traditions piercing with deadly fangs all persons from the family rocking the cradles, out to the art, literature and statesmanship of the world, the lowering of moral standards, the destruction of family relations and the degeneracy of the institutions of religion, art and science. Then came the picture of following events in the rising scale of human existence. The nature grown wiser, vulgar art—so to term it—polygamy and monogamy fading away in the light of poetogamy embracing the poetic conceptions of life, and the obliteration of kingdoms, empires and dynasties in the bright light of a great confederation of the countries of the world.

Now I have further vision. A universal language, the rise of pantheism, and the law of ethics, the aesthetic consideration of woman, the passing of armed bodies.

As the world in its evolutionary processes comes to a realization of the brevity of mortal life, of the merely kindergarten aspect of earthly existence, and that the fountains of life shall flow on eternally beyond this mortal panorama, murder, sensualism and antagonism will depart. The nations will not be looking for what shall pull down, but for what shall build up the beauties and blessings of existence both now and forevermore. The right cheek shall not be turned also for the second smite, for there will not be the first one administered to the left cheek. Regrets will not be experienced, for wrongs will not be committed nor sorrows abide.

The carnage of warfare cannot be stayed, and the right and wrong of political questions cannot be arbitrated. A set of men in The Hague who in their heated discussion of peace methods wrangle and dispute among themselves in their very deliberations cannot establish harmony between distant countries

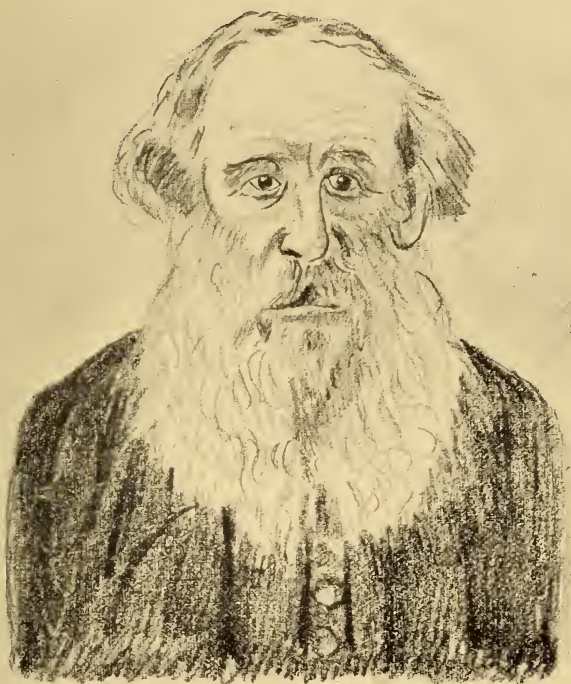
estranged beyond reach of the civilized modes of peace. The people must evolve to a self-conception of right. When men shall note that this earth career is merely a passing day in the eternal journey of life, when the people shall recognize the uselessness of active war, the futility of personal conflict, the temporary advantage of ill-gotten gain, then will international arbitration and peace congresses be brushed off the map of human experience.

Not the sixteen crucified saviors of the world, but Evolution, is what will save the generations gone and the generations yet to be rocked in the cradles of earthly experiences.









LEON TOLSTOY.



## HARMONY AND PERFECTION.

GEORGES SAND.

(Amantine Lucille Aurore Dudevant.)

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
With raptures which earth's children may not know,  
Where sweet repose the storm-toss'd heart is stilling,  
And harmonies celestial ever flow.

By the master law of natural growth the ultimate of all inharmony must be harmony; all discord, accord; all unrest, rest; all disunion, unity; all imperfection, perfection.

This state must come about ere that universal perfectness which is designed to be can be.

"Many men of many minds" is an oft-heard saying, but as long as there are many minds with differences of opinion, there is demonstrated an uncertainty of position bearing on facts.

A fact is a fact in all ages and places, yet facts do not always appeal or appear to every observer the same. Men and women view things differently, and what seems a fact to one seems a fallacy to another. This establishes inharmony of thought.

It may not be an aggressive inharmony, it is true, but it nevertheless establishes the principle of inharmony. So long as there are inharmonies of thought there is a lack of perfectness or oneness of thought, for perfection is attainable only through harmony. And so long as the imperfection of harmony endures the great goal of the human soul is not reached, yet it is ever reaching for that goal of self-perfection all along the eons of time, and in the ultimate will attain

it. The confusing of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel prevented the consummation that was in view, though there is no record of mutiny or unfriendly relations among the workers. Yet there was a principle of inharmony through the inharmonies of their operations which defeated their aim.

The principle of inharmony ever leads to destructiveness, while its antithetic condition leads to constructiveness, completeness, perfectness.

The ideal of perfection which Jesus and his disciples aspired to in their work was shattered by the lack of harmonious conditions involved in the weaknesses of Peter and Judas.

Through spasmodic seasons of agreement empires rise, but through conflicts of opinion they fall. The government of any country cannot attain to perfection and the resources of all that is desirable focalize while divisions of opinions perpetuate the inharmonies of principle. When all people see a thing alike, not only are the people in harmony but also the perfection of the things seen is established.

But you ask, has there ever been an example of all people seeing a thing alike? Yes, just one, and when the world in its successive generations looks with one eye and with one mind upon the same thing, the millennium of perfection will be within grasp.

Here is the one example: Every living person agrees in sentiment upon the fact of a beautiful day of delightful weather. Nature produces in the springtime or the autumn a magnificently beautiful day. Even though the farmer may want rain and the gardener wish for the sunshine, both agree upon the beautiful day. Old or young, sick or well, happy or unhappy, all see that the day is a beautiful one—one of the idylls of nature which all eyes see alike, all minds

sense it alike, and the union of thought surrounds it with the contributing attributes of perfection, and hence perfection is attained. Nature cannot improve it.

And through the almost endless vistas of passing time this unity of thought will prevail with every living creature, and ultimate perfection and harmony and heaven will be instituted.





George Smith





## LOOK FOR THE LIGHT WHERE IT SHOULD BE.

MARY TODD LINCOLN.

When the way of life looks dark, bear in mind that is how the night looks just before the break of day. Do not worry about the events gone by; do not be depressed by regrets over anything done or not done. These cannot at all times well be changed, so let them pass into the sere. Do not scan the heavens for light in the morning where the sun went down last night. Look to the eastern horizon for the first gray streaks of early dawn. Not that which was, but is to be, is what concerns us. Study to make a success in the future out of the failure in the past, and thus attain happiness.

Columbus and his sailors saw the fogs and mists of an endless ocean just before they sighted the greenlands of the new world. The photographer emerges from the shades of his darkened room with the perfected copy of form and feature to happify the waiting subject.

The blackest waves of the troubled sea wash up the whitest spray. After the eclipse the sunbeams look the brighter. After the penitence the forgiveness touches us more kindly. After the thunder cloud rolls away the atmosphere is purer and sweeter. After repose in the silence and darkness, rejuvenation and invigoration follow. The sap under the bark sustains the life of the tree. Above the shadow of the cross

and the crucifixion rose release, relief, light. After death the resurrection. For happiness and joy look for the light where it should be, as the flowers and grasses of the field, and the lilies of the brook look for the sunshine's bounteous wealth behind the storm clouds.

“Darkness was upon the face of the deep.  
And God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.”





THE HEIGHT AND THE DEPTH  
AND THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH  
OF HEAVEN AND HELL  
AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The holy Bible has measured in cubits the gilded precincts of its constructed heaven, and the charred battlements of its hell, but the intellectual capacities of its writers were not far-seeing enough to contemplate the oncoming demand of abodes the enlarged generations of the future would make. A narrow geographical boundary comprised the extent of the world, and hardly could be calculated a more extensive population than peopled the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, while the fertile plain-lands of Mamre offered fields for the occupancy of an increased populace. Later Mount Sinai became the citadel of spiritual unfoldment in the halcyon days of Moses the law-giver.

In the establishment of hell it automatically acted as a sort of side-room useful on occasions of an overflow in the brighter realm.

The cubic dimensions are evidence that the seating capacity of heaven was limited to a favored few selected by "so saith the Lord." But hell was unmeasured, and was ample to hold all who might not stand in with Saint Peter, who guarded the portals of the promised land.

Hence the possibilities of heaven were extremely limited; those of hell were quite the reverse. The

ancient sagacity of so proportioning respectively these two eternal abodes has been vividly revealed by the heavenward and hellward tendencies of the human race ever since. This is the physical aspect of a literal heaven and hell.

But the fearless spirit of mental liberty in its sharp-sighted discriminating intelligence became jealous of the close encroachments of the man-measured heaven, and saw that in the amiable weaknesses of human nature and the grasp of the ambition and passion of hell, reserved seats would become more seldom demanded and less available around the heavenly throne. Hence with benevolent, patriotic and high purpose, progressive man resisted the prescribed limits, and builded out of the ideals of his advancing mind a heaven so limitless and permanent in its duration that standing room at least might be secured for all the people of the ages past as well as for all the people of the ages of the future.

This was a mental heaven of measureless boundaries so high and so deep, so long and so wide, that it dwarfed to insignificance the possibilities of hell.

Heaven is thought! Spirit is indestructible, uninfluenced by wind or weather, tide or time, heat or cold. The literal hell which the ignorance of antiquity reared was incapable of punishing a man or a spirit eternally, because physical conditions must deal only with the physical. His physical body would be consumed in the fiery caldron in an instant. But who in his most brilliant authority of thought can conceive of literal fire burning a spirit. It is impervious to all material surroundings.

So heaven is a thought-world without location or boundary. It can be here, everywhere, now, always, and its possibilities of peace and joy-giving are as

boundless as the ether spaces outlying and beyond all organized systems of universes.

The mighty Samson of progress has slain the Goliath gate-keeper of hell and its seething furnaces no longer terrorize, intimidate and craze the order-loving spirit of the twentieth century.

Its possibilities are reduced, its circumference has dwindled, its arena is an ineffectual mass of dying embers. The mental heaven of condition is the new arena, the new field, the new territory, the new world, the new life, the hope, the thought, the beautiful ideality toward which is looking the soul's keenest eye of aspiration and inspiration.







Daniel Webster.



## LONE STAR AND THE PALE-FACE MAIDEN.

## LONE STAR.

(Written in his own dialect, interpreted by Black Hawk to the regular Seance Amanuensis for Mr. Stead and this English-written copy made.)

In Deseret, afterward called Utah, troublesome times marked its early years. Col. Steptoe was frozen out in 1854 for trying to force United States regulations. For the same reason armed Mormons drove Judge Drummond out. Later Alfred Cumming and Judge Ecker, with an army numbering 2,500, while at their posts under United States orders, met with successful armed resistance under the direction of Brigham Young and his saints. Again Col. A. S. Johnson's army was beaten back by the Mormon army, and forced into winter quarters at Black's Forts.

In 1857 a caravan of 150 non-Mormon emigrants entered and camped on their westward movement in the Mountain Meadow Valley, near Utah. Eyed with suspicion by both Mormons and Indians, I, acting as ambush man for the various tribes surrounding, hid myself several days in the thickets adjacent and observed the trend of the campers.

One day a fair maiden wandered forth from the camp, bucket in hand, to a not far-off spring to fetch water. Her surpassing beauty, freshness and youth enchanted me. Next day I again watched her, and my heart throbs and emotions made me realize I could soon idolize her as a being from some superior realm of existence. I associated her with the wild flowers

of the field only so far as to mark her as the monarch of them all. The third day she passed me on the way to the spring, and upon her return I placed myself squarely in her pathway. Affrighted and seriously alarmed, she was paralyzed with sudden fear. But, by gracious motions and much pantomiming, I enabled her to understand I meant her protection, not harm, and she returned to the camp. Immediately I gave the inexorable mandate to all the tribes that no harm should befall this camp from any of us, making them thus absolutely exempt from onslaught by any Indian tribe thereabout.

One day when the sun was close to the western horizon, there was seen dashing down the mountain slopes on foot and on horseback, armed with rifles, hatchets and spears, what seemed a hostile tribe of war-clad Indians. These rushed upon the peaceful emigrants, shot, stabbed and brained men, women and children, ransacked their baggage, carrying off what was of value, and were soon lost to my view in the mountain thickets. Faithful to my orders, each tribe was shown to have had no participation in this massacre. Lifting up the yet warm form of my slain maiden, I bore her swiftly to the spring whither I had often watched her go, and bathed the battered temples in the crystal flow. But my efforts were unavailing, for she silently passed to the hunting ground beyond.

It was then and there I made a solemn vow to the Great Spirit above that I would avenge her slaughter. I would learn the English language, would trail her slayers to the ends of the earth, and bring them to justice. Upon my return to the camp of death I found our Indians gathered and doing what they could to relieve the dying. Some had innocently appropriated small trinkets from the clothing of the

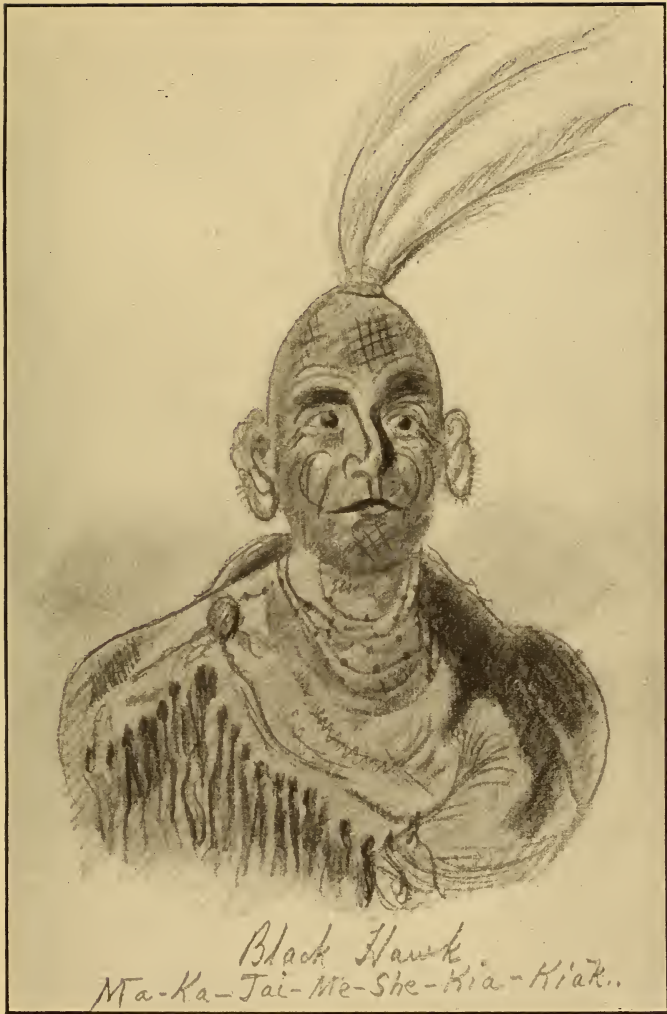
dead. Mormon authorities bore down upon us and charged us with being the slayers of the victims for the purpose of plunder.

To make a story short, I learned English, I became a detective and ferreted out the fact that instead of Indians it was a band of Mormon Saints disguised as Indian warfarers in paint and feathers who had borne down upon the emigrants, slaughtering every man, woman and child and carrying off everything of value in their retreat. No Indian had taken any part in the massacre.

For twenty years I carried on my investigations, until I had collected convicting evidence against the marauding gang. The result was I saw hung upon the gibbet the slayer of my ideal beauty, the leader, a Mormon bishop named John D. Lee.

The Mormon saints of Salt Lake City were the guilty assassins in the Mountain Meadow massacre, and not the tribes of Indians jointly but unjustly accused with them.





Black Hawk.  
Ma-Ka-Tai-Me-She-Kia-Kiak.





## WHERE IS THE MILLENNIUM?

JOHN ERICSSON.

From the production of the semi-cylindrical engine to the centrifugal blowers, the hydrostatic gauge, the reciprocating fluid meter, the alarm barometer, the pyrometer and the caloric engine, up to the iron-clad monitor that in Hampton Roads saved the American Union there was demonstrated what indomitable will backed up by inventive genius could do.

But it is a question on which minds may differ whether it is more commendable to create a mechanism to save life than to destroy it. My caloric engine was designed to surround life with a greater degree of safety, to protect and save people and property; my monitor was made to destroy life and property.

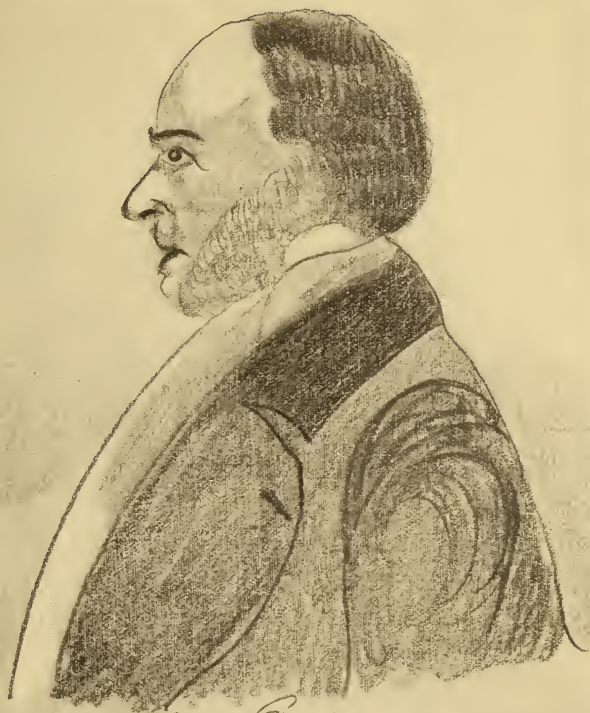
We may extend the view of the latter and justify it on the ground that the destruction of life and property by it was to the end that loss, greater loss, might ultimately be lessened.

However much we may justify our acts in building stronger navies that by destroying, greater destruction may be prevented, the supreme lamentation is still that such conditions should prevail in the world as to render designed destruction of any amount of life and property necessary for any purpose.

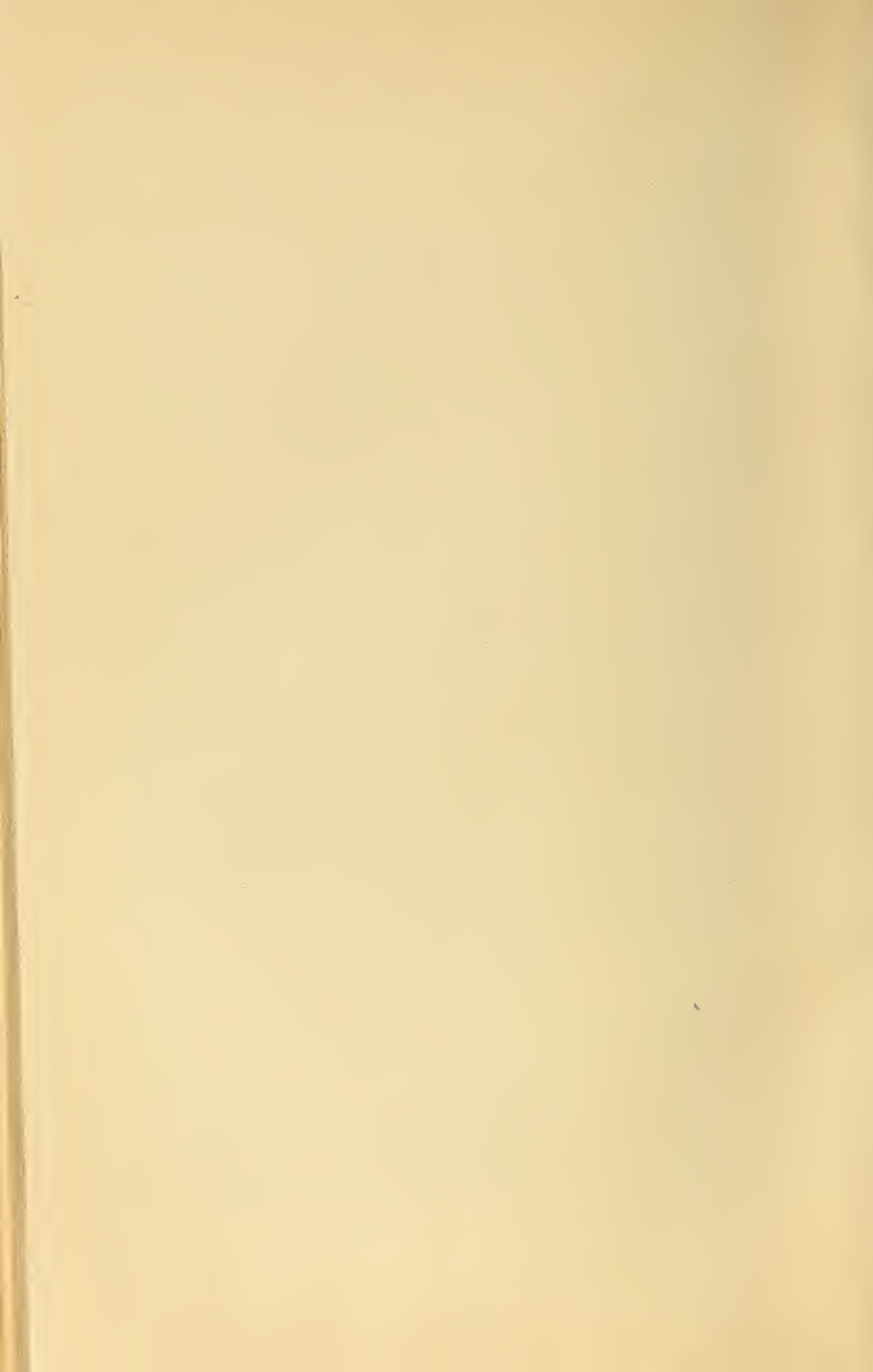
There should not be any such state of affairs on earth as to necessitate the slaughter of one lot of people to protect the lives of another even larger number. All things are no doubt making toward the

millennium. But how easy it is to see the imperfections of present conditions!

The great harmonies of the greater universe are adjusting themselves through the ceaseless energies of the law of progress. But no one can say properly that one or another great measure of action is justified. It is not. It might necessitate a forced action, but it is necessitated by a wrong condition of affairs still back of it. The world is in a sadly undeveloped state. The millennium is far away, but by instinct we feel that it is lurking somewhere in the distant realms of time.



John Ericsson,  
The inventor and constructor  
of the  
"Monitor".



## THE NEED IS FATHER TO THE WISH.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN HUGHES.

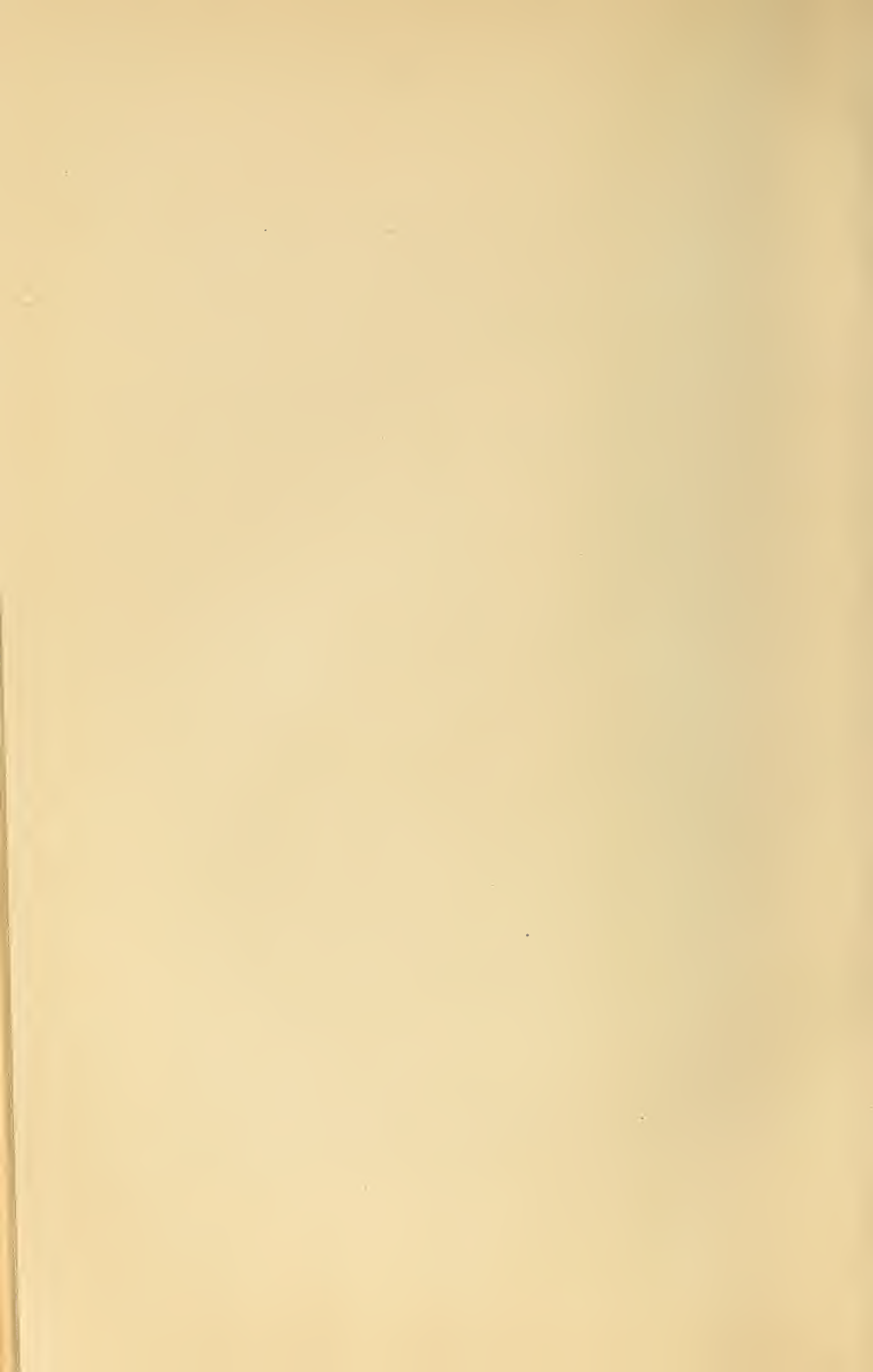
When we want something, then is the time it is of value. That which we do not need is not of worth. The convalescent needs, and to him or her is valuable, the balmy breath of the spring morning. But by the man or woman who has long lived in the atmosphere of the tropics, it is barely appreciated. The man who lives in the inlands and raises crops perceives no unusual beauty in the ravine and the valley that stretch out before his view. He longs to look upon the rolling waves of the sea. But the individual who passes his days in a fishing smack, catching bluefish, would gladly shepherd the flocks on the mountain-side. To the hungry man the fumes of cooking food are gracious. But the man who has finished his meal gathers no refreshment from steaming viands. The employee who rides on railway cars from morn till eve finds pleasure in the exercise of walk. Weston on his continuous Western tramp would have enjoyed the ease of a parlor car. The creature called man who resides in a shack on the meadows in the bay, and lives seven days in the week on clams, would heartily relish a broiled chicken served in the centre of civilization. The high-fed man could eat bivalve with keen enjoyment. The soul that lives in the hades of life cries for a taste of the heaven above.

The man who is eternally blest (or cursed) with the quintessent glory of heaven would semi-occasionally enjoy a flying trip to the dungeons of sheol.

It is the eternal aspiration of the spirit for what it needs and does not have which makes the everlasting climb in existence. In the millennium to come when souls shall have found their counterparts in a Swedenborgian amalgamation, and the heights of the seventh sphere of the seventh heaven shall have been reached, perfection will have been approached and we shall be more satisfied.



ARCHBISHOP JOHN HUGHES.





## THE SUNSHINE AND THE SHADOW.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

It is like the changing skies of March or April. The sun is shining alternately between the rifts appearing here and there in the wind-swept clouds scudding across the sky. Up and down the hillsides is the swift sunshine chasing the fleeting shadows. The sunshine and the shade! So through our mortal days do we see the shadows driving away the sunlight, and the sunbeams following the shades; and these are the sunshine and the shadow of life. Do you have them in your experience, gentle reader? Yes! No one has the bright beams of Aurora all the time. No one is so unfortunate as to have the days so densely obscured that no rifts appear in the dark dome of the sky of life. But which are you getting the most of, the light or the dark?

People have learned that explosions of powder bring the raindrops from the sky. The Fourth of July celebrations have revealed this. By means and methods men are learning how to irrigate arid plains and transform them into fertile productive fields. Cannot we acquire the habit of chasing away the clouds that roll up in our sky of existence and let the broad unfettered shine of the sun warm and illumine our way? "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but when we all become givers we will all become receivers.

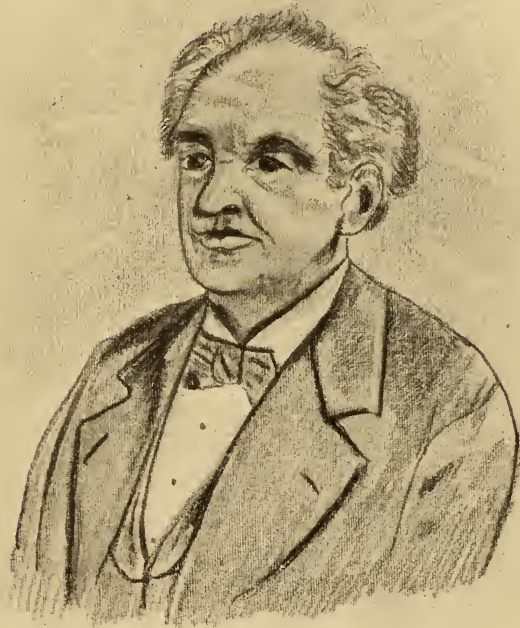
Almost my entire natural life was devoted to the amusement of my fellow-beings. And it was not all

for the love of gain, for investments for the accumulation of means was more productive than my show business. But it was a source of delight to me to interest and amuse the public. And many a tear-bathed sigh was chased over the hillside of life by a sunbeam of gladness shining in the amusement of my pleasure-giving American resorts.

That satisfaction to my soul was greater than money wealth. If I were to live my earth life again, I would devote nine-tenths of its time to making other people glad, to driving the shadows out of their lives.

Let not your mortal life end without the satisfaction of knowing that at some time, at some place and in some way you lifted the burden of sorrow from at least one suffering soul.

Help the sunlight of life to steal away its shadows.



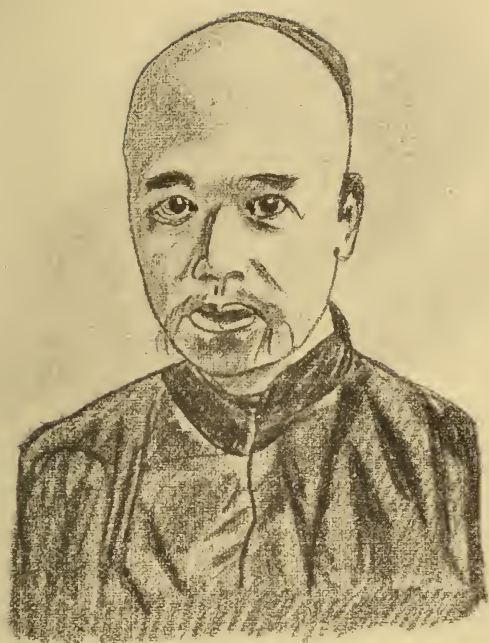
PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM.



大點豆麗  
殿嫌庇

大XXO 中'OH  
XXAX - CHOX - HU,  
CHX - KFXXG.





KWONG POH.





## THERE IS NOTHING WONDERFUL.

ROBERT BONNER.

Nothing is really wonderful of itself, because everything that *is*, is natural, and everything that *shall be*, will be natural.

To-day several men and women and children are enjoying a conversation on the lawn in the cool of the day, and a swift-going express train sweeps past. It hardly attracts the attention of those facing the track. One or another may glance up in the midst of the conversation scarcely realizing the passing train. Those sitting backs toward the train do not turn around even to look. Our forefathers of a hundred years ago, could they resume place in the earth-life with the same degree of progress attained at that time, would traverse great distances under extraordinary difficulties to view in awe that which does not now more than merely momentarily attract attention of the veriest child. The great steamships of the seas cross and recross the blue waves of the Atlantic without stirring the slightest unusual interest. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, the Adamases and others of a past century would view with admiring wonder the giants of the deep.

In the near events of a near-by future we shall gaze with admiration and enthusiasm at the ships of the air, when great aerial ships fill the sky-spaces and navigate the air currents like some antediluvian winged monsters of remote ages. But a hundred years later these great air-ways will be crowded with the

passing air ships without causing a man, woman or child to tip the head for an upward look. Thousands of people ride, talk, eat and write under the broad rivers of New York, and under the buildings and streets, without giving a passing thought to their surroundings, and yet this greatest of engineering feats accomplished, the subways of New York, is scarcely written down yet for the pages of future history. Because it has become commonplace, familiar, usual, the people look upon it as a mere matter of course. Yet generation upon generation lie moldering in their graves who never conceived of such developments.

Everything is the outcome of naturalism. All the so-called wonders yet to be evolved will be as commonplace sometime as the anvil in the blacksmith shop is now. There is not anything wonderful. All is a natural production.



ROBERT BONNER.



## THE MIND'S EYE.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH-CRAIK.

And when I lie in the green kirk-yard,  
With the mold upon my breast,  
Say not that she did well—or ill;  
Only, "She did her best."

The mind of mankind sees as vividly as the physical eye. This is evidence in the sleeping person. The mental pictures drawn in dreams are to the sleep-en-shrouded mind as actual as the occurrences of the waking hours. Could the sleeper sleep on and dream forever without waking, he would have a life as full to him of realities as the reader of these lines has.

Not alone does the mental scene become living actuality, but also do the senses of hearing and feeling and taste spring into activity in the mind of the sleeper. It tastes and touches and feels without the usual functions of the mortal body.

Two men were accompanying a blind man on a railroad train through New York State. Number one of the trio had written a book entitled "Scenes in Southern Cities," and he had handed a copy of it to passenger number two, who at once became so engrossed therein as to be oblivious to his immediate surroundings. Man number three was totally blind. The author of the book was describing the scenes along the railroad to the blind man, whose response was a mental picture of the same. He saw them with his mind.

The reader of the book was having described to him in its chapters, by the same man number one, scenes

laid in the Southland, and he was seeing with his mind what had appeared to the eye of the author. Here was the unique situation of two men seeing mentally at the same time two scenes which their physical eyes had never seen, but which had actually existed, scenes presented to the eye of the first man of the two. His mind was transferring to two other minds at one and the same time variously different scenes. The blind man could see the sluggish waters of the Erie Canal, the busy factories, the thriving towns. The reader was enchanted with the sunbeams glistening keen and bright on the ocean waves that washed the bulwarks of old Fort Sumter. Before him rose the historic spire of St. Michael's Church, and the quaint scenes of the city of Charleston. And both pictures were as vivid in the mental eyes of the two auditors as they were in the physical vision of the spokesman of the trio.

A man can see with his mind anything anywhere that some one else has seen. He can sit on the steps of the City Hall or in a back room in the Five Points House of Industry, and view the dome of St. Peters in Rome, or the majestic ruins of the Colosseum and the decaying beauties that adorned the Appian Way. He can stand with a book in his hand in Chatham Square and enjoy the beauties of the distant Nile, or he may sit in the shadow of the pyramids of Egypt and scan the far-off jungles of the African swamps.

One day so delicately powerful will become the mental eye that the physical eye will be regarded as useless as the spleen or the appendix in a man's body, or as eyes in the blind fishes of the caverns of the Mammoth Cave. Mind is to be the great surveyor of the universe.



DINAH MARIA MULOCH-CRAIK.







SOME OF THE FOLLIES AND FRAILTIES OF  
EDUCATION.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The recent uprising in Boston and elsewhere of several thousand school children in revolt against the many hours of school sessions is but the prelude to a decided and much-needed revision of educational methods. While the act itself of juvenile revolution points to a laxity of parental restraint and is to be deprecated—for no one is entitled to the liberty of overthrowing any system of government or education, right or wrong, until he has learned submission to fixed laws—it is clearly the advance smoke of the oncoming holocaust of reform which is now smouldering all over the land.

What is the present routine of the school attendant? It is repair to the school room at 9 o'clock in the morning, an hour at noon for a hurried lunch, then back in the close school room until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, followed by the hurry home, where the hours before nightfall are occupied in studying lessons for the next day. Difficult problems are encountered, which must be explained by the parents, after which the child retires for a night of troubled, restless sleep, almost the entire waking hours having been occupied in study. A child requires relaxation from this tax on the brain and nerves. Any child who has passed six or seven hours in a usually crowded and poorly ventilated school room should not be required by the exigencies of the situation to

spend the remainder of the day to book application. It should be out in the air to romp and play, to get that absolute emancipation from the slavery of perpetual study.

And why is the long time necessary? Because so many advanced branches of learning are forced into the common schools.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine children all through later life have no possible use for the higher-up information which the one thousandth scholar may follow. Hence the nine hundred and ninety-nine children, whose lives will be devoted to ordinary mercantile pursuits, must spend their entire time in useless studies in order that the thousandth one may pursue those intricate investigations which may interest him in life. Nine hundred and ninety-nine pupils must wrestle with the difficulties of trigonometry to measure triangles, which only the isolated student will ever see. An embryo Agassiz or Spencer or Huxley or Darwin might need the rudiments necessary in later palæological labors toward a basis of ichthyological classification, or the difficulties of teratology; or a regenerated Bancroft, or Luigi Carlo Farini, or Alured Alredus in his Saxon translations of the Church of Beverley, or a Richard Farmer might need the education of an historian. The one thousandth scholar may need the light on the fluctuation of myelitis, or to have expounded the complexities of myrialiter, or the system of stereometry, but nine hundred and ninety-nine boys and girls should not be held from exercise in God's pure air and sunlight to know of those subjects which must ever prove a burden.

When Demosthenes would speak regularly he bothered no one, but walked the shore of the sea with pebbles in his mouth. Why should two thous-

and children be kept unnecessary hours in school and out of it trying to master the accent of Magyar and Madhi, and Mahori and Mohratti, or the use of louchettes in strabismus, because two pupils are to be interested in those ways? A baby Herschel may be a suckling at the breast of teinoscope to correct chromatic aberration; a reincarnated Johann Gottlieb Fichte may be standing over the resting place of the philosophico-theological knowledge of Kant; a new student may arise to handle the tricontahedral and stereometry methods, the trilobite, the fossil crustacean of the Palæozoic period, or to observe the construction of strongyloides, dicrocoelium, dibothriocephalus, balantidium, eimeria, dipylidium, schistosoma and other animal parasites; or to compare the myelocytes-neutrophilic, myelocytes-eosinophilic and monocuclear neutrophiles of pathological white cell elements with the nonnucleated macrocytes, mycrocytes and poikilocytes, and nucleated normoblasts, megaloblasts and microblasts of the pathological red cell elements; or to compute the values of normal white corpuscles comprising polymorphonuclear neutrophiles, lymphocytes, eosinophiles and basophilic leucocytes; but his place for study is not in the school room with a thousand scholars who must be dragged along with him through the tedious quagmires of these abstract preparations.

The common school should be for the ordinary rudiments of every day commercial education, with less time wasted in singing, reading chapters in an obsolete book, and a great deal of other methodical nonsense, and allow time for outdoor exercise to inflate the lungs, develop the muscles and promote the general health and strength and longevity of the human race. All those more complex and intricate branches of study should be in separate schools for later mas-

tery by the few who would see their life-line leading toward those more difficult and more seldom entered fields of learning and vocation. The common public schools should open at 9 o'clock in the morning and close at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



"FOR GOD SO LOVED THE  
WORLD."

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA,

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय







“ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE  
WHOLE WORLD KIN.”

W. W. CORCORAN.

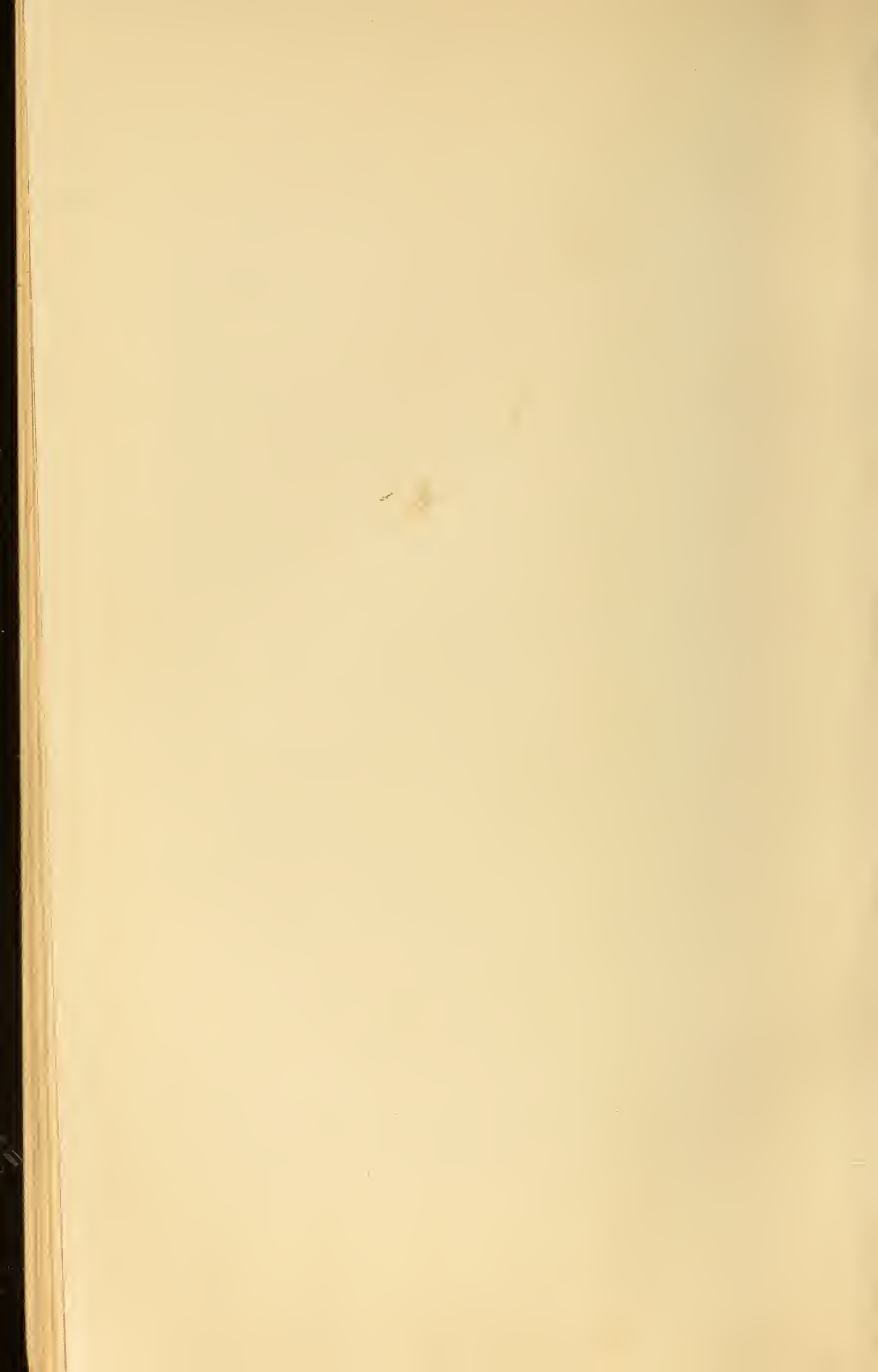
All the operations of nature are impartial. She has no favorites. She favors no one person or thing. The winds blow and the storms beat the same upon the weak and the strong. The sun's rays illumine and warm both the rich and the poor, the trees cast their gentle shade over the just and the unjust, and the greensward is refreshing and gladdening to the hearts of all. Nature proffers her bounty without fear or favor to all who will partake thereof. It has been said that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. But she does more than this. With a single sweep of her hand of power she transfers all inanimate things to a seemingly equal standard.

Notice this in the demonstration of her might revealed in the tornado and the torrent. They lead all before them, stopping at neither the palace nor the poorhouse. In the swiftness of the flood the master masonry of bridges and viaducts submerge side by side with the plastered walls and thatched roofs of hovels, and impartially nature decorates and adorns everything she touches with the falling snowflakes. The gilded spire of the church in town and the limbless trunk of a rotten tree in the forest are painted alike, in the immaculate whiteness of nature. The rough and ugly split-rail fence in the country field and the costlier pickets of the city house look equally fair under the coat of snow. The ragged places in

the unkempt sidewalk and the chiseled slabs of the flagged pavement are embellished alike. The well-to-do boy goes in the hall to get his overcoat; the poor boy goes out in the snow storm to get his. When they come in both look alike in their coats of snow. The battered shingles of the failing cottage and the slate slopes of the stately mansion are adorned the same by the storm of snow. The dilapidated eaves of the beggar's hut and the mitred troughs of the new made home are frescoed alike by the magic hand of the arctic artist of nature. She has no favorites, her bounty falls upon all people and all things alike. Verily, "One touch of nature makes the *whole world* kin."



W. J. C. S. 1840



MAN'S WEAKNESS AS A PHYSICAL BEING  
AND HIS STRENGTH MENTALLY.

SAMUEL T. LANGLEY.

Many of us are aware that matter is as indestructible as spirit, and when we commonly speak of making something, for instance as *making* a table or a chair, or *making* a bracelet or other article, technically considered we merely hue it or mold or cast it; we shape it from matter already in some form of existence. Spirit is likewise a mere temporary occupant of a material body. Spirit is not made, it is and was and will be. By permission of holy writ we may criticise the work of God in "making" man. His self-inspired Bible distinctly states that He molded man out of material already in existence, as a potter forms his products from the pliable clay, or a carpenter builds a house from the materials at hand. In the book of Genesis the statement is clearly given thus: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, \* \* \* for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Curiously enough we have here the complication of a man being dead before he had given up life; and Adam and Eve were the first, last and only human being who ever missed the beauties of babyhood. Whatever the idiosyncrasies, the eccentricities or faults supposed to attach to childhood, Adam and his

wife could not be justly reproached for not having outgrown the shortcomings of their youthful days.

It is not contended by careful Bible readers that God even created the life He imparted to Adam. He "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," a commodity already in existence and at God's command. He did not make it, He merely applied it. Breath being the life, and life being the spirit, God put into personal existence the life that was at His call. And this life must endure as long as God's existence, for in the judgment of the good and the bad He states: "And these (the bad) shall go away into *everlasting* punishment; but the righteous into life *eternal*." "Everlasting" and "eternal" are the synonym of FOREVER, and God cannot outlive that. He made something that will exist as long as Himself.

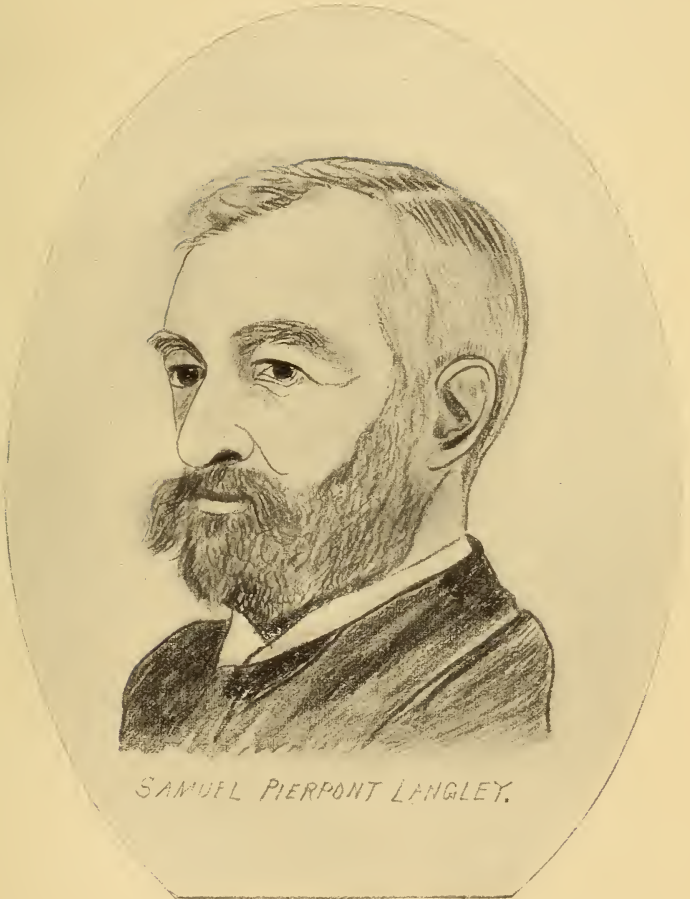
Now we come to a consideration of the remarkable mental power of man. He can by the direction of his mental energies build that which will longer endure in the form he makes it than will his own body formation. A man can mold a plaster mask; he can hew out and hang boards that will make a house; he can kiln bricks that will erect a structure, all of which will long outlast the form of his own mortal body. He may give that wonderful machine all the fuel it seems to need, all the oil it seems to require, but when it has run three-score years and ten he must keep a close look-out on its safety valves. But the engines this frail physical form put together for the great steamships will be plunging their mighty piston rods across the oceans of the world long after the hands that constructed them lie crumbled in the dust of the tomb.

Man as a physical being is exceedingly weak. The tempest that hurls its rushing blast in vain against the ships of the ocean and the air can easily place the weak mortal in the narrow precincts of a grave in the ground.

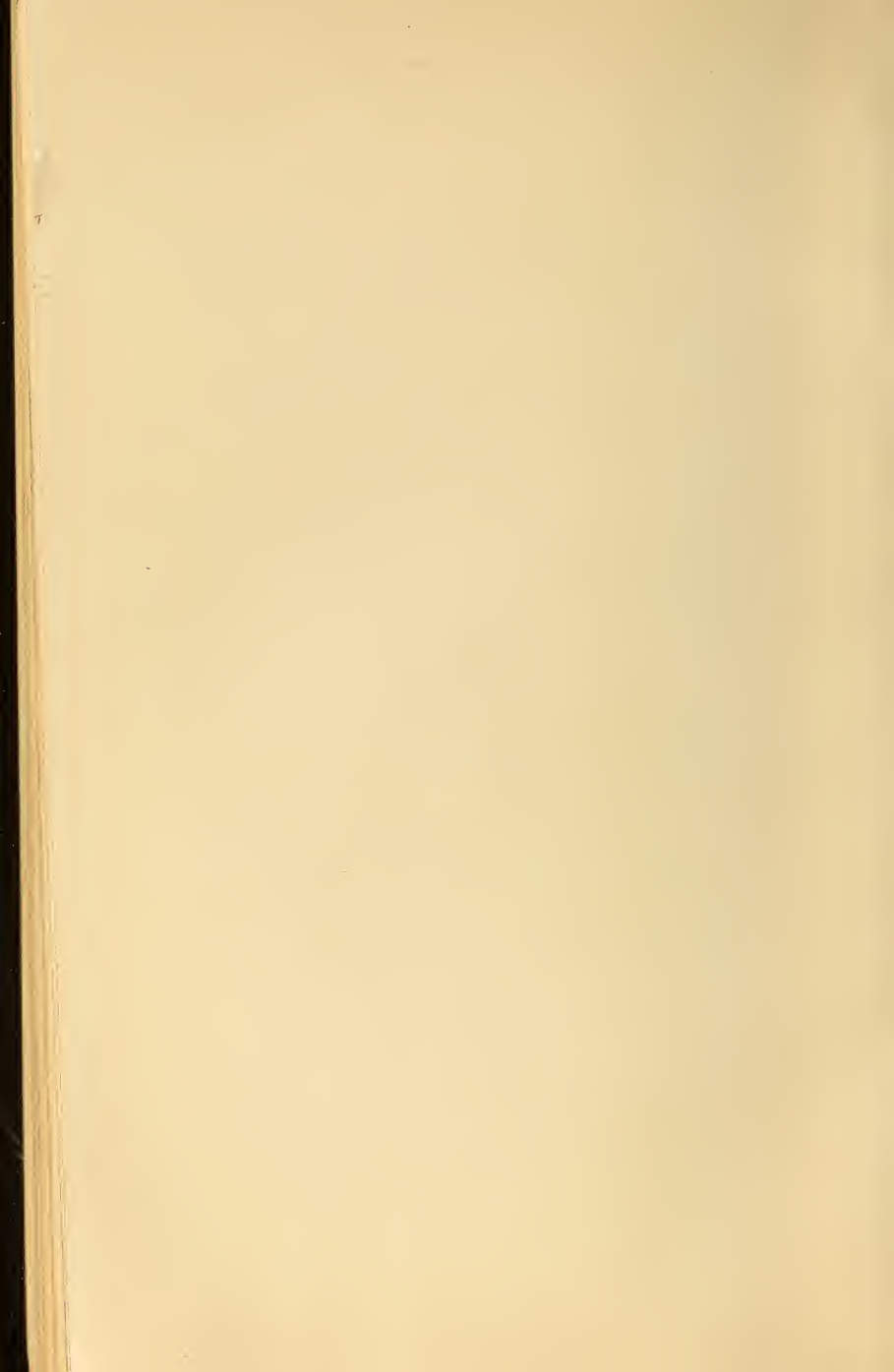
But mentally man is great. He can build better than his own body is builded.







SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY.



## A VISIT TO WASHINGTON AND ALBANY.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

(B. P. Shillaber.)

At the time of the President's inauguration Ike and I made a flying visit in an airy plain to Washington. In my earlier years they called it a plain flying machine; now they assignate it an airy plain. Ike insured me that we would make the journey in safety, the only trouble would be to light. So it proved. We all were reciprocated with a bump onto the mud flats near the histrionic Ptomainic River. This is the same river referred to so often during the war of the rebellious, when the look-outs called at midnight, "All is quiet on the Ptomainic!" I am told it was a beautiful river before the gunboats desiccated it and one end of it flew into the Chesapeake Bay. The other passengers in the airy plain fully enjoyed the trip, not being at all conscientious of the eminent danger they were in.

The next day was the 4th of March. Ike secured us two celebrated seats on the bandstand, right out in the open air with nothing but the canister of heaven over our heads. Pretty soon the possession advanced up Pennsylvania avenue, and it was grand. First came some flags and banners flying in the breeze, followed by a squad of mounted policemen uninformed in blue and brass buttons. Then the President, proceeded by a few old inveterates of the war of 1812, himself drove up in person and lifted his hat to Ike and me. He evidently knew we were strangers in town, and so he welcomed us. Next in the posses-

sion came the calvary. They were fine bare-back riders. I admired the calvarymen greatly. They were in full dress and their unicorns fitted them tightly. If I knew their tailor I would have him make Ike a spring suit. Regiments from all the states marched by in regular lockstep, and the rear end of the procession was lined up with a tribe of Indians fresh from the Indian Tributary. I presume it was for them the band played "Hail to the Chief." One old chief had on tar and feathers. Beside him marched his chiefess, and following was a chiefless. Some one said this chiefless lost her chief in the Crime era war. I had often heard Ike read in The Sun the head lines "Indian Relations" and "Our Indian Affairs," but I never thought I should see them. I can't say I regard them as any special credit to us in being our relations or any of our affairs. Bright skies and crisp weather flavored the occasion.

There were many exciting sideshows. Two police came along leading a man with the most agnotized impression possible decapitated on his face. At first I thought I had seen an optical delusion, but Ike learned that the man had been drinking spiritualist liquors and was in an incomprehensible condition. They feared delirium trimmings might set in. One would suppose the saloons could be closed on such a day as presenting the President a seat in the White House. They all kept open, however, and, strangely enough, the government and the police sanctified it. I wonder how they get room in the White House for so many seats. I understand they have given every President one. Several bicycles had their tires tinctured, and there were many miner missteps. People talk much about the ineffigy of the police, but on this occasion they did well. I believe in giving every man his duty.

I called on the Washington Monument, the highest edifice of masonry in the world. I always knew that George Washington was a mason, but I don't see how he ever built such a tall tombstone to cover his remains.

Sad to say, I extracted quite a severe cold sitting out of doors, and I took to my bed ill the next day and was dozed up with rostrums from the apostrophe shop. I suffered with swelliness on my lungs, and I feared ammonia might set in, but the fysican said all that ailed me was a slight attack of plumbago. We had to cancel two opera tickets that evening to hear some extinguished European belladonna sing. I was afraid my suffering might necessitate placing me under the effects of an aesthetic, but the fysican administered an aunty skeptic. Later, my stomach not feeling quite settled, I took a good strong epidemic and felt better. Later I took a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pictorial. We returned home via the railroad track.

In June Ike and I went up to Albany to hear the legislators argue to and fro the woman suffering question. I believe in woman suffering. I don't think men should do it all.

We took a daylight sail up the beautiful Hudson on one of the Hudson Narrow Gauge Company's line of steamers. Beautiful scenes adorned the shores, among them were Newberg, Dobbs Ferry and Sing Sing Prison. They say the residue to the Hudson Narrow Gauge Company is very lubricating during the summer months for importing people between Albany and New York.

There were some wonderful paintings in the roundity of the Capitol. One was a picture of Johan of the Ark. He was in uniform on a horse, a mere boy leading an army to warfare. I suppose Noah

gave Johan the horse when they left the ark. On another wall hung a magnified painting of Hannah Nyas and Sophia. Anyone to look at them would not believe they were such liars as to be struck dead. A Latin subscription under this picture required a lingerist to interpolate.

Albany is a very generous city. No one has to pay board there. Two or three signs in every block read "FREE LUNCH." I think those places must be conducted by legislators in the Capitol. I read in the papers that barrels of money roll in there at every secession. I tried several of the free lunch houses and found that women in Albany do not eat. Only men were in them. I saw some of the same kind of barrels in the lunch rooms that I read about rolling into the Capitol.

I had felt that a visit to our two capitols would make me quite high-toned, but instead of being high-toned I returned home feeling low-toned.

Before leaving I listened to some lawyers arguing a prisoner's case. In future I shall never approve of convicting any man on merely substantial evidence. I don't like to see an innocent man placed in so nefarious a situation.

Upon my arrival home I blessed God that in heaven there would never be found a doctor, a minister or an undertaker.





MRS. PARTINGTON.





MEN AND WOMEN ARE ONLY BOYS AND  
GIRLS.

SARAH J. HALE.

Men are little boys in large stature, it has been said, indicating that in sentiment the spirit is ever in the buoyancy of youth. A man and a woman are as young as they feel, is an old saying. Send a man to a toy shop to get a toy to amuse a little child, and he will invariably select what seems to himself the best fungiver. He does not consider what the child would most enjoy, but what most amuses the man. After all, the man is the child.

Let us ever remember that the indwelling spirit and not the outward physical form is the actual person. A spirit is neither young nor aged; it always was and forever will be. It is made to appear in some instances young or old according to the environment through which it manifests itself to others in various mortal states of bondage. The old questions are now repeated with good application, "When does a boy cease to be such and become a man?" "When does a kitten become a cat?" "When does a colt become a horse, and a calf become a cow?" When, I ask, does youth cease and when does old age begin?

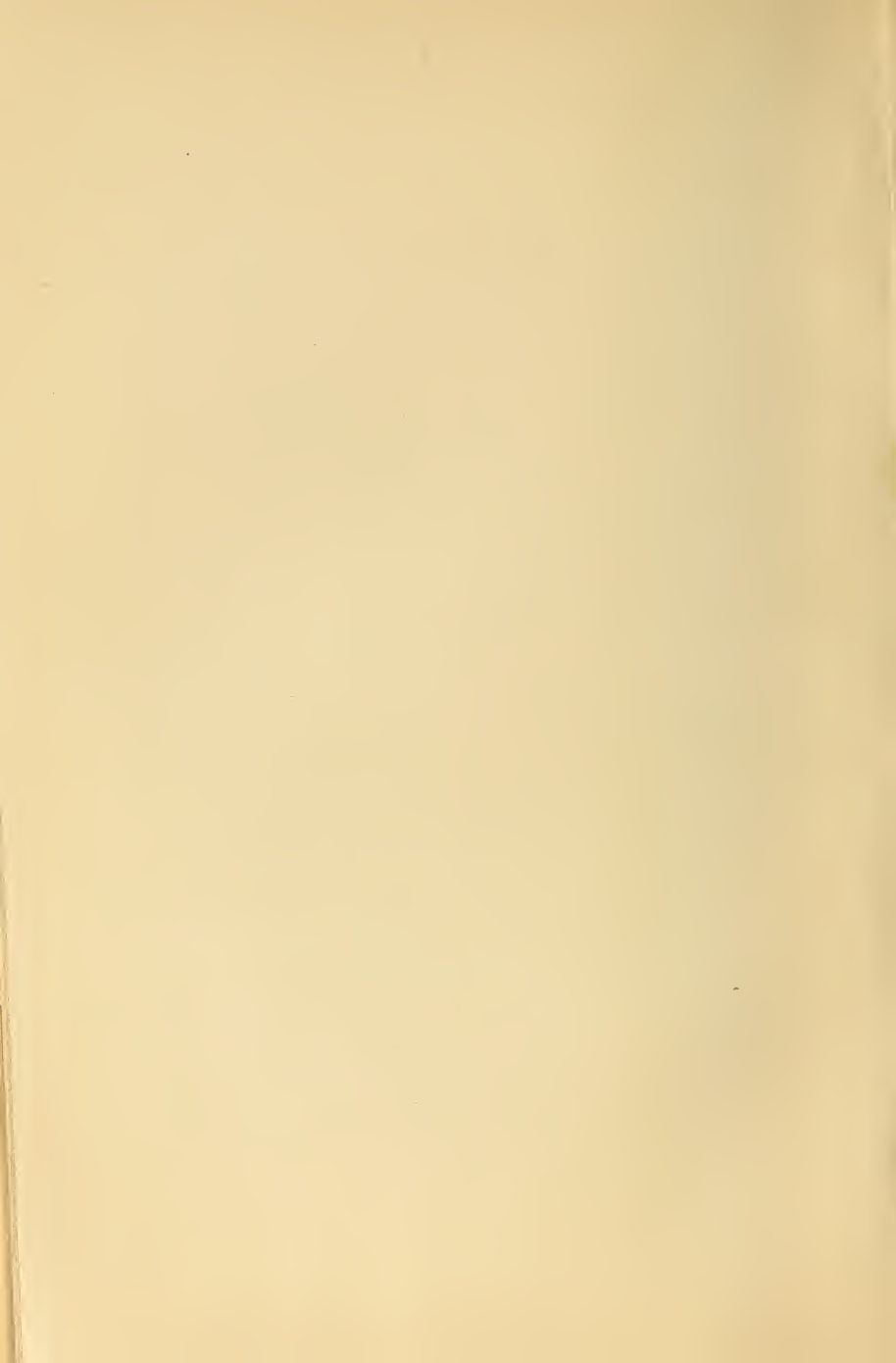
Suppose you could never see your physical body, could you correctly judge its age by your feelings? Hardly. You do not advance in age perceptibly in feeling because the spirit in feeling keeps you ever youthful. You remember how, twenty years ago, you ran the bases of a ball field with the agility of youth,

and you pulled a tick-tack against your neighbor's window to startle him and amuse yourself. You jumped the stile back of the barn, and went up and down the hayloft ladder as spryly as a monkey.

To-day you would like to do the same things. The love for them is in your soul yet, only the physical joints are a little stiffer and the breath is shorter. You stand leaning against the doorway in a dreamy reverie of youth's bright days, and you are awakened by the boys running by and exclaiming, "Look! there stands *old* Mr. Johnson asleep!" or, "There sits *old* Mrs. Taylor rocking herself!" The words startle and arouse you. *Old!* Can it be possible you appear old? And you hasten within to the mirror and behold the whitened locks, the wrinkled face, the bent form, and you exclaim, "Old Mr. Johnson!" "Old Mrs. Taylor!" It seems but yesterday that your hair was black, your face smooth, your figure erect. Now you are old, and you did not know it till the children in the street told you so. In spirit, in thought, in inclination, you are as young as you ever were. In desire you spring the peach-orchard fence and climb the wild apple tree. Men and women are only boys and girls.



SARAH BUELL HALE,



## HOW THOUGHTS ARE CARRIED.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Light rides on the ether waves and is conveyed thus from one remote point to another without consuming any of the ether spaces; the telegraphic message is transferred from one end to the other of the wire without destroying the wire; the wireless message speeds over land and over sea through the spaces above it, but these apparent voids are in no wise diminished. When you receive a message by telegraph what is it you get from the one who sent it? Nothing tangible whatever. You receive a piece of paper from the operator near you bearing certain character signs which you call, for instance, writing in the English language. But the one who sent you the message did not write it, never saw it, never saw the person who did write it. Miles away he wrote one like it, and the operator there took that and, by certain signs and methods of invention, copied or duplicated it to the operator at your end of the line. This last operator has never seen the man who indited the message to you, nor the operator who communicated it to him. The written document you hold in your hand is nothing from the men who sent it. But there is an intangible something you receive greater than the substance you hold—something that has been conveyed through two middlemen and a variety of mechanical devices. It is the THOUGHT of the man or the woman far away which by divers means and methods has been conveyed to you. He or she *thought*,

and *that* is transferred to you, and you think what he or she thought. The click of the machine, the electric spark, the letters written at both ends of the line are nothing but the unintelligent carriage that transported the subtle, intangible thought from one brain to another at widely separated locations. It is a wonderful method, example, of thought transference.

When a man stands in front of you and impresses you with his thought, he does it through the medium of the electric, magnetic and other subtle means of transportation. If he knew how he could transfer this thought to you though ten thousand miles intervened between you, even as is on very rare occasions done now in a manner unknown. This mode of communication is one of the possibilities of the future when all material and wireless apparatus will be discarded.

You pick up the morning paper and read of a hotel burned in Chicago. You did not see the fire, the fire itself is not in the paper. You have not seen anyone who did see it. But some one did, and it was in his thought. His thought goes out to thousands of persons, including yourself. You read in your copy of the paper the full account of the fire, and your family read it. Has anything been taken away from the paper? Has anything been taken away from the paper by several reading it? Is it any less after it has been read by a dozen persons? No, because it is not the substance in your hands you are taking. The thought it *bears* is what you take. The paper is another form of the wire, the operator.

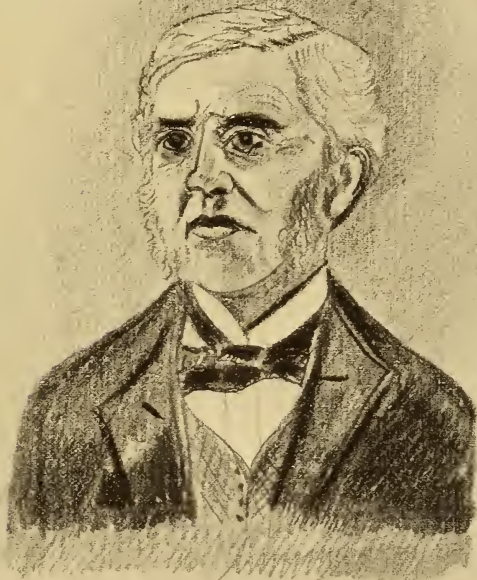
You visit the art gallery and you gaze upon the marvelous picture of the holy family under the tree, painted by Raphael. You do not see Raphael, you do not see the family or the tree, but as you look upon the painting you think what Raphael thought,



you get his thoughts. A million persons may view the picture, but none of the lustre of its ideality is withdrawn from it. Nothing is lost to it, because it gives nothing of itself away. It is the common carrier of a thought that was in the master artist's mind. The sad little faces and the more solemn older ones in that painting excite your admiration and your reverence as they did of the man who painted them. Some time, somewhere, some way, those eyes existed, and the thought of them was conveyed to Raphael's mind, and Raphael has conveyed them to your mind. So when you look upon a remarkable painting, or on one not remarkable, you are not looking upon the artist, but upon his thought. His mind has touched your mind through the spans of years and the distances of spaces. You are living in a world of mentalities. Do you ever stop to think when you see a wagon going down the street that you are looking into the mind and the thought of some one whose physical form went to ashes centuries ago?







OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



THE POST WITH AN IRON RING IN THE SIDE  
AND A STONE TOP.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

We feel by our vision as we do by sounds and by touch. I will illustrate: For example, let us suppose there is standing in a field a wooden post, and in the side of the post is an iron ring, and on the top of the post is secured a cross cut out of stone. You, the conscious ego, have three ways of *feeling* the post. First, you may be sightless, but by close contact with the post through the tips of the fingers, your mind or brain becomes sensitive to its presence and appearance. Second, a person may give you such a detailed vivid description of it that your consciousness feels it. And, third, you may pass by and *see* it, and the sight transfers it to your perception. Through the organ of the eye your brain consciousness is *touched* by the post, it *feels* the smooth wood, the hard iron, the rough granite. It matters not whether you touch the post or see it, in either experience you know at once that the post is there. The consciousness is *touched* by the object. Stultify the consciousness, and though you look at the post, you see it not, and though you touch it, you feel it not. There must exist the quality to be touched ere you can know anything about the post. The vision causes the object to touch the consciousness just as much as actual contact with it does. So when you say you see an object, you do not see it. It has simply touched the consciousness through the organ of the eye. It is

the consciousness of the presence of an object that makes it exist within your vibration of existence. Unless the consciousness be touched through one of the three methods named—seeing, feeling or hearing—the object is not in existence at all within your scope or vibration or plane of life.



EMILY C. JUDSON.  
("Fanny Forrester.")



## ONE HUNDRED.

## THE MAN WHO SAT IN THE SYCAMORE TREE.

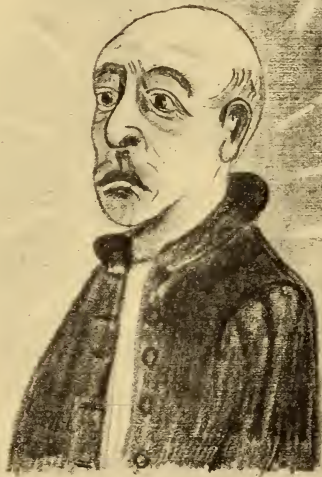
One hundred is a small number, is it not? One hundred cents is not a large amount of money. One hundred dollars is a little more. One hundred persons is not a great many, just a little group. But one billion five hundred thousand millions of persons is a great rise in numbers, is it not. This is the estimated population of the earth to-day. One hundred years is not a long time when we compare it with the sixty thousand years the Niagara gorge used up wearing its way back from the heights of Lewiston to the present city of Buffalo.

Let the thought wander back through the misty spaces to the Neolithic and Pleistocene caverns of prehistoric days. In this dreamy flow of time there were Bronze Ages, and Iron Ages, and Glacial Ages, and other ages so remote that the number of years reaching to them would be a meaningless mass of figures. There were times when antediluvian beasts and huge reptiles now extinct strode the plains and crawled through slimy marshes, roaring like the thunder of the clouds and hissing like monstrous syphons; an age when this earth hung flexile in its cooling processes, when great morasses spread their miasmatic poisons near and far, when wild funga and dank grasses and immense bogs grew in these deadly fens, and suffocating gases and scalding vapors drifted loweringly over these steaming malarial swamps of primeval times; an age when through the fogs and



mists the sun hung like a great red ball of fire in the zenith of the firmament. When we wander in sublime reverie to these phantom periods, a little hundred years looks very small, doesn't it? Yet in this brief fleeting time probably every man, woman and child now making up the one billion, five hundred thousand millions of persons will sleep in the grave the great slumber of the mortal body. Nearly every person born into mortal life during the next quarter of a century will go to the tomb. A very large percentage of the people born within the next fifty years will rest in the grave during this present little one hundred years. The span of an earthly lifetime is very short when we regard the countless ages of world building. In the passing centuries millions upon millions of souls have come, made earth their brief bivouac in their eternal march, then passed on. Does it pay to bicker and quarrel with one another at this little halfway house at the meeting of the crossroads? Is it worth while to burden, to oppress, to distress, to blight, to sadden with harsh words and ungenerous acts the little while allotted us to tarry here? The great millennium has been knocking at our doors ever since the world came into existence. Shall we lift the latch, let the bolt fall and the door swing softly ajar? One hundred is a small number!





THE MAN WHO SAT  
IN THE  
SYCAMORE TREE.



## MEASURING THE WIND'S VELOCITY, CHURCH STEEPLES AND THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE EARTH.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.  
(Xpo Ferens.)

I believed the earth to be a round globe, but whether it turned around the sun and other celestial bodies, or whether these revolved around the earth, was a question uncertainly answered. A voyage on the ocean could not present an answer with the means of determination as they existed at that time. Making a voyage around the world could determine its being a sphere only. The Copernican theory was a mooted question, it having such wide and apparently intelligent denial as to leave its fact or fallacy much a matter of doubt to the average mind. Whether the moving of the sun or the moving of the earth was causing the day and night was a puzzle to me.

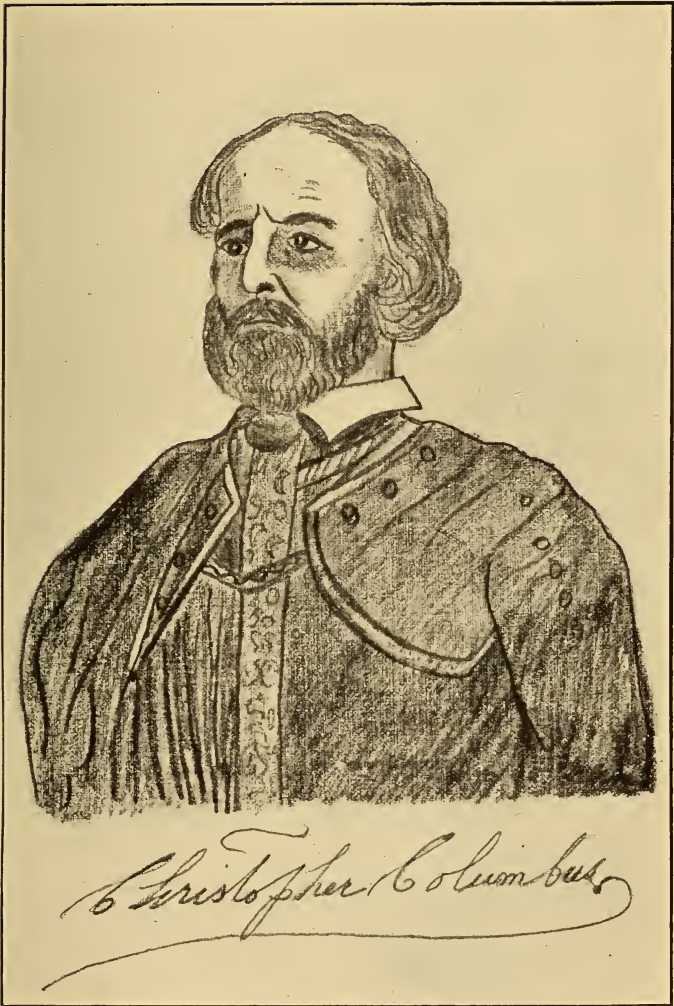
In the years of making ready for my trip to Asia, I conducted experiments on my own responsibility, the results of which indicated clearly to me the revolution of the earth. I give this account because it never before has been given to the world. Obtaining permission, I suspended from the inside topmost center of the highest dome in Woolsthorpe a weighted line such as bricklayers use in laying up a wall. Beneath this I arranged a table with a circular moving top capable of a revolving motion upon the slightest inclination of the floor or building from any cause whatsoever. To this revolving top I applied markings of subdivisions representing the parallax of

the heavenly bodies and the longitudinal and latitudinal divisions of the earth, with the plumb-bob suspended as directly in the center as it could be maintained.

As the earth turned toward the east the bob moved in a minute similar direction and the revolving top-let of the under contrivance moved almost imperceptibly to the bob. A compass on the table top showed the needle slightly deflected from the markings of its cabinet in twelve hours. This could be marked only from the top of a high structure. At night I noticed the circular trend of all the constellations, planets, etc., and that Ursa Major, the Great Dipper, never passed below the northern horizon, day or night.

In my young days at home I found that by leaping forward in the direction a stiff breeze was blowing, then jumping against the breeze and reckoning the minute time it required to cover the same distance in both ways, I could compute the velocity of the wind by the degree of resistance. Sir Isaac Newton, two hundred years later, claimed this method original with himself. I have shown this was done by myself in my young years.

In making my markings by a stake driven in the ground, I noticed by the passing of the sun's rays that the shadow grew from long to short, then elongated again. At one time in the day the stake would cast a shadow equal in length to itself. Concluding that all other objects must cast shadows equal in length to their height at the same time, it occurred to me how easy to thus measure the height of a building or a church spire. Driving a stake in the ground in front of the church I measured the shadow of the steeple when the shadow of the stake was equal to itself, and thus I had the height of the steeple.





## MAZIE'S MEDIUM.\*

A HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCE OF  
SPIRITUALISM.

CYRUS WEST FIELD.

Time sweeps by so unobservedly rapidly that occurring events soon cease to be current, and the passing on of persons familiar with early incidents and the coming forward of new generations of people tend to push into obscurity questions which interested the world very much at one time.

One matter never until now explained related to the formerly much talked of "Mazie's Medium." A most curious misapplication of terms was responsible for the misunderstanding. The expression "Mazie's Medium" was well abroad among the spiritualists of a few decades ago. A few of the wiseacres offered explanations of the somewhat vague appellation, but the mass of interested investigators heard of and talked of "Mazie's Medium" with about the same degree of intelligence they did of Mahomet's coffin. She was often spoken of, but none except the few wise (?) ones referred above knew very much about her and from them it was learned that this medium was the first in modern days endowed with the power to show materialized spirit forms and faces.

In 1848 the raps in the cottage occupied by the Fox family at Hydesville, a suburb of Rochester, N. Y., attracted the attention of the three children

\*"Mazie" is a nickname or fond name for Mary.



of the family. The parents at first took but casual notice of the story laughingly told of the nightly interviews with old "Splitfoot" in the garret of the cottage. Questions were readily answered by the mysterious rapper, indicating that he could hear what the girls said. But it was not until one of the children held up, in the dark room, three, then two fingers and asked "Splitfoot" to rap the number corresponding to the number of fingers, which was rapped correctly, that the child exclaimed in astonishment, "Why! It can see as well as hear!"

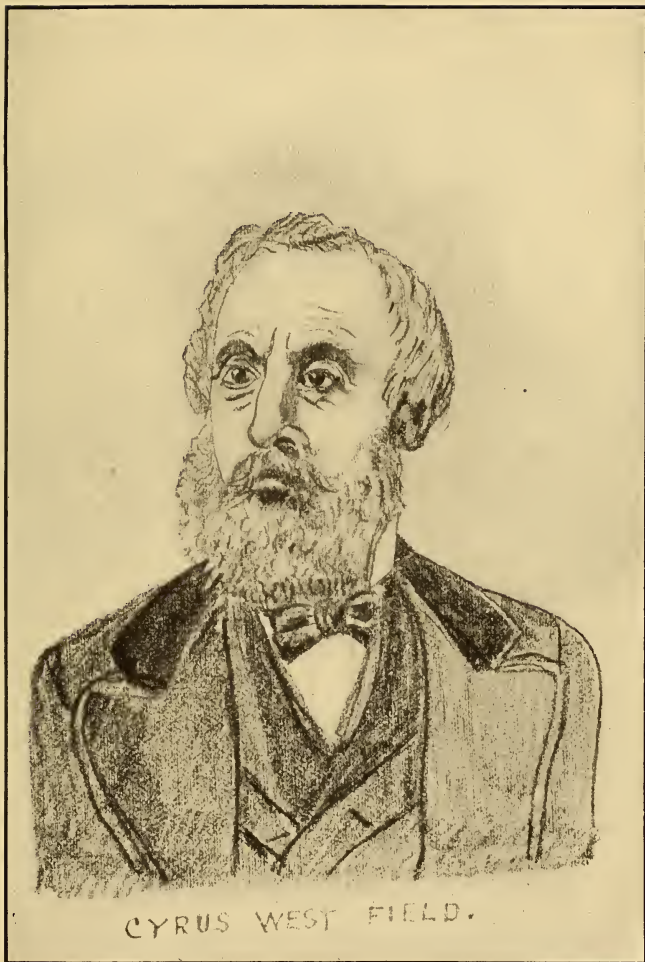
Later mediums for various phases sprang up over the country. Henry Slade had directions from a deceased wife to hold slates with a bit of pencil between. Slade was the first medium known since Moses to obtain writing from departed spirits on slates. Many others afterwards developed this phase, a few of whom achieved great distinction and international reputation. Numerous phases of mediumship were developed more largely in America than in Europe. Close to the year 1870 the country was startled by the announcement that the head and bust of a deceased person had materialized and become visible in the upper part of New York state, and also in the state of Vermont. This opened a new era of interest and investigation, and the new phase first became known as the mazy manifestation, from the fact that witnesses were lost in a maze of wonderment, overwhelmed by the intricate, mazy phenomenon of a phantom or spectral being assuming solidity. The word "materialization" had not then been applied to the new demonstration. For a considerable time the phase was known only as the "mazy manifestation," and the mediums were dubbed the "Mazy Mediums." Time passed on and in the development of terms as well as of phenomena the



real origin of the Mazy Mediums was lost, many persons coming to suppose the expression was merely a fond, endearing derivation from the name Mary, it being that of the first materializing medium.

Much discussion and claim to the honor of being the first materializing medium arose among the friends of two mediums, each of whom claimed the distinction. These were Mary Andrews at the home of Morris Keeler in Moravia, N. Y., and Mary Eddy (Huntoon) at her home near Chittenden, Vt. It was never decided satisfactorily which of the two women first obtained materialization, but it is given out now. Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Huntoon were sitting in their respective homes on the same night. At 9 o'clock precisely there appeared in Mrs. Andrews' cabinet a tangible, visible face and bust of a spirit, and at 9.07 o'clock (the timepiece stopped at that figure) appeared a similar materialization in the cabinet of Mrs. Huntoon, the first recorded form materialization in modern times. Mrs. Andrews claimed the honor on the ground that the manifestation occurred in her home seven minutes ahead of that at Mrs. Huntoon's. But in their discussions they did not, nor did any one else, note the fact that sun time prevailed then, and time being seven minutes faster in Chittenden than in Moravia the materializations took place simultaneously. And in future if you hear of the "Mazie medium" you may know that the term was derived from the mysterious, mazy character of the manifestation, and not from the mediums, both of whom coincidentally bore the name Mary.





CYRUS WEST FIELD.



## SOUL, SPIRIT AND BODY.

ABU ISHAK.

The soul is the life of the spirit, and when the spirit withdraws from the physical body the soul goes with it. Do not understand me to say that if the spirit withdraws, the ordinary functions of the body will necessarily cease. It is quite possible for you, the spirit, to depart from your mortal casement, and another spirit to enter and animate it. There are instances of the spirit of a human being withdrawing from its temporal habiliment and wandering about remote places while another spirit enters and occupies the vacated apartment. To a trained observer the substitution is apparent. The change of spirits in one body is met with in seances for materialization. Frequently one materialized body will be made to serve several spirits in succession in manifesting to friends present. In these cases the spirits who succeed the one who fashioned the body are each spared the expenditure of power necessary to build up successive ones. Sometimes a male spirit will appear in the body and robes in which but a moment previously a female had appeared. But the soul does not necessarily change, for soul is not a personality as is spirit, but is a life principle, a part of that God-life which permeates all things. Soul enters anywhere that life is, for it is life itself. It is that supreme quality, that quickening impulse, that quintessence of the exquisite essence of the inspiration and thought and life of God transmitted

instantaneously from God or the life principle through one mortal or spirit to another. This soul principle being God itself, is omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent. It is inexhaustible and may be divided and subdivided *ad libitum* and *ad infinitum*, but only in the conceptualism of dividing the air about you—all bodies made may possess a part of it without destroying the whole, as all may breathe the air without stopping the supply.

In the dizzy flights of stretched imagination might be conceived billions of millions of billions of people, during immeasurable lengths of time, drinking dry the fountain springs of the sea and the moisture in the atmosphere; or, of the air in the broad arena of the star-studded skies and in the endless wastes beyond being breathed away during the eons approaching eternity, but soul cannot become exhausted. It is difficult to think of no end to time and space, but it is infinitely more difficult to think of an end to them. In your fancy you may stop the clock at your computed finish of time, and drive a stake at the end of space, but what after? Again into the farther on endless chasms you must plunge. And so must God, soul, reign the consciousness of thought—not of form like the spirit or its counterpart, the body, but of form only as the quick eye of perception builds for it.

The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; *and man became a living soul.*—Genesis II, 7.



ABU ISHAK.





## MUSIC.

## AUBER.

According to the accepted terms of understanding, music is neither tasted, touched, smelled or seen. It belongs to the sense of hearing. Yet who can say that music is not felt, is not breathed into the lungs, is not a substitute for food, that when a rhapsody is played or a funeral dirge is given it is not absolutely seen? So in a way music comes into contact with the whole five senses. Does music affect the deaf? Ask deaf persons and they will tell you that while they do not hear, there is in the presence of music an inspiration which they clearly sense. Music, therefore, is one of the most potent effects on the senses of the world. Anything that tends to smooth, to heal abrasions, to unite wounded parts, to conduce to adhesiveness, is grateful to the recipient.

Music is a quality which unites soul elements that are inclined to become disassociated, those subtle, intricate soul principles which unite and build, and from which evolve the more tangible composites of a human body.

The music sets in harmonious activity and adherence those little dissenting qualities of human soul principles gone astray from each other. These in turn reflect their associated conditions upon the grosser states of human consciousness and being, and the music becomes grateful to the senses, the material being deriving its benefit from those more subtle states or conditions.

Harmonious combinations of the finer elements seem to make perfect men and women and children. They exhilarate their lives! Exhilaration is the tendency to rise, to ascend, to elevate to the more ethereal states, to graduate beyond the grosser states of material surroundings, such, for instance, as to migrate from the earth. The more sordid a thing is, the more content is it to be buried in the chrysalis state of its material environment, its unfolded state.

Every activity of the life principles causes a more perfect being.

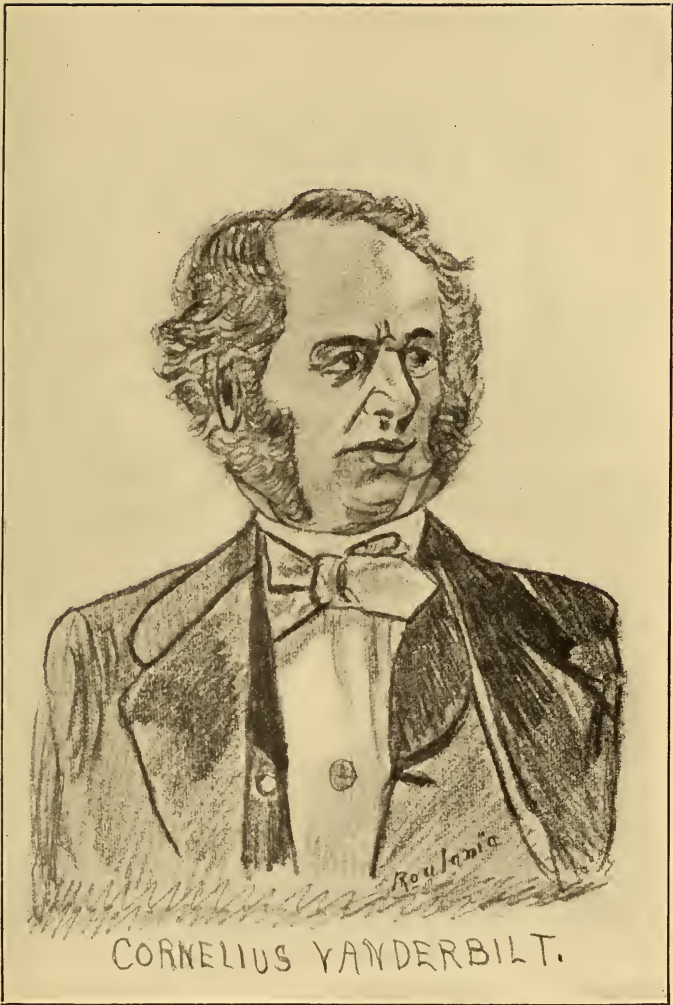
The music instrument has nothing to do with it. The inspiration of the performer plays an unimportant part.

One and the same instrument can give forth concordant sounds which will cause either joy or grief, lightness or depression. These are physical emotions of which I do not speak.

The effects of concordant sound waves on the soul centre and composite parts of the same show themselves in the emotions of the physical form.

With music the weary soldier can march better, with music the fearful will face death stoically.

And the music of the spheres of our universe, the blending sounds of the plunging worlds emit a musical hum, which, like the din of the tin pan beating concentrates the swarm of bees, accelerates the activity of the life of the very spheres themselves.





## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 1.

## DRINKING FACILITIES ON RAILROAD TRAINS.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

One of the most conspicuous abuses upon the public is the quasi-compliance of the railroad companies with the requirements of the sanitary commissions of the United States that public drinking cups or glasses be removed. As a means of promoting health the abandonment of the germ-collecting drinking glass in public places is no doubt an excellent one, but there is no good reason why a wealthy corporation should make the enforcement of this regulation a burden upon its patrons, the people who fill its money coffers.

Beside the drinking urns in railroad stations are cabinets containing paper cups, one of which is obtainable by depositing a cent in the slot machine. On the trains are water tanks full of cold water, but no glass or vessel to obtain a drink with. In the ordinary coaches no glass is available, and a passenger who does not board a train provided with a cup of his own must make his journey in thirst. The Pullman coach has a porter, a black man dressed in uniform, who deftly manipulates the drinking apparatus under a penalty to each drinker of a tip. You request of him a drinking glass, you drink and return the glass to him. When you again are thirsty and request the glass, if you failed to tip him the first time, he puts you off with an excuse that he is "busy at present." After long delay he reluctantly supplies the glass. In the interim several others have used the same

glass. If you have been observing you have noticed that it was placed away by the porter in a private hiding place after each drink *without washing*.

To command the glass requires a payment of from ten to twenty-five cents in tips to the porter, and then you are drinking from a glass many others have used, and has undergone no cleansing whatever. The glass might as well be left on the water tank at the passenger's convenience.

The tipping outrage is an evil permitted by the railroad companies perpetrated upon the traveling public. To be required to pay even one cent in a slot machine in the depot is an imposition. The failure to place the machines in the cars and allow patrons to be at the mercy of the pecuniary whims of a negro porter is another imposition. The railroad companies are made wealthy by the patronage of the public. They should be compelled to supply not only pure water, but sanitary drinking vessels free. The people, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, should appeal from this state of affairs and demand a change. Let a drink of water be accessible without recourse to a slot machine, or a ten-cent tip in the pocket of a servant of a great corporation.









## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 2.

## FREE LUNCH COUNTERS AND SALOON GLASSES.

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

The health preserving department of the country, while devoting so much time to the branding of obscure and seldom used preparations of food materials shown by exhaustive analyses to be impure, should send examiners occasionally into the liquor saloons abounding in most of the precincts of every city. These places are daily patronized by large numbers of men of all ages, and the computed attendance upon all in the country must amount daily to an immense number of thousands of persons.

Hence it is evident that any commonly existing unsanitary conditions must be liable to communicate themselves with the populace to a very wide extent.

With hardly an exception these saloons daily set up a free lunch, which continues for hours. It consists of several cooked food products set out in separate uncovered dishes for each article of food; for instance, one dish of baked beans, another of potato salad, another of sliced pig's head, and stews, boiled or baked macaroni, bolognas, etc. Standing on the counter is a glass two-thirds full of water, and in it two or three forks. Each visitor, and among them men who would not tolerate such practices in their own homes, before taking a drink, helps himself to a mouthful of free lunch. This is done by lifting one of the forks out of the glass, eating with it and replacing it in the glass of water. Many men must

use the same fork and partake from the same dish. The only ablution the fork receives is its standing bath in the partly filled glass. In the course of an hour the water in the glass becomes dirty to muddiness, and particles of food adhere to the forks, which have been in many mouths. As a microbe carrier, I know of nothing more successful.

Beneath each drinking bar is a tank full of water. In this the glasses drunk from by the various and numerous customers are hurriedly given a swish after each drink and placed upside down on the bar to drain off the dirty water and become dry. This water in the tank soon becomes foul, but bartenders are usually too busy to refill them with clean water.

As soon as the glasses are dry the microbe life becomes active and dangerous. I know that these conditions prevail because I conducted a restaurant in San Francisco and I was familiar with the saloon habits. These statements will be borne out by any man who steps inside of a liquor saloon to-day.

The attention of the Board of Health is invited to these germ-spreading conditions.



WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.



## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 3.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AND FERRY BOAT PILOTS.

MATHIAS W. BALDWIN.

This is an age of railroad and steamboat travel. Thousands of men, women and children are hourly traversing the globe by these means of transportation. Do you know much about a locomotive engine? Did you ever examine its construction and contemplate what a mere trifle of an act or a neglect of an act could throw it out of commission or cause its wreck and destruction? Enginemen are human beings, subject to the frailties and mistakes and mishaps which beset other people. A train of many cars carrying hundreds of passengers pulls out of a depot under the sole manipulation of one man—the engineer. Dangerous rates of speed are maintained under disadvantages of darkness and storms, over ravines, bridges, embankments, etc., and the lives and safety of hundreds of passengers are in the exclusive care of one man. (The usual attendant, the fireman, is often located in another compartment of the cab of the ponderous and powerful locomotive of the present day.) Sudden death by apoplexy, heart disease or other causes, quickly precipitated aberrations of the mind, a moment of sleep, might overtake this single man at the throttle in a critical instant when the mechanism of his engine should be reversed, or a signal observed, to avoid the consequent injury or

death of hundreds of human beings. It is wrong to place so many lives and so much property in the care of one man, for however efficient he may be he is liable at any moment to a myriad of unlooked-for mishaps. The railroad companies are amply able to place two engineers in the cab of every train locomotive, so that in the event of accident to one there will be another to take the throttle at an instant's notice.

The second man should not be continuously on one train, but should be detailed alternately on periods of day duty and night duty, and should be empowered to make suggestions to the engineer in command in the matter of managing his engine. An engineer who makes periodical runs for continuous years over one line becomes naturally careless of many little details. This should come under the notice of and be corrected by the extra man.

Every pilot house of ferry boats conveying large numbers of people across rivers should contain two pilots. Some years ago a New York Fulton Ferry boat pilot died at his post while crossing the East River. With his dead hands fixed on the wheel the boat plunged at full speed into the dock knocking down passengers and creating consternation and panic. Collision in the river with other boats was miraculously averted. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt. So great was the public fear that the Fulton Ferry Company assigned two pilots to each wheel house. In time the incident was forgotten generally and the extra pilot was withdrawn.

The revenue of the railroad and river boat companies in all sections of the country is sufficient to

amply enable them to give reasonable protection to their thousands of patrons. If they will not do it of their own accord the Legislature should be appealed to by the people to enact laws enforcing it. We call upon the Legislature at Albany to enact at once such a law for the great Empire State of the Union. It cannot be too quickly done.







MATTHIAS W. BALDWIN.



## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 4.

## TIPPING.

RUSSELL SAGE.

The proprietors and managers of hotels no longer supply the guests with clean table linen and polite attendance. The waiters assume absolute control of such matters. If you desire to sit at a table with a spotless cloth and receive your food properly cooked and courteously served you may have your silent prayer granted at the first visit, but never again unless you have paid the waiter on the first occasion. Your glass may not be refilled with water, your napkin may not be a tidy one, and your food may not be served even warm unless the waiter secures a contribution from you. You pay the hotel proprietor a good price for accommodations. He should see to it that you have them without subjecting you to an extra fee to the man who is already presumed to be paid to serve you. A person can barely obtain civil attention in a restaurant, in a dining car, in the hotel lavatories, without a tip to the man who is supposed to extend courtesies.

A man cannot get a proper shave in a barber shop unless he is known to be a tipper, or the barber has hopes of adding him to his list of tipping customers.

In hotel dining rooms so largely has this tipping evil spread that now the head-waiters, who do not personally serve you, demand periodical tips. And hotel proprietors know of the practices and encourage them because they can get men to work for them at nominal amounts of wage.

A waiter does not apply for "a job" for the pay he shall receive from the proprietor, but for the larger daily income from his customer's tips.

It is now in order for railroad conductors to demand tips for their services in punching your trip tickets, and for engineers and firemen and track-walkers to do likewise for the safe running of trains.

The Emerson and Crawford shoe companies have opened in connection with their sales stores in many cities free shoe blacking stands, where bootblacks are stationed to dress free of charge shoes purchased from their establishments. A conspicuous sign on the wall of each location reads:

"The man who accepts a tip will be dismissed."

This is a move in the right direction and one which might well be emulated in the dining rooms, parlor cars, barber shops and other places throughout the country.

Patrons of public commodities pay good round sums for the accommodations they get. The proprietors of these places should remunerate their workmen sufficiently to lift from guests the burden of paying these salaries in the form of tips.

The tipping requirement is an obnoxious outrage on a too patient public.



RUSSELL SAGE.



## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 5.

## SIDE-DOOR RAILWAY CARS.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D., LL. D.

From time immemorial one of the best injunctions for the preservation of health has been, Avoid Draughts.

Sudden puffs of cold air, and often damp air, upon a person who is warm or over-warm, is a most danger-to-health experience. This is what the people of the cities are being treated to every day and every night in the cars of the elevated and surface street railway cars. In many instances people have hurried to the car lines and so become overheated. A seat in the car is secured and at every stop and before each stop is made, the end doors of the cars are thrown open and a gust of cold wind sweeps through the car its full length, striking every passenger within.

This occurs many times on a trip up or down town, chilling to the marrow the exposed inmates. It is both discomforting and dangerous. How many cases of sore throat, rheumatism, pneumonia and other complaints, resulting in suffering and death, are traceable to this cause would be difficult to estimate.

The latest model of a street car and an elevated railroad car should be one with large doors on the sides and none to be used at either end.

In these days of modern sanitary measures the old death-dealing devices should be dislimned.

Let human life be prolonged as far as possible. The complete development of the spirit depends much on an average long life in the physical form.





VALENTINE MOTT, M.D., LL.D.



## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 6.

THE WEATHER BUREAU.

WILLIAM B. HAZEN.

I do not know of a more useless expenditure of the peoples' money than in the maintenance of the United States Weather Bureau Department at Washington, D. C., and its branches throughout the country. The object of its establishment has not been attained, and its efforts have largely proven failures. It is seldom that the Bureau prognosticates correctly, and in those few and far-between instances mostly by accident.

If it surmises—and that seems to be an appropriate term—the advent of a storm, it frequently errs as to the time of its arrival, and if it surmises the time rightly, it mistakes the nature and severity of the storm. Of how much value is a weather report reading: For Eastern Ohio much colder with rain or snow on Tuesday, if it all does not come until Wednesday, and Tuesday proves to be a fair warm day?

Of what real good is such an uncertain report as “rain *or* snow,” except to show how little the Bureau knows about the weather?

If a physician should diagnose his patient's illness as tuberculosis *or* toothache, we would feel his medical education had been a failure.

If a clergyman should notify one of his parishioners that he was going to heaven *or* hell, he would feel that the divine prophet had not earned his salary. The man would not know whether to start on his journey with an overcoat and furs, or a summer suit.

A false weather deduction could work much harm, for instance: The Weather Bureau announces that at midnight the weather will become clear and cold. Going out you leave your over-shoes and umbrella, and put on a sweater and heavy overcoat to meet the sudden change on returning home. Instead the weather not only continues uncomfortably warm, but a heavy rain falls. You are overheated in your extra wraps, and your clothing and feet are thoroughly wet. What may not be your condition of health next day?

Another example: "Continued clear and cold." Three delicate children of a careful but very nervous mother go with a nurse to the Sunday School exhibition in the village church. They are well wrapped in warm clothing. At 9 o'clock the temperature moderates and a heavy fall of rain sets in. The anxious mother oft repeats her look out of the window at the leaden sky and the storm until she is wrought to a nervous fever over the thought that her little ones, not robust, must tramp wet and muddy streets through a heavy rain to reach home. On the following day comes the fair cold weather predicted for that night, but the children are in bed being doctored for colds, and the mother is taking bromide for her nerves. How easy it is to go a step farther and see one of the children seriously ill or even worse, and death may be laid at the door of the Weather Bureau.

Many uninformed persons fancy that the weather report emanates entirely from study of the barometer and observation of stellar conditions by learned experts, whereas quite the opposite is the fact.

A station in Omaha telegraphs Chicago that a snow storm has been raging there. Chicago telegraphs Washington that the first indications of the storm are noticeable there and that it is headed East.

Washington calculates the rapidity with which the storm is moving and estimates when it will strike New York. A bulletin is issued:

“Blizzard from the West by morning. Heavy snow.”

The morning arrives clear and bright. The storm did not continue its rapid gait. Instead of a blizzard it reaches New York a rain storm one day tardy. The Weather Bureau men came about as near the facts as did the astronomer, who looking through his telescope mistook a speck on the glass for a new and mighty cavern in the sun. His deductions were quite as valuable a contribution of science as those of the Department of Weather at Washington.

Their observation glasses need brushing off.





WILLIAM F. HAYDEN





## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 7.

## UNDESIRABLE PICTURE ADVERTISING.

CLARA BARTON.

During the latter part of 1897 and the early spring preceding the Spanish-American war in 1898, there were exhibited in public windows and other conspicuous places a variety of photographs said to have been made of starving, emaciated, disease-stricken men, women and children, depicting the sufferings of our neighbors in Cuba under Spanish rule. The pictures attracted extensive attention and created widespread sympathy among the citizens of the United States, for were they not photographs of actual conditions? Long endured patience and slumbering indignation toward the Spanish misrule of our little outlying island of Cuba, only comparatively a stone's throw from the shores of the Florida Keys, had awakened a subtle demand in every American human heart that cruel Spanish sovereignty be ended over on the little strip of land in the sea whose proximity to our shores made it inherently a part of our domain. The pictures were an important factor in the precipitation of the war in 1898. They were placards of a horrible condition ever before the eyes of the people, training the minds in a certain line of thought, and once thoughts become united consonant activity inevitably follows. After the war the pictures were found to be misrepresentations so far as they related to conditions existing in Cuba. They were photographs of suffering people in remote foreign sections of the

world, and were an exaggerated suggestion of what might be the state of affairs in the island of Cuba.

Though good to a small nation undoubtedly resulted from the brief conflict between America and Spain, the false picture placard means of evolving a state of warfare was unfair, unjust and unwholesome.

At the present day a largely advertised accident insurance company is placing in the public prints harrowing pictures of women and children said to illustrate the forlorn, destitute and dreadful condition they found themselves in, whose husbands uninsured had been killed in railroad and other accidents. A train of derailed cars and crushed passengers, and a mother, haggard and destitute, leading children with sorrowful faces, are pictured, representing the despair of families because of the neglect of husbands and fathers to take out accident insurance policies. It is obvious to any person that these pictures are made for the explicit purpose of creating fear in men's minds as to their safety in traveling, and to induce financial revenue to the underwriters of insurance policies. It is evident that the pictures were made with sinister motives, for they could not have been taken during an unanticipated accident revealing the destruction of a railroad train, before the sense of an unremedial loss had overtaken the widow and mother.

Those are not desirable methods of advertising an otherwise commendable business which play upon the fears, passions and depressions of the community for commercial gain. Such intrigues do not have a healthy tendency toward the uplift of humanity.



CLARA

BARTON.



## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 8.

## FALSE DETENTION.

DEBORAH REED FRANKLIN  
(Mrs. Benjamin Franklin.)

A man or woman who is falsely imprisoned should, when it is discovered, have every recompense possible accorded. A man is arrested sometimes on the merest suspicion of being the perpetrator of a crime, a bevy of detectives, whose professional aim in life is to pose before the public as discoverers of crime, weave out of falsehood and misrepresentation a fabric of circumstantial evidence. A district attorney, usually an able orator and anxious for commendation as a successful prosecuting attorney, by the force and eloquence of his speech, influences the jurymen, and the victim is railroaded to the penitentiary, in many instances an innocent man. Sometimes years of imprisonment, suffering, and ruined good name and character follow, when finally positive proof is forthcoming that the imprisoned man is innocent. Then the Governor "pardons" him, and he is told to walk forth a free man and to rejoice. But is he free? His reputation is destroyed, his business wrecked, and he is in social ostracism. The very word "pardon" has become synonymous with guilt. "Pardon" carries with it an intimation of crime forgiven, guilt condoned. This is all wrong. The Governor should never "pardon" an innocent person. He should "honorably release" and as publicly as possible commend to the good will and favor of the world. The State that

through its paid minions of the government causes a man or woman unjust imprisonment, suffering and loss, should compensate him or her to the fullest extent commensurate with the injury, whether it be in the sum of five, or five hundred thousand dollars.

The Constitution of the United States provides that "All men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."





DEBORAH REED FRANKLIN.





## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 9.

## UNNECESSARY INCONVENIENCES.

PETER COOPER.

Acts of bravery and heroism whenever performed merit kindly recognition. A man or a woman, or sets of men or women, who hazard their own lives in either successful or unsuccessful efforts to save the lives and property of others deserve to be highly commended. But there are proper times and ways for them to receive the laudation of their admirers, and it should come spontaneously from the grateful public. It should not be invited on unsuitable occasions directly by the benefactors.

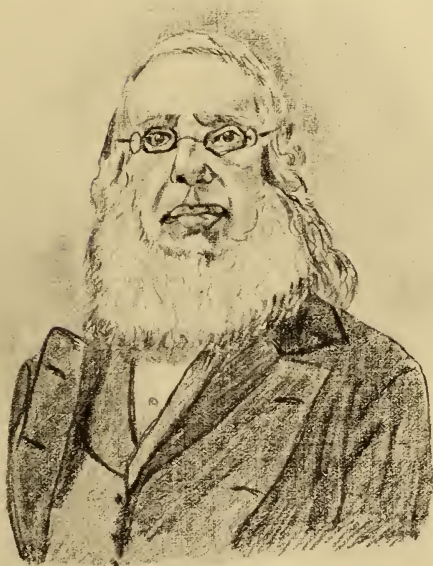
I refer especially to the Fire Department. The remarkable quickness with which firemen and apparatus arrive at the scene of conflagration reveals the efficiency of the firemen and the instant willing cooperation of the public. The duties of the fireman are arduous and beset with dangers, and his risk to limb and life is very great. When the engine bells are ringing and whistles are sounding and spirited horses are prancing in their mad dash to a fire, we are all glad to stand back, street cars and trucks and carriages halt, and all traffic comes to a standstill to give the fire fighters, the engines and the hook and ladder wagons an unobstructed road.

But when the alarm is a false one, or when the fire is ended, there is no earthly reason why the return homeward should be made with dangerous speed and amid clanging bells and loud whistling, especially in

the dead hours of the night when the streets are practically vacated.

This condition of affairs is frequently conspicuous in New York and other cities among certain divisions of the Fire Department. The men would seem to want to pose as martyrs or heroes at an inopportune time and in a way establishing much inconvenience to others. This clang and clatter in the middle of the night awakens the sleeping and alarms the sick, while in the busy hours of the day or evening it necessitates unnecessary stopping of street cars, belates passengers in making steam railroad depots or reaching other points of importance.

The firemen are unquestionably a brave class of fellows, and we cannot extol their sterling worth too highly provided we do it at the proper time and in a becoming way. A medal for bravery, or a statue to perpetuate the memory of many a noble man is commendable, but the men themselves should not cast the medals nor chisel the monuments. Let the authorities and the admiring public do these. Fireworks and a furore are excusable before a conflagration but are unnecessary after it.



PETER COOPER.



## PUBLIC ABUSE ARTICLES—NO. 10.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

ALL EYES DO NOT SEE ALIKE.

Some time ago an ordinance went into effect in New York and a few other cities forbidding newsboys calling out the sale of newspapers on Sunday. The measure was instituted by a few ecclesiastical devotees on the ground that the crying out of the newsboys was a hindrance to divine worship. It might, on the opposite side, have been consistently argued that divine worship was a hindrance to the circulating of newspapers. The Constitution of the United States provides that no system of religion shall usurp the legitimate rights and liberties of the people.

Now we have another aspect of the newspaper business. Some unusual or unexpected event occurs. Intelligence reaches the newspaper office of a shipwreck or a railroad accident, or the decease of some noted person. The publishers see a chance to make money out of it by issuing an extra, which is given to the newsboys perhaps at a middle of the night hour, and soon the city streets uptown, downtown, cross-town and all over town, are alive with the howls of the newspaper venders. Sleeping people are aroused, sick people are exorcised, immediately concerned people are alarmed, and all at an unnecessary hour of the night when repose is essential. Even those immediately interested could avail nothing from the midnight appraisal, and there is no reason why persons unconcerned could not just as well wait the

arrival of the regular morning edition of the paper for the news. There is nothing gained by this howling in the streets at midnight except the dollars turned into the publishers of the extra sheets. This newsboy shouting is as great an annoyance to the common people who labor all day and need rest at night, as is the Sunday selling to the sanctified saints who sit on cushioned seats of a Sabbath morning and howl Amen!

More noticeably so in towns and small cities, street hucksters hawk their wares through the streets in the early hours of the morning with more discordant sound than the mingled toots of fog horns on the docks of a maritime settlement on a misty day. Who gives one set absolute authority to compel another set to submit to its mastership? It seems to me I have a faint recollection of hearing at some time and somewhere of a man with a name sounding like Lincoln abolishing slavery forever in the United States. I wonder whether I dreamed it.

Occasionally a discordant individual, to spite his adjoining neighbor, has been known to erect a high fence or wall on his own property in such a way as to shut off the outward view of his next door resident. The courts of the land have invariably ordered the removal of the obstruction on the theory that one man shall not commit what is an absolute nuisance to another. If a man desired to get a glimpse of the clergyman delivering a sermon in church, or to see through a car window the street and number he was passing, it was an absolute impossibility when the women's hats of 1912-13 intervened. By the same kind of authority a man obstructs another's outlook with a fence, a milliner in Paris obstructs the view of the whole American nation. A person who carries about him a revolver, or a penknife whose blade ex-

ceeds four inches in length, commits a misdemeanor, and the penalty is fine or imprisonment. But women traverse the streets and travel in public conveyances with projecting hatpin points menacing the eyesight, not to say anything of the minor scratches and cuts, of every one within a reasonable radius of these vicious weapons. The Massachusetts, New Jersey and other legislatures of the United States, and the Berlin government abroad, have made it an offense against the law to wear unguarded hatpins. And yet women want to vote on legislation. When they do, farewell to the Massachusetts and New Jersey ordinances.

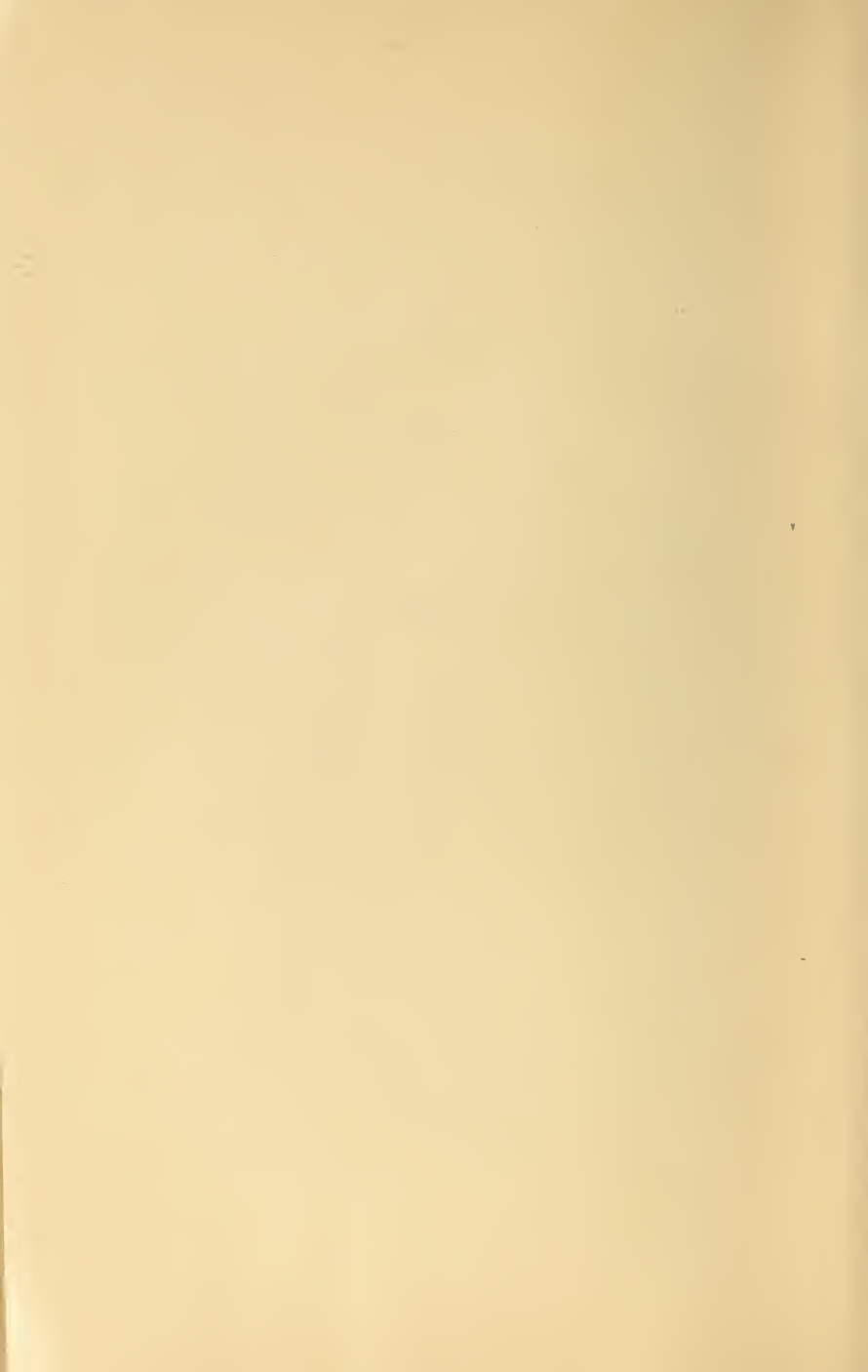








JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



## ADIEU.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

I am lifting my pen just to write ADIEU. Adieu to the army of talented warriors who within the past twelve months have marched this way in the resplendent armour of literary genius; adieu to the tender, gentle associations formed night after night with the working band—the silent writers; adieu to the pleasant scenes and the earnest efforts which have been for the creation of this most remarkably produced volume of any age. Indeed, in this moment of retrospection a quick tear moistens my eye, but the product of the work in its glory and beauty as quickly dries it away.

In the great march of time and things it is adieu all the while. The old horse cars have almost entirely vanished; the buildings that were new in our young days are being torn away; the quaint dress and the dignified geniality of manner of the men and women of the old school of things are missing; the names of illustrious people whose words of wisdom and deeds of worth vitalized our youth-time hopes, and whose presence was an inspiration to our young lives, now are heard in the echoes of the past, or are seen in letters on memorial tablets, or rising in the everlasting achievements of their genius and power.

When a boy I walked the lower Broadway of New York City, the Astor House was a tremendous hotel situated prominently in the suburbs of the town. To-day dwarfed and obscured under the shadow of the

highest building in the world, it nestles at the base of the Woolworth structure like a mushroom under an apple tree. The City Hall, then magnificent and artistic in its loneliness and stateliness, to-day almost lost in the jumble of great pyramids about it, is, in its yellowed age, like a miniature on ivory hung in a gallery of immense pictures.

Adieu to the changes of the outside world, to the loftiness of the spires of Trinity and St. Paul's, to the rustic rambles of Battery Park and the sequestered gardens of Bowery Lane; adieu to past conditions; adieu to the sublime spiritual associations of this sacred room, to the interesting experiments which have evolved this work; adieu to the bright galaxy of spirits whose illustrious names adorn these pages. And adieu for a time to my friend and benefactor, whose earth-time efforts positively made my invention of national value and importance by making it international in its usefulness, the friend who has been with me throughout these sessions, silently sustaining me with the love and interest which have abided in him for this book. I mean the immortal Cyrus W. Field. Adieu! Adieu!

"This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows  
Is remembering happier things."



S. F. B. MORSE.



## COMPENDIUM.

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

The gems of thought from the world of spirits given in this book well merit the embalmment in printer's ink which they have received. No volume compiled in any age of the world equals in uniqueness this one, from the fact that the literary work of it was done absolutely independently by spirits. No mortal hand performed any part of it beyond the mere placing of it in type and in book form. Each article was written by a different spirit, and every detail of it was gone over by the spirits from the minute placing of a comma to full directions for the publication work.

In many ages of the world various literary productions have been the result of spirit inspiration, but in every instance but two the mortal hand has been used as the amanuensis of the inspiration which has quickened the brain. Those two instances are the Ten Commandments written independently for Moses on Mount Sinai, and this present work. The former was merely a tablet of laws, not a book, and hence this is the only one ever so given and published in the history of time. The two great epics, the Iliad and the Odyssey, and the epigrams of Homer, were clearly the result of a high quality of inspiration, but the real spirit authors could present them only through the automaton hand of the earthly writer. The writings that would deliver Servetus from religious thralldom, and the later psychopomnychia by



John Calvin were written by his hand, but the source of the inspiration was far beyond him. The "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyon, the most popular religious writer in the English language, was written by a man's hand, for the spirit who inspired it had not the condition to present it independently. The pen in John Wesley's hand in 1730 founded Methodism, but who shall say the movement was not made by advanced and liberal spirits who could not physically write their ideas? The imagery which filled Hawthorne's brain ran out at his fingers ends through a pen when his mortal hand indited "Twice Told Tales," and the rhythmic measure which filled the mentalities of the poet laureate of England, and the immortal American bards, Bryant and Whittier and Longfellow, and others equally inspired but less widely famous, was of a higher type than the men who expressed these. But our book, this diadem of thought gems, was created absolutely by spirit power independently of mortal organism. I will briefly review the essays contained in this volume.

GREETING, by Frank Leslie, is a happy welcome to the authors whose articles grace these pages. It is happily written, introducing as it does the names of nearly all the contributors.

THE HUMAN SOUL, by Phoebe Cary, is a poem relating to a theory upheld by a large proportion of the people of the world, and one expounded extensively by Swedenborg, that in the beginning of creation, a man and woman were unipersonal; that both the male and female elements must conjoin to be a complete personality; that through some remote cross in nature this condition became dual in its character-formation, and the distinct male and female sexes resulted; that the original creation being so divided, each half became the soul-mate of the other, and we



are going through life but half a perfect being, and in the ultimate of life the two halves belonging together will rejoin and become again unipersonal.

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD'S LAWS, by Joan D'Arc, the intrepid girl general, who has been able to wrestle with both the laws of man and the laws of God, reveals the changeless conditions of nature, and shows us that all the evolutions attained in the ages are not new; that the discovery and invention reaching up from primeval times to the present day reveal or make nothing new. Later day progress is merely an application of latent energies which were always capable of the quickening we see to-day, and that the laws they are applied to are those which have forever existed. It is a verification of the saying: "There is nothing new under the sun."

We are wont to speak of America as the new world, but Virginia Dare reminds us in her article, THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN AMERICA, that all sides of the round globe came into existence at the same time, and that the part America occupies was in existence contemporaneously with those parts occupied by other countries, hence one part of it is not newer than any other part. Virginia holds the optimistic view that things are no worse in one age of the world than in another, for she got along just as well and was quite as happy and contented when the world was devoid of many of the accomplishments and inventions and discoveries as do people now who possess all the later developments. She would teach us the useful lesson that not physical acquirements and possessions, but a contented mind and peaceful thoughts are conducive to our greatest happiness.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT, by Fanny Fern (wife of James Parton, and sister of the illustrious N. P. Willis) tells us that our thoughts are superior to our

surroundings; that the embellishments which man adds to the creation of nature play an insignificant part in the inspiration of the real soul. She tells us that it is not the mighty roar of a Niagara, or the peal of thunder and the flash of lightning, or the majesty of a mountain, or the symmetry and adornment of the meadow and the garden and the grove, that lift the soul in aspiration to God, but that it is the *thought* of these which does it.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HUMAN RACE cannot fail to show those who pass lightly upon the worth of their mothers how unappreciatively they speak or reflect. William E. Channing deserves the kindly thought of every mother in the land for his beautiful tribute to their importance and power.

WHITE LIES, is the euphemistic phrase indulged in by the sweet song writer of Pittsburgh, Stephen Collins Foster. He aims to show that a slight deviation from a statement of facts is occasionally excusable when no harm, and great good is done or happiness augmented.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, inform our readers of several interesting facts concerning General George Washington heretofore unpublished and unknown.

REAL LIFE IN THE DREAMLAND, illustrates the remarkable opinion of Lydia Huntley Sigourney that many times what we regard as dreams is the actual experience of the spirit temporarily out of the body, and that thoughts are more real than apparent actual things, for the objective creations are but fading, perishing copies of the real, the thought.

David Crockett in JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE elucidates the extreme selfishness of man and woman-kind extant all over the world.

Theodosia Burr Alston, the beloved daughter of Aaron Burr of Revolutionary War fame tells in *THE TRAGEDY OF 1813* the true facts of her fate which has been clouded in mystery for a hundred years.

*ETHEREALIZATION*, is the title of Jules Simon's essay. He explains to us that anything visible to the physical eye is material, that the eye does not see anything ethereal. His analysis is worthy of careful reading.

The venerable Pontius Pilate tells of *THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE NAZARENE*. The world to-day believes that Jesus of Nazareth died on the cross in the slow process of crucifixion, but Pontius Pilate states that the heart of Jesus cracked, the walls broke, and death resulted within a few hours, whereas had the crucifixion itself caused his decease he would have probably hung to the cross for several days ere life departed. He died from mental instead of physical suffering. It appears that Jesus was nailed to the cross before it was placed upright in the ground.

Phocion in *DR. THOMAS* introduces to the world an old and famous character under a new appellation. No one in the mortal form to-day knows that Dr. Thomas and "Doubting Thomas" were one and the same person.

*RANDOM THOUGHTS*, portrays a few practical ideas in President A. Lincoln's characteristic manner.

One day Charles Dickens wrote a Christmas story in which a little boy had anything he wished for, but as fast as he had one wish granted the one previously granted fled from him. It was designed to illustrate the fact that we could not possess all the heart desired at one time. That sorely afflicted writer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in her *REGRETS OF GRADUAL PROGRESSION*, shows that we must accept the inevit-

able mandates of progress and be content with the blessings loaned us in each period of life.

Elizabeth Wright Menafee was a young woman of marked organizing abilities. She founded an industrial school in South Carolina, which is prospering still. In her superb article on EDUCATION she illustrates how education to be complete must be gathered gradually. It is the small beginnings which make the great endings of life, both in the physical and the spiritual environments.

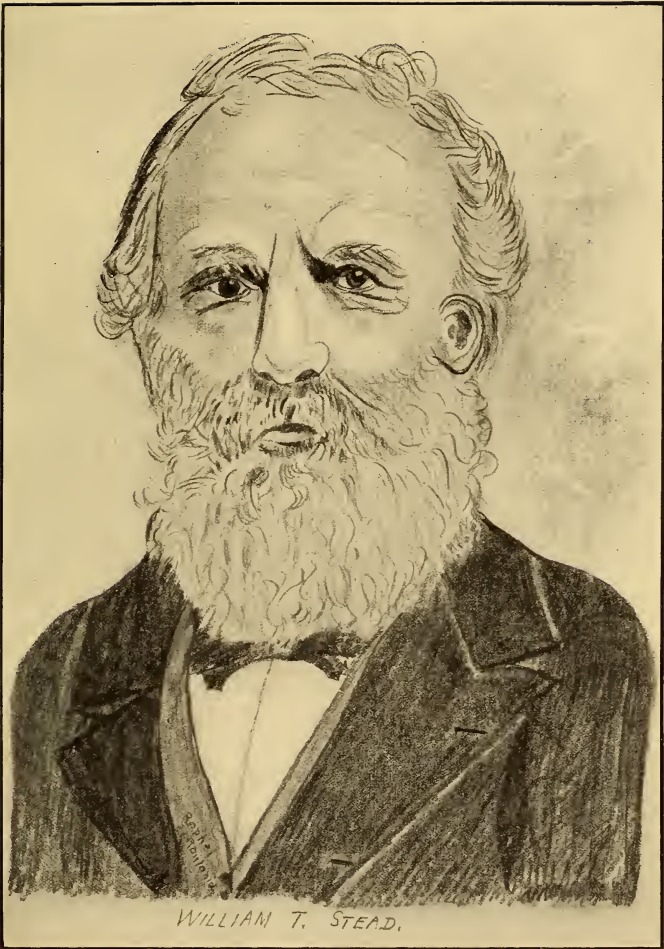
Those who do not learn it from the FALLING WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE, by the great astronomer, Edmund Halley, will not know why the weather and the temperature are not always the same on corresponding dates and seasons of years.

THE POWER OF MIND, by Franz Anton Mesmer, is an interesting article on the power of mind over matter, not only governing bodily movements, but its potency in removing bodily ailments.

The first instance recorded in history of independent spirit writing is that of the writing of the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai. The commandments are the base of all the laws enacted for the good of society in all civilized countries on the globe.

The great political differences which so seriously stirred the French Empire, the Kingdom of Italy and the Roman Hierarchy, were the subject of heated discussions in all sections of the world in the '60s. For the first time since the demise of Napoleon and Garibaldi these two noted commanders express their opinions as maintained in spirit existence. Their views from the spirit side of life are interestingly given in THE FATE OF ITALY AND THE FALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE, and FRANCE AND THE ITALIAN TROUBLES.





WILLIAM T. STEAD.



Herbert Spencer in *THE DREAD OF DEATH* illustrates clearly that every living thing has a consciousness of physical death, and anything conscious of physical death has a spirit. The impulse of the spirit ever is to resist death and to protect and prolong life.

Daoud in *THE LAW OF PARENTAGE* touches distinctly on the remarkable theory of reincarnation, and announces as a fact that each individual has a soul mother and father, who remain such through all the subsequent incarnations and changes of personality, revealing, if anything, the astounding fact that though we may resume mortal life after remote periods of intermission, and appear as different personalities, the soul remains forever the same.

"Let us have peace," was the world-known motto of General U. S. Grant, who though a powerful warrior was such only that inharmony and deadly conflict be crushed out and forgotten. The General was a lover of peacefulness and quietude, and now he does not approve of perpetuating sad memories of the Civil War. He thinks that war statues keep alive the rankling spirit of hatred and revenge, both North and South. He says so in his *ILL EFFECTS OF WAR STATUES*.

Susan B. Anthony holds the thought that present operations of mental processes affect the coming generations through prenatal influence, and that the people of the country must be born into or with the freedom thought of the present few to evolve a general freedom for women, that what people now think will become an integral condition of the generations of the future.

Charles Darwin's master mind sweeps from the dreamy past on to the hazy future and notes that all events always have been, are and always will be recurring; that everything in existence is a repetition

of what was, and in the future shall be a repetition of what has been and now is.

CHURCH AND STATE, by Benjamin Disraeli illustrates that a man in spirit life may change his mortal life views entirely, as he seemed to do.

Theodore Parker says HEAVEN IS WITHIN; that happiness and contentment do not come to us from without; that the source of these is within a man's being, and he may not look without for it.

Omohondro exhibits the fact that we exist in wave periods, that what we have in the way of inventions and discoveries was as possible a hundred or a thousand years previously, but the waves did not touch the thinkers as they happen to touch us now. The man's mind who invents a fire escape from the five-story building may be as great as that of the man who will discover a stairway from earth to the moon.

Ole Bull informs us that a violin has the demolishing capabilities of the earthquake and the tornado, only that it performs its work of this nature in a more insidious way.

Raphael Santi portrays that the hand of the artist can transport us to foreign climes and distant friends as readily as the railroad, the steamboat or the airship.

That exquisite writer, Louisa May Olcott, tells us that in sleep we may live over again the scenes and incidents of years ago. Her essay on SLEEP is a beautiful production.

The most remarkable COMPOSITE PICTURE I have ever looked upon is the one of men's minds, photographed in the article by Martha Jefferson Randolph.

Even the brain of an Edison may well pale before the revelations concerning the multitudinous records every sound in the universe is making on everything about us, portrayed by Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the



New York man of note who discovered the science of psychometry.

REINCARNATION is a much mooted question among all classes of minds. Lucretia Mott, the able Quakeress, is a strong advocate of its claims, and she espouses them ably in her article.

Who knows the origin of the use of the GREAT RED CROSS in connection with the Red Cross Society? Eugenie, Empress of the French, tells it.

IS INSPIRATION INSANITY? Dean Swift states that nearly all inspired persons have been characterized as crazy people.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, that staunch and true co-worker with Susan B. Anthony for Woman Suffrage, shows in her article, THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM, that "one man's meat is another man's poison."

Mary, the mother of Washington, believes that all creatures made by God are equal in His sight. REFLECTIONS IN A CEMETERY pictures her views.

B. P. Shillaber writes Mrs. Partington's VISIT TO WASHINGTON AND ALBANY. It shows his inimitable style of humor. Only Mr. Shillaber could have written this in the vein of humor he gives it in.

The article by Kwo P'oh is a greeting and an assurance in the Chinese writing.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was more than the distinguished Brooklyn preacher; he was a man of the world for the whole world. In his article he points out the impossibility of spirit reaching its natural sphere as long as it is environed by matter, and that death, instead of enslaving us sets us free. Dion Boucicault, the eminent actor, tells us that the stage is the great object teacher of the world, that more good is accomplished by an object lesson than by all the sermons ever preached from the pulpits of the

land. In 1857 an interesting correspondence was carried on in *The New York Times* between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Boucicault relative to the good and evil effects of the church and the theatre, in the course of which Mr. Boucicault remarked that according to police records there was more crime and debauchery committed on Sunday than on any other day of the week, but he would not be uncharitable enough to believe it was owing to the fact that the theatres were closed on that day, and Mr. Beecher's and other churches were open.

Prof. Henry Kiddle was Superintendent of the New York Public Schools. How eminently the great man's mind was beyond anything taught in the schools of which he was the head is shown by his article **NO MATTER—ALL SPIRIT**. His deductions reveal the remarkable fact that there is really no such thing in existence as substance.

Sir Isaac Newton's name will live forever. His wonderful discoveries of the past were not more astounding than the fulfillment will be of the prophecies of the future he makes in his interesting article.

Margaret Fuller D'Ossoli pictures the amazing powers of the mind. In fact, she makes it very plain that everything material is constructed by the mind, that everything is the outcome of and is mind, bearing out on other lines by reasoning Prof. Kiddle's assumption that there is no material in the true sense of the term.

Leon Tolstoy, in his **VISIONS OF THE FUTURE**, tells us that through the evolutionary laws of the universe perfection will be reached.

Georges Sand follows up Leon Tolstoy's thought by making harmony an important, yes, essential factor in the work of advancement.

Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the martyred President, gives us a touching lesson in LOOK FOR THE LIGHT WHERE IT SHOULD BE. When things are dark and the soul is depressed, and the way seems fettered, do not look for relief expecting to find it in these dark conditions or in the conditions which evolved the troubles, but look ahead, upward and onward to the sunrise which these night-time of affairs will herald. You will find relief coming from beyond the trials of the present. And the hope of the future sustains us in the despair of the present.

Daniel Webster, in his powerful article, makes intellectuality blot out the ecclesiastical mistake of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, and see that the realms of hades and happiness are indwelling in the human being. A man or woman need not die out of mortal life to enter heaven or hell. They may be encountered right here in mortal life and mortal experiences.

Lone Star, the Indian Chief, in his pathetic story of the pale-face maiden, exonerates his race from a great crime charged against them.

Phineas T. Barnum, the famous showman, illustrates that it is more blessed to give than to receive and that the grandest way of making self happy is by affording happiness to some other person.

Robert Bonner was the successful publisher of *The New York Ledger*. He contends that nothing is of itself wonderful, that the wonderful things so termed to-day are not thought wonderful to-morrow. What is common-place to us to-day was seemingly wonderful to our forefathers. Everything that is, is natural, not wonderful.

THE MIND'S EYE, by Dinah Maria Craik, is a fine illustration of the mind seeing clearer than the physical eye, and farther.

SOME OF THE FOLLIES AND FRAILTIES OF EDUCATION is a masterpiece of sarcasm aimed at what is evidently a bad system of school-methods in many parts of the country. If Benjamin Franklin were at the head of some of our school-boards, pupils would go forth fitted for the practical affairs of life, and spend less time studying over the tabefaction of Jones' longevity.

The Swami Vivekananda writes a beautiful sentiment touching on the crucifixion and the religious saving of mankind. Few of our readers will be able to translate this writing.

Prof. Samuel P. Langley, prominently connected with the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., takes the heretofore untrodden ground that much of what passes as created by God is merely material already in existence, but molded over into various forms just as the metal-worker will make the same metal into different shapes: The Professor further says that man can build better and more enduringly than God has builded his body.

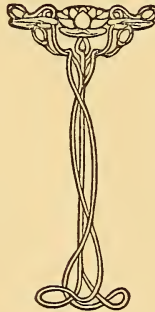
Sarah J. Hale vividly portrays the fact that the spirit and not the body is the real self, that we may grow physically old and not be aware of it through any but the physical senses, that the spirit takes no cognizance of years or of physical wear, and that we are always as young as we feel.

Abu Ishak, the adept, gives a terse analysis of a confusing combination in SOUL, SPIRIT AND BODY.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, bids us ADIEU in a beautiful, kindly, touching and reminiscent manner.

Readers will observe the brevity of all the articles in this book, showing how concisely every subject is treated. No words are wasted, no tedious explanations are entered into. The story is told and the lesson taught and learned in the fewest possible words.

The portraits in this work were drawn independently by the spirit artists, a picture being drawn, as shown by the enclosed cuts, at one sitting.







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