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HIS LAST DREAM.

Where Time Ended and Eternity Began for Thomas Archer.

A Strange and Curious Story.

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Thomas Archer, "The Blind Musician," had been blind from his birth. His parents, who were in humble circumstances, had died in his childhood, leaving him poorly provided against life's inexorable trials and struggles. An only brother, James Archer, had wandered in youth to distant lands, and both boys had changed their abode repeatedly, so that they had finally lost track of each other. But Thomas had found friends when he most needed them, and had become in due course a musician of such note that they secured for him the position of teacher in one of the principal seminaries of a northern city.

But what a life was that lived by the poor blind musician, even when his career had reached its culmination! He had no such luxuries as a third-rate hotel afforded; no compulsion, save his own thoughts and his music; no books, newspapers, magazines, games, outings or other recreations! It was no wonder that his gloom and melancholy became habitual, or that at times he hardly uttered a word for days together. Some of the most influential and ultra-fashionable patrons of the seminary eventually thought they would prefer the principal's brilliant and handsome brother to their blind teacher, and it was not long before the movement they inaugurated to this end had been accomplished.

A few sighs and tears in the solitude of his own cheerless apartment were very natural, given to this serious change in the affairs of Thomas Archer, and then he tried to take heart again. He busied himself with the composition of a "Grand Funeral March," which he intended to play as a requiem for one of his deceased benefactors, but the heirs felt to squabbling over the man's effects, and a division of his handiwork for a month or two, reminded Thomas about that time that he was penniless.

He met the claim by disposing of a watch which had belonged to his father, and went on with his compositions without troubling himself particularly about the future, beyond sending an appeal for help to his brother at the latter's nearest address.

Again his landlord presented his claim, and again he met it as before, selling a bracelet which had been his mother's. The outcome of these expedients can be foreseen. There came a time—only too soon!—when he found himself without resources for meeting his landlord's claims. A few days of grace were allowed him, and then he was requested to move, his creditor permitting him, as an unexampled favor, to take his trunk with him.

He found a new lodging, but was soon forced to move again, and this time he was obliged to leave his trunk behind him. And with this event he entered upon a period of his career so full of miseries and privations that it deserves to be called a martyrdom. A few friends of other days who casually heard of his distress—were too proud to appeal to them—gave him temporary and inadequate aid, but at last he was compelled to take lodgings among beggars and malefactors. His craving misfortune was the robbed of most of his wretched apparel in one of these dens while he slept, and to go forth in a pair of ragged jeans in the month of December!

The poor man who still cherished the chimera of his brother's return, now found it difficult to get food enough to keep soul and body together. He wrote several letters to James and elsewhere, hoping to hear from him, but all in vain, and the hour sped quickly when he realized that he must beg or perish. It cost him a desperate effort to face this alternative, but hunger and cold vanquished his scruples, and he decided to solicit alms by singing in the streets.

In possession of a violin which had been loaned him by a man nearly as bad off as himself, he took his stand at the entrance of a public square. Such music as he produced could not have failed to attract attention anywhere, and he quickly drew around him such a crowd that circulation became impeded. A gruff voice broke in upon the soul-inspiring notes of La Africana, and a rude hand took him by the arm.

"You must move on, my man," ordered the voice, "and don't be caught at it again."

"But I am doing no harm to anyone," protested Thomas.

"Not a word! You are obstructing the sidewalks. No more of it, or I shall have to run you down."

The unfortunate man moved on accordingly, and what resource was now left him? If he sang, he would be arrested. If he refrained from singing, he would starve! Yet twice or thrice he ventured again. His idea was that his long absent brother might have returned and be in the crowd of listeners, thus recognizing him! The few nickels he gained by these two or three last desperate efforts afforded him shelter and something to eat for another day or two, and then—where was it all to end?

A heavy snow-storm set in one wintery afternoon raging fiercely, and the poor blind musician wandered on and on therein for hours, until late in the evening, he dropped into a rude seat offered him by a pile of boards at the corner of a lumber yard. His sightless eyes were turned to heaven, and his whole soul cried piteously for assistance, he was so tired, so cold, so hungry!

Suddenly in the midst of his reflections, so vague and confused, a friendly hand touched his arm.

"You—you are not a policeman?" he

faltered, in subdued terror. "No," was the reply, "I merely chance to be passing. This is no place for you. You should go home!" "Home?" echoed Thomas, with a vague and alien feeling revealed at a glance the full measure of his afflictions and sufferings. "I have no home—no friends—not even a shelter!" "Then let me come to your relief. Permit me."

"The stranger took him by the arms and drew him to his feet, adding in the kindest of tones. "Now lean on me. We'll try to find a carriage. You are not afraid of me?" "Certainly not. Why should I be? Your voice tells me you are good and kind."

"What a night is before us! We must be moving," said the stranger, hurrying the blind man away as rapidly as his trembling limbs permitted. "I want to take you to my house before the storm gets any worse. You must have dry clothes immediately, and something warm to eat and drink."

"Heaven will reward you, sir," returned Thomas. "I thought I was going to die in that lumber yard!"

"Say no more about dying, my friend," enjoined the stranger. "Ah, don't you shudder?"

"A little—against the curb. That is one of the inconveniences of being blind."

"What! you are blind?" cried his rescuer, with an interest as keen as sudden.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been so?"

"From my birth," replied Thomas, trembling as they continued their way through the night and storm. At the end of a brief interval the unknown questioned him in a voice which had grown singularly tender.

"What is your name?"

"Archer, sir—Thomas Archer."

The unknown halted abruptly, an incoherent cry escaping him.

"The youngest son of Hiram and Nancy," he demanded.

"The same, sir."

The blind musician suddenly found himself clasped in an embrace that threatened to smother him.

"My God! what horror and what gladness!" cried his deliverer, in an anguished voice. "I have been cruelly neglectful of you, Thomas, but I am your brother James!"

Clinging to each other in a fond embrace, the brothers sobbed and rejoiced in the midst of the streets a full minute, the snow continuing to descend in great flakes upon them.

Starting at length from his brother's arms, James Archer bent a swift glance around in search of a carriage.

"Ah, there it is, thank heaven!" escaped him. "This way, Thomas."

They hastened to take possession of the vehicle which had arrived so timely.

"And now to see how quickly you can get us home, driver," said James, after giving his address. "Double fare, if you are lively."

The speed with which they were whirled away announced that the driver would earn his money.

"And now to explain, Thomas," resumed James Archer, still holding the hand of his blind brother in a warm clasp. "I left Mexico some time ago, and have acquired a large estate and a handsome fortune, but I have been absent a great deal in Europe and elsewhere, and that is why there has been such a break in our correspondence. I came back four months ago, and discovered that you had dropped out of my old associations, but I have been unable to get the least trace of you. What joy, to have found you so unexpectedly! How fortunate!"

The carriage came to a halt in front of an elegant and brilliantly-lighted dwelling, and a servant advanced briskly to open the door. The blind musician staggered as the cold gusts of the storm struck him again, but in a moment he had been ushered into a handsomely furnished parlor, where his feet sank into a thick velvet carpet and a warm air began reaching his lungs and dissipating the deadly chill which had assailed him during his long and weary wanderings.

In the course of a few minutes the whole situation had changed for the poor blind musician. He had not only enjoyed a refreshing bath, but he had been clothed from head to foot in the finest of garments. A sumptuous repast, beginning with a warm and fragrant soup, was duly served to him, his brother and a housemaid vying with each other in anticipating his slightest wants and wishes.

"Oh! what joy!" he at length ejaculated.

"Then you find everything about it as it should be, do you, my dear brother?" returned James Archer, embracing him.

"Oh! so nice!"

"You are in every way comfortable?"

"Never so happy before!"

"Is that fine to your taste?"

"Delicious!"

"And how is that roast beef?"

"I never tasted finer!"

"Is there anything else you would like to have?"

"Not the least thing, thank you."

The supper ended, the elder brother conducted Thomas to a luxurious armchair in front of the fire, placing under his feet a soft cushion.

"At eleven o'clock, sir," was the answer.

"Good! Let me take you back to the parlor."

Seated before a magnificent instrument, the blind musician ran his fingers over the keys in wondering ecstasy. "And now strike up, brother," returned James, in joyous accents. "I want to see if your hands have lost their cunning!"

Thomas complied playing a lively martial air which rose grandly louder and louder, filling the whole house. "Capital! You are the same great musician as of yore, I see," cried James, at the first pause. "Again, and faster!"

The blind man resumed playing, and continued with ever-increasing brilliancy, his face glowing with rapture. "I foresee what would be the sequel of our little surprise, brother," remarked James, his gaze turning to the front hall, when the player stopped again. "My wife and children have returned from sister's, and here they come on tip-toe, as full of wonder as delight! Come in Carrie! Come in, all of you!"

A rush of footsteps over the yielding carpet succeeded, and a group of radiant and inquiring faces surrounded the musician.

"I see you all realize who this dear old man is," declared James Archer, turning to his wife and children. "Yes, he is that blind brother of mine of whom we have so often spoken! The name I have so long sought! and who has at last come to us, nevermore to leave us!"

The words were not yet finished when the arms of the sister-in-law enclosed Thomas, and a hearty kiss was pressed to his forehead. And then came the fond caresses and greetings of Joseph and Thomas, all the brightest and best of children, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen years.

"How good to have you with us, uncle Thomas—after all the trouble and worry we've had to find you!" exclaimed Effie, as great tears of joy and sympathy dimmed her beautiful eyes. "You shall never, never leave us, uncle," declared Joseph, the eldest boy.

"And you shall sleep with me tonight, Uncle Thomas, and every night," promised his young namesake, again caressing him.

"And you are all right again dear Effie—all cosy and warm?" inquired Effie, when her father had briefly set forth the circumstances under which he had found his brother.

"Yes, dear—all right," replied Thomas, with a sigh of exquisite gladness. "I was never so comfortable—never so happy! Those pains in my head are all gone—that cold and hunger—that terrible fatigue! The only thing I need now is sleep, my eyes are so heavy! They close in spite of me!"

"Then sleep, dear uncle," returned Effie, with another caress. "You see what a nice lounge we have here—papa's favorite resting place! Joseph and I will assist you to it."

One on each side of him, the two eldest children sustained his steps across the floor to the lounge in question, placing him gently upon it and covering him with a soft and fleecy rug. "And now sleep, dear uncle," whispered Joseph, caressing his hair and cheeks. "We will all watch over you!"

The blind musician slept accordingly—and awoke in heaven! His last glad dream of earth and earthly things having ended at the very gates of the Better Land!

They found him there at daybreak, two passing policemen, at the corner of the lumberyard in which he had sunk down chilled and exhausted. He was so completely enveloped in the snow which had fallen during the night that they could not see him. The physician of their station reported subsequently that it was a simple case of freezing, favored by inanition.

"Look at his face, Mike!" said one of the policemen to the other as they were removing the rigid body to the patrol wagon waiting to take it to the morgue. "Yes, Sam—I noticed it," was the reply. "Poor fellow! he seems to be smiling!"

(THE END.)

THE NEXT WORLD INTERVIEWED

Will C. Hodge, who is now filling his third engagement at Rochester, Ind., writes:

"I have been greatly pleased in the perusal of your new book, 'The Next World Interviewed.' It presents in concise form the opinion and experiences of intelligences whose opinions are worth considering, and contains in small space a vast amount of information that thousands are seeking. It is a marvel how you can furnish such a book at so small a price; it should be in the possession of every Spiritualist and every investigator."

"The Progressive Thinker, always good, is now better than ever, and I feel like congratulating every one of your numerous readers that such a paper can be had before them at a cost of two cents per week. How any professed Spiritualist can afford not to take it, passes my comprehension."

"What a royal Christmas present a subscription for 'The Progressive Thinker' for a year, with 'The Next World Interviewed' would make."

Philip of Macedonia was a drunkard, and transmitted this peculiarity to his son.

Rudolph II. of Germany had but one arm, the left having been cut off in a battle.

John of England had the reputation of being the handsomest man of his age.

It is a great sin to swear upon a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.—Shakespeare.

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for a good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.—Froude.

Those edges soonest turn that are most keen; a sober moderation stands sure, no violent extremes endure.—Aleyan.

In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart. And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.—Bulwer.

DOUBLE PERSONALITY.

Three Months an Entirely New Man.

A Wonderful Narrative of Changing Mentality.

I.

Stranger and more wonderful than all fiction is the story of Thomas E. O'Shea. Healthy, wealthy, popular, genial and strong mentally and physically there are yet three months of his manhood that have absolutely dropped from his mind. He cannot remember an act committed or a word spoken during this time. He cannot recall a day or a night or a gleam of sunlight or a song.

And yet during these three months Mr. O'Shea learned many accomplishments that were again forgotten when his mind resumed its normal stage, says the New York Herald. We read of such cases in fiction and regard them as extremely improbable; we hear of them in medical annals and deem them overdrawn.

Thomas E. O'Shea is a real estate dealer at No. 1 Park row, New York City, and his father is the well known publisher of Catholic books in Barclay street. Since his recovery Mr. O'Shea has married and now has a beautiful home in Ninety-second street.

This story of his strange mishap is related by a friend of Mr. O'Shea, and is given in the letter in all particulars. Mr. O'Shea is now 27 years of age. Before his marriage he lived with his parents in Ninety-second street, and was known among his intimates as a jolly, companionable young man. Being engaged to an estimable young woman, he kept regular hours, and was altogether an exemplary man, when this most unexpected experience occurred.

II.

One night in the early spring of 1893, as Mr. O'Shea was retiring, he noticed an odor of gas in his room. He spoke of it on the following morning, but had apparently forgotten it when he went to bed on the succeeding night.

On the next morning Mr. O'Shea did not appear at the breakfast table. A servant was sent to his room to arouse him. A few moments afterward the family was startled by the servant's screams. Getting to a lower level, the servant had opened the door and had found Mr. O'Shea lying senseless on the bed. The room was full of gas.

Physicians were summoned as quickly as possible, and for hours they labored to restore the unconscious young man to life. They rolled him, massaged him and applied every known remedy for such cases. They had almost given up hope when the patient began to gasp slowly and convulsively. The efforts of the physicians were redoubled, and by evening they announced that Mr. O'Shea was alive.

The gas pipe passing through the wall of his room had become honeycombed with rust, which had finally eaten through the metal and allowed the gas to escape. On the morning following the accident the parents of Mr. O'Shea were horrified to find that he could not remember his name or any event of his past life. It was as though he were born anew.

III.

His surroundings were strange to him. He knew neither friends nor relatives. The fact that he could remember nothing did not seem to annoy him. He was a man without a past. Neither did he seem to regard a past as the least necessary. Being of his constitution he could not marvel, but accepted the statements of his parents calmly as the truth.

They told him that he was their son, and he believed them. They told him that his name was Thomas E. O'Shea, and he accepted it without a murmur, simply because no other name was in his mind. He could not remember his sweetheart, when she was brought before him, but he showed his good taste by promptly falling in love with her again.

As time passed he could remember the yesterday's back to the day of his recovery, but beyond this was an abyss of darkness into which his mind vainly peered. Obviously he knew perfectly by name, but of events connected with them he knew nothing.

"What is this?" his fiancée would ask, holding up a flower. "That? Why that's a rose," he would reply. "Well, do you remember bringing me a beautiful bouquet of roses the last time you called?"

"No, I confess that I do not remember ever giving you a flower in my life." Then would come the vain struggle to pierce the blank darkness with his memory. He would knit his brows and think as hard as ever he could, but there was always the jumping off-place beyond which his tortured mind could not pass. His parents tried for days to coach him back to his old mental condition, but in vain.

IV.

Finally, Mr. O'Shea was sent to a private sanitarium. His disposition seemed to have changed with the loss of his memory. He acquired a decided taste for sports. Previous to his misfortune he had been a serious young man. At the sanitarium he acquired a fondness for whist, which he learned readily. In fact, his mind seemed to be quicker and more apt than anything that he had formerly. He also learned wood carving merely for pastime, and became extremely proficient at it.

Another accomplishment which he acquired was that of billiard playing. During the time he was at the sanitarium he became so skillful that he was recognized as the champion player of the institution. His health gradually improved until he was almost as strong as before his loss of memory.

He remained in the sanitarium for six weeks, yet, notwithstanding his good improvement, his mind was as blank as on the day following his semi-apoplexy.

tion. He was visited regularly by his parents and fiancée, and he began to regard them with the affection of former years. Yet he was careless and thoughtless in his methods and manner of life, and on the whole did not seem to care whether school kept or not. All he cared for was to have a few hours of companionship, with whom he could play billiards or whist. Upon his return home from the sanitarium the change in Mr. O'Shea's disposition became more apparent than ever. Whenever anybody came up and announced himself as a friend he was heartily welcomed by the young man. The conversations that sometimes took place at these meetings were amusing, and even Mr. O'Shea seemed to enjoy them. They were something on the following order:

"Hello, O'Shea; glad to see you. If you've got nothing better to do, come and play a game of billiards."

"I've got nothing better to do, but I'll be lugged if I know you."

"Oh, that's so; I forgot. Well, I'm one of your old chums. By the way, I met Shepard this afternoon. He sent his regards to you. Didn't we have a fine time at the dance given by the Moreys?"

Then Mr. O'Shea would scratch his head for a moment before falling back on his old resort:

"Well, I don't remember you, and I don't know Shepard, and I never heard of the Moreys, but I'll go and play billiards all the same."

V.

When Mr. O'Shea's father would try and induce him to resume his old business in the real estate office, the young man would refuse upon the plea that he knew nothing about the business. Besides, the business was distasteful to him. In the language of one of his friends: "Tom was feeling too good. He was too strong to work."

So the elder O'Shea gave it up and let the young man have his own way. The physicians who had attended him during his misfortune had said that at some future time memory might return as suddenly as it had vanished. It might come slowly or it might come with a shock.

As for Mr. O'Shea, he did not seem to worry much about it. The thing that worried him most was the presentation of bills which he had contracted for flowers and carriages in former times. One or two of these he paid. Finally, however, his father interfered. To everybody who came with a bill he would say: "Just hold that for a while. Tom will be all right shortly and we'll fix it up."

VI.

The confidence that Mr. O'Shea, the father, had evinced in the ultimate recovery of his son was well founded. At the same time he had never ceased in his efforts to jog the young man's memory. Mr. O'Shea probably heard more of his past life than he would have remembered unaided, even if in his normal condition. All these efforts of his ultimate recovery is related as follows:

One evening, about three months after his misfortune, Mr. O'Shea came home, after a billiard battle with his cronies, complaining of a headache.

"Maybe it's your memory trying to re-appear," said his father.

"No such luck," replied the young man, as he walked off to his room.

VII.

The next morning he came down to breakfast, as usual, and began to read the morning paper. The family did not notice anything strange in his demeanor. As he rose from the table he looked at his watch and said:

"It's later than I thought. I'll have to rush to get to the office on time."

"Get where?" asked his father.

"To the office," was the reply.

"What are you going to the office for?"

"Why, for business, of course. I can't very well run myself. I'm not feeling any too well, either."

A great host sprang up in the father's heart. "Say, Tom," he said, "do you remember that real estate deal you made on the Madison avenue property, six months ago?"

"Yes," was the reply, "that was a lucky thing. I got out of it with a good profit. I wish I had more like it." Then, to the young man's surprise, his father grabbed him and walked around the room with him like a maniac. He called the rest of the family, and there was more waiting and kissing and a general hubbub of gratitude.

When it was all over the dazed and breathless young man sat down in a stupor and looked at his delirious relatives as though they were maniacs. "And now," said he, when he finally got his breath again, "may I feel inquired whence this overweening joyousness?"

"Why, don't you know? What? Why, Tom, you've been ill for months and have just got over it."

"Oh, I have, have I? Well, now, if this was Bloomingdale I would see some excuse in your conduct. Do I look like a sick man? Poo! I guess not!"

Then the elder Mr. O'Shea was stricken on with a sudden inspiration. "Say, Tom," said he, "how was the weather when you came in last night?"

"It was snowing hard. By the way—where is my overcoat?"

"You will not need an overcoat to-day. Come here."

He led the young man to the rear window. It was summer and the trees were in full leaf. "That does not look like snow, does it?"

O'Shea passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled way, and said:

"I can't understand it at all. Where have I been?"

ory. The wonder of it all did not cease with its restoration. The three months that had elapsed since the misfortune occurred were a blank in Mr. O'Shea's mind. Where formerly he was unable to remember beyond the time of his recovery from the accident, it was now impossible for him to remember anything connected with the succeeding three months.

Then the old ordeal of "Don't you remember this, that or the other?" was begun all over again, and Mr. O'Shea was continually and vainly endeavoring to drive his mind through those three months of darkness. He had bought flowers during this time for his fiancée and remembered it not. He had paid court to her during this interval and knew nothing of it.

Who had he been while in this condition? Thomas O'Shea? Here is a morsel for the believers in metempsychosis. Perhaps another soul had crowded into his body, while his own hovered near, not knowing whether to return or fly off into space. No wonder this new soul could not remember the past. And then, who knows but that his own soul, seeing its old tenement walking the earth, came back and, ousting the unlawful occupant, resumed his old abode?

At any rate, Mr. O'Shea worried more over those missing three months than over his entire past, during the time of his aberration. He had recognized a charming young woman as his fiancée during his illness, simply because he had been told that such was the case. He did not remember this recognition, but, of course, he was glad of it.

IX.

When Mr. O'Shea went to his room on the morning of his recovery he was surprised to see a number of pretty wood carvings about the room.

"What are these arrangements?" he inquired of the servant.

"Why, you carved them yourself," she replied; then she showed him the tools with which he had done the work. There was another thing that required proof. He would not be convinced until the servant's statement had been confirmed by members of the family. Then he sat down and tried to do some carving. He failed utterly. A novice might have done as well. He was chagrined. Wood carving is a clever thing, and he had forgotten it.

The afternoon of his recovery, in walking along Columbus avenue, he met a friend.

"Hello, Tom," said the latter; "come and let's play some billiards."

"I'd like to oblige you, old chap, but I never play billiards," O'Shea replied.

"Never play billiards? Why, only last week you gave me a discount and a beating. If you can't play I'd like to see somebody that can. Come along."

Then it dawned upon the young man that here was another accomplishment acquired during his period of aberration. He wondered if he had forgotten it. The two friends went to a billiard parlor.

"Well, what shall it be—a discount?" asked Mr. O'Shea's friend.

"Oh, anything you like," was the reply. "But I tell you I can't play."

Neither could he. His efforts were those of a man who had never handled a cue. They were laughable in their awkwardness. Then Mr. O'Shea told of his experience in the wood carving line, and the game was declared off. Here was another fine accomplishment gone wrong. For a while after this Mr. O'Shea almost suspected to hear somebody accuse him of knowing how to speak Sanskrit or Volapuk.

Of course he did not know how to play whist. His failure in this direction followed naturally in the wake of his wood carving retrogressions. In fact, he began life again just where he had left off almost three months before. All his taste for conviviality and frivolity had vanished. In short, he was once more a steady and exemplary young man, keeping regular hours and without any bad habits to speak of.

X.

A few months after his recovery Mr. O'Shea married. Since then he has attended steadily to his real estate business and has shown no signs whatever of an impaired memory, except in the matter of the three months that have dropped out of his life.

But did they drop out of his life? That is a question for psychologists to answer. If they dropped out of his life, who was the other fellow? Who was the man with the three months' life that knew nothing of the twenty-four preceding years? He was made to believe that he was Thomas E. O'Shea. He was told that a charming young woman was his fiancée. He learned to play billiards and whist and to carve wood in intricate patterns.

Then, when the real Thomas O'Shea sprang to life in the same mind, and began business at the old stand, under what corpuscle or convulsion of the brain did the other spirit hide? If Mr. O'Shea were again afflicted with aberration would he resume the life he led during his former aberration? Would he know how to play billiards and whist, and would he again understand how to carve wood in intricate patterns?

Who knows but that a certain link or twist in an infinitesimal protoplasm of the brain may make a great poet or statesman, and that our identity is arranged according to the manner in which the mind atoms shape themselves.

Be this as it may,

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Is Philosophically Passed Under Review.

The Question Is: Spiritualism vs. Christianity.

The students of Spiritualism may be very religious, but they are not Spiritualists. A Spiritualist cannot be a religious man, for he has facts upon which to base his calculations, and hence his knowledge.

The phenomena of Spiritualism is the effect, and not the cause of the existence of an immortal spirit.

Spiritualism comprehends the natural laws which govern our earthly, as well as our spiritual bodies. To simply believe, or to have a knowledge of the existence of immortal spirits does not constitute a Spiritualist. The Chinese, Hindus, and American Indians have had such a knowledge for thousands of years; and the Christians (now called Christians) have believed they might have a spirit, for nearly nineteen centuries.

Spiritualism is founded upon facts, and is not therefore a belief or a theory. To admit that a Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, or any other believer in Christianity can be a Spiritualist is a direct contradiction of the fundamental principles which underlie the foundation of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is a science, for the laws which cause men to have immortal spirits, as well as life, must be as scientific as the laws which cause mathematics.

The mathematicians are not divided into denominations like the Christians, each with a conflicting mathematical creed; but all professors of mathematics accept the laws of arithmetic and teach them alike, the world over.

Spiritualism is not religion, for all religions are opposed to science and natural morality; and are, without exception, founded upon theories.

The Christian religion must ever remain a faith without reason, and a theory without fact or foundation.

Christianity has made truth sacrilegious and falsehood sacred. Christianity is opposed to reason, and forbids liberty of conscience and investigation. Spiritualism fosters reason, teaches freedom of thought and invites all men to investigate and learn for themselves its truths.

The Spiritualists do not claim to know all things relative to the immortality of the spirit, but they do claim to know the difference between the difference between that which is a contradiction in itself, and that which is not.

The Christian religion is founded upon a supposed God; and its Bible is supposed to be the exact word of its God. If one-half of the Christians Bible be true, the other half cannot be true; for one-half contradicts the other half. It is impossible to believe the Christian Bible, if men are to use their intellect and reason.

The immortality of the spirit is known to the scientist of Spiritualism like all other sciences are known; and that is, through the use of the intellect. The scientist will continue to search for the facts which are bound to underlie a discovered phenomenon.

Spiritualism includes the fact, that the spirit of man will always find something more to learn; and comprehends the inexhaustible nature of the sources of knowledge. It cannot be complete for its students, through a continuous effort to discard the false or unreal, and to acquire a knowledge of the true. The Christian Bible teaches that it is the beginning and ending of all that may be known or understood; and yet its followers do not know one thing regarding that which they believe in, and teach others to believe they know and comprehend.

The Christian teachers answer all questions regarding their Bible with one answer, and that one answer is: "All things relative to the Holy Word of God are mysteries." To illustrate the Christian's mode of teaching, I will here insert two of the many questions, all of which are answered by the universal Christian answer—mystery:

1. Why were men inspired to write Scripture centuries before Jesus was born, and are not inspired to write Scripture to-day?

2. Did God create himself?

3. Is God something, if so, is He not matter?

4. If God is material, and is an intellectual being, did He create matter and intellect?

5. If the material of man's body and his intellect always existed in God, did God create man?

6. Has matter and material are parts of God, did God make these parts of Himself?

7. If the material composing God always existed, did not the endless suns and planets always exist?

8. Is God the universe of matter, or a part of the universe of matter?

9. Has space and time a beginning and material and its conditions a creator?

10. Has the universe a top, a bottom, or sides, and has it a center?

I have only space for a few remarks upon the above questions, but every student of Spiritualism should answer the above questions intelligently; for the answers to these questions form the basis of Spiritualism.

INSPIRATION.

An idiot cannot be inspired, because idiots are unintelligent; and there is no power that can inspire the mind that is void of intellect. Inspiration, like knowledge, must be received through the intellect, and all intelligent beings are therefore inspired. The value and usefulness of inspiration may ever depend upon the moral character, disposition and intellect of the individual who may be inspired; and not upon the source of that which inspires. No sane man can reason for a moment that the men who wrote the Old Testament were inspired by a God, any more so than the godvils of to-day; and regarding the character of the heroes of the Old Testament, the moral character and intellect of the writers of fiction to-day are superior to those who were supposed to have written Scripture, for they can at least imagine what a godly man should be.

CHRISTIAN MYSTERIES.

The ministers of religion from the time of the first Bible to the present Christian Bible have taught that the immortality of the spirit was a mystery. The whole fabrication of mysteries has been invented by the priesthood for two purposes: First, to please crowned heads who gained power through them; and second, to become the rulers of men themselves.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD.

The Christian's Almighty God is believed by them to be an omniscient being, who always existed along with chaos until the creation of man and order, some six thousand years ago; which was the beginning of all things excepting God and matter. But every man who dares to reason knows, if a God and matter ever existed, eternity will not admit of a beginning. They

believe, their Christ God is part woman and part God, and that their Almighty God betrayed a virgin. If there was a personal identity or intelligent being who created the universe, no doctrine of infancy could be more blasphemous than the Christian's doctrine of the immaculate conception. But mystery is their fount of knowledge and faith the cup from which they drink of its mysterious falsehoods.

THE RULES OF THE UNIVERSE.

The rules of the universe are the always-existing forces or conditions, which govern all things animate and inanimate. The principal forces are attraction of gravity, life and intellect.

The attraction of gravity rules the planets and suns; life rules the unconscious bodies, or trees and plants, and intellectual rules men. The forces which govern the universe of worlds cause men to have intellect, but those forces are unchangeable, and they cannot feel, think or comprehend. Outside of the fleshly and consequently the spiritual body of a conscious being there cannot be a feeling being called God. Man is his own God—upon his intellect depends all he may know, comprehend and feel.

The unconscious forces of the universe, which control the intellect or reason, are the first part of a living being. Intelligence never made or caused one thing to exist, but simply comprehends the things which have always existed. The always-existing and uncreated forces, unlike the forces arranged by man, are perpetual forces, which need no mighty power, but they need to do their work in order and harmony.

ALWAYS-EXISTING NATURE.

Man is part of the universal universe, and everything in the universe points to the fact, that all things of the universe always existed and that their conditions existed with them. Every sun and planet has an unchanging condition, and the spirit who is the real man is also an unchanging condition, which like the always-existing suns will continue to exist throughout eternity. If man can depend upon his intellect to know anything at all he surely knows that the endless universe, with its unchanging conditions, always existed. The Christian teachers have ignored and suppressed this fact, from the beginning of time, but they cannot ignore it now. But truth will ever be mightier than falsehood, and will triumph over superstition, as man journeys on and learns more of facts and less of theories. I will now return to my subject.

CHRISTIANITY VS. SPIRITUALITY.

The Christian doctrines in reality teach that man has no spirit or life hereafter. They tell us that a God first created the human body, and then put into it life and intellect. If this was true, when man's body became lifeless again through death, the result would be, that there would not be any more of man existing after he died, than there was of him when his first lifeless body was made—or no man at all.

Life after death would return to the source from whence they came, and the body would return to the elements of which it was composed.

Spiritualism has proven that everything has an identity, and that all conscious beings have an eternal existence or consciousness.

The Christians have ignored all living beings except man, and they have pronounced upon animals the materialist's dictum that when they die there is no more of them. The Christian believes that animals, like their own earth, one sun, one moon and stars, were all made especially for the benefit of the animal called Christian. When a man admits that animals have no immortal existence, he declares he has no himself. The only apparent difference between man and beast is, that man can comprehend more to reason upon; but when men are made more to reason, they must be made lower than a beast.

If lack of comprehension, and hence reason, would doom animals to an eternity of nothingness, then all babes and the majority of large children, together with all idiots, would be forced out of existence. Christianity has never admitted one thing, but it has demonstrated one fact to prove that man has an immortal spirit. The cause is apparent, for the Christian Bible teaches materialism pure and simple, and forbids reason and investigation.

Spiritualism does not depend upon the Scriptures for its knowledge of a continued existence. The uncreated heavens filled with the uncreated worlds is its chart and the condition of the endless universe is its book of eternal laws. Spiritualism deals in facts, and investigates phenomena. The so-called phenomena of the spirit world, however, may be false, according to the individual or medium who may witness or cause others to witness a phenomenon. But the facts which point to the proof that we will continue to live throughout eternity cannot be falsified or contradicted by the so-called phenomena of the spirit world. Science has proven that all things, animate and inanimate, have entities which cannot be destroyed. The tree that has lived and died can never become some other tree no matter how it may be changed in form or composition. It is bound to remain the kind the tiny kernel sowed.

The tree is forced to realize as much when changed in death as it did in life. I must continue to be an entity and a form to those who may comprehend and observe its existence. Man no less than a tree must also realize as much when changed in death as it did in life, and be forced to exist in a conscious state to maintain his entity. The spirit of man is composed of many conditions and is therefore itself a condition. Condition cannot exist without matter to act upon and therefore the elements which formed our earthly body are also furnished with a spiritual body.

All things are eternal, and that which is the germ of identity in the tree, as well as in man, belongs not to the progenitors of either, but to the always-existing conditions of matter. Men are born, and made, but their conscious and intelligent condition was neither born nor made.

The Christian Bible teaches that man was made by a God. This absurdity alone is sufficient evidence that anyone who believes in, or accepts the principles of the Christian Bible cannot be a Spiritualist. The Christian Bible destroys all reasons for an eternal conscious existence for man. The conscious existence of man, to be eternal must be as old as eternity.

If the absurdity of Christianity was all we had to contend with, we might cease our adverse criticism of its name and its doctrines, but such is not the case. Christianity teaches men to hate each other. It separates nations, races, friends and families. Its history is replete with its crimes and ferocious and inhuman deeds. It causes wars, desolation, sorrow and death wherever it goes; and to-day it continues to oppress, degrade and enslave its followers. It seeks to ostracize from society, business, and political office, all who openly oppose it, and openly derides and questions the right of franchise of the Indian, and the colored man, and the Spiritualist. No hate can exceed that which one

sect of Christians bears for another, as is exemplified in the hatred Catholic and Protestant Christians bear to each other. A faith without reason must ever be a source of evil and a curse to mankind.

Christianity has thrived and spread through persecution, oppression, torture and murder. It has caused millions of men and women to be tortured, then drawn and quartered, flayed, hanged and burned, that the name of its Christ might be glorified, remembered and retained.

No society, at this time, is better acquainted with the persecutions inflicted by Christians, than the society of Spiritualists. And yet, in the face of these facts (which should cause the Spiritualist to shudder with horror at the very name—Christian), some of the societies of Spiritualists have prefixed the name Christian to the names of their temples.

Can it be possible that men and women so soon forget the wrongs and sufferings of others?

Truth and humanity demand of the Spiritualists that they should condemn the monster that has soaked every Christian church in the blood of martyrs.

Why permit the name Christian to be associated with the truth of Spiritualism? Why should we cling to the name of a religion that teaches that four-fifths of mankind have been going to hell for nineteen centuries, and has cursed the other fifth itself? The Indian has long ago established beyond a doubt, the falsity of the Christian doctrine, and it now remains for the Spiritualists to spread the truth, and teach the science of eternal life.

Every scientist is forced to be an atheist or infidel; and no Spiritualist will dare to decide that portion of mankind who think and reason for themselves. If the Spiritualist believes, he does not realize that spirit-life is eternal, it is not the pleasure or in the power of the Spiritualist to curse the ignorant or to damn the heretic; for beneath the science of Spiritualism lies the fact that each being is complete and sufficient unto himself. The Christian doctrine, in the future sense of the term, because truth can never harmonize with lies, and reason with a faith without a fact to substantiate it.

Every man and woman who desires to work for the good of humanity should brand the Christian religion as a fraud and libel on the sanity of mankind.

Spiritualism, unlike Christianity, does not have to be boxed up like the priest and Bible to be sent to India, China, Turkey, or any other place; for a spirit belongs to every living creature, and Spiritualism is the common property of all, whether they be aware of it or not. Christianity is like a tree, its trunk is the Pope, its branches his hierarchy, its roots the many Christian sects; and many of the so-called Spiritualists are its roots, which suck the vitality from the tree of life, and sustain the larger roots which cause the tree to grow. To destroy this tree, we must begin to dig at the tiny roots which feed and sustain the trunk.

The civilized condition of a nation will always depend upon the education and scientific attainments of its people, and not upon the number of its priests. Art and music subdue the will, but never convince the mind. Science convinces the mind, and invention has brought men into a closer communion of minds and caused a greater union and fellowship among mankind. Christianity has always opposed science and invention, and has always been a hindrance to the progress of the human race. To the civilized condition of a nation will always depend upon the education and scientific attainments of its people, and not upon the number of its priests.

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A SPIRIT

