



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

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TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES

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One morning in June, before the rainy season of the tropics had set in and the sun had reached a point where its heat was uncomfortable, a native girl sat, half reclining on a pile of bamboo poles that had been drawn up on the smooth beach of Manila Bay near Cavite, the naval station of the Philippine Islands. Eight miles across the bay the dim, hazy outline of Manila, the capital city of the archipelago, could be seen when there was no fog. There was little or no breeze, the air was sultry and the water lapped the smooth sand in tiny waves. The girl was a fair specimen of the native of to-day in whose blood there runs a strain of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon. Her hair was dark, glossy brown and producing more symmetrical curves and outlines than are seen in the forms of the pure-blooded descendants of the aborigines. She was decidedly pretty, as she posed upon the bamboo, her long, jet-black hair carelessly draped over her right arm, completely covering the hand which was spread out gracefully to support the arm and bust. In the contour of her features there was a suggestion of her English maternal grandfather; her face was a delicate oval, her cheeks well rounded and tinged with a healthy glow, and her dark eyes were full of life and expression. Her feet and lower limbs bare to the knees, were well-shaped and the former might have been perfect had their owner worn shoes during the seventeen years of her life, instead of the hard, wooden chinelas and sucocs which she wore when not barefoot. Her arms and hands were faultless in shape and looked as if they might have been molded by a sculptor. Her only clothing was a short, brightly-colored calico skirt and a low-necked muslin camiseta.

She was almost as wild and free as the sea-gulls that careened gracefully over the bay and, apparently, had no more care; nor was she less pure and innocent in thought than they. Reared from infancy among people to whom the highest form of civilization and commerce gave no suggestion of sensuality, her mind had developed an interest in nature and her religion, rather than curious thoughts of the sexual relations.

The birds and fishes, plants and fruits were her companions and, as she could not read, they were her worldly teachers. For spiritual instruction she went to the church and the parish priest, for like all her relatives, she was a devout Roman Catholic and a regular attendant at mass. Her remote Malay-Talagoc ancestors had followed a system of religion which possessed characteristics of the Islamic and Buddhist, but this had been abolished when the Spaniards took possession of the islands and the Catholic missionaries began an active energetic propaganda there.

Naturally religious, the natives were attracted by the impressive ceremonial and gaudy picture and images of the church and were awed, too, by the manifestations of superior learning and intelligence on the part of their priestly teachers. Thus, in a comparatively short time the Spanish church acquired complete control of the minds of this simple people and swept away the last vestige of their equally simple religious worship.

The girl's father was a fisherman who passed the night in his boat out on the bay, returning to the beach about sunrise to dispose of his catch to the market-women. His hours of sleep, therefore, were when the sun was high and his wife was attending to her little lunchstand near the market. Then the little girl was left alone to her own devices. She did not reply but continued to gaze at the sand while she nervously pulled at her finger.

He apparently interpreted this as an affirmative reply, and sat down within two or three feet of her. For a time both were silent; she too much embarrassed to speak and he, evidently, giving her what he considered ample time for which to protest against his presumption. Then, to her surprise, he began to talk to her in a friendly way, as if he were a friend and not a stranger.

He was a fisherman, and she was a fisherman's daughter. He was a fisherman, and she was a fisherman's daughter. He was a fisherman, and she was a fisherman's daughter. He was a fisherman, and she was a fisherman's daughter.

It was the golden time of her life and all was freedom and sunshine. And yet she felt into a reverie that was not all unalloyed peace of mind and listless ease, for she began to speculate and make a kind of effort to analyze the conditions by which she was surrounded. Among other things it seemed to her strange and incongruous that the beautiful country which God had given to her paternal ancestors should have been boldly taken complete possession of and ruled with an iron hand by white men whose own land was said to be hundreds of miles away beyond the China Sea. Why did they not return to their own homes and leave her and her people to enjoy their just and rightful inheritance; to fish, hunt, dress and amuse themselves as did the Tagalos of the olden times? There was plenty of food placed by God in the earth, the rivers and the sea, and the fish and the fowl furnished ample material for their sustenance and all the clothing they required in that hot climate. Then, too, there was plenty of clay from which their dishes and cooking utensils were made. God had provided liberally for their simple needs and had made it possible for them to live happily and contentedly in peace and harmony.

But the Spaniards came and placed their heels upon the necks of her ancestors and their influence had spread over the archipelago like a dark cloud—a disease-breeding miasma. They brought with them strange and extravagant customs and taught them to her people who were counseled to labor constantly and scarcely to obtain the means with which to gratify them and to pay tribute to the invaders, so that the latter might live luxuriously without working. In the

olden time freedom and gladness were universal; the present was dull and wearisome with labor, sorrow and oppression; the future—to her the future was a blank and she saw no reason why she should dream of it. At best it could only give her a humble alipa home and a husband who would be compelled to toil and suffer as did her father.

Just then she saw the solemn echoes of the Santa Iglesia cathedral chime came floating softly and musically across the bay. Camilla, taking up the little crucifix that hung by a hempen cord about her neck, kissed it reverently and whispered an Ave Maria and a prayer to St. Joseph, the patron saint of her family. Then she wondered if she had been faithful enough to the church to merit a place at the feet of Santa Maria when she died. She knew that people died, and she had been taught that their souls passed on to a place of perfect bliss, if they had been very good, had been properly baptized and had been loyal and liberal in support of the church. That was all she thought or believed of the future beyond the grave.

"Ah, Dios!" she exclaimed starting up suddenly as if to throw off the burden of these solemn thoughts. "Life is all a riddle, and it is useless to bother about it."

Then she clasped her hands over one of her knees, and she began to pray. Her knees were pressed close together, her bare feet on the sand. She presented a very pretty picture indeed with her glossy black hair now divided behind and flowing over either shoulder as a frame for her expressive face. Her voice was clear, resonant and musical and the harmony seemed to inspire her.

"En la calle Magnificence
All rive una Senora
Y un Senor valiente
Como—"

Here she paused suddenly, for, in lifting her eyes they met those of a young Spanish officer who was standing within a few feet of her, contemplating her with an unguessed admiration. "What a beautiful girl!" said the young officer, his heart ceased to pulsate and then it throbbed so violently as to threaten to leap into her throat. She was thoroughly frightened, for she had been taught by her relatives and friends that the Spaniards were cruel, heartless and treacherous; that they had robbed her people of their country and kept them in a condition little better than abject slavery; that they were relentless enemies of the peace and happiness of all who were subject to their rule. Her first impulse was to leap to her feet and fly down the beach to her home, where, she felt, she would be safe from harm; but terror paralyzed her limbs and they refused to serve her. "What a beautiful girl!" said the young officer when he had satisfied himself that she was not going to run away.

His voice was soft and tender, and a pleasant, winning smile illumined his handsome face. "Don't be afraid, Senorita," he continued persuasively as he advanced a step nearer to her. "I am not going to hurt you. I would not harm you for all the world. You are too beautiful to fear me; it is I who should fear you for you have already captured my heart and hold it enchained by the light that gleams from your eyes and the delicious melody of your voice."

Still she shrank from him and stared at him as if he were a fearful monster. "What a beautiful girl!" said the young officer when he had satisfied himself that she was not going to run away. He was a young officer, and she was a fisherman's daughter. He was a young officer, and she was a fisherman's daughter. He was a young officer, and she was a fisherman's daughter.

The intruder repeated his declarations of friendship and admiration, and begged to be permitted to sit near her on the bamboo and talk with her. She did not reply but continued to gaze at the sand while she nervously pulled at her finger.

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As she walked slowly toward her home all her joyous exuberance of manner seemed to have left her, but, in its stead, she felt a new kind of happiness. She did not try to analyze the feeling, nor could she have done so even if the thought had suggested itself; she only knew that she was happy, but how or why she could not tell.

There were other meetings at the pile of bamboo, while Camilla's father was sleeping, but finally there were passionate words of mutual love and a promise of marriage. Then she communicated to her parents the secret of her heart, and a scene followed which, for the time, seemed to deprive her of all hope and filled her mind with gloomy doubts and forebodings. They told her how many innocent native girls had been lured from their homes by the datter and blunders of the wily Europeans; how they had trusted these heartless strangers with all the faithfulness of their pure souls, and how, after a few months, or, perhaps, years, of ease and comfort they had been cruelly deserted by the treacherous betrayers who sailed away, leaving her alone and penniless. They advised her to avoid her lover and pray for strength to withstand his flattery and tongue.

For the first time in her life she doubted the judgment and wisdom of her parents and pursued a course contrary to their direct advice and commands. Still, however, she was mistaken in her estimate of her Miguel's character and wronged him cruelly. Other Spaniards might be cruel and heartless, but he could not be; he was too good and gentle and noble to commit a dishonorable act. No, no; a thousand times no; he loved her dearly, for he had told her so, and therefore she would not believe him.

At their next meeting she told him all her parents had said, and how eloquently he repudiated their unjust suspicions and accusations! He was a personification of virtuous indignation and passionately vowed that so long as Camilla lived and loved him he would be loyal to her and would take her with him as his wife. His only regret at this time was that he could not go to church with her at once and have their union blessed by the priest so that her mother and father might be assured that they were mistaken; but there were certain reasons why this could not be—certain vague reasons involving family affairs, and the marriage would be properly solemnized and she would go with him to Spain where she would occupy the social position to which her beauty and intelligence entitled her. And, poor, unsobered soul, she believed him.

When Miguel Terreno's regiment was ordered to active service in the Philippine Islands, he left his wife and child behind him, and he did not return for three days, or until they succeeded in subduing or exterminating the rebellious natives. And Camilla saw him step on board the steamer that was to carry him thither, it seemed as if the light of her life had gone out. Oh, that she might accompany him and be at his side constantly; but, no, he would not allow her to go. She could do nothing but weep and pray that he would bring safety and happiness to him for she was blind to all things save that she loved him with her whole heart.

Three months later Miguel returned to Manila and again the sun shone for Camilla. They took a small house on the beach, and he remained there, plainly and settled down, for the comforts of homekeeping, much to the chagrin and bitter disappointment of her parents, who dared not interfere, however, to prevent this unlawful alliance. They knew but too well the unlimited power and influence of the Spaniards and the punishment that would follow if they dared to oppose him.

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to disturb the joy and harmony in Camilla's elysium. One day when little Ignacio was not quite a year old, Miguel entered the house wearing an expression of countenance suggestive of the most profound despair. Camilla ran to welcome him, as usual, but he returned her embrace so coldly and mechanically that she was startled and looking at him in alarm she asked:

"What has happened, Miguel, are you ill?"
"No, cara mia," he replied "not ill, but I have bad news for you."
"What is it? Tell me!" she cried eagerly taking both his hands and drawing one arm around her waist.

"Sit here and I will tell you."
After they were seated on the rattan sofa he continued: "You know I told you, some months ago, that there were certain family affairs that must be settled before we could be married?"

"Yes."
"Well, I have obtained leave to return to Spain, for six months, to attend to this matter and I shall sail by the next steamer."
"Gracias a Dios! And I shall go with you," cried Camilla joyfully throwing her arms about Miguel's neck and kissing him passionately.

"No, Camilla; not yet," he replied as he gently released himself from her embrace. "I have obtained leave to return to Spain, for six months, to attend to this matter and I shall sail by the next steamer."
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ner and gliding across the room she nestled her arms about his neck and kissed him upon his forehead as if it was her natural resting place.

"Did the blessed Jesus ever teach that there was a difference in Christians because of color of their skin? Did he not speak, and promise salvation, to people who were no whiter than I? Is there anything in our religion which justifies the belief that the white-faced Christian will occupy a better position in heaven than the Christian of the Orient? Oh, Miguel; you certainly cannot intend to desert me now for the poor reason that you are required to comply with social rules so directly opposed to the spirit of our religion! When you asked me to love you I was a pure and innocent girl with not an evil thought in my mind. I freely gave you my love, my soul and all that woman holds dear in this world. I have been loyal to you in every thought, in every throbbing of my heart. Take me with you to Spain and I will not go to your father's house; your parents, your friends shall never know that I am your wife. I will be your faithful slave if you will only let me see you every day. Think of our little Ignacio! Say, Miguel was evidently much affected by her words, and he drew her close to him as his conscience succeeded in inducing him with a passing spasm of honor and justice. He held her thus for several minutes while trying to devise a way out of the difficulty that confronted him. To take her to Spain was absolutely beyond the question; the problem was to get away from her without breaking her heart at once. Such a catastrophe would have completely ruined her life. Now, however, the steamer was out at sea, but he actually had enough genuine humanity in his heart to shrink from causing her to suffer—while he was present. Or was it merely moral cowardice? He fully realized that the situation was exceedingly unpleasant and he heartily wished he was well out of it. Finally what seemed a solution dawned upon him. His countenance suddenly brightened, and holding her off at arms' length he gazed smilingly into her eyes.

"Pajartita," he said, "do you think I would leave you and Ignacio and never come back to you? Por Dios, no! Come! let us sit down and I will tell you all about my plans."

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door behind him. He had walked half the length of the Ull-Ull roadway before he recovered himself sufficiently to say, with a sigh of relief:

"Well, thank God, that is over! But what a fierce temper the creature has!" Camilla remained motionless for a few seconds and then sank to the floor in a dead faint.

Three months later Camilla, with little Ignacio in her arms, walked slowly and wearily up the lane that led from one of the busy streets of Cavite to her father's hut near the beach. Sad-eyed, care-worn and heart-broken and hardly able to put one foot before the other, she was strikingly unlike the vivacious, happy girl who had walked down that lane, but little more than two years before, to give herself an eager, willing victim to a selfish libertine.

Approaching the hut she pushed open the bamboo door and stood on the threshold gazing with flooded eyes at her father and mother as they sat at their evening meal. Her father paused in the act of raising a mouthful of rice to his lips, slowly replaced it on his plate and snapped the fragments of food from his fingers.

"Gracias a Dios!" he exclaimed fervently, "the end has come at last!" Her mother sprang to her feet, rushed to the door and clasped the young mother and child passionately in her arms while the tears flowed down her furrowed cheeks.

"My child!" she cried, "Santa Maria, madre de Dios! Thanks to thee, she has come home again!" A mat of woven grass and a pillow were hastily arranged on the floor for Camilla and her babe and when they had been laid upon it, the mother placed her face in the pillow sobbing bitterly.

"The father, unable to control his emotion, walked out of the hut and paced up and down the beach. He did not go out that night in his boat to fish, but sat with his chin in his hands and his elbows resting on the rude table, while he gazed out of the window at the rippling bay and the long line of shimmering moonlight that danced and frolicked with the waves.

"Jose," whispered his wife as she seated herself opposite to him, after she had assured herself that Camilla was sleeping. "She will be with us always now; pobre pajartita!" "Yes," he responded bitterly, "for although there are still many robbers about, there is nothing left in the palace for them to steal!"

"Ah, Jose, our Spanish masters will have to account to God for their cruelty to the Tagalos!" "And it is not only the Spaniards, good wife; are the English, Germans and French, who come here, any better? Do not many of them despise our homes of all that is good and pure in us? The white Christians preach to us of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and of the necessity of being just and generous and moral, and then devour our daughters and pour strong drink down the throats of our sons to stimulate the devils of vice and crime within them. And we dare not ask for justice for ourselves! Has taught us that our portion would be ignored and we might be punished for our impertinence. And yet they proudly call themselves Christians, go to mass and pay for the building of magnificent churches. It cannot be that they are so different from us when they look kindly and lovingly upon them and despise us when they so cruelly wrong us. May I have mercy on them for it is in my heart to hate them though I dare not say so in public."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself," murmured his wife devoutly. While this scene was being enacted a wedding ceremony was in progress in the Santa Iglesia Cathedral of Madrid. The officiating priest spoke the final words that made two souls as one, and the happy couple, and their attendants, marched slowly down the aisle, thrilled by their mutual love and the inspiring strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march; she a pure young girl, scarcely more than a child, and he a handsome, well-to-do young man, the son of the King. She fondly believed that his soul was as pure and spotless as her own and when they were seated in their carriage rolling rapidly to her father's home she felt that now had commenced a long dream of unalloyed happiness.

But as he clasped her gloved hand and pressed it to his lips with depressing suspicion flashed into her mind. "Miguel," she said sweetly, "have you never loved a woman in your whole life?"

"Never in my whole life."
"Gracias, a Dios; And I am your wife."

SHORTER CATECHISM.
Sunday School Teacher—Johnnie, what is Spiritualism?
Johnnie—It's the Devil. Ma says it's all the work of the Devil, and our preacher says so too.

Teacher—There's right, Johnnie. Spiritualism is all the work of the Devil, and we shouldn't have anything to do with it. Our pastor will not even notice the subject if he can avoid it, but treats it with silent contempt.

Johnnie—Please teacher, isn't it the duty of the preacher to do all he can to destroy the work of the Devil?
Teacher—Certainly, Johnnie. That is the mission of the pulpit in the world. Johnnie—How then can our pastor destroy Spiritualism by avoiding it and treating it with silent contempt? Why does not the pulpit and the pew join in as great an effort to put down Spiritualism as it does in putting down intemperance and all other work of the Devil?

Teacher (Looking at her watch) Our time is nearly up now and we will select our next Sunday's lesson. H. V. S.

SUN-LAND ECHOES.

California's Wonders and
Great Blessings.

A Trip to the Great Ocean.

To the Editor:—Is it possible that I am in this great sun-land of California? How many times I have experienced with sun-light, longing for some land where I could get my fill of the precious article, and now at last, in these far Western States my desire has been granted.

An English traveler tells the story of an American who declared that if he was in London he would be afraid to go out at night for fear he might run off into the sea. By the time one goes 900 miles on the Pennsylvania road to reach Chicago, and 2001 miles on the transcontinental route to reach San Francisco, one sometimes feels that our country is boundless. A single luxurious sleeping car carries us all the way on this road to the Pacific Ocean, and added by excellent company within, subliming scenery without, and all facilities for comfort, the journey is not wearisome or unpleasant.

This beautiful Los Angeles to which I have transferred my College of Fine Forces, gives us many conceptions of Paradise as we pass through its spacious avenues, and its exquisite parks and lawns. In many fine mansions surrounded by the most beautiful tropical foliage and flowers which can never be equaled in our Eastern cities. The city has now over a hundred thousand people, has 130 miles of street railroads, an abundance of fine schools, a fine public library, and so many book-stores and news stands that only a highly intelligent reader could sustain them. The people are remarkable for their hospitality and kindness, and think of all kinds of things to make their patrons happy or comfortable. My shoe black gives me a luxurious chair and has several pictorial papers to occupy my attention while he is working, but still sometimes have reading-rooms; eating-houses will offer you a paper and a glass of distilled water to start with, and will furnish a meal in good style at not much more than half of what it would cost in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. In office in the Byrnie Building has a great plate glass window which does the room with light, a closet with a marble wash bowl and a mirror, a closet for clothing, three electric lights, besides which I am allowed all the space I want in the store-room, and my room is swept gratis every night by the janitor.

What ever improvements the people may have, their streets are one as being above the average grade of people of most other large cities in both morals and intelligence. So far I have not met a drunken man nor heard an intoxicated person profaning the streets with his senseless yell. I have seen no fighting or noisy brawl, the orchards of oranges and other fruits are often full of all fences, the people not seeming to fear the depredations of unruly boys. The people, though not rich, are sometimes so generous that we have to protest against them and remind them of their own rights.

The people are unusually well versed in the art of life. I have not seen an eating-house or bakery in which Graham bread or entire wheat bread could not be got. Advertisements of rooms or for rooms are constantly speaking of sunny rooms as a great card. Meals are of all prices from 5 cents as furnished by some of the Japanese, upward to a great number of groceries, bakeries or places of delicacies furnish foods already prepared at very low prices, to the great advantage of those who do light house-keeping.

Dr. Sivartha who lives here, thinks the climate is unequalled in the world excepting in Palestine and he is a thorough cosmopolitan. It is considered absurd for people to speak of its being a fine day here when they meet, for every day in the year almost is fine. There are no cyclones, no thunder-storms, no blizzards, and generally speaking almost no mosquitoes, poisonous reptiles, malarial or malarial. Even at Yuma, the center of the hottest places in the country, there are no sun-strokes, thus showing that sun-strokes are not sun-strokes at all but rather heat-strokes in times of humidity.

Among the many invalids and delicate people who come here, it is quite common to find them taking a cure, perhaps by the transition from the powerful mid-day sun to the coolness of the nights and early mornings. This could be prevented by taking some sun-baths on the bare body, leaving the head in the shadow. A Mr. Robert Clarke, of the University of California, a series of sun-baths became cured of his feeble, dyspeptic condition and became so hardy that he says he could go nude in a snow storm without taking cold. A bed or lounge before a window would answer if a person is not able to purchase a solar apparatus. I do not make this remark to encourage the California sun-bath, but to our Eastern and Northern States. The States east of the Mississippi are more sunny than most of the countries of Europe, while the States west of the Mississippi are quite generally regular sun-lands. Southern California has a thousand miles of sunny beach, and the sun-baths are so many that they send its dry pure air seaward every night and renders the climate so much more equable and delightful than the States of the Atlantic seaboard. The mountains and the sea stand guard and command the tornado and the over-heated blast to hold off and allow the sun-bath people that come from so many climates, to build up happy and peaceful homes.

California as a State has adopted the despotic medical code so common in other States, which forbids everybody who has not graduated in certain schools of medicine from practicing the healing art. But Los Angeles, which turns men into angels, has adopted a course a little more in harmony with its climate.

Continued on page 8.

SPIRITUALISM SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

BY PROF. ROBERT HARE.

His Remarkable Researches Made in the Early Years of Spiritualism.

Directly Edited and Revised by Him, Now in Spirit-Life.

NARRATIVE OF THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

The first fruit of my attention to the phenomena of spiritism was the following letter. I trust it will not be considered as self-complacent, when I allege it to be an exemplification of wise ignorance, which is about equivalent to folly. The wisest man who speaks in ignorance, speaks foolishly to the ears of those who perceive his ignorance. The great men of science appear in this light to Spiritualists when they argue against Spiritualism. Men who are only nominally knowledges have proved a formidable party in politics; unfortunately, Spiritualism has, in its most active opponents, real knowledges, who will not admit any fact of a spiritual origin, unless such as they have been educated to believe. In that case, many have powers of intellectual degeneration rivaling those of the anacrona in the physical way.

LETTER IN REPLY TO AN INQUIRY RESPECTING THE INFLUENCE OF ELECTRICITY IN TABLE TURNING.

"Philadelphia, July 27, 1833.
"Dear Sir:—I am of opinion that it is utterly impossible for six or eight, or any number of persons, seated around a table, to produce an electric current. Moreover, I am confident that if by any adequate means an electrical current were created, however forcible, it could not be productive of table turning. A dry wooden table is almost a non-conductor, and forming a link necessary to complete a circuit between the sky and earth, it might possibly be shattered by a stroke of lightning; but if the power of all the galvanic apparatus ever made was to be collected in one current, there would be no power to move or otherwise affect such a table.
"Frictional electricity, such as produced by electric machines, must first be accumulated and then discharged, in order to produce any striking effect. It is in transitu that its power is seen and felt.
"Insulated conductors, whether human or in the form of animals, may be electrified by the most powerful means, without being injured or seriously incommoded. Before a spark of lightning passes, every object on the terrestrial surface, for a great distance, is subjected to a portion of its electrical power, but such a discharge is only those objects which are the medium of discharge that are sensibly affected.
"Powerful galvanic accumulation can only be produced by those appropriate arrangements which concentrate upon a comparatively small element of metal their predilected polarizing power; but nothing seems to me more inconsistent with experience than to suppose a table moved by any possible form or mode of galvanic reaction. It was ascertained by Galvani that one of the most powerful galvanic batteries could not be connected with a table, and that a conductor presented to it, at the smallest distance which could be made by a delicate micrometer. If there is any law which is pre-eminent for its invariability, it is, that inanimate matter cannot, per se, change its state as respects motion or rest. This law has been repeatedly verified to be proportionally liable to perish; since in that case the revolutions and rotations of our planet and its satellite might undergo perturbations by which the ocean might inundate the land, or the too great proximity or remoteness of the sun cause us to be made of ice or fire. The globe did not carry the Pacific more steadily than the most competent person could carry a basin of water, we should be drowned by the overflow of the land. I recommended to your attention, and that of others interested in this interesting subject, the correct facts and experiments, recently published in some of our respectable newspapers. I entirely concur in the conclusions of that distinguished experimental expounder of Nature's riddles, 'ROBERT HARE.'"

This letter drew forth the following remonstrance in the subjoined letter, which does great credit to the correctness of the author's observation and sagacity. It continued, together with a personal invitation from Dr. Comstock to attend a circle, to induce the investigation upon which I entered immediately afterwards.
"Southwick, Mass., Nov. 17, 1833.
"Dear Sir:—I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with you, something less than twenty years ago, when I exhibited to you, in Philadelphia, I will trust, excuse the liberty I take in writing to you now. I have seen your letter in the Philadelphia Inquirer upon table moving. I never believed it was caused by electricity or galvanism, but it is not as likely to be these, as muscular force. I agree with you, however, that the table is moved by the hands that are on it. Now I know, as certainly as I know anything, that this is not true in general, if it is in any instance. There is as much evidence that tables sometimes move without any person near them, as that they move with hands on them. I cannot in this case doubt the evidence of my senses. I have seen tables move, and heard tones beat on them, when no person was within several feet of them. This fact is proof positive that the force or power is not muscular.
"If any further evidence was necessary to set aside Professor Paraday's explanation, it is found in abundance in the great variety of other facts taking place through the country, such as musical instruments being played upon without any hands touching them, and a great variety of other heavy articles being moved without visible cause. If tables never moved except when hands were on them, the case would be different; but as they do move, both with and without hands, it is plain that the true cause remains yet to be discovered.
"I wish, sir, that you would allow me to witness some other phases of this matter, which seem not yet to have fallen under your notice, and I think you would be satisfied that there is less 'hallucination' and 'self-deception' about it, than you have imagined. The intelligent and connected facts of these movements have not been accounted for.
"If these things can be accounted for on scientific principles, would it not be a great acquisition to science, to discover what those principles are? If, however, science cannot account for them, the public are fully interested in knowing the fact. It is certainly of great importance that these strange things that are taking place everywhere should be explained. It is affecting the churches seriously; whether for good or for evil is uncertain until the truth is known. No case has yet been as-

signed that does not imply a greater absurdity than even to believe, as many do, that it is caused by spirits either good or bad, or both.
"I have examined this matter for the last three years with as much carefulness as possible, and am not satisfied. If the force is not muscular, as it is certain it is not, I wish science to try again. Yours, respectfully,
"AMASA HOLCOMBE."

It will be perceived that the letter alluded to by Mr. Holcombe, written in reply to some inquiries respecting my opinion of the cause of table turning, was published in the Philadelphia Inquirer, in July, 1833. This letter will show that I was at that time utterly incredulous of any cause of the phenomena, excepting unconscious muscular action on the part of the persons with whom the phenomena were associated. The inferences of Paraday, tending to the same conclusion, I thoroughly sanctioned.

As no allusion to spirits as the cause had been made by this Heredean investigator, the letter which I thereupon wrote, they were not contemplated in my view of the subject. Had I ever heard spiritual agency assigned as a cause, so great was my disbelief of any such agency, that it would have made no impression on my memory.

Upon a pastboard disk, more than a foot in diameter, the letters cut out from an alphabet card were nailed around the circumference, as much as possible, in the usual alphabetical order. About the center a small pulley was secured of two and a half inches diameter, fitting on an axle-tree, which passed through the legs of the table, about six inches from the top. Two weights were provided—one of about eight pounds, the other about two pounds. These were attached, one to each end of a cord wound about the pulley, and placed upon the floor immediately under it. Upon the table, a screen of sheet zinc was fastened, behind which the medium was to be seated, so that she could not see the letters on the disk. A stationary vertical wire, attached to the axle, served for an index.

On tilting the table, the cord would be unwound from the pulley on the side of the larger weight, being wound up simultaneously to an equivalent extent on the side of the small weight, causing the pulley and disk to rotate about the axle. Restoring the table to its normal position, the smaller weight being allowed to act unresisted upon the cord and pulley, the rotation would be reversed. Of course, any person acting upon the table and seeing the letters, could cause the disk to rotate as to bring any letter under the index; but should the letters be concealed from the operator, no letter required could be brought under the index at will.

It was so contrived that neither the medium seated at the table behind the screen, nor any other person so seated, could, by tilting the table, bring any letter under the index, nor spell out any word requested.
(To be Continued.)

CONFRONTED ON THE STREET BY A SPIRIT.

F. Gordon White, a Spiritualistic medium, describes as remarkable an experience he had last evening. When in this city he is a guest at the residence of Capt. Mason Jackson, Milwaukee. He returned to the house last evening shortly before 9 o'clock, greatly agitated. He had had a great fright.

"When within two blocks of the house I noticed a man walking toward me. By his manner he especially attracted my attention. He did not turn aside but came directly in front of me, so close that I jumped aside to avoid a collision. Then he came to a standstill. He seemed simply to fade away, and first I was frightened, as I thought I was about to be sand-bagged. Then I was startled by the total disappearance of a man who had been so near me that I could have touched him. It was certainly extraordinary.
"Then turning to Capt. Jackson, Mr. White explained that the mysterious man he had met was a gentleman he had seen in Capt. Jackson's parlor two or three weeks ago. He did not know this visitor or his name, but from the description Capt. Jackson concluded he referred to Mr. Eastwick, the lecturer of the Ethical society.
"Then he is no longer living," said Mr. White. "That is the only explanation possible. I have undoubtedly seen his materialized spirit to-night."

Capt. Jackson, who knew Mr. Eastwick had been ill, should telephone station near by to enquire at the hospital as to Mr. Eastwick's condition. He learned that he had died a few hours before. "Some people," he said, "would call Mr. White's experience to-night supernatural. Spiritualists know it was only natural."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Principles of Light and Color." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A truly great work of a master mind, and one which has been ill-deservedly neglected. The result of years of thought and patient research into Nature's finer forces are here garnered and made amenable to the well-being of humanity. Medical men especially and scientists, general readers and students of the past, will find here a revelation of great value and interest. A large, four-pound book, strongly bound, and containing beautiful illustrative plates. For sale at this office. Price, postpaid, \$5. It is a wonderful work and you will be delighted with it.

sounds as a means of manifestation. As one rap signifies no; two, doubtful; and three, affirmative, so it is with the motions, or tipplings, as they are usually called.

Passing the fingers over the letters upon an alphabetic pastboard, like those to assist children in learning their letters, when it comes over the required letter, its selection is indicated either by a tapping or tilting. By this process, when the medium's eyes were directed to the ceiling, as independently served by the legal friend above mentioned, as well as myself, the following communication was given:
"Light is dawning on the mind of your friend; soon he will speak trumpet-tongued to the scientific world, and add a new link to that chain of evidence on which our hope of man's salvation is founded."

"The lawyer declared that he was utterly unable to conceive how, by the human means apparently employed, such sentences could be elaborated. Legend-demon on the part of the person who took down the manifestation was the only way to get rid of this evidence without resorting to the agency of some invisible intelligent being, who, by operating upon the tables, at once exercised physical force and mental power."

But assigning the result to legend-demon was altogether opposed to my knowledge of his character. This gentleman, and the circle to which he belonged, spent about three hours, twice or thrice a week, in getting communications through the alphabet, by the process to which the lines above mentioned were due. This would not have taken place, had they not had implicit confidence that the formation thus obtained proceeded from spirits.

Subsequently, I contrived an apparatus which, if spirits were actually concerned in the phenomena, would enable them to manifest their physical and intellectual power independently of control by any medium.

Every radical reformer knows that when he uses any radical reformation he is opposed by the entire power of society—by the colleges, the churches, the literary, the government, fashion and wealth.
Spiritualism is still struggling in this battle, but the Spiritualists of to-day do not realize the strength of the opposition which confronts them. The first introduction of religious Spiritualism in Palestine. That opposition resulted in the murder of Jesus and his apostles, for it was the unanimous opposition of the entire world.
In the first century the entire world was unanimously pagan, and no apostles of Christianity could encounter the Pagan opposition without loss of life, except by pursuing the very quiet and gentle methods adopted by St. John and St. Jude.
Rome was the headquarters of the world's Paganism; a city unequalled in power, wealth, and numbers. Everything which was new and good was welcomed, and where the slaughter of the best citizens was a familiar occurrence.
The pure democratic Christianity of Jesus was intolerable to that corrupt city, in which Nero and Caligula were worshipped as gods, and the emperor was the temple. Nevertheless Christianity, with its intense Spiritualist and active support from the spirit world, had gone widely through the Roman Empire, but only among the 'humble' classes. Wealth and power are never on the side of true religion.
There was no propagation of Christianity in Rome after the death of St. Paul and St. Peter. Rome was intensely Pagan, and its priesthood rallied to the defense of their ancient Paganism, but they saw in the moral war and spiritual earnestness of the religion of the apostles, a new element of strength, which they determined to incorporate with Paganism. The leaders in this plan proposed to enter the infant Christian church and assumed its control. Their first step was to seize the Epistles of St. Paul and convert them by forgery into the basis of a Roman Church, with supreme power over all the world.
Paul's epistles expressed nothing but his ardent devotion to the principles of Jesus. These epistles were interpolated and three times as much added to them, making the basis of a Papal Church in which every essential principle of Christianity was destroyed and the foundation laid for a new Roman Church in harmony with all the principles of ancient Paganism. Every principle of primitive Christianity was crushed and merged into the doctrines of Paganism through the Pauline forgeries.
Though Jesus had often expressly disclaimed all pretensions to Divine power and presented himself as only a passive medium for the expression of heavenly doctrine, that were conveyed to him the Pauline epistles made him not only a God, but the Creator of the entire universe. Though he taught that God was the benevolent parent of humanity, the new doctrine gave to God the most demonic and malignant character that had ever been known. Now, however, imagination a conception worthy of a lunatic ass. This chimerical monster was determined to roast all mankind forever because the woman he had created had eaten an apple without permission, and the only way to appease his infinite wrath against the universe was to come to earth and be put to death.
But, according to this perverted story, when his companion God came he was seized as an impostor, soundly thrashed and nailed up until he died. Could there be anything more disgusting to common sense than to suppose that the universe was governed by a Jew as an impostor, if there be any such thing as blasphemy, surely this is a perfect specimen. But the foundation of the whole story is annihilated by modern research.
The whole ridiculous Garden of Eden fable, which in the first three centuries was universally regarded as an allegory, is now shown to be a theft from Paganism, signed by the Jews in their Babylonian captivity. The Garden of Eden, with the tree of knowledge, the four rivers running forth, the tempting Devil, the falling serpent, the seduced woman and the expulsion from Paradise, is an old Pagan myth current among the Persians, Chinese and Hindus a thousand years before Christ.
This was made the foundation of the Roman Church, and every other feature of the church was, in the same manner, borrowed or stolen from the ancient Pagans. The sacred word of the only Son of God, the redeemer and savior of mankind, the crucified savior of the New Testament, is substantially the same doctrine (with the name Christ substituted for Pagan deities) as prevailed in Egypt, Persia, China and India. So-called and Horus were the models for Jesus Christ. The crucified savior of the Pagans were all virgin-born deities. They had the same experience in coming to earth to redeem mankind—descending into hell three days and nights, resurrecting from death and coming back to judge all mankind, sending them to heaven or hell, after which the world was to be burned up.
The Roman theology is an exact copy of the essential theologies of India, Persia, China, Egypt, Greece, Rome, nothing in it but Paganism, but the hell of the Romans was the worst hell ever invented and the God of Roman theology was the most horrible monster ever conceived by man. If a human being of similar characteristics were caught on earth by the police, he could be sent to the humane as quickly as possible. This strikes me as most remarkable in this review of ancient history is the facility with which this gigantic imposture has been consummated, and the passive credulity with which the white race has received this re-hashed of ancient Paganism under the name of Christianity.
The man was awfully laid, the Pauline Epistles pledged the Roman Church to the most inviolable fidelity to every criminal tyrant in the world; and by that pledge it secured the support of the most influential and powerful of the Roman Empire, the Emperor Constantine, by whom the Roman Church was established and armed with a sword to conquer mankind. Before this conspiracy the world had been peaceful and happy. It had several varieties in different countries as the church has today, but no warfare about their religion, and no attempt to enforce it upon mankind by the sword. The Pagan fables were amusing and harmless, having very little influence upon society, and Rome was the common center of the ancient Paganism.
But the Roman conspiracy was a new and daring enterprise. Its plan was to concentrate all the popular doctrines of Paganism in a new church, incorporate into it a recognition of the Jewish religion and the teachings of the apostles of Christianity, distorted and consumed by the Paganism, and make it fit the heterogeneous mass of Paganism.
The new church claimed apostolic power to govern the world, derived from Christ as a God, and its purpose was to break up the ancient tranquility of religion, conquer all other forms of Paganism, and by the sword of the Roman Empire, subjugate the entire world at the feet of the Pope, as the vicegerent of God—an official for whom there was no room in the harmless old forms of Paganism, and whose existence was a practical destruction of Christianity, which was the only democratic religion the world has ever known.
To accomplish this, it was necessary to enslave the human mind, to suppress all literature and science incompatible with this gigantic fraud, and though the age of printing had not arrived, more than a hundred thousand volumes of ancient literature were destroyed, to obliterate histories that would expose the Apostate Church.
This warfare against knowledge produced what are called the Dark Ages, in which the empire of the church was far inferior to the Saracens in intelligence and literature. This warfare ceased when the sciences were never again recovered from the time when it brought forth its fabricated Bible in the second century, and in burning alive the professed philosopher Bruno, and the inspired maiden, Joan of Arc, as in the earlier ages by the brutal murder of Hypatia, preserved its power of command over mankind. It has never repeated or apologized for its crime in the burning of Bruno, but manifested furious rage when, a few years ago, the statue of Bruno was erected in Rome.
In taking a firm stand against this empire of mankind, the Progressive Thinker has incurred the enmity of the leaders in this gigantic crusade against humanity, by the Roman hierarchy, of which our Catholic fellow citizens are helpless dupes, committed its first great crime in the destruction of democratic Christianity, which was the pure religion of Spiritualism. Anyone who will read the descriptions of Christian meetings by St. Paul and St. Luke, will see that they were the meetings of earnest Spiritualists whose Spiritualism was practically carried out in fraternity with each other and with the spirit world.
The first and greatest materialization in the world was seen in the five apostles of Jesus, in which he spoke to his disciples with the same earnest impressiveness as in life.
His was the noblest inspiration mankind have ever known. He was the only man who ever taught a pure and rational religion, in which he spoke to the superstitious without yielding a single foothold to the superstitious of his age, although he knew it was at the peril of his life.
All other great men have risen to power by yielding to the spirit of the age. But Jesus and Buddha, Moses and Mahometan were exceptions to the rule. They impressed their own individuality upon the age; but the ages were coldly superstitious and have surrounded these four illustrious names with the fogs and rainbows of the Oriental imagination.
The other three were surrounded by other clouds, but Jesus was surrounded by fabrications so basely libelous and ridiculous that it became difficult for many to believe his real existence, not being able to see through the Roman forgeries which have deceived the world. But I know his real history as thoroughly as I can know the history of any man. I know he taught a spiritual religion, two thousand years in advance of his age, which cannot be surpassed by the ethical progress and the psychic science of the nineteenth century—a religion which Spiritualism and democratic socialism are restoring to the world. It was a religion of perfect simplicity, of perfect democracy, perfect motherhood and perfect Spiritualism, but it did not long survive his death.
This was the religion suppressed by the Papal church, and after the destruction of Jerusalem, there existed only a few feeble churches in Palestine which adhered to the primitive teachings of the apostles.
They never called Jesus a God; they believed in no Trinity; they did not pretend to eat his flesh and drink his blood; they enforced no Sunday Sabbath; they knew nothing as to purgatory and prayers for the dead; they believed no eternal hell and raging devil nor did they expect Jesus to come to enforce a day of judgment and set the world on fire—hence they were denounced as wicked heretics.
The opposition of the Jews and the power of the Roman government, although the Roman Pope had not then fully attained the despotic power given it by Constantine, nearly exterminated Christianity in the second century, and by suppressing the Christian Gospels, it deprived those churches of their necessary literature; nevertheless, these poor and persecuted Christians, adhering to the teachings of the apostles as well as they could recollect them, preserved their religion for at least three centuries longer—their last surviving church being at the little city of Pella, on the Jordan, near where Jesus began his public career.
When these churches ceased to exist, Christianity was extinct, and though some attempts have been made to revive it in Europe, they were always crushed in blood. It may be said that for the last 1500 years Christianity has been entirely unknown, and there has not been a single Christian church in

A NOTABLE ARTICLE.

Seventeen Centuries of Paganism.

Ending in the Triumph of Modern Spiritualism.

By Prof. J. R. BUCHANAN.

In the immortal words of Bryant, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again—the eternal years of God are hers." The grandest demonstration of this is the history of religion—or what has been called religion.

The truth is now coming forth, though it seems still to be unknown or overlooked in all colleges, churches, newspapers and products of our fashionable literature, that the religion which has ruled the world seventeen centuries under the name of Christianity is in its creeds, ceremonies, emblems and institutions, substantially the same old Pagan religion which ruled the world a thousand years before Christ, and which in the first century, when its existence was threatened by the Christian church, at Jerusalem, roused and reorganized itself as a lion at Rome, with political power, swallowed the innocent lamb of Jerusalem, the church of democratic brotherhood, and setting the name and reputation of the modern church, presented itself before the world as the church of Christianity.

All this is now so well established by historical research, that it is the duty of every Spiritualist to study the subject and make known to the public what he knows. If for centuries, and conceal it as far as possible, and I have done my duty by embodying sufficient evidence in "Primitive Christianity," to enable every Spiritualist to paralyze his orthodox opponents. The contest will probably be fierce, for it will be life or death battle for the modern church, superstition that has ever afflicted mankind.

DESTRUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

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mankind, sending them to heaven or hell, after which the world was to be burned up.

The Roman theology is an exact copy of the essential theologies of India, Persia, China, Egypt, Greece, Rome, nothing in it but Paganism, but the hell of the Romans was the worst hell ever invented and the God of Roman theology was the most horrible monster ever conceived by man. If a human being of similar characteristics were caught on earth by the police, he could be sent to the humane as quickly as possible. This strikes me as most remarkable in this review of ancient history is the facility with which this gigantic imposture has been consummated, and the passive credulity with which the white race has received this re-hashed of ancient Paganism under the name of Christianity.

The man was awfully laid, the Pauline Epistles pledged the Roman Church to the most inviolable fidelity to every criminal tyrant in the world; and by that pledge it secured the support of the most influential and powerful of the Roman Empire, the Emperor Constantine, by whom the Roman Church was established and armed with a sword to conquer mankind. Before this conspiracy the world had been peaceful and happy. It had several varieties in different countries as the church has today, but no warfare about their religion, and no attempt to enforce it upon mankind by the sword. The Pagan fables were amusing and harmless, having very little influence upon society, and Rome was the common center of the ancient Paganism.

But the Roman conspiracy was a new and daring enterprise. Its plan was to concentrate all the popular doctrines of Paganism in a new church, incorporate into it a recognition of the Jewish religion and the teachings of the apostles of Christianity, distorted and consumed by the Paganism, and make it fit the heterogeneous mass of Paganism.

The new church claimed apostolic power to govern the world, derived from Christ as a God, and its purpose was to break up the ancient tranquility of religion, conquer all other forms of Paganism, and by the sword of the Roman Empire, subjugate the entire world at the feet of the Pope, as the vicegerent of God—an official for whom there was no room in the harmless old forms of Paganism, and whose existence was a practical destruction of Christianity, which was the only democratic religion the world has ever known.

To accomplish this, it was necessary to enslave the human mind, to suppress all literature and science incompatible with this gigantic fraud, and though the age of printing had not arrived, more than a hundred thousand volumes of ancient literature were destroyed, to obliterate histories that would expose the Apostate Church.

This warfare against knowledge produced what are called the Dark Ages, in which the empire of the church was far inferior to the Saracens in intelligence and literature. This warfare ceased when the sciences were never again recovered from the time when it brought forth its fabricated Bible in the second century, and in burning alive the professed philosopher Bruno, and the inspired maiden, Joan of Arc, as in the earlier ages by the brutal murder of Hypatia, preserved its power of command over mankind. It has never repeated or apologized for its crime in the burning of Bruno, but manifested furious rage when, a few years ago, the statue of Bruno was erected in Rome.

In taking a firm stand against this empire of mankind, the Progressive Thinker has incurred the enmity of the leaders in this gigantic crusade against humanity, by the Roman hierarchy, of which our Catholic fellow citizens are helpless dupes, committed its first great crime in the destruction of democratic Christianity, which was the pure religion of Spiritualism. Anyone who will read the descriptions of Christian meetings by St. Paul and St. Luke, will see that they were the meetings of earnest Spiritualists whose Spiritualism was practically carried out in fraternity with each other and with the spirit world.

The first and greatest materialization in the world was seen in the five apostles of Jesus, in which he spoke to his disciples with the same earnest impressiveness as in life.

His was the noblest inspiration mankind have ever known. He was the only man who ever taught a pure and rational religion, in which he spoke to the superstitious without yielding a single foothold to the superstitious of his age, although he knew it was at the peril of his life.

All other great men have risen to power by yielding to the spirit of the age. But Jesus and Buddha, Moses and Mahometan were exceptions to the rule. They impressed their own individuality upon the age; but the ages were coldly superstitious and have surrounded these four illustrious names with the fogs and rainbows of the Oriental imagination.

The other three were surrounded by other clouds, but Jesus was surrounded by fabrications so basely libelous and ridiculous that it became difficult for many to believe his real existence, not being able to see through the Roman forgeries which have deceived the world. But I know his real history as thoroughly as I can know the history of any man. I know he taught a spiritual religion, two thousand years in advance of his age, which cannot be surpassed by the ethical progress and the psychic science of the nineteenth century—a religion which Spiritualism and democratic socialism are restoring to the world. It was a religion of perfect simplicity, of perfect democracy, perfect motherhood and perfect Spiritualism, but it did not long survive his death.

This was the religion suppressed by the Papal church, and after the destruction of Jerusalem, there existed only a few feeble churches in Palestine which adhered to the primitive teachings of the apostles.

They never called Jesus a God; they believed in no Trinity; they did not pretend to eat his flesh and drink his blood; they enforced no Sunday Sabbath; they knew nothing as to purgatory and prayers for the dead; they believed no eternal hell and raging devil nor did they expect Jesus to come to enforce a day of judgment and set the world on fire—hence they were denounced as wicked heretics.

The opposition of the Jews and the power of the Roman government, although the Roman Pope had not then fully attained the despotic power given it by Constantine, nearly exterminated Christianity in the second century, and by suppressing the Christian Gospels, it deprived those churches of their necessary literature; nevertheless, these poor and persecuted Christians, adhering to the teachings of the apostles as well as they could recollect them, preserved their religion for at least three centuries longer—their last surviving church being at the little city of Pella, on the Jordan, near where Jesus began his public career.

When these churches ceased to exist, Christianity was extinct, and though some attempts have been made to revive it in Europe, they were always crushed in blood. It may be said that for the last 1500 years Christianity has been entirely unknown, and there has not been a single Christian church in

existence. That which is called the Christian Church today is only a survival of the world-wide Paganism carried down from barbarian ages of ignorance in the form in which it was reorganized at Rome, with an ambition and ferocity before unknown.

There is not a single doctrine to-day called Christian, from the Nicene and Apostles' creeds to the Westminster confession, which is not an expression of the ancient Paganism, which ruled the world a thousand years before the time of Christ. Europe, Asia, Africa and America are as truly Pagan countries, though disguised by fragments of the Gospels, as ancient Asia, and if any clergyman is inclined to doubt this assertion, he can be supplied with ample proof, and it can be easily shown that the Roman church of to-day is later by far than any ancient form of Paganism.

The Spiritualism of Jerusalem is one with Modern Spiritualism, and the Paganism of Asia is one with the modern Roman Church and its younger brother, which is called Protestant, but which never protested against the forged and fabricated Bible of the Emperor Constantine, by whom the Roman Church was established and armed with a sword to conquer mankind. Before this conspiracy the world had been peaceful and happy. It had several varieties in different countries as the church has today, but no warfare about their religion, and no attempt to enforce it upon mankind by the sword. The Pagan fables were amusing and harmless, having very little influence upon society, and Rome was the common center of the ancient Paganism.

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GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

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

Communications must always be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, or no attention will be paid to them.

Ans. M. Soukup writes: "I tried to form a Spiritualist society in the Bohemian settlement in this city, but all are in an uproar against me and the Bohemian newspapers ask why dare I introduce such a bad and despised thing as Spiritualism is. I will have to postpone it for some time. I am doing good work in spite of all these obstacles. A Bohemian progressive weekly, 'Svit,' (Dawn) in Cedar Rapids, Ia., takes my articles on Spiritualism, about two columns every week. It has already published five such articles, and there is to be about fifteen or twenty more of them. The editor of that paper is a very intelligent and progressive man, and in an editorial last week he said that he was thankful for the opportunity—which he had longed for such a long time—that he could learn what Spiritualism really was."

Addie R. Smith, corresponding secretary, writes from Portland, Ore.: "The first Spiritual Society held the third celebration of the National Association, December 20. The attendance was large. The programme was gotten up by the executive board, and was one of interest. The choir opened with song; invocation by Col. Reed, an old pioneer Spiritualist; Mr. C. C. Love, who with a few well-chosen remarks explained the workings of the N. S. A., the objects and aims, showing the charter which had some time ago been presented to the society by Mr. Francis B. Woodbury, secretary of the N. S. A. Miss Campbell sang very prettily. Mr. H. Addie made some few comparisons of the jubilee days of the world. At 2 p. m. the choir again entertained with song; Mr. Thomas read in interesting prose, Mr. S. C. Calkins and Albert Marshall made short addresses. The evening was devoted to recitation, lecture, music, etc."

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C. H. H. writes from Port Huron, Mich.: "The Christmas entertainment was given on the afternoon of December 24, as that was the only Santa Claus services could be held in the city, in order to fully accommodate him, a chimney with large fireplace and mantel shelf was built at the back of the stage. This was in addition to the usual stage decorations, and it made a very pretty picture, with a bright fire in the grate, and rows of stockings, big and little, hanging from the mantel shelf, the shelf filled with appropriate ornaments, and the whole trimmed with holly and evergreens. Over a hundred children were promptly on hand at the appointed time, and an hour was devoted to songs and recitations. The opening song was 'Christmas Tide,' and all showed the careful training of their leader—Mrs. Robinson. With the closing song came the jingling of Santa Claus sleigh-bells. The fire was extinguished and down the chimney he came with 'sugar plums' enough for every child in the hall. He followed the distinct ring of his bootie and bells. Soon trees, tables, chairs and arch were empty, and children's arms full, and hearts happy."

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carefully but have never seen this state-ment verified. Will you please state in the next issue of your paper the facts bearing on the case? The whole story, which was taken from one of the daily papers, was undoubtedly a fake.

Wm. H. Storer, speaking of the Encyclopaedia of Death, writes: "It is priceless. Every time you turn it up it is a lesson, some new inspiration, and will be for a lifetime. It can never grow old." Mrs. Louise Mahan says: "To the Spiritualist, between every line there is even more than the type expresses. I would not be without it."

Mrs. Mary Landry writes from Grand Rapids, Mich.: "I am enjoying my work at home. We have a very interesting meeting every Sunday afternoon, and a circle in the evening. Both services are well attended. Besides giving my services to others, I am doing missionary work in other parts of our city, and I am much pleased to say all my meetings are well attended."

Orin McVitt writes from Genoa, Ill.: "There are but a few outspoken Spiritualists in Genoa, but they are alive and in earnest. We had Mrs. N. S. Asplund with us three days on her return from Washington, D. C. She gave us one lecture, to nearly two hundred people. All were delighted. I will say that we expect the Doctor and Mrs. Asplund here some time in January."

Lyman O. Howe has an engagement at Toronto, Canada, for a month. "The following executive officers have been elected by the First Spiritualists' Church of Rochester, N. Y.: President, A. K. Sisson; first vice-president, Mrs. M. H. Joslyn; second vice-president, Mrs. J. H. Moore; trustees—H. W. Anis, H. L. Snyder, Geo. D. Pringle, Dr. R. E. Phillips, and Mrs. Farnsworth. The following committee, with G. W. Kates as president, has also been elected to take charge of the arrangements for the semi-centennial celebration to be held in Rochester, in 1898—J. W. Moore, R. D. Jones, Dr. F. H. Willis, A. K. Sisson, N. H. Eddy, Mrs. G. W. Kates, Mrs. Joslyn, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Farnsworth, Messrs. Clackner, Tubbs, Aldridge and Galsbury, and Mr. H. H. Sisson, and Mrs. M. H. Joslyn. We have organized a Psychological Research Society, and expect to go forward in the study of truth, gleaming knowledge here and there by the help of the noble workers we may call to our aid as they pass through on our line of road."

Dr. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, O., was in the city last week. She has only a few days to spare in the reform field, but is getting calls to lecture from various quarters. During January she will be at Toledo, Ohio, and during the month will lecture twice at Lima. During March she will be in Kansas City, Mo. April and May are open. Address: Dr. Adah Sheehan, 1000 East Russell street, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Steelman-Mitchell, inspirational speaker and test medium, had good audiences at Whitebago City, Minn., during December. She can be engaged for January or February. Address for January, 2027 Hartley street, North Evanston, Chicago, Ill.

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been having a little recreation too, on the side.

Dr. S. C. Burland is now located at Ludington, Mich. His wife is an excellent speaker and medium, and they will be able to do an excellent work there.

Mrs. J. Storer, speaking of the Encyclopaedia of Death, writes: "It is priceless. Every time you turn it up it is a lesson, some new inspiration, and will be for a lifetime. It can never grow old." Mrs. Louise Mahan says: "To the Spiritualist, between every line there is even more than the type expresses. I would not be without it."

Mrs. Mary Landry writes from Grand Rapids, Mich.: "I am enjoying my work at home. We have a very interesting meeting every Sunday afternoon, and a circle in the evening. Both services are well attended. Besides giving my services to others, I am doing missionary work in other parts of our city, and I am much pleased to say all my meetings are well attended."

Orin McVitt writes from Genoa, Ill.: "There are but a few outspoken Spiritualists in Genoa, but they are alive and in earnest. We had Mrs. N. S. Asplund with us three days on her return from Washington, D. C. She gave us one lecture, to nearly two hundred people. All were delighted. I will say that we expect the Doctor and Mrs. Asplund here some time in January."

Lyman O. Howe has an engagement at Toronto, Canada, for a month. "The following executive officers have been elected by the First Spiritualists' Church of Rochester, N. Y.: President, A. K. Sisson; first vice-president, Mrs. M. H. Joslyn; second vice-president, Mrs. J. H. Moore; trustees—H. W. Anis, H. L. Snyder, Geo. D. Pringle, Dr. R. E. Phillips, and Mrs. Farnsworth. The following committee, with G. W. Kates as president, has also been elected to take charge of the arrangements for the semi-centennial celebration to be held in Rochester, in 1898—J. W. Moore, R. D. Jones, Dr. F. H. Willis, A. K. Sisson, N. H. Eddy, Mrs. G. W. Kates, Mrs. Joslyn, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Farnsworth, Messrs. Clackner, Tubbs, Aldridge and Galsbury, and Mr. H. H. Sisson, and Mrs. M. H. Joslyn. We have organized a Psychological Research Society, and expect to go forward in the study of truth, gleaming knowledge here and there by the help of the noble workers we may call to our aid as they pass through on our line of road."

Dr. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, O., was in the city last week. She has only a few days to spare in the reform field, but is getting calls to lecture from various quarters. During January she will be at Toledo, Ohio, and during the month will lecture twice at Lima. During March she will be in Kansas City, Mo. April and May are open. Address: Dr. Adah Sheehan, 1000 East Russell street, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Steelman-Mitchell, inspirational speaker and test medium, had good audiences at Whitebago City, Minn., during December. She can be engaged for January or February. Address for January, 2027 Hartley street, North Evanston, Chicago, Ill.

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BUT OH, SO NICE!

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Ask your druggist for it, and if they don't have it, ask them to order some of us, and they will do it.

GOES AS FAR AS 4 POUNDS
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A Package by Mail, 50 Cents.

Golden Laxative Coffee Co.,
AYER, MASS.

MOTHER EVE'S LAMENT.

I stand before you straight and tall
As mortals were before the fall;
No hooked nose nor massive jaw,
But a creature perfect without flaw.

The "Good Book" calls me Mother Eve,
And says I caused you all to grieve;
But I contend it is not true
I won't bear all the blame would you?

The apples did look awful nice,
And all but one were of price;
Of course, that was the best there were—
Or so the serpent told me, sir.

And then I had a generous heart,
So to my husband gave a part,
And he did eat and grew so wise,
So like the Father in the skies.

And God came down to fix things right,
And found us in an awful plight.
No dainty ribbons tied my hair,
My hands, alas, were not were bare.

I'm modest, so I'll not relate
The horrors of my awful state.
My husband, he was quite as bad,
But he was all the one I had.

And I'd no chance to get another,
For you see he hadn't any mother!
We hid ourselves behind a tree,
Hoping there God could not see.

But he raised his voice and called aloud,
We kept quite still, for we were proud.
Again he called out: "Where art thou?"
We thrust our heads from out the bough.

And told him we were afraid,
For our garments had been mislaid;
But we found that God knew what we'd done.

And that would be no use to run:
So I told him what the serpent said,
And heaped the blame all on his head.
The serpent he'd been strutting around,
But God then told him to the ground,
And straightaway drove us from the place.

He sent us forth in deep despair,
"The said for man a garden care,
But we have sinned just the same,
And ever since that time, you see,
The blame has rested on us three;
But I have had the most to bear,
More a great deal than my share.
How did I know? How could I guess
That men would make a cider press
And use the juice of that fruit,
Their share in crime to contribute,
Then trace the blame thing back to me,
Because I got fruit off the tree?"

This simple tale, for centuries told,
I think a lesson well unfold:
We are controlled by Nature's laws,
And that without a saving clause:
And if a law by Nature made
Is ever by us disobeyed,
We have to suffer to atone—
We pay the debt, and we alone.

FRANTZ.

WILL C. HODGE AT ROCHESTER, IND.

The First Spiritualist Church of Rochester is still living and the friends of free thought and Spiritualism are more than holding their own against the combined influence of ignorance and superstition and the depressing influences caused by the times. By persistent effort on the part of the faithful, our philosophy is bearing fruit, as witnessed by the uniformly good audiences and the number of new faces which are to be seen in Temple Hall on any Sunday evening.

As this is my fifth annual engagement here, I am in a position to know whereof I speak concerning the progress made.

Spiritualism is no longer an experiment, but a recognized fact, and as evidence is being given to the people, the First Spiritualist Church was recognized and respectfully invited to be one of the number.

What has been done in Rochester can be done in other places, if the friends will organize with a determination to carry on the work.

The problem of singing seems to have been solved by this society, for in no place that I have been, not even at our camp-meetings, is there such singing, and of this itself furnishes a genuine inspiration. Here are cleverer friends keenly feeling the financial stringency, and it is necessary for the workers to be quite largely imbued with a missionary spirit to insure success. My time expired with the last Sunday of December, but I have been re-engaged for January, and all correspondence will reach me here until the first of February. Am open for engagements, and realizing the effect of the present depression in all kinds of business, will arrange compensation to suit the times. WILL C. HODGE.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records," Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily recommended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualist or Christian can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Talleyrand's Letter to the Pope" will be found especially interesting to all who would desire to make a study of Romanism and the Bible. The historic facts he states, and his keen, scathing review of Romish ideas and practices should be read by all. Sold at this office. Price 25 cents.

"The Religion of the Future." By S. Weil. This is a work of far more than ordinary power and value, by a bold, untrammelled thinker. Spiritualists who love deep, clear thought, reverent for truth alone, will be pleased with it, and will be repaid by its personal. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

"Cosmic Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 253 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50c. For sale at this office.

"The Fountain of Life, or The Three-fold Power of Sex." By Lois Washburn. One of the author's most useful books. It should be read by every man and woman. Price 50c.

"Right Living." By Susan H. Wixon. The author shows a very practical method of teaching the principle of ethics. She illustrates her subject with many brief narratives and anecdotes, which render the book more interesting and more easily comprehended. It is especially adapted for use in Children's Lyceum. In the hands of mothers and teachers it may be made very useful. Young and old will be benefited by it. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

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SUN-LAND ECHOES.
CONTINUED ON PAGE 1.

name than that which San Francisco and some cities further east practice as a part of their religion. They say to the people. Here the museum and the museum, the electrician, the mental curist, the hydropath and other followers of nature's methods, are represented in numbers and work in peace and safety, curing numerous cases which other methods cannot reach. Two of my graduates of whom I am quite proud, greeted me here, one of whom, Dr. Doble, is treating with an admirable success, and the other, Wm. C. Bowman, is an eloquent speaker and a grand worker for every humanitarian cause. Several other excellent workers are carrying on very successful methods, and making this a center of luminous and reformed forces.

This is a land of wonders of new and startling things, great mountains and valleys, immense trees, marvelous vegetation and 1200 miles of seaboard on the greatest of oceans. We visited the number of Commerce and had to laugh outright to find a sweet potato weighing 25 pounds, a beet weighing 50 pounds and a pumpkin weighing 250 pounds. The tomatoes, strawberries, blackberries, oranges and flowers of all kinds keep growing and ripening and don't know when to stop. The muscat grapes, out of which raisins are made, are exceedingly delicious, the finest fruit I ever tasted, are now as high as five cents a pound being nearly gone for the season. There has been as low as a cent a pound, and sometimes even less. They are much superior to the Malaga grape which sells in New York at 15 or 20 cents a pound.

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I have taken your medicines one week. I feel better. Will say that it has helped me more than all the other doctors I have tried. ALHANN PERRY, West Bolton, Vermont, Dec. 13, 1896.

And now I will just state that Charles is just getting on splendidly, perfectly wonderful what you have done for him. He has been sick for years, almost an invalid, and now after three weeks' treatment with you he feels as though he had a new lease on life. MRS. L. BRYANT, McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 10, 1896.

I am much pleased at the result of your treatment and wish to express my gratitude for your attention and care. Although my case may not seem as wonderful as some, yet I do not think it a very common thing for rheumatism to be cured, especially for one of my age; indeed, one of our most popular physicians is quite lame with the disease, and so is evidently unable to rid himself of it. M. F. MYAN, 34 Walter street, Salem, Mass., Dec. 14, 1896.

I am feeling better than I have felt for years. Your treatment has done wonders for me. I am surprised at the great change that has taken place in me in the short time under your treatment. I am doing all my house work now and feel well and happy. In fact my whole body seems to have new strength and vigor. I think you will remember that I wrote you that I did not have strength to walk around or do anything. MRS. ANNIE F. SMITH, East Rochester, N. H., Dec. 6, 1896.

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