

## REMARKABLE NARRATIVE

Invincible Proofs of Spirit Presence and Knowledge, by a Reliable Witness.

A Brief History of the Phenomena that Occurred through the Mediumship of Mrs. E. M. Teed, during the Last Two Months of Her Earth Life.

To the Editor:—In consequence of so much having been written in the last two years with regard to the physical and clairvoyant investigations of Spiritualism, and as many of the leading writers of your journal are advocating the idea of abolishing all physical demonstrations, thereby leaving us in the same condition which the orthodox churches are in, resting on the idle dicta of those who are past and gone, trying to harmonize the real philosophy of Spiritualism with that of orthodox Christianity, I have undertaken to write a short history of my experience with Mrs. E. M. Teed. This I do by request.

Mrs. Teed came to this city in September, 1873, and subsequently died at her house after an illness of some two months or more. I did think of referring back to her early history as she told it to me, but I have abandoned that idea and have concluded to commence this narrative with an account of her advent to this section of country.

Along in the latter part of the year 1873 a lady of this town visited Chicago and attended some seances given by Mrs. Teed, and on her return gave a glowing account of the splendid seances she had attended. At the same time the Religio-Philosophical Journal published some very flattering accounts of her seances in Chicago. These accounts created an intense anxiety on the part of the Spiritualists in this section of the country to learn more of her seances. She contemplated a trip to California for the benefit of her failing health, and partly promised to stop at Council Bluffs.

Mrs. Teed left Chicago in a condition of very poor health, reached Kansas City and held a few seances there; from there she went to St. Joseph, where she experienced many difficulties and hardships. A lawyer who took up the matter possessed himself of her money and jewelry, and she was turned loose penniless, and to a large extent, without friends. After she had been robbed of her money and jewelry, she obtained means to take her to Oregon, Mo., and there she held two or three seances.

A story was started by a man writing from Oregon, and published in the Chicago Journal, that he had placed a man behind her cabinet who had looked through a knot-hole and saw Mrs. Teed making up her face and looking out of the cabinet window. That was the commencement of the attack which was made upon her. I have forgotten the name of the man who started the story, but I corresponded with the man in whose house the seance was held, and he stated that his daughter went into the cabinet on the second night, where she held Mrs. Teed's hands, and claimed that Mrs. Teed went to sleep and did not move. The girl stated that she was frightened by the lights and things that were going on in the cabinet, and when she emerged she stated to her father that Mrs. Teed was sleeping and had nothing to do with the matter at all.

This cabinet was brought to Council Bluffs. It was made in sections, of light wooden frames, covered with heavy black cloth. If there had been a hole in it or any means of looking into it, nothing within could have been seen any more than by looking into a barrel by knocking out the bung.

Mrs. Teed left Oregon, Mo., and came to Council Bluffs and stayed with the lady before mentioned who had invited her to come, and I was notified that she was to hold a public seance. My wife and I attended the seance and there were probably about forty persons present. I had never seen anything like materialization, and I was surprised when several faces appeared at the window of the cabinet, and in one or two cases arms were reached out and pointed to individuals. Several of these forms were positively and distinctly recognized. The seance was striking and made a strong impression upon my mind. I was uncertain before as to there being anything in Spiritualism, and doubted the physical manifestations, but this seance convinced me.

One day, as I was busily engaged at my business, I heard that she was going to hold a dark seance in the country, some two or three miles out of the city. I was a novice in these matters and knew very little about these dark seances, but my wife and I decided to attend. I have heard it said that I went there expecting to see and hear frauds practiced. An elderly gentleman by name of Garner, a resident of this country, who hoped that Spiritualism was true but who had his doubts about it, was passing the house where the seance was held, and we halted him and persuaded him to stop and attend. He hitched his horse and did so.

There was a circle of eight or ten persons; we all joined hands, and Mrs. Teed sat in the center, clapping her hands to show where she was, the room being made dark. Several instruments of music floated over our heads and played tunes, then spirit lights danced about the room so brightly that we could see one another. At this seance two little girls—spirits who had passed into the spirit world—materialized and gave their names. One of them sat in Mr. Garner's lap, patted him on the face, and talked loud enough for all to hear.

This seance settled the question with Mr. Garner; he broke down and wept like a child, and ever after that to the day of his death he was a prominent Spiritualist, was a great friend of the mediums, and visited different places in the United States where he could hear

of any leading medium. At this seance two of our boys who had passed away came and spoke to us and identified themselves in such a way as to convince us of their continued existence in another world.

About this time a man by name of Winslow came to this city claiming to have been the director of the Philosophical Journal. One of his objects was to expose Mrs. Teed, another was to combat Woodhullism. He domiciled at the same house where Mrs. Teed was stopping. They got up a seance arranged similar to the one mentioned above. Nothing happened at this seance with the exception that a guitar was raised from the table and floated around a short distance over our heads, and the seance was given up as a failure.

I returned home and gave close attention to business for about two weeks. After that time I paid a visit to town and was told that a certain young lady, who was present at the last mentioned circle, and who had sat between Judge Riddell and myself, had made the statement that she had broken loose from the circle and grabbed Mrs. Teed and held her so that she could not swing the guitar any more. I thought "if that is the way mediums are exposed, I am going to look into this matter and know more about it." I knew that young lady had not broken loose from me, and I saw Judge Riddell and he said he knew she had not broken loose from him, and we came to the conclusion that there was a concerted plan to overthrow Mrs. Teed.

After all this had occurred and I had runnied on the matter, I drove down town one day, and on my way home as I was two or three blocks from the place where Mrs. Teed was stopping, the thought occurred to me that I would like to know what had become of her, as one of her male attendants had left her and returned to St. Joseph, probably on account of the financial straits which were in. I turned back and drove to the house. As I entered the yard I saw Mrs. Teed standing on the porch; I approached her and found her weeping. I asked what the matter was; she said the friends who came with her had left her, she had no money, and the folks with whom she was stopping had ordered her from the house.

Sympathy took hold of me instantly, and I told her to get on her wraps, get into my buggy and go home with me. She brought to my house only a little satchel containing some medicine and a few articles of toilet. She had no extra change of clothing. I did not think she would stay more than a day or two. After she had been there a few days, I talked with her a good deal on the subject of Spiritualism, and asked if she had any objections to holding a little private seance at our house to show what could be done. She replied that she did not know as she could do anything as she was very sick, but she was willing to try, as I had become her protector, and the only person she could look to for protection; she would do all in her power to accommodate me. We arranged for a seance and she instructed me how to improvise a cabinet by hanging a couple of army blankets across the room where there were neither windows nor doors.

Now here comes the most important part of the narrative which I wish to relate. I want the reader to understand that this lady was afflicted with a bronchial affection which the doctors called consumption of the throat. She had consequently lost her voice and could speak only in a whisper, which was very faint when she was in a normal condition, but sometimes, when several faces appeared at the window of the cabinet, and in one or two cases arms were reached out and pointed to individuals. Several of these forms were positively and distinctly recognized. The seance was striking and made a strong impression upon my mind. I was uncertain before as to there being anything in Spiritualism, and doubted the physical manifestations, but this seance convinced me.

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that light down a little?" I turned it down and the voice said, "that will do." Here let me remark that notwithstanding the fact that the light had been turned down we had the strongest light that I have ever seen at materializing seances. After all had become quiet again, the next thing we heard was the pouring out of the water into the tumbler, which was plainly audible to every one present. All supposed that the object of the water was to give Mrs. Teed a drink, but the result of the matter will be seen further on.

The improvised cabinet was lit up with spirit lights, and they shone so bright that they were seen through the blankets. Mrs. Teed had no matches, and if she had, her hands were so securely tied that she could not strike any. There was an aperture in the cabinet, and soon after the lights appeared the face and bust of a person appeared at the aperture, and were so plain and life-like there could be no mistaking their identity if the proper

them would have thought to invent such a one. Several faces besides these appeared, but it is only necessary to mention one; a genial, fine-visaged old lady in a figured cap with a little frill, came to the window and put her hand out and pointed to me. I could not make up my mind who it could be until I took a second thought, then I said to my wife, "Why, that is Mother Hunt, of Philadelphia," an old lady with whom I had boarded before I was married, and who was very much attached to me and called me her son. There was a general clapping of hands among the spirits because I had recognized her. It seemed so odd that the spirits could do that. Unfortunately none of those faces or spirits could talk audibly; they did not pretend to talk, I only saw their faces.

The seance closed and we threw back the blankets so as to expose the medium, when we found her in a deep trance, to all appearances unconscious, with the tumbler two-thirds full of water balanced upon her head. The tying of the rope was intact and nothing was disturbed.

A day or two after this seance Mr. Garner called on me and requested Mrs. Teed to go to his house and hold a seance. She said she wanted a protector and promised to go if I would go along

the light and bring the pitcher of water. While we were waiting for the guests on the night of the seance, Mr. Garner mentioned the name of a neighbor whom he expected but who had not arrived. Mrs. Teed overheard us talking of him and asked what the matter was. Mr. Garner told her we were waiting for a man and his wife. She said she would find out immediately whether they would come or not. "I will send Polly to find out," said she. Polly was an Indian girl control. A description of the premises was given her and she was sent on her errand. In the course of five or ten minutes she returned, and stated that the husband had come from town intoxicated and had heard that Mrs. Teed was a fraud, and forbade his wife going to the seance, and she was crouched in a corner and he was scolding and threatening her with violence if she attempted to go. The Indian girl reported that they would not be there. Mr. Garner was so excited that he rode over next morning to the place to find out the truth of the matter, and found that "what the spirit girl had said was the exact truth in every respect."

The seance was formed, and blankets were hung in a corner of the room, in a similar manner as before. On this occasion I allowed an expert sailor to tie Mrs. Teed; he did it in the presence

the first place, examined the tying, as did we all, and we worked at least fifteen minutes to find the ends of that cord; it was a regular puzzle. The whole crowd gave it up as a mystery. We put her back in the cabinet, threw the blankets down so as to make it dark; in two or three minutes the rope was worked in a nice hall, and she was thrown out of the cabinet. That ended our seance there.

In a day or two after this I brought her back to my house. At this time I noticed that the woman was failing; she was every day getting more and more feeble; it was plain that she was passing away. I proposed to her to have one more seance at my house; she was willing to try, but would promise nothing. At this seance there were present a lot of skeptics whom I had invited. Owing to Mrs. Teed's feeble condition, I did not think it necessary to resort to tying; she was placed in the cabinet as heretofore. Two or three faces were viewed at the aperture and the stentorian voice of John said, "Mr. Winchester, won't you please take my sister out of this cabinet. I dare not let her go any further with this seance, for her life is really in danger." We were all frightened and we sprang to her and drew her out into the room. There was still life; her pulse moved, but there was slight action of the heart; fifteen or twenty minutes passed before she came back to consciousness.

This ended Mrs. Teed's seances; we never dared attempt any more. She had odd spells; sometimes full of life, other times very down-hearted and low-spirited; falling all the time. Now comes one of the most important features of this little narrative or history. Mrs. Teed possessed two distinct phases of mediumship; one was the power of the spirit to not only maintain life and action of the heart in the physical body, but at the same time possess elasticity enough to travel miles and miles away and make observations that were absolutely correct. Another phase was the using of spirits in sending them away on errands to find out certain things, as in the case of the Indian girl Polly.

Shortly after the above-referred-to seance I went to the town and paid her board for which her trunk was held. Knowing that it would be impossible for her ever to be removed alive, I brought her trunk to my place; she was so far gone that she never attempted to have access to her trunk after it was brought there. It became a settled question in our minds that she had got to end her days there with us. On one occasion my wife was paying a visit to an old acquaintance in the city, and it was very natural she should say something of the difficulties in taking care of a woman as sick as Mrs. Teed was. This lady friend remonstrated with my wife for taking care of her and wanted us to send her to the poor-house, and this brought on some pretty sharp talk backward and forward between them. While this was going on I went into the room where Mrs. Teed lay on the lounge, she beckoned me to come and I found her weeping and asked her what the matter was. She said: "Mother (she always called my wife mother) is down there to this lady's and the lady is scolding her for keeping me here, and saying I ought to be sent to the poor-house." She whispered to me and said "You were one five to four; I pledged my word that as long as I had means to take care of her I would do all in my power for her. Mrs. Teed repeated the conversation between my wife and the lady almost verbatim to me, and the question arises, how did she know?"

I have a couple of married daughters living in the country. Mrs. Teed would very frequently visit their residences and tell us what they were doing; she would describe the premises and house-furnishings, and was always correct; she would tell how the house was built and how large the rooms; she never was there.

There were three doctors in town very much interested in the welfare of Mrs. Teed; they came to my house two or three times a week to see her. On one occasion two of the doctors came, and after making a thorough diagnosis of the case, retired to a warm place near my barn, a hundred yards from the house, where she could neither see nor hear, for consultation. They talked the matter over, probably an hour, and decided on a prescription. I came into the house ahead of them, and as I went into her room she beckoned to me and said she knew those two doctors were down there by the barn, and said she "I have heard every word they have said; they have agreed on a prescription and she gave me the names of four of them, and got them correct; the fifth one she said was a jaw-breaker and she could not say it. I went out into the kitchen where the doctors were; one of them was writing the prescription. I told them what she had said, and they had a hearty laugh over the matter."

The next thing of importance is in regard to the little Indian girl Polly, who was represented as being some thirteen or fourteen years of age when she passed over the river, and belonged to a tribe in the state of Maine. She was in particular Mrs. Teed's familiar spirit, always on hand to do her bidding. I have a niece in town, whose husband was an officer on the Union Pacific railroad and her mother was a widow and lived in the city of Salt Lake. My niece's husband sent to Salt Lake an order for a pass for the mother-in-law to come here on a visit. The order had been gone about two weeks; the lady had not come nor had they received any word from her whatever, and my niece became very much alarmed, fearing that something serious had happened.

Mrs. Teed heard us talking about the matter and beckoned us to come to her, and asked what the trouble was, and when she was told she said, "Why, I can tell you all about it." We gave her a description of the house and street and she said to Polly, "Go to Salt Lake and find out about that woman." That was all that was said. Mrs. Teed was in a normal condition.

After the lapse of fifteen minutes Polly came back and said "I have been to Salt Lake and have found that woman; why she used to be a little bit of a woman, but she is a great big woman

now," and she told the cause of the delay. There had been trouble, arising from a lot of red tape arrangement. The men who had the thing in charge had gone to Ogden and had not returned in time. The woman had hurt her back and was lame and limping around the house. "But she has got the pass now," said Polly, "and is packing up her things and is going to start to-morrow morning." As this little Polly had never made any mistakes thus far in her reports we had such confidence in her statement that we went to the depot in Omaha on the day she had set for the lady's arrival, and she was there; she arrived just as Polly said she would. All this time Mrs. Teed read her spells, sometimes feeling better and sometimes worse, John and Polly were full of mischief, always looking out for an opportunity to play a trick on somebody. Judge Riddell, a friend of Mrs. Teed's, visited us almost every day. One day he and I were going to town in the buggy; after we were seated and ready to start the buggy was partly overturned, and we were both thrown out. We supposed some obstruction had been placed in the way; we looked around but could discover nothing. Knowing John's aptness for perpetrating jokes I went to the house and found that John was controlling Mrs. Teed, and they were having a great laugh about the way he had thrown us out of the buggy. He told us to go ahead now; it was all right, there would be no further trouble. One afternoon Mrs. Teed seemed to feel quite lively and cheerful and John controlled her and told us a great many of his anecdotes, happenings in his experience when a sailor on the water.

I had two boys, fourteen and sixteen, years of age, and Polly seemed to fraternize with them and was always taking notice of what they did; something occurred every day. One day some neighbor boys came over to play with our boys and they got to pitching horseshoes for quills, and Polly was as much interested as the boys. One day when Mrs. Teed was running in to tell her who had won, sometimes saying, "Benjamin has won," and again, "Melty has won." Another time they went hunting two or three miles away from home, and Polly went with them; she came to Mrs. Teed and said, "The boys have got to Haverhill county, Wisconsin. I guess she had better mind, she will be telling tales out of school." She insisted that she was going. I said, "If you must go, go you will; but you will get lost." I did not think any more of this conversation. Nothing happened that she could report till we arrived at a place called Logan, then she said to the folks at home, "They have lived a team and are going to ride ten miles north into the country." In a little while she went back again and told my wife we had put our horses up; every little while she would go back and tell what we were doing. One time she burst out into a laugh and said, "Why they have not got any cup and are drinking at a spring just as I used to drink in the woods of Maine."

I sat down under a tree to rest, and she said to the folks at home, "Mercy! how his knees ache." In a little while she was back again and said, "They have missed the train." We had missed the passenger train, and had to wait for the freight train. All the day everything happened just as she reported it at home. It seemed very singular that these things could enter Mrs. Teed's head, lying there sick.

As she neared the other world she became more clairvoyant and clairaudient and lay a large portion of her time in deep trances, and when she came out of them declared she had been to France, where she was born, and sometimes to Boston, to Lowell and other places. She had no appetite, and all that kept her alive was her brother John controlling her to eat; sometimes he would force her to eat.

About two or three days previous to Christmas her lower limbs became cold and stiff, and once or twice during the time she lay that way I thought that she had passed over the river, but on closer examination found there was still life, and she would revive again. All the time of her sickness she wanted the rooms dark and said that her spirit friends would take care of her. We discovered that ponderous objects were frequently moved about the room. If anything was wanted during the night there were loud raps on our door for us to get up; we were wanted mostly for the purpose of fixing up the fire when the room became cold. Our room was twenty feet from hers; she was not able to get up, and we knew she could not give the raps; we had to open two doors to get to her room. On one occasion she wanted some chloroform, to allay the pain. I had bought a bottle for her, but became fearful that she might take too much and cause her death, so I would not leave it in her room at night, but hid it in the back part of a little closet. In the morning she had it, but how she got it I never knew. I only know she did not get it herself.

When the end was very near I got a couple of gentlemen to come and examine her trunk and all her effects. The object of this was to discover if there were any paraphernalia or anything of a suspicious character by which she could work deception on us. Let the reader

## The Skeleton in the Spiritualists' Closet.



My form lies in the potter's field; 'tis naught to me, 'tis true;  
But if you prize the Truth revealed, 'tis something more to you.  
Go preach the gospel by your deeds; give aid unto the poor;  
Make earth a heaven; sow good seeds; your harvest will be sure.

persons had been there to identify them. A large, portly gentleman, one of our oldest settlers, who had met with an accident and lost his life a short time previous, appeared at the aperture and was instantly recognized by every one in the circle.

One of the next that appeared probably deserves a little extra notice. A Mr. Jackson and his wife were present, and she was one of the strangest-visaged persons I ever saw; her make-up was very peculiar and would attract attention anywhere. A face and form appeared at the aperture which was so strikingly a resemblance to Mrs. Jackson, who happened to be sitting just behind my wife, that my wife, without thinking, jumped up quickly, and turning around, said, "Why, I thought that was you, Mrs. Jackson." My wife had never seen anything of this kind before, and she thought Mrs. Jackson had gotten into the cabinet. Mrs. Jackson replied, "That is my sister; we were not twins, but we looked so much alike that the neighbors all called us twins." That was the way she answered my wife.

If it had been possible for Mrs. Teed to have concealed any rubber masks, she never would have picked out such a visage as that, and no man making

and superintend the matter. I promised to do so, and the appointment was made. We took her over to Mr. Garner's two days previous to the seance.

Mrs. Teed was a woman of peculiar make-up; under no circumstances when she had made an assertion, would she retract or take back what she had said. While at Garner's she seemed to have some convalescent spells and was very cheerful and talkative. One day when the whole family was present (and Garner had a pretty large family) a "suart Aleck" came in who thought he knew it all and entered into conversation with Mrs. Teed; and he became impudent and called her a liar. Her spirit brother John (who was represented as large and stout, almost a giant), controlled her, and instantly, sick and debilitated as she was, caused her to jump up and catch this fellow by the arms and swing him around the room. The grip upon his arms paralyzed them, and he, being helpless, begged her to desist, which she did, and as he fled he called back that if there ever was a devil in human form, she was one, he was so frightened. He did not enter her presence again as long as she stayed there. I learned that John, her spirit brother, was her control, and the same whose voice had asked me to turn down

of all the company and assured them that it was impossible for her to move or use her hands. Before they got her fairly tied she went into a deep trance, and the gentlemen present lifted her into the cabinet. Several forms and faces appeared and were recognized, and a tumbler of water was placed upon her head in a similar manner as before, by her spirit brother John. In this, seance a spirit voice stated, in regard to the tying, that she could untie her and take off the cords. It was an absolute certainty that there was no person inside the cabinet but the medium. The sailor bantered them and dared them to try. Instantly the ropes were taken off and thrown through the aperture into the room. The sailor was astonished. The curtains were thrown aside and the woman was seen to be in a trance. Then a voice said, "Throw the curtains back and let us see her once." It was the spirit John. I threw the rope back into the cabinet, and the tying commenced, and three or four distinct voices were heard. One was John; and a Yankee twang was heard, in a sailor voice. Polly was scolding and saying they were hurting her medium. The then a voice said to hush up. John said, "I'll attend to her." They had a regular set-to. We took her out, tied as she was, and the sailor who tied her in



## A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

As Related by A. W. Moore, a Well-Known Journalist, of Rochester, New York.

In 1869 I wintered in the mines of Colorado, away up in the Pike's Peak range. Six of us occupied a log cabin situated in a narrow canon, hemmed in on all sides by rocky cliffs. We were

"A jolly crew—  
With nothing to do,"

the snow having made us prisoners and put a stop to placer mining for the season. But we were in good shape; cords of wood were piled near the door, two whole half sides of beef hung suspended and frozen stiff to a tree, which in summer spread its foliage over our cabin. Boxes of canned stuff, sacks of flour, fitches of bacon, hams, strings of onions, and many other comforts for the inner man were piled about in different parts of the shanty—a real, old-time, roomy log cabin, with rafters overhead, and a fire-place, in front of which we might have roasted a whole ox and had room to spare. Talk about fires! It used to take two of us to lift in one of the big sticks to feed our. Great logs full of pine pitch, and the way they burned and crackled was something to remember. And when the blizzards came, which was often, there was no lack of warmth within our cabin. What a jolly lot we were too! Each with different temperaments, but all agreed in the main. There was the probate judge, rotund and red-nosed; the doctor with his everlasting pipe, the county recorder with his rawhide boots, the member of the Legislature with his perpetual jaw, and the latest arrival who performed the functions of major domo. Life was about evenly divided between scrambling through snow drifts about the mines in daytime; sometimes in hunting and toasting our shins, spinning yarns and smoking our pipes around our cabin fire at night. And what yarns were spun during that winter! What thumping yarns were told night after night by the different members of our little company!

One night as we sat around our cozy fire the doctor told a remarkable story. He said our then present surroundings reminded him of an experience he had undergone many years previously when he, with several others, had wintered in a log cabin very much like the one we were in then, and situated in a similar canon in a different part of Colorado. After describing their situation, the doctor went on to say:

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

A three days' blizzard occurred during February, which choked up our canon so deeply that we had to dig ourselves a pathway to the village. Then came a thaw and the Arkansas river boomed for awhile.

One night during that thaw we had settled ourselves down for the usual evening's pipe and chat. It fell upon me to divert the company with a story, but I had run so completely dry of anecdotes that I begged permission to read some extracts from Victor Hugo's Les Misérables as a substitute. I chose that part where Jean Valjean escapes from his hiding place in the Paris convent in a coffin under the protection and guidance of his old friend, the convent gardener and sexton. My audience listened with rapt attention to my dramatic style of rendering that part of the story which describes the arrival of the funeral cortege to the grave, and when the coffin containing Jean Valjean is being lowered into the abyss, and when the priest's and acolytes' voices repeating the burial services had such an effect upon the mind of the alarmed and encoffined victim. I had entered upon the passage speaking of Jean Valjean's horror upon hearing the spade of earth falling upon the coffin, then the second, and the third, when the cabin seemed to tremble amid an indescribable roaring, and the next instant its walls were twisted out of shape, part of the roof bent inwards and cracked, the fire hissed and sent forth volumes of steam. Some one rushed to the door and opened it, to see a wall of snow. Not a moment was to be lost, for the air in the cabin was rapidly becoming vitiated with steam and smoke.

An avalanche had fallen on us from the heights above us, and our only escape from suffocation was to dig ourselves out. And now commenced a period of horror and anxiety to all of us which cannot be described. A mining engineer, who formed one of our party, however, took command, and bade us keep cool and follow his directions. Fortunately picks and spades were plentiful within the cabin, and two of us immediately commenced digging out the snow in front of the door and throwing it over the fire, which, luckily, was low, the weather having been moderate. The steam from it was preferable to the smoke and charcoal fumes which were becoming unbearable. Our next precaution was to prop up the center of the roof, which threatened to fall in upon us, and to do this we had to pull to pieces the bunks and use the heavier parts thereof for posts, which, with the aid of boxes and canned stuff, enabled us to erect a substantial support. Our cabin was soon half filled with snow taken from the doorway and the atmosphere became very cool. We dug a short tunnel at the door, hoping to reach air, but the snow kept caving in. We tried to reach the air by means of the longest sticks and posts we had, but without success.

The air within the cabin began to get surcharged with carbonic gas and the light burned very low. A faintness came over us and a sensation not unpleasant, which gradually benumbed our senses and

## MADE US UTTERLY CARELESS

of our position. I lay down upon a heap of blankets in a corner and soon experienced most extraordinary sensations. I seemed to be struggling to free myself from a sort of covering which enveloped me, something which tenaciously clung more especially to my lower extremities. I saw through the broken roof of our cabin, and the great mass of snow which covered it, the bright shining stars, one of which seemed gradually to become larger, as though it was slowly descending towards me. As I struggled to cast off the encumbrance which appeared to hold me down, I kept my gaze intently fixed upon this shining orb as nearer and nearer it advanced. The walls of the cabin and all things within them, seemed transformed from ponderous matter into thin, filmy outlines, as though composed of threads, and all the landscape beyond was visible to me. The star became at last of such enormous magnitude as to nearly fill the heavens, and its lower circle seemed to shed forth a vapory substance that descended to the earth like bright clouds. This vapor seemed to come faintly at first, down into the cabin, bringing with it a perfume of hyacinth and violet, which, as I breathed, seemed to endow me with a consciousness and power of vision I had never experienced before. Had it not been for the encumbrance which seemed to anchor me, as it were, to the cabin, I felt I could have flown instantly

## TO THE MOST DISTANT POINT

of the universe. The great star at length had become incorporated with the earth and I beheld a counterpart of our world, suffused, however, in the hues of an indescribable splendor. How coarse and gloomy seemed the recollections of earth's most charming scenes in comparison with the ineffable grandeur of this phantom world! I seemed at length to free myself from the matter which had clung to my body, my feet being the last members to have cast it off, and I now stood a new being, endowed with new faculties of mind. I seemed to comprehend the grand scheme of the creative power, and why my soul had been imprisoned in its house of flesh. I

stood apart and viewed the empty casket which had contained my spirit as it lay prone upon the heap of blankets upon the cabin floor. It was then that I realized for the first time how wonderful, how marvelous had been my experience of earth. Every incident in the school of matter came to my mind, event after event, my failures and successes, my joys and sorrows, my deprivations, disasters and vicissitudes. And I saw how these experiences

## HAD ENRICHED MY SPIRIT

and endowed it with vitality and knowledge for future progress. I saw Love written upon the whole structure of God's vast universe; and I felt that as an atom in that universe, I, among the trillion millions, was not forgotten.

As the star of beauty had supplanted the dismal regions of matter, so I felt that I had been merged into an ocean of eternal love. Familiar forms and faces gathered round me. Those whom I had known in childhood and had almost forgotten were there. They came with the same old smiles and hand pressures, not with excited, ebullient greetings, but with calm serenity born of immortal repose.

A sense of happy bewilderment possessed me. I heard the singing of birds and saw foliage and flowers on every hand, also the abodes of the blest, all corresponding to those of earth, but, oh! so different, but I cannot explain the difference. It is written: "No eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard," etc., in regard to the glories of the after life. Many forms approached to greet me, but were gently repelled by my attending guide. I was but new born, and to the house of one beloved I was taken and there bright ones ministered to me.

I made journeys with my guide to various places. I was not permitted to converse with many. I was told—in fact I felt—that my condition was as yet low. I had much to do and learn before I could hold communion with superior beings whom I saw at times come and go. I was taken into a great community and saw many who appeared sorrowful. These I was told could not yet appreciate the beauties of the new life. They

## WERE EARTH-BOUND

and incapable of pleasure. Their condition was the result of deficient training while passing through earth experience. I was taken to regions where everything seemed dark and shadowy, where I beheld gloomy ones brooding and sorrowing, and among them I saw bright and beautiful ones ministering to groups whose features were lit up with hope. Occasionally some of these latter would accompany the bright ones from the gloom and return no more. Into the deep gloom I went with my guide, where with our clear vision we beheld the forms of those whose spirituality was so deficient that they had not beheld the light at all. As we approached they retreated into the darker recesses. This was the abode of the vicious, the sensual and vile. But even here were ministering beings who were carrying comfort and hope into the lowest.

It was in this dark region, my guide informed me, that my labors would begin. As near as I remember, this is what he said to me: "Beloved, that you may cleanse your soul from the defilement of earth life which still clings to you, a divine mission is given to you. Seek out from these sorrowing ones those who can come in rapport with your soul, and to such convey the solace of hope. Aid them to seek and they shall find the way out of their darkness. Many there are who must return to their earthly haunts and witness the consequences of their evil deeds, look upon the ruin their earthly

## SELFISHNESS AND LUST

has spread around; see the tears, hear the sighs of the neglected and abused ones. This discipline will strengthen the spiritual nature of those of low condition, brighten your own soul for higher flights, and give hope and comfort to the dejected ones of earth. It will be given you what to do and what to say at all times and in all circumstances. Know that the law of Love governs all, and that no harm can assail you for evermore; therefore be courageous, fear not to go into the lowest depths of darkness to find a soul. You will behold amid these regions of shade spirits of

## EVERY DEGREE OF GROWTH,

the vile and filthy, the intelligent but selfish—those who were rich and lived in splendor on earth, but starved their souls by fraud and lust, the self-righteous whose spirits were shriveled on earth by cold formalities, zealots who spent their earth lives in following false idols and persecuting their fellows for differing with them, hypocrites who professed one thing

## AND PRACTICED ANOTHER;

men and women of great talents who used them on earth for base purposes—those who gained wealth by fraud and at the expense of others; those who paraded their piety by exclusiveness and narrow-mindedness. In the twilight of this mental darkness you will find the frivolous, the indifferent, the humorous, the unsaid, comprising in all the diverse characteristics of all who neglected to build up and strengthen their spiritual natures by deeds of disinterested charity and the practice of virtue while passing through the discipline of earth life. It will be your mission to guide those on earth who are near to you and with whom you can come in rapport. Keep them from the powers of those in spiritual darkness who will strive to control them. Opportunities will occur for you to guide loved ones of earth from calamities and death. As you perform your mission, so will you rise in spiritual life. Come often to the regions of light, into the homes of love and beauty for soul refreshment and communion."

When the angelic being ceased speaking he drew me

## AGAIN TO THE GLORIOUS LIGHT,

out into verdant groves and fields of everlasting flowers, by the banks of limpid streams and amid vine-clad homes of every description, and I met many beautiful beings similar to my guide, among whom were my father, mother, brothers and sisters, and by whom I was taken home. Their greetings seemed to fill me with ecstasy. Ah! how shall I describe the house I saw? Upon the walls were illustrated a number of earth scenes in my own career which I had entirely forgotten. There was a representation of myself as a youth carrying to my sick mother fruits of the earth, and I instantly remembered that I had for years supported her in comfort after my father's death. Another illustration depicted a beautiful female clinging to me while with my foot I crushed a serpent, and I remembered when I had resisted temptation on earth. There was a picture of myself struggling with poverty amid snow and ice, and one contrasting showing mother and sisters by the cozy fire, enjoying warmth and comfort. There were pictures of beggars eating bread with thankful looks, and many more, all pointing to deeds of charity and love which I had performed and quite forgotten. Ah! I saw it all now! and tears of joy seemed to well up in my eyes. I felt that I had never done anything to deserve all this happiness, but that I knew that it had come to me because that I had tried to be

## GOOD AND TRUE AND KIND

in life and that I had done these things because I liked to do them, and without the hope of any higher reward than the pleasure that comes from their performance. I

partook of spiritual refreshments at home, which was as eagerly enjoyed as any meal I ever ate upon earth. But I cannot convey to mortal understanding the nature of this spiritual food.

My guide took me another journey. We traveled with the speed of thought over vast, limitless regions of brightness, where dwelt millions of happy beings, who greeted us as we passed by. As we proceeded, the landscapes grew more enchanting.

## THE HOMES MORE SPLENDID;

and at length, coming to a narrow pathway that led between two lofty mountains, my guide paused. I saw that he grew more beautiful every moment. An indescribable glory seemed to permeate his whole being, and his face with such lofty intelligence, such sweetness, that I felt like bowing down before him. He knew my thoughts and smiled. He then passed his hands over my forehead, stroked my hair, and I felt a new current of life passing through me. My vision was clearer, my intelligence brighter. I seemed to know the great

## SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE,

and my mind sped out to the distant planets and returned like a flash of lightning.

My spiritual raiment grew more magnificent, and from my breast a wondrous glow seemed to go forth and mingle with the brightness that emanated from my guide. I felt transformed. "You are now," said he, "about to enter the second sphere of spiritual life, not to remain, but to witness one step in the divine order of promotion of the soul. This is my sphere, from which, with many others, I come at will to receive spirits who are born from flesh, and who are sufficiently developed in spirituality to pass the regions of darkness and shadow into light. This was your case. You will visit the second sphere in borrowed raiment and a temporary soul enlightenment, of which you must be deprived on our return."

We then entered into a new realm. A sound of harmony seemed to pervade all things. Rippling waters and cascades sent forth music which thrilled the soul with indescribable ecstasies. Delicious odors filled the air, changing momentarily as we passed through bewildering clusters of flowers, through paths overhung with fruit-laden trees. We came to the home of the guide, where I beheld his conditions, and beings

## SURPASSING IN LOVELINESS

anything the mind of man ever conceived. Tenderness, purity and love beamed from every countenance and I was welcomed with a sweetness that thrilled my whole being. The homes of this sphere cannot be described. An attempt to do so would exhaust all human conception and only leave the impress of absurdity. Here I listened to the music of the spheres—such music as cannot be thought of earthly minds, compared with which our finest cathedral music is harsh and gross.

I attended a gathering of the celestial beings who conversed on the conditions of the lower sphere with my guide, who spoke of me as one new born, whom he was preparing as a messenger and missionary between the earth and the spirit world. Tender glances were given me and kind hands were laid upon my head; congratulations and blessings were poured out upon me and my heart and soul seemed bursting with joy and enthusiasm.

I was told that a cycle of time was nearing its close and that upon the planet earth, from whence I came, a new era of intelligence was about to supplant the reign of material power, and that I should be instructed in the knowledge and

## PRACTICE OF SPIRIT CHEMISTRY

to equip myself for displaying manifestations of spiritual phenomena upon earth in order to draw the attention of mankind to the higher phases of their being, and to widen the opportunities for communication between the spiritual and material world. I was informed that at the end of the cycle the earth would be changed by the convulsions of nature; continents submerged and new ones thrown up from the vast depths, and man be cast back to a primal state of ignorance.

On returning to the lower sphere I was disrobed and brought back to my former mental state. I now went out alone to seek and to save some poor, forlorn being in the shadows of despair. I felt exquisitely happy in knowing that my high mission would make others joyful, both in spirit life and on earth. Some beings I saw I seemed to have no attraction for and passed them by, but at last I came upon a youth bowed down with unutterable despair. To him I said: "Why do you grieve and give way to gloom, when by looking up and asking for aid, good spirits will come and minister to you and draw you upwards to eternal light?"

"Oh," he answered, "I cannot look up. My thoughts draw me down to the world below, where my beloved mother is weeping for her lost boy. I was disobedient, cruel, selfish and arrogant towards her, impoverished and deserted her in life. I cannot rise. I will not ask to rise until I have given her an assurance of my sorrow and remorse for my conduct. I go to her, speak to her, but she hears me not. She only sighs and weeps!" "Be of good comfort," I cried. "Come, let us descend into the abode of your mother and see if we cannot commune with her." We came into the humble dwelling of the bereaved mother. She was alone, sad and weary, but neither I nor my spirit companion could attract her attention. I left him and sought out among the neighbors one who might be mediums. I found a good and honest woman who sat reading and with whom I immediately came in rapport. I found I could control her, and took possession of her mind. I impressed her with the idea of going into the widow's house. She put down her book, and, placing a shawl upon her head, followed out the impression. As she sat near the widow, with her arm upon the table and saying how she had been impressed to call and see her, I noticed the magnetic current passing out from her arm into the table. I waited for it to increase sufficiently in volume, when I placed my own magnetism in contact with it by a single touch. The positive energy meeting the negative caused a detonation or rap. I instantly again touched the table five times in quick succession, and there were five detonations or raps. Both women were startled, but the medium, knowing the character of the knocks, told her friend to keep quiet. "This is why I was requested to come to you, my dear. These are spirit rappings," the medium said.

"Oh!" cried the widow, "if I could only believe it! and I could only hear from my poor boy!"

"Wait," said the medium, who then asked, "Are you a spirit?" I rapped three times. "There," the medium cried, "three raps means yes."

"Who are you?" was asked. "Shall I call the alphabet?" Three knocks. I then spelt out the name of the widow's son, who stood by me, and told the mother many things that comforted her. "Oh! bless God for this scrap of comfort!" cried the widow, wringing her hands and pacing the floor. "Oh! let me believe that my darling boy is not eternally lost, and I will be happy and patient, and will work and toil alone with thankfulness to the end of life, happy in the thought that my wayward boy still lives; that there is a chance of some day pressing him to my heart again once more and pouring out a mother's boundless love!"

Then the voice of the medium asked: "Will the mother meet her son again?" I gave three raps.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the mother.

I looked at the spirit of her son, no longer gloomy, but happy with uplifted face, beaming with smiles, he ascended to the spirit world. I attempted to follow him, but the cold, dreary world seemed to hold me, harsh sounds came upon my senses, racking pains seized my body, mountains seemed to be falling upon me, thunders reverberated through the hills, frightful roarings and buzzings struck my soul with terror—the agony of suffocation came upon me and I was engulfed in a whirlpool of horrors in which it seemed as though I had been held captive for eternity, when there came a lull in the tempestuous commotion. And one day I opened my eyes

upon the staid old world with its gray rocks and sweet commonplace sunshine. I looked calmly in the face of flesh and blood, into the grey and honest eyes of a good old miner who held my hand in his. He had nursed me for weeks, and when I was strong enough he told me how I had been rescued from the snow-grave. By a mere chance miners came towards our cabin soon after the snow-slide, and taking in the situation at a glance, commenced work digging down to the cabin where we were buried in the snow. I was taken out for dead, and I often think that my spirit on that occasion passed over to the border-land.

## THE INFIDEL.

An Exceedingly Strange Tale of an Unbeliever's Experience.

HE TELLS OF VAIN QUEST FOR CHRISTIAN AID FOR HIS FAMILY—SECRETARY ERNEST P. BICKNELL OF BUREAU OF CHARITIES RECEIVES A LETTER TELLING OF HIS FRUITLESS EFFORTS TO SECURE HELP FROM MINISTERS OR THE Y. M. C. A.—CHRISTIANITY IN SOME RESPECTS A FRAUD AND DELUSION

To the Editor:—Here is a case for serious reflection. As reported in the Chicago Tribune, it was a strange and pathetic story of destitution, which a letter written by a self-confessed infidel disclosed on Thursday to Secretary Ernest P. Bicknell of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Moreover, the tale was true, and of that quality of truth which gives occasional weight to the adage touching truth and fiction. It is a story which has been probed to the core by investigating committees and in no instance has there been found the variation of a grass blade from the strictest integrity.

The bureau officers say it would seem that somewhere in the written words lies the text for many a sermon—sermons in which the sermonizers may feel called on to act on the defensive.

## INFIDEL'S LETTER.

Here is the letter, with signature omitted for obvious reasons:

Chicago, Oct. 4, 1898.—Ernest P. Bicknell, Secretary Bureau of Charities—Sir: You are a Christian. I am an infidel. I have a Christian, prayerful wife, and a boy of 14 and a baby. I am honest, sober, and industrious. I have a clean record and at my business I am competent. I hold A1 references from late employers. Yet, try as I may, I cannot obtain work.

"Now, Christians are, as I have noticed, most willing to lend their aid to any one or anything that will be exploited to their public laudation, but I wished to find 'one who will do good by stealth and blush to have it fame'; one who will in the dark, for Christ's sake, do good with the right hand and let the left hand know it not. One such is, like Diogenes' honest man, hard to find."

"For two months I have gone, hoping against hope, to the ministers of almost every denomination, those of my wife and son, those of the religion of my parents, those of the religion I once professed, and asked them in humility, with the abject cringing of want and penury, for the sake of that Christ they claim to serve, whose doctrines they profess to teach, to help me, not pecuniarily, but by their influence to get employment. I went to the Young Men's Christian Association, too, told my story, and asked for work. Sir, in each and every case the answer was the same.

"Ask Jesus for help; kneel down and ask God to assist you."

"But to do anything themselves; to take one step out of their way to help for their Jesus' sake a suffering fellow-man, was a thing on which to spend no thought."

"Pray to God? My wife has done that for years, but with what result? No God heard; or if he did hear he did not or could not help."

## ASKS FOR A ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR LOAN.

"Now sir, I come to you, a man of position and standing. I come because with representatives of Christ I am through. I come because if I can get help now I can see light ahead. For three months, with my family, I have been living with a woman who rents furnished rooms, and in that time we have not paid one cent. She knows that if I get work she will be paid, but depending, as she does, upon her rent for subsistence, the drain has been long and heavy."

Other reasons are here given for wishing to get his "noble, prayerful Christian wife" to other surroundings. The letter proceeds as follows:

"This morning I obtained a position at \$20 a week, work to begin Oct. 17. If I had \$100 I could get my furniture out of storage, take a \$15 a month flat, and begin once more to live. My wife is just convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, is weak and weary. The sole desire of her life is to have once more a home for herself, her son and her baby. Can you see your way clear on the plain grounds of humanitarianism to help me out after investigation and proof of the truth of what I have here stated? I can and will pay the money back at the rate of \$10 a month. I ask you, a layman, but a believer in Christianity, in the name of Jesus, who founded your faith, in whose redeeming blood you hope to be saved, to help me; and, if you know that the prayers of the good and just avail much, then you may know you will have those of my good wife as long as life lasts."

## STORY FOUND TO BE TRUE.

This closed the letter. The Bureau of Charities investigates all cases. Many are found unworthy. There was something in the tone of this letter that made it ring true on the ear of the Bureau's Secretary. An investigation was made quietly. It was found that the writer of the letter was, with his family, on the verge of starvation; that he was a man of honor, who had met every obligation in life, though its meeting kept food from his lips; that he was sober and industrious and had held good positions which were lost on account of illness. His former employers said he was every inch a man. The story of furniture in storage, of rent due, of the fever-stricken wife whose life was a prayer, of the boy and the baby, was true to an iota. The only part of the truth that the infidel held back in his letter was the fact that when he was seeking work from those through whom his wife had faith that the work would come he was so weak from a recent wasting illness that he barely could climb the steps which in his case always led to disappointment.

The infidel and his Christian wife and family have been relieved. To-morrow they will be in a little place they can call home. There is food and fire now and work a certainty in a week.

Not one cent would the letter-writer take until notes for payment of the money advanced had been signed. "Take my promise to pay or I'll not take your money," he said. "I have always been poor; I am poor now; but this money will find its way back to you."

And those who investigated say they know that he will keep his word.

This case illustrates an unhappy state of affairs in this nineteenth century.

## CHARITY.

Chicago, Ill.

"Social Upbuilding, Including Co-operative Systems and the Happiness and Ennoblement of Humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, LL. D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

## ECHOES FROM BUFFALO

The Outlook From a Spiritual Standpoint.

To the Editor:—I am too busy to write many personal letters; as a large number of our correspondents who have written us of late are readers of The Progressive Thinker, I will send a few lines to its columns, and ask our good friends to consider for the present that their letters are answered. Personally, I have been compelled to drive the type-writer almost continuously for many days; this, with the demands made on my time on behalf of the society and lyceum, and a few duties incident to housekeeping, consume about all the hours between the rising and the setting of the sun.

The meeting was resumed at the Temple the first Sunday of September. We held two services on Sunday and a mid-week (Wednesday night) meeting. Although the weather was exceedingly warm at the commencement of the season, our audiences were all we could expect, and they have steadily increased; last Sunday night the Temple was well filled.

According to the present outlook from a spiritualistic standpoint, Buffalo is to be an active field the coming season. Aside from the Temple society (the First Spiritualist Church), there is a "Woman's Progressive Union," also a "People's Spiritual Institute." The "Union" meets twice a month, in more senses than one a helping hand to Temple Society. "The Young People's Institute" is made up of energetic workers, who are in full sympathy with the society that employs Mr. Hull and entertain this month and have voted to turn the entire receipts over to the treasury of the church. Last, but not least, is the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which has been revived in connection with our Temple work. We have held two sessions under the new administration and prospects are good for a fine Sunday-school.

There is another Spiritualist society in the city. I am informed that matters are moving well with them; but we not had an opportunity of attending any of their meetings.

For some reason, since the conclusion of the camp work, there seems to be quite an attraction for mediums in this city. P. L. O. A. Keeler and the Campbell Brothers have been here; also P. Corden White, who, I understand, is to remain some time. He is giving a series of test sances in the Temple.

Within one week, we have been called to attend funeral services of two members of the society. The first occurred a little over a week since on the occasion of the departure of the other life of Mrs. Leigh (I have not her other name), who had been for many years a devoted Spiritualist and worker for the cause. She made all the arrangements for the funeral services. The remains were carried to the Temple. She said to her friends: "I want a purely spiritualistic funeral. I desire that those who may attend the funeral, and Spiritualists may know the reasons for my faith." Accordingly the wishes were carried out in every respect.

Yesterday afternoon, we went to the crematory with a goodly number of Spiritualists to participate in the services over the remains of a dear old mother in Spiritualism, Mrs. Smith, who for more than forty years had carried the light of Spiritualism in her soul. Thus our work is blessed with the light and shadows of earth's experiences.

As this communication is for the benefit of personal friends, I desire, on behalf of Mr. Hull, who is too busy to say as much, that he is grateful for the numerous letters that come to his hands from the students of his Bible class. He is more than glad that his efforts are so much appreciated. I know I am giving away no secret, when I make the statement that there are several ministers reading the lessons. The subject matter of each lesson contains from ten to forty pages in fine micrographic work, on good paper, regulation size. The students inform him they are getting more than they expected for the money. In the six lessons he gives for one dollar the student gets the result of many years of careful study. A number have already subscribed for the full course, thirty lessons; that is, the payment of five dollars secures a course of twenty-five, and the last series (five in number) is gratuitous.

Several have written to ascertain if I am at liberty to make engagements outside of Buffalo the coming season. In answer, would say I can make a few engagements, not until after the first Sunday in November, but not later than the first Sunday in December. I would go between those dates on reasonable terms at a reasonable distance from Buffalo.

My office in the N. E. L. A. has kept me extremely busy of late. I trust after the Washington meeting I shall have more time with my friends. In the meantime, I do not forget them. Their letters are like so many glimmers of sunshine as they reach me from day to day. I trust they will not withhold their messages, nor feel neglected; I am giving my time to the cause that is as dear to them as to me.

With best wishes for you and your corps of workers,

MATTIE E. HULL.

## Could This be Telepathy?

To the Editor:—I desire through the columns of your most excellent paper to give a brief account of a seance which explodes the theory of telepathy or that the spirit of the dead is not produced by disembodied spirits.

In a trumpet seance at Richmond, Ind., on the evening of September 27, conducted by W. E. Hart, with seven sitters present, a spirit began calling for Will Benham, a name unknown to any of the sitters. The voice coming just before the face of C. B. a sitter, he (C. B.) asked: "Are you calling for me?"

"Yes, I am calling for you."

"What is my name?"

"Your name is Will Benham."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Frank L. I met you in the city of Dayton, about two years ago. We were together most of the time for two weeks. Since that time I passed into spirit life."

C. B. then assured him that his name was not Benham, that he had never heard the name Frank L., and that he had not been in Dayton for more than seven years.

"Is it possible that I am mistaken in the person?" Then dropped the trumpet and in a moment took it up again and said: "Well, I guess that I am mistaken, but you seem so much like Will Benham that I really thought you were he." I remember quite well of making such mistakes when I mistook his body, and I see that I am still liable to err."

Now as Frank L. was never known to any of the sitters, and the spirit himself acknowledges his mistake, how can this be explained by the theory of telepathy?

LEE WOODS.

German, Ohio.



## A CHILD MEDIUM.

## Most Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations Occur.

A LITTLE GIRL IN CALIFORNIA CURIOUSLY HANDLED BY THE SPIRIT FORCES—REMARKABLE TESTS GIVEN, AND WONDERFUL FEATS OF STRENGTH EXHIBITED.

To the Editor:—Last August the San Francisco Call, and other daily papers published some articles regarding a marvelous ten-year-old child medium living in San Francisco. In these articles there was a mistake made in the name, as well as in the location, and other misinformation was also published, evidently on purpose to hide the child from the public gaze.

However, the Call, always ready to keep the public informed on anything startling in psychic research on this coast, recently sent a staff correspondent, an artist and a third person whose duty is not mentioned, to the country residence where this child and her mother have now removed, to get the facts in the case. The result was published in the Call of October 2, covering with the illustration, nearly all the first page of the Sunday Supplement.

Evidently the rough treatment the child receives from one of her controls (which the correspondent admits does not injure her in the least) is for her physical development to prepare her for future work in the spiritual field. The most remarkable feature of her mediumship is her clear-cut tests by spirit-writing.

As to the "demon" which seems to worry this correspondent, he forgets that the word demon (daemon in the Greek) simply means a spirit, good or evil. For instance, Socrates speaks of his "good demon" who was his guide and counsellor all through life, and whom he consulted on all occasions—being clairvoyant. Moses Hull has shown that all standard authorities concede that the primary meaning of the word is, as it was used by all the Greek philosophers—simply a spirit. These proofs are given in Mr. Hull's book entitled "All About Devils." Hence consider the demon in the following article to mean simply a spirit.

ERNEST S. GREEN.

When Viola Dallingsford developed a demon her mother was pleased rather than otherwise. Mrs. Dallingsford was recently converted to Spiritualism and she called Viola's demon a Manifestation.

Viola's demon is young. Viola is young, too—a little girl of ten. But the demon is even younger—a matter of only four or five months. He came into the family at the invitation, so to speak, of a spirit medium who rented a room from Mrs. Dallingsford and confidingly left the door of it open while she tipped tables and wrote out messages from the spirit world. It is not in the nature of little girls of ten to pass doors of this kind without looking in. Sometimes it is not even in the nature of their mothers. Mrs. Dallingsford and Viola peeped. And one fine day the lady medium caught them at it. In the most polite and persuasive manner she asked them in and seated them beside her at the tipping table and called in Mrs. Dallingsford's dead brother—who was also Viola's uncle—for their entertainment and when they went away marveling and on the whole mightily pleased, invited them to come again, which they did very frequently and, to make a short story shorter, in two weeks had made converts of them both.

The lady medium said the child had a great gift and offered to develop it. Nervous, sensitive, imaginative, credulous, precocious childhood is material which may be developed into almost anything. The lady medium's success was marked.

Viola learned to tip tables, to conjure spirit rappings, to write on the closed slates, to read with bandaged eyes, to answer mental questions, to find hidden objects, to reveal the names of the stranger dead.

And Viola was only ten—a child-medium, a wonder, a prodigy.

Then, just as everything was going along so well, the gift outgrew the child. She began to hold herself strangely, to start and listen when there was no sound, to speak and smile in answer to unheard voices, to look on earthly things with bright, far eyes, to cry out in her sleep that there was a great white light about her bed, and that she heard the spirits calling her and felt the touch of their hands.

And Mrs. Dallingsford, who, with all her faith, saw and heard and felt none of these things, looked on her child with awe and fear. Even when the spirits which Viola had seemed to control took their turn at controlling her and one evil spirit in particular seized on the child whenever she set about the ceremonies of table-tipping and message-writing, threw the pencil from her fingers, flung her arms about, twisted her little head on its slender neck and even lifted her small body from the chair and flung it to the floor, Mrs. Dallingsford contentedly received the lady medium's explanation that the spiritual force in Viola was too great for her physical strength and that with years would come the power to control and direct it. Meantime, said the lady medium, Mrs. Dallingsford and Viola must be patient, there was nothing to be done.

And since there was nothing to be done the lady medium gave up her room at Mrs. Dallingsford's house on Sixth street and went her proselyting ways, and left the mother alone with the child and the spiritual force that was too strong for them both.

It was about this time that Mrs. Dallingsford decided to remove the Manifestation from her immediate neighborhood and sent Viola for a change on a visit to her country cousins who live in the hills beyond San Rafael.

I went there to see her with the man who discovered her. He told me this story on the warm and quiet way over dusty roads which lead out of San Rafael to the dip of the hills where Viola lives now with her demon and her country cousins. He finished it neatly just as we got to the door.

It was a screen door, locked on the inside against another door. The blinds were closed and fastened. The shadow of great trees lay heavily on the porch. Creeping, flowerless things sagged from the walls. The place looked dead and buried.

"Br-r-r-r!" said I. "I would have demons here myself. Blue devils, black butterflies! where's the sun?"

"Vi-o-la!"

So sweet, so faint, so fair—trickling through the silence like a little silver stream.

"Vi-o-la! Open the door!"

"Who is it?" I asked. "Is she as sweet as the sounds?"

But just then Viola opened the door. She opened it into a black little hall and stood in the angle of it—a small, dark figure, gathering all the light into her white, white little face. She looked at us curiously and smilelessly.

"I'll write first," she said, and a pencil and some copy paper being furnished by her visitors she sits down, pencil in hand, and waits quietly. There is no paraphernalia, no screen of darkness, no singing of hymns, no gasps and weird passing of hands. Her seat is in her mother's lap, a book answers for a table, and the sunlight sifting through the vines falls on her smooth hair and smiling childish face.

A minute drags slowly by in silence so deep that the dog, stretched on the carpet at his playmate's feet, wakes and cocks an interrogative eye at the spell-bound group, then expresses his opinion of us by a contemptuous yawn, stretches himself out an inch or so longer and goes to sleep again.

The artist gives me a covert glance expressive of amused skepticism—it is all so bald and bare and above-board, such a clumsy attempt at imitation of mediumistic methods, that even my faith in the little one's honesty of purpose begins to waver. She will probably scrawl some non-committal messages of her own volition—and a sud-

den tremor runs down the thin little arm and strikes the supine fingers like an electric shock. The hand, with the pencil held in a vise-like grip, begins to beat a fierce tattoo upon the paper and dart to and fro above it so swiftly and erratically that the eye can scarcely follow its movements.

Viola looks up and laughs. "They have come!" she says delightedly, and then the mother asks the artist, who stands nearest, to steady the convulsively jerking arm by placing his hand upon it. His touch produces instant cessation of motion and for a few seconds rigidity takes the place of excited muscular action; then the restraining grasp is shaken off as easily as though it were a bit of dust upon her sleeve, and with a strong, firm stroke the little hand draws half a dozen lines straight across the paper. "They are used to ruled paper," explains Viola, and she begins to write.

The spirits who have come to us are the two, presumably Viola's brother and uncle, who have written through her since she first came under the influence, and they prove well-mannered and amiable. They give us their names and a polite greeting, and then as I am beginning to feel doubtful again, since it is easy for even a child to write things like these, Viola turns her face upon me suddenly.

"This next is for you," she says, "no one else must look." She has passed all the other messages rapidly into the hand nearest her—this she folds carefully and gives to me.

I take it to the window and open it and my heart strikes me a sudden sharp blow that makes my nerves quiver strangely for a space. Before I crossed the bay I had made a compact with the air in far-off San Francisco that if this little girl, whom I never saw and who never saw or heard of me or mine, would write me certain words and sign them with a certain name, I would at least believe that something beyond herself made such a thing possible.

The words and name were there! "They don't want to write much to-day," says Viola, "they have got out of practice, but this," scribbling hastily and indicating the artist with a nod, "is for you, though the others must see it."

We do see it and it says: "You had mutton chops, baked potatoes and two big glasses of beer."

The mother laughs outright. "Viola has told," she says, and the artist's face is a confession, grotesquely blended with surprised mystification.

No one present but the artist himself knew what he had eaten for dinner.

"My other control is coming now," declared the child, "and you folks must look out or you'll get hurt."

She rose to her feet and started to put the pencil and paper on the table. Half-way across the room she dropped to the floor as if her legs were shot from under her. The men sprang to her assistance and found that they have entered into conflict with something which seemed like nothing so much as a sentient "live wire."

Viola is, as I have said, a slender child even for her years, small-boned and thin, with absolutely no perceptible muscular development whatever, but one of her little sticks of arms proves too much for a man to control though he exerted all his strength in the effort. Gripped at wrist and above elbow by hands whose owner prides himself upon his athletic prowess, the puny arm was twisted backward and forward, and up and down, and around and around as if it were a writhing snake, instead a part of a human body subservient to restrictions of joint and bone and cartilage.

"Look out," she said again. "I shall hurt you if you don't hold me tight. I can't help it—it is too strong for me, you see." And "it" is "strong" surely, and she does "hurt" most decidedly, for she strikes with her fists, and butts with her head, and kicks with her feet, and hammers with her knees, and bites with her white little teeth, and pinches with her pretty little fingers, anything and everywhere strikable, buttable, kickable, hammerable, bitable and pinchable with which she is allowed to come in contact during the next two hours.

"They throw me," she had explained previously, and, strangely enough, all her movements seemed to be actuated not from within but from without. She struck out with apparently no personal intention, but as if some unseen and irresistibly strong person stood beside her and flung her hands at the person or thing to be hit. She kicked in all directions in the same way—as if her legs were thrown about by some external force. She ran at us as if pushed violently from behind. She beat herself, or rather, was beaten, against persons and floor and wall as if she were a rag doll in the hands of a naughty child.

Proned on the floor, held down firmly by head and shoulders and arms, with her mother sitting solidly on her knees, she "frothed" that mother, baby-fashion, for a time and then shaking off her human entanglements as easily as Samson of old broke the withes, raised herself straight up to a sitting posture as if pulled up by hands reaching down to her from above.

Through it all her face had the expression of that of a pleasantly interested spectator. She was perfectly conscious of all that occurred and laughed when some particularly hard experience brought words of sympathy from the neophytes whom she was dragging merrily about as they endeavored to keep her from doing them and herself bodily harm. She was kept too busy, however, to talk much, for Satan (?) or something very much like him, found unbounded mischief for not only her hands but every member and joint of her body to do.

Rolled in a comforter with her arms straight down by her sides, made a papoose bundle of by encircling ropes, and laid in the middle of a double bed, she flung herself, or, rather, was flung, bodily from that safe spot out upon the floor again. Tied in this way she for the first time complained.

"Undo me, quick!" she said. "I am choking! It gets me by the throat if you don't let it work," and we untied her hastily and let "it work" as it would subject as before to our united efforts to keep the child and ourselves from serious personal damage.

An hour of such occupation found us all tired, disheveled and nearly deliqued, for the day was torrid and utterly unsuited for a continuous series of muscular exercise more severe and complicated than the most enthusiastic Delsartian ever dreamed of.

Viola on the other hand, was cool as to her writhing little body, calm as to her pulse, and collected as to her mind. Neither pulse nor temperature had risen in the least since we sat together on the doorstep and petted Cuba between us.

We three strangers took her out into the open air, out under God's sunshine among the trees and vines and away from all other influences physical and mental, and vainly tried to control the force that possessed her. She smiled up in our faces, but her body defied our efforts to master it and did as it would still in spite of us.

For an hour more the struggle went on. It seemed to us novices as if we had evolved an unseen Frankenstein. We were beaten and bruised and flung about, and were forced to "spell" each other in order to get breath and strength enough to act as buffers between the girl and her surroundings.

A little more than two hours after the "other control" arrived on the scene, Viola stood straight and quietly on her feet once more.

"Good-by," she said gruffly, with an odd ducking motion of her head, and we realized in an instant that she possessed herself once again and seemed to be no longer "possessed."

"Mamma," she said, going over to the pale little woman who is no longer pale but rosy red, "let me go down to the station with you folks. It's only a mile and a half, and I get tired staying up here on the hill with nothing to do all day long."

And when we dragged ourselves wearily car-wad that child danced along beside us every step of the long, dusty way.

Whatever may be the occasion of Viola Dallingsford's "spells," certain it is that they are seemingly inexplicable by any ordinary method of reasoning. Her mother, to-

gether with the few spiritualists who have been permitted to see her, believe that, grown to womanhood, she will be one of the most wonderful mediums that the world has ever known.

"When she is older," they say, "she will control the power instead of letting it control her."

"Is she controlled by a power?" F. MACVAHON.

## JUST RETRIBUTION.

## An Interesting Story with a Strikingly Beautiful Moral.

Nine o'clock of a cloudy Monday morning, and Mrs. Darcy was standing in her kitchen, where the momentous preparations for the weekly wash had already commenced. She was a pretty, bright-haired woman, with brown eyes, a clear complexion and a wrapper of delicate cambric, sprinkled all over with tiny palm leaves, and tied round the waist with a blue silk cord and tassels. A golden-haired little fellow of about a year old clung to her skirts, and peeped with great blue eyes on the surrounding scene.

"Hasn't that washerwoman come yet?" Mrs. Darcy asked, with a little disturbed wrinkle between her brows. "I really shall have to employ some one else, if—"

"Here she comes now, ma'am," said Ellen, the cook; and at the same time a slender, neatly-attired little woman of about Mrs. Darcy's own age hurried into the room.

She was dressed in a worn calico, neatly patched here and there, and a faded shawl was folded round her shoulders, beneath which peeped forth the rose-bud face of a young lady.

"Sure it's a child!" cried Ellen.

"Bless the daisy face of it!" chimed in Bessy, the chambermaid.

"I'm a bit late this morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Reilly, apologetically; but I'll make up for it in the day's work, and I had Mike's dinner to put up—he's got a job on the railroad, up to Spuyten Duyvil—and the children to get to school. And the baby, bless his heart, he's no more trouble than a kitten—Mrs. Murray, as has always kept a neighbor's eye to him, she's moved away, so I've brought him with me!"

Mrs. Darcy's brows contracted.

"You are not going to have that child in my kitchen, Mrs. Reilly?"

"If you had no objection, ma'am!"

"But I have objections—very serious ones. I never had a washerwoman do such a thing before! It is not neat!"

"Yes, but, ma'am—"

"And," went on Mrs. Darcy, "there are plenty I can get without inebriations. These are my rules, and I cannot suffer them to be broken through!"

She took little Leonard in her arms and went away, without waiting for any reply.

Poor Mrs. Reilly looked in consternation at Bessy and Ellen.

"What will I do?" she asked tremblingly, "and the little one not 6 months old?"

"It's a shame!" cried sympathetic Ellen.

"So it is!" added Bessy, "but the mistress will be obeyed. She's a hard one, she is."

"And it's my self wouldn't work in a place where they wouldn't let me bring my baby!" said Ellen. "Not if I never did another stroke of work."

"It's easy to talk," said poor Mrs. Reilly, despairingly, looking down into the miniature face upon her arm, "but where there's a family of seven, and your husband out of work half the time—well, I'll just run home and leave him with Jenny Pipes, the lame girl that makes lace. Sure, that's better than no one?"

Mrs. Darcy, meanwhile, in her pretty sitting-room upstairs, was curling Leonard's golden hair over her finger and looking with fond, maternal pride at his fair, dimpled face.

"Isn't he pretty?" she demanded of her husband, who was just preparing to go down-town. "I do think he's the sweetest little darling!"

The next Monday Mrs. Reilly presented herself as usual to her employer.

"Couldn't you let me put the wash off until the day after to-morrow, ma'am? My baby's ailing and fretful and—"

"I am very systematic about my work," said Mrs. Darcy. "If the wash is delayed the whole work gets behind. I dare say I can get some one else to do the washing if—"

"Oh, I'll try and do it, ma'am," interrupted the woman. "I can't afford to lose my money; them bothering railroad hands is on a strike and Mike has had no wages for a week now. Only if you could wait a day or two—"

"Quite out of the question," said Mrs. Darcy, warming her white, ringed fingers at the ruby glow of the grate. And so Mrs. Reilly went away with a heavy heart.

She toiled all day in the rich lady's kitchen and at night hurried home with her hard-earned money in her bosom.

"Mother, the baby's bad in his throat, and old Mrs. Dener, she's got his feet in hot water and—"

Mrs. Reilly stayed to hear no more. Flying up the two long flights of stairs, as if her feet were winged, she was in her little room almost instantly. Mike sat stupidly in the corner, half asleep with rum and tobacco, and one or two kind neighbors were doing their best to assist the little creature in its fight with death.

"My baby! Give me my baby!" she cried out, hoarsely, clasping him to her heart, as if she would bid defiance to Azrael's self, in the plenitude and strength of her mother-love.

But it was all in vain. For even as she gazed down into the baby's face a shuddering spasm crept through all its veins and pulses; it straightened itself out, and the soul went home to the garden-land of heaven.

Poor people are forbidden even the luxury of grief. Mrs. Reilly could not waste in tears the time that should be coined into food and clothing for the other six—and she went back to work with a heavy heart in her breast.

"Lost her baby, has she?" said Mrs. Darcy, when Ellen announced to her mistress the sad story of little Terence's death. "Well, no doubt it is a blessing in disguise; she had such a swarm of children and nothing to bring them up with!"

Ellen flounced out of the room in a rage.

"It's my belief some folks has stones inside of em' instead of hearts!" she sputtered. "A blessing, indeed! I'd bless her if I could have my way!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Scarlet fever! Oh, doctor, don't say that!"

Mrs. Darcy's face was blanched with a deadly paleness, as she listened to the old physician's words, but he had no message of hope for her.

Poor little Leonard was stricken down by the worst form of malignant scarlet fever. Servants took fright and gave warning—neighbors kept aloof—and Mrs. Darcy, in her alarm and fatigue, knew not which way to turn.

"It's a judgment on her, I'm thinkin'," said Ellen. "She, as couldn't feel for another mother's heart-break! And now she's got to drink the bitter cup herself! He's a pretty baby, is little Lenny, and I wouldn't like him to die, but all the same, it's a judgment on his mother."

"I'll go to her," said Mrs. Reilly; "sure I'm a good hand at nursing, and my children has all had the fever."

And when poor Mrs. Darcy was ready to faint with fatigue and anxiety, the tender hands that took her baby from her were those of the poor washerwoman.

Mrs. Darcy looked with dull, glassy eyes up into the kindly face.

"I don't deserve this, Mrs. Reilly," said she. "I've been thinking over a good many things lately and know now that if I had been a little kinder and more thought-

ful, your baby would not have died!"

"It's no use cryin' over spilt milk, ma'am," said Mrs. Reilly, soothingly; "an' by heaven's good will we'll bring this little fellow through his troubles."

But it was not heaven's will. It was ordained that Mrs. Darcy, too, should become purified by the ordeal of suffering, and when little Leonard died she tasted the full measure of the chalice of bitterness she herself had once dealt out.

"Don't fret so sore, ma'am," soothed the poor washerwoman. "You'll meet him again one of these blessed days, for the little child is sure to be waiting for us at God's gate. It's only the grown people you can't be certain of."

And Mrs. Reilly sighed as she thought of her inebriate husband.

They buried the child in white roses and garland of flowers and there ended the sweetest and happiest dream of Mrs. Darcy's life, for no baby voices ever made music in her home again. But Mrs. Reilly knew that the shadow would never darken her doors while Mrs. Darcy lived.

"I owe her an atonement," the childless mother said, "and she was kind to me when every one else turned away from my fever-smitten household."

But no one who had known Mrs. Darcy in her hour of pride would have recognized in her the pale woman, dressed in deep mourning, who went about among the sick and suffering, like a Sister of Charity, doing good where she could, and never forgetting the cares and trials and wants of those below her.—New York Daily News.

## TRUE WEALTH.

## Good Deeds, Good Qualities and Noble Aspirations.

Suppose you were the happy possessor of an Aladdin lamp, and that by rubbing it as did the peasant son of the Chinese widow you could command the services of a dozen geni, or jinns, who would use their omnipotence to gratify your wishes, what would you ask for?

What do you think is the most desirable thing in life, for that, of course, is what you would like to have? Take a broad view of human possibilities, look far and wide, look high and deep—what is there in this strange and contradictory world, with its symphonies and its jangles, that seems most desirable as a personal possession? If you could not have all things, and so offset the evil of one with the good of another, but might choose a single gift, what would it be?

Wealth, for instance? Its purchasing power is marvellous. The love of money is not merely the root of all evil, it is also the foundation of nearly all that is noble in society. A people who have no desire to acquire a fortune are not far removed from barbarism. Money is the providential impulse of human progress. The scorn for money and money making which is heard in some quarters seems to me to be not only unwise but wholly thoughtless, for the world would hardly be worth living in were it not for what wealth will buy and what it can do. Our ships sail to every quarter of the globe and furnish us with the products of every clime; our railroads span the continent and bring distant provinces into our immediate neighborhood; the telephone and telegraph make everybody accessible and dispense with worry and delay; our public schools are training places for our children; our public libraries are storehouses of intellectual food for the masses; our hospitals and asylums are retreats for the unfortunate.

All these would be impossible but for the longing for acquisition, but for the Juggernaut of competition. It is the struggle for wealth which rouses the profoundest activities of the community and develops that inventive genius which surrounds us with increasing comforts and conveniences.

What I am just insisting on, however, is not money getting in its commercial but in its individual aspect. What it does for the whole is one thing, what it does for the unit is quite another. When it is a healthy exercise it is a blessing, but when it becomes a disease it is a curse, because it is fatal to the nobler qualities or character. To get money simply to live on is very different from getting it in order to satisfy our greed, for greed is close to animalism. I know nothing that is so hurtful to a young man as a large inheritance. It does not tend to make him great and generous, but to make him small. And I have noticed that when a man is bound to be rich at any cost he is a very poor and uncompanionable sort of creature. If a man has enough to live on he has no need for more, and if he wants more it narrows and shrinks his soul.

There are so many things which no amount of money can buy. I want fidelity in friendship, I want purity in love, I want happiness and harmony in the home. These things I must not seek for in a gold mint, for they are not there. When death comes even the monarch is only a common man. His jewelled crown, his stately palaces, his sovereignty, which runs to the limits of his kingdom, count for absolutely nothing, and at the bedside of his beloved he is no better than a peasant. Golconda cannot purchase resignation or contentment for any living soul. Tears are tears and sobs are sobs both in the palace and the hovel.

I love money, but if I can only choose one blessing I will not choose that. It is desirable, beyond doubt, but not most desirable. If I have nothing but wealth I must leave it behind when my friends close my eyes in sleep, and I am not foolish enough to spend my life in getting what will slip from my grasp at the last moment. I am going to heaven, and as there is no money there I must try to get something which I can take with me.

I say therefore that a man's character, his qualities, are the real if not the only foundation of happiness. It is better to be poor and noble than rich and weak-souled. It is better to be strong in your heart than in your purse. An upright man can walk through the darkness of the church yard without fear or trembling. Just before I slumber at the last I would rather hear an angel's voice bidding me welcome than be told that I shall die a millionaire.

In the last analysis, if you sift the matter to the bottom, the only man of worth is the man of good deeds and lofty faith. You can exaggerate the value of your bank account, but not the value of your trust in God.

If I saw one standing on the threshold of life and eager for the struggle I should say to him: Money is good, but God is better. Work hardest for what is noblest. Not greed, but faith, will stand you in good stead by and by. Make your life sweet with good deeds and pure thoughts. Set your days to the music of righteousness. Be a man, a whole man, knightly, true, loyal, brave, and leave as the best inheritance of your children a noble example. If that be the case, it will not be far to heaven from your grave.—George H. Hepworth, in New York Herald.

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## ..GENERAL SURVEY..

THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

### WRITE PLAINLY.

We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that the Progressive Thinker is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and on only one side of the paper. If you are not a fairly good penman, please have your communications copied by some one who is, and oblige The Progressive Thinker.

CONTINUITY.—Each contributor to alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed. No one person has the whole truth, hence kindly feelings should always be entertained for those who differ from you.

Carrie Weatherford, as pastor of the First Spiritualist Church, at Columbus, Ohio, is drawing large audiences of the cultured people of the city. This society is one of the most progressive in the United States; keeps open doors, has abolished phenomena from the roster on Sundays; has an active Ladies' Aid and a fine progressive lyceum. The bi-monthly socials held in the basement of the church, are attended by from one to five hundred people. Mrs. Weatherford gives tests at these sessions.

D. W. Hull has returned from the camp-meetings and is now open to engagements after December 1. He will commence a course of lectures at Atlanta, Neb., Nov. 11. Address him at Norton, Kans.

Mr. Louis Freedman, known as the "Astral Minister of Health," has located in Chicago, and for the present may be found at No. 288 A. South Paulina street.

A. C. Donne writes: "In The Progressive Thinker, of September 24, the article under the heading, 'The Car Says Peace,' called to my mind an occurrence some four years ago. A highly unfolded Arabian spirit came into my atmosphere, giving his name as Justicia, and requested me to center my mind on the Car of Russia. I did so, for some five minutes. Then I asked him why his request. He said he wished to establish a society, both line to his, and could be by its assistance. Then he could use it, independent of me. I think it would appear more in sympathy with spiritual science, if the occult societies would give credit to their arisen brothers and sisters, assisting them in bringing about peace, or with us Spiritualists remain on the plane of selfishness, quarreling with each other, and allowing earth-bound spirits to obsess us; or shall we unfold our own moral and spiritual powers, and become fit instruments to convey light and truth to those undeveloped spirits. Both in the body and out, for this is the mission of true Spiritualism."

T. W. Dennis writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "The hall of the Buffalo Spiritualist Society is filled each Sunday afternoon and evening, to hear the lectures delivered by Miss Gussie Taylor, the regular speaker for said society. She is here in the person of Miss Maud Lyons, of LaSalle, N. Y. She lectured here last Sunday, and did well for a new beginner. F. Corden White is at present located at 283 7th street. Moses Hull lectured at Olean, N. Y., last Sunday."

E. W. Sprague writes from Fenton, Mich.: "We had a rousing meeting last evening. It was the first public Spiritualist meeting ever held in Fenton, and the G. A. R. hall was packed, many standing throughout the entire service, and some were turned away. We have organized and chartered a society here, and this is the introduction of the subject to the people."

Dr. E. H. Gammon holds parlor meetings each Sunday evening at his house, No. 9 North Carpenter street. He will give lectures and tests. The Doctor is an old and efficient worker.

Ella Damon writes: "I would like to give a short sketch of our little camp-meeting, held at Oscar Damon's, Michigan, September 8, 9, 10 and 11. There was a fine attendance. Mrs. Amanda L. Coffman was our inspirational speaker and test medium, assisted by Brother S. P. Merrifield, of Coloma, and Mrs. Dr. Andrews, of Benton Harbor. Mrs. King was our medium for

water-ization. Surely the angel world was with us in our little undertaking, and gave good results for the harmony that existed in the circles and among the people in general."

The venerable M. T. C. Flowers writes from St. Paul, Minn.: "On the 30th of October, 1898, the writer first opened his eyes to the light of earth, in my early life my religious training was strictly along the lines of old orthodox, yet as I grew in years my reason and common sense contested the ground upon which the early teaching was based, and the struggle for mastery was on, and fierce. When the angel host called taps at Hydesville, that reverberated around the earth, and set humanity to thinking. Now, said reason to early orthodox training, let us investigate. The investigation being the result of which the ignominious defeat of orthodox early training."

H. P. Kelder gives some of his experiences as follows: "As the readers of The Progressive Thinker have been treated to various views and experience of spiritual phenomena which we think must form the basis of the spiritual philosophy, if Spiritualism is to take the place of liberal Christianity. We must have facts—not fiction—therefore we desire to give you some of our experience. About three years ago we were sorrow-stricken by the Angel of Death entering our home and taking away a dear sister and only daughter, of 19 years. We looked around for rays of light and comfort, but nothing answered. Kind friends led us into the philosophy of Spiritualism, in the main listening to the lectures of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and reading different papers and books; satisfied as to its superiority claims, but desired to have the place of liberal Christianity. In our phenomena-hunting, we came across lots of dissatisfaction and disappointments; yes, sorry to say, deception; but we kept right on and landed with the famous Mrs. Ada Fay, the wonderful motherly lady. Both in public and private we were convinced of her wonderful powers of oration, through which the spirit-world reveals itself. Then we came across the Bangs sisters, also wonderful mediums. We attended several materializations; in fact, most all phases of phenomena, more or less satisfactory."

The Bulletin of the First Church of Spiritual Unity, St. Louis, Mo., has the following: "We formulate no creed; we take for our motto, 'Love and Wisdom,' and trust in the living God which abides in every soul. We make war upon no sect; we condemn no religion or individual; we are in no sense iconoclasts; our policy is not destructive, but constructive. Errors, whether our own or another's, contain within themselves the seed of their own destruction. We have no occasion to waste our energies upon tearing away evils. Decay is far more swift than growth; all we need to do is to work in a direct line for the truth, and wait. Upon this foundation we extend our hand in cordial fellowship and brotherhood, to all who have the best interests of mankind at heart and who are striving to unfold the higher faculties of the soul."

M. W. L. writes from Springfield, Mass.: "The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society are engaged in the only public meeting of Spiritualists here at present. Harrison D. Barrett is engaged for the first two Sundays in October; then comes Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. May S. Pepper, who is to be here a month, and others of the very best talent. The Thursday socials are continued as usual."

J. M. White writes: "All who have had experience in lyceum work, or have any literature on that line to donate, are requested to communicate with me at 1407 S. Pearl street, Joplin, Mo. We are trying to start a lyceum here, and if anyone can assist by sending papers or pamphlets suitable for lyceum work, we can use them to good advantage."

Milo R. Smith writes: "The man who thoroughly understands the sublime philosophy of Spiritualism finds that he has so much to do to build, broaden and round out his own life, that he has not much time for those away from home. The world is full of misery. Each city, town and village has those who need help, physically, morally and spiritually, and we can be busy from morn till night, and yet see so much to do."

We give a brief extract from a communication from a spiritualist at Lyle Dale, August 16, 1898, W. E. Cole, medium: "My friend and brother in truth, Joseph McClellan, I am very glad to come to you at this time, and I assure you of the grand and glorious conditions waiting for you, and it is through you that I can come, and I am very glad to see you, for I can control you

and help you so much to bring out the best results, for in the great spirit of truth we are all one. I can help you establish the light of God in the souls of men, and when I come to you I feel the power of God manifesting, and the spirit of the Lord is with us."

B. Wing writes: "For a number of years I have had a very near friend, who was firm in the faith of Christ, Science, etc. He was a very old man, and he used an ear trumpet; then it was so hard for him to get a clear understanding of the idea one would present to him, that he wanted me to converse with him on paper. Our communication, however, was suddenly ended, for near the 8th of July, 1898, his lifeless body was found on a hay stack. On the 3d of September I wrote to him the following question: 'Brother S. W. Hadley, do you see any more truth in Spiritualism now than you did at our last interview?' Don't you now think I am the advance of Christian Science? This question I put in between two states, no one knowing what the question was, as I had written several questions, and the above was selected without being looked at, so I did not know which question was the one that was answered. 'Well, Brother Wing, I don't think so; I know it. Dear brother, go on; you are right! I was wrong.'"

J. M. Clellan writes: "Rev. Hawkins is a grand man, an eloquent preacher, and greatly beloved. I have had several communications from him. He is one of the best of the state. I feel like saying praise God from whom all blessings flow. I think there is much error in the church, but there is much good in it. They who will follow Jesus Christ, can't go far astray. The times are progressing nicely.—R. W. Hawkins. 'I am not going to the state of D. P. Keeler's. When I come here I feel like saying praise God from whom all blessings flow. I think there is much error in the church, but there is much good in it. They who will follow Jesus Christ, can't go far astray. The times are progressing nicely.—R. W. Hawkins. 'I am not going to the state of D. P. Keeler's. When I come here I feel like saying praise God from whom all blessings flow. I think there is much error in the church, but there is much good in it. They who will follow Jesus Christ, can't go far astray. 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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of  
**HUDSON TUTTLE.**  
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

**NOTICE.**—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondence is expected.

**HUDSON TUTTLE.**

**P. M.: Q.** The offspring of disreputable parents die before becoming accountable, and inherit their parents' traits. Will the spirits of such be held in any way responsible? If so, why?

**A.** Nature does not ask how any being came by given traits, or organization. She holds every one accountable for that which they have. This correspondent is prepossessed of the old idea of "accountability," and with that I have no concern. There is never a time when accountability to the laws of our being begins or ends. From the moment the embryo starts into life it is strictly and absolutely held to the mandates of the laws of its organic being. The sphere of this accountability enlarges and becomes complicated with the individuality of consciousness and the will. If a child inherits bad qualities, it will be obliged to reform by the same processes that affect all. Mercy and pity are unknown to Nature, except as they blossom in human character. The tenth generation may feel the effects of a law transgressed by an ancestor. This is consoling. All errors and results of errors may be outgrown.

**Elisha D. Blakeman: Q.** (1) What need have we of a better religion, than living out the requirements of the "Golden Rule," given by Confucius the great Chinese law-giver, long before the birth of Jesus Christ?

**(2)** Can any person rightly claim to be a true Christian who is a married man or woman, only as they live a pure celibate life, as Jesus did, and as the Shaker communities do, of our day and time?

**(3)** Our Christian writers and ministers claim we are a Christian nation. Can they make this claim true, unless they obey the command of Jesus to come out from the world (of business and generating of the human species), and "be separate," i. e., by living a pure celibate life, and following him, doing the works he did, through self-denial and the cross?

**(4)** According to your best judgment, which, among all the multifarious religions known to you, may be rightly termed the most reliable to save souls from sin and insure the greatest degree of happiness here and hereafter in the spirit world?

**A.** (1) The Golden Rule, in its various expressions by ancient sages is essentially founded on selfishness. You are commanded to be just and do the right, because you would not have others do wrong to you. Accepting this, the example of these sages is superior to this rule. Buddha proves himself Divine to his doubting disciple, who gave him a kick, by his solicitude as to the foot being hurt by the blow, forgetful of his own injury, and taking Jesus as an example, he is represented on the cross in the agonies of death, as praying that his enemies might be forgiven. The world's heroes, saviors and gods are those who have given themselves for others. Hence the Spiritual Rule which transcends all others, which is divine, I use the word for want of a better, is, "Do all for others." Admitting the fundamental character of the Golden Rule, would its strictest observance make a religious man? Would such an one be accepted as a member of a single Christian church, from Catholic to the most insignificant Protestant branch? He might be excellent in morals, in uprightness, in everything desirable for nobility of character, and at the same time at the antipodes of the requirements for a church member.

Religion, if the word has any meaning, is that system of dogmas, beliefs, customs and observances, gathered in past ages around some central personages, as Confucius, Christ, Buddha, or Mohammed.

This correspondent would have the answer in the negative, yet we must affirm. He sees nature through the mist of the superstitions of the past, which makes the physical world full of sin and the spirit struggling through the probation of the flesh, purifying itself by its scorn of all that connects it with this existence. Such views would surely never be entertained, had not the mind been clouded by the false ideas of the past. It is according to the mandate of nature that man and woman unite, and aside from the necessity of maintenance of the race, the highest, noblest and purest expression of life and character is the result of such union. The Shakers may have been devoted, and have lived up to their highest light, but their lives were unnatural, and hence not to be imitated. For nature and not the Bible, or interpretations of that book, should be our guide. A celibate life is a selfish life. Into it can come no devotion to another; no helpfulness for offspring, nor can it know anything of the assistance which comes of the blending of two souls having a common purpose.

The belief that love is impure; that the conjugal relation is sinful, came into Christianity from the East, and the words of Paul have been a curse to mankind, in his sneers at woman, and laudation of man.

The coarse vulgarity with which he viewed the subject has been a potent means of degradation. Man never reaches his highest estate unless supported by the love of wife, nor woman her excellence without the support of a husband. Nature in her demand for the maintenance of the race has placed the highest reward in recompense, not only physical but the highest spiritual gain. If there is failure, it is because of a misunderstanding of her laws, or ignorance thereof.

By the way, our correspondent instances Jesus as an example of a celibate. By what right? True, it is not said that he was married, but he went up and down the country followed by a rabble, conspicuous among whom were women, as Mary the magdalene, —magdalene meaning a public character. She was according to the story, exceedingly dear to him. Would not the narrative read better and be more satisfactory, had Jesus been represented as having a good wife and being true to her? Instead he commanded men to forsake their wives and children, and lead the lives of vagabonds for the religion he offered. And it is a sad and horrible chapter in the history of the race, which shows how during centuries of darkness his advice and example was followed.

(3) Christians have come out of the nightmare of the Dark Ages, forced to higher grounds by the awakened thought of science, which is a true knowledge of nature, with superstition and religion relegated to the background, and to return to "the following of Jesus," would be the most dreadful reversion the imagination could conceive.

(4) All religions are efforts to restore lost souls, and as we are not lost from God, nor is it possible for us to be, they are all equally false in the first number of the equation. There is little cause for choice between them.

The only true Savior of souls from sin, pain and misery, is knowledge.

"Kareza. Ethics of Marriage." By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Price, \$1. For sale at this office.

## A LONG TRANCE.

A Wyoming, Ill., Woman Awakes from a Nineteen Weeks' Sleep.

SHE RELATES SOME QUEER EXPERIENCES—TRAVELS IN STRANGE LANDS—MET MANY STRANGE TRIBES.

A special to the Times-Herald, of recent date relates the following:

Mrs. Rosalie P. Havens cannot realize that she has been sleeping without a break for nineteen weeks. She has been told that while she slumbered Cervera's fleet dashed out of the bottle at Santiago and was scattered all along the coast, that the maps of the world have been changed, that the greatest Fourth of July in the history of the world has been celebrated, that Spain has sued for peace, but it seems like a dream to her, as she has been dreaming of other things for almost five months.

When one has gathered up the threads of her rambling story it sounds like a journey with the lost tribes of Israel. While her body has been lying in the little cottage in Wyoming her spirit has journeyed through space. She has traveled with strange, prehistoric people.

### TRAVELS IN STRANGE LANDS.

Led by a patriarch, she, in company with thousands of others, fled from an accursed land, traveling north from fertile plains until they reached the snow-clad mountains, then on through peaceful valleys and out into the limitless expanse of ice fields.

But their leader urged them on. The dead, they who perished on the journey, were carried along underneath them, in order that no trace of the fleeing tribes might be left for pursuers.

While the intense heat of the summer days beat in through the windows of the little cottage, bringing discomfort to the rigid body, the spirit of Mrs. Havens was hastening across the ice fields of Greenland, down through Alaska, still further down through British Columbia, until the gray-bearded leader bade the remnant of his people halt in the valleys surrounded by great ranges of mountains, and build up new homes.

But strange tribes came and destroyed their homes and drove them back into the mountains, and the spirit of Mrs. Havens hastened back to Wyoming and found lodgment in its former habitation.

### AWAKES FROM HER SLUMBER.

Last Sunday she became more restless than usual, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon rubbed her eyes, sat up in bed and looked with astonishment at those around her.

"What time is it, and where have I been?" she asked.

When informed that it was afternoon she fell to wondering what had caused her to sleep so late.

"I remember now that I was restless during the early part of the evening," she said, "and I was troubled by strange dreams. That is probably the reason why I have overslept myself."

Her attendants induced her to remain in bed. She insisted that she had gone to sleep the evening before, and even now, a week after her first awakening, she cannot realize that she has been dead to the world for such a long time.

Mrs. Havens is 32 years of age, the wife of a laboring man and the mother of five children. Three years ago, while the family was visiting in Iowa, her first born, a bright and handsome boy, was kicked to death by a horse. This produced a deplorable effect upon the mother, and for a long time she suffered mentally and physically from her bereavement.

Finally, in order to get her thoughts fixed on other things, her husband moved his family back to Illinois. Other children came to brighten the household, and the mother recovered, in great measure, her health and spirits.

Two days prior to the beginning of her long sleep she suffered an especially hard attack of melancholia. She wandered away from home in the afternoon, and was found at night two miles away, lying unconscious under a brush heap on the Spoon River.

She was carried home and restored to consciousness. She explained that she felt herself losing consciousness, and, fearing that she would suffer from the cold before she was discovered, had crawled under the pile of brush. She complained of great weariness, and sank into the sleep which continued nineteen weeks.

For the first two weeks of her slumber the case attracted much attention among the people of the little village. The story spread and every train brought from one to a dozen strangers. Physicians from this and other states, mesmerists, faith healers, hypnotists and curiosity-seekers flocked to the town to see the sleeping woman.

Some of the visiting physicians came with the belief that she was shamming, but she was put to cruel tests, which showed beyond any doubt that she was absolutely unconscious.

While she breathed regularly and the organs of her body performed their functions regularly, she was absolutely insensible to physical pain. During all of the time her flesh was warm and blood would flow from the prick of a needle.

A pinch on the arm would leave a discolored spot, but the sleeper never flinched under the most trying experiment. The only evidence she ever gave of physical discomfort was when her nose was tickled by a feather; then she would always sneeze.

Physicians forced open her eyes, but there was no intelligence in them. For the first four weeks her jaws were firmly set, and liquid food was given her. During the latter weeks of her slumber, however, the jaws relaxed, and the task of feeding her was rendered easy.

### NOT DISPOSED TO TALK.

Now that she is again awake and in better health, physically and mentally, than ever before, she and her family are much opposed to saying anything about the case. They have forbidden the village photographer to dispose of any of her photographs, although he has orders enough to fill a waste basket.

Reporters who visit the town to interview her on her strange experiences are turned away from the cottage, and given but cold greeting by the villagers, who seem to think enough has been said.

Mrs. Havens' physicians say she was in a cataleptic sleep; that worry and hard work had reduced her to such a stage that nature stepped in and gave her a rest.

The belief was general that she would never waken, but the doctor who had attended her from infancy insisted that she would be herself again when nature had built up the forces that had been torn down.

"The Infidelity of Ecclesiasticism. A Menace to American Civilization." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood, lecturer upon physical, physiological and psychic science. Demonstrator of the molecular or spiritual hypothesis of nature. Scholarly, masterly, trenchant. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Wateka Wonder." To the student of psychic phenomena, this pamphlet is intensely interesting. It gives detailed accounts of two cases of "double consciousness," namely Mary Lurancy Vennum, of Wateka, Ill., and Mary Reynolds, of Venango County, Pa. For sale at this office. Price 15 cents.

"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 "Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and Rosa C. Conger. Excellent for every family. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

## THE FALLACIES OF INVOLUTION

As Applied to "The Soul in Human Embodiments."

A Criticism, by Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Chicago.

There is an innate tendency on the part of the human to cling to the use of words, terms and ideas, expressing sentiment rather than consistent thought in matters of religion, however misapplied and harmful to truth these words and ideas may be. A modern thinker and writer says: "The tenacity of an ingrained mental conception is often so powerful as to defy for centuries the assaults of the keenest logic, and the most plausible and persuasive arguments."

It is true; and this tendency being founded upon error, and beyond the limit of proof, is a stumbling-block in the pathway of intellectual progress, and frequently is a menace to man's moral and spiritual well-being. In this connection we desire to say that, perhaps no word or term, misapplied as it invariably is, has been the cause of graver mistakes in reasoning upon the evolution, than the term "involution." It has been the accepted postulate of the ecclesiastic in all ages, and of every Oriental dreamer and modern cultist.

Since the time of Darwin it is a term unknown in the theory of "development," and is never applied in this connection by the school of philosophers and thinkers of modern systems of thought. It is a strange freak of human carelessness and credulity, that terms so related only in mathematical and algebraic formula, are continually placed before the public mind, as terms relating to nature's evolutionary processes.

That the reader may more fully understand the force of this criticism, by setting its relative application to mathematics, and the absurdity of its relation to any theory of "development," we will trace each term and analyze it as applied to these departments of science.

Evolution, from the Latin "evolutio," "evolvere." "The act of unfolding or unrolling; hence in the progress of growth, development, the evolution of a flower from a bud, or an animal from the egg." Arith. and Algebra: The extraction of roots; the reverse of "involution." Webster.

Involution, from the Latin "involutio." "The act or process of involving or infolding." Math.: "The act or process of raising a quantity to any power assigned." Webster. "We must make this mathematical relation of these terms more plain. When a number is multiplied by itself, the product is called its square or second power. This is "involution." Evolution is the reverse process, that of the extraction of the square root.

The term involution in its misapplied sense, had its inception in the myth that God formed man of the dust of the ground, and he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Although cattle, beasts of the field and every creeping thing, according to a previous text, had been created, no mention being made that God had breathed into them the breath of life, it is inferred that man through the special mentis process, had involved in him a soul, which other animals and creeping things did not possess.

As science has again and again shown that all animals, including man, breathed the same kind of etheric fluid, oxygen, and had similar relations of nutrition and assimilation and digestion in animal life, it is a strange commentary upon cogent thought, that the public mind can be continuously cajoled into the acceptance of a sophism so palpably impossible, as that of involution applied to cosmic developments. The postulate of involution as generally stated in the text, "whereas evolution must direct be involved." This shows the utter impossibility of natural evolution based upon such a premise, let us point out that what is involved, is never evolved. In the evolution of water, oxygen and hydrogen are involved factors; but neither oxygen nor hydrogen are evolved. In the evolution of salt, chlorine and sodium are involved, but neither chlorine nor sodium per se is evolved. In the evolution of olefiant gas, carbon and hydrogen are involved elements, but neither of these elements are evolved.

Science confirms these facts in one of the fundamental laws of chemical combination, which says, "that the central core of all elements to combine in the formation of something entirely unlike themselves." See Pynchon's Chemical Physics. As this truth is shown in the evolution of water, salt, olefiant gas and every other form known to chemical combination, the postulate and aphorism of involution as a co-related truth of cosmic evolution falls, since its chain can never be verified. "But," says our opponent, "is not corn involved in its planting, before corn can be evolved in the ear? Is not wheat involved when it is sown, before wheat can be raised or evolved on its stalk? Is not the postulate of involution true, in these instances?"

No, my friend, you are mistaken; and in calling co-related factors "involved," since the term co-relations may imply those of the coming to-morrow and the to-morrow itself as duration, but these are not involved, because the to-morrow has not yet come. The processes of nature are co-related to coming time, but not "involved."

You are mistaken, second, in your conception of the process of co-development, and third, in calling these co-relations "involutions," since none of the associated factors are ever evolved. Let us briefly point-out these misconceptions.

If we plant a kernel of corn—maize—a close inspection of the structure reveals that what we call corn consists of a certain germ folded by successive layers of cellulose. This cellulose is the name of a material comprising the walls of the cells in the kernel, while the cells themselves are filled with a substance known as "lignine," which is found to contain carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—three essential elements of food, all of which are covered with an integument called the "burl." Now it takes all of these co-relations to comprise what we call "corn." Not only are these factors necessary in their associated parts in the evolution of corn, but soil containing moisture and special chemical combinations containing hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, compounds, and other elements of nature, together with a degree of warmth to arouse within the germ and the lignine a higher electro action, by which alone the germ attracts from the lignine its first food or support. Now all of these elemental factors in rhythmic co-relation are involved in the name of "involution." In this process, what is evolved? Is it the corn as planted or the cellulose and its cells, or the lignine or a germ? Are any of the compounds existing in the soil or atmosphere or the time required in the process? By

no means. But a formative principle contained in the structure we call "the embryo." All of these factors co-related to the reactions of time as a chemical key-board, upon which evolution plays her progressive rhythms. Hence we see that what was "involved" in the essence of the involutionist, is never evolved. Since we trace a consecutive series of co-related elements and forces, drawn from nature's laboratory by spiritual modes of attractive motion, fruitifying the germ, and evolving it through successive stages of development, requiring time as an essential condition, no less than the elements promoting the growth.

The astounding ignorance of those who are continually parading the sophisms of involution, regarding facts of development, is only paralleled by the sublime innocence of logical premise or sequence of thought, manifest by the same speakers and writers upon the soul and its progressions, based upon the "Involution Theory." In reading these utopian definitions of God and the soul, one is carried back to the childhood of the race, when consistency of thought was unknown and faith in the soothsayer and priest held in mental servitude the minds and opinions of the devotees, as thoroughly as the Westminster Confessions of Faith holds the sinner and slaver of ecclesiasticism.

In a volume before me called "The Soul in Human Embodiments," I find the following definitions of God and the soul, which will serve as an object lesson of the kind of reasoning employed throughout the treatise:

### WHAT GOD IS.

"The Supreme Consciousness of the universe is God."—Page 10.

"God is the Infinite Being of eternity."—Page 10.

"The one Supreme Intelligence."—Page 10.

"God is Infinite Being."—Page 10.

"God is All in All."—Page 10.

"God is Infinite Knowledge."—Page 12.

"The Infinite Entity."—Page 14.

"God alone is the Infinitever."—Page 10.

"God is Uncreated."—Page 11.

"The Infinitever which relates to the Infinite Being."—Page 7.

"God is the realm of Infinity."—Page 7.

### TO RECAPITULATE:

"The Supreme Consciousness of the universe is God." But "God alone is the Infinitever." "The Infinitever" is the Infinite Entity. Yet God is Uncreated. "God is an entity." As an "entity" has limitations, so God must possess limitations.

"God is Infinite Being." Yet, God is only a realm of Infinity.

"God is All in All." This is as impossible as for the "great flesh" that swallowed Jonah, to have swallowed himself, since no essence or being, or existence can be "all in all." It is a religious aphorism, lacking common sense.

After giving all of these diverse definitions as to what God is, we are meekly told on page 13, that "Nothing can teach that there is a God."

Then again, on pages 12 and 13, we are informed that "there is no time nor space nor matter in the Infinite," and yet "God is an entity." Matter is substance and substance is spirit, still God as an entity is neither of these, according to this authority. Matter is anything that occupies space. An entity must occupy space, but we are told that the soul is the "great flesh" that swallowed himself, since no essence or being, or existence can be "all in all." It is a religious aphorism, lacking common sense.

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Let us say in conclusion, that none of these qualifications. If any of the gods of mortal mind or of immortal imagination ever had a more uncertain existence than the God portrayed by all of these conflicting definitions, and who alone is the "Infinitever," it is not recorded in "Holy Writ." That such conception of God requires the postulate of "involution" is as certain as that "involution" requires a God. That God and Involution need a soul to involute, is readily seen; and that such a soul possessing all of the uncertainties of either God or involution will be apparent, when the "Soul in Human Embodiments" is introduced.

"THE SOUL IN HUMAN EMBODIMENTS."

"The Soul—What it is and 'its relation to God.'"

"We declare God and the Soul from eternity."—Page 10.

"Infinite Consciousness or Love, is All-potent, Omniscient, Eternal, Omnipresent, and is the prototype for the Soul, absolutely and perfectly." "The Soul is also Being."—Page 10.

"The Soul is the only entity existing God, and has its being in eternity, but has its existence and expression in the universe."—Page 10.

"The supreme consciousness of man is the Soul." "That which is without beginning or ending would illustrate the Soul."—Page 10.

"The Soul is finite and eternal."—Page 10.

"The Soul is an eternal, immortal, finite entity."—Page 11.

"The Soul has its being within the Infinite."—Page 11.

"The Soul is as uncreated as God is."—Page 11.

"The Soul bears always the same relation to the Infinite, as it is immortal and in eternity, there is no beginning to, nor can there be any cessation of its being."—Page 11.

"But the Soul is finite."—Page 11.

"The Soul is never nearer the Infinite."—Page 11.

"The Soul's quality is like unto God."—Page 11.

"The quality of the truth is the same in the Soul as in God."—Page 12.

"Your must go to the Soul for the source of all intelligence."—Page 13.

"The Soul in its pure and primal nature has nothing to do with time, time, space, nor matter."—Page 13.

"The Soul is finite."—Page 11.

"The Soul is the only entity existing God."—Page 10.

"You are to make your starting point from within the Soul, from the Deity."—Page 13.

We call attention to the incongruous, inconsistent, contradictory and illogical statements made about the Soul, and we have not exhausted the data contained in the pages mentioned. How the soul "has its being in eternity," without existence, affords a sample of the logic involved, since being means existence, and the term "universe" implies the infinite and nature.

That a spirit animating to be the prototype of wisdom can dictate such incoherent thought is lamentable; and that any human mind can be cajoled into the acceptance of these impossible platitudes with the ideal that such rambling uncertainties of careless statement are the basis of spiritual unfoldment and moral integrity, affords proof of "blind leaders of the blind," if the postulate of "involution" were true, it would be dead to the soul described, and the uncertain "God of the Infinitever." For instance, if "the Soul in quality is like God," as we are told on page 11, and the Soul progresses through successive embodiments, then we have logical and scientific proof, that the quality of God is capable of improvement, and might consistently progress also.

If the quality of the Soul is the same as the quality of God, and "the perfection of God is the perfection of the Soul,"—page 12, and "the Soul is pure in its primal nature," why should human beings suffer from pain, sorrow and anguish, and prostitution, and beggary, and want, and starvation, and humiliation, and the death of the physical body through successive embodiments comprise the ladder that a "pure loving soul like God," takes to gain angelhood? How far is this route of the soul to "its celestial state," from the orthodox hell? From the "pure loving soul like God," we are told on page 110, what are these progressions instituted for? Could any one but a demon incarnate institute human misery like this, particularly when the demon did not improve in quality, while inaugurating such appalling vicissitudes upon a succession of human beings?

The theosophists reincarnate for the glory of God, to reach God. There is no glory of God in this scheme, for the Soul is like God "in the beginning and is immortal." But, if it could be proven that the Soul through successive embodiments progressed, we would insist that it was stripped from the Soul respectively, its growth and progressions, that are the fruitage of time and experience, that we reach a point of the Soul's infancy, when it possessed a sentient principle only, but was not self-conscious.

Tracing back again this sentient principle through its changing structure as expressed in fetal development, we reach a point of embryonic character, when the receding factors of two magnetic spiritual spheres evolve in the laboratory of human development "a formative principle, invisible in an embryo of human type. In these co-related modes of spiritual motion, expressing the human embryo, the soul principle of man has its inception. In the rhythm of this inception, we have the possibility of future manhood and a giant intellect, or when the rhythm is incomplete, equal possibilities of physical deformity and mental weakness.

If the germ in the kernel of corn is imperfect, or the soil, moisture, or warmth be incomplete, the embryo for the future stalk is dwarfed, and there is a possibility of the fruitage of nobility only. If the human embryo lacks rhythmic structure, a human mullah is equally as certain. Modern biological and physiological science, points out these truths of development with unerring certainty, and human experience and investigation add additional emphasis to them. The assumption that the soul is the "great flesh" that swallowed himself, since no essence or being, or existence can be "all in all." It is a religious aphorism, lacking common sense.

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"The World Beautiful." By Lillian Whiting. Most excellent in their high and elevating



## IMPORTANT!

—TO—  
Those Who May Desire  
to Consult  
**DR. G. E. WATKINS,**  
Please Remember

To Send All Letters to His New  
Office at  
**BOSTON.**  
406 Mass. Av.,  
Hotel Palmerston.

Those Who Are Sick and Discouraged,  
Write Us and Per-  
haps We Can Help  
You.

**DR. G. E. WATKINS,**  
406 Mass. Av., Boston, Mass.  
**CANCERS CURED.**

We desire to say that we have treated a great many cancer cases during the past year, and with the exception of one case, all have been cured, and this one left our treatment and placed herself under the care of others. We desire to inform all those who are suffering from cancer that we would like to have them write us. We use no knife, and the operation is considered almost painless. We have a hospital, or rather, another sanitarium in Boston, where we have the best of trained nurses. To kill and remove a cancer usually takes from two weeks to five weeks' time only. We also treat at our Boston sanitarium, tumors of all kinds, such as enlarged tumors of the lungs and fibrous tumors of the uterus, and uterine cancers, etc. We would be pleased to have those suffering with such disease to write us for further information.

**DR. G. E. WATKINS,**  
406 Mass. Avenue, Boston, Mass.  
405 ft.

## The Cause at Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Mr. R. Smith, in the Progressive Thinker of October 8, expresses his surprise that so many schemes are on foot to get money out of the pockets of Spiritualists. I do not know that Mr. Smith has been asked to assist the small handful of believers here in Grand Forks, who are suffering from the letter I feel compelled to explain our situation to the readers of this paper, as some of them have been asked to render us a small favor. Out of the eight thousand inhabitants of this city, I know of but four persons who will plainly state that they are Spiritualists, but there are hundreds of people here who are willing and anxious to investigate many of them church members, and others who belong to no church.

For five years my husband and I have been doing what we could to interest others in this truth, but as neither of us are well developed mediums, our progress has been slow. We have never been able to obtain a speaker or test medium, because we had not the necessary funds to pay expenses, and we realize that mediums cannot work for nothing. Several so-called mediums have visited our city from time to time, advertised in our daily papers, rented a small room in a downtown block, and given readings. People flocked in by the dozen, at a fee of one dollar per head, and told that "a tall woman with black eyes, says do not be discouraged; all will yet be right," or "a short man stands behind you who says he used to play with your father when he was a boy," and very much more just as vague and unsatisfactory.

One woman who came here advertised materialization for room and board. I attended, and witnessed a very bungling attempt to produce a spirit form by the aid of a black dress skirt and several yards of white drapery. Suffice it to say, I was obliged to take my leave in the middle of the performance to prevent my little Indian guide, Kusko, from seizing the offending black skirt and tearing it to pieces. Kusko afterwards told me where the materials had been concealed. This same medium (?) coined forty dollars in one day by actual count of a reliable person who numbered her callers as they passed in.

Not one of the several mediums (?) who have been here could or would occupy a hall for private residence and give us a lecture. All that our people here know of Spiritualism is what has been doled out by the above mentioned parties and the general impression is, if this is Spiritualism, and if such are mediums, defend us from another encounter.

We want to hire a first-class medium to come here and deliver a course of lectures and give tests to the hundreds of people who would grasp this truth if it were properly presented. For five years we have tried to bring others to the light. We have succeeded in getting the people interested in our truth, and now the time is ripe for action.

**MRS. KATE E. DENNIS.**

**M. V. S. A., Clinton, Ia.**

Whereas, sufficient pledges have been secured from persons of known financial responsibility to cover the \$4,500 mortgage indebtedness which has so long rested over the real estate of the (Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association), at Clinton, Iowa,

Be it resolved, by the members of said Association assembled in Mt. Pleasant Park auditorium, Sunday evening, August 28, 1898, for a jubilee of rejoicing, that we hereby acknowledge our obligations to Dr. O. G. W. Adams, of Dubuque, Iowa, for his timely initiation of the movement now so happily culminated, and bear our testimony that its success is largely due to his persevering solicitations and generous personal donations, therefore, be it

Resolved, that we tender Brother Adams our fraternal gratitude and bespeak for him many years of increasing usefulness in the private and professional walks of daily life.

Resolved, that the secretary of the association be requested to forward a certified copy of these resolutions to Dr. Adams, spread the same upon the records of the Association for the season of 1898, and forward a copy to the spiritual papers.

"Social Uplifting, including co-operative systems and the happiness and enlightenment of humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, LL. D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and R. C. Langer. Excellent for every family. Cloth, \$1.50.

## REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 1.)

remember that she came to us without a change of clothing. Among all her effects there was not a single iota of anything found that would create suspicion; there was no possibility of fraud.

On Christmas morning a Mrs. Dr. Holland was present. Mrs. Teed had been all night apparently in an unconscious condition, in a complete stupor. About 9 o'clock in the morning her brother John controlled her; he had none of his former humor or fun, but was very considerate and sedate. His speech to us was very pathetic and affecting, thanking us for the kindness shown his sister, and he said, "this is the last time I will come, I am going to take her now." Polly also thanked us for affecting language, and added, "My medium don't want to die in the bed; she wants to sit in a chair and look out of doors once more." Mrs. Holland and my wife got her into a rocking chair, and placed her in a position to see out of doors. All the signs of death appeared and she soon passed away, with a very pleasant smile upon her countenance.

By way of conclusion, I want to say that I believe the reader of this article, who has read the account of Molly Fancher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will see a strong analogy in the matter, as this lady in the latter part of her life lived as much in one world as in another, and there is nothing strange in the fact that she should be clairvoyant or clairaudient. The foregoing is but a small portion of the phenomena which occurred in the life of Mrs. Teed while at my house. Many remarkable occurrences remain untold. She seemed to have power to move around the neighborhood in spirit, and in several instances told us of the death of individuals which we knew nothing about until I visited town and heard the news. During her stay at our house there were constant disturbances, such as ponderous bodies being moved around the room, and noises being heard at night, all of which ceased as soon as her demise took place.

The account which I have written is but a synopsis of some of the leading events, and have endeavored to keep within bounds and embellish nothing, to create an impression that I have imagined more than really occurred. The demise of Mrs. Teed ended the life of one of the most extraordinary mediums that I have ever had the opportunity to associate with or to be acquainted with. After twenty-five years of study and frequent conversations with my wife, I have nothing to take back or retract. Despite all the exposures of fraud, this matter holds us firm in the belief in the continuity of life after what we call death. I was an investigator, and if there is deception I have deceived myself.

In all of Mrs. Teed's revelations at my house, extending over a period of more than two months, she never made a mistaken statement while under control. When she was unable to speak, because of the throat ailment, the independent voices that came from her cabinet were loud and well individualized. At one time Mrs. Teed said, concerning Mr. J. P. Jones, a member of our family, who had been sick a week: "He has just stood here and looked at me, saying that he died an hour ago." She also described Peterson accurately. Her statement proved to be correct, Peterson having died at the hour which she designated. She had never seen him in her life.

That Mrs. Teed passed away with throat consumption, after continued acute affliction, she was free of suffering or violent stoppage of breath at the time of her going.

**BENJ. WINCHESTER.**  
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

## Journal of Suggestive Therapeutics.

The second article on "How to Hypnotize" is the opening paper by the editor of the October number of Suggestive Therapeutics (Psychic Publishing Company, 211-212 Times-Herald Building, Chicago), in which the author seeks to demonstrate that there is no such thing as hypnotic control. A paper on "Healing During Natural Sleep," by Albert H. Burr, M. D., shows the theoretical principle of this method of treatment. Dr. Burr, in his second article on the "Phenomenon of Spiritualism," "The Relation of Hypnotism to Crime" is ably treated by M. Jules Liegeois, of the Faculty of Nancy, France, in a paper first read before the Congress at Moscow. This paper, which is now translated into English for the first time, is important as presenting the views of the School of Nancy upon this subject. "The Cure of Anemia by Suggestive Therapeutics" is explained by Dr. H. A. Parkyn, and the editor gives in detail his method of treating and curing the tobacco habit, expressing that method in two words—Suggestion and Penalties! Editorial remarks and the general impression is, if this is Spiritualism, and if such are mediums, defend us from another encounter.

**PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.**

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free.]

Passed to spirit-life, September 18, 1898, H. Phillips, of Dallas, Texas. Body interred Wednesday, September 20, at the camp-meeting. Services conducted by Mr. John W. Ring, assisted by Mr. R. H. Kneeshaw and Allen F. Brown.

Passed to spirit-life, at Adams' Landing, Ky., Sept. 21, 1898, of cardiac asthma, Mr. B. H. Eby, of the Louisville firm of Simmons, Eby & Hampton. Mr. Eby was firm to his spiritual conviction to the hour of his death, and talked to his spirit family, who had all preceded him, up to his death. His remains were brought to Louisville, Ky., and buried near his wife and children, by the Odd Fellows of which body he was an honored member.

He was a consistent Spiritualist for thirty-five years, a true, conscientious man in all his dealings, and friendly and benevolent toward all his associates.

**A. C. HAWKES.**  
Louisville, Ky.

Passed to the higher life, September 1, 1898, at Equality Colony, Washington, Lois Alta Troy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Troy, late of Utah. She was an only child, 12 years and 6 months old, which makes the parting more sad. She was bright, amiable, and loved by all. Granddaughter of Mrs. R. D. Troy. May the parents find consolation in the spiritual philosophy.

**MRS. R. D. TROY.**

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer" by Lillian Whiting. A mind that loves spiritual thought can fall to be fed and delighted with this book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual nature of the origin of many of our important books of the Bible. The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his many years' study of the Bible in its relations to Spiritualism. As the title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

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## WASHINGTON'S VISION.

**Mr. Utley's Criticism Due to Lack of Information.**

In The Progressive Thinker of October 1, under the heading, "A Base Fraud," I read the following: "The description of 'The Vision of Washington,' related by Anthony Sherman, published in your issue of September 10, bears upon its face evidence of its absolute untruthfulness. Anthony Sherman, who is still living, and claims to be only ninety years of age, says he 'had it from the general himself.' General Washington died nearly ninety-nine years ago, and as a matter of fact, Anthony Sherman, by claiming to have 'had it from the general himself,' uttered a deliberate falsehood."

The fact is, Anthony Sherman was living at the time he gave that story to a reporter, but the story, as published in The Progressive Thinker, has been going the rounds of the press for nearly a century, but its value is lost by each paper that repeats it, publishing it as something just related, thus making it appear to be a fraud. I found the article in a paper, without credit or remarks, in December 1887, and after considerable inquiry among reliable old Spiritualists, found one who had seen the story some thirty years before, with the statement that it was first published about twenty years before that, but he could not give me the names of the periodicals, having forgotten them. I published the article in the Herald of Light, January 10, 1896, with an introductory note stating that it had been going the rounds of the press for fifty years, and although I had circulation in every city in the United States, among all classes, that statement has not been challenged up to the present time.

If Mr. Utley has any proof that this vision is a fraud, besides the evidence "upon its face," will he kindly furnish it?

**ERNEST S. GREEN.**

## Vocal Music the One Thing Needed.

Under the above heading Brother Gould in Banner issue of October 1, remarks suggest. He says we now have too much variety, but not enough of the right kind. To obviate the lack of the right kind, he proposes the issue of another volume by the N. S. A.; and that the coming convention is the time to inaugurate the movement. He says nothing now issued meets the wants of our cause, and that our ranks have not produced anyone with both the ability and means to issue such a work. This statement of Brother Gould does not agree with that of some of our best writers and musicians, who claim our needs are fully and thoroughly met in music, words, subjects and the necessary variety in all. It would be of interest to those who deeply interested in vocal work, as an essential in our public service, if Brother Gould would have specified the why and wherefore of his sweeping negative statement; as facts can very readily be brought forward to prove just the contrary.

To say the least, it is quite unfortunate that this matter should take this shape. It seems to say that we (the N. S. A.) discourage individual effort, and wish to control the music with and for the Spiritualists of the United States.

If Brother Gould could not from lack of careful trial specify why efforts now made are not a success in all ways, save in their general use, would not the suggestion have been better one to appoint a committee of competent thinkers, writers and musicians to carefully give estimate on that already before the public, especially if these claim from trial and use the very qualities which Brother Gould states are our present needs?

**H. W. BOOZER.**

## A GRAND LETTER.

Hickory, S. C., Oct. 2, 1898.  
Dr. C. E. Watkins, Ayer, Mass.

My Dear Friend:—In reviewing the past two years I cannot help but think of you in thankful memory of what you have done for me. I have since then constantly gained in strength and power, and although not over my financial strain, I am in good hopes to overcome this also. It requires no effort of me now to resist using alcoholic stimulants and I have become almost venturous to say I have become positive against it; in my present condition it has no temptation for me, and I feel sorry for anyone using it, knowing by experience the evil consequences, the terrible suffering that are in its wake. I thank my present condition to you, for without your help I feel I could not have reclaimed myself. May God give you your reward. My good health is good. My wife joins me in sending the best wishes to you and yours.

**E. WARTH.**

## TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The writer, who is known as one of the very best mental and physical mediums in the United States, desires to withdraw from the field of commercial mediumship and secure a position or employment that will place him above the necessity of exercising his mediumship for money. Knowing there are thousands of Spiritualists, heads of businesses of various kinds, who employ men in different positions, I cannot but believe that some one of them will kindly favor one of their own belief. My work, I am sure, is deserving of this much recognition. I possess decided business ability, fine education and address, unimpeachable references, and through my talents and mediumistic endowments can adapt myself to and fill almost any responsible position. I trust this notice will elicit the response and investigation my aspirations merit. For obvious reasons I withhold my name in this notice. Address Box 27, Stanley, C. Cleveland, O.

"Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism: or a Concordance of the Principal Passages of the Old and New Testament Scriptures which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of many of our important books of the Bible." The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his many years' study of the Bible in its relations to Spiritualism. As the title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

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## Sunday Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago.

People's Church. Services Sunday at 8 p. m., in Handel Building, room 618. All interested friends and Spiritualists invited. Mrs. M. E. Kratz, pastor. Indiana avenue and Thirty-first street, at 3 and 8 p. m. Lecture and tests by good mediums.

West Side Spiritualist Society meets at No. 46 South Ada street at 8 p. m.

Church of the Star of Truth, Wicker Park hall, No. 501 West North avenue. Services at 7:45 p. m., conducted by Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsey.

Spiritual Advancement Society, 274 Warren avenue, near Robey street, holds service every Sunday evening at 7:45. Dr. Haseclever lectures and gives spirit messages.

The Englewood Spiritual Society meets every Sunday in Hopkins' hall, 525 W. 63rd street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

The First Spiritual Society of the South Side, No. 77 Thirty-first street, will hold meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., each Sunday, beginning October 2, 1898. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley, pastor, room 409 Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Services at 7:30 p. m.

The First Society of Rosicrucians, J. C. R. Grumbly, permanent speaker, meets in their conference room, 610 Masonic Temple Building, every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., and 7:45 p. m.

Church of the Ministering Angels, 590 South Ashland avenue, corner 18th street. Services every Sunday evening at 7:30. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor.

The Second Church of the Soul will hold meetings in Van Buren's opera house, Madison street and California avenue, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and 7:30 in the evening. Good speakers and mediums will be present.

The Church of the Soul will hold union services of Sunday school and church, each Sunday morning, in Room 608 Handel Hall Building, No. 40 Randolph street. Church services at 11:30.

The Christian Spiritual Society holds meetings in Hygeia Hall, Washington boulevard and Paulina street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Miss Sarah Thomas conducts the services.

The Lake View Spiritualist Union meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 in Wells' Hall, 1620 Clark street, corner Feltz street. Meetings conducted by Carl A. Wickland and wife, assisted by Mr. Lindsey, remembrance. All friends and members are invited.

The Second Church of the Soul meets at Van Buren Opera House, corner of Madison street and California avenue, Sundays at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Good speakers, assisted by Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Goble, Mr. Wilks and Mr. Shaffer, test mediums.

Send in notice of meetings held on Sunday at public halls.

## NOTICE TO THE SICK.

Dr. Watkins will on October 15, move to his new Boston office, 400 Massachusetts avenue, Hotel Palmerston. Seven rooms in this beautiful hotel are being prepared especially for Dr. Watkins and his patients. Write to the street and number, 400 Massachusetts avenue. Please address all letters until October 15 to Dr. C. E. Watkins, Ayer, Mass.

**TESTIMONIAL.**

B. F. Poole, Clinton, Iowa.—Dear Sir:—Your Malted Pebble Spectacles are all you claim for them, and even more. Your Magnetized Compound is a wonderful remedy, and acts like magic upon sore and weak eyes. I would not be without it.

**MRS. J. A. PERKINS.**  
Easthampton, Mass.

For 30 days I will send a sample package of Magnetized Compound for the eyes, for 10 cents, by mail.

**B. F. POOLE.**  
Clinton, Iowa.

## "THE LYCEUM."

The Lyceum, devoted to the interests of the young, and to lyceum work, is published by Tom Clifford, at Cleveland, Ohio, No. 61 Willowdale street. Only fifty cents per year. Every young person should have access to its columns. In fact, all classes will find something of special interest in it. It is published weekly. Try it.

**437 ft.**

## CANCERS CAN BE CURED.

Dr. C. E. Watkins.—Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you for sending me to your cancer clinic for the cancer kill treatment. I am greatly relieved and rejoiced at the age of 68 to have my cancer of 20 years' growth killed and entirely removed from the right breast in two weeks' time. The cancer home is airy, sunny, cozy, comfortable and homelike and the food, nursing and treatment so suited to each case, that one feels contented and happy there. All connected with the clinic are especially fitted by training and experience for their respective duties, careful and considerate of the welfare and comfort of your patients, and honorable in business matters, and I can cordially recommend sending cancer sufferers to the clinic, and I think the grateful patient should sound your merited praise far and wide. Your grateful patient,

**ELIZA B. NYE.**  
Barre Plains, Mass.

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In sending remittances to this office, write your names on a single sheet of paper, to file against your remittance. If you have anything to say to the editor outside of that, do so on a separate sheet. It is not safe to send money in a letter; if it is sent that way, and lost in the course of transmission, you will be the loser. I do not send personal checks, as it costs 15 cents to get them cashed. Send postal or express order, or registered letter or draft payable in Chicago or New York, and there can be no loss.

Write names and addresses as plain as ordinary print and mistakes will be avoided.

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The voluntary statements of our patients prove this. The

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**Facts and Proof.** A man may proclaim himself a great healer, a wonderful physician, but his claims will meet with derision unless supplemented by tangible proof, hence we submit the following

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Dr. Peebles & Burroughs, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Dear Doctors:—Will say that I am feeling as well as ever, and will send no more medicine. Please receive my thanks and gratitude for your valuable advice. Respectfully,  
J. A. BURROUGHS, Clinton, Iowa.

Dr. Peebles & Burroughs, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Dear Doctors:—I feel better now than I have in twenty years. Many thanks to you, kind doctors, for your kind and successful treatment. Respectfully,  
ELIZABETH WYTHE, Seattle, Oct. 1, 1898.

Dr. Peebles & Burroughs, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Dear Doctors:—I am perfectly well and do not think it is necessary to take any more treatment. Yours truly,  
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