

The Progressive Thinker

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

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THE ELECTRIC AGE.

NATURE'S PSYCHIC FORCE.

The Electric Age—Electricity an Entity in Nature—Kepler's Laws—Heat and Light—The Fall of an Apple—Electric Rays from the Sun—Other Important Facts Considered.

BY ADAM MILLER, M. D.

When primitive man had advanced so far as to invent edge tools, by which trees could be chopped down and houses built for protection from wild animals and inclement weather, he had made a great advancement from a home in caves and other natural retreats for shelter. In this way wood was captured and compelled to contribute to the comfort of mankind in its numerous forms and combinations. As knowledge progressed, the metals and minerals found in the earth were transformed into articles of comfort and convenience. This mastery over the wood and the metals or minerals was followed by conquering the water of rivers and oceans, and compelling it to bear upon its surface the commerce and the travelers from different and distant countries, and to become a power to drive mills and machinery invented by the advanced civilization. Next came the age of steam, and this was a grand stride in advance of other motive power, and when brought under proper control many were ready to conclude that the ultimatum of motive power and rapid transit had been reached.

But no; after having advanced through these different ages of progress, we are brought face to face with an agent more potent than previously utilized by human ingenuity and skill.

So far as human conceptions are concerned, this is a giant slumbering in the cradle of his infancy, and when the advancement of science shall succeed in waking up this dormant power to its full strength, then the feeble powers and dim lights of the past will be lost sight of in the splendors of the oncoming light and power. Many of us can remember that in the days of our childhood, fifty and more years ago, our parents and friends taught us to believe that thunder from the storm-clouds was the direct voice of the Almighty Ruler of all things; and profound silence was imposed upon the whole family of children during a thunder storm. Now we know that a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning are natural phenomena resulting from electric currents passing from one cloud to another. The terrific storms with which some parts of our country have been visited of late years are the results of electric current descending from the higher regions of the atmosphere,

"Like rapid moving cars
O'er the electric bars."

And in this rapid whirl we can see something of the power that controls the physical universe when it is kept in its proper channels and moves in its appointed course.

We assume that electricity is an entity in nature, and not merely the result of chemical or mechanical action. The manifestations of this wonderful agent are too numerous and powerful to admit the idea that it is only a result of the combination of other and inferior forces. These forces only serve to bring this pre-existing entity into active operation. It is a very reasonable conclusion that if there is any one thing in the universe that existed in connection with the Infinite Power from eternity, that this is electricity. It pervades all space and penetrates all substances, and manifests itself in every form of motion from the rolling and shining world down to the invisible atom that floats in the air around us. There is not one spot in all the heights and depths and lengths and breadths in the material universe where its power and influence are not manifested. It is the primal force from which gravity and magnetism derive their energy. Under the controlling influence of a Supreme Intelligent Power the electric tramways on which planets and their satellites run, are laid with a precision which makes these celestial bodies move with unvarying certainty.

Should any of these rapidly moving bodies lose time in their annual revolution every astronomer in the civilized world would be struck with consternation, and fears would be entertained for the stability of our solar system. Electricity has the power of repelling as well as attracting bodies; or at least it regulates repulsive and attractive forces, by which planets are held in their orbits around the sun; and satellites are controlled by their primaries. Notwithstanding the high claims of astronomers that Kepler's laws explained all the phe-

nomena of planetary motion, yet some of the most thoughtful and careful observers have declared that neither Newton's law of universal gravitation, nor Kepler's laws, account for all the strange movements of the planets and their satellites. The difference between the nearest approach to the sun and the most distant point in the planetary orbit, contradict the universal law of gravitation as expressed by Newton, namely, that the power of attraction increases inversely with the square of the distance.

In scientific research, facts have been distorted to accommodate preconceived prejudices and theories that are venerable from age, as well as from the distinguished names that have given them endorsement and support.

These are days not only of physical disturbances and moral delinquencies, but of the uprooting and taring down of old theories in science, and new discoveries in directions that were not dreamed of by the wildest enthusiast in scientific researches, even up to the beginning of the present century. The stern logic of facts is now demanded by the restless and wide-awake age in which we live. The arrogance of dogmatism on scientific subjects has had its day.

Many of our school books and works on physical science will have to be changed; and will be as soon as the interest of publishers will allow it, and advanced science will correct many of the untenable theories now found in these works. Men will no longer take things for granted because some learned man has advanced a theory. The first question now is: "Does he prove it true by actual demonstration; or is the theory in harmony with well established laws in physical science?"

When Sir John Herschel tells us that the heat of the sun on the comet of 1843 was more than twenty-eight times greater than the heat at the focus of a lens of thirty-two inches diameter, which melted agate and rock crystal and dissipated these refractory solids into an invisible gas, we now simply reply: we cannot believe this. The statement is self-contradictory. A degree of heat sufficient to reduce these solid substances into an invisible gas would be sufficient to melt a comet; but no ponderable substance subject to the laws of gravitation could possibly maintain its form under a heat of twenty-eight times more intense than that above referred to. To assume that the comet is a ponderable substance and that the tail is composed of minute material particles of matter all subject to the so-called universal law of gravitation is to raise questions in reference to this law that its advocates cannot answer. The motion of the comet around the sun and the fact that its tail always extends in an opposite direction from the sun and the receding of the comet from the sun after its perihelion passage with the force that is employed in projecting its tail for millions of miles from the nucleus,—all indicate a power that under certain conditions must antagonize the force of gravity and push as well as pull revolving bodies.

Why does light proceed from luminous bodies. Who has ever answered this question satisfactorily? Is there an inherent power in the luminous particles that gives it a repulsive force; or is there an attractive force in objective points towards which it is tending and by which it is drawn out from the starting point, or does it travel with a velocity of twelve millions of miles a minute without any cause. There must be a reason why for every thing in nature. Where is the philosopher that will explain to the honest inquirer while he gazes into the starry heavens, and tell him why these tireless beams proceeding from the thousands of shining orbs, keep on their journey at a uniform rate of speed for many thousands of years.

The explanation of the transmission of light through cold and dark space may be found in the ever present electric currents uniting and controlling all celestial bodies. The subtle ether, which philosophers tell us pervades all space, and through which light is said to pass by undulation or waves may have the same relation to the imponderable substances in nature as have the ocean waves to the ponderable substances that float upon them. But what strange and mysterious power drives the luminous ray onward in its matchless march over this solar ocean which is without a bottom or a shore? There is another traveler that moves with equal speed and this is electricity; and who can say that these twin sisters do not travel together, as they sweep through the boundless heights and depths of space. Although light may not be seen in the conducting wire along which the electric current passes, yet it flashes out with diamond brilliancy at the terminal point. Electricity may not be sensibly felt in the sunbeams,

yet its power is seen in the growth of plants and animals. It lays its lines and curves with the sun which as the center of our solar system, can no longer be viewed as a burning globe, consuming cosmic matter by actual combustion. These crude theories are, however, found in the books, and advocated by popular orators in their lectures on astronomy.

Professor R. A. Proctor, in a course of lectures a few years since, boldly proclaimed that the fuel that keeps up the fires of the sun would finally be exhausted, and the sun would cease to shine upon and warm our earth. He saw but one way in which the catastrophe might be avoided. The sun in its onward march through space carrying with it the planets and their satellites, might "come to fresh fields and pastures new," and in this way prolong its existence.

This may pass for rhetoric in a popular assembly with a thoughtless crowd, and excite applause, but it will not be received by sober thinking men as scientific facts. No one acquainted with the laws of physical science can think that this enormous combustion has been going on upon our solar orb for many thousands of years, and radiating heat into space as from a fire consuming ordinary fuel.

The theory of the sun's contraction upon itself, now advanced and maintained by leading astronomers, and giving off heat by this energy of contraction is as untenable as the combustion theory; and finally the theory of the transformation of mechanical motion into heat, advocated by Sir William Thomson and supported by Prof. Tyndall and other distinguished names is surrounded with so many difficulties that some of its advocates have already abandoned it. Sir Wm. Thomson estimates that the fall of the earth upon the sun in a straight line would maintain the present degree of solar radiation for ninety-four thousand years and three hundred and three days, and the planet Jupiter would produce the same thing for thirty-two thousand two hundred and forty years, and all the other planets according to their size and weight. To mention such absurdities should be sufficient to refute them.

If the fall of an apple could direct Newton's inquiring mind to the law of universal gravitation, and thus prepare the way for the discovery of one great truth, which would ultimately lead to other important discoveries, may not some common occurrence now cause other great truths to flash upon some mind, that shall follow up the twilight impression to a clear perception of some of the hitherto secret operations of Nature? If we once admit the hiding of an infinite power in the imponderable and invisible forces in the physical universe, we will silence the wailings of the materialistic philosophers who are constantly predicting the final destruction of the present order of things through a gradual waning of nature's forces. Perpetual motion in our mechanics is impossible; but with the infinite power it is an established fact. The electric light, which is only sunshine at second hand, will serve as an illustration. The dynamo that evolves the electricity must have the power behind it. From it the wires conduct the electric current to the burners. These conducting mediums may be as cold as frost can make them, yet in the burner we have the brilliant light which so much resembles sunshine. This continues to shine as long as the power operates on the dynamo. How is it with the light that has flashed out from our central sun with meridian lustre for thousands of years? Whence comes the power that keeps up this central light of our solar system? All theories hitherto advanced indicate gradual loss of power, and point to the fearful doom that awaits our sun and all the planetary worlds. Where can we find the dynamo that runs this celestial machinery? There can be but one answer to this question. The planets of our solar system are the points of power where electric streams are generated with unerring regularity and conveyed to the sun through interstellar ether, which carries the electric streams to the central magnet, where by a concentric force they flash out in inexpressible brilliancy, and here is the secret of the solar power. Now positive; then negative; up rushes; down rushes; outbursting flames, mighty upheavals; hideous groanings, opening chasms through which the central magnet is exposed to view until it looks like spots on the surface of the sun. By positive and negative electric forces this commotion goes on through the ages, while the apparently smooth surface of the sun sends its heat-producing and life-sustaining beams to all the planets from which its power is derived. The planets feed the sun, and the sun gives life and warmth to the planets, and guides them in their mighty orbits, by an attractive and repellant force with a regularity that rivals the best chronometer in the world. The interplanetary space through which these mighty forces pass may be cold and dark beyond human comprehension, but at both ends of their journey there is light and heat.

The electric rays from the sun are heated by diffusion and refraction in their passage through the atmosphere of the planets. The degree of heat on the different planets must depend on atmospheric conditions more than on nearness to or distance from the sun. The change of climate at different seasons of the year on our earth must depend on the angle at which the rays of light pass through the atmosphere; thus diminishing or increasing the refracting power. Another cause of a change of temperature

may be found in the different electric conditions of the atmosphere. If the sun were a burning mass, radiating heat into space, and warming the planets by direct radiation, we would have more heat in the winter than we have in the summer, for we are three millions of miles nearer the sun on the 21st of January than we are on the 21st of July. Again, our scientists tell us that the enormous amount of heat constantly radiated into space implies a waste of energies which foretells a final exhaustion of nature's reserved forces. This would be true if the sun were dependent for light and heat on meteoric showers, or cosmic matter of any kind, but these crude theories must finally yield to the logic of facts. There is absolutely no loss of energy in these correlated forces.

With such a grand arrangement of planetary interaction, we must put up with the inconvenience we may suffer from the perihelion of some of the larger planets, by which extra electric currents may strike our earth on their passage to the sun, causing electric storms and other disturbances, and various strange phenomena, such as mental obliquity and moral dereliction, such as our earth is now experiencing.

It may be that a superabundance of electricity in our atmosphere has increased the lifting power of the sun, by which an extra amount of water has been taken from rivers, lakes and oceans and formed into clouds. These have been surcharged with positive and negative electric currents, rushing from one cloud to another with such fearful force as to cause a fierce conflict of these disturbed elements until they have descended to earth to sweep everything in their wild fury as with the besom of destruction. On account of the superabundance of water carried up, the mighty torrents have descended. Rivers have overflowed their banks, houses have been swept away, and thousands have been driven from long possessed and happy homes.

The earth itself has been disturbed until it heaved its groans in the earthquake and engulfed many of those who thought themselves safe in their mansions of pleasure and plenty.

It will not be saying too much to assert that the imponderable elements in nature have to some degree disturbed the moral elements of society. When were there so many betrayals of trust; so much deception and intrigue; so many murders and suicides and other nameless crimes as we daily hear of now?

But these disturbing cycles will run their courses. They are as a ripple on the wave of infinitude. Sunshine and calm will follow the storm. The disturbing of forces do not imply destruction, nor waste of energies. The conservation is in the infinite power. The river beyond the cataract or whirlpool is as calm as if the commotion had not occurred. The rainbow of a tranquil evening spans the sky after the storm. The sun shines calmly upon the track of the desolating cyclone. The dry land appears after the flood. The wind that shakes the forest tree makes the roots strike deeper into the soil. Conflicts and trials develop our noblest manhood and womanhood. The invisible forces of nature will continue to work out the designs of an infinite mind and will. A cheerful submission to our lot will sustain us in the conflict of life, and teach us:

"That God worketh every where,
And every where frame one divine decree
Urging all forms to a high destiny."

Let us, then, be up and at our work, silently and yet successfully, like the dew of the morning and the shining sun; with our best endeavors to advance the interests and increase the happiness of a needy world. Man's moral nature has storms and cyclones to contend with. It should be our highest aim to calm these storms and to prevent these cyclones, and counteract their destructive influence. Then we may expect a tranquil evening and a beautiful setting sun that will give a promise of a brighter morning in the endless hereafter.

A SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

They lay on the broad, low window ledge,
Where the hand of a little child
Had placed them—dewy and fresh and sweet—
And the grandmother had smiled,
And softly stroked with her wrinkled hand
The curly, troubled head;
And then the needles bright were still,
Unrolled the snowy thread.

For, borne on the breath of the apple bloom,
She lived in the golden past;
She saw an orchard where blossom snows
Were falling thick and fast—
Falling upon the fair, bent head
Of a maiden in girlhood's prime,
Reading a letter, warm and creased
From folding many a time.

"When the apple blossoms are here once more,
I shall come back, Alas!—
Shall come for my answer." The scented wind
Which ruffled the maiden's hair
Brought to her ears a well-known voice;
She turned in a startled way—
"I have come for my answer; what is it, dear?"
What could she do but lay

Her hands in the eager, outstretched ones!
Ah! life is sweet in June,
When hearts keep time to the liquid flow
Of life and light and tune;
And when, in her snowy, floating veil
She stood on her bridal morn,
She would have had the tinted apple bloom
Her white robe to adorn.

Through the open window the western wind
Blow soft on the wrinkled face,
Where a smile shone, sweet as that could be
Which had lent her girlhood grace.
A little voice called her transient thoughts:
"Grandpa sent me to see
If you knew that the clock had been striking six,
And he wants you to pour his tea!"
—Good Housekeeping.

A VOICE FROM VERMONT.

IT COMES WITH NO UNCERTAIN SOUND.

Interesting Experiences and Conclusions.

If believed then, why not now? "And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate." "And they said unto her, thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, it is his angel."

From the earliest dawn of conscious existence, man has ever recognized a superior force somewhere in the realm of space existing, a power extrinsic and apart from himself, yet governing and controlling his actions in all the different departments of life. Everything in nature was but the spokesman of some grand and mysterious influence. The muttering or crashing thunder, the terrible cyclone, the awe-inspiring earthquake, and the famine, were but so many voices from out the Great Beyond acting as checks upon their conscience-accusing works, while the soft balmy breeze, the warm invigorating sun, the abundant harvest, the clear starry sky at night were tokens of peace and comfort.

In all ages there have come into the conscious realm of man's earth-life new and mystery-exciting forces, strange and unaccountable phenomena, toward which he at first moves but slowly, and about which he can give no definite explanation beyond that which grows out of the kingdom of his own imagination. But gradually, from lower formulated conceptions of a Supreme Being or Beings, there arose higher and still higher views until an intelligent, living conscious force is recognized in the universe. Unseen to be sure, yet manifested throughout all nature—one grand vital principle—"the Soul of the Universe." The words from Acts 12, at the commencement of this article, are simply but one of the proofs out of the many from the same scriptural source, going to show that men always possessed an inherent consciousness, whatever their form or mode of worship; that attending them were guardian angels or messengers, and that these celestial visitants parted the curtain between heaven and earth, which, after all, was "Only a thin veil," and came down among men to make known the will of the All Father.

And here the question arises: If in the house of Mary "where many were gathered together praying," they, the entire company, believed that messengers from the unseen world visited this earth, and not only believed this to be a fact, but from actual ocular experience knew it to be so, then why may not we in this nineteenth century, with equal right believe the same? The very chapter from which I have quoted gives an illustration of a returning intelligence, as do many other passages both in the Old and New Testaments.

If Agabus (Acts 1:28) stood up and signified by the spirit that such and such things would take place—and the record says they did take place—then why may not our own sweet-voiced Nellie Brigham, and the beaming faces of Mrs. Willey, Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, Mrs. Emma Paul, and a host of others, male and female, who are pure and honest, also stand "up and signify by the spirit" what the will of God is to the thinking world of to-day? Why may they not tell us of the dear ones who still live and who seek every avenue reaching earthward? Once this law is established, who or what power will abrogate it?

"But," says an orthodox brother, "the power to perform such things fell off in the third or fourth century," and to use his words, "we have no miracles now." I don't wonder you think so, my friend, for when we read up history and note the rivers of blood and the cruel martyrdom of thousands in the name of a formulated creed, and even that misinterpreted and misapplied, the wonder is that God's love allowed mankind even an existence on the face of the earth.

God's sweet messengers still continue to come, however, and have, before and since Peter lay bound in prison, and from whose person the Roman chains fell off and he went forth, guided by one of God's agents, a free man. Good and evil communications existed then as they do now, but every man and every woman may quickly discern which are the love blossoms of purity or the vipers of low hate and malignant poisons which they take to their bosoms; fruits disclose to the senses a knowledge of their kind.

Never before in the history of the world did the immortal kingdom of God's eternal love so touch and electrify the shores of earth. Across the impassable gulf come the white-winged ships freighted with fragrant immortals, sweet flowers of love and affection. To me all of these sweet messengers are but harbingers of a brighter and more glorious day.

Only a few days ago, in a meeting, a Methodist minister made known the fact that a Methodist bishop had seen a daughter who passed away several years before. If that incident is true, thousands of others in all parts of the world must have had like experiences, for their is no law established in nature that is expressly for the benefit of one sect to the exclusion of another; or the exclusion of those who adhere to no sect at all. Right in this connection I will relate a little incident which was a personal experience of my own. The first of last October I was homeward bound from an eight weeks' trip in the southern part of our

State (Vermont). It was a cold, drizzly morning, and I was plodding along the clay hill roads between Colchester and Milton Falls. My carriage was filled to its uttermost capacity, and I was snugly covered and booted from the falling rain. Just as I reached the foot of a long, tiresome clay hill, a little bright-eyed lad, apparently eight years of age, came up by the side of my carriage. He was plainly but cleanly dressed and carried a dinner-pail in his hand, being on his way to school. Coming close up to the carriage he said: "Please will you give me a ride?" My first impression was a refusal to the request he made; but on taking a second thought, I said: "Yes; I think I can manage it some way." So I helped him in and gave him a seat on one of my legs, my carriage being packed to its uttermost corner. We were by this time occupying a "full house" in every sense of the word. Once more on the way we naturally fell into a pleasant chat. I said to him: "Now, as I have put myself out considerably to help you, will you in after life help others, even if you are obliged to put yourself out a little?" Looking up at me with his clear bright eyes, he said, "I will." I then questioned him about his school, and asked him also about his family. He told me how many brothers and sisters he had, and that his name was Bennie. I then asked him if any of his brothers or sisters were dead, and he replied, "None." "But," said he, "mamma is dead; she died when I was four years old, and now I am nine."

"Do you ever see your mamma when you go to sleep?"

"Oh, yes, mamma comes very often, and I see her too."

Quick as a flash of lightning there came over me a queer influence, and I said to him: "Your mamma is right here, and she tells me her name is Mary, and that she died with consumption." The little fellow looked up into my face in blank wonderment, as if to say, "How do you know?"

"Yes," he said finally, "that was mamma's name, and she died with consumption."

We had by this time neared the school-house, and he signified his intention to get out there. Just then a voice said to me: "Kiss my boy before he leaves you." I told him what I heard, and kind reader, from now on until the time arrives when I too shall cross the river, I shall never forget that sweet countenance, all radiant with heavenly influence and confiding trust, as he turned his face to mine, and I left with him the precious gift that a returning mother brought from the summerland; for, indeed, it was her gift to her boy. In my natural state I should have never thought of such a thing; he an entire stranger, our homes many miles apart, we having never met before that morning. The voice was unmistakable, the influence of such a nature none could be in doubt as to its origin. Neither could it have been simply mind reading, for as I said above, I never saw him before, or any of his friends. And then his mother died when he was four years old; of course his knowledge of his mother's name and manner of her death came to him through the family at home; and yet that mother's influence came to him in his dreams and he knew for a certainty that it was her; came to him and left the loving impress of her nature upon his young and tender heart. What was it, then, my orthodox friend, that came across the hitherto unknown track of our earth-lives and threw over and around our souls the golden-linked chain of such a short but sweet acquaintance? Can you, with all the conceptive faculties you possess, explain to me just what that influence was from your standpoint of thinking and believing?

Every Sunday I listen to an orthodox sermon. The preacher is a good man and a kind neighbor, and doubtless he thinks it an essential duty appertaining to his ministry to pity and mourn for those who in this day see and hear what Peter saw and heard, and not only Peter but many others of that time. Yet, as much as I respect him as a friend and neighbor, that one incident with little Bennie was a grander and far more convincing and touching sermon than I ever heard him give forth, call it what you may, curse it if you will with all the anathemas of the calendar, and yet you do not check it. It is a "come-to-stay" principle. These opened avenues between heaven and earth have never, in reality, been closed. In every age of the world some have seen and acknowledged these heavenly visitants. It is true that the church, in the name of its peculiar theology, has with thumb-screw and rack tortured and twisted, and then burned thousand of brave men and women, and that by this course they have lost sight of these angel-traversed paths leading into the Golden City. But the light is slowly returning. Watch the churches. Keep still! Don't call it Spiritualism, and you will be surprised at what the pews believe. You will discover a slow and almost unconscious growth towards a grander and more humanitarian belief. The skeleton theology lost its life and flesh some years ago, yet it still hangs in ecclesiastical closets. The people, generally, know and care but little about it, and when one or two more Theological Colleges with advanced liberal ideas get hold of head, arms and feet in right good earnest, they will disarticulate this ancient relic beyond the hope of its ever being articulated and clothed upon again.

G. S. GREEN, M. D.

Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890.

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Our Paper as Viewed by an Eminent Physician.

Prof. W. Paine, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, and one of the leading microscopists of the world, and the originator of the germ theory of disease, speaks as follows of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in his *Medical Independent*:

We have on our table, 8th of March number of this plucky, bright and spicy paper, published by J. R. Francis every Saturday, at 251 S. Jefferson street, Chicago, Ill. This is a spiritual paper, or rather a paper devoted to Modern Spiritualism, and is one of the most able, bold and aggressive papers of the kind published. It has been in existence but a short time, but has achieved a wonderful circulation, entirely upon its own merits. And whether Modern Spiritualism in all its phases is true or not, no one can fail to observe the candor with which Mr. Francis records all the facts obtainable in regard to this most important matter, in a very candid and truthful way. His paper is solid, and all experiments not well attested are dealt with according to their truthfulness, scientific and practical bearing upon the subject. What the great wonder of his paper is, that he publishes a paper containing this vast amount of information, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, or one dollar per year.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

INTERESTING STUDIES IN ITS DOMAIN.

Marvelous Experiences by C. D. Chaffee.

The following personal experience by D. C. Chaffee, of Sullivan, O., bears in its style the evidence of the sincerity and honesty of the writer. Although he asks for an explanation, he has with remarkable correctness discerned the cause. Had he carefully read the chapters on "Thought Transference," and "Dreams" in "Psychic Science," he would have found parallel instances, which would have confirmed and strengthened his conclusions.

DEAR BROTHER: I have had quite a singular experience, and am deeply interested in finding a correct explanation of the strange manifestations. I have read your "Psychic Science," but I do not find anything in perusing its pages that seems to exactly meet the case.

It is about eight years since I began hearing my name called, "Dan," the contraction of Daniel. I am almost always asleep (or partially so) when I hear these voices, but when I start up to respond, no one is present. This continued about four years, and I could not recognize the voice. It was the same voice every time. Then there was a change in the name. The first thing I would know I would hear the name Chaffee spoken, just as though some one wanted to call my attention. I would start up to answer, feeling sure that some one did actually call me, yet I found that there was no one there. This continued about one year. Then came a noise like the shooting of a pistol very near me. I did not feel afraid, yet it would awaken me so suddenly, and I was left to wonder what it meant. Then commenced after a few months a sound as though some one had spoken something that I could not understand—although it appeared to be spoken distinctly, and I was left to wonder what the word was. Finally last summer I had the sick headache while working in the hay field. I thought I should have to quit work, as I became worse every day. In the night some one came to the window and spoke to me and said I should eat oatmeal and drink oat-tea, and it would cure me. My wife made me some oat-tea that very morning following and it cured my headache. A little while after this, two persons spoke my name, Dan, in concert. I felt very sure I recognized them as two of my cousins who have been dead many years. A short time after this I heard my name spoken in such a familiar voice that my very heart was made glad—for it was my dear mother's voice. That voice I had not heard since 1885. It seems that my hearing has become more acute, and I notice certain vibrations or wavelike motions in the ethereal atmosphere.

On the night of the fifth of January last I heard a voice that was very familiar to me, although I had not heard it for nearly a year. It was the voice of my daughter who lives in Oklahoma, a thousand miles away. My wife was about six miles from home staying with a sick sister, yet all at once my ear was greeted with the word "me," in a soft, but an anxious and emphatic voice. It was the voice of my daughter. I knew it just as well as I knew my own existence. I had not been worrying about her. My mind had been occupied with other thoughts. I raised partly up and reclined on one elbow and said: "My dear Nora, is it possible that you are here? Are you dead? Cannot you do something more than just to say me?" I looked steadily and listened attentively but could hear nothing more, and saw only shadowy forms, as I often see, moving before me. Well, said I, "if this is all there is for me I suppose I shall have to be content," but I felt very anxious, for I was sure it was the voice of my daughter. I laid my head on my pillow and felt that I ought to be content and not worry about this strange experience. It does not seem to me that I went to sleep, but I became very passive and resigned, knowing that I could change nothing, and if my daughter was dead my anxiety could not make it otherwise. All at once I heard her singing "We are all here." I turned my eye toward the direction from which the sound proceeded. I saw through space even to Oklahoma. Not in a straight line but in a curve corresponding exactly to that of the earth. I saw her sitting in a large rocking chair, with her two babies in her arms, rocking and singing the same words already mentioned. I saw her husband a little in front and beside her (as it were) in the act of going out of the door, saw the light from the lamp as it shone on one side of his face. Her back was toward me as she was rocking. In an instant a dark curtain dropped over the scene, and still the voice came as it were in undulations even from Oklahoma, and it filled the very room where I was lying, and her voice sounded so clear that it seemed that she must be in the very room at the head of the bed, and yet I knew it came from that far off place.

Now, what does this mean? Why should my mind penetrate and my eye see and my ear hear? Why all this? I do not suppose that she was singing at the time I heard all this. From what she writes she says that she dreamed about this time that she wanted me, and that she woke up crying. She writes me that she has sensed being here before this and seeing her ma, and putting her arms around her neck and kissing her and feeling her soft warm cheek, and that she did this while she was passing through the doorway from one room to another, and that she had wondered and wondered about it, for it was just as real as though she had been there. She says that she is in the habit of rocking and singing these very words to the babies, but could not say that she sang it to them that night, but is quite sure that it was very near or at that time that she awakened from a dream and wanted me, and she was crying. You see that ma was not at home.

I believe it was my daughter that called her ma, and had she not attracted my attention and made me so positive she, perhaps, would have traced her to the place where her ma was staying with a sick sister. She says that if her husband went to the door he would have to pass her just as I described, for that was the usual place where she rocked and sang to the children. In the first instance she was at the foot of the bed when she called ma; in the second I heard her singing in an almost opposite direction. I saw that she was in Oklahoma, but the sound came in wavy undulations and finally filled the room, and it seemed that she must be present even in the room at the head of my bed.

Was she here in spirit? Did I follow her to her home? I feel impressed somewhat this way about this strange occurrence. I saw into her Oklahoma home (it was a new home, they had not been there more than two weeks) and it seems to me that she had been singing those very words that evening before retiring, and the room was filled with the music of her voice, and that what I saw and heard about her home was psychometrically. Is it possible that we can read in this manner a thousand miles away? Or was it some one in the Spirit-world presenting a picture to me and personating my daughter. My daughter's family were moving from Elk Co., Kansas, and we had not heard from them since they left. We only knew that they were on their way to their new home, yet I had not worried about her and should not for some time, had I not heard her sweet familiar voice. In about a week after this, on Monday morning, the 13th day of January, a member of the family was heard to say, not in a real voice, but in a soft flow of words: "Pa, dinner is ready; come to dinner, pa." I awoke. The morning dawn was here, but no dinner, and no one calling me. I said: My Nora knows that something will be prepared for me this day, and maybe by the middle of the week I shall get all the news about her. But the middle of the week came and no tidings. Then I saw that I was to wait until Monday, the 20th; that in some way I had made a mistake, but that in this very occurrence a foundation was laid for a new work. On the 20th I got a letter from my daughter Nora. She wrote that they were all well and were pleased with their new home.

My daughter was not dead as I feared, because I had heard her voice the same that I heard the voices of my spirit friends.

So you see I have a new field of thought, or rather other department of the same field. Mind speaks to mind, although a thousand miles intervene, and that mind is encased in flesh. This is the question: Can or does the flesh always imprison the spirit or the mind? Does it not sometimes leap outside of the prison. In a day or two after I received her letter I thought that if I did see into my daughters home in Oklahoma, maybe by my will power I can see there now. I was out in the field by myself, so I fixed my mind intently on the same place that I supposed I had seen. My mind was calm and my will held it steadily to the object in view, and sure enough I sensed and saw that I was looking at my daughter's home. It was a gloomy, cloudy day here, but there it was, sunshine and pleasant. I did not see inside of the house, but stood, as it were, out by the road and looked upon the scene. All at once I felt that there was some motion or will power acting inside the house, and the door opened and I saw my daughter walk out toward the wood pile; suddenly she stopped (as I was looking at her) and seemed to be engaged in deep thought.

"Well, said I, 'I wish I knew whether this is a true scene, but how am I to ever know? I hope I may, but I do not see how I ever can find out.' I will just write you the exact words she wrote me in her next letter: 'Well, one day I was going out to the wood pile, about two weeks ago. I stopped right there and stood perfectly still, and the thought struck me that pa had seen our home and us. I knew it. I thought of it a great many times. I did not tell Ben (her husband) because he always laughs at me and my dreams or visions.'

The time corresponds just as near as memory retains the time of this seemingly strange coincidence.

Do you think the time will ever come that men will converse with each other thousands of miles apart without Telephone or Telegraph?

Thus ends a most remarkable statement of facts, which it is difficult to explain on any other grounds than that occupied by Spiritualism. The agency of departed spirits, of course, may be called in explanation of any psychic phenomena, but as students of this subject, we must not forget that man is a spirit the same before as after death, subject to the same laws, and only different by the limitations of the body. Occasionally the spirit breaks through the obstructions of the physical body, and has a foretaste of what its estate will be when freed from corporeal environment.

The elements that enter into this narrative are readily discernible. Both father and daughter are highly sensitive, and an unusually deep, loving sympathy exists between them. She has moved into a new home, in the wildest of border life. Her heart yearns for the dear old home, her father and mother. Her yearning desire draws her spirit home, and her thoughts are so intensely defined they break on the mind of her father with the force of sound. There is no psychic fact more thoroughly corroborated by a multiplicity of facts than "double presence," and the going of Mr. Chaffee to Oklahoma, and seeing the home of his daughter is an instance of the same. Had not the daughter recognized his presence, the fact might be explained by clairvoyance, but she became conscious that he was present.

There is another point of great importance to be observed in the narrative. Had anyone been interested in proving Mr. Chaffee insane, experts like Dr. Hammond would have quickly made out a certificate to that effect, had he told them the story of his hearing voices. There are many in the asylums for no other cause. There is with our present knowledge another rendering to the facts in this case, and one most beautiful. The repetition of the voice, and its repeating the same words, shows how difficult the spirit-intelligences found communication to be, and with what indomitable energy they persevered. Had he understood how to aid them in their efforts, no one can predicate what the result would have been.

The more this faculty is used, if rightly used, the more certain and satisfactory it becomes. We suggest to Mr. Chaffee a series of experiments with his daughter in

communicating with each other. If they have dispensed with the telegraph and telephone once they can again. There are many instances of this having been done, and there is no doubt but that in the future it will become a common means of communication. Spiritual beings send and receive thoughts in this manner, with such swiftness, ease and clearness that space is annihilated, and the most distant groups are, as it were, in each others presence.

HERSON TUTTLE.

VOICES!

They Come With Appreciative Force.

Wm. Hicks, M. D., of Rockford, Mich., sends us several subscribers, and writes: "I am a subscriber to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much. Its influence is like a warm breeze to the spirit, and not a cold one from an iceberg. Keep your paper up to the standard you have begun with, and you will get the largest circulation of any spiritual paper now published in the world." Mr. Bedford, of East Las Vegas, New Mexico, writes: "You are doubtless aware I am an old soldier, and when I see the stars and stripes with the noble bird at the mast-head, it causes me to rejoice. With such a sublime theme as this, I am sure that if my paper is entitled to these emblems, it is THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. William S. Smith, L. Gillingham, William J. Bunsford, J. W. Riley, John A. Norton, Mrs. M. A. Clayton, T. O. C. G. Shuler, A. C. Shuler, A. C. Arnold, Maggie Silberman, D. M. Thomas, Mrs. G. W. Clapp, S. S. Arnold and B. C. Henning give us a word of good cheer in our efforts to give them a first-class paper.

Wm. H. O'Connell, Custer City, S. D., writes: "It seems to me that a trial subscriber is just as good as a yearly one, as I cannot conceive of any person who can read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks and then fail to subscribe for it for a year. I believe in the extension of the extension of the extension."

W. T. Collier, M. L. Widdely, W. B. W. Wooten, Benjamin Dart, John S. Taylor, J. H. McMillen, S. Butler, E. G. Chapman, Charles P. Wright, E. W. McChale, E. A. Walton, Wm. D. D. Wm. Knight, F. Stevens and Mrs. S. J. Andrews have a cheering word for our paper.

G. F. Simpson, of Haddon, Mass., has our thanks for his efforts in extending the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

W. D. McGill, of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I would not be without your paper under any consideration. I am so glad that I have found a paper that I can read and get so much out of it."

J. H. John, E. Samson, David Blackledge, J. S. Crafts, D. W. Williams, L. M. Brainerd, S. B. Jones, Elsie Martin, Dr. Phillips Shaffer, E. A. Rockwell, David Pace, Gen. J. Randall, Cynthia Lane, J. K. Mail, Jacob P. Smith and Mrs. L. DeForest express their appreciation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

M. A. Fletcher, of this city, writes: "I must have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER while I live. It is really too good to be dropped by the wayside of life, and I cannot give it up. May the good angels help you in the extension of your paper."

A. D. Hunt thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is just the boss paper. "We find in a welcome messenger," says Mrs. Gertrude Merrill. W. Granger writes: "All here are well pleased with your paper." "I like your paper," says H. W. Prescott. "It does not throw me out of my mind, but it helps me to see the success of your clear paper." Phoebe Shaw says: "I shall be pleased to show your paper to friends."

"Am very much pleased with the copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you sent me," says A. C. Harmon. "I am one of your papers and liked it," says Mrs. Julia Schroeder.

J. W. McElroy, of Concord, N. C., writes: "Thank you. The man or woman who will not say thank you for a favor, or a good gift, has a small mind and is to be pitied. To-day I received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and having read it, I am convinced of its value to me and special friend, Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., on the first page, it gave me a passport to your sanctum, where I enjoyed refreshments—intellectual refreshments. I am not competent to pass serious good and bad, but I can say that I am convinced of its value to me and special friend, Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., on the first page, it gave me a passport to your sanctum, where I enjoyed refreshments—intellectual refreshments. I am not competent to pass serious good and bad, but I can say that I am convinced of its value to me and special friend, Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., on the first page, it gave me a passport to your sanctum, where I enjoyed refreshments—intellectual refreshments. 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THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

PREPARING TO LIVE.

Poverty-Stricken on Earth; Wealthy in Spirit Life.

[The object to be attained under the heading, "The Home Circle Fraternity, the Evolution of a New Religion," is to bring out more prominently the only currency that gives prominence to an individual in Spirit-life, viz., Be Good and No Good. Hence a new conception of Deity will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.]

I.

In the various churches which are dedicated to the worship of God and the promulgation of the Christian religion, we often hear ministers of the Gospel earnestly exhorting their hearers to "prepare to die," portraying in vivid colors and in terrifying language the future of those who do not accept the proffered terms of salvation. "It is delightful to die," said a prisoner who had been hanged, but saved through the breaking of a rope.

"I would tell you how easy it is to die said the celebrated Dr. Hunter."

"My whole life passed before me like a flash of lightning," while I was being drowned, says Dr. Hoffman, of Dixon, Ill.

"The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his physical eyes were to be closed upon him forever," says the *Quarterly Review*, alluding to a man who was drowned, and then resuscitated.

Shakespeare says that "The sense of death is most in apprehension."

"Riding along with busy thoughts, a quiet pleasurable drowsiness takes possession of the body and mind, the fences grow indistinct, the thoughts wander, weird fancies come trooping about with fantastic forms, the memory fades, and in a confused dream of wife and home, the soul steps out into oblivion without a pang of regret"—these are the sensations that precede freezing to death, as portrayed by a writer when alluding to those who perished in a storm in Minnesota during the cold winter of 1872-3.

"I had a sight of home, and I saw my Saviour," said a dying woman.

"Mother, do you see those beautiful creatures? I never before saw such countenances and such lovely beings," said a dying child.

These statements being true, it is not, of course, an awful thing to die, nor is it necessary to prepare for the great change. The falling of the sear and yellow leaves in the autumn time from their forest homes, or the descent of a ripe apple from an overhanging branch, is no more natural than the process of dying; yet friends and relatives will mourn and shed bitter tears when one near and dear to them passes to spirit life.

II.

I would never have any one prepare to die; to do so would be foolish. The process of dying is beautifully natural; the transformation of the chrysalis into a gorgeous butterfly, rising like a fairy queen in the pure air of a summer morning, is no more natural than the change called death. God has ordained that all must die; just as he ordained the overhanging clusters of rare fruit must ripen; or that the seed must germinate, produce a twig, then a tree, then golden fruitage. What God has ordained, man can not circumvent. Within the ample folds of his ordinance we are born; we live in them; we die in them.

There is not, however, any such thing as positive death. The seed disappears in the flower it produces; the egg in the neatly plumed bird; the waters of the lake ascend and affectionately clasp the dark storm clouds; the seed imparts its own life to the golden stalk of grain, and the spirit of man leaves its old worn out body, to assume a higher sphere of existence.

III.

Death, then, is only a change—a transformation, as it were—an ascent to a grander sphere of existence! No! do not prepare to die! That is not necessary; but we exhort all TO PREPARE TO LIVE! To live forever—to advance through endless ages and cycles of time! You can prepare to live amid scenes of ineffable grandeur, where even the flowing river is a source of utterable melody, and where all things glisten with a divine radiance; or you can prepare your spirit for a sphere of darkness, wretchedness and unhappiness. You can adapt yourself to live in the "gardens of God," by banishing all selfishness. There are "millions in it," in kind words; there are jewels that will scintillate in your future home. Deeds of charity are like sunbeams; their effects are never lost! The deeds of your life are woven into your future home, and are dark or bright, depending altogether on the object you had in view.

The mother, pinched with poverty, and working early and late, bends over the humble cot of her sleeping children, and the prayer that she utters in the solemn stillness of her own heart, to God and to the Angels, to give her strength to do good and be good and to aid them in starting aright on life's journey, will transmit its holy influence to her spirit-home. Those who are quick of passion—to whom it is more natural to speak harshly than kindly, they shall meet their base acts face to face in the future—like grim specters they will haunt them, until they shall have learned that every unkind word, every snappish curl of the lips, and every overbearing expression, are the results of an undeveloped spiritual nature, which they must suppress before they can advance.

In preparing to live—to live forever!—ever bear in mind, that your treasures in the Spirit-world—your current funds—are your own LIFE-DEEDS; and ever, we entreat you, if blessed with a commanding position, to remember that "power, unless managed with gentleness and discretion, does but make a man the more hated. No intervals of good humor, no starts of love will atone for tyranny and oppression."

IV.

Many years ago I stood by the bed side of a very old man; his long silver beard and locks of hair presented a strange contrast

with the cot on which he reposed. The sheets were in tatters, the bed clothes in shreds, and the pillow a mere ghost of its former self. He was a haggard skeleton—so wasted by disease. That old man and I had been friends, and I ministered unto him during his last moments, changing him to more comfortable quarters, and securing for him the best of treatment. Life to this aged veteran had been one of continual winter—no spring time to him of budding trees and blooming flowers, and no Indian Summer to crown the golden fruitage of his years; yet he was a grand old man! His soul was radiant with angelic aspirations, and they encircled all humanity in their magnificent folds; he gave nothing to the destitute and forlorn, for he had nothing to give; but his heart was full of love, and had he been an Astor, he would have reformed and remodeled the world! But we knew positively that this poverty-stricken old man, was spiritually wealthy. He had TREASURES in heaven; he had a home of transcendent beauty there, and hundreds who walked above him on earth, were far beneath him in spirit-life.

And when he breathed his last, his spirit rising from its physical casket, what a grand reception he received in the celestial regions. He was greeted with shouts of joy and songs of gladness! The very atmosphere of the Spirit-world seemed to vibrate and give expression to anthems of exultation. A wife and children who had preceded him, greeted him with loving and tender smiles of recognition, and then he was taken to the home prepared for him, surpassing in loveliness any home of the millionaires of earth, and as he entered there, the scene faded from my view, and I rejoiced that I had ministered to his last wants on earth. By him prepared to live, he was prepared to die.

Oh! monarchs, as you sit upon your gilded thrones and dictate to those whom you have been called upon to govern, remember that you are but clay, which you will be compelled some day to relinquish, when the necessity for your reformation will be forced upon you. You seem to forget in your proud ambition that the existence of your fellow-men is as dear to them as your own is to yourself; but you cannot always rule, thy sway will one day terminate. Thy aspiring pride upon earth is merely to deck thy body with the gems and feathers of other lands. Listen! Though great has been thy sway over many lands and peoples, the time is on the wing when thou wilt surely awake to another day; when repentance for the wrongs thou hast perpetrated will be urged upon thee, and all the cruel and bloody scenes thou hast enacted, or were the cause of being enacted, will periodically pass before thee as a panorama, and in thy torments thou wilt see with loathsomeness the crown thou once did wear, and thyself as thou wert decked, like a peacock with its feathers outspread. The present passing scenes fade away, and thou wilt then see thyself clothed in thy natural suit, which is of a dark, dark color, in consequence of the blood thou has shed and the sorrows thou hast caused! You will awake to another day bright and clear, but there will be darkness and clouds hanging around thee until you have released the bond which kept you so fast bound to earthly clay!

Many seek in wars to indulge merely their own inordinate and wicked ambition, and do not risk their lives for love of country, but that they may be called heroes, warriors and conquerors! Let us here pause a moment and think well of these things. When once those cruel wars have been things of the past, and man's intellect has at last been released; when the sunbeams enter into his darkened soul, quickening the faculties which have so long been lying dormant and useless; when man no longer takes the sword and perpetrates foul crimes for vengeance or ambition; when he can say, "I know the laws which govern my being;" then will the world understand itself better, then will the inhabitants be more spiritual, then the universal passion of trying to be rulers will disappear, and man will take his stand upon his own merits. All things, however, were not made in one minute, and are not brought to perfection in one day; but the law of progress will inevitably make itself felt—the flag of liberty, with her brightest colors, shall float out to the breeze, and incite men to try and beat down the vast array of errors, and raise the standard of truth and thereby advance!

We perceive a great difference here in the state of those spirits who were wretched and crestfallen when on earth, in consequence of the unhappy circumstances in which they were placed. Here they are gently and kindly treated, and they now appear the happiest of all. The lights are opened to them, and they are the means of awakening thousands to their spiritual condition.

I now pass on and leave this grade, and return once more to what is termed the "high" grade, the last grade in this sphere. I there found, when I had reached my destination, that my better half, or my wife—as you would term her in earth language—was awaiting my coming. As I saw her at a distance she appeared to be still on the ladder of brightness, and her very soul seemed to sparkle from her eyes. She looked even younger and purer than when I last saw her, and she wore a peculiar dress, an apparent characteristic of which I will mention. The last one I attempted to describe was all white, and the dress she then

appeared in was of the same color, but it occasionally flashed out lights of red and blue, which illumined her beautifully symmetrical form to such a degree that I involuntarily paused and looked at her in wonder. Such a short time had elapsed for the accomplishment of this (to me) marvelous transformation, that I was absolutely wonder-stricken! A rapid transition, indeed! That which had seemed to me so bright had become, as if by the touch of a magic wand, still brighter. I ascertained, by inquiring, that these lights are in consequence of the character or nature of the spirit, from whom they proceed, having become more superfluous, and that they emanate naturally from the body. I dare say you have heard mediums—those who are classed as "seeing" mediums—say that they see lights about the spirits, lights proceeding from their foreheads or shoulders. Each spirit, as it rises into higher grades, assumes a bright aura or light, until that light shines with so intense a brightness that it often dazzles the clairvoyant's powers of vision. This is the reason why those spirits who return to earth generally appear in such clothing as they can be recognized in, for if a spirit with its luminous brightness were to enter a circle without the clothing to conceal it, the clairvoyant would be utterly powerless to gaze upon it; he could as easily gaze upon the sun at noonday in the height of summer!

Beside my wife I beheld another spirit who belonged to a very high sphere. He spoke to me in these words: "Thou has traveled far, the time has come when into farther lands and scenes thou wilt roam. Another sphere thou hast to travel yet, and then a change will come over you bearing a slight resemblance to the one you experienced when passing away from earth. I allude to the change which is there termed 'Death,' but which we designate 'The New Birth.' I here interrupted him somewhat hurriedly, and anxiously asked, 'Surely I have not to pass through death again? I thought eternal day had begun to dawn upon my vision.' 'No, friend,' he replied; 'but the transformation is not painful as you think, you will not have a severe struggle to rise to those spheres. The laws of Nature are so good and true that to comply with her precepts you must throw off all which is unfit for you to take to your new abode, when you will become like your wife in every sense. We will then place you together, so that instead of looking upon you as two, your souls, your nerves, your very feelings, may then be centered and joined together, and a coronet, not of diamonds, but of a simple ray of light, will adorn thy brows, far brighter, far purer than all the gems you have ever seen. In a short time I will return and take you both away.'

Before drawing the lecture for this evening to a close, I may state I have two spirits here of different temperaments, and I will give you their thoughts through the medium.

"Lonely as I climbed the wild and rocky paths of your earth, dreary was my life, as if the fierce battle were necessary to existence. No flowers adorned my path, none! From my childhood mine was a rough and thorny way, and then it seemed so hard that I should have been compelled to carry there so long. Whilst I, poor, miserable creature, was eking out a precarious subsistence, I daily saw those who were endowed with God's richest gifts, adorned with flowers, beauty, wealth and show. At last, groping and crawling in my dreariness along the earth, I met one on whose support I could lean, who promised to work for me. He was kind to me, and loved and cherished the little ones God subsequently gave us. But he was taken, and then in my blank despair, my brain working and twisting, I almost thought I should be a suicide. I cursed my God who took him away, but now I know that God is full of love. The shell of all that was so dear to me they placed in a common box and buried a few feet beneath the soil. My heart, my very soul, my life seemed to ebb away. Then I beheld my children pass away one by one, those little ones of whom he was so fond, and I was left with no money, no help, no show in the world, left to struggle on in misery alone. At last I felt a sweet, pleasant sensation. I felt it coming like the dawning of another life. Upon my bed I was obliged to recline; it was a happy moment, and strange to say, I cannot tell how I passed through death to life. Good night."

The other spirit says: "I am one who fought for my country's name, and served upon the battle-field my king. I was young and strong and proud of myself, and I thought it was right to sacrifice my life for my king and country. I was decked in regimental colors, and a sword and cockade. No friends had I, and a reckless, roving life I led. Thoughts of war and glory had dazzled me, and I deemed myself a conqueror ere I went to battle. I fought. I heard the crashing sound of musketry and the wild roar of the artillery. We were ordered forward. In the rushing charge I heard a crash, and all was over! I slept."

I awoke in a scene I never can forget, for some portion of the canopy of war had accompanied me from the battle-field, and it was with indescribable horror that I saw a figure, the counterpart of myself, besmeared in blood. I died, I slept, I awoke!"

[To be continued.]

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"Lonely as I climbed the wild and rocky paths of your earth, dreary was my life, as if the fierce battle were necessary to existence. No flowers adorned my path, none! From my childhood mine was a rough and thorny way, and then it seemed so hard that I should have been compelled to carry there so long. Whilst I, poor, miserable creature, was eking out a precarious subsistence, I daily saw those who were endowed with God's richest gifts, adorned with flowers, beauty, wealth and show. At last, groping and crawling in my dreariness along the earth, I met one on whose support I could lean, who promised to work for me. He was kind to me, and loved and cherished the little ones God subsequently gave us. But he was taken, and then in my blank despair, my brain working and twisting, I almost thought I should be a suicide. I cursed my God who took him away, but now I know that God is full of love. The shell of all that was so dear to me they placed in a common box and buried a few feet beneath the soil. My heart, my very soul, my life seemed to ebb away. Then I beheld my children pass away one by one, those little ones of whom he was so fond, and I was left with no money, no help, no show in the world, left to struggle on in misery alone. At last I felt a sweet, pleasant sensation. I felt it coming like the dawning of another life. Upon my bed I was obliged to recline; it was a happy moment, and strange to say, I cannot tell how I passed through death to life. Good night."

The other spirit says: "I am one who fought for my country's name, and served upon the battle-field my king. I was young and strong and proud of myself, and I thought it was right to sacrifice my life for my king and country. I was decked in regimental colors, and a sword and cockade. No friends had I, and a reckless, roving life I led. Thoughts of war and glory had dazzled me, and I deemed myself a conqueror ere I went to battle. I fought. I heard the crashing sound of musketry and the wild roar of the artillery. We were ordered forward. In the rushing charge I heard a crash, and all was over! I slept."

I awoke in a scene I never can forget, for some portion of the canopy of war had accompanied me from the battle-field, and it was with indescribable horror that I saw a figure, the counterpart of myself, besmeared in blood. I died, I slept, I awoke!"

[To be continued.]

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appeared in was of the same color, but it occasionally flashed out lights of red and blue, which illumined her beautifully symmetrical form to such a degree that I involuntarily paused and looked at her in wonder. Such a short time had elapsed for the accomplishment of this (to me) marvelous transformation, that I was absolutely wonder-stricken! A rapid transition, indeed! That which had seemed to me so bright had become, as if by the touch of a magic wand, still brighter. I ascertained, by inquiring, that these lights are in consequence of the character or nature of the spirit, from whom they proceed, having become more superfluous, and that they emanate naturally from the body. I dare say you have heard mediums—those who are classed as "seeing" mediums—say that they see lights about the spirits, lights proceeding from their foreheads or shoulders. Each spirit, as it rises into higher grades, assumes a bright aura or light, until that light shines with so intense a brightness that it often dazzles the clairvoyant's powers of vision. This is the reason why those spirits who return to earth generally appear in such clothing as they can be recognized in, for if a spirit with its luminous brightness were to enter a circle without the clothing to conceal it, the clairvoyant would be utterly powerless to gaze upon it; he could as easily gaze upon the sun at noonday in the height of summer!

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