



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

VOL. 20 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1899. NO. 504

INFALLIBLE PROOFS OF SPIRIT RETURN

A Discourse by Rev. B. F. Austin, M. A., D. D., in the Knights of Pythias Hall, London, Ont., Jan. 8, 1899.

The evidence that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, or to be more scriptural, out of the dead, is the evidence of human witnesses who testified that they had seen him, talked with him, touched him, ate with him, personally identified him and bore clear and unwavering and united testimony of this fact to the world. This was the substance of apostolic preaching: "Jesus" and the "resurrection." The apostles went everywhere testifying to this fact as the central fact of Christianity. They were witnesses, and when one of their number apostatized another who was a witness, was appointed to testify to men the truth. They declared that what they had heard and seen and felt, and that their hands had handled, they testified to men.

HUMAN TESTIMONY.
Historical Christianity then is thus based on human testimony. Human society proceeds in its social functions, its business engagements and courts of justice, and the supposition that human testimony can positively identify an individual. Such identification takes place in every court of justice. It is true mistakes occur sometimes and human testimony is at fault. But this is not the case in the case of the resurrection. It is not a case of concurrent testimony, or from lack of knowledge on the part of the witness. If I meet a man but once or twice, and but slightly acquainted with him, I may honestly fail to identify him or may possibly be mistaken in any views I may form concerning him. But will any one in his senses say I could not identify a friend I had known a score of years, or a member of my own family, or a neighbor? Some difficulty might exist about identifying a man who was unknown except in a small circle, but could there be any possible difficulty in identifying a man well and widely known—a professional man in your community, a lawyer, a doctor, a clergyman? Let us suppose for a moment that some well-known professional man in your midst is suddenly missing. You don't know whether he is dead, has run away with some man's money, or with some man's wife, or whether he is hiding from justice or where he is. Well, after a few years, some man very much like him is seen in New York, or London. Possibly this man is seen in the same city from which the man is missing. Would it be possible to identify him? Could his wife identify him? Could his children? Suppose you had the positive sworn testimony of half a dozen of his most intimate friends—would this be sufficient? They come to you and individually say: "I saw him in the light. I caught the expression and color of his eye. I noted his height, his hair, his dress, his walk, his manner; I heard his voice. I conversed with him. I noted his language, his mannerisms, his peculiarities of speech. I saw him positively it is he."

What do you do with such plain statements—especially if supported by concurrent testimony? Well, our courts give their decisions on such testimony. They award judgments, transfer property, send men to prison and inflict the death penalty on just such testimony. In fact, if the circumstances are such that the calm judicial mind of the judge and jury would agree with scripture and assert that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established.

"But," you say, "it is possible, we all believe, to positively identify a living man. But we know so little about the state and conditions and manifestations of the dead—if there be any state or condition or manifestation of the dead—that we cannot possibly identify any manifestation as a person once known to us or as a proof of individuality." Then I am sorry for the Christian church—for Christianity is built upon just that possibility. If it cannot be proven and established beyond doubt by the testimony given in the New Testament, that Jesus arose from the dead, then historical Christianity has not a foot to rest upon. Not only so—doctrinal Christianity must go overboard with the historical, as I now proceed to show, unless we can prove that Jesus Christ manifested after his passion to the apostles and to Paul. Every reader of the New Testament knows that comparatively a small part of its teachings are given directly as from the lips of Jesus. Most of the writings of Paul and various epistles of other writers. In the Gospels we are supposed to have the words of Jesus, especially in John. It is, however, an absolute certainty in the minds of every careful and candid student of the New Testament that even in the Gospels we have not the words of Jesus (ipseissima verba), but rather an account or version of them by honest but fallible men like ourselves, who gave from memory what they could of his discourses, and in the manner of all writers of that uncritical and unscientific age, rounded off and filled in what was really lacking in the original speeches or what memory failed to recall. I do not wish to argue, however, that point here and now—for it is not necessary for my purpose. So, if you wish it, let us assume that we have the very words of Jesus in the Gospels. They contain certainly the grandest ethical system the world has

or dupes of sleight-of-hand, that man displays not the faith that removes mountains, but the credulity that swallows them.

Another important respect in which the testimony of to-day to spirit return surpasses the Scriptural testimony to Christ's resurrection is in the fact that much of the testimony of to-day is from men qualified by most careful scientific training and culture, and relates to phenomena observed by them in their own homes, under strictest test conditions, and in presence of skeptical witnesses, phenomena which has demonstrated with scientific apparatus the existence of both force and intelligence that could not belong to any one present in the flesh. Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., president of the British Association, has spent many years in investigating, and his testimony to Spiritualism stands out like Gibraltar against the angry waves of passion and prejudice from the ignorant masses and bigoted classes.

Alfred Russel Wallace, F. R. S., than whom there is no higher name in science to-day, who was converted from infidelity to believe in the existence of a spirit universe by the phenomena of Spiritualism, has spent over thirty years investigating, and declares unequivocally his belief in Spiritualism. C. F. Zollner, Professor of Astronomy in Leipzig, made an extended series of scientific investigations and was converted to Spiritualism. So was Prof. Hare, of the University of Pennsylvania. So was Judge Edmonds, Dr. Geo. Sexton and a host of others who began with scoffing and skepticism and ended with firm faith in spirit return.

BASIS OF CHRISTIANITY.
Of course Christianity, whether it can be proved that it sprang from Jesus or not, is in itself its own best witness as to the character of its doctrines, etc. But I assert without any fear of contradiction by any logical mind, that historical and doctrinal Christianity stands or falls upon the possibility of establishing by testimony that certain identifications made to the apostles and to Paul were verily and truly spirit return (from or out of the dead) of one Jesus of Nazareth, who had been lately crucified. Now, then, if I have not established the possibility of identification in regard to spirit return, namely, of proving that the same Jesus who died on Calvary actually appeared to Paul, if I have not proved this fact to any one else on earth, I have proved it to the Christian. If a man does not believe in the possibility of spirit return and in the possibility of demonstrating the identity of those returning, he does not believe in historical or doctrinal Christianity. A Heathen, a Mohammedan, may deny the possibility of spirit return and spirit identification. An atheist, a materialist, an infidel, may deny this, but a Christian cannot deny the possibility of spirit return and identification, without destroying the very foundation of the Christian system.

Now, then, as all Christians believe that the Jesus who was crucified, appeared and was identified, the way is clear to establish by evidence and testimony the actuality of spirit return to-day. It is a question of evidence and of sufficient testimony. To say that it is unusual, new, strange, contrary to general experience, etc., is but to assert a limitation of our ordinary experiences. It does not touch the question at all as to the possibility and actuality of the return of the so-called dead.

How does our evidence in favor of spirit return to-day compare with the evidence adduced in favor of Christ's resurrection? I have no hesitation in affirming that the evidence in favor of the actual return and identification of the so-called dead to-day, surpasses in a variety of respects the historical evidence of the resurrection of Christ, upon which historic and dogmatic Christianity, as I have shown, rests.

LOOK FIRST AT THE NUMBER OF WITNESSES.
Doubtless there were in the early days a vast multitude who could and did testify to the fact of Christ's return. But when we present Christianity to the heathen, to the skeptic, to the materialist to-day, what evidence have we historically for the marvelous story of his life, death and resurrection? We have a few Gospel records, not all from eye-witnesses, purporting to be written by the men whose names they bear and the writings of Paul. Assume that they were all eye-witnesses. Give them as I do, credit for judgment, honesty, sincerity, etc., and at best, we have a few records written we do not know just when or where or how as the sole foundation historically for our Christian system. "It is sufficient," inadequate," says the skeptic. But, adequate," says the Christian. The Christian world accepts it and we all rejoice to believe it true. But for the actual return of the so-called dead to-day, I can bring you no records, but living men, into whose honest eyes you can look, whose words you can hear, whose lives you can judge, whose reason, honesty and integrity you can prove before any competent tribunal.

BIBLE TESTIMONY SURPASSED.
Not only so—for the half-dozen records of the New Testament, I can summon a million witnesses in the United States and Canada, men whose intelligence, education and moral worth cannot be impugned, who will testify that they have seen, felt, heard and, in every reasonable way, identified, in these spirit manifestations the friends they knew in the flesh. What will you do with their testimony? Will you say that a million men and women in the United States and Canada are all fools or misled, or gone insane? That supposition requires more faith, or rather more credulity than the belief in spirit return. The man who believes that Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, C. F. Zollner, Dr. Geo. Sexton, Dr. Epes Sargent, Dr. Geo. Sexton, Dr. Joseph Cook, Dr. M. M. Savage, and the great hosts of scientists, divines, authors and brilliant men and women, who have in some cases spent a quarter of a century in scientific investigation, that all these are either fools or insane,

England against modern psychics, let me ask my clerical critics what consistency there is in quoting the Old Testament law of Moses against me, while they live in daily violation of the same?

I saw a queer spectacle not long since. It was in a conference which by a large majority expelled a man for believing in spirit return, and the only Bible argument advanced against him was this Old Testament law, while the very men who sat and put him out of the synagogue, thanking God they were not like this poor Spiritualist, breaking divine law, in the clothes upon their backs, in the food they ate, in their treatment of wife and children, and in their treatment of a host of public questions, were living as though there never had been a Mosaic economy.

A CONUNDRUM.
Of course we are told how very wicked it is to talk with or have anything to do with men out of the body. But I cannot see why it is worse to talk to a man because he has thrown off a heavy overcoat—than it is to talk to him when weighed down with it. Why is it right to talk with a man an hour before his death and wrong to talk to the same man an hour after his death? There's a conundrum now for our critics. Is there something in the surroundings of our departed friends that contaminates them and renders their conversation hurtful? Suppose we grant this in the case of very bad men and allow, if you will, that men who have been even a short time in the sulphur and in the very bad company of the damned, are not fit company for good people like ourselves. Why is it wrong to talk with good men who have gone to a good place and been in good company ever since they left us? Why should their addresses hurt us? For example, I had a ministerial friend, a spiritual man if not a Spiritualist, who passed over the river some years ago. His conversation was always delightful, instructive, spiritual and ennobling. Now, granting it is possible for him to talk to me, how could his addresses hurt me? Possibly he may know more now than when in the flesh, he may be more spiritual, his vision is no doubt clearer, his range of knowledge broader, certainly if he could run the risk of talking to me, I can afford to take any risk of contamination in talking with him. So I reason—but I forgot that every Spiritualist has lost his reason—so they say. Very well, then, let this be an illustration of my inability to reason, that I cannot see the sinfulness of talking to a man who has thrown off his load of flesh and blood merely on that account, and why a man from the invisible realms may not be as good company and as instructive and as profitable as when he came to us weighing 200 pounds avoirdupois.

ALL OF THE DEVIL.
Then this singular feature of the Bible argument is to be noted. We must either assume that Christ as our exemplar set us a very bad example, or else it is proper for us—as for him—to converse with the departed. He not only did so himself—he took Peter, James and John in the night season to that remarkable interview on the Mount of Transfiguration.

"But," says another, "this phenomena actually occurs, but then it is all of the Devil."

Now the Devil has played a very important part in the drama of human history, if we can only believe all that is told us so that the theory of the Devil or his imps being at the bottom of all this phenomena is not very new. I am afraid it is not very satisfactory either to the reader of history or the student of science—for everyone knows that according to history the Devil has been credited with about every new invention, every new truth, every advance in philosophy, every reform in religion, and so, according to history, the Devil must be a surprisingly active and absolutely ingenuitous fellow and full of the spirit of reform. Indeed, if the Devil has done all that is attributed to him, he deserves great praise in place of imprisonment.

Now, leaving aside some minor difficulties in conceiving the Devil in so many thousand places at the same time, leaving aside the moral difficulty in supposing that God, while prohibiting our friends from coming to us, yet allows the Devil free play in communicating with humanity, the character of these communications renders it absolutely impossible to regard them as having Satanic origin.

ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM.
After some years of investigation, under a great variety of circumstances, I am firmly convinced that the ethical system taught in these spirit manifestations has never been surpassed in either the lofty character of its duties or the plainness of its motives. It urges to self-reliance, obedience to law.

The flippant statement of ignorant bigotry, "it is all of the Devil."

This is the infidel. 'Tis he. Who is the infidel? 'Tis he. Who puts a bond on what may be; Who fears time's upward slope shall end On the far summit—and descend; Who trembles lest the long-borne light Far seen, shall lose itself in night; Who doubts that life shall rise from death.

When the old order perisheth; That all God's spaces may be crossed And not a single soul be lost—Who doubt all this, who'er he be, 'Tis the infidel. 'Tis he.

WHO IS THE INFIDEL?
Who is the infidel? 'Tis he Who from his soul's own light would flee; Who drowns with creeds of noise and din; The still, small voice that speaks within; 'Tis he whose jangled soul has leaped To that bad lesson of the dead, That would roll on in lawless dance Now hither through the gulfs of chance; And that some feet may never press A pathway through the wilderness From midnight to the morn to be—'Tis the infidel. 'Tis he.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he Who sees no beauty in a tree; From whom no world-deep music hides In the wild anthems of the tides; From whom no glad bird carol thrills From off the million-throated hills; Who sees no order in the high Procession of the star-sown sky; Who never feels his heart beguiled By the glad prattle of a child; Who has no dream of things to be—'Tis the infidel. 'Tis he.

AN EX-DISCIPLE DIVINE

Spreads His Views Before Our Readers.

TALKS OF HIS PROGRESS—AND DOESN'T BELIEVE IN A HOLY GHOST PAPA.

To the Editor:—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." I esteem it a great honor to have the friendship of such an eminent, worthy, scholarly, venerable, man as you, and I take this method of expressing my appreciation of the kindly notice accorded me and my little book in "Lacubrations and Scintillations," June 27, Progressive Thinker.

Dear Doctor, if you accuse me of having been once a "Disciple preacher," I must plead guilty. I was once a babe; but I grew and waxed strong, and though I have not yet quite recovered from the upsetting which my "spiritual" stomach experienced when I took my first emetic of common sense and spewed out of my mouth the partly digested abominations of theological milk and water, wine and meat and bread and fat things full of marrow; nevertheless, I rub along, and hope to build up quite a vigorous mentality on a regular diet of "nuts"—nuts are hard to crack, but as food for thought they are very healthful. Doctor, you know the experience in "disciplining" of how the rough seas meet and how the nervous stomach "tossed about with many a conflict, many a doubt" vainly tries to accommodate itself to the strange conditions, and how (if I never see the back of my neck) Jonah when he vomited up the whale was simply not in it. Didn't it make you feel sick? Didn't it give you "that tired feeling"? And then if you were like me with a couple of theological bones sticking in your epiglottis, the sea and the waves roaring—but what am I talking about? You are standing upon the mountain of vision, contemplating the glorious, unspeakable of that higher spiritual existence, where brightest hopes never perish, fondest loves never vanish, truest friends never falter, brightest stars never fade, where flowers ne'er wither, and where the morning suns of progress—

Say, Doctor, if I get over this sea-sickness, still I've got to climb the Rocky Mountains, pass the grand canyon of the Colorado, and all the dust and heat of the desert, and the brambles and tangles of the wilderness, and the blizzard and the wintry blasts."

Shall I ever have a telescope powerful enough to enable me to see up to where you are "standing upon the mountain of vision"? Could I only have been wise enough to be foolish enough to stay in some church, and with some stereotyped set of opinions, how easy to have gathered into my life financial success and to my name renown; but having been foolish enough to be wise enough to change with the dawn of my reason, the expansion of my intellect in the stimulation of truth and the evolution of my ideas, I am exposed to the sneers and taunts of credulism on account of my instability and insanity!

But I don't regret it one iota. If I had the whole business to go through again, perhaps I would stumble forward in the same way. But you will sympathize with me, doubtless, when I tell you everything is, to me, marked with an interrogation point. I question everything. If I say "all is opinion," I even doubt my doubts.

When I was a little boy, I wanted to know if Jesus would not get wet up in the sky? "When I thought of heaven as a glorious place, though as a locality, I wanted to know if God were omnipresent, how he could avoid being in hell. Would it be right to say, 'Our Father who art in hell?' If not, why not?

As I grew, "nourished in the words of faith and of a good doctrine," I examined the atonement idea. Did the unchanging One ever allow the world to get into such a fix that, in order to save but a few "brands from the burning," he had to put up this bloody scheme as the best effort of his altered mind?

Then I questioned the infallibility of the holy book in the pages of which I found the story of this stupid lie. When I read "the golden rule" in Chinese philosophy enunciated ages before Jesus

was said to have been born, and when I read the delectable dialogues of Plato in which he reasons of immortality hundreds of years before Jesus is said to have brought life and immortality to light, I cannot credit him with any special mission as the revealer, the son of God, the savior of men.

Believe me, I can draw the deadly parallel with all the wise sayings of the New Testament and show how they have been plagiarized wholesale from the so-called Pagan authors.

Christianity corrupted Paganism. So at present I take issue with my venerable friend. Mythology and astrology contain all there is in it ages and ages before it is claimed it was "revealed" by a man born of a virgin with a holy ghost papa.

Would that I could wipe the cobwebs of this superstition forever from the brain of man.

Oh! if it were all true, still it is gone, and let the dead past bury its dead. "Great Caesar dead and turned to clay may stop a hole to keep the wind away."

New occasions teach new theories. Time makes ancient good uncouth, we must ever up and onward, would we keep abreast of truth." Standing upon the "mountain of vision," Doctor, why don't you write a book on government, or the social evil? Is it nothing to you that many a "son of man" hath not where to lay his head?

Can you explain to me this mystery. That, whilst there are important things at stake, Men argue as they have argued since the dawn of history, Each for his little darling own opinion's sake?

As to Spiritualism, I have already written enough; but I have questions to ask: Are there black spirits and white spirits, and half-black spirits? Do spirits grow old? Can they commit suicide? What countryman will I be when I get "over there"? Shall I be able to emigrate if I don't like the climate? Now Doctor, "burn" me up; I expect to be "burned" some day, anyhow. If The Progressive Thinker will only print and publish this letter, I am sure it will produce some pithy paragraphs from the pungent pen of the Patriarchal Pilgrim Peebles.

WALLACE E. NEVILL.

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WALLACE E. NEVILL.

EMPHATICALLY--NO!

Is Not Hungering Nor Thirsting for Office.

Fully appreciating the kindly sentiment that induced Moses Hill to nominate me for the next president of the N. S. A., and Brothers Kates, Austin, Rathbun, Fletcher, Williams, Mayer and others for seconding the nomination, either in private, or through the press, I nevertheless respectfully and positively decline.

Again thanking these friends, I have to say that under no consideration would I allow my name to go before the N. S. A. for president or any other office connected with the association. This is final.

Permit me to further add, that I am strongly in favor of the N. S. A., in favor of state organizations, of organized local societies and organized home circles—but am neither hungering nor thirsting for office.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Battle Creek, Mich.

OVER THERE.

It matters little, born to die,
Or how, or when, or where;
'Tis but the closing of an eye,
A fluttering of the pulse, a sigh,
All motionless our form doth lie,
And we are over there.

It matters little how we die,
Be it death or lightning's glare;
Sudden, when hearts beat high and warm,
Or in consumption's wasted form,
On sea or land, in calm or storm,
No matter, over there.

It matters little when we die,
In youth, 'mid spring-flowers, fair,
In manhood's bloom, 'mid summer trees,
Or gray with age in autumn's breeze,
Like birds, seek sunnier climes than these,
And pass on over there.

It matters little where we die,
For God is everywhere;
His angels walk the sea and land,
They watch and wait, an unseen band,
To take the new-born spirit's hand,
And guide us over there.

But much it matters how we live,
In God's good world so fair;
If onward, upward climbs the soul
Toward heaven's eternal, glorious goal,
We'll happier grow while ages roll,
In beauty over there.

We never come this way again,
But oh! be this our prayer:
That each day passing one by one,
So beautiful 'twixt sun and sun,
We do as we shall wish we'd done
Through ages over there!

W. GOLDSMITH BROWN.
Stevens Point, Wis.

The greatest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising.—Beecher.

Sn is the only thing in the world which never had an infancy, that knew no minority.—South.

Star that brightest home the bee and sett'st the weary laborer free, if any star shed peace, 'tis thou.—Campbell.

There are persons who regard their friends as victims devoted to their reputation.—St. Evremond.

A light of duty shines on every day, for all.—Wordsworth.

God created man in his image, and man makes haste to return the compliment.—Helen.

If every man works at that for which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended.—La Fontaine.

OUR LIFE'S HARVEST.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

What will be our harvest? Is our first question to-night. I would that I had the power to raise the foundation both wide and strong; I would that it were within my own capabilities to build for weary men such fair homes that no artist, though his brush may be dipped in divinest inspiration's glow, could picture them. If the heart that throbs and beats for thee could bring these homes to thee, could bring them in thy times of trouble and in thy times of sorrow, so that thou mightest look beyond the dark, turbulent waters of life and see there all gleaming, marble turrets, in the fragrance of sweetest flowers, and let thy whole soul drink in at once the full completeness of love's divine revelation—if all this could come to man by the way that throbs in my heart, there would be no one lonely or homeless to-night; there would be erected for every one such a safe refuge that to-morrow would see mother earth uninhabited, for at once would the children of men consider death no sting, consider the horrors of the grave wrapped and lost in victory. But it is beyond my power to do this. The inevitable law that rules the universe, that places men here, places them upon the next plane, places them where they are chemically, spiritually and physically fitted for. That law has ordained that thou must remain here and tend thy garden.

We will liken thee unto the man who plants the seed; in his mind he sees a fair orchard bearing ripest, richest fruit; we will say that in the lines of nature and the most understanding, remember, I would rather speak five words with my own understanding than a thousand with tongues you do not understand. So that man, having planted the seed, intending in the future to bring out a beautiful orchard full of ripe, rich fruit, would you not consider him foolish beyond comparison if before that orchard had even come to its development, he had greedily eaten the fruits in their immature state, green and bitter in his mouth, resulting in a diseased condition of his system? Remember, right here, in telling you of the laws which govern the spirits of people in the next plane of life, we only want you to use your reason. We are not here for any great flow of rhetoric; we are not here to display gifts of oratory; we are only here in this little class to teach you your lessons, and as the old teachers said, "As it is in the earth, so it is in the heavens above." You know, therefore, that the man that plants his orchard must wait for the rain, for the sun, for the heat and for the cold to bring it out to its fullest fruition. Even the dark frozen ground with its mantle of snow does its work, giving the seed time to gather its strength from Mother Earth. So man becoming impatient, you will know the result. Finding himself in a poor state of health from having been impatient and not waiting until the fruit was ready for eating, he at once, in his ignorance thinking that the fruit eaten before its time was evil, turns and hews the tree to the ground. Do you not consider him one of the most ignorant of men, knowing as you do, the inevitable law that must work out before this orchard has attained to its perfection? You would wonder at a man with so much folly.

So, when you wish to read the lessons of life, read only from Nature "up to Nature's God." When the man waits, he finds his granaries full and running over; he finds plenty to keep him through the coming cold weather.

See how Nature provides for the tiniest baby; she has given milk unto babes. For who would think of feeding the little ones with fiery liquor or the stretch of tobacco? But instead of that the tiny little thing is fed from the pure fountain of the mother's milk. Nature has so grandly ordained it; but man is prone to pluck his fruit before it is ripe, and when he finds within himself the strong desire to remember, this thought you will take that:

"He who idly sits and thinks Sows a nobler crop than corn, For thoughts are seeds of future deeds, And when 't is sown, the world was born."

Remember that thou art a thought of God. Thou art a thought planted in the garden of Mother Earth. Now draw your comparison, and see how many of you pluck your fruit too soon.

Then this life is only one life in the many lives which you all must pass through. The man who steeps his young blood in the burning intoxication of drink, or who overpowers by lower thoughts the acting, thinking part of his nature which makes him like unto God—"For when God thought, the world was born"—so he must expect to have things born of his seed, and if the grander part of his nature has been allowed to lie dormant, can he expect in old age to reap a grand and glorious harvest?

Some will teach you that everything which man does is for his good. Let me say that man may eat his fruit too soon and not wait for it to be developed. Would the apples be thought bad if left to hang until ripe? If man plucked everything in his hurry, and where it belongs, all would be good, but when it is out of place, it is man's curse. All the evil and all the devil that is rampant in the world to-day is ignorance. It is only because man does not understand. You understand how to let your own harvest alone until they are ready for the reaping; but in your own nature you gather them in in their green state, and then you expect them in your old age to give you a bountiful return. Then can you, passing through life gathering your fruit too soon, using the God-given power of your nature for the pleasures of flesh, expect to reap in the next plane of life a golden harvest? As in earth life, so in spirit life, and on and on through all infinitude of time and space rolls the great wheel of evolution. So you reapers can be eating and remembering, and each one of you may know what your harvest will be, according to the way in which you have sown your seed here.

The question has been asked us: "Where are the temples of learning?" As we stated before, the first plane of spirit life is right here, and all so-called earth spirits are studying and living their lives with the children of men; but it is as utterly impossible for the highest denizens of the etheric air, after having passed out of this heavy atmosphere which extends some forty or fifty miles from Mother Earth, to return, as it is for the animals and inhabitants of the sea to live in the air, or for the human being to live in the water.

We will take our artist of last Sunday evening who has found that in painting the glorious colors upon canvas spiritually so that the dying eyes of some one could see the beauty of Nature as it traveled before them, his work must be unselfish, and as soon as he realized that fact he passed into the next plane of life, and there found the first plane of the spiritual temples of learning. He passed from the state of being an earth-bound spirit on into the next, or the

third plane. The second and third planes only differ inasmuch as one is one grade higher than the other.

Question: "Why is there so much contradiction in this spirit return, and why are those who seemingly do some of the greatest work prone to error through themselves and their guides?" This is the way in which we are able to communicate upon the vibratory waves of the atmosphere, and aided also by a sort of photography in the second and third planes of life we are able to strike the photograph across the medium's horizon; but I tell you, children of earth, those who return to earth are earth-bound spirits alone. Our halls of learning are like Edison's laboratory. Edison does not come to Seattle, does not go to New York, does not travel all over the world to see that his wonderful inventions are being recognized; but he stays in his little dark chamber aided by scientific minds. So do we, in the same way, communicate upon all the vibratory waves from the second, third and fourth planes, but no higher. After that it is then handed down from the seventh sphere to the sixth, from the sixth to the fifth, and then down to the fourth, the same as it is handed to you, but we can make use of a vibratory wave so that earth children may hear our voices the same as they hear upon the etheric plane. The higher minds, such as Jesus of Nazareth, who is a grand worker in the seventh sphere, who there stands with his little circle of twelve chosen spirits around him, go forth forming their vibratory waves, but never leaving the seventh sphere. They may send their vibratory waves from the seventh sphere to the sixth, and so on down from the sixth to the fifth and to the fourth and third, but once in a while when we find all the properties in the instrument which we are using, then some fair denizen of the next sphere may come to us with sweet messages of knowledge and of love; but it is seldom that is so. Those who come to the mediums with their physical infirmities, with their material failings, and whom the mediums see the same as when residing upon earth, with the same desires, and cause the mediums to perpetrate acts that do, in their normal condition, would not do, those mediums may know that they are dealing with those who have never left the earth plane, and that all the reverence that is due to them is just what is due to your friends on this plane if they have deserved it.

If these spirits have left earth life without any special unfoldment, then they come with raps or with moving of tables, which remember they do not do with the touch of the hand, but understanding the material, desire to manifest before they are able to move them. The thought you send them need not be one of reverence unless you have tried them. I. John, v. 1. And you must also try them with the spirit of John spoken in iv. 8. Then if they or you are found wanting, you should not expect truth any more than to go into the brothel and expect the women there to teach you purity.

The spirits who are upon the first or astral plane of life are just as susceptible to control as the medium as they are able to control the medium. If the medium desires to use them, he or she can do so, and can help them to be true and honest workers, or vice versa. It depends entirely upon the make-up of the medium and the spirit individual if you receive true communications, and in the words of Paul to the Colossians, "For this cause since the day we heard it we do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that you may be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." For the higher spiritualized denizens of the upper air, who have by means of lives outlived personalities, and the joys and sorrows of earth's children are regarded in the same light as a parent views the little vexations of the children, knowing they will soon pass away in a larger growth; the vibratory waves are used as means of communication entirely. Therefore, while not appealing to the material senses so satisfactorily, that is, not giving as strong proof of spirit return, to the awakened soul upon earth, they come with a stronger ring and are the only ones whose thoughts, wishes and desires are not colored by the earth forces. Dwelling completely out of personality, they are unbiased, and can show the only true road.

Light travels or vibrates at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and as the sun, the center of these vibratory waves, is only a material counterpart of that great central force spirit, so the knowledge of this power the more we can make use of these grand spirit vibrations, and using the finer fluids of the atmosphere, can communicate in a purer state to the children of earth, and not be like a leaf, subject to every adverse wind that blows.

We will close the lesson this evening with the hope that these thoughts may be like—
A little stone I threw into the water one day
As on the banks I was idly dreaming the time away;
I saw the circles as they large and larger grew,
Until out in the current they were lost to view.

I threw a thought into the air one day;
I saw it circle and grow in the self-same way
Until all the summer air seemed rife with the current of thought on the Ocean of Life.

ESTHER THOMAS, Medium.

Briggs Park Camp, Mich.

The Grand Rapids Spiritualists were discouraged the first week, because of almost incessant rain; but the second Sunday was a clear day and about fifteen hundred people were in attendance to hear Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates. These workers had become prime favorites in Grand Rapids. Mr. Kates spoke at the morning session upon "Needed and Accomplished Reforms," making many humorous comments upon the current teaching of mediums. Mrs. Kates gave a powerful address in the afternoon to the largest audience so far of the camp. She also gave accurate and interesting spirit descriptions and psychometric readings. Mrs. Carpenter held an extra meeting at night and most of the visitors during the day remained to hear her.

Extra meetings will be held Tuesday and Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Kates, when they close their engagement, to be followed by Mrs. Sheets and Mrs. Kaynor.

An interesting event of the afternoon was the presentation of a large and beautiful vase of flowers, mostly of America Beauty and other roses, to Mr. and Mrs. Kates by the psychic class. They have so excellently instructed.

The camp continues until July 30.

SPECIAL.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding dinner. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal Ministry. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

REINCARNATION.

A Logical Dissertation by Abby A. Judson.

In a letter lately received from Florida, my correspondent remarks that no matter how many the interpreters of Theosophy, the interpretation is always the same; while the teachers of Spiritualism differ much from one another. I have often noticed this, and have partially accounted for it on the ground that Theosophy is one of the man-made systems, and so we would expect the same coherence among those who have adopted it that we do among the adherents of any special religious sect. Spiritualism is, however, as broad as Nature herself, and various minds perceive those views of it which come within the scope of their own vision. We note that some Spiritualists have adopted some of the tenets of narrower lines of thought, have sought to engrain them upon Spiritualism, and have in this way bewildered many earnest investigators. The doctrine of reincarnation is one of these teachings which are not in harmony with Spiritualism proper, and its advocacy has brought in its train the evil which attends the introduction of what is erroneous.

Spiritualism, in the restricted sense of the word, means the knowledge that incarnate souls can manifest their presence and their intelligence to us who are still in the flesh. If reincarnation were true, the souls that we deem incarnate may now be living somewhere on the earth-plane. According to it, the child that was born many years ago, incarnated in a neighbor's child. In such a case, if we and that neighbor met the child in spirit life, it would be claimed by both. Some of the advocates of this theory seek to escape from this natural difficulty by saying that the successive reincarnations of the same soul may be separated by long periods of time.

This doctrine had its birth in a remote age of the world, when mankind were emerging from materialism just enough to think that their minds were capable of the death of the body; but were still too materialistic to be able to conceive of their living at all, unless they were in some kind of a fleshly body.

Reincarnation plants itself squarely against the fact of communication between the incarnate and the incarnate, which is the main tenet of Spiritualism in its restricted sense—the sense presented in the dictionary. But when we consider it in its broader sense, the doctrine of living over and over numberless times in a fleshly body, is totally inharmonious with this broader view.

Practical Spiritualism in everyday life seeks to develop the use of the spiritual body by the indwelling soul, with the view of making it independent, when desired, of the fleshly one. As this development goes on, we have telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience, and the power of impressing ourselves on persons on the other side of the world. In the latter case, if the co-repondent be equally developed, we have distinct conversation. As all this has taught to do with the fleshly body, but rather asserts our independence from it, we fail to see the necessity of constantly getting into another one, in order to develop the powers of the soul in the spiritual body.

Spiritualism, in its unrestricted sense, involves one thing on which we all agree, and to which we all are clinging with the same passion: our destiny, and becomes distinctly our aim with the increase of wisdom. It is our destiny from the fact that each soul does not originate itself, but bears the relation of child to the Infinite Soul of the Universe. This parentage being granted, the inference is that each individual soul rises towards its source, and this constitutes progression. It is likely to continue forever, from the fact that the source towards which it gravitates is illimitable.

"So, a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace."

That is the church way of looking at it. Spiritualism clears the mind of personality, of a face, of an abode, of an embrace, as applied to the Infinite. But we mean the same, in tendency, and in result.

Now, the progression of the individual soul is a thing that inheres in its origin. In its nature, which gives it its upward spring; it does not depend upon its body, its form, its material expression, whether physical or psychical. This being so, the progression of the soul does not require its being encumbered over and over again with the veil of flesh. In fact, so subjected, its progress would be impeded. When it takes expression as an individual entity, it enters a fleshly form, makes its start, sooner or later leaves the fleshly body behind, and obeys the behest of its almighty source, "Come up higher." It does not again take up its residence in a form of clay, unless it does so temporarily when taking control of the physical organism of a mediumistic person, in order to manifest its present existence to mortals, or to give them instruction or information that may benefit them.

We have shown why in our view the doctrine of reincarnation does not harmonize with these conceptions of Spiritualism. The reasons noted are inherent and basic, but there are many more. Among these may be mentioned that it destroys memory, the only identifier of the soul; that it blinks the immortal soul to unnumbered forms of clay for countless ages; that it annuls the likelihood of our hearing from our departed friends; that it virtually annihilates them, for while they are presenting themselves as a new individuality on the earth-plane, they have lost their memory of the past; that it is repugnant to our love for those who once walked by our side but have now faded from view, a repugnance derived from our consciousness that the theory of unnumbered clay bodies cannot be satisfactorily proved to minds that are not biased in its direction.

Reincarnation belongs to Theosophy, which is a revival of old views pertaining to the remote past. It has no affinity with Spiritualism, being in fact contradictory to it. We think the attempt to incorporate it into Spiritualism is but idle folly. Some in our ranks advocate it. Their influence, their persistence, carry weight with those who conceive of Spiritualism other than what is presented in this writing. The two will drift further apart in time. Reincarnationists will incorporate themselves with Theosophists, to whom they properly belong. Spiritualism is all-embracing, it can stand alone, it does not need to be engrafted with any man-made theories. The unadulterated Spiritualist rejoices in the fact that when the fleshly body dies he is free to travel before them, his work must be unselfish, and as soon as he realized that fact he passed into the next plane of life, and there found the first plane of the spiritual temples of learning. He passed from the state of being an earth-bound spirit on into the next, or the

Twenty-five Liars.

"How many of you have read the Bible?"
Fifty hands went up.

"Good," said the pastor. "Now, how many of you have read the second chapter of Jude?"

Twenty-five hands went up.

A man smiled over his shoulder at the face.

"That's also good; but when you go home read that chapter again, and you will doubtless learn something to your interest."

There is no second chapter in Jude.

Ex.

"From Night to Morn, or An Appeal to the Baptist Church." By Abby A. Judson. Gives account of her experience in passing from the old faith of her parents to the light and knowledge of Spiritualism. It is written in a sweet spirit, and well adapted to place in the hands of Christian people. Price 15 cents.

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ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J.

With the inception of birth is commenced the beginning of death.

THE HOME GIRL

There is much more that can be said relative to the initiation phenomena, but there is much that is genuine to be talked and written about; there is the genuine physical manifestation, and the mental and psychologic or conscious and unconscious trance, clairvoyant, clairaudient and clairsentient or psychometric.

My first experience with, or rather, observation of spiritual manifestation, was in 1856 or 1857, when I was but a small lad. I remember that my parents in Bedford, Iowa, gathered in a few of the neighbors and held circles, and often the manifestations were bolstered to the extent of making my childish nerves quiver, but when it was explained to me I became much interested. Tables were tipped and moved about the room, raps and automatic writing and the answering of questions by the turn and rapping with the medium's hand were had. Then entrancements and oral communications were given through those chosen by the spirits.

Convincing proof was had in these home circles, and many of those who attended and were given their first evidence that there is life and consciousness beyond the grave—evidence that the spirit of man survives the agonies of death; evidence that we shall all begin over there just where we left off here, and evidence of the possibility of intercommunication between the two worlds—are still living in that dear old home place, the playground of my childhood, and are still talking and working for the cause so long espoused; many, however, of the most active have gone over and are communicating back with those they left behind.

These manifestations convinced both parents of the writer and deeply interested and impressed the writer himself; the parents passed over in the knowledge that it was only moving from one place to another and taking up there the work left undone here.

What good did it do them? This is one of the prime objects of taking up my own observation and experience; to illustrate the good of the knowledge that Spiritualism is true. It taught them that the experiences to be gathered up in this physical school, were stars, moons and even in their spiritual garments, and that nature's truth and nature's justice were truths or laws that should be strictly emulated by man. It taught them that ignorance and superstition were and are a curse and the stumbling-block to humanity. It taught them that those they mourned as lost, and even those whose little budding lives were shorn of earth-life's beautiful and bad; shorn of the kicks and cuffs and kisses; shorn of the tender expressions of a mother's love on earth, are mothered over there, and loved, and schooled, and are waiting for the day of angelic reunion and lead those new-comers to their "homes not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," made by their own love and kindness on earth.

It taught them that no life is lost; that no luminous thing is lost; that evolution is the law, or principle of nature, and that man will be held to account to himself by himself, instead of to a cruel, passionate, personal ruler. It taught them just what their reason had portrayed, that this grand old earth has grown to its present standing among the innumerable planets of the

universe through a natural process of attraction and repulsion, motion, evolution and revolution, instead of being created in six days by a very poor mechanic, after the manner of the average kindergarten, who was not very well satisfied after it was finished, and brought a flood thereon.

What good did it do them? It advanced them in the knowledge of the realm they were soon to enter, and although those parents never had much use for modern Christianity, it taught them that any doctrine incapable of standing the test of reason was a farce and a delusion, and in those early days when orthodox prejudice ran high, that father, argued with preachers and church members, that Spiritualism should be and in time would be considered the foundation of all religions, at least its teachings would eventually be universally adopted by orthodox, and the orthodoxy of the past, the hell-fire and damnation doctrine, then the fundamental principle and the drawing card, or rather the "scarce-crow," of modern theology would be obsolete. In this he proved a true prophet.

He lived his Spiritualism; he took it with him wherever he went; he took it home to his own soul and—

It bore him away to the land of the dead. Where truth and true justice control; The land of the free; the land of the real;

The land of the unfettered soul.

And waiting and watching through fast passing time.

Attracted by deep-seated love, He built with his goodness a mansion sublime

Up there in that soul-land above.

And when he had finished, he watched at the door,

With many we buds of pure light, Anxious to welcome another one o'er— A daughter just pluming for flight.

Imagine the meeting with spirits aglow With light of immortal life; Imagine the greeting the angels bestow

On spirits born out of earth-strife. Then back to the window with beckoning hands

These souls in reunion returned, And signaled to mother whose fast shifting sands

Their spirits had quickly discerned. Oh, think of the kisses, oh, think of the joy,

In heaven when mother arrived; Oh, think of those spirits without earth alloy.

—So long of that mother deprived.

No human perception can clearly portray

The sweetest of pleasures of earth, How feeble to fashion, then, words of to-day

The pleasures of that spirit birth. She knew that her children were waiting for the day,

In soul-land for mother to come. While others were anxious for mother to stay;

But death to our pleadings was dumb. She plumed her white spirit and bade us adieu;

Unfettered that mother arose, And now her soul-children are getting their due

From whence their eternity flows. DR. T. WILKINS.

HIS BOY JIM.

Never was a boy like Jim; Mischief seemed a rulin' him!

From his infancy he jest Seemed to do his level best

Fur to keep his ma an' me Laughin' at his deviltry

An' the funny tricks he'd play On us in his childish way.

When he started in to school Seemed jest like there wasn't a rule

That the youngster wouldn't break Jest fur fun an' frolic's sake,

An' his teacher in said When school a-closed he codd his head

In such a comick way he'd haf Fur to turn her head an' laugh.

When he come from college and Looked so noble an' so grand

Mother once said she codd "Twas a sin to so proud

Of a body's own, but he Was so manly-like that she

Couldn't help but worship him, If he was jest only Jim.

All the brightest hopes we had Seemed to epter in the lad,

An' the greatest hope he had Was to be a soldier; her an' me

Used to o'n sit an' buld Castles in the air, an' filled

Every castle full o' prayer That he'd make a landin' there.

When he went to war it seemed Every blade of hope that gleamed

In our bosoms bright an' clear Flickered out, a leavin' fear

Hidden in the ashes where Burned the hope-fires' cheery glare.

An' we oft bapized our fears With our hearts' most holy tears.

When the news come 't'other day That he'd fallen in the fray,

That he'd died a soldier's death, Seemed jest like our every breath

Was a flame o' pain, from hearts Sick'n' full o' sorrow's darts.

An' we sought in tearful prayer Comfort in our dark despair.

Then we seemed to hear a voice Tellin' us: 'Rejoice! Rejoice!

Him you loved in life so dear, Him you weep fur now is here!

Humbly shy 'th' will be done' Here again you'll meet your son,

Fur his presence here has given You another holton heaven!"

—Denver Post.

THE SWEET GOLDEN NOW.

Oh, the light that is brighter than day, It is dawning upon us at last,

We may bask in its rays day by day, Nor return to the darkness that's past.

Chorus— In the sweet golden now.

We may walk in the light of to-day, In the sweet golden now.

We may walk in the light of to-day, In the sweet golden now.

"Is the pure light of science and truth, By which we our powers may unfold,

And retain all the sweetness of youth, For the spirit can never grow old.

Chorus— In the sweet golden now.

We may walk in the light of to-day, In the sweet golden now.

We may live in the light of to-day, To the beautiful source of all good,

We would offer our labors of love, For by faith in all laws understood,

We may work with the angels above.

Chorus— In the sweet golden now.

We may work with the angels above, In the sweet golden now.

We may work with the angels above, In the sweet golden now.

We may meet on this beautiful shore, Rejoice and be happy and free,

For we know that the loved gone before, Will be with us in sweet harmony.

Chorus— Oh! the sweet golden now.

We may meet on this beautiful shore, In the sweet golden now.

We may meet with the loved gone before, For we know that the loved gone before,

Will be with us in sweet harmony. Lebanon, Kans.

Evil Doings of Some Clairvoyants.

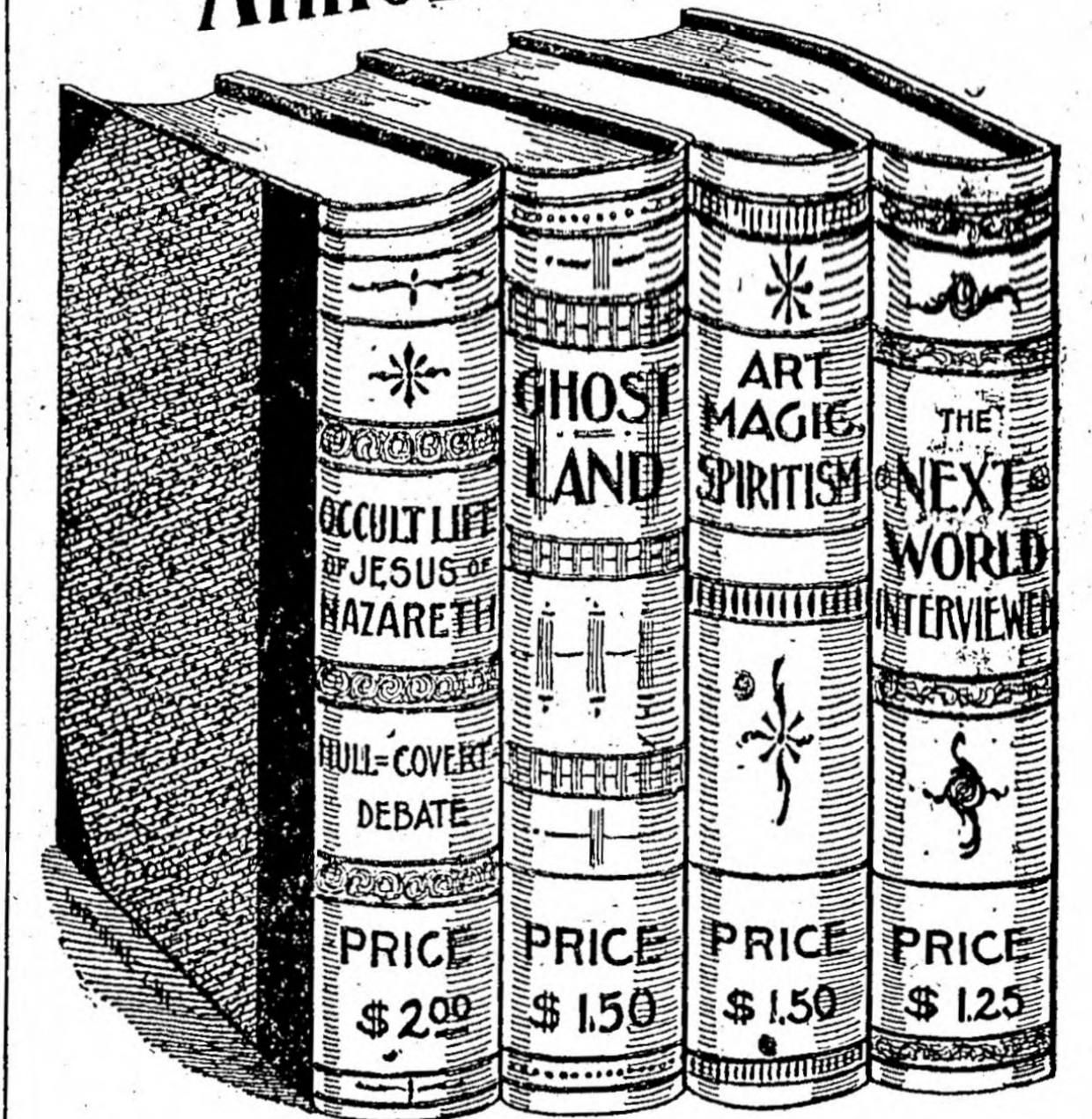
"A great many thoughtful people" said a man about town, talking of the Dis De Bar case, "are inclined to regard the fortune-telling clairvoyants as harmless frauds. They take the ground that the silly patrons of such fakes usually get their money's worth of excitement, while the information they receive is of absolutely no importance one way or the other. I assure you there is a far more serious side to the question. The mainspring of the average clairvoyant's business is jealousy, and the first thing she endeavors to instill in the brain of a woman client is a suspicion as to the loyalty of her husband or lover. She does so because in nine cases out of ten it is a subject that the female mind will instantly lay hold of, and once the seeds are planted the victim becomes a steady customer. She wants to know more and more, the medium cunningly feeds the flame, and I am convinced from extended observation that these wretched charlatans are directly responsible for the wrecking of innumerable homes. Many an honest fellow who cannot understand the growing estrangement of his wife could find a simple explanation in some rapacious she devil, who is quietly poisoning her mind from day to day. Everybody who has had occasion to give the subject the slightest investigation knows that what I say is the exact truth. I believe you will find in any city where clairvoyants flourish, unnumbered divorces, and singularly common and scandalous continually rampant. As mischief-makers and discord promoters they have no equal on earth."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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IT IS WONDERFUL.

The Occult Force of the Universe.

Hypnotism Gives a Boy's Eyes Greater Power Than X-Rays.

HE CAN SEE THE WORKINGS OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES AND DISTINGUISH CLEARLY THE OUTLINE OF EVERY BONE AND MUSCLE IN ANOTHER'S BODY—CHILD HAS ASTONISHED FAMOUS PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS WITH HIS ABILITY TO DIRECT THEM IN OPERATIONS WHICH ARE EXTRAORDINARY.

Boston, Mass.—Dr. Frank Brett, of South Braintree, Mass., has leaped far beyond the established limits of hypnotic science in experiments with his seven-year-old son, Alfey.

"The father is a physician whose practice and his connection with one of two Boston hospitals satisfy his ambition to provide a comfortable living for his family. The son, only of seven, eleven years old, is a handsome boy, with all the normal, boyish, happy instincts.

This boy, aided by the father, has performed feats which have astonished the eminent physicians connected with Harvard Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city. The boy, under hypnosis, develops powers of clairvoyance more startling than any other yet revealed, and more absorbing to scientific men because brought out under conditions which admit of not the slightest shadow of doubt as to their freedom from any taint of charlatanism.

HIS EYES BECOME X-RAYS.

Hypnotized by the father, this remarkable lad can see things which hitherto have been revealed only to the material optics of the X-ray machine. But he goes even further than the X-rays, for, while the rays point out in the skin, or as seen through the fluoroscope, only darkened outlines, the boy sees all the colors. He can make out, while in a hypnotic state, all the bones of the human body or any person at whom he looks, no matter how snugly that person may be clothed.

In a recent experiment performed with Leslie J. Meacham, one of the most experimental hypnotists in the country and the author of a book on the subject, the Brett boy described a peculiar formation of Mr. Meacham's elbow joint known only to Mr. Meacham and Dr. E. L. Keys, of Cornell University Medical College of New York, and only revealed to them last December by means of an X-ray picture.

The boy described the bone formations in Mr. Meacham's arm without ever having seen Mr. Meacham before and without touching the arm, and while that member was fully clothed.

But even more wonderful than that was another experiment conducted in the presence of Dr. John S. Flagg, a scientist of note in this city, in which the boy plainly saw and indicated to his astonished auditors the brain flashes of the sensory and motor nerves from the brain centres to the arm and back again. And as if to put the keynote into the arch of verification of the experiment, the boy indicated by his fingers the very spots in the cerebrum in which scientists have agreed are located the centres for controlling the movements of the upper extremities.

SAW HIS FATHER'S BONES.

The united efforts of the British Society for Psychical Research and its American branch have failed to produce tests of occult phenomena as satisfactory as those presented without ostentation by Dr. Brett and his son.

Dr. Brett is a type of the successful, hard-working suburban physician, a man who strives to master every therapeutic agent, but not concerned particularly with abstract science. His professional zeal and enthusiasm have gained him the responsible position of instructor in physical diagnosis and chief of the medical clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Boston.

Recognizing the value of suggestion as an adjunct in certain classes of cases, he began his systematic attention to the subject a little more than a year ago. Not being satisfied with the principles or limitations described by most authorities, he made experiments upon many persons, including his two sons, then only eight and ten years old. One day Alfey, the elder, startled his father by declaring, while in a highly hypnotized state:

"Why, papa, I can see your bones."

Many subsequent experiments have confirmed the truth of the boy's assertion. A few days ago Mr. Meacham, to test the boy's ability, visited the home of Dr. Brett, introduced himself as a student of the science of hypnotism, and received a hearty welcome.

CRUCIAL TEST OF BOY'S POWERS.

Mr. Meacham tells what happened: "As the result of an accident in early life, I am the unfortunate possessor of a peculiar elbow which has been amputable to several hundred of more or less eminent surgeons. Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, of the Cornell University Medical College, is the only one who would express a positive opinion, and his judgment was confirmed by a series of skiagraphs.

"Dr. Brett was not informed of the nature of the injury, but after closing the boy's eyes by a single suggestion, then directing them to be opened, the lad's attention was directed to both elbows, and asked if he could see any difference in them. He sat in an armchair a few feet away, and Alfey looked first at the one and then at the other for two or three moments. Then he pointed to the left arm and said:

IN A TRANCE.

Yet Preaches From the Pulpit.

REV. JOHN KAUFMAN AND HIS REMARKABLE SERMONS—A PREACHER AT NEPAUNEE, IND., WHO SPEAKS AS THOUGH IN A TRANCE—DISCOURSES APPEAR TO BE THOSE OF AN INSPIRED MAN—FALLS AS IF HE WERE SHOT WHEN HE HAS FINISHED TALKING.

New Carlisle, Ind.—Rev. John Kaufman, whose home is near Nepaunee, Indiana, and who is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, is a man of unusual gifts. He is gifted with the peculiar power of preaching while in an apparent state of somnambulism. This word does not quite express the phenomena, for he is semiconscious before he delivers himself of his wonderful sermons. He is an enigma to himself and his friends, and many physicians have studied his case without being able to account for the strange faculty which he possesses of preaching in a trance.

One of the most remarkable incidents of his life, he has been in the ministry over twenty years, being first a Baptist. But his strange power dates from the time when at a great camp-meeting held near Terre Haute some years ago he became a convert to Methodism. He attended this meeting regularly and toward its close became so much so that he decided to join the Methodist church. He did so, but before the close of the meeting his nervous system gave way and he was laid on a bed of sickness for several weeks.

When he arose from his bed his mental condition had undergone an entire change. He was transformed from a lively, active, matter-of-fact person to a man of a dreamy, ethereal cast of mentality. He would sit for hours silently over the Bible without paying the slightest attention to what might be happening around him. During these periods it was impossible to engage him in conversation. Pulling him by the arm or pushing up lightly against him would not draw his attention from his dreamy study, and among his friends it was soon understood that while these spells were on him he was not to be interfered with.

During one of these reveries he was astonished by those about him by launching forth in a voice that was strange to them. He repeated his text and then poured forth a sermon of great power and beauty. His naturally rough tones were changed to a voice of the purest tenor, musical and flexible, and his words flowed with the ease of a polished orator.

This first sermon, preached to the members of his household, was broken short by his falling forward, as if shot. He was assisted to his bed and a physician was summoned, who, upon making an examination, found Mr. Kaufman in a deep sleep, with heart beating regularly. It was impossible to awaken him and he slept for several hours.

Since that time his Sunday morning sermons have been delivered under these strange circumstances. He occasionally preaches through the week, but finds the strain too great, and when he is called upon to preach on the following Sunday he is compelled to forego the duty of his office. His power is exercised only in the morning. In the evenings his sermons are delivered in a rather coarse voice, and neither his manner nor matter is then up to the average of country ministers.

He is well known as an amazing gift, but talks of it only when forced to do so. He speaks of it with great reluctance, as though it were something that should not be discussed. He gives one the impression that his power is that of supernatural origin and that the human mind cannot comprehend it.

HIS PREACHING MANNER.

When he rises to speak he stretches forth his right arm and assumes a rigid position. He remains thus with closed eyes for a few minutes without uttering a sound. Sometimes he prefaces his discourses by singing a hymn, but usually he commences by repeating his text. His delivery at first is in a slow and distinct voice, but as he progresses his utterance is more rapid and his voice searches every cranny of the audience like the notes of a clarion. He electrifies his congregation and brings tears or smiles from his hearers at will.

At one moment he seems to draw the screen that shuts the divine mansion from the mortal sight and points for his hearers a glimpse of the home of eternal happiness. At another he rolls back the ponderous gates of hell and exhibits with fearful distinctness the awful abode of the damned. He has been in his preaching, forcible in his exhortations and terrible in his denunciations. He claims not to know upon what subject he will speak at a given time.

The inspiration comes while he stands before the congregation, with outstretched arms, and he sometimes speaks upon the subject of the resurrection, but never in the same terms. A note of warning runs all through his discourses, and he claims to be able to see great calamities ahead for the country unless the people turn more sincerely to God. He is especially severe in his condemnation of divorce. He likens the divorce laws of the country to a great road smoothly paved over which an ever-increasing throng is passing to destruction.

He claims to be able to see this road in his inspired moments guarded by long lines of demons, of horrible shape and hideous aspect. He can hear their Satanic shrieks and view their mad joy as they leap around the mouth of hell, where this smooth road lands its victims; and when he paints this scene the blood of the bravest sinner curdles in his veins. In fact, his pictures are sometimes so terrible that many restorers refuse to hear him. He has been known to preach powerfully for three hours at a time, but usually his sermons are from an hour to an hour and a half in length.

Occasionally he preaches but ten or fifteen minutes, but his short talks are equally impressive with his more extended sermons. When in this trance-like condition he is completely oblivious to the things which take place about him. Nothing can disturb him nothing can wake him from it. He claims that the air is peopled with good and bad spirits; that he can see them doing souls for the possession of human souls.

YOUR AURA.

Something About Occult Colors.

REMARKABLE GIFTS OF A BOSTON LADY WHO CAN READ YOUR COLOR AND TELL HOW YOUR AURA LOOKS.

Mrs. Mada Paddock Sprague, founder of a new philosophy which sets Boston astray, has taken her permanent residence in Chicago at the Lucan.

Mrs. Sprague's fascinating theory is characterizing by color vibrations, and already Chicago club women are arranging for her lectures before them in the autumn, and she will give practical demonstration of her power by reading impromptu the names of members and guests. Her extraordinary gift is as captivating as paltriness.

"I cannot remember," said Mrs. Sprague, "when I did not see names in words and combinations of figures in colors. All my life every letter of the alphabet and each of the nine symbols for elementary numbers has had its distinctive coloring. They vary in tone and quality in combinations of words, names or numbers, but there has never been any variation from the original color tones which have been familiar to me from my earliest recollection. As a child, when I saw any one, my own resources, I could always determine myself with a mental kaleidoscope of innumerable variety by permitting words to pass before my mental vision. Proper names gave me the greatest delight, because the colors were so exquisitely individualized by the capital letters.

"Every printed page is and always has been like an illuminated manuscript of the middle ages. I have been so accustomed to this that I gave it no more conscious thought than I give to the colors of the sky and landscape, and not until I was a woman did I know that it was not universal for people to see names in color. One day I mentioned it incidentally, and my statement occasioned so much surprise that I attempted to prove it, and the more I talked the more skeptical my listeners became, until I feared I was a mental freak and ready to keep silent on the subject forever. However, as the years passed my curiosity tempted me to refer to it, that I might determine whether or no I was an isolated case.

"The result of my queries was always the same until the summer of 1890, when I had a brief chat at Greenacre with Professor Piergaard, who is well known to students of psychic subjects. I summoned courage to speak of my mental peculiarities, and he was instantly interested and asked me to explain.

"I have never heard of such an instance, but quickly added: 'You see the aura of people?'

"At this time the word was on the frontier of my vocabulary, and that for which it is the technical term was vague to my conception that I could only interpret it by substituting the commonplace term, 'You see the character of people.' But it was enough to furnish the clearest proof for instance, the names of people I have known came in single and double file inviting me to 'read' them. The whole world seemed to be revolving itself into color with animated names instead of human forms. I noted that identity in color meant identity in characteristics, and that the whole psychic realm poured its revelation through these color names.

"Several years ago my attention was accidentally drawn to the subject of astrology. In studying the science I became fascinated, but made little progress in practical results, because I was without incentive, as I had no desire to become an astrologer. I became thoroughly familiar with the elementary and technical work, and noted that the symbols of the zodiac and planets were beautifully and spontaneously colored in my mental astrological maps, and that I could not read the mechanical astrological maps until I could see them colored.

"Then I began to read the astrological maps, and I found that the names of people I have known came in single and double file inviting me to 'read' them. The whole world seemed to be revolving itself into color with animated names instead of human forms. I noted that identity in color meant identity in characteristics, and that the whole psychic realm poured its revelation through these color names.

"I must be remembered that all psychic phenomena is normal, and is under a spiritual law in orderly sequence. Unquestionably the medium is but a temporary bridge, so to speak, to the cruder physical demonstrations first aroused the world; these have given place almost entirely to the forms of using the vocal organs of the medium to speak or the hand to write. At first only an appeal to the physical senses would have aroused the world; but this form was only a temporary means, and when the world was aroused then the end was served, and a finer and more subtle form, appealing to the mind rather than to the ear and eye, was instituted.

"The next phase will be the development of man's psychic faculties, enabling each individual to enter directly, without benefit of mediums, into a communication with those in the unseen.

Just now a large number of letters, to each of which I shall have the pleasure of replying personally as fast as possible, reach me with various inquiries as to the nature of the present form of the 'medium' as the Society of Psychical Research is giving his data in the regular annual report of the society, which all persons may receive by becoming members, and to this end it is necessary only to address Dr. Richard Hodgson at No. 5 Boylston place, Boston (the office of the society), and pay the annual fee of \$5, the checks payable to Dr. Hodgson, and monthly contributions of \$1.00. The reports are regularly sent to all members of the S. P. R. These annual reports contain Dr. Hodgson's mass of experience with Mrs. Piper and all that he deduces from the experiences of all the sitters. These are to be issued in the spring of 1900, and will be a very remarkable document, that can hardly fail to be epoch-making, and, however impressive are the experiences of others, it is Dr. Hodgson whose exclusive time and thought are given to this problem and that his judgment would always be recognized as the authoritative one.—Lillian Whiting in Inter-Ocean.

IN THE OCCULT.

Lights of Psychical Research.

Sir William Crookes has, for more than twenty years, freely and widely asserted his absolute conviction of the reality of intercourse between the seen and the unseen. That Professor Hyslop has given valuable and influential testimony is another hopeful and helpful sign of the times, yet it must still be realized that he is but one—and the latest recruit, so to speak—of a group of the modern scientific men, each of whose names carries great weight, and as every one of these men, with a single exception, are inevitably engaged in other important work, it follows that the single exception, Dr. Hodgson, is prepared to offer the most complete data of the whole matter. Dr. William James is a busy professor in Harvard, as is Professor Sidgwick in Cambridge (England), and Professor Oliver Lodge in Liverpool. Sir William Crookes is a professional scientist, Mr. F. H. Myers is an instructor and a literary man. Professor Hyslop holds an important chair in Columbia College; the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage is the pastor of a great church, and so, in one way or another, all the more prominent "psychical researchers" are inevitably engaged, for the most part, with other work, except Dr. Hodgson, who refuses whatever brilliant prospects would otherwise be his to devote his time and energy to this work, which Mr. Gladstone has called the most important before the world at the present time.

When Dr. Hodgson's report comes out, in 1900, there will be a document of most remarkable and epoch-making power.

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"Man the Microcosm—His Infinite and Celestial Relations and Spiritual Powers." Of this pamphlet by a Spiritualist of the highest and purest type, Dr. Hyslop speaks highly. It is a most interesting and important work, and is for sale at this office. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

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"The next phase will be the development of man's psychic faculties, enabling each individual to enter directly, without benefit of mediums, into a communication with those in the unseen.

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"Human Culture and Cure, Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A most excellent and very valuable book, written by the author of the Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75c. For sale at this office.

"Man the Microcosm—His Infinite and Celestial Relations and Spiritual Powers." Of this pamphlet by a Spiritualist of the highest and purest type, Dr. Hyslop speaks highly. It is a most interesting and important work, and is for sale at this office. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

"The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional." This book, by the well known Father Chiquy, reveals the degrading, impure influences and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail \$1. For sale at this office.

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YOUR AURA.

Something About Occult Colors.

REMARKABLE GIFTS OF A BOSTON LADY WHO CAN READ YOUR COLOR AND TELL HOW YOUR AURA LOOKS.

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perfect in every detail as to be practically beyond reach of adverse criticism. This work will be found intensely interesting. Price, 25c. Sold at this office.



This department is under the management of

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin, Heights, Ohio.

NOTICE—No attention will be given to 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 correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth: Q. Some of our neighbors are interested in the psychograph, and complain of its story-telling and not being reliable. Why is this?

W. G. H. Russell Gulch: Q. For three weeks I received most satisfactory messages by means of the planchette dial, but then a spirit took complete possession, named "Jack" and will allow no other to communicate. What am I to do?

As there are all grades of spirit intelligences, as there are of mankind, and as the lower grades come in much closer contact with earth than the higher, it is not strange that unreliable communications are received. The delicate conditions by which a message is transmitted, allow a title to pass in intelligible form, is astonishing. Spirits often come to mediums and completely occupy their time to the exclusion of others. The mediums in such cases, knowingly or unknowingly, are in an antagonistic state, and have no control of themselves. If such a "lying" spirit comes, the medium gently allow him to communicate to your full satisfaction, and then earnestly will for some near friend in spirit life to come. The medium, however sensitive, can determine who controls him. He may do this by cultivating gentleness, kindness, and the selfhood which asserts its superior right to decide on its companionship.

Genealogist: Q. We have two parents, four grand-parents and eight great-grand-parents. What would, therefore, be the number of our ancestors, direct, twenty-one generations past?

A. 2,097,152. It is marvelous how many streams have flowed down, uniting in the individual life that is ours, and this is only twenty-one generations! Or if we accept the usual period of a generation as thirty-three years, 693 years. How incomprehensible the extent of these ancestral streams, at the 100th generation. From these remote and innumerable ancestors, every life has descended, and brought to us the heritage of the past. The thoughts and actions of this vast series of grand-parents, are centralized in us. We are a composite of all. There is constant reversion to past types. Rarely father or mother dares their children like themselves, or blending of their characters. They more frequently see the peculiarities of their parents repeated in their children, or the marked peculiarities of a grand-parent. Sometimes this reversion is so strong that it goes back a thousand years, and the child of civilization, with parents gently born, is a savage. Yet further this tendency at times reaches even to the embodiment of the animal in human form.

I. K., Chicago, Ill.: Q. Where can I procure a chromo lens, such as is used in the "light treatment"? Do you think I could construct a "solar thermolumen" for home use? If I could, I would be glad to give poor people treatment gratis.

A. Dr. E. D. Babitt, Los Angeles, California, constructs these lenses. There is no patent to prevent anyone from fitting up a room for treatment by "solar-baths," that is light baths. The treatment is helpful. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that microbes cannot live in the direct sun light. The most perfect disinfectant is light. It is the great purifying agency. Yet we must not make it all in all, the panacea for all ills. It is a help, often a great help when intelligently applied. Many will remember the "blue glass" cure. A blue glass window gives only blue light, and it was supposed this had wonderful curative powers. So it has for certain mental and physical disturbances, but because it was not a "heal all," it was thrown aside. Light is so abundant it fills the world. Get to a sunny window, or better into the wide, free air. Do not be afraid of a draught in windy weather, or the brightest sunshine. It is better just as nature gives it, in overflowing abundance. Throw open your window blinds, and pull up your shades. The force which fades your carpets will kill every microbe which clings to and multiplies on the dark damp walls and makes the air of your rooms stale and unhealthy, while it should be as sweet as that on the wind-blown hills.

E. S. McKenle: Q. A party of friends formed a circle with myself included. We sat around a small table, through the movements of which we received satisfactory communications. I called for the spirit of my friend, L. M., who is yet in this life, and on other living friends, and received from all intelligent answers, then called up "Chip," who answered with remarkable promptness. "Chip" was a favorite spaniel, long since gone to the happy duck-hunting lakes. Can you account for these answers?

A. The communications prove that there was intelligence receiving and replying to the questions, independent of the questioner. This correspondent was not content with the answers which he says were "satisfactory." He wanted "tests" overleaping the important fact that the same spirit could remain and answer to the name of whomever called. He asked if it was "Chip," and of course, wishing to oblige, the spirit replied, "yes." If the correspondent descended to ask such a question, he ought not to complain because he was met on his own grounds. He attempted by a leading question to trap the force that communicated. Now he is confused because he was caught in the trap set for others.

There is nothing ambiguous or mysterious in the communications received by this correspondent, as he appears to think. They are in strict accord with the laws of spirit life and control. If the investigator demands certain spirits, their names are sure to be given by the one communicating, either from recklessness, desire to please or to gain attention. If the spirit of plain John Smith finds that the investigator will be satisfied only with George Washington or a ten-thousand-year-old "Atlantian,"

then these names are given, and the messages whatever they bear, may be all from the same source. In the most delicate conditions of transmission, or of communications, the questioner, the receiving instrument is one of many important parts, and it is possible for this factor to become dominant and receive back as an echo, its own desires. If the transmitting instrument of a telephone should return just such a message as the receiving instrument indicated as desirable, it would not disprove the existence of the telephone, or of the intelligence sending and receiving the message. Rather it would show the character of the intelligence.

C. P. and H. G., Clinton, Iowa: Q. We have a dispute as to the sun dial: Does it show the correct time the year round?

A. Four times each year the dial time, that is sun-time, exactly corresponds with mean solar time. These dates are the 15th of April, 15th of June, 1st of September and 24th of December. Between these dates the difference varies. From September 1 the dial loses time until the 2d of November, when it is 16 minutes and 25 seconds slow. It then increases day by day until it agrees on December 24. From that date it gains until February 12, when it is 14 minutes and 30 seconds fast. The time by the dial then has to be corrected, according to the time of year by adding or subtracting the difference. If one desired to erect a sun dial, after placing the style that casts the shadow on the dial surface exactly pointing to the pole of the heavens, from its base, at any of the four dates of coincidence he could by the aid of an accurate watch, mark the hours and minutes on the dial plate, by drawing lines on the edge of the shadow.

THE OLD PEAR TREE.

A Parlor Recitation Given by Arzelia C. Clay, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

I guess I'll cut that pear tree down and chop it into wood. It's old, and takes up lots of room. And don't do us any good. It hasn't had a blossom on it. For fifteen years or more, And then the fruit was hard and small—I've thought of this before.

O, my! let me give you the reasons, Tom, Why I love that old pear tree; Far dearer than all the trees besides Is that crooked one to me. It was under that tree the children played And made their cakes of sand, The swing that swung them to and fro Was fastened, Tom, by your hand.

'Twas here, to this limb that you tied the swing With knots that were sure to stay, There is only one end to the rope left now.

The tree has worn away, There were two little boys, with eyes of brown, And a girl with eyes of blue— You said the boys looked just like me, While baby resembled you.

How happy they were when the swing was up! Ha! ha! ha! in laughter their voices burst, Baby was shrined in timid grace, The boys wanted to swing her first. "We're big," said Dick, in his manly way.

To the little brother, Nate, "But sister, you see, is tiny small, And doesn't, of course, just like to wait."

Our neighbor who lived across the street Had company come that day— Then children were just the ages of ours. So they came across to play.

A fever was prevalent in the town, So their mother took them away, But alas, too late; the little boy Was taken sick that day.

It was only a few days after that, When our children were taken down, You offered the farm for the children's lives.

Tom, to the doctors that came from town, But lo! the angels were lingering near, To bear our darlings away. The first one went with the sinking sun, And another at break of day.

I said: "I'll sleep by baby's crib, For there the West wind blows, Waving the ringlets of her flaxen hair, Giving her cheeks a deeper tint of rose."

I can dream dreams to comfort my despair, And when I awake those words will ever ring— "Those sweet words that the fair child said—"

"Papa, don't break my little swing!"— In a moment she, too, was dead.

There were three little forms all robed in white That we laid forever away, But the swing that baby loved so much Hung there for many a day.

The weather has taken the swing away, And time has healed the wounds, But a mother's heart is buried, Tom, Beneath those little mounds.

I see that your eyes are full of tears, There are drops upon your cheek; I know the tree will be spared me now, For from heart to soul I'll speak.

For thickly in the graveyard, Those little hillocks lie, But every hillock represents A cherub in the sky.

For lo! the angels were lingering near, To bear our darlings away— One of them went with the sinking sun, And two at break of day.

But Tom, those children are— "Just the same the eyes re-living; Just the same, the cheeks re-blooming; Just the same, the voice and form; Just the same, the memory warm; Just the same, but dead immortal! Safe within the heavenly portal!"

"Three Jubilee Lectures." By J. M. Peebles, M. D. Dr. Peebles is a trenchant and instructive writer and lecturer, overleaping the important fact that the same spirit could remain and answer to the name of whomever called. He asked if it was "Chip," and of course, wishing to oblige, the spirit replied, "yes." If the correspondent descended to ask such a question, he ought not to complain because he was met on his own grounds. He attempted by a leading question to trap the force that communicated. Now he is confused because he was caught in the trap set for others.

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ORGANIZATION.

Some Trenchant Considerations Thereon.

To the Editor:—"Elementary Principles of Organization," by Prof. Loveland, in The Banner of May 27, is a strong paper, certainly strong enough to merit the careful consideration of the officers and members of the N. S. A.

"The Great Question—Economic Mission of Spiritualism," which appeared in The Progressive Thinker of March 18, and "Spiritualism Weighed in the Balance," which can be found in The Banner of April 29, in my opinion merit more than a passing notice from all Spiritualists, and especially those who advocate organization as the royal road to great spiritual success.

It seems to me those three papers by Prof. Loveland condense and sum up the question of organization, the duty and demands upon the organizers, in a manner so direct, so free from the spirit of dogmatism, that there can be no excuse for ignoring the points that should be considered at the coming October convention.

The suggestion of Prof. Loveland in the last paragraph of his paper in The Banner of May 27, that the next five months be devoted by the Spiritual press and people to the discussion and settlement of the "Elementary Principles of Organization," is an important suggestion. Success depends upon a listing and interesting the rank and file.

E. W. Gould, of Washington, D. C. (I think one of the charter members of the N. S. A.), uses a column and a half of space in The Banner of June 23, criticizing Prof. Loveland's "Elementary Principles," let the criticism and agitation go on as Prof. Loveland suggests; if there is to be any real organization now, any said in the N. S. A. crop, the people will discover it, if daylight is let in by discussion.

Mr. Gould furnishes me a text for a number of queries in his criticism of Prof. Loveland's paper. I quote it:

"This brings me back to my original proposition, viz: That the only serious embarrassment now, or at any previous time since the National was organized, is the lack of money, and the same may be said of nine-tenths of the local societies in America to-day."

The above would be a very humiliating confession for me to make as a Spiritualist, or a business man, if I was, or had been an officer or leader in the N. S. A. movement.

If the embarrassment had only been temporary, for one or two years, and success or even signs of success had followed, no criticism or questions would be in order, but to go on year after year without support, begging, drumming, and publicly questioning the character and generosity of the great body of Spiritualists, has been more of a wet blanket upon growing Spiritualism than all the frauds and fake mediums combined.

At no time has the N. S. A. been supported by more than a handful of Spiritualists, who have kept up a constant "begging" for organization, and wanted by at least ten thousand wide-awake devoted Spiritualists, let go. It's a shame, a farce, to drag along another year.

This is not an era of limitations or restrictions, or a very auspicious day for dogmatic leaders; Spiritualists will support what they want, if able, if not able they will assist by their presence and good will.

Query: Why this lack of money for five long years? Are Spiritualists bankrupt, or are they as a body close and parsimonious?

Has there been any special scarcity of money in the East since the N. S. A. was organized, where Spiritualism is supposed to be strong in wealth, numbers, and intelligence? The papers have declared there was plenty of money, banks full in the East, and anxious to loan on good security.

Can the hard times cry be considered a cause for the lack of money? Is that the cause in nine-tenths of state and local societies at this time, or is it indifference? Why the indifference? May we not look for a cause deeper down? Are we sure it is a skin disease? It may prove heart failure.

What proportion of Spiritualists are members of local, state or of the N. S. A. answer?

Suppose we have one hundred thousand out-and-out independent Spiritualists in America; if ten per cent would join the N. S. A. and each contribute a single dollar a year, the National would be on its feet. Yes, if five per cent would contribute one dollar each the continual lease for money could be avoided.

The leaders of the National write and talk as though the great body of Spiritualists hadn't any reforms of their own to look after; if they could understand the full significance of being a Spiritualist, and being independent, living one's own life without fear or restraint, there would be less friction, less competition, less selfishness, and more spirituality. If the N. S. A. cannot enlist five thousand one-dollar-a-piece Spiritualists—and they can't—they had better let go.

It is no uncommon thing for clergymen of Christian denominations to resign from good paying societies in order to be free. How many of our Spiritual clergy and lecturers dare to break their chains? We know you are bound, you dare not say your soul is your own care, you will lose your job, and then demand of the hour is, that you shall come to the front and preach a living gospel, or be relegated to the rear. Can you not see that our societies are rapidly being disintegrated? Support is withdrawn, husks do not satisfy, the crisis is on. At this moment there are three hundred able, earnest men and women assembled in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., to consider and discuss living up-to-date issues, which are always spiritual issues.

I am surprised that officers and leaders of the N. S. A. still persist in hanging on to that old corpse, its birth was premature, still-born, starved, abandoned (because it had no parents), dependent upon the bottle it failed to mature, and died in its second year. It is past resurrection, peace to its ashes.

Come to Chicago with \$5,000, pledged by at least five thousand determined men and women, or abandon and then devote the time of the convention to elementary principles; plan for a year's practical work down on the ground, similar to Salvation Army work, not soul but body saving; this is evidently the demand of the rank and file of Spiritualists; genuine work will be sustained, and the cause will be restored.

The muzzled, restricted efforts of our platform teachers have lost their former power and charm. Why? Because the large majority have succumbed to the materialistic limitations of societies, camps, and other orthodox priestly influences.

Inspiration is impossible under such influences, which have been rapidly on the increase for the past twenty years; for the last decade there has been the rostrum work that could hold an intelligent audience, consequently rostrum

tests have supplemented. And the result, in my opinion, has been unfavorable, mainly on a large majority of our rostrum tests. The test, however, the leading feature, the drawing card, and our speakers have quietly consented to take back seats.

The Spiritual leader of leaders who expect much success in pursuing the present methods will be disappointed, just as the churches are. When money or popularity get hold of the reins, a runaway and smash-up is sure to follow.

On Sunday, the 25th of June, in Chicago, clergymen occupying three of the finest liberal pulpits delivered their farewell sermons, two of them graduated into non-sectarian rostrums or pulpits. The following clipped from a morning paper shows the drift—the tendency—of all liberal independent minds:

"Another independent, non-sectarian church member has passed in the downtown district in September by the Rev. Thos. B. Gregory, who delivered his farewell sermon as pastor of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, Robey street and Warren avenue, yesterday morning. In his sermon he said in part:

"The church of to-day must be hospitable to all truth. It must not be afraid of the sturdiest investigation. It must cease to be parochial and become cosmopolitan. Society must take the place of theology, and the higher ethics must come in to occupy the ground long held by dreamers along the line of creation and eschatology. To state it in a word, the churches must help for this world, work to make it clean and happy, leaving the other world to take care of itself."

The sentiments expressed in that last paragraph are inspiring, and will attract the class that our Spiritual rostrums have failed to hold.

Real Spiritualism has not gone to seed, and is not on parade. It was not inaugurated as a show; it will never succeed as such. The sooner we recognize its real mission, and conform to the wishes of those who gave it its modern birth, the sooner will harmony and good feeling be restored among the good army who are keenly alive to its power for good.

Growing Spiritualists demand a political, medical, religious, and social reform, and will not accept of any half-way straddle of the fence methods; they want men and women so thoroughly imbued with the spirit and necessity of a radical, peaceful revolution, that they will not be deterred by willingly risk their lives if need be.

We need a few living martyrs in our ranks, who will volunteer to preach, teach and live emancipation and freedom. Who will volunteer?

DR. M. E. CONGER.

Lake Brady Camp.

Maggie Gaulé supplemented her test séance yesterday with an interesting talk on her travels, in Europe from whence she has just returned. She declared she was led from place to place by spirit power and guidance and she never lost sight of the presence of the spirit friends. She was asked, "Could a spirit manifest who was buried in a foreign land?" Immediately she gave a description of a graveyard scene in Norway, and how she went to visit her weeping, his mother and other friends he thought he had lost in that far country.

The song, "Beckoning Hands," had been sung and Miss Gaulé said that during the singing she could see the beckoning hands around the singers beckoning to friends in the audience.

To one old lady who "sift" sobbing behind a tree, while receiving a message, she said, "Why do you try to hide from me? You taught me to believe I would not die and now I come to greet you and prove that I am not dead." And gave the name of "John," a son who had recently passed away.

"Now," said Miss Gaulé, "I see a spirit holding a light; she leads me and I must follow." And Miss Gaulé left the platform and went down into the audience and selected the one to receive the message.

To another she said: "Oh, I see a light flash from you! Someone has gone out by lightning. And bids me to say to you that, though crushed and burned, the spirit survives unharmed by that which destroyed the body."

Charles Barnes gave a trumpet salute after the exercises of the day were over.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving closed her engaging lecture by giving a list of her "infinite" "Lakeland" séances for the benefit of Lake Brady Association. She was assisted by Dr. Nellie C. Mosier, late of Cleveland. The séance was well attended and all present received some evidence of spirit presence.

Sunday the attendance was exceptionally large. The names of Oscar Edgerly as speaker, and Maggie Gaulé as test medium, being the attractions. Mr. Edgerly's address was one of the highest. He is used, while entranced, by different controls. Miss Gaulé succeeded in convincing many people of the presence of their spirit friends.

Mr. George C. Day, speaker and test medium, is now with us and we hope will continue until the close of camp.

Dr. William Shepherd, of Pittsburg, who now seems to have almost taken the place of the once famous Father Mullinger, as a healer, is also with us for a short rest.

Memorial services were celebrated yesterday. The floral offerings were very beautiful and several mediums described spirit friends present.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is one of the attractive features of the camp. We give our first entertainment this evening.

Mr. Day and Miss Gaulé were called to Akron to give a séance last evening. A hack load of Lake Bradys visited the "Spiritual College" at Mantua this week. They report having had a splendid time.

Several of our workers went to Cuyahoga Falls Monday of this week, to officiate at the funeral of Brother C. L. Smith of that place, whose death was the result of a street "car" accident in Cleveland recently.

MABEL McCASLIN.

The Illinois State Spiritualist Association will charter societies of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association in sending per capita tax to me, please send them either in post-office order or express money order. Make all post office money orders payable at post office station 60.

ELLIS M. JOHNSON, Sec'y. 11437 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"Bible and Church Degraded Woman." By Elizabeth Chad Stanton. Comprises three brief essays, on The Effect of Woman Suffrage on Questions of Morals and Religion; The Degraded Status of Woman in the Bible; The Christian Church and Woman; written in Mrs. Stanton's usual trenchant style. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

"The Great Roman Ancestral." By Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, Ph. D., ex-priest of the diocese of Cleveland, O. A sharp and pointed letter to Bishop Hortsman. It is good reading, and should be widely distributed, that people may be enlightened concerning the ways and methods of Rome and its priesthood. Price 15c. For sale at this office.

WELCOME HOME.

A Poem Read at a Funeral in Blair, Neb.

To the Editor:—I send you a poem which I wrote yesterday under peculiar circumstances, to read at a funeral. My husband, W. E. Bonney, and myself have worked here one year with a regularly chartered society. About two months ago our vice-president, Mrs. Verdon, a faithful worker and zealous Spiritualist, was called to the higher life, and although it was her wish that we should conduct her funeral services, yet her relations refused to grant her wish, and engaged an orthodox minister. Last week, our musical director who was also a member of the Blair Band, also an inspirational composer and musician) Mr. McMurtre, was called away and preparation for another orthodox funeral proceeded, but while the body of our brother was lying in the home waiting for friends to come from a distance, his spirit came to our home and spoke to Mrs. Alford (a clairvoyant and healing medium), who is visiting us, and also saw him lay a paper in my lap. Then I heard these words: "Write some verses and read them at my funeral." I replied, "I am afraid I shall not be allowed to do anything," but the next morning I was again urged by spirit friends to go over to his home and see if they would ask me to take a part. I went to the home and through the influence of Mrs. Mary Beck, our faithful co-worker and friend, who was there talking to the family, I was asked if I would like to read at my funeral. I replied, "I can write one if not, can I speak a few words under the Baptist minister gets through?"

She said "yes."

We returned home and I felt a very strange influence in my head so that I had to lie down. The next morning it was still with me, until I sat down and wrote these verses, then the influence left me and I went to the funeral and read the poem. I also told them how I received it. We could but notice a frown on the minister's face as I read it.

Do not these experiences show the great need of united effort among us, also of the Young People's Progressive Lyceum which is so much neglected at the present time. I tried to establish a Lyceum here. Just at the time as Spiritualists send their children to Sunday-schools to be taught error instead of truth, just so long will they get ministers to pray over the bodies of their parents, and feel ashamed of the fact that father or mother were Spiritualists.

Oh! that the time may soon come when all who call themselves by the honorable name of Spiritualist will awaken to the knowledge of the responsibility resting on them and educate their children in the truth, so they will not be ashamed of them, but honor them while they live, and respect their wishes when they are called up higher. The words of wisdom and truth which find their way every week to all who take The Progressive Thinker are helping this good time to come.

The poem I composed is as follows:

A WELCOME HOME.

I was feeling so weary and worn, I scarce could raise my hand, As I lay on my bed in earth-life And I could not understand.

But a light burst on my vision, And a voice spoke in my ear: "Oh, brother, we have come for you, There is no cause to fear."

Then a sweet peace fell upon me, As the loving ones spoke low, "We have come to take you home with us, No weakness or pain to know."

Then the sweet and plaintive tones Of music, from a spirit band, Came floating o'er my listening ear— 'Twas a welcome home, so grand.

And the tune they played was Home, Sweet Home, And they sang: "Your tolls are now o'er, Dear comrade, you are welcome To the beautiful spirit shore."

Then my sweet and gentle sister, Who had left us years ago, Said, "Dear brother, you are welcome! And her face with love was aglow."

"And now you will rest, dear brother," She said, "on this couch so fair, Till this life-giving clime has chased away.

The effects of the earth-life car Then they bore me very gently, To a couch where I could rest, Amid sweet flowers and music, Oh! what a heavenly rest!

And as I rest, the soft sweet tones, Still come from the spirit band, And I hear them sing, "Oh, welcome home!" And now I can understand.

MARY J. BONNEY.

Blair, Nebraska.

THE COMING NEW DAY.

From mountain peak to mountain peak Reverberates the cry, "After the light is dawning, It will reach you by and by!" In the coming yet to be, When the day-star shineth fair, Legions of the shining ones, Living in the higher air,

Down to earth, on wings of light, Quick will tread the shining way, Bringing messages of love From the shining world above, Down to earth, to earth-world-ward, ones Clothed with shadows as with night, Darkness dreads, they quick dispel With their rays of living light

From their forms, in beauty drest, Robed in garbs of silvery sheen, Light irradiates our path, And our way is clearly seen, For, with fingers tipped with light, Point they out the narrow way, Bidding us be brave and strong, Harbingers of coming day.

Help us, oh, ye sons of light, For our hearts grow sick with fears, Earth is dreary, night is dark, And our pillows wet with tears, Give us courage, blessed ones, Fill our souls with songs of praise, Give us strength and courage meet For the work of coming days;

Then together we will work For the children of the earth; We in darkness, you in light, Till the New Day has its birth, Hand in hand with angels then, Moral man in hope will tread, Faith be swallowed up in sight, And we'll know there are no dead.

LIZZIE DUCKER LYNES.

Minneapolis, Minn.

"Ancient India: Its Language and Religions." By Prof. H. Oldenberg. The subject is of unusual interest at the present time, and it is here treated in a way to interest and instruct all readers. For sale at this office. Paper, price 25 cents.

MOST WONDERFUL BOOKS.

The Warfare of Science With Theology.

A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom. By ANDREW D. WHITE, LL. D., late President and Professor of History at Cornell University. In Two Volumes. 8vo. Cloth, Five Dollars. For Sale at This Office.

In these two large volumes are combined information that the reader could not find in the libraries of the world in fifty years. It shows the constant and determined opposition of Theology to the advancement that has been made in every branch of Science. To the Student it is indispensable. Every Free Thought Speaker should have it. It should circulate in every community. It goes into minute details, citing in all cases the authority, showing the persistency of Theology in fighting new and advanced ideas in Science.

"The magnum opus of the eminent ex-President of Cornell plants a new and notable milestone along the highway of ever-advancing human thought. The work is the masterpiece of a mind as devoid of wanton iconoclasm as of moral cowardice. It is a definite statement of where the best thinkers of the world now stand in the religio-scientific conflict. It is clear, honest, brave, and must be given a place among the great books of the year."—Chicago Tribune.

"The most valuable contribution that has yet been made to the history of the conflict between the theologians and the scientists; struggles that have alarmed timid Christians, but, as Mr. White shows, there was no occasion for alarm. The several chapters are extremely interesting, and while President White never flinches in telling the whole truth, as he thinks science has ascertained it, he is nowhere irreverent. He confronts truth, takes his hand, and follows boldly wherever truth bids him come."—Buffalo Commercial.

"The book is written almost colloquially, and so interestingly as to enchain the attention at once, and keep it enchained. Concise as a history of the universe could be made, tabulated so that instant reference to a particular bit of history, theory, or biography may be had, it will be valuable as a lexicon relating to religious controversy. It is crammed with information, sorted, sifted, winnowed, and prepared for the consumer, as reading it is of an absorbing interest, and it will probably provoke answering arguments."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Undoubtedly the most exhaustive treatise which has been written on this subject. It is able, scholarly, critical, and impartial in tone."—Boston Daily Advertiser.

