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PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Some Reasons Why It Should Be Open to the Public on Sundays.

Mistakes Made by the Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 a Warning to Officers of this Exposition.

Office of Secretary American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation,
141 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill.
To the Board of Directors and Executive Committee of the Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., May 1 to November 1, 1901:

Gentlemen:—Inasmuch as several religious bodies have already passed resolutions calling upon you to close the Exposition under your charge on the first day of each week during its continuance, and as petitions are being circulated and signed having the same end in view, we address you this open letter to present the opinions of those who desire that the Exposition shall be open every day in every week of its continuance.

MISTAKE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORS.

You are aware, of course, of the discussion of this same question in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, and the compromise adopted which satisfied no one. Visitors who attended on Sunday saw but a small fraction of the Fair, inasmuch as the machinery was still closed, while the Sabbatharians had their feelings lacerated by the open gates as much as they would have had by the machinery in motion. You may say it was none of their business, and you care nothing for their feelings, but the fact remains that the Sabbath was as badly broken by the presence of the tens of thousands on the Fair grounds as it could possibly have been by the whirl of all the machinery in the buildings, while the visitors who paid fifty cents admission felt that by not being able to see whatever part of the Fair they desired, they had been humbugged and ill-treated. Moreover, it is notorious that thousands of persons labored at their ordinary avocations on Sunday in order that they might have a week day to attend the Fair. We hope you will not fall, as did the directors of the World's Fair, between these two stools.

CHARACTER OF THE SUNDAY CLOSERS.

We suppose that of you, as of the managers of other Expositions, there will be two classes demanding Sunday closing—fanatical Sabbatharians and saloon and dive-keepers. The first because of their religion, the second because of the profits they make from idle people driven to their resorts for lack of other places to visit. It needs no argument, it seems to us, to a body of men of your intelligence to show that the Puritan Sabbath of our ancestors has no basis as a sacred day in scripture nor foundation in history, no support in any way whatever from any man or god or thing except the notions of a few ignorant and narrow people who settled in New England and made laws which other ignorant and narrow people have perpetuated, as they have perpetuated other superstitions and foolish customs. The people who made our Sunday laws are the same ones who believed in witchcraft, and solemnly tried dogs and cats for being possessed of devils. We submit that such are not the proper persons to make rules for us of this day and generation.

The other party which desires Sunday closing—the saloon and dive-keepers—need no condemnation at our hands and no support at yours. The evil of their trade is notorious, particularly upon a holiday crowd, and we cannot believe that you will thrust the thousands of visitors to your Exposition out upon the streets on Sundays to be fleeced and debauched by the element referred to, which is always of the worst possible character at such great and continuous gatherings. Sunday closing would place all kinds of temptations before the strangers within Buffalo's gates. The dullness of an idle Sunday to the sojourner in a city is intolerable. Thousands who would spend Sunday in the art galleries and other pleasant places of the Exposition if they might, will spend it—under a Sunday closing rule—at the garish summer resorts, or in the saloons, the beer cellars, the dives, and the lower resorts of other kinds which abound in all cities, and which are not closed on Sundays. There can be no doubt whatever that the Sunday closing of the Exposition will induce more immoral and hurtful indulgences than any other rule or practice which could be devised. The man excluded from it will be pushed along the path to the gin-mill and dive. If you support the keepers of these places by closing your doors on Sundays you will have much to answer for at the bar of public opinion. But we believe that you can clearly see that you will best subserve public morality by providing a substitute for the immoral places to which men may resort when no moral amusements are available.

EFFECT OF SUNDAY CLOSING UPON THE EXPOSITION.

The injury which Sunday closing will do to the Exposition is incalculable, and it may almost be said that upon your decision in this matter rests the success or failure of the Exposition. If you make it a great, broad, liberal, educative affair, open to the whole world as the whole world is used to seeing such Expositions opened, it will be a lasting monument and good to your city. People will speak grandly of Buffalo because of it. But if you make it a little, narrow, Puritanical, shriveled, contracted show, your city will receive no permanent benefit from the Exposition, and the world will deride the little provincial town which shut its chief attraction on Sunday because of a superstitious reverence for the notions of our ancestors who stuck pins into women to detect the presence of witches. Sunday closing will deprive every visitor of his best chance to enjoy the Exposition. It will enormously reduce gate receipts. It will cut off the large laboring population of Buffalo and all the cities within a hundred miles from the pleasure and profit of visiting the Exposition with their wives and children. And it will reduce the influence of the Exposition even more than its revenues. On a Sunday in the first period of the World's Fair, before the compromise, and when the gates were tightly closed, over a hundred thousand people besieged the administration to open them, and it required the full police force to prevent a forcible entrance to the grounds. On that memorable day there were four murders, one suicide, and innumerable fights in the city, and the journals of Chicago claimed that such disorder was due to the congestion of population induced by the presence of the

Fair, and that had the exhibition been open the disorder would have been prevented. If the Pan-American Exposition shall fulfil in point of interest and attendance the expectations of its promoters it will have to be kept open every day to amuse the great crowds drawn thither, or Buffalo will be a small inferno on Sundays. Less than could Chicago can it provide legitimate and harmless amusements for the thousands sojourning within its limits.

REASONS FOR SUNDAY OPENING.

Aside from these ample material reasons why the Exposition should be open every Sunday are the moral and esthetic ones which are no less powerful to influence those who have the welfare of the race at heart, and who desire to benefit their fellow-man and lift him above his present level. The Sunday which we enjoy to-day, and which has been so perverted by the Puritans—ancient and modern—is not the holy day of the Jews, given as they supposed by Jehovah, and upon which it was wrong to even pick up a stick, but it is the pagan holiday of the sun—kept long before the Jewish people were released from Egypt, and sacred only in the sense that upon it the people are to enjoy themselves. It is a festival, a holiday; not a holy day nor a day of penance. The worship of Sunday, as we have it now by some people, is of modern growth, and has nothing whatever for a foundation but human custom. The day is a relic of the asceticism which believes that man can please God by making himself miserable. But admitting for the sake of argument that the day is sacred, ought your Exposition or any other educative institution to be closed on Sunday? That is the one day when the people who need the uplifting influences of art and science have the leisure to enjoy them. What will be the effect of looking upon great pictures or statues, of seeing the wonderful machines that man has invented? Will not the tendency be to elevate and enlighten? If looking at these pictures, at these statues, at these machines, enlarges the mind, educates the brain, cultivates the taste, certainly there can be no objection to opening the Exposition on Sundays, even were the day sacred. Can you conceive of a better thing to do than to study and examine the triumphs of genius? Even the most devout will hardly object to looking at the world about us on Sunday, at the undulating fields, the green and spreading trees, the rivers and clouds. Neither will they think it wrong on Sunday night to gaze on heaven's dome inlaid with stars. And yet all things are from the same source. Nature works through man, and the great painting and the great statue are and have been as naturally produced as rivers and trees and stars. All days should be for the good of man, and that day on which the most people are really happy is the best day.

A HUMANITARIAN MATTER.

This question is solely a humanitarian one. We cannot conceive that God could be made happier by man's being made unhappy. The opening of the Exposition on Sunday would be for the benefit of the whole community, and not to the injury of any. The rights of no one would be infringed, the happiness of no one would be disturbed. Those who wish to attend can do so; those who do not can stay away. If closed, the rights of those who desire to attend are invaded and they are injured. The subject is one of human welfare alone, and therefore the only standard by which we can decide is that of public virtue. That which broadens the mind, that which cultivates the sense of beauty, that which ennobles human history, that which relieves from weariness and drudgery, that which gives innocent pleasure, that which entertains and instructs, that which brings people together, that which emphasizes and illuminates the highest part of our being—that is for the good of humanity on all days. No day can be set apart for anything higher than that. Your Exposition will do this on six days of the week; it will do this on Sunday also, and with greater effect, for there will be greater numbers upon whom these fine influences can work.

Those who go to the Exposition on Sunday will not go to immoral places of amusement; but whether the visitors on Sunday come from the church, or from the indifferent class, or from the crowded tenement houses, or the luxurious home, they will receive only that which is for mental and moral improvement. That which is benign, beautiful, instructive, and ennobling on Saturday is equally so on Sunday. The laws of nature do not change on Sunday, neither do the laws of human welfare and progress.

JUSTICE TO THE PEOPLE.

Further, the Exposition should be kept open on Sundays as a matter of justice to the people of Buffalo. They have given of their means and effort to make possible the Exposition. Probably every citizen in and near Buffalo has done something for the fair, contributed money, labor, good-will, effort of some kind, and yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of them who will never see what the Exposition is like unless the Sunday opening shall be accomplished. They have no time but holidays for recreation. It is a matter of justice also to the visitors who come from long distances to see your town and your Exposition; their time and means are limited, and they should be permitted to make the most economical use of both. Shutting the gates and doors in their faces on seventh of the time would be a gratuitous insult and imposition, and could but redound to the discredit of Buffalo and injury to your Exposition. The people who support the enterprise are the ones to be considered, and not the ones who stay at home and pass resolutions restricting its usefulness and impairing its earning capacity.

THE "REST-DAY" ARGUMENT.

You will probably be told by those desiring Sunday closing, among other foolish things, that the people should have Sunday for a "rest-day." This is the claim now made by those beaten in the religious argument. Shown that Sunday is not a holy day, that it has no scriptural support, and that God never changed it from Saturday to Sunday, those who desire to monopolize the day resort to the rest-day sophism to blind the laborer to their

real objects and to bind him with chains riveted by himself. He is told that without a Sunday as a rest-day his life would be one continuous round of toil, every day alike, and all of slavery to his fellow's greed. But the argument is shallow, and used only to deceive. As a matter of fact, enlargement of opportunities for recreation increases the desire for it, and makes it more impossible for Sundays ever to be taken from the working-man, or to be made for any one an unrequited day of labor. The more beautiful you make the Sunday, the more attractive, the more noble and varied in its pleasures and instructions, the more difficult it will be to change its character, the less danger there is that greedy employers will ever have the power to transfer it from its present position to the days of toil.

If you shut up the Exposition for the sake of rest, then shut up the churches of Buffalo also; lock the doors, stay at home, sleep all day long. But is this the rest that is needed? Of course not. Man is so constituted that he must be active. Inaction is not rest, and no one argues in favor of a completely inactive Sunday. It is action to go to church, to Sunday-school, to the Bible-class, to the prayer-meeting. To those who like it, it is rest; to those who do not, it is the hardest kind of labor, and Monday's toil is a relief from its weariness. If you insist upon absolute rest, then shut up the churches. It requires as much intellectual labor to attend religious services as to look at a picture or watch the ingenious working of a machine.

The church, therefore, by its very nature opposes itself to absolute rest. If an exception is made in favor of church-going, by what authority is the line drawn there? If it is said that some kinds of activity are restful, others assert that other kinds are equally so, and that a rest-day, therefore, is a day of action, and it is for each man to decide what kind of action contains for him the most rest. It cannot be objected that the opening of an Exposition would break the perfect rest of Sunday, for the same argument would bolt and bar every church door in the land.

NOTABLE CONVERSION TO SUNDAY OPENING.

The views we have here advanced as to the wisdom of Sunday opening are not ours alone, but are held by most of the people of this country, by all indeed except the fanatical Sabbatharians. The opening or closing of the Chicago World's Fair was a case exactly in point, and we would like to call your attention to a notable conversion to the view we have advanced as well as to the opinions expressed—and to those who expressed them—during the controversy over that famous show. The conversion was that of the Hon. Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, then a member of the House of Representatives. At the session of Congress ending in the early summer of 1892 he had voted to make the government assistance of the Fair contingent upon Sunday closing. A dissatisfied constituent wrote to him asking his reasons for such seemingly idiotic vote. Mr. Simpson replied as follows:

"House of Representatives, U. S.,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 17, 1893.

"Mr. John T. Powell—Dear Sir:—I voted that way (for the closing of the Fair) because there were so many petitions sent in from our country in regard to that. Coming directly from the religious organizations, it did seem as though that was the general desire of the people, but later, when the real people began to be heard from, I find that a very large majority are opposed to the Sunday closing. Furthermore, it is in evidence and has been proved that the whisky shops, gin mills, and gambling houses of Chicago are very much in favor of the Sunday closing, as that will leave the large crowd assembled there no other place to go but their 'hell-holes,' therefore, when the measure comes up again, I shall vote for Sunday opening, as I believe that will be for the best interests of those who attend the Fair, and will enable them to have a place to go to on Sunday that will be instructive as well as amusing, and will be for the best interests, morally and every other way, of the community there assembled."

THE PEOPLE IN FAVOR OF SUNDAY OPENING.

As to the petitions sent to the authorities by religious organizations asking for Sunday closing we shall have a word to say presently, but first we will present the names and reasons of a few only of those on the other side, together with the evidence that the great public sentiment is on the side of liberality and wisdom. In 1892 the Sunday Opening Association, including in its membership the Mayor and Postmaster of Chicago, as well as other prominent citizens, undertook to find out the real sentiment of the country as to Sunday observance so far as the Fair was concerned. They sent postal cards to forty cities having a population less than fifty thousand, taking from Dun's reference book the first twenty-five printed names in each city, and also cards to every city in the country with a population between four and ten thousand, the first ten names from Dun's book. In each case liquor dealers were excluded, and only men with a rating of \$1,000 and over approached. The result was that the vote in favor of Sunday opening ranged from 100 per cent in Utah to 60 per cent in Florida, the average being 72 per cent in favor of liberty. In concluding its report the committee having charge of the vote said:

"We have taken, so to speak, crude portions of the public sentiment from every state and section of the country, making the rule apply to small cities particularly, as it is here the stricter sentiment of Sunday observance is admittedly the strongest. We furnish in this report what we truly believe—and what in the commercial world would be exact knowledge—is an average expression of the will of all people on the question of Sunday and the World's Fair. No fairer or more unprejudiced and unbiased plan for securing an expression from the people could be devised; for on such tests the industrial trades, produce and commerce of the world is carried on with absolute security. We submit the results to those concerned in confidence of their reasonable consideration."

As a matter of course, the secular press was practically unanimous in favor of Sunday opening. With the exception of the News, we think all of Chicago's daily papers were on the side of freedom. All of New York's prominent dailies, with the exception of a noted churchman's organ, argued for Sunday opening. Aside from the religious weeklies, it is safe to say that ninety per cent of the papers of the country are in favor of opening the Exposition on Sunday. And, as you know, our newspapers follow public opinion as soon as they find out what it is. They are safe guides in this regard.

CHURCHMEN FAVOR IT.

Among the more prominent individuals favoring Sunday opening was Cardinal Gibbons, and as he speaks for a great body of people his words should have weight with you in this matter, whatever you and we may think of his theological teachings. In a letter to Secretary Thompson

of the World's Fair Sunday Opening Association he said: "The Sunday closing of this spectacle would be very unfortunate for many thousands of our countrymen, who would be tempted to spend the day in dissipation." Bishop Spaulding, a member of the same church, was even more outspoken. "I hope," he said, "that some means can yet be devised through which the Fair will be opened Sundays. There will be thousands of visitors here, and with the saloons and places of vice being wide open while the gates of the Fair are shut, we fear there will be cause for regret that the Exposition was closed. We believe that all museums and libraries should be open on Sundays. They act as educators, and no one disputes the fact that they elevate mankind. If Puritanical customs must prevail, why not close the public park on Sundays? If Christian ministers insist on closing the gates of the Exposition, workingmen will believe that the church has no sympathy with them, and the influence the church now has among them will be almost entirely destroyed."

DISHONESTY OF THE PETITIONERS FOR SUNDAY CLOSING.

As to the petitions which will be presented to you asking for Sunday closing we would say a word in warning. They should be discounted about seventy-five per cent. You will get resolutions from ministerial conferences and synods, representing through each minister so many thousands of communicants. Then the ministers will return home and have their churches vote to ask you to close the Exposition. They represent so many hundreds, each church. Then the Sunday-schools will pass a resolution representing so many more. Then they will all sign petitions, from the little tot whose fingers have to be guided to the trembling octogenarian in his second childhood. They again represent the hundreds and thousands who have already been represented three times. And then will come the Epworth Leagues, and the Young Men's Christian Associations, and the Young Women's Christian Associations, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Ministerial Monday-meeting Associations, and the sewing circles, and the churches in union meetings, and the Sunday-schools in festivals assembled, and the Sunday-school Teachers' Unions, and many other societies, all composed of the same individuals, from Sunday-school to octogenarian, multiplying themselves indefinitely and counting themselves each time as an individual or society opposed to desecrating the Lord's Day! These opponents of Sunday opening are, as we say, children of immature age, men who desire to monopolize the day for business reasons, old grannies of both sexes, and preachers of no sex, and a few perfectly well-meaning honest people who believe that Sunday opening is wrong because they have been told so, and will not change their minds because they have never learned how to think.

Col. John T. Dickinson, secretary of the National Commission of the World's Fair, kept tally-sheets of the petitions presented to the commission asking for Sunday closing. The names sent in exceeded from several states the whole population of those states as given by the census of 1890. The churches claimed that 4,053,425 citizens of Ohio desired Sunday closing. The total population of Ohio then was 3,672,316. The petitions from Michigan contained 4,050,618 names asking for Sunday closing. Michigan's population at that time was 2,093,889 people. As the Jackson (Mich.) Industrial News at the time remarked: "This is a sad commentary upon closing the Fair on account of morality when Christian people will resort to such measures."

CONCLUSION.

Thus we have as briefly as the importance of the case permits presented to you the reasons which occur to us against closing the Exposition, and in favor of opening it. We have of definite purpose avoided a religious argument, and presented to you chiefly the humanitarian aspect of the matter. We argue for morality, for education, for freedom, for common sense. If any period of time could be sacred—which it cannot—we could pile up proof and evidence and argument by the volume and library full, that Sunday is not the Sabbath, and therefore is not that sacred period. We could give you the history of the day, showing its pagan origin. We could quote the controversies over it from Luther to Ingersoll, and exhibit the pernicious results, the cruelties and murders, which have come from its observance and worship. But we take it that you are men of judgment and scholarship, and need none of this. You no doubt know more of the untenability of the claims made for Sunday than we do. We are but pleading for justice and right, for light and liberty, for the welfare of the people of this country who will visit your city, thousands of them for the first time, next summer. Let them be well treated, so that whether they come again or not they will have pleasant memories of Buffalo and speak up for it among their friends. But will they do this, think you, if the gates of the Exposition they come to see are shut in their faces? You know as well as we that they will not. If Buffalo is to be benefited by the Exposition, it must be open Sundays. If the Exposition is to be a success, it must be open Sundays. In South America Sunday is a holiday. What would those from that continent, upon whom and whose efforts and goodwill so much depends, think of the hospitality and courtesy of this country to find the gates locked on Sunday? You have invited all America to come and see you; and you will have visitors from all the world. For the reputation of the country, for the sake of its character as a broad and generous and progressive nation, do not give them the opportunity or occasion to revile us as a narrow, provincial, sectarian aggregation of superstitious peasants. Be cosmopolitan, be open-hearted, be great in your administration of the Exposition. A narrow and shrunken policy would ruin it, reducing it to the level of a country fair, a pumpkin show for provincials, a daring scheme rendered abortive by a failure to grasp the golden opportunity and make it your own.

We have the honor to remain yours very truly,
J. B. WILSON, President
E. C. REICHWALD, Secretary,
SAMUEL TOOMEY, Treasurer,
JOSEPHINE K. HENRY,
E. M. MACDONALD,
Directors: American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation.

He who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

St. Vicity is one of the first great laws of greatness, and another like unto it is humility.

Love should give wings to the feet of service, and strength to the arms of labor.

The whole world is honest to an honest man; and to a thief all are thieves.

UNCANNY MUSIC.

It Startles the Relatives of a Man Who Died Recently.

The Chicago American says that the residents of Whiting, Ind., are in a state of excitement over some occurrences that savor strongly of the occult. A young and very popular man who died a month ago is reported as having been seen in his former haunts, and witnesses of undoubted probity have testified to the truth of the statements. Reports of these manifestations have been circulating in Whiting since the young man's death a month ago, and the town has been divided between scoffers and believers. His relatives—an uncle and family—declining to be interviewed.

John Langmire, the uncle above mentioned, a much respected employee of the Standard Oil Company, has moved his family, in most unpropitious weather, from the house in which they have lived five years and a half, and he makes no secret of the fact that it was impossible to live there any longer because of the mysterious manifestations above referred to.

Barney Kessler was killed on December 20 last while employed by the Calumet Railroad. He had worked eight years for the Standard Oil Company, and had only just started on his new employment. His sudden death was a terrible shock to his uncle's family, with whom he spent a great deal of his time, as well as to the many societies and clubs to which he belonged. Though only twenty-five years old he was president of the Nonpareil Club and held a high office in the local lodge of the Knights of Pythias. These societies conducted the funeral, sending the body to Cleveland for interment, in which city his mother lived.

It was while the uncle and aunt were conveying the body home to Cleveland that the first manifestation occurred in the house. Mrs. D. Ferris, a neighbor, was left in charge of Mr. Langmire's house and his little daughter, aged twelve. Mrs. Ferris, after seeing that everything was secure, went to sleep, with the little girl, in the bedroom off the kitchen.

"I woke up," said Mrs. Ferris, "with the feeling that some one was in the house and simply thought of burglars. Presently the piano started to play, and I did not know what to make of it. I never associated the music with young Kessler, though I knew he was fond of music. I thought the burglar was very daring, imagining that the whole family had the house, and I turned to the little girl, and found she was awake and listening."

"What are we going to do?" I whispered.

"Do," said the child, "why that's Barney Kessler's music."

"In a few moments the music ceased, and the footsteps moved into the bedroom leading from the sitting-room. I heard the hat boxes moved around on the shelves of the clothes closet, and concluded that the burglar was preparing to throw the stuff out of the window. I jumped out of bed and went into the sitting-room and from thence into the bedroom, but found no one there. The doors were locked and the windows were fastened just as securely as when I went to bed. The floor of the sitting-room was strewn with sheets of music that had been lying in neat piles on the piano when we retired for the night."

"The little girl was not so nervous then as she became later, and she assured me that her cousin Barney was playing." He always plays when he comes into the house," she said.

Mrs. Langmire's eyes were full of tears as she spoke of the young man whose untimely death had brought them so much sorrow.

"We don't like to talk about the matter," she said, "for people don't believe us. I just couldn't stay in the house, where he was so lively and happy. No, he didn't board with us for the last two years, but he was in and out, and always went to the piano first on entering. He was so kind and good natured that I cannot see why he should want to distress us now."

To the question as to whether she had ever seen her nephew since his death she replied in the negative.

"Barney knew how nervous I was, and I don't think about what he would do. My husband saw him quite plainly on the night of January 17. We were too nervous to go to bed, and we sat back of the sitting-room stove. About 11 o'clock I saw my husband start and stare in the direction of the room where the piano stood. He said nothing and I did not know till next day that he had seen Barney enter the door and cross over to the piano. Then he hesitated a moment and disappeared. I suppose he was afraid to play, knowing the state of my nerves," and Mrs. Langmire looked as if she were on the verge of nervous prostration.

WHEREFORE?

Wherefore be punished forever, I pray, For the slight little sins that we do to-day?

Will sorrow forever encompass the soul, For our trifling thoughts that we could not control?

Will the finger of scorn be pointed by those Who have sins of their own they would not disclose?

Oh! can we not love or sympathy show, For those who forever leave tracks where they go?

Can we not remember, some part of the time, That to err is but human; to forgive is divine?

The Master did tell them (and they left her alone), That he without sin should cast the first stone.

Meet error with wisdom, and anger with love; Thus fitting ourselves for the mansion above.

G. W. SANFORD, Verdugo, Cal.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH. A Prominent Club in Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BROOKLYN SPIRITIST PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB—TESTIMONY OF SOME OF ITS MEMBERS UPON SOME OF THE VERIFIABLE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor:—During my stay in Brooklyn I was made moderator of a club known as The Spiritist Philosophical Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y. We met every Monday evening at the home of Mr. Augustus Kurth, vice-president of the First German National Bank, and husband of Mrs. E. F. Kurth, president of the Woman's Progressive Spiritual Union, which I served four months last year, April, May, October and November. At one of these club meetings it was agreed that certain members should bring to the next meeting a writing of some valuable experience, the data of which could be verified. It was furthermore agreed that these testimonies should be published in your paper under the following heading: "Proceedings of the Brooklyn Spiritist Philosophical Club. Testimony of some of its members upon some of the verifiable phenomena of Spiritualism."

REPORT BY WM DANMAR.

Every Spirit who visits the materializing mediums in New York, knows the fine spirit Carrie Miller, the daughter of the well-known Chas. R. Miller, in the 24th ward of Brooklyn. Her father visits mediums so often to meet her, that she is unusually practiced in the use of materializing mediums, and performs things which can be done by few spirits. One of her latest tricks was to dematerialize in an instant right before the eyes of the sitters. She could do that quicker than any other spirit, she claims. I am well acquainted with her old father, and she often comes to me.

Some years ago in a materializing séance of Mrs. Caldwell's, Carrie materialized outside the cabinet, on the floor, called me to her, took my arm and requested me to open the door and take her out. She said: "I want to show you how I can stand the light." I took her out. We were in the long corridor of a flat-house, with a full gas light about 20 feet away from us. The light was so bright that I could not look at it. She bended her face forward, so that the light struck her face. I believe she stood it ten seconds. I said, "Carrie, you are very beautiful." She pushed my arm and said: "Take me back." I opened the door and we went back into the séance room, she always placing me so that my shadow protected her against that gaslight. I am sure she would not have been with me, if I had not been reliable on the point.

When we were in the middle of the room, she requested me to put my finger in her eye. I hesitated, though I knew it could be done. She took my right hand, stretched out my forefinger and pushed it into her left eye. She pushed it further, and it was finally in her head to its full length. The head seemed to be empty, but I felt the inside of her skull. In fact, I had my finger behind her forehead.

REPORT BY FRANK C. JOHNSON.

About three years ago, twelve friends formed a class for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of materialization. We met at the house of one of the class, the medium being a prominent Brooklynite.

At the third seance the spirit of a young girl came and gave me the name of M. S. She came and went twice in six months, and then, in answer to my inquiries she gave me her history and that she had lived and passed out in a certain town in Wisconsin. She detailed the particulars of her death and burial, and the names of her parents, who still lived in the old homestead, and asked me to write and have her statements corroborated.

I first communicated with the postmaster to make sure that such a family lived in that town, and then I wrote M. S. She came and went twice in six months, and then, in answer to my inquiries she gave me her history and that she had lived and passed out in a certain town in Wisconsin. She detailed the particulars of her death and burial, and the names of her parents, who still lived in the old homestead, and asked me to write and have her statements corroborated.

REPORT BY CHAS. P. COOKS.

It was on the evening of February 10, 1888, at a select circle of ten, harmoniously convened at the residence of the medium Rothermel in Brooklyn, where phenomena of an extraordinary character occurred, a faint outline of which will only be attempted by the writer.

A number of the spirit friends and relatives of the sitters were present, and known, and advanced from the cabinet with cheering words and happy greetings.

The room, which had been fairly lighted during the seances, was now darkened, and my attention was called to a luminous star floating above our heads and near the ceiling.

lowed was pronounced by all to be the most transcendently glorious of anything they had heretofore witnessed. It was triumphant.

The spirit Carrie Miller emerged from the cabinet beautifully illuminated, and after speaking a few words to her father, Mr. Chas. R. Miller, who was seated at the extreme of the horse-shoe circle nearest to the cabinet, rose grandly from the floor, directly visible to all, floating high in mid-air, softly ascending and then descending again.

Her voice could be heard above the quieting audible expressions of wonderment which filled the room as she ascended; and assuming a position nearly horizontal, floated across the room over the heads of the sitters most remote from the cabinet.

Being brilliantly illuminated, the entire room could be seen as distinctly as if the room had been well lighted. This manifestation continued through the space of several minutes, and after the form alighted upon the floor the second time, and addressed a parting word to her father, she retired to the cabinet and there disappeared.

The medium's control afterwards informed us that this spirit in the act of levitation was transformed from this condition of materialization to that of etherization, and then vice-versa.

After this the seance soon closed, the power being exhausted, but the entire seance which lasted during the space of two hours, was replete with the most satisfactory evidences of the truth of spirit return to mortals.

This successful effort on the part of the immortal workers, illustrates their command of power over material things under favorable conditions—a harmonious circle of their own selection.

REPORT BY CHAS. McARTHUR.

About eighteen years ago, while on a visit to Boston, I went with Luther Colby, the editor of the Banner of Light, to a materializing seance given by Mrs. Pickering.

While we were having our places assigned in the circle, two ladies entered the room. The elder one was seated on my right and the younger one was placed two seats to my left.

Before the manifestations commenced the elder lady informed me that this was the first seance of any kind that she had attended; that she came through sheer curiosity, and asked if I had ever seen any convincing manifestations. On my assuring her that I had attended many, she was thoroughly convinced of the truth of materialization, she begged me to post her how to act in case any of her friends should appear. This I did.

After several forms had materialized, and in at least two cases had dematerialized outside of the cabinet, there came the form of a young woman, seemingly about 22 years of age. It beckoned to the lady by my side, and she advanced cautiously toward it, and when within a few feet, it gave a faint light to plainly discern the features, we heard her say: "My God, Julia, is that you?" They immediately embraced. The lady burst into tears, whereupon the form gently withdrew from her embrace and backed into the cabinet.

As the lady turned to take her seat, the form reappeared and I called her attention to it. The lady turned and asked the two ladies to get up. A whispered conversation took place, and then the lady called to her younger companion, who immediately joined her, and we again heard the exclamation, "My God, Julia, is that you?"

The three, two mortals and a spirit form, stood together under that gas jet, with arms clasped around each other, while kisses were freely given.

This lasted maybe two minutes, when the form slowly sank to the floor, and the two ladies and I were in full sight of every sitter in the circle.

The elder lady, when she returned to her seat, was weeping in tears, and when she had recovered her composure, I asked her about this "Julia," and was informed that she was a niece, whose parents had died when she was two years old, and that the lady had brought her up as her own child.

I then turned to the younger lady and asked if she had fully recognized the form. She answered "Yes," and when I further pressed the question she became indignant, saying in about these words: "This was my cousin Julia. Her mother died when she was two years old. She came to our house and was brought up by my mother. Being of the same age, we became inseparable companions. We slept in the same bed, went to the same school, graduated in the same class. She died only six months ago. I saw her features plainly, and besides she spoke to me on a matter known only to us two."

REPORT BY HERMANN HANDRICH.

A few congenial friends came together in the cozy home of a well-known lady on Bushwick avenue, in Brooklyn. Among them was Mrs. Susan Umber, through whose instrumentality we received communications from unseen visitors who manifested their presence by moving a so-called trumpet, i. e., an inanimate tin horn through which they spoke to us in their own characteristic and individualized voices, and in a comparatively unusual bright lighted room.

who reproached Thomas for his doubt in him, his brother and Babboni. After her dematerialization, that is to say, her apparent sinking in the carpet to my feet, there again appeared a similar white cloudy substance, which as in the former instance grew and developed in a smaller form of a beautiful woman with long curls, recognized by the lady of the house as her and the medium's natural form, who likewise dissolved in apparent nothingness. In testimonium veritatis. HERMANN HANDRICH.

ONLY A DOG.

Only a dog, but I loved it
As only its master could;
And our frolics and gambols we both enjoyed,
As only playmates would;
And when I arose in the morning,
As the day was growing bright,
My dog was the first to meet me
With greetings of truest delight.

Only a dog, but friends were we,
He'd faithfully watch with eyes of love,
For my coming home at night.
And when at work in the evening,
I often stopped to see,
The affection that only a dog could show,
And he lavished it all on me.

Only a dog, but the resper came
And to my dog away,
That resper—grim death—how harvests all,
Has left but his lifeless clay.
Yes, 'twas only a dog, but I'll miss him,
At morning, at noon, and at night,
For he'll meet me no more, when my labor is o'er
With his greetings of love and delight.

Only a dog, but I laid him away,
In his lonely, narrow bed,
And in pain and sorrow I dropped a tear
On my dog, that now is dead.
Dead! Say, is this the end for all time?
Oh my dog that has passed away,
No spirit of light to dwell on high,
Only a lump of clay?

Only a dog, but if this is the end
What is that land to me?
That land which is gained through the portals of death,
That they tell us is fair to see.
If we can't have our pets in that beautiful land,
Which I've heard is as bright as a star,
I've no use for the place—let me rest
With my dog—
Oblivion's better, by far.

J. CHADWIN LANGDALE.

Bangor, Me.

MY VALENTINE—WHO IS SHE?

My Valentine is sweeter far
Than faded nymphs of Venus are;
And this gay world without her face
Would be, to me, a desert place!
For she is all the world to me,
And I to her as dear must be.
She loves to tarry by my side,
Which fills my heart with boyish pride.
That she so pure and bright as she
Should cherish such regard for me,
And patiently accept my fate,
Whether high or low estate.

If fortune smile and bring renown
And wreath for me a laurel crown,
She shares it with a grateful smile;
Replete with purest love the while;
Or should disaster hush me down
And snatch away my honored crown;
Her faithful heart is ever true
And gives me hope to bear it through.
Like sunshine after pelted storm
So is her love and purest warm.
And naught on earth whatever be
Can tempt, or drive her from my side.
If I deserved a felon's cell
She would upon my virtues dwell;
And should I hear the stern decree,
"Depart, ye cursed, far from me!"
And be condemned to dwell below,
She gladly there would with me go,
And scorn the "heavenly mansions" fair.

Could not her sweetheart enter there,
And with the white-robed angels shine,
So steadfast is my Valentine.
One fault she has, I'm bound to tell,
She loves another quite as well.
And that one is my younger brother,
And we both worship darling Mother.
She holds enduring love divine;
Our fond maternal Valentine.

A. H. REYNOLDS.

Auburn, N. Y.

WHAT SOME BELIEVE.

That God awoke in darkness,
Six thousand years ago,
And looked around on Nothing,
To see what he could do.
He'd never had beginning,
Not born like you and me,
But always had existed,
—From all eternity.

But what he had been doing
Throughout those countless years,
No priest has ever told us—
It is no book explains.
Perhaps he had been sleeping,
With nothing for a bed,
With nothing for a pillow,
And nothing in his head.

With nothing for companion,
Through all that dreary night,
And only boundless nothing,
On which to feast his sight.
But now he rose to action,
Like a new-born infant sleep,
And of his six day labor—
The tale is rather "steep."

He took a pinch of nothing
And made this glorious earth
Another pinch of nothing,
And planets had their birth.
A little lump of nothing
Produced the powerful sun;
And so he worked on nothing,
Till stars and all were done.

And when all else was finished,
Of dust he made a man,
By mixing it with nothing,
On some mysterious plan.
He took a rib from Adam—
With nothing for a knife,
He made a full-grown wife.
He now damns us to Tophet,
Unless we all believe.

The story of creation—
The snake, the fruit and Eve.
He knew the kind of people
He was about to make,
Yet had to die some later,
Because of his mistake.
—Thought Breeder No. 2.

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NO COMPROMISE.

Where is "The Place to Laugh?"

To the Editor:—My attention was called to the heading of a few lines upon the fourth page, last column, of the Progressive Thinker, February 9, "The Place to Laugh." It calls attention to a suggestion by a high official in the N. S. A. that we cast about and see where the laugh is to be held in common with other denominations. Why, and what for? How many full-fledged, intelligent, independent Spiritualists are interested in what we hold in common with denominations? Are we not more interested in the common economic life of all the people?

What do Spiritualists hold in common with other denominations? That's a square, fair question. Suppose we count up and see what we possess, see how far we have got along in church holdings, with "other denominations."

First: We have a few regular, simple preachers, (clergymen will be a milder label for Spiritualists), and quite a multitude of irregular ones. We also have some pastors; some irregular and some regular churches. We have Sunday schools, kindergartens, grab-bags, lotteries, subscription lists, and contribution boxes for the good of the "cause."

If a score or more of our ablest missionaries could only be moved upon by the holy ghost, to volunteer and go to China, at once, because of the great and loud call for help in that far away heathen colony, it would make a strong showing of another "hold" we have in common with "other denominations."

Our camps, prayers, invocations to our God—"Infinite Intelligence," half fares, or commutation fares, upon our public transportation companies, also the Home at the Capital for the high officials. All these attachments to ourism, the N. S. A. "holds" in common with "other denominations."

This is where the laugh comes in. The inference is that we may or ought to hold many things in common with other denominations and those outside of denominations; I think we have held in common with these outside of denominations for the past fifty years than on the inside, and in my opinion it is a mistake to make any move or compromise for the purpose of reaching the insiders—they are joined to their idols, let them alone.

There is a large field on the outside and it is rapidly increasing every day, a few more Herrons, Leadbeaters, Newtons, Savages, and Roberts of Kansas City, turned loose on the outside of denominations, and our Spiritual missionaries would be called to do heavy work on the inside of our denominations, and the poor heathens of China would be turned over to our Christian governments, and their bullets would land them in the denominational heaven with much less expense, prayers and orthodox methods.

From the viewpoint of the writer there is a deep laid plan upon the part of those who are at the front in the N. S. A. movement to mould it into anism. They totally ignored the wishes expressed by a large number of representative Spiritualists in The Progressive Thinker, why did they do this? Was the subject of creed, or no creed; God, or no God, unimportant? Did not the symposium writers make their wishes clear, and plain, and did they not represent two-thirds at least of the Spiritualists of America, yes, of the world?

What was the object or design in ignoring the large majority? Do the officials ever dream that they themselves are largely accountable for the demoralization of the movement? Do they not know that division and dissension have been increased by every annual N. S. A. Convention? Are they too old, or young, to take a hint; or are they engaged in a scheme of sifting, condensing and division in order to determine just what they "hold" in common with "other denominations?"

If the truth of continued life is all-inclusive it must relate to every life expressed, and it comes into every life as soon as said life is unfolded, and the result of fifty years' effort at proselytizing?

Is there one proselyter of fifty years ago left, who is still a proselyter? If there is one, there are not a dozen. Why? Because they have seen the folly of it, they have come to see and understand that growth prepares the way for Spiritual unfoldment; Spiritual unfoldment invites spirits and spiritual relations and conditions.

What are the first and most necessary conditions for spiritual growth? Certainly the answer must be right living, a healthy body, appetites and passions mastered, a clean, true life. Can this be brought about, gained except by personal effort at home, on the farm, or in the work-shop?

Have we not had about enough of the hypocritical, muzzled efforts, of our Spiritual pastors, and reverends? Is it any wonder that we need a drum corps to get a handful of phenomenal Spiritualists together, even in our large cities? Would our world swing off its hinges, if our clasp hypocrites and pharisees should cease? Is there the least necessity for this church tomfoolery, necessary for the true spiritual return and communion with the spiritual world? Would there be any less spiritual truth if there were no societies, no preachers? Would there be any less sunshine if we hid ourselves away in darkness? Is a materialist any less a materialist because he receives a communication from a friend that he supposed was dead? Does he not have to leave his knowledge of the new life in order to understand spiritual things? Have we not in our Spiritual press the best possible exponent and teacher of the Spiritual? What would become of organized Spiritualism if a Leadbeater, Prof. Herch, and E. Roberts of Kansas City, should turn missionaries? There are no religious why Spiritualism does not grow into a few such teachers.

The effort to corner and monopolize Spiritualism will fail; the ism may be cornered, but the truth of continued life, or the truth that it is all-inclusive, never.

The truth of spirit return is as old as the hills, and only needs the unfolded life for universal manifestation. It is not a local, or a national, or a denominational, or a sectarian thing. It is a spiritual truth, without a label or denomination is here and finds glorious expression outside of all denominations, limited, and restricted influences.

"Three Jubilee Lectures." By J. M. Peebles. M. D. Doctor Peebles is a trenchant and instructive writer and lecturer, and these three addresses, on the occasion of and pertinent to the Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, are well worthy of being preserved in this form, in print. Price, \$5 cents. For sale at this office.

A FEAST.

Mass Meeting at La Crosse, Wis.

The Spiritualists of La Crosse have just had a feast of good things in the mass meeting just closed. It was our high honor and privilege to have with us Messrs. Hull and Mrs. Hoffman, besides the efficient president of the State Association, Mrs. Clara L. Stewart. The meetings throughout were well attended, several pastors of the different churches being present at one or two of the meetings. It is the conviction of the writer that the logical eloquence of our brother Moses Hull on the Bible and its relation to Spiritualism, has awakened many to think for themselves and study that book as they never have before. The test work of Max Hoffman was a revelation to many, and I am sure will have the same effect as it did on the writer three years ago—set them to thinking, and I sincerely hope with the same result.

The meetings closed with only one regret on the part of all; that they were not of longer duration. At the closing session Mrs. Stewart tendered on behalf of the association a vote of thanks to all who so liberally supported the meetings, both financially and by their presence; to the singers, to the local society, and especially to Mr. G. H. Brooks, to whose untiring effort is wholly due the pleasure we have just had.

The best musical talent of the city, under the leadership of Miss Ethel G. Scott, gave us beautiful music. At the closing session Mrs. Stewart introduced Messrs. Hull, by a poem written for the occasion by the Boardman, a copy of which is herewith presented:

OUR MOSES.

The leader, who the multitude
Out of Egyptian bondage drew,
May look to-day from exile's home,
With pity on the struggling few
Who represent, in trait and place,
The remnant of a chosen race.

From our viewpoint he seems almost
A myth that we have power to scan,
A land where to Israel's host
With attributes of God and man.
He may have held, may still hold place
As leader of a chosen race.

Before the world to-day there stands,
With a commission of high worth,
Another, with outstretched hands
Brings warning messages to earth,
With safeguards for the oversight
That help the poor and low to rise.

I might not say it to his face,
That he's God's messenger to you—
The chosen leader of no race,
But all beneath Heaven's Blue.
His armor truth, progress his aim;
His message and reward the same.

Think twice before you spurn his word
That offers now your way to light
From Error's bondage. Do not turn
Back to the mire of myth and night.
With ear to hear and eye to see
Our Moses of a Century.

ISABELLE S. PAUL.

La Crosse, Wis.

BEYOND THE BLUE.

I know a land beyond the blue,
Through the rifts of the clouds,
Where the stars peep through,
Where beautiful flowers of every hue
Bloom unceasingly.

I know dear friends in that sunny land,
The dearest friends I ever knew,
Who are waiting for me by the golden strand,
And who will lovingly take my hand
When I enter there.

I know sweet faces in that heavenly land,
Whose smiles illumine my paths so drear,
And oft when my heart is sad and lonely,
They come with comfort my life to cheer
And leave a blessing.

I see white hands beckoning me
To that beautiful land beyond the blue,
Where I shall spend an eternity,
And patiently wait and wait for you,
Dear old friend.

ANNETTE B. KRAEKLER.

Dayton, O.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is a beating thing,
Ever speeding on the wing;
We must seize it as it flies.
Waiting not for brighter skies,
As the sunbeam on the floor,
Skips and dances o'er and o'er,
And eludes our eager grasp,
So dits pleasure from our grasp.

The transient joys to which we cling
Ofttimes impart a grievous sting,
Velling in gloom the sunlit skies
To which our aspirations rise.
We travel in woe life's pathway o'er,
And vanishing hopes sink lower and lower,
And the good in life escapes our grasp
In our foolish haste the reflection to grasp.

HENRY M. EDMISTON.

SPIRITUALISM.

An Attack Upon it Repelled.

Allow me, through the columns of your paper to make a few remarks on the sermon delivered at the Methodist Church in Rutledge, Mo., in which the learned minister, either through malice or a mistaken understanding of God's word, took the pulpit as a place from which to hurl uncomplimentary epithets at all believers in Spiritualism.

When the brother stops to consider, he will have to admit that there is something in Spiritualism that is not foolishly.

All Christians concede that there is a soul or spirit that leaves the human body at death, and takes its flight to another world; if it can leave this world, why can it not return? There are hundreds of authenticated instances where they have and do return; cases where people on their death beds saw and recognized friends who had gone before.

Spiritualism has been the means of converting many from infidelity to Christianity, by proving to them the reality of a better world beyond the grave.

The Bible is a living proof of Spiritualism; the greater part of it was written by ignorant men, who were inspired, or in other words it was written by living mediums whose hands were guided by the Holy Spirit.

Christ appeared to his disciples, after his crucifixion, in a room with closed doors.

Peter was a trance medium, as will be seen by turning to Acts, 10th chapter, 10th verse.

St. John, on the Isle of Patmos, was another, when he wrote his revelations to the seven churches of Asia.

We have another instance in I Sam., 28th chapter, where Saul visited the woman of Endor and conversed with the spirit of Samuel.

These are only a few of the proofs of Spiritualism. Many others will be found by the careful reader between the lids of the Bible. While many people admit the doctrine of Spiritualism, they claim that only the evil spirits return. Does any sensible person for an instant believe that God would allow the evil more privilege than the good? Certainly not. If any are favored it is the good, not the evil. And some people imagine that a Spiritualist cannot be a Christian—that the belief is in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible. There never was a greater mistake.

Spiritualism, when rightly understood, goes hand in hand with Christianity, and proves, if proof be necessary, the truth of the Bible.

Cases are known to the writer where Spiritualism has been proved to the troubled heart in direct answer to prayer, that if false or true, God would so prove it to them, and in each case it has been proven true without the shadow of a doubt, and this truth has done much toward converting the broken hearted. Does any one think that God would answer prayers and comfort the broken hearted, for something that was utterly false? At least we do not; we have more faith in our God than to think he would do such a thing.

Of course there are frauds in all things, and there are no doubt frauds among Spiritualists just as there are among church members and Christians. But we are not dealing with the hypocrites now, but with those who are sincere and know whereof they speak.

In regard to the being of ignorant classes who have this belief, we beg leave to differ. Are we to call Camille Flammarion, the world's greatest astronomer; Prof. Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania, Prof. James of Harvard, Dr. Richard Hodgson of Oxford and Prof. Hyslop ignorant men? So, there are the wise ones? And before these some of the world's greatest ministers have been converted to this belief.

The world is advancing. A few years ago had any one predicted that telegraph messages would be sent without the use of wires, the idea would have been ridiculed, and he would have been considered a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. And yet to-day it is an established fact that such messages can be sent on ether waves without the use of wires.

Spiritualism, although held down and frowned upon so long, is gradually coming to the front as the world grows more enlightened; and instead of its followers being the ignorant class, they are the deepest thinkers, the highest educators in the land.

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An Intellectual Monstrosity.

The Experience of a Spirit.

As Told by Himself; Through the Lips of Mrs. Gora L. V. Richmond.

"The fool hath said in his heart, 'there is no God.'"
Undoubtedly I was mad! But I will tell you what led up to it:

I had studied the laws of physical science. By nature born to investigate every form of life around me, I had made up my mind that everything was governed by law, and that which we call intelligence was simply the action of a portion of the natural forces in the human organism. I did not believe there was any intelligence in the universe aside from its manifestations in nature. I believed that the human intelligence, being the epitome of physical creation, was superior to all other intelligence.

I had a theory, and working upon that theory, I commenced my education in foreign schools and ended it at the University of Berlin. I afterwards came to this country, having visited England and the other European countries. I studied the thought of the various scientific men in all the countries I visited. I made up my mind that I would devote myself to solving the human problem. In order to do that I must become possessed of all knowledge obtainable of the substances beneath the human organism. The theory of the evolution of human life I had not doubted; especially the evolution of intelligence.

I pursued my investigations; becoming thoroughly acquainted, as I supposed, with all that was known of chemistry, of physiology and anatomy, with whatever had been written concerning the gradual evolution of man from the lower orders of existence. I will not weary you by tracing, as I did through many years, these different substances, but I thought I had at last found the ultimate atom, that which would give me the solvent of human intelligence, and I thought I could govern the atoms in their molecular relations in the same manner that they were governed in the universe cosmically. I resolved substance into what I called cosmic elements. I placed them in my retort, with the result of what I supposed was, and what I denominated, cosmic dust. In a sphere or globe of glass, which I cannot describe to you without suitable apparatus, I arranged all these elements, and having obtained what I believed to be the ultimate solution, I placed that solution in a vacuum, or as near a vacuum as obtainable, at first shutting out the light and heat. Gradually these molecules assumed spherular form; gradually there came to be a miniature arrangement of the world, gradually there seemed to be a center formed. At last I saw, to my not great surprise, that center seemed to control other centers, and that those other centers controlled centers or satellites. In other words, I reproduced, under similar conditions, what I supposed to be an image of the moving, heavenly bodies. It is true there was no uniform cosmic arrangement; there was no great and wonderful agitation that usually accompanies the forming of new planets as offshoots from the sun. I seemed to forget that the great sun's splendor originally filled all the space now occupied by this solar system, that its various planets were formed by the forming of outer rings, that in their turn were broken to form the planets, the satellites or moons being portions of the ring that had not been assimilated with the planet, but, nevertheless, have a similar rotation and at last are drawn to the planet to accompany it in its revolutions around the sun.

Finally I decided to attempt the imitation of organic substance, producing in my experiments the things that were analogous to plants and to the lower order of animals. In fact the fauna and flora of this latitude were quite well known to me, as well in their generic as in their chemical relations. I produced what I believed to be imitations of nature, not of conferring the origin of life without a germ, but of forming an organism of substance that would respond to certain actions magnetically and electrically. This was as far as I could go; but I thought with suitable analysis of certain substances of which the human organism is composed in their active relations; if I could only have a living organism beneath my eyes—I did not know of the X-ray—if I could see it in action (for I believed there could be a distinct chemical and electrical analysis while there was full action in human life), I believed I could obtain the results desired! Nevertheless, I seriously set about the creation of a human organism by superficial methods.

Intent upon my purpose, I found that I was fully possessed with knowledge of the human anatomy, even the composition of the nerves and the nerve aura, and of the various fibres and the different systems throughout the human organism.

I toiled for many years. I became a recluse; I set myself apart from all human beings in the pursuit of my one aim. I would become a creator, I would defy, not only this talk of an infinite God, but of any intelligence superior to man or outside of the human organism; I would show that it would be possible in the ultimate of human science to produce what nature produces as the result of her organic laws. What man had accomplished in discovering and solving the great problems of natural science, I would add to and supplement by the production of an intelligent, automatic human being.

I was already mad, as you will see. But they do say that much or little learning makes men mad. Whether it is true, intent upon my purpose, my pursuit, I will remember, how carefully each substance was separated; I well remember the analysis of bone, fibre and tissue, that sometimes took days, weeks, months; I well remember, at last, placing bones, nerves, fibres, tissue, arteries, all in their proper position, the forming of artificial corpuscles of blood, and their correct color. I remember distinctly of thinking that all was in perfect accord; since not only brain, tissue, fibre, but such substance as it is thought that mind itself is composed of had been subject to my analysis. I remember distinctly of having this form created before my very gaze.

How many years it took to make that automatic representation of a human being you will scarcely believe; but for forty years I had worked upon that alone, after I had studied and studied until I was thirty. This brought me along toward that time when I knew I must leave the human body, when I know it must dissolve. Could not I, when my body was worn out, take intelligent possession of the thing that I had fashioned and live in that which was not worn and feeble? Ah! The thought filled me with the greatest exhilaration. I remembered that in the crucibles of old, in the rare alembic of science, it was supposed the elixir of perpetual youth would be found. I remembered that many had crossed the ocean at the time of the discovery of this continent to find "the fountain of perpetual youth" that was said to exist in the islands of the western sea. I remembered that among ancient Magians there was subtle knowledge of all the elements of earth and air and sky, that under transmutation, like the fatal secret of Merlin, one might become immortal on the earth. Ah! Now, I could vie with those fabled gifts of antiquity! Now I would taste that immortality which did not depend upon any fickle deity, but which was my own.

When at last the frame was ready and all the substance was prepared and placed in proper position, I believed I would breathe into that thing—the breath of life and it would become a living being. I breathed—and I went stark mad.

There was oblivion, for how many years I did not know until I awakened in spirit life. My body? Was it my automatic structure? Passed away, dispersed, the work of a madman. And I; my consciousness living without the organism of the dust. Still I could see that I had a form resembling that of my youth; I could see that every fibre responded to my will. But was I alone in all the universe, that I had supposed to be a universe of life? For look in whatsoever direction I would I could not see a world, a star or form of any kind; I could not see the earth. Then I was in an absolute void, I only was there. Suddenly the thing that I had constructed came before me, nodded and then simply reflected me; did, and said the things that I thought and said; when I moved, it moved; when I bowed that bowed; when I smiled, which I did to try to change its mood, that would smile a ghastly smile. Whatever I did, this thing mocked me. I could not go anywhere, for there seemed to be nowhere to go. I could not get rid of it, because whichever way I turned the image was there. I saw reflected in that image all my own thoughts; what I had thought when I was producing the bony structure that was to make the skeleton; what I thought when I had, with my chemical apparatus, lubricated the joints; what I thought when I made the fluid that would constitute the nerves; what I thought when making the veins and tissues that were to carry the fluid of life throughout the structure, what I thought during the whole process of my work upon its creation this thing would reproduce to me. Then every little while it would burst out saying: "God indeed, as though nature were not sufficient, and man the king of all." Then again and again would this image go through with all these thoughts; until I said, "Will you never cease? Will you never have done? Are you, then, a living thing? And are you and I to be together eternally?"

"Eternally," the thing answered, and mocked me as it answered.

Then I said, "Will we do nothing but face each other so, and you tell me the things that I told you when I was fashioning you, the things that I talk to you in thoughts and words, will that go on forever?"

"Forever," said the image.

Then I said, "I am mad, and if my body is dead on earth and the earth is annihilated, I am still mad."

And it said, "Still mad."

Then I thought of all the things that people could ever do to get rid of disagreeable things; of spells, incantations, of the power of will, which Professor Gregory, of the Edinburgh University, had told me was sufficient to control anything, even wild beasts, and I looked that thing in the eye. Even as I looked, back again was my look reflected, and the image of my thought, and the incantations were reproduced, and all was at naught.

Then I said, "I will bother myself no more, but close my eyes." Close my eyes I did, but there was no such thing as shutting out that object. Still did it haunt me. "I will calculate the distances of the sun, moon and stars; I will tell of their orbits, I will repeat the curriculum of the schools, I will tell of languages, I will repeat all things concerning mathematics, until I weary." But that

thing never desisted me. Whatever I thought, whether I seemed to express it in words or only in my mind with my eyes closed, intent upon shutting it out, still would that horrible thing repeat it. There was no word of language I had learned in any college course, nothing in any line of human anger, there was no curse or epithet that I did not apply to that thing, but still it repeated each word. I called on all the powers that I had ever heard of—excepting God. Unexpectedly the thought came to me, "What if I should say and believe that there is a God, and undo and unthink everything that I had thought? What if I should say, I believe there are souls; and what if I should say, I am spirit, since I seem to have survived whatever was bodily?" As I thought these thoughts, I said the word "God," half-believing, and the word "soul," with a new kind of feeling already, and the words, "I am spirit," and I saw that thing tremble; I saw it seem to oscillate, and there was something that seemed like dissolution. Would it leave me. Would it depart? "What am I, a living soul, a living spirit within the universe of God?" I believed it.

There was one great, wonderful crash, that sounded to me like the cleaving of the heavens. I had heard many thunder-storms; I had heard Alpine glaciers come crashing down the mountain sides; I had heard the frightful sounds of battle, but I never heard such a sound as that. When I looked around that thing was gone; there was a vast space like the empyrean filled with stars, below me seemed the earth, around me were beings like myself. They seemed kind, and there were others seemingly far off, but all more or less beautiful.

I stood amazed; since I am to have no part nor parcel in their existence. They moved to and fro, evidently intent on doing some work or mission. As far as my eyes could see there were these beings passing to and fro. Some visited the earth and brought, seemingly, spirits from the earth with them. No one noticed me, I was still alone. I called to them but they made no answer. I used all the force and persuasion at my command, but they replied not. I thought, "Well, this is better than that horrible thing that has departed from me; but shall I be alone in the midst of all these people? Will they not discover or pay any attention to me?" I did not seem to have power to move, although I did not stand upon the earth, nor could I perceive that I stood upon anything, but I was alone.

Then I began to think: "How would it be to enquire for companionship? I who had been alone with my thoughts, with my images, with my ideas, with my science and with my constructions? I who had been alone for years upon the earth, thinking of nothing but this thing, that finally I hoped had gone from me forever, gone along with all whom I had ever known or cared for as a child. I remembered my mother, but I simply had not thought of her for years. Suddenly, as a subliminal comes out of the sky when the clouds are parted in a rainy day, a little girl stood beside me. I recalled that she was the only being whom I had ever cared for. That once, when I was a young man pursuing my studies, this little child had been in danger; I had watched her from in front of a runaway team, and then passed on my way. The next day she stood beside me as I passed that way to my studies, and gave me a flower; and every day for many weeks she stood there, and her face haunted me for some time. Then I grew so hard and callous, pursuing my themes, that I forgot her. But here she was with a flower. I seized that flower as though it were a part of life, as though it were the one thing in all the universe that I had been seeking, as though suns, planets and moons had been studied for the purpose of finding that flower, as though nature had been for years resolved in my crucibles for the purpose of finding that blossom, and I studied it. As I looked at her, instead of a child she grew to womanhood right before my gaze. She remained looking at me and saying: "I have always thought of you as my benefactor, and when at last I died—for I did die on earth, but I am still living—I went to you, but you were alone and you were so intent upon something that I could not understand, and that finally seemed so horrible to me that I could not stay, and never in all the years that you were there did I fail to go sometimes, to see if you had changed. When, finally, that great darkness came upon you that eclipsed your mind, I ministered to you then; but you did not know what was passing in either world. Now," she said, "that you have rid yourself of that thing that you created, which was you, your image, your mind, your thought, your intelligence, what will you do?"

I put out my hand, and she took it. I seemed, compared to her, like a child. I said, "I am a babe. I do not know what world I am in. I do not know who these are, these beings. I have no belongings, I know nothing, will you teach me?"

She said: "Do you see a shadow yonder?"

"Yes."

"That is the earth; there we must go; because, first you have become as a child and your first duty must be to minister to others."

"But how can I minister to others? My knowledge is an empty dream; all my analysis of substance has van-

ished, but you come to me in the beauty of your immortal life and I have nothing to give to my fellow-beings."

"Give," she said, "of your experience; tell them what a flimsy fabric of the mind you created; tell them how every law of life is governed by intelligence, as the source of law; tell them there is no structure, not even as the smallest cloud, that is not influenced by that law of intelligence; tell them that you, though a monster you were of intellect, have no life now but the life of the spirit. For now you stand upon the other side of substance and you can disperse it. You talk about analysis and experiment in the crucible of science, one breath from the spirit can disperse all substance; you talk about the laws and unfailing properties of nature; on the physical side of life it is so, though they are but manifestations of the spirit. That image that you fashioned could have no soul, and your soul was shadowed in the attempt to make it."

"So," she said to me, "your first ministrations is to stand by the bar of justice and confess your error. Say to those people who dwell upon the earth, that not only pride, and the power of intellect that knows all the mechanism of the human structure, but that naught of human analysis can stand for one instant before the light of the spirit."

She took me to earth; she took me to a wonderful place; there were a number of people there, and some one, whom she called a "medium" was there, and that medium was holding a seance. I saw learned men in the audience, with intellects like mine, who did not believe in God or spirits, nor anything but law. I saw in the presence of the medium spirits came, they were not those especially endowed with intellect, but they seemed to have power over substance, they moved the substance of the room, they moved the physical hand of the medium, they wrote messages, they made music upon a closed piano, from that realm of manifestation they came and dispersed the lineaments of the medium, dispersed the organic nature and substance of things and passed them through other substances and they came through substance. I said to her, "You do something."

She said, "I will, if there is some one there whom I love. That is the great force by which they act, and if there were no such attraction I could not go."

She surrounded the medium with a most perfect aura of light, unlike anything in stars or worlds I had ever seen, then out of that aura projected an image like herself and appeared in the center of the room and the people there all saw it, but they did not see her whom I saw, and I said, "This is marvelous, since you know nothing of chemistry or the laws of physical life."

"But," she said, "there is no chemistry, the sympathy of love is what I use, and by the sympathy of my mother, who sits in that room I can go. She is now feeble and aged, but she understands me, and I can go to her." Then it seemed as though the mother broke the silence with prayer and praise to the Infinite for this message of life that had come to bear her on in her declining years.

Then another and another came. I saw with the most ravishing insight, that every law that I had studied from the human side had its inverse action in the spirit. That mind governed, that intelligence governed only by the power of affection, and that philanthropists and those interested in human welfare, interested in their fellow-beings, were the ones who came to subject and to act upon substance through mediums. So I began to study this great message of life, and then my friend and monitor told me:

"If you would give that which is of the most value to the human race, give your experience in human life and how you awoke to a spirit existence, of your own creation, and of having nothing there but the image you had fashioned in your arrogance and pride."

"Then I said, 'I will, but let me be a little stronger, let my knowledge of spirit existence grow, until I am sure of my true position.' Then led on and on, I perceived how the great forces of nature bend to the limitless force and behest of the spirit; how healing, and the gift of tongues, and the working of wonders were from within instead of from without, and the great life of the universe trembled in balance only by the power of Infinite will and guidance; that, like the engine, which has no power of motion in itself, though constructed for speed, unless guided by the engineer who knows and understands, so worlds, systems and suns are all guided and governed by the matchless power of intelligence; law pervaded by all intelligence."

Oh! at the feet of a child I learned wisdom and, at last, from the great voices of those beyond and above, from those finally who gathered around me, friends and companions of my childhood and youth, and from the love of that mother whom I had forgotten for all the years of my earthly manhood I received the lesson of spirit life and love; and now you ask me, what element and force is most potent in the realm of the universe and can best solve the problems of life, can best decide what is immortal, can best make up the substance and sum-total, I will tell you: It is the element of that Love that works in and through all things, bending substance to its divine mandates, and turns the spirit that has been hidden by external intellect unto the light of the soul.

On this rock I plant my doubtful feet; to this main land I cable my frail bark; and when I hear of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that awaiteth the traitor's foot, I tremble and my heart is calmed by the assurance that my father is at the helm. I can't see how a Spiritualist can be an atheist or a pessimist.

Woods, Oregon.

W. BUTT, SR.

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587

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

thousand rubens of the pagan world 1000 years before Christ was born and were made Christian festivals by the early Roman pontiffs. He told of remarkable cases of Spiritualistic manifestations that had taken place in his presence, one of which was the voice of a clergyman's son who had died in England twenty-four years before, telling of his youth to his parents through the mouth of a medium, a young girl sixteen. The parents were supposed to say all of their American friends to be "children."

That it shall be possible to telegraph from mind to mind on the principle of wireless telegraphy, as now predicted, is not more marvelous in the present state of electricity than telegraphing with wires was when Morse accomplished that. If the latest promise be fulfilled a proverb universal in folklore will pass into fact. "Speak of the devil and you hear his hoofs" or "of an angel and you see his wings," is an ancient typical phrase for influence of mind on mind or body.

Intellect became clearer, she had drank
the fountain of living water, spirit
immunion, and became reconciled to
the truth, and knows that though her
laughter is absent in the body, she is
with her in spirit.

This is only one of the many I could
numerate, as I have listened to them
her meetings and circles.

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