

THE DEAD DEVILS.

An Earnest, Comprehensive Plea
on Their Behalf.

If Exanimate Spirits Promote the
Evils Complain of, It Behooves
Us to Seek a Remedy. There Can
Be but One, and That Is to Cease
Propagating Candidates for the Sal-
oon, the Brothel, and the Peniten-
tiary. Simply Saying to the Poor
and the Criminal and the Outcast,
"Reform," Is But Aggravating
Their Pitiable Condition. If We
Are to Find a Panacea for the Ills
of Life, We Must Find a Remedy
for Man's Wealth, Selfishness, and
Foolish Pride.

Lizzie Doten says:
"The law of our being most point-
edly shown
That each soul must live out a life of
its own.
Oh! then be not too rash to judge of
another.
But ever remember that man is thy
brother;
God made the owl see where man's
sight is dim.
And the light that guides thee may be
darkness to him.
There is a great truth to learn, a prize
if we win it.
There's room in the world for all that
is in it."

There is not a fact in nature that
cannot be misused, and until it is put
just where it belongs it may be a
curse instead of a blessing. A single
fact is capital enough upon which to
build a science. Spiritualists have
that fact, but the fact is one thing and
the use to which it is put may be quite
another. This teaches us that we
should never attempt to prove an
statement or assertion made by a
spirit (in or out of the body) by what
any spirit says, for you can soon find
another spirit who WILL CONTRA-
DICT IT. Unless what you believe
can be shown to be in harmony with
experience and reason, it is well to be
modest in our declarations. An af-
firmation that is susceptible of a
theoretical demonstration is of ques-
tionable benefit, save as an outlet, for
superfluous egotism. Human frailty
is such that we formulate a theory,
and try to make facts conform to the
theory. Worse still, we lug in irrelev-
ant matter, and make it do duty as
witness, Judge and jury.

If there is one fact that stands out
pre-eminently above all others, that
fact is, I will be the same person in
the spirit world, after transition, that
I was here. I shall be divested of all
gross materiality, but my character,
my disposition, my propensities will
be, on my arrival there, what they
were when I left here. I will carry
with me the characteristic marks of
individuality. I will be cultured or
illiterate, moral or immoral, wise or
unwise in accord with my standing,
education and inclinations.

Nature's analogies are safe guides
to other truths; so we will apply this
illustration to the subject matter un-
der consideration.

Spiritualism finds us just where
Christianity and materialism left us.
Upon our advent into Spiritualism we
brought with us our follies, follies
and frailties, each adhering to us like
barnacles on a ship, until outgrown.
We were handicapped by the psycho-
logic effect of traditions, customs,
false ideals, and wrong standards of
conduct. Few, if any of us, can write
for the "Open Court" without clearly
indicating our former positions. To
illustrate, I submit the contributions
by Bros. Loveland and Peebles. The
former never uses bible quotations, or
the cabalistic words, God, Christ, or
demon to support a theory or fact. If
he should inadvertently do so, his
friends would declare that he was ob-
scured by that legion of devils that en-
tered the herd of swine at the com-
mand of Jesus.

On the other hand eliminate these
figures of speech from Bro. Peebles'
vocabulary and he—could no more
spell his name than a bird without
wings can fly.

Many truthfully believe that moral
and mental obliquity is the direct re-
sult of spirit control. I am not a
true, suggestion is a wonderful op-
erator in the realm of mind, but the
idea is but a revamp of bible stories,
and furnishes an excuse for lack of
moral stamina in ourselves, or friends.

Packing one's infirmities on should-
ers already heavily burdened is a
moral crime; twin sister to the scape-
goat story.

We forget that the man naturally
prone to evil be a Spiritualist,
Christian, or Agnostic, unless condi-
tioned and surrounded aright, is the
man easily led astray. It is an indis-
putable fact that no hypnotized, mes-
merist, or psychologist can influence
any one to do that which is repugnant
to his nature when in a normal condi-
tion.

It is generally believed that educa-
tion and environment are the deter-
mining factors in man's career. I dis-
sent. I aver that heredity (mental
bias and organic structure) govern
his every thought and act, and that
education and environment serve only
to ameliorate, or accentuate the good
and bad cropping out here and there.

For proof I submit that my grand-
father operated a still, bequeathed it
to my father, who also operated it.
At that time a Kentucky farm house
without a supply of whiskey was a rar-
ity. When I set up housekeeping
fifty years ago, a jug was part of the
equipment. To-day a jug occupies a
corner of my private closet. Notwith-
standing these said-to-be pernicious
examples, neither my brothers, myself,
or my sons have at any time approx-
imated inebriety. My organism is
such that the combined influence of
all the spirits in the universe cannot
make a drunkard out of it. I venture
the assertion that there is not a hu-
man being on earth who is not, in one
way or another, obsessed to a greater
or less extent, nor indeed can there be
until there is an individual whose ev-
ery faculty and function is fully un-
folded.

I assert that all obsession is, at the
outset, self-induced, and that while
the subject is in a positive frame of
mind neither spirit in nor out of the
flesh can influence them. Exanimate
spirits can and do influence mortals,
yet I insist that much of the influence
supposed to emanate from spirits is
the direct result of past and present
environment.

The question at issue is: What ef-
fect has the book Obsession, or De-

Guardian Angels

They Come Unsolicited and Under Various Condi-
tions Just as Easily, so Far as Can be Ascertained
by Mortals, as by Request and in the Seance Room,
and Deliver Their Messages of Love and Uplift-
ment in the Peaceful Sanctuary of the Home, and
Out Upon the Star-lit Highways of Life.

In 1861 I was stopping at a hotel in
Elgin, Illinois (that was two or three
years before I purchased the old cor-
ner house). One of the guests spoke
to me across the room:
"I understand, sir, that you are go-
ing to Sturgis, Mich."
"Yes, I hope to leave for that point
to-morrow."
"You will see a fine farming coun-
try there."
"Yes," said another, "and you will
see the new spiritual temple."
"Spiritual temple?" I repeated,
"what may that be?"
"Oh, a church or building where the
Spiritualists hold meetings."
"But who in the world are the Spirit-
ualists? I never heard the word be-
fore."

"They are a sect or party, the mem-
bers of which talk with their dead
friends. Strange you never heard of them."
"Are the lunatic asylums so full
that there is room for no more insane
folk?"
"Oh! they are not insane. I can tell
you some of the best people in Elgin
are Spiritualists."
I was surprised, and when I got to
Sturgis I attended the lectures at the
temple. This lecture was so inter-
esting, and I was so interested, and got up
a private circle out of curiosity. After
the second meeting of our circle my
wife and I were in our beds and fast
asleep, when we were awakened by
the loudest noises I think I ever heard.
It seemed as if great beams of timber
were dashed against the floor outside
our bedroom door. We were terri-
fied. My wife buried her head under
the bed clothes, and although I pre-
tended to be very brave to reassure
her, the truth must be told I was just
as much frightened myself. That
was in 1861.

A few years after that I was in the
city of Coldwater. The war against
the South had ended and the country
was in a chaotic state of mind. I had
been out of all business for some time.
I had no home, almost no money, no
friends. I lay awake one night in my
bed. I couldn't sleep. I was almost
in despair. "Oh! heaven, what will
become of her who sleeps so soundly
by my side? Our two young children,
too; what will become of us all?"
I was in a wretched state of mind. Sud-
denly the room was filled with bright
star-like light. The entire atmosphere
was charged with those lights. I
rubbed my eyes. Surely I thought my
eyes or nerves must be in a terrible
condition, but the lights were still
there. "I had heard of 'spirit lights',
but I did not believe in such things. I
had read in the bible 'that in the

monism of the Ages, upon its readers?
The answer depends not so much on
the mental acumen of the individual
as it does upon their predilections.
To illustrate, I will classify them as
Materialists, Christians, Lovelanders,
Peeblesites, and Nondescripts. Since
I was in a wretched state of mind, I
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denly the room was filled with bright
star-like light. The entire atmosphere
was charged with those lights. I
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eyes or nerves must be in a terrible
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I WANT IT DISTINCTLY UNDER-
STOOD THAT I REGARD BROTHER
PEEBLES AN INTELLECTUAL
GIANT, THE PEER OF ANY IN ALL
THAT PERTAINS TO TRUE MAN-
HOOD—SECOND TO NONE AS AN
EXPOSITION OF OUR PHILOSOPHY.
NEVERTHELESS I THINK IT IS
SUSCEPTIBLE OF ADVERSE CRIT-
ICISM. The little I offer is far from
the truth, yet I present it in order to
show how I would have regarded it a
few years ago.

1. He virtually says: "No matter
how plain a fact, how glaring a truth,
I cannot accept it as such, unless I can
find a paragraph in the bible to corrobor-
ate it."

2. That all the robbery, jobbery,
venality and rascality penetrating and
permeating our social, religious, and
political life lies at the door of de-
mons.

3. That they were not demons
(dead devils I shall call them) until
they shuffled off the mortal coil.

4. That if these dead devils were
transformed into living angels the
human family would, in the twinkling
of an eye, become intellectual meteors,
and paragons of moral excellence.

In behalf of these dead devils, usher-
ed into this world without volition
of their own, conceived, gestated and
born in an atmosphere of rant, cant,
sickly sentimentalism, sham, fraud,
hypocrisy, tempted beyond their pow-
ers of resistance, I ask the good broth-
ers to turn their intellectual guns upon
the source of the trouble. I ask the
good brother who is a devotee of the
word that produces the moral desola-
tion and darkness in the streams of
human life, the moulders of public
opinion, a venal pulpit, and a prosti-
tuted press.

Turn your guns upon living devils
who while claiming to be mouthpieces
of an omnipresent God, are ever ready
(for a consideration) to solemnize
marriage (Holy smoke! what a travesty
on common sense) between a 14-
year old child and a hoary-headed
libertine; living devils who with colos-
sal ignorance, petty insolence and au-
dacious impudence, in sepulchral tones
utter "whom God hath joined together,
let no man put asunder" when the
only God was a shot-gun in the hands
of an irate father; living devils who
cast themselves before the coward's
castle (pulpit) to vilify men and wo-
men whose names will live in the re-
public of letters and shine with lustre
long after such fawning scoundrels
shall have been lost in unremem-
bered nothingness; living devils who
sneak behind the bar of public opin-
ion to assassinate the reputations of
men and women whose only crime is
that of holding opinions at variance

mouths of two witnesses, every word
shall be established." "I will wake
her up," I thought, "if she sees
them she is sure to cry out. Then I'll
know whether they are objective or
subjective."
"Minnie, are you awake?"
"I was asleep," she said, and she
opened her eyes.
"Oh! Tom, Tom," she cried, "the
room is full of lights! Don't you see
them? Why don't you speak?"
"I knew then that they were real;
but were they caused by spirits?
Pshaw! that was a mere popish super-
stition. I could not accept it."
Next morning, having nothing to do
I strolled into the postoffice. A letter
was handed me. It had an English
stamp on the envelope. I opened it.
Oh! how I rejoiced! It contained
draft on New York for \$100. One
hundred dollars is a small sum now,
but a hundred in gold was consider-
able at that time. English bank
notes, and as every banker
knows, there is also a premium on
British gold. Any way the reader
may judge how acceptable the draft
was to me at that time when I was a
most penniless man. I was afraid of
an old debt long lost sight of, but how
welcome it was. I knew then why the
little stars rejoiced and sparkled.
But were they spirits? Ah! that was
a horse of another color.

Soon after that I was down near
Bloomington, Ill., and a medium gave
me what she supposed a good test, but
it wasn't. "I was a test to me. You will
never believe until you have it in your
own house," she said.

"I'll never believe at all, then," I
said, "for every one in my house is
firmly opposed to all such things."
"You will have it there," she re-
plied.

"How long will it be before it
comes?"
"About seven years."

"Oh! I replied, 'It may as well
stay away altogether. I have already
waited four years. If I have to wait
seven more, it may stay away alto-
gether.'"

Soon after that I bought the old
corner house, and just seven years
after the above conversation, Mrs. H.
and I were awakened from our sleep
at midnight, and the proofs of a future
existence were so overwhelmingly
proved to us both, that I actually wept
for joy, which I had never done before
nor since. I will give a full account
of our strange conviction in my
next letter. THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.
(To be continued.)

with their own, and have the moral
courage to express them.

Our dead devils have been con-
victed before a court whose judge,
prosecuting attorney, witnesses and
jury are Peeblesites, I appeal the case
to a higher court, The Open Court.
There is no need to introduce Love-
landers to controvert the plaintiff's tes-
timony. Let witness say that an All-
wise God made the earth and all
things thereon, and that after they
were made, "He saw everything that
he had made, and behold, it was very
good."—Gen. 1:31.

If this language means what it
says; if it is trustworthy evidence, it
not only exculpates our dead devils,
but also, proves that God is a tyrannical
boss, a bungling mechanic whose
HANDIWORK IS PART, IS IDIOTS,
LUNATIC, PREVARICATORS, and
who has a location somewhere above
earth, and whose principal business is
to keep one eye on sinners to see that
they do not escape all the punishment
their sins so richly deserve; with the
other watching sparrows lest one
should fall without his knowledge, and
plucking the hairs on baldheaded
saints.

If exanimate spirits promote the
evils complained of, it behooves us to
seek a remedy. There can be but one,
and that is to cease propagating can-
didates for the saloon, the brothel, and
the penitentiary. Simply saying to
the poor and the criminal and the out-
cast, "Reform," is but aggravating
their pitiable condition.

If we are to find a panacea for the
ills of life, we must find a remedy for
man's wealth, selfishness, and foolish
pride.

The sources of crime are to be
found in the upper strata instead of
the lower; the small streams that rise
in the mountains make the rivers in
the valleys below. The petty vices of
our social life are the small streams
that feed the penitentiaries and prison
houses.

Avoid in our special lives the evil
of falsehood, and that which becomes
crime in the lower is avoided.

Avoid that in business which is tol-
erated because it is legal, but which is
as much robbery as is the burglar who
enters your house and takes your
watch.

He who overreaches his neighbor by
legitimate speculation is responsible
for the midnight assassin who slays
his brother. Begin with that which is
commendable in the ways of strife af-
ter prosperity, that of deceiving your
neighbor if you can. Yours for that
liberty which proclaims:

Freedom for man to own himself, to
act his manhood out,
Free to believe or disbelieve, and
doubly free to doubt.
Freedom for scholar and for school,
For pulpit, press and speech,
For creeds that have ceased to teach,
Have also ceased to teach.

Freedom from ignorance whose God is
superstition's ghost,
From dogmas that have been a mar-
tyr's pillory post.
Freedom to think before tradition's
musty shell,
Once to feel twice for the gloss,
And three times for self?

JAMES W. ADAMS.
Home, Wash.

CRUMBAUGH WILL CASE.

Full Particulars in Reference to the
Contest to Break the Will.

After deliberating forty-eight hours
a jury in the MacLean County (Ill.)
Court decided that James T. Crum-
baugh, the late banker of Leroy,
suffering from an insane delusion
when he made his will. Were that
decision final his \$250,000 estate, in
the absence of a proper disposition by
himself, would be distributed under
the laws of Illinois to his nearest kin,
many of whom he did not wish to re-
member to any extent.

Eight attorneys were employed on
each side, Ex-Governor Fifer and Con-
gressman John A. Sterling leading the
fight to sustain the will. Neither our
National or State Associations are
financially interested in the outcome.
Eleven hundred acres of farming
lands, valued at \$150,000 were left in
the hands of a self-perpetuating board
of trustees with directions to apply
the income therefrom to building in
Leroy a substantial Spiritualist
church, and maintaining a settled pas-
tor thereof, and after that was done
the remainder of the proceeds was to
be used in founding and maintaining
a free public library for his old town-
ship. The officers and the members of
the little Spiritualist society of that
place thus have a community of in-
terest in having the will sustained.

It was agreed that Mr. Crumbaugh
was a strong, clear-headed business
man, a kind neighbor and a good citi-
zen. His insane delusion was sus-
tained by his statements that an infant
son of six weeks had grown to man-
hood in spirit life; that he often saw
and conversed with him; that he came
to the bedside and bid father and
mother "good night" (that he ac-
counted for his clean shaven appear-
ance by telling his father, they had
been barbers in heaven, and finally a
so-called "spirit portrait," not by the
Bange sisters, representing that only
child grown to be a man of thirty or
more years was effectively paraded be-
fore the jury and the crowded court-
room.

Judge Myers steadily ruled against
the attorneys for the will in their con-
tention that the deceased must be
shown to have believed things not held
by many other Spiritualists, to estab-
lish an insane delusion and his honor
by somewhat narrow views laid an ex-
cellent ground for a very probable re-
versal by the higher court.

When the president of the Illinois
State Spiritualist Association was
called to the stand he answered as a
physician the hypothetical question
prepared by each side, and then under
a storm of objections was allowed to
introduce the six principles of belief
adopted by the N. S. A., also to name,
but not describe, various phenomena
manifested through mediums. He
was forbidden to answer Gov. Fifer's
question: "Do Spiritualists generally
believe that children grow to physical
and mental maturity in spirit life?"

The judge would not allow him to
say a word about a single phase of
phenomena. The only question ven-
tured upon his cross-examination was:
"Do you appear as a witness in this
case at the invitation of the attorneys
for the will?"

The will of Mrs. Crumbaugh, who
died after her husband, disposing of a
\$30,000 estate, will probably be con-
tested on the same ground.

Mr. Crumbaugh emphatically stated
in his will that he made it uninfluenced
by mortal or spirit, and that his wife
was in hearty agreement with its pro-
visions.

After studying the Methodist judge
in Bloomington, and the Presbyterian
judge in the Michigan-Goff case, it
seems that they eagerly hold that a
man who calls himself a Spiritualist
has a perfect right to make a will, but
if he chances to be an enthusiastic be-
liever in any of its phenomena, he has
an insane delusion, and his last testa-
ment is not legal because of that con-
dition.

Let our well-to-do people, whenever
possible, make their donations to
Spiritualism while still in the mortal
form.

We must be absolutely certain of
what is spurious, and what is genuine
in our phenomena, and be able to
clearly state when, how often and un-
der what conditions the latter occur.
Then we can fearlessly face any cross
examination. Let us make the most com-
mon sense, and more careful and thor-
ough study of our fundamental proofs.
GEORGE B. WARNE.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE.

Sitting one day at my window, with a
heart that heavy with pain
Thinking and longing for the dear one
heart that was heavy with pain,
When all at once came a message of
hope, from the other side—
Not dead, but living, not gone, but
near, is the one you say has died.

Then the thoughts came rushing o'er
me, of the promise the Master
made

When he spoke the words of comfort
to Mary who wept at his grave;
And I knew that I would see him
and weep and grieve no more.
But live for the ones who await us
there, when this wearisome life is
o'er.

Then a sunshine of gladness swept
o'er me, all my doubts and fears
I knew that I should meet with the
dear ones who were taken, we
know not why;

Their welcome of gladness will greet
us, as we pass to our beautiful
home;
Which our Master has promised to
give us when no longer on earth
we shall roam.

CORA L. MILLER.
Seattle, Wash.

MAY ANGELS GUARD THEE.

Good night, my one and only dear;
May angels watch thy sleep;
No harm can ever near;
The vigil that they keep.

And when the morning sun
Brings day with toil and strife,
Still may they guide my eye;
And guard thee all the night.

Good night, loved one, good night;
The sleep that comes now
Is peace. My heart is light;
While angels kiss thy brow.

MRS. JESSIE BISHOP.
Chicago, Ill.

The Unseen.

Some Startling Phenomena Tersely Presented.

A wanderer in many lands, I have
come across much that is interesting
and strange, and have heard many
weird stories of the occult world, some
of which were palpably untrue, but
others (told at first hand) had the un-
mistakable ring of sincerity and
truth.

Some years ago, when traveling in
the far West of America, I spent sev-
eral months camping out on the vast
and desolate of Arizona (occupying
my time prospecting for minerals),
and came a good deal in contact with
prospectors and gold miners, some of
whom had led adventurous, roving
lives in all parts of the world, and
round the camp fires at night often re-
counted strange and exciting experi-
ences.

I remember one evening, when the
conversation turned on the supernat-
ural, some rather queer yarns were
spun, which had to be taken with
many grains of salt; but one story,
told by a rough, uneducated pros-
pector, was an exception, and im-
pressed me (and others) strongly, as
the raconteur was so evidently telling
the truth, and was so earnest and sin-
cere in manner and character. He
convinced most of us of the genuine-
ness of his experience, the only ques-
tion being whether it was not all hal-
lucination, though it seemed hardly
probable that such a strong, robust, mat-
ter-of-fact man like himself, devoid of
any imaginative power, should have
been deceived by an illusion of the
senses. The story (it was told in the
quiet phraseology of the Wild West)

This man and three companions
were prospecting in the heart of an al-
most unexplored region in the terri-
tory of New Mexico, and were far
distant from the nearest town. It was
late autumn, such an awful weather
had been continuously for days, they
always slept in the open, and did not
carry a tent with them. One after-
noon the weather turned bitterly
cold, a blizzard having suddenly
come on, and just before sunset snow
began to fall, so they did not relish
the idea of spending the night in the
open amongst the desolate mountains.

They had reached a small valley,
around which the mountain walls for-
med thousands of feet in inaccessible
precipices. A stream flowed down
the centre of the valley, with grassy
flats on either side, and on one of
these flats they espied a small house.
Greatly astonished at this discovery,
and delighted at the prospect of shel-
ter from the storm, they hurried for-
ward, wondering who on earth could
have settled in such an awful wilder-
ness in an unexplored country.

On reaching the house, they found
it was empty and deserted, and no
sign of its ever having been inhabited.
There were four rooms, one of
which was a large, spacious apartment
generally meant for a kitchen and
general sitting room, with a huge
fireplace, the whole building being
formed of roughly hewn logs, such as
is usual in the "backwoods."

They hastily unshodded, and stab-
bed their horses in a shed adjoining
which a meadow of hay had just
been erected, and carrying their
blankets and food, etc., into the
house, made up a large fire from dead
pine wood found nearby, and cooked
their supper. After eating, they sat
round the fire with the intention of
smoking and chatting as usual, but
were overpowered with an unaccount-
able drowsiness, and fell asleep.

When they awoke it was late in the
morning, and they were astonished to
find themselves lying out in the open,
by the ashes of a fire, with warm
sunshine pouring down on them, and
no sign of the house they had entered
the previous evening. On all sides
snow lay two or three inches deep,
except a large square space of
ground immediately around them,
which was quite dry and bare (not
even grass covered). All their
things were dry and intact, but their
horses were missing, and they at once
set out in search of them, and event-
ually found them further down the
valley, where they had strayed.

They were too much amazed and
frightened to say much, but hastily
packing up their things, mounted
their horses and cleared out of that
wild valley as quickly as they
could traveling several miles before
they stopped for breakfast.

Some weeks after hearing this
story, I met a man in Prescott (Ariz-
ona) who had known one of the
other witnesses of that strange in-
cident, and he said he had heard ex-
actly the same story. It is a pity I
was unable to obtain further informa-
tion of it, but I, for one, quite believe
the man who told it, and who prob-
ably as the experience may appear.

Mrs. Crowe, in her Night Side of
Nature, records a well-authenticated
instance of a building which disap-
peared in an unaccountable manner.

There is a canon in South Arizona
where the most beautiful music is
heard at times, in the daytime as well
as at night. It is a wild, lonely ravine
in a barren, waterless region, unin-
habited only by rattlesnakes, tarantulas,
and horned toads—a place of awful
desolation, where the sun blazes with
a pitiless intensity every day in the
year, and the interminable waste of
rocks and sand. A rough trail leads
through this canon from a desert
township to one of the gold fields, and
miners and prospectors have often to
pass that way, but never stop there,
as there is no water within ten miles
of it. The proprietor of the Wicken-
burg Hotel (Wickenburg, Arizona)
told me that one afternoon he was rid-
ing through the canon when a lovely
music burst out in the air in front of
him, seeming to increase gradually in
volume until it filled the whole ravine.
Greatly astonished, he stopped and
looked around to try and find out
from whence it proceeded, but could
see no sign of any one. It then gradu-
ally died away, as I said, he was driv-
ing farther and farther down the ravine.

A little further on the music began
again, and this time he distinctly
heard the sound of many voices sing-
ing—soft, sweet voices sounding far
off, though the music was quite close.
He could hear no words, but it
sounded like an anthem of some kind.

He spent an hour (in the broiling
heat) trying to locate the sound, but

without success, and had to give up
the attempt. Several other people
had heard the same music and singing,
and described it as a "heavenly
choir."

Many years ago, a tragedy occurred
in that locality. A party of pioneer
emigrants were surrounded and mas-
sacred by a band of Apache Indians;
but I don't know if there is any con-
nection between that event and the
mysterious music.

Passing from Arizona to Ireland:
A friend of mine told me he heard
the "ban-shie" distinctly before the
death of his father, and not only
heard, but also saw it, which is a very
rare thing (if not quite unique). He
scooped at the idea of "ghosts" and the
"supernatural," but was quite con-
vinced as to the reality of the "ban-
shee." One afternoon he and his sis-
ter were coming up the avenue to their
house (in the west of Ireland), when
suddenly a horrible, wailing noise
broke out in the air high above their
heads. Looking up in the direction
from whence the sound proceeded, he
caught a glimpse, through the tree
tops, of a grey figure, like the form of
a small old woman, with draperies
flapping in the wind, sweep swiftly
round a corner of the house roof, and
disappear behind an angle of the
building, uttering a shrill wailing
noise in the air.

His sister, who was a sister, who
also heard it, was terrified.

Being somewhat alarmed, they hur-
ried into the house, where they still
heard the sound, as did other mem-
bers of the family, but the servants
heard nothing. His father died early
the next morning.

Many people have heard the "ban-
shee," as it attends on several old
Irish families as death warning, but
this instance is the only evidence of
the phenomena I have received "at
first hand."

The vicar (Rev. A. Chambers,
Brockenhurst), of a country parish in
Hants, related the following instance
of "spirit return" to me:

A young man (of a neighboring par-
ish), who was in great trouble and
grief on account of the death of a girl
he was engaged to, came to him for
advice and help, as he knew that the
vicar (the vicar) was a firm believer in
the close proximity of the spiritual world
and the possibility of the spirits of the
departed being able to return and
communicate with their loved ones.

This young man was doubtful about
the existence of another world and
continued life after death, and was
anxious to know if it were possible
for him to meet his loved one again. The
vicar consoled him as best he could,
and assured him that she whom he
mourned as dead was undoubtedly liv-
ing in another phase of existence not
far removed from this one, and ad-
vised him to pray earnestly and con-
stantly that a sign might be given him
that she still lived beyond the grave.

A Little Pilgrim.

This is a charming narrative illustrating the beauty grandeur and sublimity of the spirit side of life, the realms of souls, the immortal spheres of existence. Margaret O. W. Oliphant is the author. And while it has been read by millions in the past, it will prove refreshing and soul-inspiring to our readers to again peruse it and feel its thrills of inspiration, and enjoy its uplifting influence.

Chapter V.—Continued.

While this lasted, it seemed to me that I had a dream. I felt the blows raining down upon me, and my body struggling upon the ground; and yet it seemed to me that I was lying outside upon the ground, and above me the pale sky which never brightened the touch of the sun. And I thought of the persistent cloud wavered about me, and that blue light on the no-

is a dream. I felt the blows raining down upon me, and my body struggling upon the ground; and yet it seemed to me that I was lying outside upon the ground, and above me the pale sky which never brightened the touch of the sun. And I thought of the persistent cloud wavered about me, and that blue light on the no-

The next thing I remember was that I found myself lying on the floor of a great room full of people with every kind of disease and deformity, some pale with sickness, some with fresh wounds, the lame, and the maimed, and the miserable. They lay round me in every attitude of pain, many with sores, some bleeding, some on hands and knees, dragging themselves up from the ground to stare at me. They roused in my mind a loathing and sense of disgust which it is impossible to express. I could scarcely tolerate the thought that I should be forced to remain a moment in this lazar-house.

The feeling with which I had regarded the miserable creature who shared the corner of the wall with me, and who had cursed me for being sorry for him, had altogether gone out of my mind. I called out to whom I knew not, adjuring some one to open the door and set me free; but my cry was answered only by a shout from my companions in trouble. "Who do you think will let you out?" "Who is going to help you more than the rest?" My whole body was racked with pain; I could not move from the floor, on which I lay. I had to put up with the stares of the curious, and the mockeries and remarks on me of whoever chose to criticize. Among them was the lame man whom I had seen thrust in by the two officers who had taken me from the gate. He was the first to jibe. "But for him they would never have seen me," he said. "I should have been well by this time in the fresh air." "It is his turn now," said another. I turned my head as well as I could and spoke to them all.

"I am a stranger here," I cried. "They have made my brain hurt by their experiments. Will no body help me? It is no fault of mine, it is their fault. If I am to be left here uncared for, I shall die."

At this a sort of dreadful chuckle ran around the place. "If that is what you are afraid of, you will not die," somebody said, touching me on my head in a way which gave me intolerable pain. "Don't touch me," I cried. "Why shouldn't I?" said the other and pushed me again upon the throbbing brain. So far as my sensations went, there were no coverings at all, neither skull nor skin upon the intolerable throbbing of my head, which had been exposed to the curiosity of the crowd, and every touch was agony; but my cry brought no guardian, nor any defense or soothing. I dragged myself into a corner after a time, from which some other wretch had been rolled out in the course of a quarrel; and as I found that silence was the only policy, I kept silent, with rage consuming my heart.

Presently I discovered by means of the new arrivals which kept coming in, hurried into the midst of us without thought or question, that this was the common fate of all who were repulsive to the sight, or who had any weakness or imperfection which offended the eyes of the population. They were tossed in among us, not to be healed, or for repose or safety, but to be out of sight, that they might not disgust or annoy those who were more fortunate, to whom no injury had happened; and because in their sickness and imperfection they were of no use in the studies of the place, and disturbed the good order of the streets.

And there they lay one above another—a mass of bruised and broken creatures, most of them suffering from injuries which they had sustained in what would have been called in other regions the service of the state. They had served like myself as objects of experiments. They had fallen from heights where they had been placed in illustration of some theory. They had been tortured or twisted to give satisfaction to some question. And then, that the consequences of these proceedings might offend no one's eyes, they were flung into this receptacle, to be released if chance or strength enabled them to push their way out when others were brought in, or when their impertinence, knocking wearied some watchman, and brought him angry and threatening to hear what was wanted.

The sound of this knocking against the door, and of the cries that accompanied it, and the rush towards the opening when anyone was brought in,

caused a hideous continuous noise and scuffle which was agony to my brain. Everyone pushed before the other; there was an endless rising and falling as in the changes of a feverish dream, each man as he got strength to struggle forwards himself, thrusting back his neighbors, and those who were nearest to the door beating upon it without cease, like the beating of a drum without cadence or measure, sometimes a dozen passionate hands together, making a horrible din and riot.

As I lay unable to join in that struggle, and moved by rage unappeasable towards all who could, I reflected strangely that I had never heard within this horrible continued appeal of the suffering. In the streets of a city, as I now reflected, quiet reigned. I had even made comparisons on my first entrance, in the moment of pleasant anticipation which came over me, of the happy stillness here with the horror and tumult of that place of unreluctant which I had left.

When my thoughts reached this point I was answered by the voice of some one on the level with myself, lying helpless like me on the floor of the lazar-house. "They have taken their precautions," he said, "if they will not endure the sight of suffering, how should they hear the sound of it? Every cry is silenced there."

"I wish they could be silenced with in too," I cried savagely; "I would make them dumb had I the power." "The spirit of the place is in you," said the other voice.

"And not in you?" I said, raising my head, though every moment was agony; but this pretence of superiority was more than I could bear. "The other made no answer for a moment; then he said faintly, 'If it is so, it is but for greater misery.'"

And then his voice died away, and the hubbub of beating and crying and cursing and groaning filled the echoes. They cried, but no one listened to them. They thundered on the door, but in vain. They aggravated all their pangs in that mad struggle to get free. After awhile my companion, whoever he was, spoke again.

"They would rather," he said, "lie on the roadside to be kicked and trodden on, as we have seen, than to see that made you miserable."

"Made me miserable! You mock me," I said. "Why should a man be miserable save for suffering of his own?"

"You thought otherwise once," my neighbor said.

And then I remembered the wretch in the corner of the wall in the other town, who had cursed me for pitying him. I cursed myself now for that folly. Pity him! was he not better off than I? "I wish," I cried, "that I could crush them into nothing, and be rid of this infernal noise they make!"

"The spirit of the place has entered into you," said the voice.

I raised my arm to strike him; but my hand fell on the stone floor instead, and sent a jar of new pain all through my battered frame. And then I mastered my rage and lay still, for I knew there was no way but this of recovering my strength—the strength with which, when I got it back, I would annihilate that reproachful voice and crush the life out of those groaning fools, whose cries and impotent struggles I could not endure.

And we lay a long time without moving, with always that tumult raging in our ears. At last there came into my mind a longing to hear spoken words again. I said, "Are you still there?"

"I shall be here," he said, "till I am able to begin again."

"To begin again! Is there, here, then, either beginning or ending? Go on; speak to me; it makes me a little forget my pain."

"I have a fire in my heart," he said, "I must begin and begin—till perhaps I find the way."

"What way?" I cried, feverish and eager; for though I despised him, yet it made me wonder to think that he should speak riddles which I could not understand.

He answered very faintly, "I do not know." The fool! then it was only folly, as from the first I knew it was. I felt then, that I could treat him roughly, after the fashion of the place—which he said had gotten into me.

"Poor wretch!" I said, "you have hopes, have you? Where have you come from? You might have learned better before now."

"I have come," he said, "from where we met before. I have come by the valley of gold. I have worked in the mines. I have served in the troops of those who are masters there. I have lived in this town of tyrants, and lain in this lazar-house before. Everything has happened to me, more and worse than you dream of."

"And still you go on?" I would dash my head against the wall and die."

"When will you learn," he said with a strange tone in his voice, which, though no one had been listening to us, made a sudden silence for a moment, it was so strange; it moved me like that glimmer of the blue sky in my dream, and roused all the sufferers round with an expectation—though

I know not what. The cries stopped; the hand beat no longer. I think all the miserable crowd were still, and turned to where he lay. "When will you learn—that you have died, and can die no more?"

There was a shout of fury all around me. "Is that all you have to say?" the crowd burst forth; and I think they rushed upon him and killed him, for I heard no more until the hubbub began again more wild than ever, with furious hands beating, beating against the locked door.

After a while I began to feel my strength come back. I raised my head. I sat up. I began to see the faces of those around me, and the groups into which they gathered; the noise was no longer so insupportable,—my racked nerves were regaining health.

It was with a mixture of pleasure and despair that I became conscious of this. I had been through many deaths; but I did not die, perhaps could not, as that man had said. I looked about for him, to see if he had contradicted his own theory. But he was not dead. He was lying close to me, covered with wounds; but he opened his eyes, and something like a smile came upon his lips. A smile, I had heard laughter, and seen ridicule and derision, but this I had not seen. I could not bear it. To seize him and shake the little remaining life out of him was my impulse; but neither did I obey that. Again he reminded me of my dream—was it a dream?—of the opening in the clouds.

From that moment I tried to shelter him, and as I grew stronger and stronger and pushed my way to the door, I dragged him along with me.

How long the struggle was I cannot tell, or how often I was balked or how many darted through before me when the door was opened. But I did not let him go; and at last, for now I was as strong as before,—stronger than most about me,—I got out into the air and brought him with me.

Into the air! it was an atmosphere so still and motionless that there was no feeling of life in it, as I have said; but the change seemed to me happiness for the moment. It was freedom. The noise of the struggle was over; the horrible sights were left behind. My spirit sprang up as if I had been born into new life. It had the same effect, I suppose, upon my companion, though he was much weaker than I, for he rose to his feet at once with almost a leap of eagerness, and turned instantaneously towards the other side of the city.

"Not that way," I cried; "come with me and rest."

"No rest—no rest—my rest is to go on," and then he turned towards me and smiled and said "Thanks"—looking into my face. "What a word to hear! I had not heard it since—"

A rush of strange and sweet and dreadful thoughts came into my mind. I shrank and trembled, and let go his arm, which I had been holding; but when I left that hold I seemed to fall back into depths of blank pain and longing. I put out my hands again and caught him. "I will go," I said, "where you go."

A pair of the officials of the place passed as I spoke. They looked at me with a threatening glance, and half paused, but then passed on. It was I now who hurried my companion along. I recollected him now. He was a man who had met me in the streets of the other city when I was still ignorant, who had convulsed me with the utterance of that name which, in all this world where we were, is never named but for punishment—the name which I had named once more in the great hall in the midst of my torture, so that all who heard me were transfixed with that suffering too. He had been haggard then, but he was more haggard now. His features were sharp with continual pain; his eyes were wild with weakness and trouble, though there was a meaning in them which went to my heart.

It seemed to me that in his touch there was a certain help, though he was weak and tottered, and every moment seemed full of suffering. Hope sprang up in my mind,—the hope that where he was so eager to go there would be something better, a life more livable than in this place. In every new place there is new hope.

I was not out of that human impulse. I forgot the nightmare which had crushed me before,—the horrible sense that from myself there was no escape,—and holding fast to his arm, I hurried on with him, not heeding where. We went aside into less frequented streets, that we might escape observation. I seemed to myself the guide, though I was the follower. A great faith in this man sprang up in my breast. I was ready to go with him wherever he went, anywhere—must be better than this. Thus I pushed him on, holding by his arm, till we reached the very outmost limits of the city. Here he stood still for a moment, turning upon me, and took me by the hands.

"Friend," he said, "before you were born into the pleasant earth I had come here. I have gone all the weary round. Listen to one who knows; all is harder, harder, as you go on. You are stirred to go on by the restlessness in your heart, and each new place you come to, the spirit of that place enters into you. You are better here than you will be farther on. You were better where you were at first, or even in the mines, than here. Come no farther. Stay; unless—"

but here his voice gave way. He looked at me with anxiety in his eyes, and said no more.

He shook his head, and his eyes grew more soft. "I am going," he said, and his voice shook again. "I am going to try—the most awful

and the most dangerous journey—"

His voice died away altogether, and he only looked at me to say the rest.

"A journey to where?"

I cannot tell what his eyes said. I understood, I cannot tell him; and with trembling all my limbs seemed to drop out of joint and my face grew moist with terror. I could not speak any more than he, but with my lips shaped, how? The awful thought made a tremor in the very air around. He shook his head slowly as he looked at me, his eyes all circled with deep lines, looking out of caves of anguish and anxiety; and then I remembered how he had said, and I had scoffed at him, that the way he sought was one he did not know. I had dropped his hands in my fear; and yet to leave him seemed dragging the heart out of my breast, for none but he had spoken to me like a brother, had taken my hand and thanked me.

Hull Pilgrims.

Homeward Bound—Newsy and Interesting Etchings by the Way.

By the time this reaches the readers of The Progressive Thinker the Hull Pilgrims will, if no unforeseen calamity intervene, be nearing the end of their pilgrimage. They will welcome their baggage, as they have welcomed many homes while absent from their own "home, sweet home." We long for a little home rest as much as we ever longed for an opportunity for work.

We also reminded that the annual meeting of the Morris Pratt Institute Association begins on May 16. It will take the strain of every nerve for us to get there after having filled the appointments we now have out. We hope to meet many members of the Association, and many Spiritualists who are not members at this "gathering of the saints."

The prospects for the success of the Morris Pratt school were never before so bright as now. The hope for it was never before built on so solid a foundation.

I think my last paper for The Progressive Thinker left me just before our fifty-fifth anniversary. Well, we had a fine meeting. The house was crowded as full as is allowable in this state. Among the speakers who took part in the meeting were Mr. Mills of this city, and at one time president of the State Spiritualist Association, Mr. Little, of this city, and the present president of the State Association, D. W. Hull, of Olympia, Harry J. Moore, of the whole world, Mrs. Hull and myself. There were others whose names at this writing I do not remember.

After each meeting there was an intermission of ten minutes, after which the house was divided up into five or six divisions, or groups, and a circle or seance was held in each separate group, and messages given for about forty minutes. With many of these part of the work was far more interesting than any other part of the services. Such messages as are described above follow every afternoon course. I am generally so worn out with my work that I do not attend these meetings, but I hear them highly spoken of.

My meetings have been well attended, and the people claim that they are deeply interested. The evening meetings for the past month have concluded with a short seance held by Mrs. Ross of this city. I am not well enough acquainted with the people of this city to know exactly how the messages are received, I judge, however, that many of them are recognized.

Mr. Walter Hall, president of the First Spiritualist Society, is as far as I can learn, just about the right place for the position. He succeeds wonderfully well in holding the society together.

Our young friend, Harry J. Moore, is to speak here during the month of May, after which, I believe, with the exception of one or two Sundays in June, will be the last of his appearances in this city. He is a man who has been acquainted with the people of this city to know exactly how the messages are received, I judge, however, that many of them are recognized.

There, it is May 22. The time goes too rapidly for me. We are now in Spokane. Our last meetings were as good as any we have ever held in Seattle. We fully intended to do more for the school before we left Seattle, but the calamity which overtook San Francisco aroused so much sympathy that we devoted one Sunday to talking about the calamity and took up a collection for the sufferers. Then the next Sunday which was our last Sunday in Seattle, came Brother and Sister Cobb, refugees from San Francisco, and we had a very fine meeting. They escaped with but \$7.00 and only the few clothes they had on their backs. We had Mrs. Cobb—formerly Mrs. Neckless—give a few readings, which took well with the people, and they gave her a rousing collection. I did not dare even propose a collection for the school. During our last stay in Seattle, we visited and visited, and did not get half through. We left the Ryerson home where we were entertained, and went, and went to Hotel Newport, centrally located, on purpose to visit.

While there our Brother, Hiram L. Hull, from Great Falls, Montana, and Brother, D. W. Hull from Olympia, Wash., came to visit us, so we were glad we were in a hotel where we could visit as we pleased. Brother Hiram we had not seen for about a quarter of a century, when he and his wife visited us in Erie, Pa. He is thin, and those of them who are still left continue their tussle with the world, bleaching out, we love these "last day" visits. Hiram is as much of a Spiritualist as either Daniel or myself. That made the visit doubly enjoyable.

On Tuesday, May 1, we reluctantly bade farewell to numerous Seattle friends, and sailed out on the Great Northern for Spokane, Wash. The scenery along the route cannot be described, at least not by my pen. There is nothing elsewhere that I have seen in the United States that can compare with this. We gazed and gazed on this mountain scenery, and we were worn out from sheer exhaustion. When we arrived at beautiful Spokane we found our friend, Earnest Wood, at the station waiting for us.

echo seemed to come back and back from every side. No love! no love! told the man who was my friend faltered and stumbled like a drunken man; but afterwards he recovered strength and resumed his way.

And thus once more we went on. On the right hand was that city, growing ever clearer, with noble towers rising up to the sky, and battlements and lofty roofs, and behind a yellow clearness, as of golden sunset. My heart drew me there; it sprang up in my breast and sang in my ears, Come, come. Myself invited me to this new place as a home. The others were wretched, but this will be happy,—delights and pleasures will be there. And before us the way grew dark with storms, and there grew visible among the mists a black line of mountains, perpendicular cliffs, and awful precipices, which seemed to bar the way. I turned from that line of gloomy heights, and gazed along the path to where the towers stood up against the sky. And presently my hand dropped by my side, that had been held in my companions' hand, and I saw him no more.

(To be concluded.)

Mr. Wood was the "fellow" that some years ago went to Lily Dale before it became the "City of Light," and caught on to Miss Myra Lutes, the assistant postmaster, and in broad day light walked off, taking her along as his lawful prey. He took her to the hotel of the Hills, where he had their marriage ratified. He probably could not have done it if the city had been enlightened by the new administration. As it is, they seem to have gotten into a scrape they will not be likely to get out of soon.

If something is not done to prevent such attacks, "They'll be hustling our daughters off on a streak of lightning next."

It is to be hoped that Lily Dale forgave him, but he must not do it again.

Myra is so good a wife, and Earnest so good a husband, that I can see in Mrs. Lutes' eyes, that if she had a dozen daughters she would hope that they would all get into the Woods, by marriage. But then she could not, always make a home with all of them, and she is reconciled to have things as they are.

We have seen many, many beautiful towns since we left home six months ago, but no place surpasses in beauty the city of Spokane, in Washington, just east of the Cascade mountains. The climate, the river, especially the falls are all beautiful. The scenery, the parks are also very fine. The people generally own their homes, which are made with taste. The city taken as a whole, very much resembles the "New Jerusalem" of which I used to dream in my younger days.

Last winter the churches of Spokane united and got up such a cry against Spiritualism that they scared themselves into forming a combine. They were to unite against Spiritualism and it must go. That is the reason on the city was so "hulled." With these good people Spiritualism had lived just long enough. It must be stamped out. Allow me to say here that Spiritualism has concluded, notwithstanding the opposition, to remain in Spokane.

Meetings were held to advertise the evils of Spiritualism, and finally a grand union meeting was held to strike the final blow; they would all unite and pray for Brother Rasmus, the Methodist Divine—a man who was more Methodist than divine. This reverend gentleman was asked by a rather saucy Spiritualist if he would debate with a Spiritualist. His answer was, "Yes; I would rather debate with a Spiritualist than to eat when I am hungry."

He said he knew Moses Hull, well. He knew of said Moses Hull well. He knew of said Moses Hull well. He knew of said Moses Hull going to different places and preaching against Spiritualism, and a pretended evangelical happening along, and they two would get up a "farore," and getting up a debate in which Moses Hull would pocket four or five hundred dollars of the people's money.

All these fulminations were sent to the papers and I answered them through the same paper, and promised to visit the city, and asked him to be ready to prove all these wicked things about Moses Hull, and asked him when and where he knew me? Where and during what years did I get up these debates? Who was this accomplice of mine who pretended to be an evangelical minister who helped me do this naughty work?

He said that he had, as the boys say, "bitten off more than he could chew;" then he was compelled to confess that he never knew, and that my debates with this fraudulent "evangelical" minister, never existed outside of his fruitful imagination. His stories were home-made or nothing else than ad captivum vulgus. He was invited to step into the arena with this horrible bluff, but he had lost his appetite for debate—he would rather eat, even though he was not hungry, than debate, in fact he would go hungry if necessary, but under no condition could he be persuaded to meet me when I was within one thousand miles.

Complimentary tickets were sent to this man and all the other ministers of the city, to attend the Hull lectures, but save the good Unitarian minister, not one of them could have been drawn with a locomotive into my presence.

I replied to Rev. Rasmus on Monday night, instead of on Sunday night, on purpose to give these boys men an opportunity to attend, but they had heard or read, that somewhere a poet had said that,

"He who on the battle field is slain can never shoot again, But he who shoots and runs away may shoot another day."

They wisely concluded to take another day's shooting. I told them that if they would put in an appearance they might stop me during any part of my discourse and correct any misstatement I might make, but they were all in a starving condition; they would rather eat than debate.

On Tuesday, May 8, we left Spokane or Billings, Mont., near one thousand miles on our way east. The day was perfect and the weather delightful, and the scenery beautiful, but the cars were so crowded that we could not get a berth in the Pullman or the tourist sleeper, so we were compelled to sit up all night. In twenty-four hours from the time we left the comfortable home of the Woods we found ourselves in as good and comfortable a genial home, "The Cottage Inn," in the beautiful city of Billings, in Montana.

Here the weather was uncommonly warm, the mercury rising as high as 93 in the shade; but our audiences were large and deeply interested.

Harry J. Moore lectured here four months last fall and Mrs. Eva McCoy has served the society for eight months; she has had the society together in good shape. Mrs. McCormick the wife of the proprietor of the "Cottage Inn," or rather one of the proprietors, is the president of the State Association of Spiritualists. She and her good husband do all they can with their talents and their words, they mean to assist the cause along, while they do not offensively offend the public generally, they are ever ready to give an answer to every one who asks a reason of their hope.

at 11 o'clock at night start on the last slice of our trip. Taking it all in all, we are glad that this trip was made. We have had, in some respects a hard trip and hard work, and plenty of it, but we prefer to wear out rather than to rest out.

With thanks to all who have worked for the cause and for us, while on this journey, here the Billings from the Hull Pilgrims must end.

MOSES HULL.

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The Spiritual Songster. A small book of spiritual songs and circles, etc. Price, 10 cents; 50 per hundred. Post age, 50 cents.

Legerdemain Infernalism--The Great Evil.



It Has Fastened Its Poisonous Tentacles on Spiritualism in England.

A Very Disagreeable Crime Table.

As set forth in the Chicago Daily Tribune in an address before a company of Presbyterians in this city lately, Mr. McKenzle Cleland attacked the city authorities with marked severity for failure to enforce the law and suppress crime. In support of his charges he presented a crime table which he said was based upon the official records, and declared that the city was plagued by a tidal wave of crime unprecedented in its history. According to the statements he read the situation was thus described:

A disturbance in the public streets every six seconds.

An arrest is made by the police every seven and one-half minutes.

An arrest is made for drunkenness every fifteen minutes.

Larceny is committed every twenty minutes.

There is an assault and battery case every twenty-seven minutes.

Burglary is committed every three hours.

A hold-up is committed every six hours.

There are two suicides every day.

There is one murder every day.

The figures are startling when presented in such concrete form, and tell their own story of the greatness of this municipality, for the number of disturbances and the array of crimes bespeak a large assembly of people. There are two million citizens under the jurisdiction of the Chicago police. These people represent almost every nationality on earth. They are spread over a wide area of territory. The problems which their mere presence

produces are numerous and varied. No one man ever could so marshal the forces of law and order as to restrain them entirely. There are many things which must be charged against human nature and not against the police officials.

Wherever two million people are gathered together in pretty close territorial limits and with many race elements represented, there is disorder and lawlessness will be found to rule. It is the congestion of population and the remarkable development of the city that are responsible for much that is starting in the way of crime and evil.

Making due allowance for all this, it is yet evident that the situation in Chicago is not particularly encouraging. The battle of life rages fiercely each day. Men break down from sheer exhaustion, and crime and sin follow quickly. Men give up the unequal struggle, and suicide is the relief sought. The city covers the criminal place. If, to such physical conditions there is added AND UNDUCE LAXITY in administration, it is easy for the wickedness to get the upper hand.

For this reason there is need of the constant vigilance of police authorities, and for constant prodding of such authorities by the people. It was that object which Mr. Cleland probably had in mind in his sensational method of bringing home to the consciousness of the ministers and laymen who heard him speak the NEED OF ETERNAL WATCHFULNESS ON THE PART OF THE FORCES OF TRUTH AND RIGHT IN ORDER TO

TRIUMPH OVER THE ARMY OF SIN AND CRIME.

It is just as essential in the ranks of Spiritualism for ETERNAL WATCHFULNESS, as it is in a large city, in order to prevent crime, and an increase on the part of criminals.

The fakes who have invaded our ranks are worse than the gypsy moth which has created so much trouble in Massachusetts. Because the latter evil was not fought in its incipency, it has spread until the National Government has had to take a hand in the fight in order to hold it in partial abeyance. Unless fought constantly it would in the end ruin the whole country.

The gypsy moth evil has its parallel in Spiritualism, on a different level of disastrous work. The tricksters have invaded our ranks. Just think of the artificial togger that has been used by them in personating your dear spirit friends, turning the holy Temple of Truth into a place where lies are told and deception practiced.

Oh Angels of Light, Love and Purity, when will Spiritualism be free from this legerdemain blight, fraud and deception that have fastened onto it with their poisonous tentacles.

In England as well as in this country, Legerdemain Spiritualism has acted its diabolical part. It is a dark, pestilential blight there as well as here, and the following is only an illustration of the hundreds of different methods used by these charlatans to pollute our glorious cause. This exposure is published by Light, of London, England, a leading Spiritualist paper.

was handsomely merited. I have even heard sitters reel off a list of names until at last they were exhausted, and the medium was obliged to stop. Some months ago, when I was cladded as a relative by a spirit-form in which I saw not the faintest resemblance to any departed relative whom I could recall, but a very distinct resemblance to the medium, an estimable gentleman, cross-examined me with a little severity as to my knowledge of my kinsfolk, and appeared to regard it as a moral defect in me—or in them—that so few of my blood relations should have left this sabbathly sphere. The propriety of treating all sensitives with consideration and sympathy is obvious enough, but so long as sitters exhibit credulity so gross as this, there is likely to be no lack of fraudulent mediums.—Scrutator

HOME-MADE GHOSTS.

Those at an English Spiritualist Seance Discovered to Be Created of Pink Stockinet.

The London (Eng.) Express has the following: Dramatic and startling accounts of the exposure of a Spiritualistic medium and his manager appear in the current number of Light, the official organ of Spiritualists.

Dr. Wallace and Mr. John Lobb, both ardent Spiritualists, are responsible for the exposure and the publicity are Mr. Charles Eldred of Nottingham, and Mr. Ellic, his manager, whose "marvellous trickery" was laid bare at a meeting held on March 5, at the house of Mr. Ronald Bralley, Baywater.

The week previously some interesting phenomena were said to have taken place, which astonished most of the sitters, one of whom was suspicious of the chair and cabinet used by Mr. Eldred, the medium.

Subsequently Mr. Bralley examined the chair, which had been left at his house, and found it had a secret compartment in the back, in which were hidden keyholes deeply embedded and well covered up by the plushette material. He communicated with Mr. Lobb, who had been one of the circle, and Mr. Lobb communicated with Mr. Wallace. A key was made which opened the lock, and a photograph was taken showing the secret compartment, which measured fifteen inches.

"We determined after this discovery to put a stop at the next meeting to any further fraud," Dr. Wallace says in the course of his article.

"I was asked by Dr. Lobb (who had to go out of town) to arrange a meeting to expose the fraud. Several of the sitters at the approaching sitting on Monday, were informed of the discovery. I asked one or two good Spiritualists to be present, and I knew of a good clairvoyant who arranged to assist.

"The seance having been opened in the usual manner, a search of the medium was made and the chair was particularly noted. It was found that the stuffing of the back of the chair was more pronounced, and the sensitive referred to, Mr. Drew, on psychometrizing it, ascertained that it had been covered with very suspicious articles which must have been placed there just before the seance.

"The key was used and the upholstered panel in the back of the chair fell forward, the space being completely packed with articles necessary for faking 'spirit forms' and 'ghosts' which were found in the secret recess containing a collapsible dummy head, made of pink stockinet, with flesh-colored mask (with pieces of stockinet gummed over the holes); the 'loose stockinet was doubtless used to represent the shrunken skin at the neck; six pieces of white China silk, containing a total of thirty yards, two pieces of blue black cloth (doubtless used in the so-called materialization); three beads of various shades; two wigs, one white and one grey; an extending metal coat-hanger for suspending drapery to represent the second table; a small flash electric lamp with four yards of wire with switch, which could be used when the medium was away from the cabinet to produce so-called spirit lights within; a bottle of scent, pins, etc.

"Soon after the members had gone into the seance room, I anticipated any further attempt to deceive in dealing with the culprits, entered the house, accompanied by a sympathetic and most careful friend who is a member of the public detective service, and entered the room just as this discovery was being made.

"When he was challenged about the fraud, Mr. Eldred confessed his guilt, and handed over the key of the secret compartment.

"Instead of charging the two individuals with tempering with mercy our sense of horror, disgust and indignation at the fraudulent proceedings, he requested the return of the money taken, which I must say was promptly done, and I confiscated the dummy articles, which are now in the office of Light for inspection.

"I hope this discovery will prevent further attempts to prey upon the most sacred feelings of their fellow-mortals, many of whom have hitherto been their too unsuspecting dupes."

Mr. Lobb states that this is the second materialization medium he has helped to expose within the past two months. "Where and where is this sort of business to stop?" he asks.

A SANE AND SENSIBLE ATTITUDE.

In a short editorial which appeared in the 16th inst., the writer, "E. B." shrewdly observes with reference to the exposure of Mr. Eldred, that:

"It does not follow that we must abandon belief in the possibility of there being a spirit-world; very near this world of ours just because there are a certain number of humbugs falsely pretending to be able to establish communication between the two. Most of us are still in the stage of uncertainty. We do not deny that firm believers in spirits may be right, though we have not yet 'got to the point of active belief ourselves. We admit that there are very likely more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophies. We suspend our judgment as to what these things are."

Do not let us be turned from this calm attitude of mind, this state of readiness to accept any facts that may be proved, by the conviction of a few swindlers. You once had a 'flash' bank-note passed on you. Yet you never thought of going about saying all bank-notes were forgeries. The incident only made you more careful in examining notes when you received them.

"That is how we should treat this comical episode of the medium unmasked. It should make us more careful about accepting manifestations of the spirit-world. But it should not prejudice us against belief in Spiritualism altogether. Whether that is or is not to be the religion of the future, as so many hold, it cannot be condemned off-hand just because some of its prophets are false."

HONESTY DEMANDED.

"Many, Very Many Spiritualists of Our Land Prefer to Be Known as 'Fraud Hunters' Instead of 'Fraud Hiders.' Their Actual Crime Is That They Have Become 'Fraud Finders' When They Were Intentionally Nothing But Truthseekers at the Outset."

The following sentence from Col. Van Horn's article in No. 859 of The Progressive Thinker is worthy of careful study by all factions of Spiritualists:

"What we want and need is less with blood, less sound-and-fury and epithet, more charity, more study of phenomena, more common sense, and—more mediums."

Were the individual American Spiritualists to receive a fresh baptism of common sense, there is no doubt there would be such a winning time that there would be no more 'fraud' but a greatly improved quality of medium which could be profitably studied as actual phenomena.

The very first step in the lesson must be to become satisfied that we have the REAL THING. THE EXPOSURE OF THE BANKS AND TREASURY DEPARTMENT FIRST DETERMINED WHAT IS CERTAINLY GENUINE, AND AFTER BECOMING FAMILIAR WITH THAT STANDARD ARE PREPARED TO PASS UPON ALL COIN AND PAPER PRESENTED THEREAFTER. A genuine signature must be first proven in court before the prisoner can be convicted of forgery.

We know of Spiritualists who are perfectly content to allow the counterfeiter to circulate unhindered along with the genuine because they are confident that the latter is occasionally found. It is only the UNTIRING EFFORT of the United States special service operators that prevents spurious currency from supplanting the output of mint and treasury.

Does our able brother remember by whom epithet-throwing and scoundrel-hunting began? Some eight years ago the attention of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association was attracted by a letter from a man named Mabel Aber Jackman, a very distinguished product of Kansas. An ex-senator of Col. Van Horn's own city sent the president of the aforesaid body word that the last named officer had been up against the "hardest proposition of the entire bunch. Her local adherents immediately undertook to flood the gates of personal abuse and falsehood in order to begot the real issue. In their zeal they coined the term "fraud-hunters," which was eagerly adopted into the editorial columns of the Light of Truth, then of Columbus, Ohio.

Many very many Spiritualists of our land prefer to be known as 'fraud hunters' instead of 'fraud hiders.' Their actual crime is that they have become 'fraud finders' when they were intentionally nothing but truthseekers at the outset.

Our brother should apply his standard anti-epithet pronouncement impartially and unalophatically in Kansas City and vicinity, as well as country-wide. One of the Colonel's favorite home mediums planned a personal assault upon the writer of these lines when he should appear upon the platform of a Michigan camp last August. There was neither bad blood nor lack of charity in the conception of course? It was calculated to promote freedom of speech and "more study of phenomena" to a greater extent than was intended. It is a pleasure to note that a companion little plotter, in reality an intended traitor, became later a boarder in the Detroit House of Correction.

Then, again, my mail has just brought me out of purified Missouri, such an exhibition of the spiritualist pouring for which, Col. Van Horn pleads as to lead one to ask if this is an illustration of the "more charity" and "less epithet" throwing for which he stands.

"Mr. J. R. and G. B. Warner, H. D. Barrett, et al.—I have just read the interesting correspondence in the current issue of The Progressive Thinker between Col. R. T. Van Horn of Kansas City, one time editor and proprietor of the Kansas City Journal, and the present editor of the moribund N. S. A. and I earnestly recommend that the fraud-hunting editor and officers of the said N. S. A. at once employ Col. Van Horn as their mentor in spiritual philosophy, in order that their dense ignorance may in future be prevented from driving all honest demonstrators of a future life from their ranks, and incidentally prevent some of the journals that have 'become rich' fraud hunting and medium baiting from being overwhelmed with libel suits. So mote it be."

"Congratulations on recent 'success' at Bloomington, Ill., where, in the above, its spirit is redolent with the aroma of the highest spheres! Its harmony is that of a certain animal who cannot sing without braying. No, thank you! Officers of the N. S. A. have already taken a course with a special instructor chosen from Mr. Stewart's own family. It was expensive, but perfectly convincing to them and those they represented, as recorded at Minneapolis. Col. Van Horn was invited upon his own qualifications to join many others in a symposium of views upon a question in need of 'more study.' The above record can not in any way diminish the actual worth."

Dr. Warner has not changed his general position upon the subject matter named by Mr. Stewart. What can possibly have led to Stewart's Saul-like change of front?

March 25, 1906, he said in The Progressive Thinker: "I HEARTILY AGREE WITH AND CONCUR IN ALL THAT DR. WARNE SAYS ON THE SUBJECT, AND WILL FREELY CO-OPERATE WITH HIM IN WEEDING SPIRITUALISM OF ALL SUCH PERSONS, AND FROM HENCEFORTH SHALL CONSIDER MYSELF A SERVANT OF THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM TO RENDER ANY ASSISTANCE IN MY POWER TO THIS END."

Alas! that Boanerges should be so soon done for! He no longer co-operates.

Back of all our contentions multitudinous and many graded spirits enlisted, and FINALLY THE MOST SINFUL OF THE HIGH-EST SPIRITS WILL TRIUMPH! GEORGE B. WARNE.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. A large number of your readers sent me requests for information regarding the fruit business. I have been asked to send them all in answer to inquiries regarding the fruit business. I have been asked to send them all in answer to inquiries regarding the fruit business. I have been asked to send them all in answer to inquiries regarding the fruit business.

ISLAND LAKE CAMP.

It is portrayed in Roscoe Hues as Most Excellent.

It seems as if Dame Fortune is truly smiling upon the Island Lake Spiritual camp grounds, having recently cancelled mortgages to the amount of \$10,000, held on our beautiful hotel, auditorium and steamers, so that this season we are looking forward to the most prosperous year in the history of our camp.

The management has spared neither time nor expense in giving to our many patrons the very best talent procurable.

The opening week is assigned to Mrs. Amanda Coffman, and following in their regular order comes S. A. Herick, W. V. Nicum, Judge E. Thompson and Dr. George B. Warner, vice president of the N. S. A., and those desiring spiritual comfort will find at Island Lake reliable mediums.

Our finely equipped modern and almost new 49-room hotel has been leased to A. G. Brown, this season, and we are assured of good service. Everything in season at astonishingly low rates, and another point to be taken into consideration, the management have installed a pumping plant for the hotel, and no longer do we have to depend on the wind-mill and nature, but at all times will have plenty of water in bath and wash rooms.

The musical department this year has been placed in the hands of Prof. Floyd Von Richter and Miss Nellie Gardner, whose capabilities are not questioned.

This year we are going to make a specialty of our Wednesday evening musical and literary entertainments, as we have some extraordinary talent engaged. These social gatherings are followed by a dance, but that does not mean we are going to abolish our public Friday night dances, which will start promptly at 8 o'clock.

Just a few lines more in regard to opening and situation of the camp. Island Lake Camp is situated on the Pere Marquette R. R., midway between Detroit and Lansing. There are four trains that stop daily at the Lake, all of which are served by our beautiful steamer, James N. White, to convey passengers to the hotel and the camp grounds; also express wagon for baggage and freight.

The Camp opens the 21st of July, and closes the 27th of August, and those desiring to visit a watering place with none of which water comes through our pumps to refresh you when you are tired and thirsty and for the followers of Isaac Walton, the Lake abounds with bass, pickerel, pike, perch, blue-gills, strawberry-bass, sun-fish and various other fish.

Come and spend your vacation with us and for your pleasure in the past we wish to thank you on all, and sincerely trust we will be able to make it more pleasant for you this year.

For programs and information write to H. P. LA GRANGE, Sec'y, 76 Joy street, Detroit, Mich.

FROM LILY DALE.

Dr. George B. Warner Elected on the Board of the City of Light Assembly.

On Wednesday, May 9, the trustees of the City of Light Assembly held their spring meeting.

Albert C. White and Homer Todd's resignations were received with regret, and Dr. George B. Warner of Chicago, and Mr. E. B. Plattfield, N. J., were chosen to fill the vacancies.

Dr. Warner was also elected treasurer. There is general satisfaction in naming such able and favorably known Spiritualists on the Board.

Dr. Warner brings his wide experience and excellent judgment while Mr. Pratt is one of the most genial and enthusiastic Spiritualists in the ranks. As the manager of one of the largest business concerns in the East, a man of wealth and culture, the City of Light Assembly gladly welcomes both.

Mr. Geo. L. Humphrey, the president pro tem, was elected Vice-President.

A large amount of business was transacted, merchants licensed, contracts for repairs, improvements and advertising given out, and the executive staff of the Assembly who will look after the grounds and comforts of the visitors, were engaged.

The Maywood hotel was leased to Mr. S. J. Richardson, who will run it at the moderate price of \$1.25 per day and upwards.

A covered pavilion was ordered built by the lake, which will seat over 100 people, and will add greatly to the attractions of the place.

On Thursday evening reception was tendered to Mr. Humphreys and Mrs. Fiken. Nearly everybody on the grounds were there, and a number of speeches were made, expressing harmony, good will and expectations of the greatest season Lily Dale has ever experienced.

LAURA G. FIXEN.

The New Camp Grounds at Los Angeles, Cal.

Elsie Reynolds, who for years has entertained the gullible Spiritualists of Los Angeles, has decided to make a business of it, and has secured a job because of her past exposures. If Mr. Spinks and those associated with him as head of the Spiritualists Camp-meeting Association at Edendale, succeed in making the camp a success, Elsie can snap her fingers at the members of the "Anti Fraud Society" of Los Angeles, who exposed her twice.

She can also defy the city tax collector as the camp is outside the city limits.

Last Sunday, at the camp grounds, Mr. Spinks was selling lots and making only speeches about the great future of the camp, while his friend, Elsie Reynolds, in a cottage near by on the grounds, entertained the suckers at 50 cents each by posing as the spirit of "Aunt Betsey."

It is being greatly feared that these Spiritualists, who assist in making a success of this camp, may help to make a permanent nest for Elsie Reynolds, and all those belonging to the seamy side of Spiritualism.

P. A. JENSEN.

"The Light of Egypt." Volumes 1 and 2. An occult library in itself, a text-book of esoteric knowledge, as taught by Adepts of Hermetic Philosophy. Price \$2 per volume.

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A Critical and Crushing Review By Dr. Peebles of the Rev. Dr. Kipp's five lectures against Spiritualism. This work is a critical reply of the Doctor, while repudiating the subject, sustains Spiritualism, considering the complement of primitive Christianity. Price 25 cents.

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An elegant pamphlet containing an account of the exercises at Rochester and Hydeville, N. Y., at the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. It contains the addresses of some of the most noted speakers present. It contains the picture of the Hydeville cottage, wreath, etc. Price, 15 cents.

Death Defeated, or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young.

This book is a treatise on the foundation of things—health, the foundation of health, the foods to eat, the subject of marriage, who should marry and who should not marry, the causes of divorce, the proper time for conception, gestation, the determining of sex, animal flesh-eating, what Herodotus, Hesiod, Homer, Pythagoras, Shelley, Graham and others ate, the foods that produce long life, and how to live "immortal" on earth. This book is written in Dr. Peebles' usually clear, crisp style, and attracts the reader from the very first through its facts, logic and convincing arguments. Very handsomely bound in cloth. Price \$1.

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This finely illustrated volume of between three hundred and four hundred pages, by Dr. Peebles, treats exhaustively of inoculation, cow-pox and caltym-pox vaccination, and Jenner's time to the present. It tells how the cow-pox virus is obtained—how the vaccine virus, while causing many deaths, sows the seed of eczema, pimples, cancers, tumors, ulcers and leprosy. It gives a history of the several years' struggle against vaccination in England, Parliament meeting "optional" instead of compulsory. This book should be in every school library and family. Price \$1.25.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ON THE RECENT EXPOSURE.

Sir:—In his contribution to your columns last week, Dr. Wallace is good enough to trace the Eldred exposure to the suspicion excited in my

HOW THE MEDIUM DECEIVED THE PEOPLE.

From the above photograph of the articles found in the secret compartment of the "TRICK CHAIR," used by Mr. Eldred in his imitation of genuine materializations, and of the chair itself, our readers will gather some idea of the manner in which his tricks were effected.

The hooded shroud enveloping the dummy head is made of fine China silk, double throughout, and is clumsily stitched down the front. It is much soiled, inside the hood, evidently from frequent use. The taped apron made of the same material, is also double, and was evidently tied round the waist beneath the folds of the shroud which reach down to the knees. The dummy head is made of stockinet, nearly flesh-colored, and is long enough to reach loosely down to the shoulders; the paper mask is pasted inside of it, and small pieces of stockinet have been gummed over the eye-holes.

A piece of black cloth lies on the floor, which if lifted up in front of the apron, gives the effect of dematerialization. There is also a sleeve made of black cloth which would render the hand and arm visible in the dim light. The secret panel of the front of the chair is seen resting on the arm and shows the two catches and the hasp for the lock. The lock itself is in the back of the chair just below the padded roll at the top, and it is covered by the panel when placed in position. Two keys are threaded upon the string which hangs over the panel, one of which was given up by Mr. Eldred when he confessed. Above the chair is the extending coat-hanger made of wire, which was apparently used for producing the second "form." The grey wig above has its long hair pinned back at the ends. The iron hook projecting from the side of the chair was probably used to hang up the circle. The white drapery hanging behind the "John King" beard is planned together to make a small hood, and was probably used to give the appearance of a child form.

With his coat spread on the chair, suspended by means of the coat hanger, buttoned up and stuffed loosely with the superfluous drapery, and with

the mask above it, there is no wonder that, in the "conditioned" darkness which prevails, Mr. Eldred led people to mistake it for the sleeping "shrunken" medium.

We give the above photograph as an "object-lesson" that Spiritualists may in future be on their guard against, and ready for, the crafty tricks of pretenders to mediumship, and also in the interest of all honest mediums, that they may realize the necessity for fraud-proof conditions and "light, more light," so that they may not be classed with the plausible and conscienceless rogues who seek to exploit our movement in their desire to get rich quickly.

"THE DAILY MIRROR."

In the following paragraph the "Daily Mirror," of the 10

The Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism--What Does It Mean in the Light of the Soul Teachings?

A Discourse Delivered Through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Before a Chicago Audience, March 24, 1906.

"And there shall be no more death; neither any sorrow nor any sighing."

The period predicted about the "dreaming of dreams" and the "seeing of visions" has more than been fulfilled.

We are not going to remind you of the hackneyed account of "The Rochester Knockings" that has been given every year since Spiritualism has been known by name, because it is now approaching sixty years. Of course those who know about Spiritualism know that it stands for the open communion between the two worlds: this world, the visible and the realm invisible, and if you do not know about it it is not our fault, because it has been in the world since the most of you have been here. It has been accessible; it has not been shut up in schools, colleges and universities; it has not been a "revelation" simply to the elect; it is the open door to all who wish to know.

If you do not wish to know it under the name of Spiritualism you can join the Psychic Research Society and go around by the side door, or you can be a Theosophist and go to India and get it by the way of Calcutta and Madame Blavatsky; or you can join the Christian Scientists and get it by the way of Concord and Mrs. Eddy; or you can join any one of the several dozen "occult" societies in Chicago and elsewhere, and just as soon as you get inside you will know it is Spiritualism. Or if you wish to be still more on the "safe" side you can settle down in any Christian church, excepting possibly the Roman Catholic church, and find it percolating through the sermons you hear there, just enough to keep pace with the advance movement, and not have it called Spiritualism.

We do not say "Liberal" churches, because the Liberal churches have been rather farther from it than almost any other of the denominations. They have gone so far in Universalism and Unitarianism and waged their war so well that they do not feel like taking another step, so they stop almost at the threshold of materialism.

You remember what the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the eminent Unitarian minister of New York, said when he moved backward into the orthodox church: that if he went any farther in Unitarianism he would be a materialist. So he stopped just short of that point. Having no new revelation and losing hold of past revelations they can go no farther, unless they accept Spiritualism.

Fifty years ago Judge Edmunds said in New York when there was some talk about the Spiritualists building a church: "You need not build any churches; it will not be more than half a century before Spiritualism will be advocated in all the churches. To-day you will hear good Spiritualistic sermons (if you do not remind the preachers beforehand of it) in almost any church in Christendom. But if it is called 'Spiritualism' they will deny it, saying while they accept the phenomena, 'I am not a Spiritualist,' like the Revs. Mr. Savage and Mr. Newton.

The knowledge of the underlying principles that are in the world to-day concerning the future life and concerning the powers of the mind and spirit while here embodied entirely owe their existence to that which Spiritualists as a body celebrate throughout this country and the world to-day: the advent of Modern Spiritualism. It is not because at Hydesville, N. Y., three little girls were made the instruments of mesmerizing some sounds that came from disembodied spirits. There have been such sounds all the way along; there have been indications all the way along. When the law of gravitation was announced, it was not because that was the first apple that had fallen, but it was because there was the first mind ready to take cognizance of the fact, and know the whereof that things fall to the ground when they drop. So when Mother Ann Lee, in the very first part of the nineteenth century, announced that it would not be a half century or a quarter of a century before the world's people would know all about this intercommunion between spirits and mortals that the Shakers then had: utterances, healing and all forms of manifestations. She announced it, because it was coming, because it was almost here. If you had heard from the Shakers about those early days you would know, you would realize that they held this communion before, long before, the "Rochester Knockings."

When a Mrs. Loomis, in western New York, or central New York, under the influence of a mesmerizer, said she got her information from spiritual beings, and went on describing them, and declared to the mesmerizer, that for the time being she was independent of him, that these other intelligences were controlling her, it was a typical case of the "announcement." When Andrew Jackson Davis went into a trance and described beings whom he saw there, that also was a prevision of the whole movement that seemed launched upon the world at a time when there had been preparation.

You do not suppose that the "Rochester Knockings" spread as the measles do and other things of that kind? Seemingly in places where the Rochester Knockings had not been heard of or read of there were people ready, and there were physical manifestations and speaking. The one standing before you was controlled to speak before anyone in the neighborhood had heard of this thing which was in the air. It was a great movement; it was the ripeness of time.

In the theological world, Universalism, Unitarianism and various independent church people—"Come Outers" as they were called—had been preparing the way for the new idea of religion.

In the mental world Mesmerism and Psychology were the great liberalizing influences which caused experiments in psychology and kindred subjects, preparing the way for what is now called Psychic Research. Professor Gregory in the first half of the nineteenth century wished to establish a chair of Mesmerism in the Edinburgh University, which was tabooed. Yet he lived to see the recognition of all these powers of the mind that were then scoffed at.

When, now, about forty years ago, Professor Alfred Russel Wallace and his compeers commenced the investigation of Modern Spiritualism they were laughed at as "dreamers" and "idealists" who were wasting valuable time that should be devoted to science. But Alfred Russel Wallace and his younger compeer, William Crookes, Professor Varley and perhaps half a dozen others in this country and elsewhere saw the way to new enlightenment and never for one moment retraced their steps. Having ascertained that the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism were simply facts, the testimony, the manifestation, the signs and tokens of communion with the spirit realm. Of course you know what Professor Varley helped to do in the laying of the Atlantic cable, and also helped to do with Professor Crookes in showing that electricity had nothing to do with the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, but that a more occult force, under the influence of unseen intelligences, was acting upon substance for enlightenment of human beings here.

The great "under world" of human thought has been lifted more than a century forward by what has transpired in the last half a century, and the harvest of the first great minds that this idea took possession of is left in their testimony, and it is just as valuable to-day as it was then, only that a new crop of scientific minds, thinking they are better equipped, that their discernment is keener and more to be relied upon, have started to do the same thing that Professors Wallace, Crookes, Robert Hare, and Mages and Denton in your own country tried to find an "unknown law of nature" that did these things, and they found out that in every instance this "unknown law of nature" was spirit intelligence. These new professors are doing that same thing to-day in the Psychic Research Society, Prof. James, Dr. Hodgson and those professors who came tardily into

the acknowledgement of all this are simply repeating that which they did not have the gracefulness to acknowledge as ever having been in existence before.

Now that this truth is in the world we have repeatedly said, that it is not the fault of the movement if people are ignorant of it. When one comes into your presence and says: "Well, I do not believe the stars move so and so. I do not believe in astronomy," of course you consider him very ignorant, and very ostentatious in his ignorance by proclaiming it. Like the man that knocked Professor Alfred Russel Wallace down in England. He had an argument with the Professor to prove the world was flat instead of round. Mr. Wallace having the best of the argument, the man had only one recourse, to knock Dr. Wallace down. So these people that get up in public parade in the papers and say, they do not "know anything about Spiritualism and do not believe it," simply show their own ignorance. Anything that has been in the world for over fifty years you could know about if you had cared to know anything about it. If you did not care or did not have the opportunity to know about it, you should be as modest as Mr. Parker was—Theodore Parker, who said: "In my busy life I have had no time to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, but if it is not true it ought to be, and whatever ought to be true I have found is generally true." Later on he said: "I believe Spiritualism will be the religion of the future."

So, dear friends, throughout the length and breadth of this land; in Australia, in England, and possibly in Italy and other portions of Europe people to-day celebrate the anniversary of Spiritualism; but it is not that this time is the particular advent; it is not that those indications were the first, because your grandmothers used to hear the knockings on the foot-board of the bed whenever anybody was going to die, but it was because then and there, near to Rochester and through the thinking world was a body of men who were just ready to receive the thought, to investigate the claim of the manifestations and to prove that they originated from no human source. Having proven that, the intelligence that was manifested and the messages which followed proved that they originated from intelligences outside of the human body.

When simultaneously there sprung up speaking, writing, healing, clairvoyance and all forms and phases of spiritual gifts, it was an indication of a great out-pouring.

Now, as said before, apples had fallen long before Newton's time, but there was no one standing there to pick them off the tree in order that they might fall. They fell in response to a universal law that has been always operative. But when there comes a period of out-pouring like that which preceded and followed the birth of Jesus, like that which accompanied the Reformation, like that which accompanied the greater and broader and more loving teaching of John Wesley it proves two things. Not only are people in earthly life ready, more ready, but an intelligence is directing that which is done, and the difference between scientific discovery, as it is called by mistake, is that this movement is the conscious impulsion of spirit intelligence toward the earth, toward reaching human lives. It is cumulative; it has increased more in fifty-eight years than any other movement that the world has been familiar with. It includes such a vast array of facts, such a wide expanse of philosophy it is so all-inclusive; though there would have been even a wider and more rapid increase but for the fact that Spiritualists are like all other people, they obtain possession of one fact and the natural conclusion of that fact, and that is often the limit. They fall to grasp the entire proposition that is implied, or indicated in the facts.

So, of necessity, Spiritualism as it exists in the world, has its limitations, and it would not be among human beings if it did not. But that which is open for every one who wishes to learn has no such limitations.

But when you think of it, you celebrate the birth of the babe with a great deal of pomp and ceremony and keep on until the baby, if it be a girl, does not want her anniversary celebrated, then you celebrate the marriage anniversary. But ordinarily all anniversaries are nothing compared to the baby's birthday or mamma's birthday, and all this; but when you come to the anniversary of the day on which your dear one was withdrawn from your human sight, you have wished before you came to know about this communion that you could skip this sad anniversary; that you would forget it; that something would happen that you might never remember it. But on the day when you first became aware that your baby, your son, your daughter, your father, your mother, your brother or sister, your friend, did not die, that the body only went back to the dust, and the spirit did not cease to live, the anniversary of that day no doubt you keep sacred in your minds and hearts; you keep it sacred by a more divine and greater love; more perfect joyfulness should accompany that anniversary than any other day. We wish people might remember and keep the anniversary of the day sacred that they passed from human sight, since it was the next great step of their lives. Keep the day sacred in which you first knew of this knowledge that cast out all fear of death, of the shadow of the grave, that made you cast aside the garments of woe and put on the garments of rejoicing. Let no custom, no external habit, no fashion compel you to do violence to their love and your feelings of rejoicing.

Be so glad for this morning, dear friends, for whatever else it represents, it represents the greatest and most perfect realization of immortality that the human race has ever experienced, and each life that is aware of it should rejoice with each concurrent season and say, one year, ten years, fifteen years ago to-day my beloved one dropped the physical, the decaying form and was aware of the realm of immortality, of the mysteries of the higher life. In that great sentence what unspeakable fears are set aside.

Christians celebrate Easter morning, for they know the spirit of that triumph in the light of the arisen Christ through whose death they hope to be saved. But who shall narrow down the great upspringing of the human race to the sacrifice of another life for human salvation, when here and now the trembling buds of Spring are waiting to come forth, whose garments are waiting to be re-woven with the meshes of light, and the whole world is expectant of this glad rebirth of nature.

Are not your minds as responsive to that great spirit of truth that is revealed, and that to-day makes manifest that even in material nature death is not with the grave, and do you not know that love never forgets? And lest you do not properly understand you are reminded of what you would have been and where you would stand if you had not known of this truth, and you are reminded that those who at one time preached of the darkness and horror of the grave and what might come after it are compelled by the very presence of this brightness in the air and the thought that is in the world to declare the next life, the presence of ministering spirits, and the great added comfort that is here. They cannot deny it.

Oh! but this is much! It is so important to know that in the celebrating of this anniversary and of the anniversary of your knowledge of it that you have taken a great step from darkness to light, from death to life, from sorrow to joy. That very step predicted by John upon the Isle of Patmos, when "there shall be no more death."

Not only does science declare that in the visible world death is a misnomer, since it is but change and transmutation of life, but this revelation declares that the spirit cannot die, that the soul is eternal, and that anything that can change and pass ought to. Last year's stubble, the dead leaves that are being crowded off by the new swelling buds; the old shadow, the external things that was but the clothing for the new garment; and these bodies, these instruments that from any cause are cast aside, are no more the friends you loved than the garments are that they may have worn, beloved perhaps for their beauty, or because

your loved ones wore them. Like the young girl who, when her mother was away visiting, or on an errand of duty, went to the mother's wardrobe and cried against the mother's clothing, she did just what you do sometimes over the body; only that the things are there. Think how it must seem to your departed friends if you weep over the worn-out garments they have cast aside instead of turning to them, when they are so near and so very alive with love. You do not see them with your eyes, you do not touch them with your visible hands. But in order to appeal to human infancy in spiritual things, they have baffled science and made themselves palpable, demonstrated their presence to the senses, clothed themselves, it may be, with forms, made sounds in your dwellings in order that you might know that they were there. Then you get to talking about these manifestations as if they were the thing itself. Probably if you knew the real reason, that is why the manifestations are so often confounded and many mistakes made by you, because you cannot distinguish between the "true" and "false," if you attach more importance to the method of the message than to the message itself. If you care more about the boy that brings you a telegram than the message from your friend, who is far away in another part of the world; if you are more interested in the post-office than the letter you receive; so if you are more interested in the method that you are in the message, the method will be confounded, the various gifts will be filled with mistakes because it is the message the spirit world wants you to know; it is the great truth of life beyond the change called death.

The spirit world does not want to have these manifestations classified by science and put on the shelves with other fossils. Mr. James, Dr. Hodgson and the other professors think that these manifestations are something that they are to "classify." Not while intelligence governs it; it will never be labeled, it is a great living truth. It is like some of those rivers that will change their course; they will turn up somewhere else. Spiritual phenomena just as soon as you seek to dam them up in one place are governed by spiritual intelligence and cannot be counted upon to produce or reproduce themselves, as the phenomena never need to be given under the arbitrary conditions, usually called "natural law." Whatever law really governs spirit communion it is not limited, it is not inviolable. "The same manifestations do not always occur under similar circumstances; sometimes they do not occur at all, showing that intelligence is more potent than any so-called 'conditions.'"

Of course, you are requested to conform to certain "conditions"; it is better for you. You are requested to be "harmonious"; it is better for you. You are requested in a sense to join in singing, to have your minds in the best state possible; it is better for you. But if there was a cataclysm during an important and necessary spiritual manifestation it could take place. The "dear spirit friends" are not so limited as the "dear mortals," and the adaptation of human conditions is the one great and significant message of phenomenal Spiritualism, the adaptation to human conditions and human needs. Do you suppose that the movement is confused or confounded because this medium is imperfect and that one deceives? This has no more to do with the movement than it has to do with the moving of the earth because two boys stop on their way to school and go to fighting. It does not disturb the equilibrium of the earth at all, nor does it disturb the movement of human beings. In this great period of falsehood, it would be a strange thing, when men can manipulate that clicking instrument and make it declare false returns on the Board of Trade, if these instruments for spirit manifestations were not also deflected. They are often deflected by human thoughts and desires that perhaps they know not of. When you consider that there is hardly a man on the boards of trade and stock exchanges but would get "pointers," if he could, from any medium, if he went to a medium that would be what he would go for—it is not surprising that there are sometimes false returns. The spirit of what you take with you is invariably felt even if the medium is honest, and if the medium is not, why, he or she is liable to reflect what comes. But in any event the great truth is not affected, the one thing that has been demonstrated over and over again.

These phenomenal evidences have taken place under unquestioned conditions. Mr. Crookes set himself apart for three years to investigate in his own house the phenomena of Spiritualism under the ministrations of the wisest spirit intelligences. All these groupings of facts are here, but they would be perfectly valueless if it were not for the message conveyed and the accumulation of facts representing not simply the facts of continued existence or that the phenomena can be perpetuated, or that other facts can occur much more wonderful; all this is admitted. But it is not a succession of sight-seeing shows. Mr. Edison is not busy in his laboratory getting up these electric exhibitions; he is busy finding out the principles concerning electricity. What these people do with it he cannot always control.

The great spiritual light that is being poured out upon the world to-day is simply the beginning.

It implies the beginning of what? The beginning of a great spiritual cycle that is finally to illumine those minds that are and will be made ready for spiritual perception, to know about the soul and spirit. Not simply being limited to know that their departed friends still exist and can talk to them, but the great intercommunion of souls.

A faculty that has been cramped, dwarfed, warped, diverted and pronounced dead when quickened into activity is liable to produce singular demonstrations; so some of those thus quickened are often said to be "erratic" people. But, taken as a whole, Spiritualists are provokingly sane. They are not quite insane enough to be very great enthusiasts; they are not quite insane enough to take the full scope of the message; they are not quite insane enough to be sufficiently broad-minded. They often predicate so much upon "facts" that they have measurably forgotten the great truths that lie beyond all demonstrations, because they are limitless. We are hoping for better things; they are growing more into the ideal.

Why, fifty years ago if we spoke of God or Jesus respectfully before a Spiritualistic audience a great many of them would almost have convulsions. They had come out of the church and it reminded them of what they had come from, just as to mention a place might remind one of his sorrows if he had once suffered there. Forgetting that people use many words improperly. That which lies beyond all creeds is the great universal life, the great universal intelligence, the great universal love. Spiritualists are growing to know this, and in that degree they are substituting Truth for facts. The truth of immortality is substituted for the fact of spirit phenomena.

Now, do not misunderstand us. The manifestation is absolutely necessary while you are here. You must manifest in your bodies, and when you cease to have a body to manifest through you must manifest in some way through another body, or through matter, or by direct contact with intelligence. Now we come to the great point. The world grows into the possession of the higher and more spiritual attributes of the mind, known to have existed in seers, prophets and those endowed with spiritual gifts—which many geniuses have, though these are not all the people—the great spiritual inheritance of the race, the privilege of knowing of spiritual things; the privilege of perceiving and knowing of spiritual beings. More endowed are some than others; more gifted will some be than others. But as music is now taught to thousands and hundreds of thousands of people when a century ago there were only a few, so it is with these gifts of the spirit. The privilege of knowing that each has intuition; to write, to communicate with each other (in silence, if you choose), and the knowledge that your friends are manifesting to you personally will be generally known. That is the heritage of the entire human race.

Now you might talk with a dozen people, a hundred, and perhaps one of them would know something about the manifestation and practical application of electricity. A few others would have a little smattering of the knowledge that it is something that goes everywhere. They turn on the button and they get the light, but who knows, among the mass of material people anything about that force that lights your cities, and takes your trolley cars from one end of the country to the other? By the simple contact of the trolley with the small wire it becomes the motor for moving thousands upon thousands; ah! millions of human beings. By more subtle and spiritual processes, by inconceivably finer forces this spirit communion takes place.

It should not be accounted strange if only one in a thousand, or a hundred thousand shall know to-day. But it is an encouragement that it is possible to know that somewhere in the deeper recesses of your nature, the spiritual light is turned on, the spiritual forces are acting upon you. That this opens up a realm more vast than electricity, more wonderful than astronomy, and leads you into the kingdom of spiritual life that belongs to you.

How very indignant a person is when he or she finds out that by some reverse of fortune or outside influence that he or she has been plodding in a collar or in a coal mine day by day and deprived of an inheritance where one might live in the open air and sunshine in a beautiful dwelling. One feels naturally indignant at having his spiritual nature stifled at every turn; to be knocked down by fear, and never allowed even to approach the gateway of the other world, or to know where his friend has gone. He must ask no questions; he must wait until he has passed on, and then perhaps he will meet his friends and perhaps not.

Now when you are told that your friends have not died; that they have not gone far away, that they can communicate with you under certain external conditions outwardly, and spiritually if you will only heed them; that if you really know, you can talk with your friends every day in spirit and in your thought. The day is coming when all this will be open to the human race; and so will all the possibilities that lie behind: The sympathy between mind and mind in spirit states; the power of knowing what your friend is doing in California, Australia or China; the sympathy of loving minds on the earth.

Oh! but science offers many good illustrations. At first was the telegraph. Then even when the Atlantic cable was laid there were people who did not believe that a message could be received from Queen Victoria. But the message was received and many, many thousand messages since. Now a ship in mid-ocean, without any intervening wire can receive a message sent by a transmitter on the shore by the fine adjustment of sympathy between the "transmitter" and the "receiver." Do you know now, why you do not get messages from your friends? Do you know now why you cannot perceive them day by day and hour by hour as they are trying to probe that shadow that lies between you and them? The transmitter is alive with love? What are you (the receivers) alive with or dead with?

Talk about surviving the change called death! Is not this death, in which you have immured yourselves? How many minutes of the day, let alone hours, do you listen for spiritual voices? How many minutes do you seek in thought and aspiration to be the receiver for that transmitted message of love? How many minutes do you put aside your money getting and your household cares for this priceless message?

Oh! it is the chambers of the mind that need cleaning, and being used a little more. Dust and smoke, more or less, must enter the earthly dwelling. But this is the great house cleaning time of the spirit. It is this that is going on in the world. "Set your house in order that at my coming you may all be prepared," does not mean the material dwelling, nor those silver candlesticks before the altar, nor those various gold and silver things that they think so important to be kept burnished; but the burnished altar of the spirit; that which will offer no impediment to your loved ones approaching you; that which will make the way clear for receiving the loved child who says, "Mamma, I love you."

Now you are waiting with outward ears expecting to hear the outward voice, when the voice is there calling day by day and year by year. Think of the little darling who has gone out from your home who has not gone far away, who will not go far, whose guardians bring her near you every day to give you better, higher and purer thoughts. But you go to the grave and scatter flowers and weep when all the time the pleading voice says: "Mamma and papa I am here! Don't you know I am here?" In great moments of exaltation, in the twilight hour, the darling was accustomed to climb upon your knee and put its arms around your neck, so it does now. Oh! if you would only know this and be in a responsive mood, be the receiver for that transmitted message across the barriers which are only on the visible human side.

But this palpable, yet often invisible world is just waiting, just here. Will you be ready? Are you willing to receive it? Is the great light of love not sufficiently valuable that you shall endeavor to remove the barriers that lie between. The spirits break those barriers; sometimes they move armies; they give you a message; they do all this for your benefit. But that will not be the way by and bye. The medium for the message must be your own spirit. Ultimately it will come. Meanwhile these gifted ones thus endowed will be raised up in your midst. Some will have clairvoyance, some other gifts. But the "gifts of the spirit" are not final. They are to bridge over until the world is ready. They are bestowed to help, in the blindness and deafness of spiritual things, the human race toward this attainment.

Do not be contented with just having the comfort. Do not sit down, as many Spiritualists do, and say, "I feel all right. I am satisfied. I know we live after the change called death, and there is no literal hell and personal devil." Yes, but what does Spiritualism imply? It implies every active good for humanity. It implies that every living thing needs to be uplifted. It implies that this child on the street, that criminal in the prison cell in the light of this spiritual truth is given to you to help.

Hell? Of course you do not fear Hades theologically. But you must be blind, deaf and dumb if you do not realize it here in that which is going on around you every day. Tell this child, "Do not be afraid of a future Hades. Come, learn the ways of love." Tell that unfortunate, it is not what tortures are to await him in the future or even upon the gallows, but that there is a spiritual light that can govern from within and conquer every shadow.

This knowledge (Spiritualism) is the great light that is in the world to-day. Turn off this electric light that is in your city at night time, and put your city back to the light of seventy years ago, and there would be such a cry from the inhabitants of Chicago as has rarely gone forth; not even in the spasmodic attempts at reform has there been such a cry as there would be then.

So, dear ones, whether you realize it or not, whether you sympathize with it or not, whether you even know this thing by name that has come into the world and leads on and onto the spiritual light of the soul and the infinite, if it were turned off from the earth, out of this world, at this hour, and you were placed back just where the thought of the world was sixty or seventy-five years ago, you would cry out, pleading to be helped out of the darkness. You want it here, in the world even if you say you do not believe. There are plenty of people in just that attitude. They like to have it near enough for them to feel its uplifting power. In case of sorrow they would miss it so much. Even the reporter, oftentimes the most obtuse spiritually of all human beings, is influenced by it, and the writers for journals and magazines. It is the

great light that permeates the literature of to-day to make it extend to another strata of human unfoldment. So, beloved friends, make sacred in no uncertain way the whole commemorative life over death, joy and sorrow, and restores your loved ones when you think them gone, and lights up the great luminous pathway that, whether people know it or not, they are being led into. And make also the added note: that when once you open the avenue of spirit and spirit communion and the knowledge of the soul it can nevermore be withheld; that it leads from eternity unto eternity. And happy are they who are not afraid of where it will lead to; for the Kingdom of Truth and the Kingdom of Love are so wide and infinite that no one can be lost trusting the Father's love and the soul's eternity.

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making them respond to the slightest vibration of sound. Actina is very successful in curing ringing noises in the head. We have known people with deafening ringing symptoms for years to be cured in a few weeks' use of Actina. Actina also cures hay fever, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches all of which are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina is sent on trial postpaid. Write us about your case. We give free advice and positive proof of cures. A valuable book—Prof. Wilson's 100 page Treatise on Diseases, Free. Address New York & London Electric Association, Dept. 312D, 329 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo.

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A Treatise on Human Culture, by Leroy Burpee, anthropologist and lecturer. A very suggestive and instructive book. Price \$1.00.

The Universe By L. R. Rose.

This book contains 71 pages of explanation regarding force; the beginning of our race; the history of the world; life; immortality; psychic science; the soul of man; and ends with a poem entitled "Song of Psyche," by Emma Nickerson-Warna. Price 25 cents.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

WRITE PLAINLY.—We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that the Progressive Thinker is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written plainly with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and only on one side of the paper. Please bear this in mind.

ITEMS.—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to do that they will generally have to be cut down more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require.

TAKE DUE NOTICE. that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to say that Secretary or Correspondent writes so and so, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

KEEP COPIES of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

Dr. Alex. Caird of Lynn, Mass., was in the city last week. The doctor, who is located in Chicago, again, where at one time he was an honored resident. Through his instrumentality one of the most flourishing Spiritualistic societies in the world has been organized at Lynn. He should have a wide field to work in, on account of his clear head and vigorous vitality.

His mind a blank since his experience in the San Francisco earthquake, J. J. West, a wealthy miner of Siskiyou County, Cal., arrived at Logansport, Ind., on the Pan Handle train from Chicago, fully recovered from his illness. He had the remainder of his \$3,000 in his pocket, and before his memory left him. He does not know whether he spent the rest of it or whether it was taken from him. Physicians corroborate his statement that he does not drink.

C. H. Mathews writes: "A short time ago a woman who had gone to the White House at Washington on business, was forcibly ejected therefrom. Now I see from the news from London, April 26, 1906, 'A house of commons, following the bill granting the right of suffrage to the women of the United Kingdom. A number of women in the gallery shouted: 'Hear! Hear! Justice for women—divide! divide!'. A detachment of police turned out the women.' What does such doings portend anyway, in the 'civilized' 20th century?"

J. Frankenberg writes from Sacramento, Cal.: "Each of your correspondents made mistakes in the version of the great calamity which befell San Francisco. Mrs. Ballou says that on the morning of the 17th, the shock took place. It took place, however, the 18th. Mr. Lewis says the shock commenced at about 5:15 p. m. Mr. Macade, the Government weather forecaster at San Francisco, says that the shock began at 5:13 a. m. on the 18th. Mr. Lewis says that the people in great calamities like this the people are apt to make minutes of seconds. If that quake had lasted 5 or even 3 minutes (I mean the real shock that did all the damage, for there were lighter jars all that day), there would have been many thousands instead of a few hundred lost their lives, and this calamity would have gone down along with the great and destructive one described by Humboldt. All of the destructive part of that quake was accomplished in from 45 to 50 seconds."

Dr. J. M. Peebles passed through the city last week from Whitewater, Wis., where he lectured. He is undoubtedly good for 25 years yet.

Mrs. N. C. Selbrede writes from Billings, Mont.: "The First Spiritualist Church of Billings has had with them Rev. Moses Hull and his co-workers, Mattie Hull. These veteran workers have given a number of very entertaining discourses on Biblical, Philosophical and Scientific Spiritualism. Mrs. Hull gave the teachers and children of our lyceum many good and instructive words of encouragement. Last Friday they attended a meeting of the Progressive Ad Society, and each gave most interesting talks on the subject."

The Michigan Democrat says: "The editor of The Progressive Thinker, a prominent Chicago newspaper, has written to Mr. Thomas Harding, informing him that the columns of his paper are open to him to publish therein a full text of his strange experiences in the old house, recently taken down. Mr. Harding proposes to supply a series of articles in the form of letters to the editor, under the heading of 'Guardian Angels in an Old Corner House.' He will do so he says, 'under the hope that someone, or more who now believes that there is no continued life after the body's death may be induced to reconsider the subject,' as he himself was by the observations of twenty-five years in his own house. In these articles he intends to strengthen the opinions of Spiritualists and to convince those who are of a continued existence involve religion or moral obligations; but that they are simply natural and subject to nature's laws, like law of gravity or any other, char-

AS A GENERAL RULE, IN THIS OFFICE WE PAY NO ATTENTION TO ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS. THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE WRITER SHOULD ACCOMPANY ALL MATTER, OF WHATEVER KIND, SENT TO THIS OFFICE.

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

We go to press early Monday morning, hence communications intended for that current issue should reach this office not later than the previous Saturday morning. Bear this in mind.

ALWAYS GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS WHEN SENDING NOTICES AND COMMUNICATIONS FOR PUBLICATION. OTHERWISE THEY WILL FIND THEIR WAY TO THE WASTE BASKET.

acter having nothing whatever to do with them as they "come like rain" to the just and unjust alike, and have been permitted to order to correct the errors of the unbeliever.

E. J. Jaquet writes: "The Golden Rule Spiritualist Society, on last Sunday afternoon was favored with psychometric readings from flowers by Sister Nore E. Hill, followed by a short talk and messages from Sister Emma J. Hanson. In the evening our worthy vice-president of the N. S. A. delivered one of his soul-inspiring lectures on True Mediumship, urging every true medium to be a Spiritualist. In our ranks to put their shoulder to the wheel and aid in ousting all impurities from our ranks, and impressing very strongly upon us the fact that this is done, we as a body of Spiritualists would not be recognized by the better and more intellectual class of people. Our house was packed to overflowing in the evening, and all were greatly interested and pleased with Dr. George Warner's impressive and very instructive lecture. Oh! how we would enlarge and shine as bright stars in our ranks, could every Spiritualist platform be occupied every Sunday afternoon and evening with such intellectual speakers as Dr. Warner, Harrison D. Barrett, Moses Hull, Mrs. Lillie, Lyman C. Howe, and a host of others too numerous to mention. Mrs. Hill, the regular speaker for the Golden Rule Society, goes to Jackson, Mich., for the last two Sundays of the month to serve the society there."

Mrs. B. Hilbert writes: "I will again take charge of my church, on the 27th, thanking Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howes for their kindness, in caring for the church during my absence. I will be pleased to meet all my friends."

Having returned home after a most successful winter south, Miss M. B. Hedrick of 55 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has resumed her work, and is holding seances regularly every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday at 8 p. m. Matinee for ladies on Wednesdays at 2:30. Private sittings daily.

Mrs. Martha Woolsey writes from Indianapolis, Ind.: "Spiritualism still blooms in this city, and many are being led by their spirit friends to seek that higher state of living, that cheering blissful life from which our loved ones still cling to us and feed us spiritual food, and we are more forward and cheerful and life worth living. Last Monday, sister Anna Thronsdon, pastor of the Progressive Spiritual Church, was called to officiate at the funeral of Sister Lydia Nageleson, who was at the time of her passing away vice-president of the Golden Rule Ladies Aid Society of the Progressive Spiritual Church. She was a noble, good lady, in her twenty-fifth year. Sister Thronsdon spoke beautifully of her many endearing qualities and words of comfort to the sorrowing family and friends."

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings writes from Manchester, N. H.: "There was a highly interesting and well attended convention at Hartford, Ct., the 5th and 6th insts."

The Occult Review contains the description of a remarkable case of double sight in the person of Miss George, who under hypnotic influence, blindfolded, she can read any kind of book and writes as well as in ordinary conditions. A reporter for the Daily Mail held a successful seance with the young lady by blindfolding her with a thick scarf of black silk and submitting to her inspection a manuscript containing innumerable figures. The girl read them without any difficulty.

W. V. Nicum writes: "I lectured for the Light of Truth Spiritual Society, on Sunday, Ky., to a good audience, on Sunday, May 13. I notice one cause here is taking on a higher form, away from the crude manifestations."

E. R. Fielding writes: "The auxiliary of the First Association meets every Thursday evening at 402 A street S. E. Mrs. Stephens' classes are held as usual Thursday afternoons; Mrs. Wm. Beckman's on Wednesday afternoons. The Temple League continues its meetings through the month of May, and probably through June. Mr. Nigh is speaker for this society; Mrs. Zoller and Mrs. Ripple are message bearers. The musical selections are by Miss Farrow, Miss Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Freer."

J. M. White writes: "Oklahoma City is too hard a proposition for any worker to expect success in, but Mrs. Emma Nutt has bravely set out to do the work I began there. Instead of continuing on to the South I am returning North. For dates for grove or camp-meetings, address me at Winfield, Kansas, as I mean to make Northward and East. Would like a settled year's engagement with a good society. Address General Delivery, Winfield, Kansas."

Correspondent writes: "The Psychic Research Society of Rochester, N. Y., met on the 13th inst., in listening to H. D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualist Association, lecture both afternoon and evening. In the afternoon Mr. Booth, president of the Science Society, joined in the program, and others of the same society were in the audience. All seemed deeply interested, and were glad to hear the regular monthly seances. Both in physique and power in his discourses, over the condition when he was on Easter-day. Plans were considered to procure high-grade talent for the platform for each Sunday till the June vacation."

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TOPIC FOR THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Sunday, May 7, 1906: "Live and Do."

Gen of Thought.—Live and do for all thy kind, Every passing day, Doing with thy hand and mind, Help along the way.

To live is much, to act is more, wondrous is thy state, J. W. R.

For information concerning the Progressive Lyceum, authorized by a Letter from the National Spiritualists Association, address John W. Ring, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

Friends and patrons of Mrs. G. Partridge can reach her by addressing 212 W. First South street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ferd C. Suhrer writes: "Mrs. E. Briggs, one of the Rising Sun Mission most popular workers, answered questions from the audience on spiritual nature only. Sister Hamilton Gill and Brother Jones were our message bearers. These workers are very popular. In the evening, Dr. J. H. McFarland was our speaker. The 22nd chapter of the Book of Numbers formed the basis of his sermon, which proved a popular theme. Dr. McFarland is one of our most earnest workers. As he brought his sermon to a close he received well merited and hearty applause. Sister Briggs will again answer questions for us Sunday afternoon, May 27, and Dr. J. H. Randall will address us in the evening on some popular topic. Our bazaar is attracting strangers and callers from suburban towns every day, and visitations from across the city. The new features of the method employed are becoming popular with our patrons which include men and women. Excellent coffee, ice cream and Rising Sun cake are some of the most popular refreshments served by the ladies. We also serve the 'Dandy' sandwiches. Money cheerfully returned if not satisfactory. Come and see us, and don't take our word for it."

Dr. E. B. Harts of Lawrence, Kansas, subscribes for The Progressive Thinker, and orders ten of our remarkable premium books. He writes: "I am glad that you are meeting with success. Your paper is first-class, and doing the best kind of work. When Spiritualism is delivered from the grafters and troglodytes, it will be a gospel worth having and worth living."

Frank T. Ripley closes his engagement with the St. Joseph Spiritualist Society, May 28. He is engaged for the mass convention at Topeka, Kansas, June 1, 2 and 3. He will leave Topeka, Kansas for Ohio, June 4, and he would like engagements en route to lecture and give messages. Terms liberal.

Della B. Platt writes from Battle Creek, Mich.: "The christening and memorial services held in Spiritualists Hall last Sunday evening, were well attended. The services were held in the hall, and all were well repaid for the effort made. The services consisted of the christening of a class of six little girls and one little boy, all robed in white, and each one carrying a bouquet of flowers. As they came up the aisle, preceded by our pastor, Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, and our chairman, Mrs. E. S. Hoyt, they made a very impressive and beautiful picture. What the ten flowers which were placed on the altar, and all were well repaid for the effort made. The services consisted of the christening of a class of six little girls and one little boy, all robed in white, and each one carrying a bouquet of flowers. As they came up the aisle, preceded by our pastor, Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, and our chairman, Mrs. E. S. Hoyt, they made a very impressive and beautiful picture. 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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby less attractive, while the value of the department is thereby lessened. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time, and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTE.—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.

Ex-Senator R. A. Daguerre. Q. What is the true theory of the cause of the earthquake which destroyed San Francisco? Was it predicted through any spiritual medium?

A. The earthquake at San Francisco is not exceptional, for all seismic manifestations must depend on one cause, modified by the conditions which surround its expression. Many portions of the earth's surface have been subject to far more violent changes, and have passed by without heading, because in regions where the works of man were not present. That a city was built over the focus of the present disturbance, called the attention of mankind to its awful power of destruction.

If we imagine the earth as once a globe of incandescent liquid, a crust forming over its surface as its temperature falls we shall have something which may be represented by an orange, the rind being the crust and the pulp the igneous center. As the earth continues to cool this crust must contract, and in contracting wrinkles form. These wrinkles, or folds, are formed by the constant contraction, for they represent the lines of least resistance. After they have reached a certain point, the rigid rock, unable to yield, the flexure cracks along its axis, possibly to the fires beneath, and then the molten mass, by the incalculable pressure, is forced upward and overflows. The cracking of the great wrinkles or folds yet further weakens the crust, and consequently vast areas on either side are relieved of all strain, the whole appearing along these folds.

The form of continents was at first rudely outlined and determined by these wrinkles, which by constant elevation and the flowing out of matter congealing into rocks, formed mountain masses. The eastern shore line of the Americas was determined by the Appalachian range, the western by that long chain beginning in Alaska and terminating in Terra del Fuego.

Some of its peaks are among the highest elevations on the globe. Along this vast range everywhere is apparent, for the work of volcanic forces, now, and for many ages quiet, but in places yet active.

The axis of this mountain chain, is the yielding area, and the contraction not only of the continent to the east, but of the vast ocean floor of the Pacific, to the west, cumulates in the flexures of these ranges. It will be readily seen that a little rise or fall of the surface would do simple damage to buildings; and might take place and not even be noticed.

What, then, is the motion which produces such ruin? The contraction of the earth as a whole is more than that of the crust, and hence if a large area is held fast on all its borders but one, there will be a pushing forward of that edge, or if there is greater contraction of the crust, a drawing inward. In either case usually the force accumulates until it becomes insupportable, and the sliding of the strata on each other is instantaneous. The tremendous blow or shock of this movement sets the whole mass in vibration, and as portions of the crust push forward more than others there is the appearance of vertical movement.

Earthquakes are indirectly related to volcanic disturbances. The vast masses of matter thrown out by Pelee and Vesuvius, relieve in proportion of the mass ejected, the pressure on the crust and contribute to its contraction. Of course that relief is felt on every portion of the crust, just as the escape of steam from a boiler relieves the pressure on its entire surface. What as the ejected mass may be, it is an insignificant quantity compared to the earth, yet it may be quite sufficient to determine the critical moment when the resistance of the crust must yield.

Will the disaster recur? A rank crop of prophecies and warnings is being harvested by the newspapers, which would be interesting if it had not been before the disaster. But is now so late as to be stale with the odor of having been ripened by the event, and it is said on spirit authority, that the city will again be shaken down. Well, it may be. Galveston may be overwhelmed again by a flood, and Charleston destroyed, but the probabilities are against such Jeremiah predictions. After a great volcanic eruption there usually long intervals of perfect rest. After a severe earthquake, the chances are greatly on the side of a period of repose. The strata have been relieved of their tension and adjusted to new positions, and it may be a long time before they will be unable to bear the cumulative strain. PROBABLY THE SAFEST REGION ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST IS NOW THIS SAME SHATTERED SURFACE OF THE WRECKED SURFACE. Galveston is

"HOW SHALL I BECOME A MEDIUM?"

It is fully answered in "Mediumship, and Its Laws, Its Conditions and Cultivation," by Hudson Tuttle. Price 35 cents. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

guarded by a sea-wall, which gives her citizens confidence, but without that wall the city would be comparatively safe; for the combination of circumstances which wrought its destruction may not occur again in a thousand years.

The region will not be free from shocks, but their severity is many times more liable now to be felt by other sections. This is not set down as prophecy, or as certain, but as the most probable. Possibly the full adjustment has not yet been made, yet the chances are many fold that the tension has had full relief.

Was this event predicted by mediumship?

Prophecy has been from immemorial time, and is at present being received as the seal of religion, and its evidence. Why? Who can tell? Buddha, Christ, Joe Smith, all proved their divine power by prophecy? Spiritualists, at first, thought that spirits must know everything—the past and the future. As the Gods know all things, there is consistency in supposing one of their representatives must know, and if spirits have the presence of God, they should know. But these representatives of gods were only men, and the spirits are departed souls, so that it is not God's infinite knowledge we appeal to, and knowledge of the future cannot be gained in that way. Any pretense to give such knowledge is absolute is a sham and deception. A geologist, studying the strata of the Pacific coast, would conclude that earthquakes would be felt there and sometime with great severity. He would even go so far as to say that possibly there might be, especially in the South, volcanic outbreak, but he would not predict the date of these occurrences. The moment might depend on the activity of a volcano on the other side of the globe or the disturbance on the surface of the sun, by which the magnetic currents of the earth were intensified and the liquid interior thrown into rushing tides. That geologist, as a spirit, would know more, nor predict with any more certainty except as having greater knowledge.

The startling prophecy published by Dr. Buchanan has been spoken of as perfectly verified. This shows how little confidence can be placed in such evidence. The terrible Jerusalem of the Doctor did not in a single point meet with verification. Of course as prophecies are usually supplied as generalities, something of a showing may be made, but unless place and date are given, of what value are general statements like, "there will be a great earthquake on the Pacific coast"? There are earthquakes there every year, and many times a year, and rarely a year passes but somewhere they bring disaster. Because scientific men did not believe in the event, does not prove that geology is false, or the non-existence of its professors. It would be considered as an insane conclusion to make belief in the existence of materialists depend on their ability to predict what the weather will be to-morrow. They may shrewdly arrive at an opinion from their knowledge of causes, but always there may intervene indeterminate influences, unforeseen conditions.

That all events come by causes, makes prophecy possible to such intelligences as are able to understand all the causes, and in instances this is possible. The astronomer is in this manner able to calculate an eclipse one or a thousand years hence; the calculation of a planet, the revolution of the earth. The spirits have not prophesied, for the same reason that scientific men have not—because they did not know. Both could foresee what might come, and advise, either not locating a city on a given site, or building it with reference to the menace.

Let there be no misunderstanding on this subject. No one can do it. The inability of predicting the future under limitations, as a conclusion from cause to effect. What we do deny is a prescient faculty, either of man or spirit, enabling the future to be foreseen. It is time that there be a limitation to the powers granted to spiritual beings, and Spiritualism relieved from the odium of fortune-telling, and spirit direction in the common affairs of life.

CONGRATULATIONS.

And Some Trenchant Remarks by a Prominent Physician.

To the Editor:—Again allow me to congratulate you, not only upon the vigorous manner in which you are CREATING HISTORY in the Spiritualist ranks by denouncing all kinds of frauds and PRAISING ALL KINDS OF GOOD, but also by showing how the Spiritualists themselves are constantly being duped, and the standard of this beautiful cause lowered by quacks, charlatans, professors and pseudo-doctors. Your editorial, "Science to the Front," as well as Mr. Tuttle's answer to W. B. V., in May 5 number of The Progressive Thinker, Doctor here after all there are thinking brains molding the course and uplifting this cause "that is everywhere spoken against."

One wonders why this beautiful cause which is gaining ground everywhere among thinking people, is not better organized for the public good, until one comes in contact with these unbecomingly disgusted, discouraged, and their inner soul revolts at associating with such leeches, and this of course brings opprobrium upon the real and just people who naturally will keep away from where these birds of prey gather.

Prof. Jackson of the U. of C., said that what we want is a religion that will teach the people how to live, and I suggest that the only way to avoid a doctor to learn and obey the laws of health. Gray's anatomy would probably be of more use, especially if taught to young people, than the bible is. I suggest that Spiritualists should make the study of the laws of health a part of their curriculum at their educational institutions.

D. S. HAGER, M. D.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50. "Social Uplifting, including Cooperative Systems and the Happiness and Ennoblement of Humanity." By E. D. Babitt, LL. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents.

A TEXAS MEETING.

A Methodist Divine Acknowledges His Belief in Spirit Return.

On Sunday, May 13, the Truthseekers Spiritual Society of Dallas, and the Fort Worth Spiritual Society, held a union meeting at Lake Erie, near Fort Worth. The day was bright and beautiful, and all hearts and minds seemed in harmony with the day, and at 9 o'clock a. m., the Dallas society started in a crowded car for Handley.

The picnic grounds are most beautiful and excellent, far exceeding anything in the neighborhood of Dallas or Fort Worth, embracing a large lake of artesian water upon the bosom of which float many pretty boats; a theater and a concert hall with an excellent orchestra, a profusion of flowers of many kinds, lovely lawns and shade trees, everything in fact to make a desirable and attractive summer resort.

The meeting opened in the morning with an invocation by Mr. F. H. Gleason of Fort Worth. Mrs. Carrie M. Hinsdale, well known as one of the best lecturers in Texas, delivered the address of welcome, followed by Mrs. Isa Wilson Kayner, in her most pleasing and attractive manner.

The service was interspersed with appropriate music and singing by the congregation; a violin solo by little Miss Lincoln, age 10 years, of Dallas, and a vocal solo by Miss Garder of Fort Worth.

Then came the call for dinner, a basket lunch, consisting of everything good to eat known to man, provided most lavishly, and served by willing hands upon rustic tables, already on the grounds, under shady trees. The lunch was a most appetizing feast.

At the evening service the opening address was by the Rev. Mr. Hutton, a Methodist divine, who told us that while he had abundant proof of, and fully believed in, the fact of spirit return, he still held fast to his original belief in the Bible in which he finds convincing evidence of spiritual influence over all the most important events of biblical history.

Mr. J. L. Jackson of Fort Worth gave an explanation of materialization.

The musical program was a solo by Mrs. Lincoln of Dallas, a duet by Mrs. Chas. Willford and Prof. G. W. Quinn of Dallas, and a very fine recitation by Miss Garder of Fort Worth.

Many gratifying tests were given by Mrs. Kayner, Miss Fay, and Mr. Bruce of Dallas, and Miss Lila McLemore of Fort Worth. Mrs. Hinsdale pronounced the benediction and asked the cars for their respective homes, feeling happy over the events of the day that will ever be remembered.

MRS. GEO. W. QUINN, Secretary.

SAYINGS OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

In Which She Illustrates Her Prominent Work.

No man is good enough to govern any woman without her consent. Self-government is as necessary for the best development of women as of men.

The greatest compliment ever paid me was that my life work had helped to make the conditions of the world better for women.

If you would have your requests granted, your legislators must know that you are part of the body of men who stand with ballots in their hands. So long as state constitutions say that all may vote when 21, save idiots, lunatics, convicts, and women, women are brought down politically to the level of those other disfranchised. This discrimination is a relic of the dark ages. The most ignorant and degraded man who walks to the polls feels himself superior to the most intelligent woman.

That women are "lawful citizens" is undeniable, since the law recognizes them as such through the visits of the assessor and the tax-gatherer—recognizes them as such in the police stations, the jails, the courts and the prisons. Only at the ballot-box is the lawful citizenship of women challenged.

Who can doubt that when the representative women of thought and culture, who are to-day the moral backbone of our nation, sit in council with the best men of the country higher conditions will be the result?

I do not agree that we have too many voters now. Instead of that, I say we have just one body enough, for a majority of the opinions of all the people combined is sure to be better than the opinion of any one class. They call it a mistake giving to poor and uneducated men the right to vote; where as the greatest wrongs in our government are perpetuated by rich men, the wire-pulling agents of the corporations and monopolies, in which the poor and the ignorant have no part.

It is in order to lift the millions of our wage-earning women into a position of as much power over their own labor as men possess that they should be invested with the franchise. This ought to be done not only for the sake of justice to the women, but to the men with whom they compete.

I urge all to study the intricate problems of bettering the world, not merely the individual sufferings in it, but the general conditions. Such study will show the great need of a new balance of power in the body politic; and the conscientious student must arrive at the conclusion that this will have to be obtained by enfranchising a new class—women.

MOUNTAIN HEIGHT OF PEACE.

When we gain the mountain's summit After years of upward toil, We perceive the winding pathway In its long and devious coil.

Then we see that youthful folly Led us through that crooked way, Causing much of pain and sorrow When we sought but to be gay.

Youth, with rash, impulsive nature, Does not plan the life begun; We must learn by many failures What to seek, and what to shun.

It is when our minds have ripened That we seek the higher life; Wishing all mistakes be righted, Ceasing discord, hate and strife.

Later, when we are descending Toward the setting of life's sun, Tranquilly we realize that God has spread for every one.

Then we see that freaks and follies Which we loved so much in youth, Were but stepping-stones to wisdom, Which when old we win from truth.

When we stand upon the "mountain" Symbolizing earthly peace, We commune with God through Nature, Living with Him face to face.

P. A. JENSEN.

Los Angeles, Cal.

A VIBRATORY CENTER.

The Cause Flourishing at San Bernardino, Cal.

To the Editor:—A few words from this Spiritualist center, the oldest in the state of California, may not be out of place. Under the leadership of our pastor, Mrs. Lily M. Thibault, we are steadily progressing in the vibratory of thought and psychic evolution. Our local workers are developing in a most satisfactory manner, and all seem imbued with earnest aspirations toward spiritual growth. We have also to record a 25 per cent increase in membership during the first four months of the present year.

On February 25, Mrs. E. D. Smith, who has been a resident medium in this city for eighteen years, was ordained as a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, by our pastor. The ceremony was a most impressive one, the words of the officiator creating mental pictures of solemn and majestic beauty, which held the large audience spellbound.

During the latter part of April a mass convention was held in this city. Among the workers present from outside points were Allen Franklin Brown, state organizer; Mrs. Cornelia J. Brown, state superintendent of Lyceum work; Arthur S. Howe, president of the California State Spiritualists Association; Mrs. M. E. G. Howe of San Francisco; Mrs. Molly S. Phelps of New York; Mrs. E. D. Smith, Mrs. Mary C. Vasek of Los Angeles, and Miss Maggie Potter of Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe lost everything in the San Francisco fire, including the plant and records of the Occident, a Mystic, of which Mr. Howe was editor. Despite this seeming affliction, Mr. Howe sang several solos at the meetings, and no shade of disappointment was revealed in his vocal harmonies.

A pathetic incident in connection with the convention was the terrible anxiety and distress manifested by the spirit of a man through the mediumship of Mrs. Vasek, who had been fatally injured by falling walls in an endeavor to rescue the papers and documents of the "Mystic." Mr. Howe was quite unable to recognize this unknown being.

The floral decorations of our Spiritual Temple during the convention were designed by the noted English sculptor, Mr. Allen Hutchinson, who is a medalist and exhibitor in the principal European galleries.

There is a distinct quickening of occult forces in this city, not only as a result of the convention, although greatly augmented thereby, but rather the cumulative effect of the persistent efforts made by our local society to present the truth to the inhabitants of San Bernardino. There is also a hearty co-operation with a kindred organization devoted to occult research, this complete harmony being a rare and unusual phase of unsectarian propaganda work.

Our temple building has stood in practically its present position for 40 years. It is as any wonder that our members love this vibratory center of spiritual power, and that they revere the generating magnet, Mrs. Thibault? E. J. BATES, Sec.

San Bernardino, Cal.

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

As Manifested Through Material Substance.

To the Editor:—I have noticed in reading your paper for the past year or two a disposition on the part of many of your readers to discredit materialization as a spiritual phenomenon. This seems strange to me, as I cannot understand upon what ground they hold to their belief. To me there are two factors which are fundamental in all the processes of nature; they are ever present—the thing that acts and the thing that is acted on, force and matter. Force transforms matter. Forces differ in their nature, so does matter. Spirit is the force that animates matter. To deny this is to affirm the death of the spirit.

We come to knowledge of Spiritualism by investigation of the phenomena. True Spiritualists are made this way, by the evidence of the truth which the phenomena present.

Spiritualists who depend on faith for their belief have only shifting sand for their foundation. By our material senses this evidence is received and we come to know things.

Cognition is impossible without matter as a factor. By the action of spirit our thoughts emanate from a material brain. All bodily sensations are realized through material substances. We see, hear, feel, taste and smell matter; in fact anything that is not matter does not come within range of consciousness. We would have no knowledge of spiritual phenomena if they were not manifestations of matter. If spirits were no thing (nothing) they would not be, and of course could not make themselves known to us. They would be as intangible to us as the gods of Greek, Roman or Oriental mythology.

We have reason to believe from the evidence we have, that the spirit world is a material sublimation of this world, a duplication to some extent, a freer world where progress is unhindered and the process of development continues, and without interruption until civilization is achieved.

The inhabitants of this spirit world are both spiritual and material, for matter and spirit are inseparable. Spirits throw off the gross matter when death ensues, and assume a more sublimated form of matter—etherialized matter. They have power to vary the density of this matter as is evidenced by their power to appear and disappear.

All spiritual phenomena are manifestations of spirit in conjunction with matter. That we are conscious of these phenomena proves this to be true.

Spiritualism is a religion of fact by its ability to furnish tangible proof of immortality.

Faith and worship are not strong points in the cult of Spiritualism. These things belong to the superstition of the mythologies that have passed away. Facts, not fancies, are what the world demands today.

Spirits can and do make themselves manifest to our senses through matter, therefore they are of material substance, and have power over the spirit bodies which they possess. If this were not so, we would have no evidence of their existence. To deny the power of spirits to materialize is to deny the truth of Spiritualism, and to admit what our enemies charge that Spiritualism is only a product of the imagination. J. E. BAKER.

Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lillian Whitling. One of Miss Whitling's most suggestive, intensely interesting, spiritual studies. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. Price 50 cents.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The Great Desire to Know the Future.

To the Editor:—I will relate an incident that transpired a few years ago at a neighbor's house. I called in to see the aged mother who was very sick. I found her in a dying condition, her spirit gradually taking its flight in the shades of evening.

A neighbor of his, who was present, and very lame, died in a short time after. He wrung his hands and cried, "Oh! what would I give to know if we live hereafter!"

I was sitting at the time by the bedside of the dying mother, occasionally sipping the tea, and heard him taking on so pitiful that I could not keep my seat. I dropped the tea and rushed out to his presence. "Oh! Mr. Sims, I said, 'I know we do.'"

"How do you know it? Please reveal what you know." "Well, for instance," I said, "when we are resting on our beds in a deep slumber, we just breathe; our bodies are insensible to everything around, but where are our spirits? Away off, perhaps, in another state in the Union, having a good visit with some of the friends that had moved or gone there years before; or you farmers will be out in your stables milking cows and feeding horses. When all this mind work is going on our bodies are resting quietly on our beds, but when death comes, and our bodies are laid away in the silent grave for an everlasting rest, then our minds are free—free to roam!"

"Oh! how I long for that freedom," he said.

"It will not be long, my friend; we will soon meet the loved ones that have gone on before."

"Oh! I believe you. You are right. Our minds cannot die. We live after death. What a relief."

"Yes, what a relief, my friend, to know that we live hereafter, in life beyond the grave. It is joy beyond measure to know that when our spirit leaves the body, we are free—free to go wherever we wish."

MRS. S. E. TINKCOM.

Franklinville, N. Y.

DOES GOD CARE?

An Impressive Vision, Indicating Great Changes.

The recent earthquake in San Francisco, brings vividly before me a vision I had two years ago this last March. At the time it was received I did not think it was of any value, but lately there has been so much destruction and loss of life, I have thought there was a great deal of truth in it.

One morning about three o'clock something woke me out of a sound sleep, and I saw a man clothed in long white robes. He was walking back and forth over a piece of ground which was covered with snow. He would stop and examine the ground, look at me, and then point to a pile of long white planks which resembled weather-boards. When he had my attention, he pointed to this pile of white planks, and said: "I wish to show you something that has been puzzling your mind. You see these planks. They are symbolic, and represent the changes that we are making in the magnetism of the earth. We are withdrawing certain qualities and magnetism, and as we withdraw these currents, we place other currents of different quality and strength in their place. While we are withdrawing this magnetism and replacing it as quietly as we can, it causes some disturbance in the earth centers and surface. The north and south poles are gradually but slowly being changed. This brings floods, cyclones, tidal waves, earthquakes and loss of life and destruction to property. It looks cruel to you, but not as cruel as you think."

"The earth is growing, and with this growth comes higher developed human beings, and we have debated some time before we have decided to make this change in the magnetism of the earth. We are doing it as easily as it can be done, for it must be done sooner or later, and we think it best to do it now for the good of the future races which will be more highly developed than those existing now. This must go on, as the earth must bring man to his highest state of perfection that can be produced at this period of the earth's existence."

STELLA NORRIS.

Ashland, Va.

Impressive Thoughts Given by the Spirit Flavius Through the Mediumship of Mrs. C.

Soul harmony prepares the soil for soul communion.

Love is the lute upon which vibrates the harmony of life, the inner consciousness, the spiritual attribute. Harmony perfects life, inharmonious conditions destroy. Love sanctifies, radiates, purifies and separates the material from the spiritual, like the dew of fragrance moistens and gives life to the soul.

Love is the divinest communion between spirits—no word spoken, but thought, leaping, pulsates unexpressed through the soul in waves of light, and rest most peaceful, like the beauty of morn.

Love floods the soul with music; it is the vibration of ineffable light. The highest mission of your life is love. It is the light of spiritual life that lifts one to better conditions. In the interior of love one will find the real meaning that enters into thy life. Yield unto the subtle essence that gives life, power, strength. Love feels the tenderest touch, vibrates the sweetest pleasure, feels the deepest woe.

The rose is fairest when budding. Love is fairest when the soul is bathed in tears; it is the celestial harmony given and returned. Like a bright star, and blossomed in the night, blooms the flower of love.

Beyond the mist will the rose-bud of life in the mystery of color and fragrance blossom in the fields of cloudless day. FLAVIUS.

Given through the hand of Mrs. C.

Harmony Grove Camp, Cal.

The board of directors of the Harmony Grove Camp-meeting Association have held their May meeting and arranged to hold camp, open from July 22 to August 6, and are planning to have an unusually large number of workers on the grounds, among whom will be our state president, Arthur S. Howe, and his good wife. Other workers will be named later on. We anticipate having an exceptionally prosperous camp this season. Harmony Grove camp grounds are situated four miles west from Escondido, in a most beautiful valley, amidst a grove of majestic old live oaks, an ideal spot for a summer outing.

T. J. McFERRON, Sec.

San Diego, Cal.

A Work of Immense Importance.

FUTURE LIFE

In the Light of Ancient Wisdom and Modern Science.

BY LOUIS ELBE.

This is the authorized translation of available evidence hitherto to be the famous book which has been created only in the most scattered and at times a stir in scientific and religious circles throughout France, and exactness M. Elbe has arranged under the title "La Vie Future." It is a plain statement of the discoveries, which will be received with equal interest by investigators together with his own illustration, as the subject is one engaging mass of authentic information regarding the beliefs of the primitive races.

The book is divided into two parts, the first part being devoted to the "Immortality of the Soul" has disturbed the great thinkers of all ages, and the second to the "Fate of the Dead." The first part is a complete presentation of all the evidence. Price \$1.20; postage 10c.

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