

The Sin of Excess of Goodness

As Set Forth by Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, N. Y.

"FINALLY THE RELIGION OF THAT THE SPIRITUAL HEART OUTER SIGN AND SYMBOL HAD WAS DYING, THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPED INTO A COMPLEX OF RULES AND SACRIFICES, AND KNEELING AND RISING, THAT BROKE FAITH DOWN BY ITS VERY BULK. IN OUTRAGE OBSERVANCE THEY WERE OVER-MUCH RIGHTEOUS, ONE DAY JESUS TOLD THE PHARISEES SOUL."

Last week a handsome youth, [as set forth in the New York Sunday World] built like a giant and known to two continents for his medals gained in athletic contests, was defeated at Ellis Island, with all the probabilities that he would be deported to his old home in Ireland. Murphy came to New York as a first cabin passenger, and brought with him his silver cup that he won in the walking race, the medal he received for a running contest, and various tokens that published his career as an athlete. But, strangely enough, when the youth passed the examining physician there was something in his pallor and walk that attracted the attention of the United States Marine Physician, who ordered young Murphy to be sent to Ellis Island for careful physical examination.

The board of physicians reported that over-developed heart and his speeding muscles had atrophied the other muscles of his body and worn the heart out by compelling it to force the blood through the great, thick muscles of his legs and arms. It seems that there is a type developed called "the over-athletic type."

His excess ruined him. By forcing all the blood and food to one part of the body he slowly robbed the other organs. Yet all the time Nature was storing up her penalties. At last the tribulation has come; the sword of Damocles has been hanging over his head. The two hundred mile run has ended in a hospital. That is a brief resting place in eight of the graveyard.

All Excess Fatal.

The world is full of examples of excess. Men over-emphasize a good thing until it becomes an essential evil. The wise man said, "even of goodness, be not overmuch righteous." Moses saw that it was a good thing to keep the Sabbath for brooding, song, prayer, worship, family love. Being a good thing, the old Hebrews straightway began to extend it. He went until he could not wear shoes on Sunday lest they tread on the grass seed in walking across the lawn. They would not kindle a fire to warm the brood for a dying invalid, lest they break the law of work.

Moses said to a man who had stolen some sheep that it was a good thing to sacrifice one of his own lambs as an outer sign of his inner sorrow, and also to send home all the sheep he had stolen. But, it being a good thing to a bad man to sacrifice a lamb to show that every sin costs something, in a little while the Hebrews became so over-much righteous that one day a Hebrew king killed 20,000 sheep and burned them, and every time a rain-storm came up the Hebrew farmer began to say: "How many sheep must I kill to keep God from sending a cloudburst to the hill-side? Prayer was a good thing in reviewing the events of the day, so running to an excess, the Pharisees began to make long prayers on the streets, and carry around a cane on which they cut notches every time they said a prayer an hour long.

Finally the religion of outer sign and symbol had developed into a complex system of rules and sacrifices, and kneeling and rising that broke faith down by its very bulk. In our over-observance they were overmuch righteous. One day Jesus told the Pharisees that the spiritual heart was dying, the intellectual muscles were full of deterioration, worn to a dead, perished faith was death-stricken, like this Irish athlete. As over-exercise ruined the youth, excess in religious form destroys the soul.

Intellectual Excess.

Not less ruinous is over-intellectual development. Not all knowledge is of equal worth. Much culture is indeed, overculture and represents a mass of selfishness. We have no criticism for the scientist who spends his whole life studying grasshoppers and has discovered 3,841 species of these long-legged creatures—some day his knowledge will be used to destroy the locusts that threaten the corn-fields. But what we do object to is that form of selfish culture now found so frequently. How many scholars are now pulling down their blinds, closing their doors and withdrawing themselves from the vulgar world? One of them said to me the other day: "I only want a little handful of select friends." He sneered and scoffed at the ignorant multitudes. He has had travel, leisure and opportunity. He has old paintings and rare missals; he has marbles and caskets, he prizes himself on his fine and cultured and rare bindings; but he has built a wall about his house that not a breath of the perfume from his garden may be permitted to go forth to bless any working man who passes by.

Abie financially to give up work, he lives and breathes, and his knowledge of equal worth. Much culture is indeed, overculture and represents a mass of selfishness. We have no criticism for the scientist who spends his whole life studying grasshoppers and has discovered 3,841 species of these long-legged creatures—some day his knowledge will be used to destroy the locusts that threaten the corn-fields. But what we do object to is that form of selfish culture now found so frequently. How many scholars are now pulling down their blinds, closing their doors and withdrawing themselves from the vulgar world? One of them said to me the other day: "I only want a little handful of select friends." He sneered and scoffed at the ignorant multitudes. He has had travel, leisure and opportunity. He has old paintings and rare missals; he has marbles and caskets, he prizes himself on his fine and cultured and rare bindings; but he has built a wall about his house that not a breath of the perfume from his garden may be permitted to go forth to bless any working man who passes by.

A miracle. This man needs to hear Solomon say, "Be not scholarly overmuch."

Financial Excess.

In riches also men need to listen to Nature, who whispers "Be not overmuch rich." Manhood means all-round character. But there are business men who have converted everything in life into gold. To get money they have denied worship on Sunday; to get money they have denied themselves friendship; to get money they have denied the eye color and the ear music; to get money they have even denied themselves justice and an approving conscience and converted their very sense of right into gold. The man who has an over-supply of food in the stomach means poison; they do not seem to know that an over-supply of undigested millions means death. Their unspiritualized possessions and unassimilated millions are as hideous as a tumor on the body. Meanwhile, by excess, the athlete ruins himself physically and comes to a hospital and a grave. Over-developing the intellect, the scholar becomes a mere intellectual dagger and sword. Over-developing the acquisitive faculty, the practical man ruins his life. The sin of the hour is excess. No good is overdone, men over eat and over drink. Automobiles overdrive. Editors overwrite. Authors who become successful over publish. Orators speak too long and too often. One drop of aniline is believed to leave one speck of red in each drop of water in Lake Michigan, which is a figure full of suggestion. A little travel, a little conversation, a gentle friendship, a simple style, unobtrusive and quiet manners, a few books, a small house full of love, a song, a prayer—and the heart is full of peace. Too much—excess stands for the tropics; too little—that excess stands for the arctic of poverty, somewhere between lies the temperate zone and the golden mean, where joy and peace have set up their tents. And, lo! all the happy ones who dwell there have hardened to these words: "BE NOT ANYTHING OVERMUCH."

THE ANGEL'S PROMISE.

The sculptor wrought on the marble white
From early dawn till the shades of night
Fell over the landscape far and wide,
Then he looked at his work and sadly sighed.
So poor and incomplete it seemed
Beside the model of which he dreamed.
But all his hopes were centered there—
His days of toil, his nights of care;
And now he thought with a throb of pain
That all of his labor had been in vain;
For none could see in the work achieved
The grand ideal his soul conceived.
A prayer burst forth from his sorrowing breast:
"O God," he cried, "I have done my best;
That night an angel, in mercy sent,
Over that marble figure bent;
And as he worked the statue grew
More beautiful and fair to view;
For every stroke to form and face
Added some new and subtle grace.
The sculptor came in the early morn,
With heavy heart and looks forlorn;
But his eyes were dazzled, his brain
Dazed, and he saw the work was done.
By the wonderful change the night
Had wrought;
With rapturous joy his bosom swelled
As the glorious image his eyes beheld;
And there on the wall, just over his head,
In letters of gold these words he read:
"When the workman hath wrought
The best he could,
Whatever the work God makes it good."
—Our Dumb Animals.

INSPIRATION.

Yonder from those realms supernal,
Wherein are their homes eternal,
Our angel guides appear,
Giving truths and consolation
That will prove our soul's salvation,
And whisper words of cheer.
That will urge us, now and ever,
On to every new endeavor
That the soul can realize.
Here to form those homes in heaven
That our mortal selves are given
Those "mansions in the skies."
Ever adding to the lustre
Of our souls, and to the cluster
Round our crown so bright.
By that glorious soul unfolding
That our thoughts and deeds are
Molding
Into principles of right.
If we offer right conditions,
We'll receive those admonitions
From our loved ones ever near,
That will lighten every burden;
Giving unto us hope's gem,
To dispel all doubt and fear.
And by seeking that vibration
Of the streams of inspiration
That unto the soul doth flow,
We will gain the grand fruition
Of the soul of intuition.
That we yearn so much to know.
JOHN WESLEY HOWLETT.
Mansfield, Mass.

The wedding-ring is the old token
Accepted by the woman when she gave
pledge of bondage.—J. Howard
More.

No story is the same to us after
the lapse of time; or, rather, we read
it as no longer the same interpreted.
—George Eliot.

NOTA BENE.

The Venerable Thos. Harding Desires the Confidence of People in Giving an Account of Remarkable Spirit Manifestations.

Many of my statements are so extraordinary (also what I have yet to tell about), I fear readers will find it hard to believe them, and as far as I can I want to show how I am though in my own city and town where I am best known, so that all readers of my letters may be induced to have confidence in the truth of my statements, and that the editor and other newspaper men may also deem me reliable. I send you an article from the Michigan Democrat, Sturgis Times, reported by Thos. Collar, secretary of the Harmonical Society. There is also a report of our marriage anniversary in the Sturgis Journal, the Republican paper, different verbally, but similar in substance. It is most important that the reader be caused to have confidence in my truth for some things yet to be told will be hard to believe; but I am honestly trying to advance a cause which has been inaugurated by God and his agents, without reward of any kind on earth.

THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.

Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary.

The ladies of the Harmonical Society and other citizens of Sturgis joined in a surprise party on the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of Thos. and Minnie Harding, of Sturgis, Mich., on Thursday, June 14, at three o'clock p. m. They arrived in carriages bringing baskets of good things. The meeting was a very enjoyable one. The table was spread for nineteen persons and by request of Mr. Harding, Rev. Geo. F. Sheldon of the Presbyterian church, offered thanks and prayer for the bountiful feast spread.

Presentation of gifts to the aged couple was, by the request of the ladies, made by Rev. Sheldon, who in a few appropriate words congratulated them on the length of time they had lived amicably together and the possession of numerous friends.

Mr. Harding replied, thanking the large number of guests present, in the name of his wife and himself, saying: "Dear friends, I thank you for your presence here to-day and for the nice gifts you have presented, but we are overjoyed to be together for the kindness of heart which has suggested this outward manifestation of your love and respect. You have made me happy; we shall never forget this day, the sixtieth year of our married life, and when our mortal bodies are laid below the sod our grateful souls will not be buried with them. We shall take it with us to a higher and better world, where we expect to live in the future. We thank you all."

Then Mr. Harding was requested to give a reading from one of the old poets of 100 years ago, which he used to recite when a school boy 70 years ago.

When his old house recently taken down was spoken of in conversation he repeated one of his poems which referred vaguely to the many wonderful things which occurred in it.

That Old Corner House.

There's a little red house on the corner,
Which has echoed my footsteps for years,
So dear to my heart that we never shall part,
For it witnessed my smiles and my tears.
There's a room in that house on the corner,
Made dear by a last recognition,
When I sat by his side, 'till the dear fellow died,
With my heart bending low in contrition.
There's a voice in that house on the corner,
Which speaks in accents old,
And speaks of the past, return at last,
To meet in the family fold.

There's a friend in that house on the corner,
Who has loved me from childhood till now,
Mistaken and what not, we forgave and forgot,
And we'll love on while time will allow.

From the floor of that house on the corner,
Ascended our prayers to the skies,
And the angels drew near, to our sup-
plicants here,
And brought to us heaven's replies.
There are memories thronging that corner,
Too sacred to mention to-night,
But gentle and true as the heavenly blue;
They will calmly unfold in the light.

Ah! despise not the house on the corner,
Although old-fashioned, battered and torn;
For it did what it could to confirm the good,
Never turning the bad from the door.

'Tis a poor little house on the corner,
But we smile in the face of the scorn;
For the soul can realize,
Here to form those homes in heaven
That our mortal selves are given
Those "mansions in the skies."

STARS AND SOULS.

I stood at the open window,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward going stars
Pass lowly out of sight.
Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of the long triumphal march:
Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.
—Our Dumb Animals.

It is a noble and great thing to
cover the blemishes and to excuse the
failings of a friend; to draw a curtain
before his stains, and to display
his perfections; to bury his weak-
nesses in silence, but to proclaim his
virtues from the housetop.—South.

Thoughts of Other Days.

Ideas Advanced Fifty Years Ago by Spirits, That Are Still in Vogue.

AN ADDRESS TO THE WORLD.

Communicated From Spirit Life, Through the Mediumship of John Murray Spear, in the Year 1850.

How sad to the contemplative mind is the present condition of the inhabitants of this earth! Almost every person, town, village, and nation is seeking his or its individual interests, separate from the good and interest of all. "Mine" and "thine" are written in legible characters upon all things. There is no common weal, no deep and abiding interest in man as man, irrespective of nation, religion, or sex. Hence vast outlays are requisite to sustain a few millions of people.

That which man needs now to know is, how best to combine his individual interest with the interest of others, and consequently to be happy.

It is felt to be wise to present, in a brief form, an outline of certain essential requisites to peace and brotherhood, which, when understood and observed, will tend in a large degree to unite man to his fellow-men, and to bring about a more harmonious and peaceful world, which cannot in the nature of things be presented. To touch upon all would require a volume rather than a brief paper.

Man has certain natural wants. Unless these wants are satisfied, he is a restless, uneasy, dissatisfied being. He wants the following things:

1. Soil on which he can stand, and to which he has a clear, incontestable, permanent right.

2. He wants a comfortable and convenient shelter erected on that soil.

3. He wants certain essential sustenances and comfortable garments.

4. He wants what may be justly termed, in its broadest sense, a home.

5. He wants around him, within convenient distance, good and attractive society, and a neighborhood of peace and brotherhood.

6. He wants certain surroundings which shall tend to promote his bodily health, mental growth, and affectional unfolding.

7. He wants to be entirely free from fearful forebodings in respect to his future life, to which he may be destined.

Give him these in "high, pure, broad sense, and he is the enjoyer of what is absolutely essential to his purest and divinest condition. Give him any of these, cutting off the other, and he is a miserable, unsatisfied, longing, struggling, job, that which he has not, and each one of these is essential.

Looking out now upon the world as it is, it will be readily discovered that almost everybody is deprived of one, and some of nearly all, of these essentials, and it is because of a lack of these that man preys upon and devours his fellow-men. He is reaching for something which he has not secured. Could these natural wants be supplied to man, individual contests, sectional strifes and national wars would not be. All efforts to promote universal peace and good will among mankind will, in the very nature of things, fail, until man's natural wants are supplied.

Ordinary trade must sooner or later be superseded; free, generous and just co-operations and intercommunications will take its place. Before, however, this result can be attained, there must be a more intelligent mind of a business cast. But present to these the bold thought of abolishing trade, and naturally they will ask, "How can we live? By what means can we obtain sustenance for ourselves and our families?"

The answer unequivocally is, that society must change its relations very generally. On a broad view, the grand thing to be done is, at the earliest moment to organize a new social condition, to engage a yet higher form of work, and to have a new method of introducing new ideas, of bringing out new inventions, of applying new mechanical forces, thereby giving man more time for mental improvement, moral and religious instruction, and general individual and social growth.

There should be, then, the part of the working people, a looking for that glorious morning dawn, when a new social state shall be constructed, wherein persons can associate, labor in groups, be the owners of soil, be interested in the labor of others, have time to acquaint themselves critically with the arts and sciences. Unquestionably there is many a man to-day earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, who, give him time, surrounded him agreeably, bring out his dormant powers, might become a statesman, a philosopher, a poet, a great man, a poor woman, who may this night ply her busy needle in yonder wretched garret, in different circumstances might be a teacher, a useful florist, a distinguished polymath, a charming artist, but now, alas, day after day, and night after night, she plods on through a busy but unprofitable life. Is she a widow? Around her are her tender offspring; she drops the tear of sympathy as she beholds over the cradle of her babe; hardly has she nourishment at her breast to supply its daily wants. As these children start out in life, she cannot follow them, and there is no father's eye to watch them; dangers, temptations, numerous, are thrown in their path, and often they become inmates of the jail, the prison, or the penitentiary.

Society, as at present organized, makes its criminals, and then punishes them with an unfeeling hand. So has it been in the past; so is it in the present; and so will be in the future, until heaven's soul, when its blessed portals are opened to man streams of wisdom, love, and truth, crushing him to see the causes which bring him to the earth.

This brief paper can only hint at steps to be taken. These hints, it is hoped, will find their place in the minds of some human persons, who will be willing to give their time, wealth, talents, and all that they possess on this earth, to the better state of things—a society wherein the interest of one shall be the interest of all, wherein men shall like brothers live, and women like sisters dwell,—providing for the young, and preparing them for high and useful positions.

The hour has come when the spiritual movement is to test persons. Test after test has been demanded of the spirit world; and has been given for high and useful positions. Now we turn the tables; now we ask for tests of fidelity to principles.

The above passages I have quoted, were taken at random, but are given verbatim. Though they were given to the world fifty years ago, they are still quite up to date, and deserve serious consideration.

I hold that no man owns a square foot of the earth, for it is God's; he could take it with him in spirit life when he journeys there. On the contrary, speaking from a material standpoint, the earth owns us, for, sooner or later we have to surrender our bodies back to mother earth.

For mankind to permit the earth to become an article of merchandise, to be juggled and gambled with by land speculators, is selling away the rights of man for dollars and cents.

In this age of improved machinery, one man is a small factor in the face of the world; and the co-operative effort of many men is necessary; and as I hold that equity and justice are impossible under a system of private ownership of the means of subsistence, which permits labor like the land to be made a commodity for speculators, I therefore renounce the time-worn institution of private property, which is largely responsible for the injustice, poverty, misery, crime and consequent degradation of the race.

Russia to-day is suffering because of this same evil. Shall we co-operate with this evil world in their efforts to elevate the race, or shall we leave it for future generations to do? Reader, do you realize that a far greater evil exists in this country to-day, than chattel slavery? Our fathers gave their lives to abolish negro slavery. Shall we, their children, stand dumb while the lives of our white negroes go up in the smoke of factories, to help swell the pockets of heartless drovers, their masters? The chattel slave had a market value, but, alas, the child slave costs nothing, except the wages of his father and mother, and the mother and father work for twelve long hours a day, with a few minutes for lunch. The spirit world has long been demanding a more harmonious social order among men than exists to-day. As a tree is known by its fruit, so, likewise, the spirit world is a product of this world.

Let us seek to give the tree (humanity) the best possible conditions and environments for its growth, physically, morally, mentally and spiritually, so that it may bring forth the fruits of goodness, virtue, peace and happiness that shall be universal.

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To the Editor:—I desire to thank you for publishing my quotations a few weeks ago. I have also quoted the above passages referred to from the same source, and would be pleased to have you give them space in The Progressive Thinker.

ALBERTO C. FISHER.
New Haven, Conn.

THE BEST TIME IS NOW.
As Exemplified by Dr. John C. Wyman.

Full of modern writers and speakers refer to the fair "Golden Age" of the past. And from their remarks we justly infer that they look with contempt and disgust upon the present era, with its bustling ways.

White to the crude past they "kowtow." When they should be happy "these latter days." For the best of all times is NOW!

How blind are the eyes that to centuries look down. Look back, like Lot's wife, of old, Seeing only the bright of the ages then known, When not all that glittered was gold.

They refuse to admit the shadows of the past. That impartial historians allow: And they long to be back in Noah's old ark, When they ought to rejoice in the NOW!

But in spite of bitter harpings and sneers Which these "disgruntled" avow, "The world still wags on," throughout the years, And most all are content with the NOW!

For they know full well that the best of the Past Doth forever the Present endow; They believe that things are bettering fast, So they're glad to be living NOW!

The moral, methinks, any average mind Will clearly and readily see, Which is, to accept the conditions we find, And believe them "as good as can be."

Yet, if some need improving, then off with your coat And work with perspiring brow, Doing all you can to more fully promote The welfare of the HERE and NOW!

DR. JOHN C. WYMAN.

Andrew Elliott regrets that The Progressive Thinker did not fall into his hands when he was much younger, so that he could have received them in the benefit thereof.

Guardian Angels

They Come Unsolicited and Under Various Conditions 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 Upliftment in the Peaceful Sanctuary of the Home, and Out Upon the Star-lit Highways of Life.

Moral Lessons Taught by Physical Manifestations.

Saint Paul says: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory," and I add, "through the Christ of self-denial."

In the early days when we were young we used to gather wisdom from spiritual manifestations. In those days unselfishness was the rule, self-love the exception. Three dollars a year were freely paid for publications which flung the banner of spirits to the breeze, but, alas, times have changed. Mediums were not jealous of each other then. Speakers entertained hearers by discarding upon the theme which high and wise spirits had inaugurated, and all worked together to enlighten and uplift a skeptical world. They did not then try to distract the attention of their hearers by introducing so-called "reforms," which had nothing to do with the great question of spirit existence and their ability to return and bless.

Let me tell of another wonderful cure effected in our "old house on the corner" which taught me how foolish is my wisdom in talking to you of the high and holy union of spirit wisdom and love.

Mrs. Harding had been subject for many years (indeed, I think from childhood) to a very painful disease of the kidneys. When it used to come on, I felt instructed to lay my hand on the part affected, and to keep away the pain for the time, but it would return at intervals, and beyond giving immediate relief I could do but little.

One night she lay on her bed crying with pain, and although much exercised in mind, she could not do anything for her sufferings she spoke to me under her influence, and told me to go to the drug store and get a certain narcotic medicine, mix with water, etc., and administer it to her.

It was then late in the evening—perhaps ten o'clock—I had to go down to find stores open, I gave her what I considered a good dose even for a man. When she had taken it, she lay quite still. She was influenced again. "Give her more," said the controlling power. "Give her all you have."

"You must excuse me," said I, "I have got quite a supply so as to keep some in the house to give her when she is again attacked, so I dare not give it all to her; if I do she might never wake up again."

But the spirit persuaded, and pleaded with me to give her all. But I positively refused to do so.

"Now, chief," said Blue Jacket, "how long do you know me?" "Oh! a long time," said I; "in fact, several years."

"Did I ever tell you a lie?" "No, indeed. You have proved yourself a truthful and noble friend,"

THOS. HARDING.
(To be continued.)

FROM THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

It is Surging Ahead Finely in the Great Work—A Glowing Tribute to the Workers Present—A Remarkable Musical Medium in the Person of Mrs. Stephens, of Kansas City.

To the Editor:—You have no doubt received by this time the report of our press agent concerning the joint mass-meeting held by the N. S. A. and the State Association, at the Masonic Temple, Odeon, June 13, 14 and 15, hence I need not go into details concerning the same. My purpose is to render to the visiting talent publicly as well as privately an appreciation for the grand work they did for the cause and for Missouri while here. We are in hearty accord with the sentiment so often expressed by our spirit friends, "To voice our love and appreciation now, and not wait to deliver our thanks until the next session of the Missouri State Association."

The selection of speaker and mediums made by the N. S. A. could not have been improved upon. Little Mrs. Ripley came to us a stranger in a strange land, as this was her first appearance in this part of the country, but if the expressions of affection and messages given through her mediumship may be taken as a criterion, it will not be her last. Her many new but warm friends join in wishing her success and happiness.

It was also the first appearance in St. Louis of Sister Ida Cleveland of Chicago, and our Chicago fellow Spiritualists may well be proud of her. As I sat on the platform listening to the messages given out by her Indian control to an audience composed of (to her) entire strangers, the vocal cords of whom I knew well, I could not but admire the directness and accuracy of her work. Don't stick too close to Chicago, Sister Cleveland; there are many places that are hungry for the kind of spiritual consolation you so ably administer.

Our good sister, Mrs. G. C. Stephens, and her husband, Dr. Stephens of Kansas City, Mo., were also with us, and the splendid work of her control, Dr. Ducrest, impressed and convinced many a doubting mind as to the truth of spirit return.

On the second night of the Mass meeting we were surprised and delighted at a (to us) new phase of her mediumship. She was controlled by a number of musical spirits successively under the direction of Campo, and gave us a delightful musical entertainment, both vocal and instrumental. The vocal consisted principally of selections from Italian opera (a language that Mrs. Stephens is not familiar with in a normal state), and ranging from bass to tenor. It was a wonderful performance, and, puzzled and set thinking our skeptical friends, I venture to prophesy that the work of our good sister has just begun and the world will hear more of her remarkable mediumship. The camps will do well to accept this tip, as she would be drawing card and a credit to the best.

PAUL MCARTHUR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Directed to the Spiritualists of Minnesota.

but I dare not endanger her life by doing as you say.

"No, no, chief. White man lie; Indian no lie. Now if you give her all you have, I promise you you shall not be sorry."

He pleaded so strongly that I became, as it were, psychologized, and I gave her all. But it was no sooner down than my human reason again asserted itself.

"Good God, I have killed her! I must do something at once, but the doctors are in their beds now, and she might be dead before I could get one to visit her. All I could think of was to dash a pitcher of cold water in her face. When arising from my chair to get it, she (who was dead to all appearance as a log of wood) was placed in a sitting posture and commenced a more sensible conversation with me than she often did in her normal condition. Among other things she said: 'No chief, we had two reasons for wishing to control her that over-dose. One was to cure you of your doubts, for you are always saying, "I wonder how much of her own mind is mixed up in this; or is it all her own mind and no spirits at all. Now, chief, I'd like to know whose mind is talking to you?"'

"Oh!" said I, "I acknowledge my defeat, for I now feel satisfied that she is about as dead as she ever will be."

"Another reason," he continued, "that she has always been more or less of a doubter also, and we never could obtain full control, but now she can't help herself, and we can cure her disease. But you must not do anything for her; but leave her completely in our hands; if

OUR OWN ROSTRUM.

A Lecture Delivered Thereon to Our Readers on "Life, Consciousness and Intelligence Throughout Nature, by Ashbel G. Smith, of Painesville, Ohio.

SOME YEARS AGO THE EDITOR OF "GREEN'S DERS. FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL," PROFESSOR FRUIT-GROWER, READ A PAPER BEFORE THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, ENTITLED "CONSCIOUSNESS OR INTELLIGENCE IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM," IN WHICH HE AIMED TO SHOW THAT PLANTS AND TREES ARE NOT DISSIMILAR TO ANIMALS, THAT THEY ARE SENSITIVE TO PAIN AND COMFORT, AND HAVE A SUFFICIENT DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE TO SEARCH AFTER FOOD, SUNSHINE, ETC. MORE RECENTLY PROFESSOR C. W. DODGE, THE EMINENT BIOLOGIST, OF ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, (NEW YORK) READ AT THAT PLACE A PAPER ENTITLED "THE PSYCHIC ACTIVITY OF PLANTS," ILLUSTRATED BY AN ELABORATE SET OF STEREOTYPIC VIEWS BY WHICH HE AIMED TO SHOW THAT PLANTS WERE SOULS, AND THAT THEY COULD SEE AND FEEL IN THEIR PECULIAR WAY, SO FAR AS THEIR NEEDS WERE CONCERNED AS WELL AS MANY FORMS OF HIGHER OR-

The earth is the matrix from which all visible life proceeds. It is the mother of every form that appears upon its surface, and whatever genera or species are projected, each and every individual life is fed from her nourishing breast. Time was when it was believed that the earth was a great plain, bounded by the horizon and resting on the back of some mythical monster as a turtle, but tradition is silent as to deeper foundations upon which the turtle might rest, but over this undefined expanse of land and water the life-giving sun shed his grateful rays by day and became submerged at evening in the western seas only to re-appear in the east each succeeding day.

With the common accessories to the study of astronomy, we are now able to show and demonstrate beyond cavil or doubt that the earth is relatively but a speck among the multitudes of larger orbs that flash and scintillate throughout the blue and measureless firmament, a little sister among her overgrown relatives of the planetary family. We may not doubt it had a beginning as an entity, as a rotating body, a bubble among the infinite ethers, not created, but formed from matter and forces that inhabit and fill the elemental abysses and through which it now swings and travels with marvelous speed and precision.

Other theories as to its origin, structure and position have in more modern days been argued and have a limited and credulous following; among them is the so-called hollow globe theory, which is scarcely less absurd than the Mosaic traditions involving numerous impossibilities and extravagant assumptions. The latter theory has in recent times found a zealous advocate in Lady Blount, a titled English woman. She is reported as being a clever person and ever ready to defend the opinions advanced in the Mosaic account as against those of Copernicus and the Herschells.

Lady Blount edits a journal called "The Earth" and has followers in several European countries. The society of which she is the head is known as the Universal Zetetic Society, and their main contention is against the "assumption," as they are pleased to term it, "of scientists who hold the earth to be globular in form." That such strange conclusions should obtain in the face of modern discovery is hardly to be believed, but humanity is by no means homogeneous in its opinions and we must accept things as they are.

But theories and beliefs do not by any means controvert demonstrable facts.

The old geocentric vision has been enlarged. It is the province of science to investigate and deal with phenomena, to cast light into dark places, to observe things and elucidate the laws of their existence; in brief to evolve knowledge; but it must be admitted that with all of its wonderful advancements, science is quite fragmentary and must forever so remain, since infinitude is vastly beyond human grasp and measurement.

All knowledge is simply the result of discovery, and, in whatever realm or department such discoveries are made, the intellectual horizon of mankind is enlarged and beautified, and though moving in waves, progress is steadily forward towards a livelier consciousness and a higher intellectuality.

As a safe basis from which correct deductions can be derived, we may affirm that the immediate origin of all life-forms is germinal in both essence and structure, therefore all forms of individual life in the relative order of being and development originate primarily in the contact of

elemental affinities, for it is quite within the realm of logic to suppose that Nature is as potent in the production of germinal forms and processes as that she vivifies and gives them growth when formed, albeit millions perish for lack of genial environment.

The various objects and forms within our limited vision, the trees and flowers, the singing brooklets, the surging ocean, the solemn forest within whose gothic shadows countless summer birds chant and chatter their matin hymns, the timid flowers that spring hard by the lingering snows, while gentle rains feed and fructify the earth for the awakening jubilee of spring, or when the earth grows chill with autumn frosts that nip the meadow-queen and paint the falling leaves with wondrous coloring, and with the harvest past, the fruitage dropped and the weary world wrapped in crystal covering, retires in its annual sleep and awaits resurrection in the coming spring—these and a thousand similar pictures often elaborated and sung in verse, are referred to as NATURE, and man is a part of it and akin to all that is.

Those tireless and ever-present energies which manifest in all germinal processes, all growth, all life, all death and disintegration, and dominate all things organic and inorganic, we are accustomed to speak of as Nature's law. We recognize them in results only, and these are but the continued amplification of cause and effect, since every effect in turn becomes a cause of other effects, and thus the INFINITE PULSE OF LIFE THROBS ON WITHOUT CESSATION.

All forms born into external visible life bear within them the unerring prophecy of ultimate dissolution and disappearance, and that any organic body may live; something must die, even as "The falcon feeds upon the fawn, the finch upon the fly, and all life feeds upon death."

The common postulate of a beginning or of an original and final creation is wholly untenable and unworthy of belief. It had its origin in barbaric ages, in the childhood of our race, and has been perpetuated and taught along down the more or less thoughtful, civilizations, even to our own day. Primal causation is beyond our grasp and must forever so remain, for the PINITE CAN NOT FATHOM INFINITUDE from which it sprang.

Whatever exists to-day is the product of that which has always been, and one may say of himself without vanity or ostentation, "countless ages have labored that I may be, I am the culmination of all existences, the complex glory of the restless energies of the measureless universe."

All processes of decay and disintegration are also processes of life into other forms, and death is only the synonym of TRANSITION INTO NEW LIFE.

Nature embraces whatever is.

There can be nothing above or beyond it, and to assume the existence of anything or condition as supernatural is manifestly illogical and misleading; even when the term is employed to express the unseen and spiritual. It is of doubtful import, since the law or principles which actuate all visible matter and life extend to, and invest the, infinitude of so-called space with its countless millions of inhabitants who, having dropped their loads of earthly ills and toys at the shining gateway of Nature's great transition, have gone on into that extended realm "where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens"; and this is by no means a poetic dream, a "rhapsody of words" born of human hope, for convincing facts are open to all who seek them reverently.

Elemental combinations and disintegrations obedient to the laws or principles of nature, which are manifest in the

growth and decay of all external forms, are ever present and ever active.

Nothing escapes the universal activities. The present is the CHILD OF THE PAST AND THE PARENT OF THE FUTURE.

Memory carries forward from the crypts of buried years a few fragments gathered from personal experience and contact with life in its manifold forms and phases, while Faith labors to put aside the thick curtains that hide the realms beyond, in search of newer life and grander opportunities.

And herein lies the very kernel of all religions; namely, the aspiration for a continuity of life and a larger growth.

Man has been described as a religious being, or of all animal species the only one that possesses a soul or reasoning part. Can this be so when we consider the wonderful intelligence of our domestic pets and animals, the faithful dog, the companion bird and often his defender, who scents danger afar off, and signals its approach and is ever alert to guard his master's person and premises, who points the game or patrols the flock and cares for straying lambs; who loves his friends and never forgets a kindness; whose subtle scent takes up the aura of his master's course and discovers his hiding-place in field or wood, in darkness or in light; and then again that noble servant of man, that paragon of strength and beauty, the horse—so kind and gentle, so obedient to his master's word; and shall we say in utter egotism that man only is a soul and that these and lesser lives are not? And then among the untamed tenants of the woods, who shrink and hide at man's approach, who climb or delve within the earth, or make their homes within impenetrable fens and jungles, or seek safety high upon frowning crags and build a fortress home wherein the cawing brood is reared afar from danger, and can we not discern in these and other lives some parallel to man's endowments, though in less degree?

There is no species of organized life upon the face of the great round world but has come into being through the same or similar processes as those that generated man, and shall we be unmindful of them because they represent fewer possibilities? They are akin to us and these "dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress," as in the legend of Jubal, are they not susceptible to the sweet influence of human kindness and fellowship if we would but extend it to them. No sharp dividing line shuts out the lower orders as having instinct only, while man alone possesses the gift of reason; and he who puts up this frail distinction as definite and final deceives himself with mere assumption.

The intellectual exists in varying degree only. So also of instinct.

There is no fixed standard by which to measure either. The phenomena so manifest in every form and function of matter, whether it be classed as animal or vegetable or even mineral, are but the infinite energies moving upward towards those vaster issues in the realm of thought; the persistent uplift of all things toward sensation and into the plane of consciousness, for this is in the order of things and ever was.

THERE IS NO DEAD MATTER IN ALL THE UNIVERSE. There is not a particle of brown tith, not a crystal ground out by great erosions, not a stagnant pool that seethes and fries beneath a summer sun, not an atom in any kingdom of classified things and conditions but seeks to manifest in some higher form or ally itself with other growths.

Some years ago the editor of "Green's Fruit-Grower" read a paper before the American Horticultural Society at Cleveland, Ohio, entitled "Consciousness or Intelligence in the Vegetable Kingdom," in which he aimed to show that plants and trees are not dissimilar to animals, that they are sensitive to pain and comfort, and have a SUFFICIENT DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE to search after food, sunshine, etc. More recently Professor C. W. Dodge, the eminent biologist, of Rochester University (New York), read at that place a paper entitled, "The Psychic Activity of Plants," illustrated by an elaborate set of stereotypic views by which he aimed to show that plants were souls and that they could see and feel in their peculiar way, so far as their needs were concerned as well as many forms of higher orders. "From time immemorial," Professor Dodge is reported to have said, "It has been held by the most highly civilized as well as by degraded savages that plants have souls. . . . The doctrine of spirits in plants is deeply imbedded in the intellectual history of south-east Africa."

Many views of plants were thrown upon the screen, whose growth had been influenced by light. The sense of touch was also vividly shown, and the remarkable habits of certain plants of depositing their seed in fertile places, and the Professor also showed that nerve stimulus was imparted from one to another of many small organisms in plant life, more commonly in bacteria. These conclusions may impress us as more or less hypothetical, Darwin, the great apostle of evolution, is said to have endorsed also.

But these opinions are now new; in fact, we may believe them much older than history. Beliefs similar to those referred to took deep root in Asiatic soil centuries ago, and are still religiously endorsed by millions. The late Sir Edwin Arnold, distinguished Orientalist and writer in the picturesque and somewhat transcendental legend of the advent, life and services of the last Avatar of India, 600 years before the birth at Bethlehem, says:

myself, sinking, sinking, sinking, till I thought I must have fallen off of bed, and wondered how I should get back again, when I suddenly stopped. I opened my eyes and what think you I saw? The image of myself when I was a lad! This is a common apparition in such times—the re-appearance for a moment of our lost youth! That period of our lives when life was strongest, in us impresses the dying person so strongly at the moment of his departure as to cause this vivid re-presentation to the mind. At that I felt a sudden wrench—the birth pang of the passing spirit—and I was free.

A poor old body lay beside me on the bed, and I saw a sort of shadowy figure, I saw the guides. I gave them my hand and our journey began. What astonished me most was that, though we were walking, we did not seem to be treading on anything solid like the earth. So I said to the guides, "How are we able to move like this?" "The earth," replied one of them, "I can see nothing like matter," said I. "No," he answered, "but there it is nevertheless, or you could not move through it."

"Well, we kept going on until at length the guide said, 'There is our world,' and I saw a sort of shadowy figure, I saw the guides. I gave them my hand and our journey began. What astonished me most was that, though we were walking, we did not seem to be treading on anything solid like the earth. So I said to the guides, 'How are we able to move like this?' 'The earth,' replied one of them, 'I can see nothing like matter,' said I. "No," he answered, "but there it is nevertheless, or you could not move through it."

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In this wise was holy Buddha born! Queen Maya stood at noon her days fulfilled Under a Palga in the palace grounds, A stately trunk straight as a temple shaft With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms, And knowing her time come, for all things knew; The conscious tree bent down its boughs to make A bower about Queen "Maya's" majesty, And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers To spread a couch, while ready for the bath The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream Of crystal flow."

Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, says, "Looking towards the organic world, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series, what is fair evidence of action, which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, and that plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say that intelligence can not exist among them, and that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

It may here be noted that in the several opinions just quoted no attempt is made to show that reason in man or instinct in the inferior orders are distinct endowments as such, but rather that intelligence exists in gradation and is wholly relative.

And thus we may discover the universal tendency to attribute SOME DEGREE OF INTELLIGENCE to the inferior orders, and whether we distinguish as between consciousness in man, instinct in animals, sensation in the lower orders, or of the bare fact of existence, as in so-called dead inorganic matter, we are led to conclude that all things and conditions are simply relative in the scale of being, lacking exact boundaries but varying chiefly in the matter of development and differentiation which become apparent in every individual form and atom and are but parts of one stupendous whole."

In a similar line of thought Professor Jacques Loeb is announced as experimenting to "FIND THE SECRET OF THE ORIGIN OF LIFE." This brief report from a late paper we are hardly able to credit. It embraces too much since such a quest implies the paradox of ultimately reaching the beginning of infinitude. Doubtless he would be understood as searching for those elemental conditions which result in the phenomena of organic life. He is reported as having revised his earlier opinions regarding the action of sea-water upon the eggs of a mollusk, and is now of the opinion that the "action and the effect are not of a physical, but of a chemical character." Possibly these evolutionary changes which result in life may not only be denominated as a chemical, but more properly described as of a psychic character, since the intellectual and spiritual seems to be the aim of all growth, the zenith of all life. Professor H. W. Dresser says: "PROBABLY MATTER ITSELF IS ULTIMATELY PSYCHIC AND CONSCIOUS."

Professor Haberlandt, of the University of Graz, Austria, who has acquired world-wide celebrity by his researches in plant-life, now announces that he has discovered that the whole vegetable world HAS ORGANS OF VISION and that they are located in the leaf near the stem.

The origin of species, a prominent paragraph in modern research and which has elicited much profound thought and some doubtful philosophies, must practically remain a sealed volume, since man is not acquainted even with himself, knows nothing of his origin, and became a living soul without volition or premonition of his advent into external form and conscious life. It is a common but superficial conception that man possesses a soul, that thinking, knowing part that has concurrent growth with the mortal but that it never inhabits. A more concrete expression and one that conveys a better and more rational meaning as to the dual relation is, that man is a soul. It is the very man, the intellectual part that lives and aspires; the real ego that thinks and actuates the mortal form, though invisible to the common eye.

The shadowy form which may be measured by inches and weighed by avoirdupois is but the temporal reflex of him who dwells therein; it is the chrysalis of the soul, the earthly shell which decays at death and "leaves the kernel free to germinate," the garment worn apace, but not the man. The real man hides within the physical, and though he were once born, he remains unborn until the years of his second gestation shall have been fulfilled at that other birth, the great transition called death, when he "enters that life which is of all life centre."

The love of life is inherent to all mundane existences. Every form that is projected upon the earthly stage labors consciously or unconsciously to perpetuate itself, attracting the sustenance and conditions that are essential to its growth and continuance. But the fact and presence of such attraction suggests its opposite, that of repulsion and disintegration. Hence all mundane growth suggests ultimate decay, and when the physical life shall have reached its climax and its normal functions lag and refuse to respond to use, as if surfeited and satisfied with the continuous efforts to live and maintain the limited co-partnership with the spiritual and directive part, then ensues the final incident of earthly experience.

Painesville, Ohio. ASHBEL G. SMITH.

THAT BODY OF OURS.

Six Buckets of Water and a Handful of Dust Make a Man, Says Doctor—Human Body Is Merely Animated Mud Pie With Legs, Declares London, Eng., Physician in Lecture at Institute.

One handful of dust and six buckets of water form the making of a man, according to a lecture delivered by Dr. Vivian Lewes in the London Institute before an audience of children. The lecture was entitled "Our Atmosphere and Its Wonders." "The human body," said Professor Lewes, "contains considerably over 80 per cent of water. All the bones, muscles, jellies, and liquids of every possible consistency entering into its constitution are made of combination of water with such substances as lime, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, and numberless others. The amount of water in the body of an average man of say, 5 by 8 inches, is about six bucketfuls."

Were this water extracted, continued Professor Lewes, the remaining substances, if perfectly dry, would be only a handful of dust. Sometimes bodies have been discovered which have lain thousands of years in perfectly dry chambers in hewn rock which have been hermetically sealed. In such cases the bodies retain perfect human form and proportion until disturbed, when they collapse into small heaps of dry dust.

Man, as an animated mud pie with legs, cannot breathe perfectly pure air, continued Professor Lewes. Such substance as carbon dioxide and water vapor are necessary to life as supplying certain essential ingredients of the dust.

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The Change Called Death.

Some Curious Circumstances in Relation to It, as Given in the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia—Many Circles Are Held in That City.

In this city of Melbourne many are the circles formed for obtaining spiritual communications. They form, indeed, the smaller groups indicated by many writers which are really the framework of Spiritualism as a whole. It is difficult for some who have never been given up the tenets of orthodoxy to also relinquish the idea of a church with its appointed leaders and all the old titles and ceremonies. But the genius of Spiritualism cannot be bound by notions of this kind. It is an acknowledged fact in the history of Spiritualism that all attempts at leadership have failed, the mission of Spiritualism evidently being to leave with its great truths the thought of the time, and to see the great writers and speakers in our midst gradually come forth into the Light.

One of our most able lecturers—a man with clear vision and keen insight—once remarked that he "rejoiced at every split in so-called organizations. If it were not for these in Theosophy, Christian Science and Spiritualism itself," he said, "we should have another encrusted dogmatism to fight. No! Spiritualism is doing its best work in circles religiously held, in its vast literature, and by and by there will be occasional grand public gatherings, where the best music, brilliant colorings and all the attractions that art can give will furnish a religious thanksgiving festival worthy of the name. There the great orators that arise will from time to time speak. But the progress of Spiritualism will be as quiet, and unobtrusive as the heaven spoken of in the Gospels, which gradually leaveneth the whole lump, and services to worship God will be seen in their true light as relics of paganism." The following contribution is given through the mediumship of Mr. Shackle, and is doubtless from a high source. "He sits alone," he tells me, "apart from any circle."

OUR INHERITANCE.

Being a Concrete Account of the Next Life; Its Realities and Substances.

By William Shackle.

The Passing of the Spirit.

The passing of the spirit of a human being is necessarily attended by much variation of circumstance, and probably no two accounts will be precisely alike. The first information the writer ever received on the subject was given to him by an uncle, a few weeks after he had passed over, at the age of sixty-three, after a lingering illness.

"I felt," he said, "as if I had awakened out of sleep, and I was cold. I sat up in bed and, as I did so, I saw my body lying in the bed beside me. Getting out, I made my way to the kitchen, and then I said to myself, 'Am I dead? I must be.' Just then a man came up and asked me if I wanted to find my friends. On my answering 'Yes,' he took my hand and led me away through the air, a walk of two or three hours. Then we landed on another world and presently came to a large building; there a man gave me a suit of clothes, and no sooner had I put them on than I was taken away to your mother's house."

This short account acted as a stimulant to further knowledge, and fuller statements were subsequently obtained, which are now appended. The first is from the writer's father, who passed over at the same age as his uncle, but by a sudden affection of the heart. His account is:

"I will describe to you how I thought and felt at that supreme moment—when Death had me in his grip. When I found myself sinking, as it were, beneath deep waters, I felt a strong spasm shoot through me, which seemed to tear my heart from out its place, while my eyes filled with hot blinding tears, and through it all I seemed to see myself as I was when young man of eighteen or twenty. When the spasm had ceased, and my heart appeared to be beating calmly

again, and I had begun to think the attack was over, I heard my name called. I looked round and, to my surprise, I found that my body was beside me, and before me stood a strange man who said, 'Do you want to go to your friends?' 'Why do you ask?' I said. 'Well, you cannot remain here, for you have passed from one life into another.' I recognized then that all I had hoped for had actually come to pass, and that there was life beyond the grave.

We then began our journey through the ether, the guiding (or guide) holding my hand, and walking as it were in water. After traveling for some two hours through glorious waves of light, we reached the spirit sphere, the aspect of which, when I landed upon it, was not a great deal unlike the open plains and wastes of earth. We soon came to a big building, in which I was furnished with clothes, after which the journey was resumed. I saw no signs of habitation at first, but presently houses began to appear and, finally I saw a town in the distance."

This, it seems, was the city of Coarctation, and upon arrival there he was taken, according to custom, before the Governor of the district. This high administrator was found sitting in a large office in a building of noble proportions. Addressing the visitor by name, he said, "We are pleased to see you, and welcome you to the new sphere. Establish yourself in good works, and you will become a new citizen. You are of a race of men who are noted for doing their duty, and therefore, you will not find it hard to work. You will now be taken to where you will be cared for and kept until your house is built."

From this experience let us now turn to that of an aged man who passed at upwards of eighty years of age. "One day as I sat in my chair I felt queer about the heart; thrills seemed running through me, and a soft thud came to my ears now and then. I was helped into bed, and lay there quite comfortably, but knowing full well that my time had come. I felt no fear, although I had no strong faith in the orthodox creed, but I seemed to know that I was not to die but to live. Dim forms seemed to flit about the room; these, as I know now, were the spirit guides waiting for me. I felt

myself, sinking, sinking,

An Address Delivered Before the First Society of Spiritualists, of Lyric
Hall, New York, by Mrs. H. L. Russeque.

This I hope, and doth affirm, wherever I may go,
Whatever things be Spirit, a fair love makes them so.
I hold all else a selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where center is not, can there be circumference?

And these are the questions we should put to ourselves
If we have no deific life here, where can we place it?
Is there any altar beyond the skies upon which we

The Spiritualist is everywhere. He is a universal dispenser of his knowledge! Creed may crumble, temples may fall, but the Spiritualism that has been percolating through the masses has been shedding its dews upon humanity. It has reached every point of earth until to-day you should

Look higher, beautify your homes, beautify your lives, join together in one supreme effort, and let that effort be continuous. Make the world here and the world hereafter, as it is, one with God, one of God, until all humanity is thine, until all men are your brothers, and God is, as must be, the one Father of all.

ligious liberty. It is intended to be an embodiment of facts and documents, the evidence of the pernicious influence of the confessional; a trenchant showing of Romanism, based upon standard Catholic authorities; an eye-opener concerning the methods and spirit, the moral turpitude and evil works of Romanism. Cloth, 75 cents.

Why Do Ghosts Wear Clothes?
The subject of the inquiry propounded by the editor of the Occult Review stated in his own terms is as follows:

ro-
ult
as

... i. e., to express individuality or a
thority; in short, to identify him
with the position and period of
earth life.

The justification for such appearances lies in this, that clothes such

strangers alike, did not appear to be conscious of my presence as a spectator.

Ocean Springs, Miss.

familiar. No other paper publishes this earth contains such a vast amount of matter so well adapted to enrich

this earth contains such a vast amount of matter so well adapted to enrich the mind. Send in a subscription now.

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 length compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby somewhat curt. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of material 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.

NOTICE—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request has been written by the author, the name will not be published. The department has become increasingly 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.

H. J. Smith, Q. In "Letters from Julia," by the well known English author, W. R. Stead, claiming to be written by her hand automatically, there is an account of the spirit Julia meeting with Jesus, which, if true, would tend to controvert the claim of The Progressive Thinker that he was only an ideal creature, evolved through the ages. I would like an explanation, if possible, of this apparent contradiction.

A. The genuineness of the automatic writings of Mr. Stead cannot be questioned, nor his honesty of purpose. In his position, to make the claim of being a medium, and even conservatively advocate Spiritualism, was to throw down the gauntlet to a host of detractors and bigoted critics, yet all Spiritual communications must be judged by the same impartial rules that apply to the writings of authors in mortal life. The dictum of the most exalted must not be taken as authority, and the measure of its demonstration.

There has been many instances of trance wherein the subjects have seen Jesus, the apostles, and even God, and were thoroughly convinced that they were not deceived. Those who have such visions are without exception, full believers in religious dogmas, and they see just what they believe. Their thoughts become objective. "Julia," as shown by her writings, is intensely religious, with perfect faith in the church teachings, and controlled by her emotions. A quotation will present her character almost as vividly as a photograph her features. This is her description of her meeting with Jesus:

"Then I heard a voice. I did not see whence it came, or who spoke: 'Julia, he said, these would have been thy words. I listened, but no words other than these were spoken. Then I said, 'a flaming fire—really like fire though in human shape! I was afraid. Then he spoke and said: 'Be not afraid, it is I who am appointed to teach thee the secret things of God?'"

"Then the bright flame one said to me: 'Julia, behold thy Savior! and when I looked I saw him. He was sitting on a seat close to me, and he said: 'Beloved, in my Father's house are many mansions; here am I whom you have loved so long. I have prepared a place for you."

"And in the midst of it all was He, my Lord and Savior. He was as a man among men. He was full of wonderful sweet mildness, which we are acquainted with in some of the pictures that have been painted by the Italian, Fra Angelico. And he loves us with such a tender love! His name is Love; it is what He is—Love, Love, Love!"

From whatever source, this passage bears within itself its refutation. Jesus was either man or god. If god, then when his object in coming back to earth 2,000 years ago, having accomplished, it is not in reason to suppose that he is a personality awaiting the millions of new-comers into heaven. If a man, it is not possible he should thus receive the hosts of arisen spirits in this personal manner.

In this interview, he has after 2,000 years of growth, and as representative of the most exalted, expressed himself in Bible phraseology, and reiterated platitudes, like a school-boy's lesson; not a new thought greets the ecstatic Julia, who at last resolves the personality into intangible Love—as an individualization of Love.

Even the face she sees is that painted by Italian artists—an ideal face, for no portrait was made of Jesus, and the artists each painted according to his fancy of what Jesus should be. That she saw him, as these paintings represent him, is itself discredited by her claim, and demonstrates that it was purely subjective—that is dependent on her belief.

Perhaps she gives the key further on when she says that spirits create with their thoughts and desires. They clothe themselves by simply desiring to appear in any form of raiment, and have by the wishing. If this be true, then the desire to see Jesus would be self-responded to, and the subjective would be confounded with the objective.

If she met and held conversation with Jesus, he would have spoken as a real, and not as she fancied. This Jesus played the role she thought he should, not what he would have his appearance been real.

The spirit Julia misapprehended just as she would in this life, that she would mistake her own thoughts and beliefs as tangible objects.

This principle has a wide application, and explains many other apparent contradictions.

The solution of this subject is not an answer to the question, whether

Jesus existed as claimed by the evangelists, or of Julia's identity or honesty. It is simply, did she see him as she claims? The only evidence she gives in this passage, and this proves when analyzed that she did not see the real, only an embodiment of her fancy.

For the force of this criticism may be made more apparent, if in place of Jesus, that of an eminent man be substituted. A spirit comes to us and we ask: "Have you ever met Shakespeare in Spirit?"

"Yes," is the answer. "Why did he say to you? How did he appear?"

"Well, he almost perfectly resembled the portraits you have of him. He sat down by me, and he said: 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Then we would reply: 'We do not doubt your honesty. You may firmly believe you saw the spirit of Shakespeare, but you have been duped by an overwrought imagination, or deceived by some joking spirit who has impersonated the great poet.'"

"This conclusion would not affect, or be affected by, the question of Shakespeare's existence, or whether Bacon was the real poet. It would only involve the credibility of the spirit purporting to communicate. If a spirit would prove to us that it has met Jesus in the after life, it must bring some message worthy of the name, and not have him reiterate threadbare platitudes, which he is said to have uttered 2,000 years ago."

SPIRITUALISM IN PITTSBURGH.

A Roseate Picture Drawn of the Cause There by Professor W. M. Lockwood.

—High Encomiums Paid the Workers There. The New Place of Meeting, and the Potent Effects It Will Have.

Pittsburgh at the present time is in the labor of political partition, and seems anxious to be torn to itself a daughter of hopeful promise, already named Allegheny. With this addition to its territory, the body, social and political, with this legalization of domestic ties in political agitation, we confidently expect to see it take its place as the third city on the map of population, as it is already the second city of the United States in commercial and manufacturing industries.

The question of Allegheny, other boroughs and boroughs adjoining the main city, whose interests are closely allied and linked to the great center of iron and steel manufacture, will readily fall into line and be grafted by generation into the great economic pulsation of the parent city, swelling its population, and extending its local boundaries to the surprise line of its most ambitious citizen.

With all of the changes in the mental laboratory of its political magnates, others of greater importance to the social and ethical welfare of its population have been gradually appearing in the realm of progressive thought among the people. This mental state may justly be called "religious abortion," or throwing off the matrix of the intellect, "the false conceptions," and premature growth of religious fang transmitted by heredity and schism from a pagan age.

The people who think, living in Pittsburgh, no less than in other large cities, are awakening to this fact, and are church, and as well, as the clergy are in a state of heretical ferment, and in feverish sarcasm assail the dogmas of ancient piety upon the "fall of man," the "inherited conception," or the "God who acted like other gods of mythology in having 'an only begotten son,' and the doctrine of 'vicarious atonement,' which vaccine virus required 325 years to fester into appearance, and which the people are beginning to see depends more upon ecclesiastical suggestion than upon scientific demonstration.

With all of their data in evidence the mind that thinks, seen in the scientific aspect of Modern Spiritualism, THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA OF ETHICAL PROGRESS.

While the Spiritual movement in Pittsburgh originated several years ago, its present status seems to be the culmination of the united effort of C. L. Stevens, the president of the society, and his able and energetic co-workers, who, through a period of ten years, have united their hearts and hands to this work, with a fidelity born of clear psychic vision, and a determination to plant the standard of Spiritualism upon proofs phenomenal and scientific, and to unfurl its banner of love to all mankind so that its light should become a beacon and guiding star to all inquiring intellects.

To carry on a movement like this, amid the dissensions of ecclesiastical dogma from without and conflicting opinions from within, requires in its official management tact, diplomacy, a deep appreciation of justice due to each factor, and a sympathy for all that is good of noble aspiration and kindly intent.

Brother Stevens and his board of trustees have been singularly successful in this work, and are now located in their elegant church edifice on Bouquet street, which the magnificent generosity of Mrs. Sophie Mayram, Mrs. Catherine Maul and Mrs. C. L. Stevens has freed from its debt of purchase, and made an academy of scientific inquiry as well as a church for the ever-increasing numbers of investigators. That the clergy of Pittsburgh see, and this movement the day-dawn of the greatest truth the world has ever known is becoming more and more apparent, and every new fact of phenomena and philosophy, swells the interest of the thinkers and wise men of Greater Pittsburgh, in the only philosophy of the world, the revelation of the world, the distance recorded on the tablets of cosmic process.

W. M. LOCKWOOD.

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crimes of the tongue, the Red Tape duty, the supreme character of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price, 30 cents.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results." By J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Bar. An absorbingly interesting volume, of decided value. A narrative of wonderful psychical events in the author's experience. Cloth, 560 pages, illustrated, \$1.25.

"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

When I last addressed you I did not think it would so soon be my painful duty to record the confirmation of the strong suspicions expressed in my letter, transmitted to the great poet."

When I last addressed you I did not think it would so soon be my painful duty to record the confirmation of the strong suspicions expressed in my letter, transmitted to the great poet."

FROM ENGLAND.

Illustrating How Legerdemain Deceived the Good People There.

Were it not for The Progressive Thinker, Spiritualists in this country would be unaware of the great extent which Legerdemain, deception and fraud has fastened itself on our beloved Cause. The Government officials got after Dr. T. White, a medium of Baltimore, and he has been sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

How subtle, how treacherous these tricksters are! Expose one of their

When I last addressed you I did not think it would so soon be my painful duty to record the confirmation of the strong suspicions expressed in my letter, transmitted to the great poet."

At a meeting held on the evening of Monday last, the 5th inst., at the house of Mr. Ronald Brailley, of the water, the nefarious trickery of Mr. Eldred and his manager, Mr. Ellis, was completely exposed.

The week previously some interesting phenomena were said to have taken place which astonished most of the sitters, but among these was a friend of Mr. Brailley's, whom I was to be a gentleman possessing a well-balanced judgment, and keen critical powers. He, however, does not wish me to mention his name. This gentleman expressed to Mr. Brailley his suspicions, and after the seance, learning that the cabinet and chair used by Mr. Eldred had been sent from Nottingham, he suggested to Mr. Brailley that he ought to try his psychometric powers on the chair. Wonderful sensitive as he is, Mr. Brailley said that during the sittings he had had no suspicion of the genuineness of the manifestations, having accepted them in good faith. The chair had been carefully packed away with the cabinet, but at the instigation of his friends there were unpacked by Mr. Brailley, and placing his hand upon the chair, he said, pointing to the back of it: "There is a secret compartment here!"

This statement was proved to be true by subsequent examination, and in the back a small keyhole was found deeply embedded and well covered up by the plushette material. Mr. Brailley communicated his discovery to Mr. Lobb, who had been one of the circle, and he, knowing my interest in the case, telephoned over to me, and made which opened the lock, and a photograph was taken showing the secret compartment, which measures fifteen inches by two inches.

We determined after this discovery to put a stop, at the next meeting, to any further fraud. I was asked by Mr. Lobb (who I go on to say, was to arrange a method of trapping the culprits. 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 "fakery" who arranged to assist. The seance having been opened, a small white cloth was placed over the cabinet, 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, assured those present that it contained some very unusual 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 felt forward, the space being completely packed with articles necessary for "faking" spirit forms.

It was then found that the secret recess contained a collapsible dummy head, made of pink stockinet, with flesh colored mask (with pieces of stockinet gummed over the eye holes); the loose stockinet was doubtless used to represent the shrunken skin at the neck; six pieces of fine white China silk, containing in all thirteen yards, were placed in the so-called dematerializations; two wigs, one white and one grey; an extending metal coat-hanger for suspending drapery to represent the second hand; with an iron hook 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.

As soon as the members had gone into the seance room, I anticipated any difficulty to face with the dematerializations. Instead of charging the two individuals we were tempted with mercy our sense of horror, disgust, and indignation at such infamous proceedings. I requested the return of the money taken, which I must say was promptly done, and I must say the dematerializations which are now in the office of "Light" for inspection.

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

I am sure all true investigators will feel led to the critical faculty of the gentleman referred to, and especially to the psychometric powers of that justly respected medium and conscientious worker in the cause, Mr. Ronald Brailley.

A. WALLACE, M. D.

It is with much pain I have to inform your readers that Spiritualism is to-day face to face with a disgraceful fraud in the person of Mr. Charles Eldred, of Nottingham. We are indebted to the spirit world, through Mr. Ronald Brailley, the clairvoyant, for the discovery of the method by which the cleverly arranged, wicked fraud has been perpetrated. On February 2nd, Mrs. Lobb and myself were invited to a seance at Mr. Brailley's house for materialization. Mr. Eldred being the medium. A few days after the seance Mr. Brailley was impressed to examine the chair which had been used and left there by Mr. Eldred, and his clairvoyance enabled him to discover a space in the high back, large enough to contain a suit of clothes, that could be hidden away under the plush. A locksmith was

sent for, and the enclosure opened; a key was made, and the chair carefully put back for the second seance, which was to be held on Monday night last, March 5. After a consultation we resolved to photograph the chair and its open space and await results. I communicated with Dr. Abraham Wallace, of Harley street, W., and arranged for some strong men to be present in an adjoining room, with the doctor. Accordingly, on Monday evening last, after the medium had been stripped and examined, we took hold of the said plush chair, and demanded the key, falling to obtain it, we opened the space in the chair, with the key we had made, and there, exposed to the view of all, were the draperies, masks, to be held there by the impersonations of different spirits. Mr. Eldred at once swopped up. No language is too strong to express our pain and disgust. This is the second materialization medium that I have seen in two months. When and where is this sort of business to stop?

I am aware that frauds are to be found in all departments of life. In the first church of twelve, with the Christ at the head, there was a fraud, and I suppose we must expect them even in Spiritualism. Mr. Wallace I brought away all the draperies, mask, hair, etc., and we have arranged that the same shall be retained at the office of "Light."

JOHN LOBB.

My attention having been called to the reported appearances of our dear and honored friend, the late Mr. Thomas Everitt, at Mr. Eldred's seances, I recently asked Mrs. Everitt if she felt sure her husband had appeared there, and she replied that Mr. W. J. Lees, of 40, Abchurch Lane, had given her permission to put the question to her. She consented, and her husband, speaking in the direct voice, emphatically declared that he had not materialized at Mr. Eldred's seances or anywhere else.

KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

ARRESTED MEDIUMS AS VAGRANTS.

An Outrage That Should Arouse Spiritualists Everywhere.

On May 24, one of our best mediums, Miss Rice, in charge of the Seance Psychic Society, which she had organized for nearly three years, was arrested by the police, and charged under the Vagrancy law with fortune-telling. The case was to come up in the police court on May 26, but was changed to Justice Davis' court on May 3.

Some of our mediums have been represented by her counsel, and the First Spiritual Society also engaged Judge McNeny to defend her, as it was looked upon as a test case.

Walter Hall, president of the First Society; Mr. Little, president of the State Spiritualist Association of Washington; and also the president of the Seattle Psychic Society, Rev. Harry J. Moore, who was then lecturing for the First Society, and Miss Rice herself, were examined as witnesses for the defense.

The city had one witness, the Police Clerk, who obtained the reading on which the complaint was made. The prosecution also offered in evidence the sign taken from Miss Rice's door.

After a long and fair hearing, counsel for the defense made their arguments to the effect that the law was passed to prevent fortune-telling, and that the complaint was made by a person who was not a member of the First Society, and that the mediums—the ministers of Spiritualism—should not be classed with vagrants of the type contemplated by the law in question; further, that if it was held that the law applied to mediums it would be unconstitutional, inasmuch as it contravened the rights of religion, and the State and National Constitutions.

Justice Davis said that under the law he had no option, but must convict, but that for the purpose of having the Supreme Court pass on the question of constitutionality, he would acquit Miss Rice under bonds to keep the peace for three months. Thus the outcome was a virtual victory for Spiritualism.

Notice of appeal was at once given, and Messrs. Hall and Foster signed the bonds.

Strange to say, though, on the following day, Justice Davis received a telephone message from Mr. Hall that he declined to go any further with the case.

However, a number of friends met and engaged Judge Maylor of Everett, to carry the case up to the Supreme Court. The time for hearing was set for June 1, (June 20), but we are engaged in raising the necessary cash to defray the expenses, and if necessary will take the matter to the Supreme Court, and also fight to repeal the law in the Legislature. If it is held to be constitutional and to apply to mediums.

Some of our mediums, notable the Star, have done what they could to ridicule Spiritualism, and also manufacture public sentiment against us, but the Times and News have treated us more fairly.

All we want is fair treatment. We will do the rest.

We have formed a Spiritualists' Defense League, and expect to make it a permanent institution; to change public sentiment and to do the fighting outside of our chartered societies. D. D. Foster, 112 1/2 First St., Seattle, is secretary.

Some of our mediums have also been arrested—one, Mrs. Reis, being kept in jail for two days, during which time she amused herself by giving readings to all who were available for the purpose. The authorities seemed to get tired of this, so discharged her on \$300 bond.

On June 28, an entertainment is planned for the purpose of raising funds and to-night (June 20), Mrs. Emmett is giving a circle for the same purpose.

Miss Rice has been seriously ill as an effect of the trouble, and has been persuaded by her friends to make a

SOMETHING ABOUT CRYSTOLA.

Mr. J. W. Ring Draws a Vivid Picture of the Locality, Paying a High Tribute of Respect to Hon. H. C. Childs.

To the Readers of The Progressive Thinker:—My esteemed sisters and brothers, our mutual friend, the editor, has, after much thought and deliberation, granted space in the valuable "Educator," this Progressive Thinker for me to briefly outline the objects of the venerable Spiritualist, Henry Clay Childs, founder of the Crystal Palace, in your thought upon this subject and the action you may take, you will in no way hold the editor responsible, until the rich blessing of Crystola make you comfortable in worldly things and happy in spiritual blessings; then say with thought of blessing, "The Progressive Thinker with its worthy editor called this matter to my attention."

In 1872, H. C. Childs, a prominent public character, and a worthy and venerable member of the Constitutional Convention of Illinois in 1861, and twice elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of that state, a publisher and editor, a personal friend and ardent supporter of Abraham Lincoln, a thorough scholar, and a life-long Spiritualist, being one of the masses and a profoundly religious man, illumined by the "Harmonical Philosophy" of the great teacher, Andrew Jackson Davis, settled in the historic "Ute Pass," eleven miles west of Manitou, on the northern slope of Pikes Peak, at a point where the "crystalline" air, the air of the now renowned Air-Creek.

The years that followed bore experiences with the then wild country, and rugged frontiersmen, often times Indians, which need not here be more than mentioned as a necessary part of a life of hazard and sacrifice. Suffice to say that aside from running saw mills, lime kilns, rock quarries and otherwise battling with the wilds of the country, he studied well the formation of the mighty mountain, and with the experience of the promise of rare mine wealth in the bosom of the hills, and acquired title to the two thousand acres composing what was then called "Childs' Ranch," the now "Crystola Estate."

He was the true prophet of Crystola Creek, taking direct issue with the employed experts who declared the pretended wealth of Crystola Creek a hoax. Mr. Childs prophesied the results which have so astonished the world—an output of about two millions of gold per month.

With a heart warm to the needs of humanity, and a mind far reaching in the science of the condition of society, this philosopher, prophet and philanthropist desires to develop the certain riches of the vast estate as establishing fraternalism among men here and now, and to institute industrial education capable of men and women for the future. He turns a deaf ear to entreaties of capitalists and speculators, and is determined to give the fruit of his life's labor to his beloved heirs—all the children of earth who love TRUTH WELL ENOUGH TO LIVE BY IT DAY BY DAY.

Forty acres have been deeded to the Brotherhood Company, which was organized and incorporated some years ago, and on this tract has been sunk a shaft five hundred feet deep, with tunnels cross-cutting the vein at every hundred feet, opening up all the hidden wealth of the estate. One of the best equipped fifty-ton-per-day cyanide mills in the state, has been erected at a cost of about \$50,000. With the passing years and the increase of glory in the western horizon Mr. Childs realized the necessity of placing this vast estate under the hands of those who will carry into completion the plans which he has been moved to form. He has accordingly organized and incorporated The Crystola Brotherhood, Town, Mines and Milling Company, to which he proposes to give complete control of the entire estate with the improvement and fields of certain wealth.

It is unfair to claim space to tell of all the plans this great humanitarian has formed, and it is our desire to but call the attention of the readers to the matter that, if so impressed, they will further "Crystola." The Colorado Midland Railroad, running west from Colorado Springs, passes through the estate, and has established a station at Crystola which is twelve miles from the top of Pike's Peak, eighteen miles from the great gold camp of Cripple Creek, seven miles from Colorado Springs, and nine miles from the western metropolis, Denver. At an altitude of 8,000 feet this beautiful town site, with its natural park sheltered by the wooded hills from the winds of winter, a wilderness of mountain flowers waiting the touch of man's ingenuity to leap into magnificence. With the vast estate and its great promise when developed, a city of extensive proportions can be sustained; as a resort it is unsurpassed and the rich beauty of Nature so lavishly bestowed, makes it indeed "Crystola the Beautiful."

The forming of subsidiary companies to develop the various fields of promise requires that the founder call to his assistance a few women and men whose eyes behold the self-same light he sees, and whose hands are anxiously to DO GOOD FOR HUMANITY.

There is a hotel, printing-plant (which issues monthly "The Mountain Pine") a general merchandise store, and every convenience for camping through the summer or living through the winter. Lots are not being sold in the town site with shares of stock as premiums, and your investment not only profits you but does lasting good for mankind.

While reading of intense heat in various quarters, we are enjoying days of radiant sunshine, but a constant mountain air, dry and invigorating, cool from the snow-capped mountains and laden with the perfume of pines, bursting buds and a profusion of flowers. Come up and be refreshed and benefited. I shall be pleased to answer any question of inquiry concerning this wonderful estate as a place to rest, recuperate or invest. Thanking the kind editor for space in his valuable paper, I am always,
JOHN W. RING.
Green Mountain Falls, Colo.

long promised visit to his relatives in Denver, Colo., which it is hoped will be the means of restoring her to health. We are utilizing the opportunities afforded us by the misstatements in the daily papers to bombard them with replies, and incidentally to state our side of the case. Interest is being excited, and though some of our friends regret the tone of the comments, they should remember that such grossly unfair comments are making people wonder if there is not something in it.

I have been appointed a press committee, and have secured the insertion of several long communications in the Times and News, both in shorter paragraphs, and the work is still going on.
D. D. FOSTER.
Seattle, Wash.

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