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THE DRUMMER MEDIUM.

George A. Letford Has Happy Experiences in the South.

While at Tampa, Fla., I followed that Grand lecturer, Dr. J. M. Peebles, with messages, and it did my heart and soul good to hear his fine lectures. You know it is not often I have the pleasure of hearing Spiritualist lectures, as there are so few societies in the South, and when I do have the pleasure, it brings new life and zeal to my work. In my work as message bearer it is all giving and seldom receiving any for myself.

The Tampa Society is a fine one, and Mr. J. P. Ireland deserves great credit, as well as the other officers for it. They have held it up, under many trying times, but now have it on a good foundation and very good audiences. While Dr. Peebles and myself were there the hall was crowded to its full capacity. It will seat between three and four hundred people, and I found the very best people of the city attended, and so hungry for messages, and very appreciative of those received. It makes one feel as if he were nearer heaven, and the spirit world to know you are counted by each person (even skeptics) as a brother, as they seem to do at Tampa. I have been giving a great many messages as usual to the friends, as I travel.

While at Eustis, Fla., my heart was filled to its utmost with joy at knowing Dr. Guy Hutchings, a personal friend of mine, had, through the home circle, been changed to be a strong Spiritualist. He had been a materialist and atheist for years, and was honored even by the orthodox people, because they knew him to be an honest, high-minded man—one straight in his business, yet a materialist. His son passed to higher life a short time ago, and since that time, through the influence of some of his home people, he tried the table tipping and home circle, and now he has found that his SON STILL LIVES, and receives messages from him whenever they sit.

When I called on him he was pleased to see me, and to talk Spiritualism, and when I saw how happy he was it made me feel more close to Spiritualism than ever, and glad I was a Spiritualist. I almost felt like the orthodox people say, "Glorious! I know the Truth—and the Truth has made me free."

Well, camp time is not far off, and I am waiting anxiously for the time to come, so I may meet the friends again.

GEO. A. LETFORD.

LEPER CURED BY EDDY FAITH

Christian Scientist Takes Up Challenge of Foe.—St. Louis Case Cited.—G. W. Barrett Wins Boston Churchman of Recovery from Disease.

Boston, Mass., Mar. 3.—(Special.)—That a leper was cured of his disease by Christian Science was the statement made to-day during a hearing before a legislative committee on the Peabody bill designed to make illegal the occupation of healers.

Frederick W. Peabody was urging a favorable report on his bill by the subcommittee on public health. Alfred Farlow, head of the publication department of the Christian Science, fought the bill, and during the argument Peabody said that if authentic information were furnished of any cure of leprosy by Christian Science methods he would withdraw his bill and himself become a Christian Scientist.

Challenge Is Answered.

At the same time he reminded H. A. Johnson, clerk of the First Church of Christ, of a cure of leprosy he once told him had been made, and asked for its verification.

Mr. Johnson answered that the case he had told of was one that had figured in the recent litigation over the affairs of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Mr. Farlow did not make immediate answer, but after the noon recess asked for the floor in order to give the name of a man cured of leprosy by the Scientists.

"That man was Dr. George W. Barrett, of St. Louis," he said, "and he told me of the facts in his case personally. I could tell his story if I cared to, but felt that this committee would rather have it from Dr. Barrett himself. Therefore during the session I have telegraphed him at St. Louis and asked him to wire his own story for your benefit."

Answer Comes Later.

The hearing closed at 6 o'clock, and soon after that hour Mr. Farlow received the telegram he had been waiting for from St. Louis. His query and the answer follow:

George W. Barrett, 2249 A South Grand avenue, St. Louis: Do you still claim that you have been healed of leprosy by Christian Science. Give date of healing. Wire immediately.

ALFRED FARLOW.

St. Louis, Mar. 3, 1908.—Alfred Farlow, Berkeley Building, Boston: Healing took place 25th day of September, 1891. You are correct in your inquiry. Will find full account in Sentinel.

G. W. BARRETT.

The above is from the Chicago Tribune. The probability is, however, that the Eddy Faith had nothing whatever to do with this cure. In this case the operator was a medium, and spirit influence cured the leper. Such a wonderful cure may never occur again. Equally as remarkable cures have been performed in the ranks of Spiritualism.

DIVINE WRIGHT.

Who plays for more than he can lose with pleasure stakes his heart.—Herbert.

The glory of science is that it is freeing the soul, breaking the mental manacles, getting the brain out of bondage, giving courage to thought.—Edgar Allan Poe.

SCINTILLATIONS

As they Emanate from the Pen of Henry Morrison Tefft, Norwich, N. Y.

"The Mind is Like a Merchant's Ledger. It Requires to be Continually Posted Up to the Latest Date."

The multitude are invariably wrong in their estimate of men and measures. Until some leader, thinker or master mind lifts the veil, their eyes are always blinded. Because a man adheres strictly to a church or sect, it is no sign that he is a Christian; it is no evidence of piety. On the contrary, the stronger the belief the harder the heart.

Society prohibits independent thought and action. You must belong to some party, or be politically ignored; you must belong to some church, or be set down as a heretic; you must conform to the rules of society, or be socially ostracized. There is nothing so deadening to a person's imagination, feeling and sentiment, as a continued level country—a vast prairie stretching out miles and miles without an intervening obstacle. It needs all the variety of hills and valleys, forests and streams, cascades and fountains, to give force and vigor to thought and action. A perfectly even-balanced mind in time becomes monotonous.

The world is never moved except by force—physical or moral. Every great moral movement first becomes a living, all-consuming force in one individual brain, and when it does, it finds expression in what the world calls fanatical action. Fanaticism is never rational or practical. It takes a bee-line to the point of attack, however insurmountable the objects that are in the way. The principles may be right while the practices are wrong. When Carrie Nation commenced her career as a destroyer of the saloon traffic, William Allen White, speaking of certain Kansas characters, said: "John Brown was a crank and was dead wrong in theory and practice, but a great many men are right who are wrong. For the last ten years there has been a feeling among business men that liquor is injurious to the best development of American minds and hands. This feeling has been in the air; and now comes Carrie Nation with her hatchet and chops the outward and visible sign of this sentiment in big-wood-type letters into the everlasting marble of history. Carrie Nation represents a universal feeling of animosity toward liquor and liquor traffic."

Slavery was once as strongly intrenched in the United States as the liquor business is to-day—yet when the proper time came one stroke of the pen removed it forever from our land. There is nothing impossible with man. Neither virtue nor vice is stationary. Both individuals and people are growing either better or worse. There is no such condition in life as happiness or rest. No man is exactly contented with his present situation. However high we stand, there is still the unattainable—that which neither money, nor power, nor position can obtain. All nature and life are continually reaching up to that which is nobler and higher. No community, state or nation is ever quite satisfied with the progress already attained. The future always looks fairer, brighter and higher.

"Ideals," said Carl Schurz, "are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them, you reach your destiny."

The most of us, like children, are easily pleased. Our lives are filled with trifles. The same acts done, the same words said, day after day. There is no person so busy but what time could be taken to cultivate his mind and thought to a greater or lesser degree of intelligence. Utter barrenness of knowledge is nowhere obligatory. Life is serious. Men in their deepest thought are serious. When any matter of great import is under discussion, a joke woven in always weakens the argument. The true interpretation of life must start from the heart. This is the basis of all art. The intellect adorns, shapes and gives construction to what the heart suggests.

The finest work of art cannot be done by mechanical process, or by any set rules. You cannot make an orator by studying the books on oratory. Meter and rhyme do not make poetry. The living soul must be incarnated in the picture, the statue, the book; the song or the oration.

Aspiration is prayer. A man's ideals refine, elevate, and purify his life more than his creed. Experience is better than reason or logic. His life more than his creed. Experience is better than theory; it is more commanding than reason or logic. "Truth itself becomes a lie, unless it gets into flesh and blood at once."

We are all the while receiving impressions from our surroundings. Education is continuous. We are more influenced by what we see and hear than by what we read. A picture conveys more meaning to the mind than the printed page. Do people realize the effect that their daily associations have upon their lives? The air we breathe, the scenery we behold, the food we eat, the men and women we meet, all have indelible marks upon our physical and mental make up. A child born in America will grow up and be an entirely different person in looks and appearance than if born of the same parents in some foreign country. Yea, the street and neighborhood in which a boy or a girl lives fixes their character forever. Life is made up of trifles.

"A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made a painter of me." How many a man can look back to some person, to some one word, to a single transaction that became a guiding star to his course and changed the whole current of his history.

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; Small sands the mountain, moments make the year, And trifles life."

Nature bestows as much care and perfection in the construction of an insect whose existence lasts but one hour, as she does upon a life that is to continue for a century.

Every widespread movement had a small beginning. No moral, social, or political victory was ever won in a day. The anti-slavery movement began with a single voice, but ended with the Emancipation Proclamation. It takes time to estimate whether a transaction is small or great. Empires rise and fall on the wager of a single battle. The writing of a letter prevented Henry Clay from becoming President of the United States. The blowing up of the Maine precipitated the war with Spain. A few months changes the creed of parties, the opinions of men, and the duties of citizens. A little turn in the wheel of fortune and the most obscure person rises to prominence. These conditions appear to come more by chance than calculation. The unexpected is continually happening in every department of life. It is the most unpromising child that adds glory to the family name. It is seldom that the idol of a party receives its richest reward. "Two hours before James K. Polk was nominated for the presidency," says Henry Watterson, "he was a weak candidate for vice-president. Two hours before Franklin Pierce was nominated he was practically unknown to the American people. Two years before Abraham Lincoln was nominated he had not had his debate with Douglass, and had not been heard of outside of Illinois. Two years before Samuel J. Tilden was nominated he was a plain citizen right over in Gramercy Park. Two years before Cleveland was nominated he was mayor of Buffalo. When Harrison was nominated he was supposed to have died politically two years before, on his retirement from the United States senate."

Men do not order their lives. History shows that Fate, Destiny, Foreordination, have more to do in shaping the course of events than individuals themselves. Did Theodore Roosevelt want to be vice-president with Mr. McKinley? But if he had not been—would he ever have occupied in the world the position that he holds to-day? It is

not certain but all events, acts and situations in life are governed and ordered by fixed laws. That which we call free-will is simply obedience. Nature is free—yet uniform in her action. The most perfect liberty comes with the most perfect compliance with surrounding conditions. An honest man never feels any restraint from the law.

To every question, however clearly understood, there is a background of mystery—a point beyond which we cannot see. The more wonderful a thing appears, the more eagerly people are to investigate it. The more unreasonable the doctrine, the stronger the belief. Matters easily understood soon lose their power. All religions are founded on the supernatural, otherwise they would be lacking in interest. Ignorance never demands proof, but assertion, affirmation. It is easy for the unlearned and unlettered to believe in miracles. Knowledge begets doubt. But the mind of man is never at rest. What is hidden must be revealed. "Necessity is the mother of invention." It is the mother of creation; it creates whatever it needs, from plant to animal—from protoplasm to man. The world came into existence at its command.

Mind and matter are one. A close connection exists between the spiritual and the material. A moral coward is always a physical coward. To be strong without, a man must be strong within. The soul strengthens the body, and the body strengthens the soul. A spirit improperly housed is crippled. Strength and weakness, sin and righteousness, get strangely mixed in the same individual. A man may be listed among the criminal class and yet not be absolutely bad. Here is what a writer says upon this question: "His personal disaster may be due to the possession of a bold and enterprising character, of a degree of pride and energy above the needs of the position his social surroundings have forced upon him. Another citizen may have all this man's desires and impulses checked and sterilized by a lack of nervous energy, by an abject fear of the policeman and of the consequences of the disapproval of his more prosperous fellow-citizens."

In order to make a man perfect—you would, often, have to destroy him—rob him of his power. It is sometimes easier to describe a person's opinions by negative, than it is by positive statements. Some men are neither hot nor cold—they are always lukewarm, neutral, colorless and witless. Strong characters never do things by halves. The scales never balance; one side or the other kicks the beam. Don't speak to me about the weakness of a man if his virtues are monumental.

"In men whom man condemns as ill I find so much of goodness still; In men whom men pronounce divine I find so much of sin and blot, I hesitate to draw the line Between the two when God has not."

Perfection is not the sign of the highest intellectual state. The greatest of men pass easily from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is said of Goldsmith that "He wrote like an angel and talked like a poor Poll." A man's daily walk and conversation is a truer index to his life than his public teachings. The home is a better place to study character than the platform or the pulpit. The highest grade of virtue is not found among the educated and refined. Experience teaches that the ordinary life produces the most stainless characters.

The common mind knows just as much about God and His dealings with men, as the most learned. All the essential qualities of morals and religion had been considered before our sacred literature was born. You cannot learn what Christianity is by studying theology or the catechism. What Christ taught, needs no explanatory notes. What Beecher said of the Bible is true, "Coming to it through commentaries is much like looking at landscapes through garret windows over which generations of unimpeached spiders have spun their web." The clergy, hampered by creed, are no longer the interpreters of the best thought. Men have had to turn from the professional teacher to the philosopher, the poets and prophets, for guidance in spiritual truths. The great mind leaders to-day, are outside the church. There is no longer in the pulpit a Beecher who stood defiant of formulated doctrines—and was a law unto himself and unto the people to whom he ministered.

Religion is a part of the world and its activities, and not a separate institution. It is a week-day business and not simply a Sunday entertainment.

A man can become so pious as to be effeminate. Too much sentiment is weakness. If Christ was alive to-day he would be ashamed of his pictures; He is never painted as a real, robust man, but—in order to make him spiritual, holy, transcendent, the artist makes him weak, feminine and without that manly fiber the world admires in an actual, living human being. Brawn and muscle are the foundation stones upon which governments and civilizations are built. The greatest courage has to be accompanied by a certain amount of brute force. Slang words, manufactured on the street, give vitality and vigor to language. The mingling of the blood of different races adds physical and mental strength to a people.

Out of the dust of the earth God made Adam. Life is the goal of the one universal, primal substance; it is the highest expression of matter. Things base become noble; that which is pure becomes vile. There is always an end to progress. It seems a paradox, but it is true, that the older and richer a nation grows, the more refined and cultured she becomes, the less patriotism and moral sensitiveness does she possess. Even suicide seems to be a product of civilization. No man is free—all are subjects. Mankind is like a running stream of water—each individual has to move with the current. Individuality melts away and is blended with the individual mass and loses its singular character.

Henry George says: "The fighting qualities of a regiment may be entirely different from those of the individual soldier." Natural laws, whether physical or social, are more potent and binding than those enacted by statute. You cannot indict a whole community, but society, tried by an impartial judge, would be found guilty of the sins committed by its individuals. A division of responsibility, increases courage and boldness. Men do in numbers what they would disdain to do as units. But the principle of right and wrong is the same whether it concerns an individual or a corporation, a state or a nation, a peasant or a king. Among all nations there is the race character, the race morals, the race ideals. The individual standard always falls below the race standard. The units may be narrow, mean and selfish; while the mass may be broad, noble and generous.

"It is superficial to say," says a writer, "that the state is merely a collection of individuals. It is indeed that, but it is more. There is a personality in an association of persons, a composite individuality, so to speak, which lives and moves and has its being distinct from them. The spirit that stirs a mass meeting or moves a mob is not that which animates each man." Each nation is animated and controlled by some definite, dominant spirit, the same as is every human being. The world is a theater; each person's life forms a distinct play—it may be a comedy, a tragedy, a romance or a farce.

The power that placed us here had perfect knowledge of our surroundings, limitations and the path we had to tread. But it is neither prudent nor wholesome to dwell too much upon the past or upon the future. The present is the all consuming moment.

The earth with all its freshness and vitality is old. How many races of people have inhabited it, or how many civilizations have come and gone, are unknown. What we call history is only a passing phase, a momentary experience of the world in which we live. Both what has gone before us and what is to come after us are wrapt in mystery.

"What learn we from the Past? The same Dull course of glory, guilt and gloom; I asked the Future and there came No voice from its unfathomed womb."

HENRY MORRISON TEFFT.

Norwich, New York.

Mother's Dear Boy.

The gladness that only a mother may know,
Shone o'er her sweet features in love's overflow,
As quietly resting, in blissful content,
She gazed on the baby that Heaven had sent;
And she said in her heart, in her fulness of joy,
"You're my dear boy, baby—you're my dear boy."

Enfolded with love did the little one grow,
And lived in the sweets that from mother love flow,
In health and in happiness, frolic and play,
Surrounded and shielded in love's sweetest way;
And the mother heart said, in the purest of joy,
"You're my dear boy—my dear, beautiful boy."

The days glided swiftly—she saw him a youth,
All loving in nature, and noble in truth;
Expanding in wisdom and true, manly ways,
That gained him the richest of friendship and praise,
And his mother still said, in her gladness and joy,
"You're my dear boy—my dear, beautiful boy."

Off, bounding with life, and with love-lighted eyes,
He would cease from his sports, and with sudden surprise,
Burst into her presence, his cheeks all aglow,
His spirits exultant, in boisterous flow,
In her loving embrace he would voice his sweet joy,
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

Alas and alas! Oh, the terrible blow!
The anguish that only a mother may know!
Alas for the hopes of the sweet mother heart—
She was called from her cherished and dearest to part.
Enveloped in sadness, bereft of life's joy,
She moaned o'er her loss, "My dear boy! My dear boy!"

The darkness of sorrow her mother-heart knew—
She longed for that presence, so loving and true—
The day dragged in weariness, tiresome and slow—
The nights were all weighted with sadness and woe—
Her life-light had vanished, all gone was her joy,
As she moaned in her grief—"My dear boy! My dear boy!"

One day as she sat in the silence, alone,
With sorrow too deep to find vent in a moan,
She heard a loved voice—it was silent yet clear—
As softly, like music, it spoke in her ear,
With power that thrilled all her being with joy,
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

She sensed his dear presence—her heart was aglow
With rapture that only a mother may know!
And still, as she listened in silence profound,
She heard his loved voice, though it uttered no sound,
Repeating the words that had oft given joy:
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

No longer the days drag in wearisome ways;
Her heart was attuned to the music of praise;
And oft in the silence, and oft in life's stir,
She hears his loved voice speaking clearly to HER,
And she knows of a truth 'tis his own word of joy:
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

No longer she moans, tho' she sees not his face,
For she knows he is near, with his loving sweet grace,
And she senses his love, deep, undying and pure,
A blessed, sweet knowledge, assuaging and sure,
And his words fill her soul with a restful sweet joy:
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

L' Envoi.

In peaceful content and in happiness sweet,
Time passes on swiftly. O'er yonder they meet!!
He has grown in the fulness of beauty and grace!
They clasp soul to soul, in pure, loving embrace;
She hears his glad cry, with ineffable joy:
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

Oh, bliss most ecstatic—no tongue can portray
Their joyful reunion; all clouds roll away;
The mists and the darkness of earth all are gone,
In the brightness that ushers the heavenly dawn;
While she hears yet again, with unspeakable joy:
"I'm your dear boy, mother—I'm your dear boy!"

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Hammond, Ind.

Unspoken Words of Cheer.

How many loving words are left unspoken;
How many flow's unstrown along the road;
Where souls in bondage held, and broken-hearted,
Need them to help them bear their heavy load.

Why do we wait until our dear ones leave us,
To swell the ranks of loved ones gone before.
Ere telling them how sadly we would miss them,
If they were with us here on earth no more?
Give me my flowers now, just when I need them;
Don't wait till I have passed from mortal sight;
Say now, my own, "My mother dear, I love you,
For you have sought to lead my feet aright."
O, blessed thought! O happy inspiration,
To feel assured that Death is but a friend,
Who opens wide the door that we may enter,
To life immortal, life that hath no end.

I want no tears when I shall pass the portal
That opens to the fields Elysian and to light;
But gladness smiles that I have clearer vision,
Where poor, blind eyes are given perfect sight.
MARY E. VAN HORN.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Naming the Baby.

I suggest the following formula for use by Spiritualists in consecrating or naming a child or infant. It is taken partly from the Aztec, with additions of my own. I would be pleased to be informed in case it is adopted by anyone. Prayer as follows:

Omnipotent and Eternal Energies and Exalted Spirits!
Your servant here present is come into this world, sent hither by your wisdom.
We know not what are the gifts he brings; we know not with what he has been assessed nor with what fortune he comes charged.
To the friends and congregation: Behold, there is come to earth this little child.
May his parent endow him with their love; may brothers, sisters, relatives and friends enrich him with their affection. May the world deal justly with him and may he deal justly with the world.
To the child: Beloved child, I name thee —

We now commend thee to the care of thy guardian spirits. Amen.
DR. C. C. CARTER.
Lancaster, Ohio.

I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books—than a king who did not love reading.—Macaulay.
Shun passion; fold the hands of thrift; sit still—and truth is near.—Emerson.
Soft is the music that would charm forever.—Wordsworth.

The Field of Inquiry.

Interesting Questions Answered at a London Spiritualist Alliance Social Gathering.

Question.—How long do earthly relationships continue in the spirit world?

Answer.—That depends much upon those who pass hence. Of course, from one point of view it may be claimed that earthly relationships always continue in the memory of them; but that the relationship of parent and child, for instance, is always continued, but children grow away from their parents even on earth. If there is lack of sympathy, and it is so on the spirit side, though often, through spiritual development, a closer degree of sympathy is experienced. It would not be difficult to settle upon any definite period during which the relationship should continue. It may be broadly claimed that, where there is sympathy and affinity, the earthly relationships are maintained continuously; but where there is lack of sympathy, where it is only the result of earthly association, the relationship is not continued for long after the change of death. In some cases it would be very uncomfortable for people to be compelled to maintain their relationships after passing through the veil. Question.—Are marriages made in heaven, and do married people live together forever?

Answer.—True marriages may perhaps be claimed to be made in heaven in one sense, but heaven is not a place. However, many people think they are in heaven during the early years of their married life, and if there is the true degree of affinity and sympathy, it is really a spiritual marriage, and continues after the change of death; but if it is not, then it is simply a contract of physical association and purpose, which is outgrown by the change of death. However, often there is a development of spiritual kinship which is maintained after death. A certain proportion, perhaps, a larger proportion, of the disunion and discord which exists between people on this side arises from the lack of power of understanding each other, and, passing hence, they develop that power, cultivate the habit of forbearance, and even become more closely united than they were on earth because of the greater knowledge gained.

Question.—Do we make our "hell" or "heaven," or are these localities which are called "heaven" or "hell"?

Answer.—There are localities or spiritual spheres, but "heaven" and "hell" must be made largely by the individual because these are mental and spiritual states and conditions rather than localities. Where everything is harmonious, we may say there the heavens are; where there is disharmony and inharmoniousness, the hells. Man makes his own heaven and his own hell to a very large extent, for, though all pleasant things may externally surround him, if he be not in union with them he will have some degree of the hell state in his consciousness; if, however, he rises above discomfort he is in heaven. You cannot make a man go into heaven, and you cannot keep him in hell; if he is capable of getting out of it. When he gets out of the condition of discord and inharmoniousness, then he gets into a heavenly state. While man is contented there is a degree of harmony. Very often, however, through discontent—divine discontent—he is aroused to the thought of greater need, and, becoming conscious of a degree of inharmoniousness, endeavors to attain to a state which seems to him desirable. If he be wise he will try to preserve a calm attitude of mind and self-control, even while he is trying to attain to something else.

Question.—Do little babies grow up in the spirit world, and can they communicate with their friends in this life?

Answer.—A very young child can scarcely communicate at all. In fact, certainly grow up on the spirit side of existence, at somewhat the same rate as they would have grown physically upon the earth. Spiritual bodies present an appearance somewhat similar to that which the physical bodies would have presented had they developed in earth life. There are plenty of nurses, kindly, sympathetic, teachers for the infants, as they require them. There is this degree of comfort which can be held by those who have lost children; the spiritual nurses, or foster mothers, understand and love children, and love the work in which they are engaged. There are no hirelings. On earth there are people who engage in such tasks simply for money, but not so in the spirit life. The nurses love the children, and fathers and mothers who have lost children can be comforted with the conviction that their little ones are well cared for and have every happiness. Many of these spirit children are brought back to earth, but a very young child could not communicate unaided. A degree of power would have to be supplied, and though it might not be possible for the child to speak, the parent might grow conscious of the presence of the little one.

Mr. Thurstan.—That makes us think it is a good thing for a child to pass over quickly.

Answer.—There is a wonderful law of compensation, and it would certainly be a hard burden for a child passing over very young if this were not so. Spirit children grow and gain power in certain ways to compensate them for the lack of their life on earth. Children, however, are born to live and are not born to die as children.

Mr. Thurstan.—Which is the most fortunate family, a family where three children die and three live, or where all six live?

Answer.—That would depend very much upon the members of the family. I would certainly not by a single word seek to strengthen the thought that it is better for children to go. I am strongly convinced that this earthly life is of great import, and that it is better to live the life here before passing to the spirit side of existence. It is difficult to answer this question, but the point I want to emphasize is that when children die, pass away they are at a great disadvantage because of this lack of earthly experience, and, although there are many compensations, I consider it is better for them to remain on this side, and parents are in a measure responsible when children go as children to the spirit side of existence, unless it is through accident.

Question.—Are their sympathies awakened sooner on our side or yours?

Answer.—I should judge that sympathy is awakened almost more quickly on the spirit side of life than on yours, because when the children are brought back to the earth they see so much of contrast in that state that they are somewhat inclined to pity strongly those who have to remain on the earth side of life. Very often a spirit child is a fairly constant companion to an earthly child, so that the spirit child brought back—a little brother or sister, perhaps—gathers something of earthly experience, and, in return, the earthly child receives some spiritual assistance. I do not, however, want to convey the impression that I deem it the best thing for children to pass over.

Question.—When a child has certain tendencies to do right or wrong, they still have those tendencies, I suppose, and do they have to work out those tendencies on the other side?

Answer.—Yes. They are not so surrounded with restrictions as to render it impossible for them to act wrongly, but as the attendants or kindly friends or relatives in charge of them understand them better than the majority of earthly people understand children, they can often take suitable means to prevent sinful or wrongful expression. These attendants can penetrate behind expression and discern the working of the childish mind. It is not the object of the spiritual nurses to make the children puppets. As the children have a greater power of perceiving the results of their actions, they more readily understand the consequences of wrong-doing, and usually more readily refrain from it. One great method on the spirit side of life is to fill the mind with bright and true thoughts, and so naturally crowd out the dark and false, and to fill the lives of the children so full in a beautiful way that there is little time or opportunity for you would say, for the manifestation of the imperfect.

Question.—How are we to recognize a spirit who has been fifteen or twenty years on the other side and then manifests?

Answer.—You have to rely upon the claim made by someone who has authority here. Suppose, for instance, relatives leave a child on this side and go to a far country, the same question might be asked. The statement is that the child is so-and-so, and usually that statement is accepted; and so, if there be no other means of recognition, it must rest on the claim made by those in charge of the child. So far as my observation goes it is very rarely that there is any difficulty on the part of either parents or children in the recognition of each other after passing over. The point I would seek to impress upon you is that, having received the proof which to them is satisfactory of the power of the departed to return, they should try to get above and away from the cruder methods of expression, and accustom themselves to receive spiritually the assurance of the presence of those they love.

Question.—How can this be done?

Answer.—Through aspiration and the cultivation of the power of reception and response. Repeated experiments may have to be made before conviction of association be gained. Mediumistic persons usually have very little difficulty in getting into touch with their guides. They can interchange thoughts without the necessity of actual contact, and those who have a slight measure of physical or mediumistic powers would soon be able to gain the assurance of spirit presence.

Question.—Does sex exist on the other side? If so, is it always the same as on the earth side?

Answer.—There is the continuance of individuality, and both men and women continue to be themselves. I was a man upon the earth. I have been on the spirit side, as far as I can gather, considerably over a hundred years, and I am still a man, and I find no indication that my nature will change. I do, however, find greater power of sympathizing with the feminine side of nature. As far as I can gather, a woman would remain a woman, with the distinctive differences largely maintained, though she would develop greater power of understanding the masculine nature, and the differences would grow less and less.

Question.—Is there not a celestial state where the two sexes coalesce?

Answer.—I am informed that there is a celestial state, but up to the present I have not reached it. I cannot, therefore, speak with authority upon this. Up to that condition, as far as I can judge, there is the maintenance of individuality as man or woman.

Question.—Can pain be felt by a spiritual body?

Answer.—You do not feel pain except as it affects you in the sphere of your consciousness. There is very little recognition of pain as associated with the spiritual body. During the earlier experiences, as a result of the difficulties encountered or the sufferings endured upon the earth, there is the registration of those conditions in the spiritual body so that it appears to be a source of suffering. Hence the necessity for places which are somewhat similar to your hospitals, where the spirit people who are suffering the result of the inharmonious experiences on the earth plane are received and nursed back to health and strength, and as the spiritual body outgrows the results and conditions of the earth life the consciousness of pain as you feel it is not associated therewith. It is the consciousness of mental and moral pain which causes the discomfort. Memory, of course, continues. Many manifest their old prejudices or convictions, which are

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Numerous Very Interesting Occurrences Are Mentioned.

I am writing this beautiful morning in the library room of our dear old temple. But, oh! the change, the stillness, and the quiet calm, almost to loneliness (only we know, we are never alone) after the departure yesterday of our very own dear Brother John W. Ring from here. He goes north through this state, and then on to Shellyville, Ind. And with his going ends four of the most eventful months of our temple work, and although we do feel sad with having to part with him, at the same time we will not weep and mourn, but rather hold the thought that wherever he goes he will be busy in helping to lift other hungry souls into the higher Light of Truth and Love.

Since writing my last we have had on Friday evening, Feb. 21, the following musical program: Mrs. Katharine Nielson furnished two vocal selections, "Villanelle" and "When Love Is Kind." Miss Katherine Meyer, two violin selections, "Pizzicato" and "Simple Air." Also violin obligatos for several vocal selections. Mrs. J. Val Loebel gave two vocal selections, "For All Eternity" and "O Dry Those Tears." Professor Darling greatly assisted in the accompaniments. Misses M. Belle Clark and Emma Dugan, piano duo. Quartette, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Loebel and Messrs. Dryden and Ring. Mr. Ring sang "The Brighter Day" and "Sing Me to Sleep." With the singing of hymns by the audience, and the above, a pleasing program occupied the evening.

On Sunday, Feb. 23, was another of our all-day meetings, when quite a large number of members and friends brought their baskets and had lunch in our large dining hall, the Busy Bees serving hot tea and coffee. So we had an extra feast of good things, the ladies serving the material and Brother Ring serving the spiritual—a day long to be remembered.

On Friday, Feb. 23, was the last of Brother Ring's many interesting entertainments—a laughable farce: "Leap Year in a Village With One Gentleman," and you may all guess who the one gentleman was in this case, we can truly say last but not least, for we had a crowded house and all voted it a grand success.

Sunday, Mar. 1, being Brother Ring's last day of this engagement, with us this day was made the most eventful of them all. The Temple rostrum was most elaborately decorated with "Flowers and Greenery" by the ladies, and then it was arranged by our good Sister J. L. Brooks, so that just after Brother Ring had finished singing his beautiful song of "Love to All Humanity," Miss Katie Lewington, the Lyceum Musical Director, marched in and took her seat at the piano, then came the Lyceum children marching down the aisle, over the rostrum and out the other aisle, and each one while passing, presented Brother Ring with a beautiful rosebud; the last one, who was also the least little tot, a sweet little girl, making the presentation speech. And to finish up the good day's work, after one of Brother Ring's masterful talks on "Shall Space Divide Us," Judge Sidney Thomas made a nice little speech in presenting our speaker, with a piece of "batterberg work," in which he said "every stitch was worked in with a Love Thought for Brother Ring," and even the preacher wept.

T. J. McPHERON,
Sec. First Spiritualist Society of San Diego, Cal.

to them, for the time being, limitations. Question.—What is your opinion respecting salvation? Is Father Miller's idea that Spiritualism is the work of impersonating demons correct?

Answer.—This is, perhaps, a somewhat awkward question to answer, because, if the claim were true, I should be one of the impersonating demons. You can hardly expect that, even if that were so, I should admit it. (Laughter.) People go on beating themselves, with all their imperfections or perfections, and they manifest their personal peculiarities when they return to you. Those who are termed degraded or undeveloped spirits can draw near to those with whom they formerly associated. The only way to overcome the difficulty is to cease to send ignorant and unspiritual people through the change called death, because so long as ignorant people go to the other side there is every probability that ignorant people will be able to return and manifest their power in some degree. There are two methods of the work of salvation to be adopted on the earth. One is to try and train people so that they no longer go hence in as ignorant a state as so many do now, and the other is to try and set up better conditions, so that there will be less attractive influence for undeveloped spirits. Salvation is attained through development. Man has to work out his own salvation, and when he has so worked it out it is for ever fixed by him. Light, London, England.

The Anthem of the Sea.
Let us bend our heads and listen
To the anthem of the sea;
Far away get always near us—
Ocean of eternity.

How instantly its billows
Whisper, "Come and have no fear;
Wash away all pains and heartache
When earth's pilgrimage grows dear.

"You will find when sorrows gather,
In my arms a place of rest;
In my deeps find youthful vigor,
Lean thou ever on my breast."

How uplifting are the voices
From the depths of the world's sea,
All-pervading, all sustaining
In its sweet immensity.

Let us listen to its music,
For our life-barks soon shall be
Cradled in the life eternal,
Rocked forever on that sea.

SUSANNA DRAKE BISHOP,
La Habra, Cal.

THE SELFISHNESS of Grief, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. One of the best pamphlets written. Every one ordering the paper or books should put in an extra dime for this valuable little book. Price 10 cents.

Home Again!

An Interesting Letter from Mrs. M. T. Longley.

At this writing we are home again in the Capitol City of the nation, and, of course, to be back, amid familiar scenes and associations, for though we have cherished friends on the Pacific slope we have no less valued ones upon the shores of the blue Atlantic, and also by the side of that world-renowned river, the Potomac. But, there is something about our coming back to California, so much was crowded into the last ten days of our stay in San Francisco.

As an anniversary of much importance to myself and those who have been associated with me in family life and public work for these many years, occurred during our stay in San Francisco. We invited Dr. Nellie Belgie and her son-in-law, Mr. Taylor, to observe it with us in a quiet manner at the home and in the presence of our beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wink. This anniversary was that of the fortieth anniversary of my mediumship, and occurred on the evening of Feb. 10. Just think of it—forty years a medium, and most of that time passed in public work for the spirit world! "What a long series of years and an array of experiences!"

On Sunday, Feb. 13, was another of our all-day meetings, when quite a large number of members and friends brought their baskets and had lunch in our large dining hall, the Busy Bees serving hot tea and coffee. So we had an extra feast of good things, the ladies serving the material and Brother Ring serving the spiritual—a day long to be remembered.

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beloved sire; and it was a grand reunion, a feasting time in every respect. Spirits and mortals vied with each other in doing honor to the occasion; love and harmony reigned and the two worlds were blended into one. Our festivities commenced on the evening of the 14th, when we held a family circle, and received messages; many philosophical, poetical, congratulatory and inspiring for our host in particular, but beneficial to us all.

John Pierpont, Robert Ingersoll, Pomerooy (Brick Pomerooy) and many other old-time and dear friends of Mr. Wink manifested, with intelligence and power. This was a fitting beginning of the happy hours to follow on the 15th and 16th, the closing days of our stay in the magic city that is rising like a giant of strength from the ashes of other days. As I had received a most cordial and urgent invitation from the officers of the Ladies' Aid to cooperate with their speaker, Mrs. Seal, in the lecture work of Sunday evening, we decided to waive all other claims on our time for that hour and to accept; accordingly the last night of our sojourn was shared with that worthy society, the hall being crowded by the most attentive audience. Mrs. Seal delivered a brief but powerful discourse, practical and full of strong and uplifting thought, and Mrs. Longley followed with a lecture concerning "Spiritualism and Spiritualists, Their Needs, Duties and Blessings." Well rendered singing and music, including a selection by Mr. Longley, added to the interest of the hour. Every one seemed to be happy and loth to part, but adepts had to be spoken, the farewell hand-clasp given, and the parting of the ways to be met, as we turned our faces toward the "Golden Gate."

The next morning, Feb. 17, our farewells were again spoken to the dear ones we were leaving in the Wink family, and there indeed were sad and tearful eyes, though all attempted to show only the smiling countenance, for not only were our hosts about to part from ourselves as dear friends, but also from the beloved daughter, Agnes, and her precious "Payson boy." Yet the moment had to come when we four boarded the "Overland Limited" for our journey East, and waved good-by to the dear ones left behind.

Our long journey over mountains and across plains was most pleasant and even delightful on reaching Chicago on Thursday the 20th, just after its big blizzard, without encountering any storm or inclement weather on the way, changing cars here for Washington and arriving here the following day on schedule time, we felt that we were truly protected and blessed, and were thankful for all the mercies that had attended our way.

We were met at the station by Mr. Fugitt, the genial and happy husband and father of the dear little woman and sweet child of our party, and by him conducted to the new and bright home he had secured and prepared for us; where he had heated, brilliantly lighted rooms and a dainty supper awaited us, evening his thoughtful care and loving labor for those near and dear to him.

And here, in this pleasant home we are established; our work is before us, but already in hand. We have been busy removing our household effects from our old home at N. S. A. headquarters; and are at present well satisfied with what has been accomplished.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates have been more than kind to us in our affairs and work and we highly appreciate their aid. Brother Kates is a most efficient secretary of the N. S. A., and his office shows that he has done a great deal of good work since he entered on his duties. Mrs. Kates has made the selections from his spiritual compositions. Other musical selections were delightfully rendered by ladies whose names we do not know. At the close of the entertainment a beautiful repast was served to all present and an hour or more spent at the tables in discussing the dainty viands and in social converse still further connected the bonds of fellowship between us all. While on this subject we must not forget to mention the elegant bouquet of golden Narcissus presented to Mrs. Longley by the president words by the president.

Mrs. York, and the equally beautiful floral offering we received from Mrs. Wells in a sweet and tender speech that brought to us a benediction of spiritual strength and peace. Mrs. Wells is a finely attuned psychic, one of many in California.

The Ladies' Aid of San Francisco is blessed in having her influence and that of Mrs. York and Place and other tried and trusted sisters who are ever working for the blessing of humanity.

Once in every month, on the 13th, Mrs. Wells opens her spacious home and invites those who wish for pure spiritual food and to exchange thought on subjects uplifting to mind and spirit, to enter. It was our good fortune to be especially invited to one of these sessions, and they are rarely beautiful and elevating in tone, influence and sentiment. On the occasion of our visit the spacious parlors were thronged with cultivated and highly intelligent men and women, most of whom gave some expression of spiritual thought, some message to the assembly to bear a lasting impression to each one.

Feasts, spiritual, mental and physical, followed thick and fast with us in this closing week of our Western sojourn. Saturday, the 15th, brought a "birthday" to our honored friend, Mrs. G. Y. Wink. For this occasion we had remained, and on this day we all gathered in the beautiful home of our host and hostess. The eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hollar, of San Jose, the other beloved daughter, Mrs. R. E. Fugitt, of Washington, and the one grandchild, "Robert Payson Fugitt," as he calls himself. The day was to make merry with Mr. and Mrs. Wink on the sixty-first birthday of the

LIGHT ON THE BIBLE.

Those Forged Epistles of Paul.

In The Progressive Thinker of Feb. 8 I see an inquiry by David S. Foster as to whether these epistles are forgeries; to which the Editor, among other things says, "Our friend is probably aware that Christian critics have pronounced all but four of Paul's epistles spurious."

The Editor is probably not aware of the fact that a later criticism includes these four among the spurious ones.

Since the Talmudic school, headed by its president, F. C. Baur, condemned ten out of fourteen of these epistles as spurious, another school of critics has arisen, headed by A. D. Lomon, of Amsterdam, and followed by Steck of Berlin, Votter and Van Mone and others, who have written exhaustive treatises on this matter, wherein they show from internal and external evidence, that not only the ten, but the entire fourteen epistles are spurious. They say Paul lived in the first century; that, being refused the hand of a wealthy Jewess, he traveled over the country as an itinerant preacher, abusing his people, but left no writings; that he was too ignorant to have been the author of these epistles; besides the epistles bear on their face the evidence of a later date and of being the work of more than one writer; that the conditions of the church as described in the epistles, as well as their style of language, belong to the end of the second or beginning of the third century.

They then say, the epistles were the work of a school of Paulists of Asia Minor, who attempted to throw these epistles back to the first century by using the personal pronoun I and we as Paul would have done. But Mr. E. Johnson, in his work, "Antiqua Mores" (1887), denies that Paul ever lived.

In this he is supported by a strong array of evidence, as I have always contended in all my writings touching the alleged man Paul. As the Higher Criticism says, nothing can be learned as to Paul's birth or death or labors, other than from oral, vague tradition. All that can be found in favor of the man's existence is contained in the Acts and the epistles ascribed to him, all of which have been by the Higher Criticism, including the later by the Lomon school, pronounced spurious—a soft word for forgery.

The epistles were originally very numerous, all except the fourteen were at an early date declared spurious by the church fathers. The council of Nicea (325 E. C.) found these indispensable to save the church and its Christ, so that body of 318 hard-earring monks placed the fourteen epistles in the canonical scriptures.

Further, as to their time, referring as they do to the church, Christianity and to Christ, they necessarily must have been later than the known sect of Christians and the Christ.

As to the system called Christianity. It came first into notice 120 C. E., which was the time when the Therapeutes and Essenes dropped their names and consolidated under the new name of Christians—goodies—meaning pious men.

This was the birth of the system, which then had no Christ, a heathen myth, representing "Christ" came later, and was of slow growth; first as an embryo, begotten of the more ignorant, as a real man; by the intelligent people, as Plato's allegory; finally as a full-grown man-god he was given life by the council of Nicea.

This allegorical myth first appeared to the common people as a real man, but, as it went to the second century, it must have been after this that the so-called epistles of Paul were written, otherwise Christ would not have been spoken of in them.

Lepsius, in his exhaustive researches, says, "The man, Christ, was unknown to Clement, Barnabas and Hermas, 140 C. E. Nor were they ever mentioned by them or by Origen, the most learned of the church fathers, nor by Celsus, so the epistles must have been later than 140 C. E."

In conclusion, let it be said, every writing in the New Testament and every book in the Old Testament, except two, have been declared spurious by the critics.

The entire mass of Hebrew writings, until separated into books in our era, were in one mixed jumble, without names, places or dates, when divided into books, names as authors were picked up here and there among dead men and myths, and this is equally true as to all the New Testament writings, including the fourteen epistles ascribed to Paul.

In the old literature of Babylon, the dates and names of the writers generally appear. This practice ceased after the Assyrian conquest, and so continued until about the second century of our era, which accounts for the anonymous writings of the Old and New Testament. So every piece of writing in the Bible, with the two exceptions, is a forgery, that is, the names ascribed are not the authors of these books and other writings as we now have them in the Bible. PARISH B. LADD.

Alameda, Cal.

The Dearest Face.
The dearest face is mother's face,
Tho' wreathed with lines of care;
Her duty done reflects a grace,
A radiance everywhere.

Of when the night of fear and gloom
Has 'round my bedside closed,
To comfort me, from out the dark
Her loving face arose.

When pain was mine, sweet sympathy
Shone from her soft, dark eyes;
When victory ever crowned my work,
She showed a sweet surprise.

My toil was here, my cares and tasks
Were lighter for her aid;
When tempted by the reptile, Sin,
She saw I never strayed.

When from the toil of Earth she goes,
Into a fairer land,
We'll find no face one-half so dear,
Nor one so sweet and grand.

MURPHY, Cal.
ELISIE RUSSELL.

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BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.
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By Ralph Waldo Trine.
Within yourself lies the cause of whatever occurs in your life. To make into full realization of your own awakened interior powers, is to be able to condition your life in each accord with what you would have it. CONTENTS.—I. Prelude. II. The Supreme Fact of the Universe. III. The Law of Cause and Effect. IV. Fulfillment of Life—Bodily Health and Vigor. V. The Secret Power and Effect of Love. VI. The Realization of Perfect Peace. VII. Coming into Fullness of Power. VIII. The Law of All Things—The Law of Prosperity. IX. How Men Have Become Prophets, Seers, and Visionaries. X. The Spiritual Principles of All Religion. XI. The Universal Religion. XII. The Law of the Realization of the Highest Bliss. For sale at this office. Price, postage, 40 cents.

The Jesuits. Containing chapters on Origin, History and History of the Jesuits; Immoral Teachings of the Jesuits; Condemnation of the Order; Expulsion of the Jesuits from the Church of Rome. It is a work of fact and contains valuable information. By B. F. Austin, A. M., B. D. Price 10 cents.

FIFTY YEARS

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A Remarkable Book.

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ORIGIN OF LIFE

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Cultivation of Personal Magnetism

A treatise on Human Culture. By Leroy Burt. A practical and instructive book. Price 50 cents.

Why I Am a Vegetarian.

An address delivered before the Chicago Vegetarian Society by J. Howard Moore, Vegetarian, 25 cents.

The Vanishing Maidens of the Willow Isle.

A Highly Interesting Narrative, by Mrs. Ida Lewis Bentley, of Garvanza, Cal.

Aunt Lucy went to the sobbing girl and took her in her arms and I left them alone for I wanted to think. That it was a clear case of spirit control was beyond doubt, and I could not deny it, but why had Miss Mac-Arland suddenly disappeared from the music stool and the dark maiden I had seen take her place in the summer house take her place on the music stool? Later I sought my aunt, but I did not mention the transformation I had witnessed. I told my aunt that I was perfectly convinced that Isabel was under spirit control, but what was the good of it? I asked, and I produced my notebook and read the poem I had taken down. "As a literary production the song is worthless," said my aunt, "but as the expressions of a delicate spirit it is valuable. The song purports to be very unhappy and weighed down with a sense of sin committed from which she longs to be free. Happiness and sorrow are mental conditions, and this song proves we do not leave them behind us when we leave our bodies. This spirit is still bound by mental conditions and they are chains of her own forging, therefore she only can break them. As long as she holds the idea that she will find no rest until the voice of love shall speak to her again—whatever that may mean—she cannot be free. Spirits in or out of the flesh are controlled by one unchanging law, and as long as any one depends upon another for peace and happiness, so long that person is doomed to disappointment. When we have learned that we can and must control our minds and think only such thoughts as tend to happiness, when we have learned to be sufficient unto ourselves and lay down no rule for other people to go by, we shall have found peace and happiness; but as long as we hold in our minds that anyone must look a certain way, do certain things, speak thus and so, in order for us to be happy, just so long we are slaves and miserable."

The next morning after this conversation, as I was walking rapidly through the grounds I came to a clump of blue gum trees, and standing beneath them was a young girl clad in the garb of a nun. Her large, dark eyes looked straight into mine for an instant and then she was gone. For a moment I stared at the place where she was, and then I laughed and said to myself, "It's lucky the girls do not all vanish in this way everywhere!"

The weeks flew by as if winged by magic, and one day, at dinner, Hugh informed us that his particular friend, Ralph Milborn, was coming to spend a few days with us, and he asked us to spend the following evening all together in the library.

The next morning I wandered down to the stone house for the second time, but though surrounded by beauty and bathed in glorious sunlight it seemed to me wrapped in impenetrable gloom. I heard a step behind me, and turned to see Aunt Lucy's smiling face. "Well?" she said in a tone of inquiry.

"In this desert land enchanted, in this home of horror vaulted, tell me truly I implore, what is this building for? and why does it give me the creeps to look at it?" I answered.

"Because you are a psychic and partly sense the record written upon the unseen atmosphere surrounding it, and it tells you with fear which is born of ignorance. No place is or can be by horror haunted, only as one holds that idea in his mind; all is peace and beauty here, Audley, let us come in and sit down."

I shivered in spite of myself, but I was not going to be a coward—outwardly at least—so I pushed the door open and entered, followed by my aunt. As I entered the room I glanced around it, and was much surprised to find a young woman standing near the stone wall at the extreme end facing the door. She was beautiful—much more beautiful than Isabel, I thought. She was quite tall, but slender, and her hair fell in long wavy masses like sunlight over her shoulders, and was brushed smoothly back from a brow as man ever looked upon. Her features were strong but refined, and her face was pure and noble. She seemed startled at our appearance and hesitated for an instant, and then with a swift movement she disappeared, apparently in the solid wall. I saw my aunt had not noticed her, so I said nothing, but I felt my pulses pounding and I was conscious that a great hope had been awakened in me, and the noblest and best in my nature had been quickened into life. The stone house had suddenly lost its terror for me, and in the place of aversion I felt a strong desire to be there. I knew my aunt was talking to me, but my mind was in such a tumult I could not grasp what she said. We had been in the house but a few minutes when we heard a terror-stricken voice calling, "Miss Lucy, for the Lawd's sake, come away from that pesiferous house quick!"

Hurrying out I saw Mom Vine's bulky figure perched upon a pile of stone. She was holding her skirts tightly about her, and her face was ashen with terror.

"Why, Mom Vine, what is the matter with you?" I asked.

"Matter? Matter enough to be sho' when the liveliest, gooddest missus in the world goes in that awful circumventin' house, not to mention a nice young gentleman like you, Marse Audley. Why—slinking her voice and gawing cautiously around her—the devil is in that old house for sho'—I see his old, black face."

She had seen the devil and I had seen the angel! Aunt Lucy and I each took an arm and escorted the old negro into her home, where she soon became calm.

That evening Ralph Milborn arrived—a man about thirty years old, scholarly, dark and handsome. As we were about to seek ourselves at

the dinner table Isabel entered the room. She was dressed in gauzy white, and white rose ornaments, and she looked more beautiful than I had ever seen her before. Hugh came forward to make a formal introduction, but to the surprise of us all Ralph Milborn and Isabel Mac-Arland clasped hands in a most cordial manner. Explanation followed, and we learned the two had been acquainted since Isabel first went away to school, but why they had kept their acquaintance a secret they did not say. I had noticed for some time that Hugh had been wandering restlessly about as if anxiously watching and waiting; he now hurried into the hall, but soon returned with an elderly woman whom he introduced as Mrs. Hannon, and a slight built lady with a heavy mass of long fair curls falling about her face and over her shoulders. She was introduced as Mrs. Hannon's friend, Miss Dubon. She acknowledged the introduction in voice so low as to be scarcely audible, and it seemed to me she wanted to avoid observation. I saw my aunt knew Mrs. Hannon and was glad to see her; I also saw she was the woman I had seen with Hugh my first day at Willow Isle and more. When at last we were really seated for dinner we found Isabel was missing. "She was found and went into the hall," said my aunt; "you go and fetch her, Audley."

I went and found—not Isabel but the dark girl with the scowling face. As I approached her, wondering greatly, she threw out a hand as if to push me back and said hoarsely, "Go away—go away, I tell you, I will not go in there—I hate her—I hate her, I tell you," and she stamped her foot viciously.

"Come, now," I said gaily, "you will spoil your beauty if you act like this—what do you suppose Mr. Milborn will think if he comes and sees you like this?"

I was half frightened at my own words as soon as they were spoken, but they acted like magic upon the girl.

"Go and get me a glass of water, please," she whispered. When I returned the dark maiden was nowhere to be seen, and Isabel herself drank the water and returned with me to the dinner table, where, seated beside Ralph Milborn she was unusually gay. Mrs. Hannon and Miss Dubon hardly tasted their food or spoke unless spoken to, and I followed their example, for my mind was greatly disturbed, and I stumbled back and forth between two decisions. At last dinner was finished and we all withdrew to the library. Every door and window stood wide open, for the air was unseasonably hot and stifling. A sound of hoofs upon the sidewalk arrested our attention and a moment later Cephy announced the arrival of a stranger lost on the desert, who wanted shelter for himself and horse. Aunt Lucy and Hugh at once left us.

As they passed down the hall I heard Hugh say, "What an unfortunate interview! What shall we do with him?"

"Accept him as an invited guest," she replied. "An overruling power may have sent him here for a purpose—at any rate he belongs here or he would not be here."

About an hour later Aunt Lucy and Hugh returned with the stranger, whom they introduced as Mr. Wentworth. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a white, crinkled hair, and to me he appeared incased in oval-shaped wrappings of a brownish gray color. We were no more than seated when there came another interruption. I had noticed that the two dogs in the back yard were giving vent to prolonged howls, and several times shrill neighs from the horses in the stable had greeted my ears, but my mind had been so absorbed with affairs in the house that I did not think of them. Now there appeared in the hall door four negroes, and fear was written upon each black face. Mom Vine was foremost and her voice trembled when she spoke, "O, Missus Lucy—O Marse Hugh, for the Lawd's sake let your poor colored servants come in wid you and we'll never hear one word you say. O, Marse Hugh, some fin awful is coming on the wings of evil air sho'."

"What makes you think so?" asked Hugh.

"Jest hear the dogs howl and the horses hink—for the Lawd's sake jest hear um!"

A chorus of dismal howls and shrill neighs followed her exclamation.

"Come in," said Aunt Lucy, and she motioned to a sofa near herself, and the frightened negroes needed no second invitation. Hugh began to speak: "My friends, I have proved very unsatisfactory to me, and for the past three years I have spent the most of my time in trying to determine whether there is a life beyond death or not. For this purpose I have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hannon, a so-called medium. Thus far her attempts have proved unsatisfactory, but to-night she has proved beyond doubt that the dead live, by the only positive method—their visible presence. Before we begin our sitting, I would like to ask our stranger guest if he is interested in this subject, or if he has any objections to being present at our sittings?"

The stranger laughed disagreeably and replied, "I have no objections to being present at your sitting, but I am not interested in Spiritualism for two reasons: 'I am satisfied with the Bible plan of salvation, and I have had two experiences with seances and that is enough for any sane man. My last experience was a year ago. I went into a hall where about three hundred people were seated. A showily dressed woman was upon the platform giving what she called 'tests,' or messages supposed to be from spirits. I did not get a message. I am thankful to say, but a man sitting in front of me did, and here it is." He took a note-book from his pocket and read:

"I can see a spirit standing closely now by my form beside; And she says to tell her Henry She was once his happy bride; But she died—she could not help it— And your heart was torn by pain, And she says to tell her Henry She will never die again!"

"Isn't that lovely?" he asked sarcastically. "Just imagine how glad Henry must have been to have his once happy bride return with such a message as that!"

He looked up as with an air of triumph, as if the matter was settled, and Aunt Lucy said, "If people who investigate Spiritualism would use one-half the sense they use about their business enterprises, fakes and humbugs would fade from its ranks and the great truth it contains would be apparent to the investigator. In the case you have just cited, the question is not, what did the wife say? But was she really there and gave the message? Was the man's name Henry? And had he lost a wife? Did the medium know the man? See how easily you might have tested the matter. If you were in great anxiety to hear from a dearly loved one lost to you, do you think, Mr. Wentworth, that you would criticize the composition of the long prayed-for message when it arrived?"

"Perhaps not," the stranger replied; "there certainly is no one on the other side I have any desire to hear from, and any message purporting to come from any friends of mine passed away will be received by me with contempt. I assure you, for I am by the grace of God a humble member of the First Presbyterian church at Danville, and I am free from the delusions of Satan."

"We are all very glad to know it," said Ralph Milborn, "and I want to ask one question for my own benefit: Why do so many mediums give their messages in doggerel rhyme—or worse? To my mind, the only style of address is often so outlandish as to disgust refined people who otherwise might be convinced of the truth."

"There is altogether too much truth in what you have said," Aunt Lucy replied, "but the reason is that neither the communicating spirit nor the medium know what good poetry is. They are intellectually undeveloped, and are pleased by jingling rhymes. But Mr. Wentworth has not told us of his first experience investigating psychic phenomena."

The stranger smiled and said in a hard, harsh voice: "The other experience is quickly told: I went to a materializing seance, and every manifestation was proved to be a fraud, and the wicked creature who tried to delude a credulous crowd that night sits right there," and he pointed an accusing hand at Mrs. Hannon.

(To be continued.)

MT. PLEASANT PARK.

Prospects of Clinton, Iowa, Camp for the Coming Season.

The past high standard of work done at Mt. Pleasant Park in bringing the gospel of Spiritualism to the people will be sustained the coming season by the many artists in their several departments. Visitors cannot help being impressed with the work given, and a desire to hear through mortal lips messages from the great masters, will bring rest and peace of mind to all who attend Clinton the coming season.

Through the earnest endeavor of the committee the public is offered the following list of speakers and mediums, which is of unusual strength and interest: Cora L. V. Richmond, Benjamin F. Wilson, Mrs. Marian Carpenter, Dr. J. M. Peebles, John W. Ring, Elizabeth Harlow, Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs. Alice Saxemith, Mrs. H. L. Lichtig and others.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss, of Toledo, Ohio, will have charge of the Lyceum work for the season, and it is believed that much good will be accomplished. Mrs. Schauss comes highly recommended, and we have none of the right person in the right place. The Lyceum is a school that appeals to many alike, and an hour each day spent in such work will do to make up lost opportunities, or to gain a credit on the work of the future.

The Association is ever mindful of the pleasures of the young people, and for this season has arranged one evening each week for those who delight in the revels of the torchlight pastime. A masquerade party is planned for August 7, and already costumes are being devised, and much fun anticipated. Of course a committee will be in attendance, and everybody must give name and endorser before admitted to the hall. There will be the usual number of recitals, concerts and dramas by amateurs, which are always highly enjoyable.

The Park is surrounded by many points of interest, and many excursions to them by boat, or by way of the interurban and trolley is a constant delight.

In fact, the aim of this camp has been to develop mental powers, to increase knowledge, to help all classes of people toward that perfection of life, after which all higher thought is striving. Many have received that knowledge and consolation, and returned to their homes laden with better living and higher thinking.

How glorious it is to feel that we can direct our energies into pleasant channels for a vacation time, meet great men and women, commune with those gone from mortal view, and grow spiritually every moment of the time. Truly, whatever disposition one may have, there is always something at Mt. Pleasant Park to assure his or her interest, and there are few, either young or old, who visit the place and return without having spent a delightful vacation.

Mr. Kilby, our most excellent president, is full of enthusiasm and new ideas, and the program which will soon be fresh from the printers, will be worth your attention. They can be secured later by addressing:

E. L. KILBY, Pres., Ottumwa, Iowa.
Or MRS. M. B. ANDERSON, Sec'y, Clarksville, Mo.

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FRAUDULENT MEDIUMS.

A Plain Exposition of Methods of Deception Used.

The resources of the fraudulent medium are multifarious. It has been said that it is almost useless to expose him, because his methods are so varied. To my mind, the only way to expose him is to work to devise new deceptions. To a certain extent this is true, but there is another phase of the question:

The writer of this paper has associated with some of the most prominent fraudulent mediums in the United States. He has been in their confidence, and knows the inconvenience as well as danger to which every exposure subjects these deceivers, the world over. While there are more ways than one of killing a cat, nevertheless there is, numerically, a limit to the ways. There may be, in fact, infinite variations of any certain method employed by a fraudulent medium, and it would be like trying to drain out the ocean with a quart can, or to try to catch the wind in a net. In every method, but a general knowledge of the methods in general will make it impossible for an intelligent person to be deceived.

The Chemically Prepared Pad.

The life-long quest of a dishonest medium is the gathering of information about the lives and spirits of friends of his patrons. The impossibility of collecting such information when a stranger is in the reception room waiting for a sitting, and the equal impossibility of satisfying the average investigator with mere guesses, which in ninety per cent of the cases prove inaccurate, led the "miracle-working" strategist to devise the scheme of having his client write questions, with the names of his spirit friends, and sign his own name while he (the medium) is to reveal the words written on the paper, and answer the questions embodied therein, through some occult agency.

For years this has been the fake medium's Eldorado. The purposes to which he put it were more varied than any one but a fake medium or the confidante of one could realize. The sifter frequently forgets what he has written of these papers, and later the medium "springs" the names with which he has made himself acquainted through the sifter's having written them, and the credulous disciple has received "the test of his life," and that no one in that town knew he had a brother by the name of Daniel, or that he had been married and his spirit wife's name was Della, etc.

Moreover, this enables a medium (so-called) to "pay back" a brother faker for assistance he has given him in his "work." But the days of the "blue book" are pretty well over. The fake mediums are afraid to trust each other, as a rule, and besides they are most selfishly jealous of each other, and are not inclined to be charitable with their "dope." For all they know they might be assisting a rival, who will some day replace them in the confidence of the people.

The special object, however, that prompts a medium to request his sifter to state his questions in written form, without the medium reading them, is to relieve him from the exigencies of the immediate present.

But some years ago the fake medium found himself face to face with a wall. He could go no further. All the schemes of using a carbon paper with which to get an impression, "switching pellets" and folded papers, etc., had been exposed so thoroughly that it was an impossibility to successfully "work them" on one investigator out of a hundred. What were the mystery vendors to do? Answers to questions in this manner, now that they had begun to do so, must be kept up. To abruptly stop after the exposure would be impossible. Fake they must, but how?

Fraudulent mediums are notorious for their lack of culture and education. Therefore, they did not possess within themselves the solution to the problem, but a clever man, "not in the business," whose commercial instinct outweighed his moral, came to the rescue of the priesthood of modern oracles, and invented a carbon paper which he called the "present." The writer cannot state with absolute certainty, just who this benefactor of charlatanism was, but that it was not one of the ignorant, illiterate, or unlearned fake mediums, he can guarantee. There is not one of them who has the brains or the industry to apply himself to learn the first rudiments of chemistry. As far as can be ascertained, however, this trick was never employed by so-called mediums until after it had been offered for sale by a Chicago firm that sells the secrets of modern oracles at fabulous "hair-raising" prices. The fakers of to-day bought the recipe for twenty-five dollars, and in the very beginning of its use, for a hundred dollars, under a promise to never impart the "mystical learning." For the benefit of those who are constantly being gulled

by this clever, but simple artifice, I will divulge the precious secret.

The medium takes a tablet of fine paper, and rubs the under side of each sheet with spermaceti wax. He is now ready for his victim, who is requested to write his questions or the names of the spirits from whom he wishes to hear on the upper sheet of the tablet. The tablet will stand the minutest examination by one who is not "next." After having prepared his questions the patron is requested to fold his paper and place it in his pocket. The medium then tells him that he finds it a little hard to become passive, and requests his victim to leave the room while he "concentrates." Now, what he really does when alone is this: He puts some finely powdered charcoal, or, in fact, most any colored powder will do, on the sheet that was under the sheet upon which the investigator had written. He shakes the paper gently, letting the charcoal scatter all over it. And lo! there are the questions and names PLAINLY than they were on the original copy. He has "concentrated," and now invites his patron to read, saying that he believes the spirits "have got hold" of him at last. Of course, the sifter is pleased with the ease and accuracy with which the medium has read the writing on the paper that he (the investigator) has safely concealed in his pocket away from the inquiring eyes of the medium.

Like every other method, this is susceptible to variations. If the medium is fortunate enough to have a safe confederate in his employ, he has the investigator write his questions while in the reception room. The sifter then folds the paper upon which he has written his questions, and passes with the medium into the seance room. As soon as the door is closed the confederate begins to develop the impression on the sheet that was under the sheet on which the questions were written. He then knocks at the seance room door, telling the medium that he is wanted at the phone, or giving some other suitable pretext, and when the medium steps out of the room, he shows him the paper on which the impression has been developed. The medium is now prepared to get "grand results."

The latter method is the one that the Chicago firm, heretofore mentioned, sold to the mediums of this country, who, finding it impractical in many instances, varied it to the former method.

This system of reading writing apparently without the aid of the physical eye, though employed more or less by all fraudulent mediums, is especially used by the traveling, sensational clairvoyants who believe to call you by your name in full, tell you just what is worrying you, the names of your friends, enemies, etc. Not one of these quacks can tell you any of these things without your writing them down, unless he knows you or has previously been given information about you. Undoubtedly, there is not a single one of these sensational clairvoyants on the road who does not use the chemically prepared pad.

Then, consider the nonsense of having to write your questions to aid the medium, who, if he be genuine, will need no such assistance. If the spirits can answer your question through the medium, it is not necessary that you write your question for their benefit. And especially is it the zenith of folly for you to write the names of your spirit friends to the honest medium ever has, or ever will, ask such help of you. Of this you may rest assured: Your spirit friends are not so feeble-minded as not to know their names, and knowing them, do not need you to write them in order that they may communicate them to the medium.

The written questions and names are used extensively by slate-writing mediums. The questions are answered on the slate, and the communication is signed by the name you suggested on the paper you wrote.

No exposure has been given in this article of the carbon and "switched paper" tricks, because these methods are too universally known to demand attention here. None but an imbecile or a fraudulent medium very ignorant of his own trade would try such exposed frauds. But with the suggestions contained herein the reader can tell if there is an attempt made to deceive him with the chemically prepared pad. If you see a medium is trying to impose upon you in this manner, say nothing, but keep the paper on which you have written your questions. Take it to the city chemist of your city. Upon the strength of his testimony that it is chemically prepared you can secure the arrest and conviction of the medium for taking money under false pretenses.

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PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

Organization of a State Association of Spiritualists.

According to a call issued by the Spiritualists of Pittsburgh, Pa., and vicinity to hold a convention to organize a State Association of Spiritualists, said convention convened on Feb. 26, and continued three days, in Bouquet street, Spiritual church, Pittsburgh. The convention was called to order at 2:30 p. m. by Rev. Geo. C. Day. After singing America, an address of welcome was delivered by Dr. Geo. B. Warner, president of the N. S. A., followed by Harrison D. Barrett, and Hon. Thos. M. Locke, of Philadelphia, after which the following organization was effected: President, Hon. Thos. M. Locke, vice-president, A. L. Stevens; secretary, Mrs. LaVida P. Ward; committee on credentials, Mr. Frank Elwanger, Mr. John Grayburn and Rev. Geo. C. Day. Dr. Geo. B. Warner, C. Fannie Allyn, E. N. Marquette and Mr. Owen O. Ward spoke on the necessity of a State Association as the best means of advancing the cause of Spiritualism and protection of honest workers and mediums. The committee on credentials reported favorably on fifteen delegates, representing organized societies, and a number of earnest workers who belong to no organization, but were recommended by the committee, and by a vote of the convention, were authorized to take part in the convention.

The following committee was appointed on constitution and by-laws: Rev. Geo. C. Day, Owen O. Ward and M. R. Rouse. Committee on resolutions: E. N. Marquette, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elwanger.

The evening session opened with an invocation by Rev. Geo. C. Day; music followed by an address by Dr. Geo. B. Warner; messages by Mrs. Elwanger, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Geo. C. Day, of Pittsburgh.

Feb. 26, morning session opened at 9:30 by singing, reading of minutes, and communication. On motion, carried, the procuring of a charter from state of Pennsylvania and N. S. A. was referred to incoming officers, with power to act. Report from local societies was as follows: Thos. M. Locke, First Association of Philadelphia; Mrs. M. Snyder, German Society of Philadelphia; Mr. Elwanger, First Society, Philadelphia; Mrs. K. A. Springer, of Roversford Spiritual Society, Pa.; Major M. R. Rouse of Tusculum Society; Mr. Owen O. Ward for Erie Spiritualists; Mrs. A. L. Stevens, Bouquet street Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. Geo. C. Day, Pittsburgh; North Side, Mr. E. H. Marquette, New Castle Spiritual Society; Mrs. Thos. M. Locke, Parkland Heights Camp Association.

A number of greetings were read from other societies in Pennsylvania and other states. A number of important subjects were discussed, after which the morning session adjourned.

Afternoon session called to order at 2:30 p. m. Opened with singing. Conference meeting, subject for discussion: Necessary State and Municipal Legislation. Remarks by H. D. Barrett, Dr. G. B. Warner and A. L. Stevens. Missionary work was discussed by H. D. Barrett, Dr. Warner, C. Fannie Allyn and J. W. Briggs. Lyceum, by C. Fannie Allyn, of Stoneham, Mass., who is conversant with the work, also Mrs. Nixon, Mr. J. Hodgkins and others. Meeting adjourned.

Evening meeting opened with singing. Reading and lecture by H. D. Barrett; messages by Mrs. Snyder, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. J. S. Steele, of Pittsburgh.

After benediction by Rev. Geo. C. Day, the meeting adjourned.

Feb. 27, morning session opened by singing and reading of minutes. Committee on constitution and by-laws reported, and after some amendments, was adopted. After various subjects were discussed, the convention adjourned until 2:00 p. m.

Afternoon session opened with invocation. Committee on resolutions reported and after some changes, were adopted. On motion the convention went into the nomination and election of permanent officers, which resulted as follows: President, Hon. Thos. M. Locke, 605 N. 7th street, Philadelphia; first vice-president, Rev. Geo. C. Day, 216 E. Ohio street, North Side, Pittsburgh; second vice-president, Mr. Owen O. Ward, Springboro, Pa.; secretary, Mrs. K. A. Springer, Roversford, Pa.; treasurer, Major M. R. Rouse, Tusculum, Crawford Co., Pa.; trustees, Frank E. Jennings, 2241 N. 13th street, Philadelphia; Mrs. M. Marquette, 29 Neshannock avenue, New Castle, Pa.; J. A. Buckwalter, Roversford, Pa.; C. L. Stevens, 213 7th street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

On motion, carried, the next annual convention be held in Philadelphia, Pa., commencing on the fourth Tuesday of February (23), 1909, continuing three days.

Evening meeting opened with music and invocation. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Owen O. Ward. Messages were given by Mrs. Rouse, Mrs. McFarland and Mrs. Hatten. Benediction by Rev. Geo. C. Day.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm and interest manifested during the entire three days of the convention, and we believe that all Spiritualists in the state and elsewhere will give the movement their hearty support, as well as their best wishes for success in the future.

MRS. K. A. SPRINGER, Roversford, Pa. Secretary.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1908.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEAL.

THE POSTAGE ON papers has been increased to all the British possessions on this continent. On a single paper we are compelled to pay ONE CENT each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid the pound rates—a mere trifle. Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

Made for Use of Priesthood.

Who has the best right to know the proper use of a book, the party who made it, or they who gained possession of it in opposition to the will of the maker, and set out to formulate creeds based on its teachings?

Mosheim's Ecclesiastical history, Book 4, Part 1, Sec. 3, paragraph 25, subhead, "History of the Ancient Churches," refers to the action of the Council of Trent, convened by order of the Pope, 1545. That great Council declared:

"The Scriptures were not composed for the use of the multitude, but only for that of their spiritual teachers."

That is, a great General Christian Council, whose decisions are authority formerly substantially declared, "the Bible is a book for priests, but not for the people." Mosheim continues:

"In consequence these divine records were ordered to be taken from the people in all places where it was allowed to execute the imperious demand."

The English translation of Mosheim, in a foot-note, adds:

"This prohibition extends to such interpretations [of the Bible] as were not designed for public use."

How is that for the Holy Book, inspired by God from cover to cover? The Protestant Reformers who gained control of an important instrument to guide Catholic priests in their ministrations, should have crushed the errant record, instead of giving it to the people and popularizing it.

A Lesson From Nature.

The world has been made what it is by friction. The earth, at first a molten mass, was rounded into a globe by equal pressure from all points without. As the surface cooled a crust of rock was formed. Internal heat continued. Gases, confined for a time in the interior, when sufficient force had accumulated, burst the shell, while the crust fell back on a smaller interior, and for want of room, bled, and mountain chains were formed. Not once, but thousands of times this process has gone on and will until the whole interior ceases to be molten matter.

The water, formed by a natural chemical process, took up the work. Fragments of rock, torn from their native bed, were rolled along the borders of a shallow sea. By attrition and dashing rock against rock, boulders, gravel and sand were formed. The immense banks of sand, every grain of which was made as we feebly describe, is the product of attrition. Their multitude, without other evidence, tells of the eternity that has passed.

Leaving material matter, thoughts coming in contact with opposing thoughts, produce mental friction; this developed the intelligence we now enjoy. No antagonism, and imbecility would follow. The crash on crash of the thunderbolt, while it splinters the towering oak, the growth of centuries, still has its use in the economy of nature. Little minds, incapable of grasping the whole, war on intellectual advancement, but it only adds force to a vigorous brain and causes it to stand firm, as does the tree, pelted by winds, which strengthen its roots and increase their number so as to successfully resist the rude attacks of the warring intruder.

Hold your thoughts, your mind, your will in principle and you will succeed.—Hull.

The Scholars Are With Us.

Investigate the beginnings of Christianity in whatever direction we may, and the same conditions meet us, the want of historical evidence.

Conyers Middleton, a Church of England divine, after six months diligent search in the Vatican library at Rome, made the public announcement: "Catholicism is only reconstructed paganism." He entered into details, and proved what he averred.

Jean Hardouin, educated in the schools of the Jesuits, pronounced the "very first scholar of his learned brotherhood," a member of that Order, and Librarian of the College of Louis le Grand, maintained that the principal classical productions are the works of the monks of the thirteenth century. He claimed the same was true of the Septuagint of the Old Testament, and the Greek of the New Testament. He insisted the New Testament was originally written in Latin, known as the Latin Vulgate. He was compelled to retract his statement, but later, when danger of violence passed, he re-affirmed it.

Count Volney, the distinguished traveler and very learned author, maintained the same facts.

Prof. Edwin Johnson, late of London, a Congregational clergyman, and professor of Higher Classics in New College, London, aided by some 200 students, translated classical authorities from the year 1, down to the Reformation. He confirmed the statements of Hardouin. He translated the latter's productions into English, resigned his pulpit, vacated his professor's chair, and published several volumes in support of his discoveries.

Judge Ladd, of California, turned the light of legal evidence on Christian origins, and found no reliable proof that such a person as the ecclesiastical Jesus ever lived.

Mrs. Elizabeth Evans has investigated the subject critically, from a scholarly woman's standpoint, with the same result.

Wm. Henry Burr, Esq., just deceased, in books and numerous pamphlets, maintained the same position.

That ripe scholar and indefatigable worker, J. E. Remsburg, for many years a public teacher, is now publishing a series of articles in the Truth Seeker in which he shows innumerable discrepancies in the Gospels and Epistles, conflicting statements of which no truthful historian could be guilty, and confirming his conviction that the alleged history is only fiction.

People are little aware of the skepticism now prevalent in the Christian pulpit.

Col. Ingersoll put himself on record by declaring:

"There is nothing new or original in Christianity. Its maxims, miracles, and mistakes, its doctrines, sacraments, and ceremonies were all borrowed. Its virgin mothers, miraculous babes, courier-stars, crucifixions, resurrections, and ascensions, were familiar things hundreds of years before the founder of Christianity was born. All the machinery of the supernatural has been in active operation for countless generations. All the nations of antiquity had about the same religious experiences, and substantially agreed as to the correctness of the same mistakes. Catholicism administered on the estate of Paganism, and appropriated most of the property to its own use. Christianity furnished new steam for an old engine. Fables like most other things, wear out and have to be patched, gilded, or replaced."

And the editor of The Progressive Thinker, after a diligent search extending through many years, has reached the same conclusions as have the vast army of thinkers who have preceded and are contemporary with him.

A Sorrowful Ending.

A late telegram from a Wisconsin town read:

"Wm. Stringlie, a farmer, hanged himself to-day. Excessive Bible reading caused derangement of his mind, and is alleged to have caused the act."

The error consisted in the victim reading the Bible for himself. He should have done, as do the vast majority of Christian readers, allowed the book to repose undisturbed on the shelf of a little-used closet, where it would have accumulated the dust of months, while he should have listened each Sunday to choice selections from its many pages—for there are such—and received as divine wisdom the residue. In that way he would have escaped its contradictions, its inconsistencies, its obscenity, its dishonoring character, given the Universal Father; the wickedness, cruelty and barbarity of the patriarchs, prophets, and even its kings with seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines who would have remained unknown. Then he would have been honest in exulting that volume as "the inspired Word of God," just as the preachers do for hire. Disbelief in the sacredness of the book follows its intelligent and thoughtful reading. The consequence is, the late believer is left nothing to stand on, so with a rope around his neck, he plunges into eternity, where gloom and regret awaits him, companioned only by the sorrowing who have gone before, and are waiting a friendly hand to lead him to the light.

Some men think they are full of faith because they are so fearful that the Omnipotent cannot take care of Himself.

Self-Evident Truths.

Reader, if in possession of a great truth proclaim it to the world. Let others enjoy the knowledge you possess. Does error employ falsehood in support of a false creed? Denounce that error, and the falsehoods used in its support. You have a better right to advocate a truth than has your opponent to promulgate a lie. A falsehood frequently repeated and of antique origin is as much a lie as though first told yesterday.

Said Carlyle: "Lies exist only to be extinguished. They want and cry earnestly for extinction." And we would add: Blessings on the man or woman who aids in the glorious work.

A religious lie, a lie to inculcate, or to strengthen a creed, is only a lie, whether told by Paul, is published in a Bible, or is repeated by a modern priest. Down with lies everywhere and up with the truth.

Generous Toleration.

Suspicion is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society. For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe it is the will of the Almighty, that there should be a diversity of religious opinions among us. It affords a larger field for Christian kindness. Were all of one way of thinking, our religious dispositions would want matter for probation; and on this literal principle, I look on the various denominations like children of the same family, differing only in Christian names.—Thomas Paine, in Common Sense.

Ingersollian.

Suppose all the money wasted in cathedrals in the Middle Ages had been used for the construction of school houses, academies and universities, how much better the world would have been? Suppose instead of supporting hundreds of thousands of idle priests, the money had been given to men of science for the purpose of finding out something of benefit to the human race here in this world, what a wonderful advance in practical knowledge for alleviation of the woes of humanity would be ours!

No Restraint on Crime.

"The healthful moral effect of the church on community" is an ecclesiastical fiction. It may prevent the infraction of a few lesser misdemeanors, as Sabbath breaking and profanity; but the great crimes which have cursed the world from the dawn of civilization, seem to have been encouraged by the church, such as war, slavery, polygamy, adultery, treason, murder, arson, perjury, larceny, etc. It has not even held the clergy in restraint, but has served as a cloak for their crimes. "Oh, dear, it would be such a terrible blow to our church if he should be convicted," said an old lady in our hearing, several years ago. "It would ruin us," so, of course, she was ready to do anything to conceal the crime. An old lawyer at our elbow confirms these statements, and declares "the most difficult cases to successfully prosecute in the criminal courts are churchmen, who have church backing to aid in the concealment of crime."

Little Reason, Big Fuss.

Robert G. Ingersoll used to relate an anecdote of a Hebrew who went into a restaurant to get his dinner. The devil of temptation whispered in his ear: "Bacon." He knew that if there was anything that made Jehovah real white meat it was to see Jehovah eating bacon, but he thought, "Maybe he is too busy watching sparrows and counting hairs to notice me," and so he took a slice. The weather was delightful when he went into the restaurant, but when he came out the sky was overcast, the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, the earth trembled, and it was dark. He went back into the restaurant, trembling with fear, and, leaning over the counter, said to the clerk, "Did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?"

Nobly Defined.

We have noticed of late several attempts to define religion. Let Thomas Paine be heard:

"Religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy." That would be a fitting legend to be placed over the doorway of every temple devoted to God the wide world over. Let it be firmly and deeply inscribed on every human heart, and observed in every home.

Seriously Ill.

We learn with great sorrow that our friend and occasional correspondent, Wm. Henry Burr, Esq., of Washington, is seriously ill. His age nearly or quite a nonagenarian, does not promise an early recovery, but the blessed hope the spirits bring is his, and he knows there is no death. He and his faithful companion have our tenderest sympathies in their affliction.

Eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeped with prejudice.—Thomas Paine, in Crisis.

The man who tries to preserve his virtues by putting them in a vault always augments his vices by circulating them.

CHICAGO SPIRITUALISTS' LEAGUE.

Something About Its Work and Its Usefulness to Spiritualism in Chicago.—Mediums' Certificates, Etc.

The Chicago Spiritualists' League is a body corporate, consisting of men and women who proclaim themselves Spiritualists. They have been made Spiritualists by and through the gifts of mediumship. They have, therefore, or ought to have the true interest and welfare of mediumship at heart. It is hard to conceive what the League can gain, or how it can profit, by oppressing mediums, or in any manner making it harder for them to exist and practice their gifts than it is at present.

Spiritualism is, as it were, on trial. It has long been under the ban of popular condemnation because of its associations and exorcises. The League has undertaken the task of setting it right before the public, and to show the public that there are true and genuine mediums that they will endorse for honesty and integrity as well as for the possession of true spiritual gifts. The League is the friend of mediums of all phases of power. It is the friend of the young and developing medium. It believes in throwing around him or her such conditions and environment as shall be conducive to their highest and best development as instruments for the transmission of a knowledge of the truths and blessings of Spiritualism. It holds spirit mediumship to be a universal gift, common in more or less degree with all peoples and religions. It believes that the welfare and happiness of man would be greatly enhanced by a proper understanding and application of the truths reached through a scientific study of mediumship.

Confronted with a condition which required quick, prompt and decisive action, the officers of the League in conjunction with the officers of the State Association framed a law which they thought and believed, and still think and believe would protect and uphold Spiritualism and mediumship in the city of Chicago, and be a landmark at the parting of the ways between the broad and crooked way of fraud, charlatanism and trickery on the one hand, and the straight and narrow path of spiritual truth and worthy mediumship on the other.

It now remains to put in force this law; and in order to do it effectively the League must have the assistance of the genuine and noble spirit mediums of the city, those who work not alone for their bread and butter but also for the uplifting and enlightenment of humanity.

In union there is strength, and in union there is greater self-protection and progress.

The question is often asked by Spiritualists: "Who are your mediums? Where can I go to find a genuine spirit medium, one that you will endorse and recommend as genuine, and honest?" And just here comes in the great benefit to mediums of a certificate from the Chicago Spiritualists' League. It is a recommendation, an endorsement, a statement to the public that we, an incorporated body of Spiritualists of Chicago, who have studied the question of mediumship, who have had experience among and with mediums, have found here a true and genuine medium, to whom you may go with the assurance at least that you will not be deceived and wilfully tricked. It is in no sense a license or permission to practice mediumship. Far by it from the League to arrogate to itself the right and prerogative to dictate who shall and who shall not practice the gift of mediumship. That gift is the sacred possession of, and belongs of right to the individual, and he or she may practice it whenever and wherever he or she feels the divine impulse to assist mankind to a higher life and a truer and deeper knowledge.

The officers of the League and of the State Association had to fight and contend against the passage of a license law against mediumship, which, had it been enacted, would have been the quietest and death-blow to all public mediumship in Chicago, and at the same time have been a boon and God-send to the conscienceless faker and the heartless juggler, who for so long have trafficked for gold in the holiest affections of the human heart.

But what protection under the law can such a certificate give? It is asked. Why may not any other organized society as well as the League endorse our mediumship and protect us before the law?

Mediums are entitled to a fair answer to these questions. Here is our answer and the reasons.

First, The enforcement of the ordinance by the recent decision of Judge Wells, of the Municipal Court, has been relegated exclusively to the Police and Law Departments of the City of Chicago.

Second, The Police Department has declared its intention to recognize but one source of information, as to the genuineness of mediums, from organized Spiritualism in Chicago.

If Christ Came to London.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, author of "The New Theology," "Christianity and the Social Order," etc., delivered a remarkable sermon in the City Temple, London, one recent Sunday. His subject was the miracle of "Christ feeding the multitude." The men who told the story were Orientals," he said, "and were not deceived in the least. They used it to illustrate the spiritual value of Jesus in the world. The feeding of the multitude was not the feeding of the body, but the feeding of the soul with the bread of life. If Jesus came to minister to us to-day and did not say who He was, we think His own church would receive him gladly? I am perfectly sure it would not. It would regard Him as a dangerous revolutionary engaged in upsetting order in the church and state."

"If Jesus came to London to-day He would not go down to the East End and talk to the children dancing to the organ in the street, say He was their big brother, and give them something to eat. He would not think charity would meet the case, and if He did He would not have very much to give away. The East End of London would be too much for Him, and He would have to work a fresh miracle every day. If He did it would be very demoralizing."

"Jesus would strike straight at the causes which are making for poverty and degradation, and keeping the rich and poor away from each other in this modern world. He would expose the whole system of giving people good advice, while we continue to profit by their material disadvantages. He would probe the thing to the bottom, and would make us ashamed of ourselves for never having faced the situation before."

"A few days ago an artist and his wife were found drowned in the Thames. They had chosen that end because the struggle to live had been too much for them. I suppose there

are some people who would say that these two poor things would go to hell. If so, it cannot be very much worse than the hell they left. Who makes that hell? I make it. You make it. We all do our little to help to make it—not willingly but thoughtlessly.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A SABBATH REVERIE.

A Sabbath day is ending,
 The nightly shadows fall;
 And softly kiss each other
 Upon the fire-lit wall.
 Outside the pure, white snowflakes,
 All day so slowly fell;
 Weaving a robe of ermine
 On meadow, hill and dell.

I gaze into the darkness,
 With heart both sad and sore;
 And long for absent faces,
 Whose whom I see no more.
 I miss the loving voices
 With laughter, glad and gay;
 The hands, whose tender clasping,
 Mine own would feel to-day.

Afar beyond the hill-tops,
 'Mid olden trees and brown;
 Upon a quiet homestead
 The snow comes gently down.
 Dear, peaceful dwellers, gathered
 Within that home to-night;
 I trace the cherished picture,
 In memory's glowing light.

And yet, some chairs are vacant,
 That cheerful hearth around;
 A little fair-haired sister
 One in a distant clime.

While treading life's rough ways;
 Still keeps in fond remembrance,
 His boyhood's happy days.

One other weary wanderer,
 O, noble heart and true!
 My shadowed life cries ever,
 Its deep, lone cry for you.
 Here in the Sabbath stillness
 'Mid sadly falling tears.

The police officials, soon after the passage of the ordinance announced to the committees of the League and the State Association that they desired the assistance of the real Spiritualists, the religious Spiritualists, if you please, who are formed into a religious body representative of the doctrines and truths of Spiritualism—since they had been told that Spiritualism was a religion and entitled to the same protection under the law as other religious bodies.

They said: "Where is your church, your society, the head of your organization, to whom we may look for such assistance? It is very difficult, it is impossible, for us, unaided and alone to determine who are your genuine spiritual mediums, the true teachers and demonstrators of those doctrines and beliefs that you profess to hold. If we have to go on our own judgment, without some authentic guidance on this matter of mediumship, we may do a great deal of harm and cause your genuine mediums a great deal of trouble, in our bungling efforts to distinguish between the false and the genuine."

So it was, that some central organic power and authority had to be decided upon and named to the Police Department, whose function it should be to point out the genuine spirit mediums, the true teachers and representatives of our gospel of glad tidings. The State Association, prompted solely by a desire to benefit the cause to the greatest possible extent, through its officers, joined with the League in the declaration to the head of the Police Department that the League would undertake the task of designating those whom it was considered were the true and genuine representatives of mediumship and entitled to be let alone by the officers of the law in their pursuit of the false prophets, the base pretenders and lying spirits that have been deluding the public for years with the idea that they were mediums, just as good as any, and that all the rest were like themselves.

What else could be done? Were we not willing, ought we not to have been willing, in justice and having confidence in our cause and the genuineness of mediumship, to assist these officers to the extent at least of protecting the genuine mediums amongst us by simply naming them? Should this prerogative and power have been delegated to some other organization? If so, why so? The one State organization, the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, had consented and requested that the League should act, because it had confidence in it and because itself had larger duties throughout the State. It was a local work; it needed a city organization which was not sectional in the city, but which embraced the whole city; and there was and is no such other organization.

We are not hard taskmasters. We cannot afford to be. We owe all we possess of a knowledge of Spiritualism to mediums and mediumship. If mediumship is destroyed, if it vanishes from the earth, the officers and members of the Chicago Spiritualists' League cannot be the gainers; they are greatly the losers. They must be accredited with good motives until they are proved false. Many of them are life-long Spiritualists; they have grown gray in the service of the great cause. They are the friends of mediums; they are mediums and workers in the cause of Spiritualism. That cause is dear to their hearts, as dear as it is to yours. They ask no reward; they only call for what is absolutely necessary to keep the machinery of the organization in good working order.

Your certificates are good only for one year from the date of issue, and if within that time they have not protected you, if they have not helped you to help yourselves and to help humanity, drop them and go your way in peace.

Spiritualism is individualistic, and it is organic. It is destructive and constructive. It destroys error and it builds up and constructs the truth. It is not revolutionary, but evolutionary. It is in accord with the good, the true and the beautiful in all religions, cults and creeds. It believes in law and order, in truth and virtue. It would have every man, and woman a self-centered, self-forgetting, spiritual-minded, all-loving being. It believes that mankind has a common destiny. Its shibboleth is the moral law, equal justice, life everlasting and eternal progress.

It is to further these ends that the Chicago Spiritualists' League is formed, and it asks and welcomes the support and co-operation of all true mediums and Spiritualists of Chicago in its efforts for their permanent and successful establishment, that mediumship and spiritual truth may assume their rightful place among the forces of civilization and human progress.

A. M. GRIFFIN.

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE.

The Rev. Worth M. Tippy Thinks He Has "God's Message to Those Who Sorrow."—He Visited Collinwood, Where One Hundred and Fifty School Children Were Burned to Death.—He Speaks Beautifully of the Change Called Death.

As I walked along the rows of pitiful little forms in the Lake Shore warehouse Wednesday afternoon, and watched fathers and mothers searching in mute anguish for their children, I knew, as though the veil which hides the unseen had been lifted, and I had seen the face of God, that his heart was sorrowful for them, as was my own.

I knew that He loved those broken-hearted fathers and mothers, that He loved their children even as they loved them; and I felt more than I knew, that this was the message He would have me give to them.

Heaven is Real and Very Near.

Heaven is absolutely certain—very near to us, and a part of this same universe. It is perfectly real, very much like the earth—only better. They hear there the song of birds, the laughter of children's voices, and the sound of running waters. Stars shine at night, and suns by day, and color lights both sky and field.

They Entered at Once.

Those children and their heroic teachers suffered but a brief while. They entered at once from those harrowing scenes into that fair country to which our hearts turn with longing, and to-night they are free from pain. They miss their home folks and love them, be sure of that, but they are well.

Loved Ones Received Them.

They were received into loving arms; for not a sorrowing home in Collinwood but had father or mother, brother or sister, grandfather or grandmother, or some near relative or intimate friend in the unseen world. They were waiting to receive those terrified children and to soothe and comfort them, and they will take care of them in the future.

They Will Go Right On.

These boys and girls will lose no time. Their growth, their training and their happiness will go on without serious interruption. They are still within reach of a mother's love and prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,"—Jesus ever says,—"and encouraged men to pray; 'for everyone that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened,' were his words.

Divine Help.

God will surely help all these sorrowing hearts that turn to him in this hour of need. He will comfort, and strengthen them in secret. He will take away the bitterness of death and leave only a tender and sanctifying sorrow. Some day—not so far away after all—he will bring them together again.

SPIRIT RETURN.

The loved ones linger at our side,
 Rich blessings to bestow,
 While we with anxious hearts enquire:
 Do they us really know?

Can they again to us return
 From silent mystic realms
 And touch anew our hearts with bliss,
 And love that overwhelms?

Through Medium's voice the answer comes,
 In words so convincing clear:
 Yes, we are near, tho' hid to view
 By death from friends still dear.

We can our presence thus make known
 Through this mysterious way,
 To cheer the hearts of those bereft
 And saddened by dismay.

We are not dead, as you might think,
 Tho' gone from mortal sight,
 But live to love and help you still
 In battling for the right.

Our eyes a restless vigil keep
 On every move you make;
 We seek to influence all your ways
 And every step you take.

But often you this power ignore,
 And take your reckless way,
 Tho' influence and suggestion sweet
 We give you day by day.

Cease, then, your sin, it robs the soul
 Of wealth that is divine;
 Your life can never blossom,
 Nor filled with peace sublime.

While you the course of evil go
 And righteousness despise,
 For here the soul that happy is
 On earth lived wholly wise.

It sought to mold its every act
 By principles God-given,
 And now it reaps that rich reward—
 A perfect rest in Heaven.

This course you sometime must pursue
 If you this bliss attain,
 For only as you cease from sin
 Can you expect to reign.

In realms of light, with full soul strength,
 To minister in love,
 For that, dear soul, is Heaven's bliss,
 Pure spirit life above.

A. B. PEDEN.

ship of Charleston, Kalamazoo county, and lived on a farm until four years ago when her family moved to Battle Creek. She is a very agreeable girl, unpretentious and sincere, and very large for her age. She has never read or heard of such a thing as psychic phenomena. Her unusual gift has attracted much attention, and several men here interested in psychic studies are making an investigation to report her case to the American Society for Psychical Research.—The Citizen, Ottawa, Can.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—Chesterfield.

If you want to know the opinion of your neighbor, you want his honest opinion. You do not want to be deceived. You do not want to talk with a hypocrite.—Ingersoll.

Genius always gives its best first-prudence at last.—Lavater.

Again I see the cottage.

Our home of other years.

Would I could only gather
 Some faith from out the past;
 Could strew along the pathway,
 Some blossoms that would last.
 Somewhere will joy awaken,
 Born of a higher birth;
 Hope covers the darkened places,
 As snowflakes cover the earth.

ALICE M. WARREN.
 Proctorsville, Vt.

READS HUMAN BRAIN

LIKE PRINTED PAGE.

Thirteen-Year-Old Michigan Girl is Gifted With Wonderful Psychic Power.

Battle Creek, Mich., March 6.—A strange gift is possessed by Ethel Hopple, a thirteen-year-old girl living with her grandmother, Mrs. Dolly Hopple, in this city. She is known as "the girl from whom you cannot keep a secret."

Ethel has a remarkable faculty of knowing everything that her family and friends are thinking about. This she has had since a little girl. She always supposed that all other children had the same psychic power.

At Christmas time Ethel always knows just what presents are coming to her. When her grandmother goes calling Ethel always tells with-out failure whether the person to be visited is at home or not. She forecasts every case of illness in the family, can tell whenever company is coming, and before being told that her family had decided to move to Battle Creek knew of the fact.

The Interesting Career of a Young Psychic.

Some Practical Experience of Justin Hulburd.

How limited is the knowledge possessed by the people of the present of the persecutions and brutal treatment suffered by true mediums for communion between the spirit world and our earthly sphere.

How few of the present generation realize the enormity of the persecution and slaughter of the so-called witches of olden time, the thousands burned at the stake or hanged. Why? Because they were mediums, through whose organism our spirit friends would prove to us they still lived and could return to tell of their home "over there."

But religious bigotry would have none of it. No, they must remain in the grave until Gabriel blows his horn, and then to be judged—some condemned to sit in the dazzling bright light emanating from a resplendent being, sitting on a great white throne, on whom you must gaze for all time. Others—the great majority—refused permission to associate with his immaculate immensity, but condemned to sizzle eternally in a hot place, which orthodox priestcraft in old times named "hell." When that name had lost its influence and intelligent minds could no longer be hoodwinked by that name, the so-called servants of God changed it to "hades," thinking, presumably, that by such change it would lose some of its rank brimstone odor.

Think of the thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of mediums sent by those religious bigots to live—as they claimed—and suffer eternal torture. Do you think those bigots have a true understanding of eternity? No; they are too narrow minded to comprehend the extent of that of which they talk so volubly. Poor deluded souls, may their befogged brains become cleared and the "mist roll away," may their sight be cleared that they may see the beauties of a life of love and charity, and welcome the teachings from those bright spirits who would gladly teach them the Religion of Truth.

During the last century true mediums have been terribly persecuted, but the bigots dared not go to the extreme of putting them to death, although many would have been glad to do so.

I will now give to the public a few instances in the life of little Justin Hulburd—a born medium—through whom spirits manifested to the public almost from birth.

Little Justin was subjected to most cruel treatment by his foster grandmother, Lady Robinson, when he would tell of people he had seen and children he had played with, whom she would recognize from his description as people who had been dead a long time; then she would whip the child for lying.

When his foster parents took him from his Scotland home to New York, whenever spirits manifested, especially when he would leave home and be arrested for preaching on the streets of New York, his foster parents would treat him most cruelly, saying they would whip the Devil out of him. Such was his life until at ten years of age his spirit guides, to save him from such brutality, put him upon the stage where for forty years he maintained a brilliant position.

I have the manuscript of the "Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet," prepared for the press in a work of two large volumes which will be published when I can find a printing house to which the word Spiritualism is not a bugaboo, or I can find a Spiritualist who is not afraid to risk money for the publication of one of the grandest works ever issued in the interest of the Spiritual philosophy.

I have taken from the manuscript a few extracts, showing the persecution little Justin endured during the first ten years of his existence in the material body.

In a communication from Justin Hulburd, father of the medium, given May 1, 1901, he said: This is the sixty-ninth anniversary of Justin's public mediumship—sixty-nine years ago in the part of Scotland where Sir John Robinson (who then had the care of little Justin) resided, they were holding their annual May festival, and on this particular occasion Sir John Robinson had four horses hitched to the family carriage. When everything was ready to start for the festival grounds, the friends and the family entered the carriage, the driver started the horses, they walked off pulling the driver from his seat, leaving the carriage standing.

Lady Robinson—the grandmother—got very angry and scolded the servants or attendants that were present. She was going to have them chastised, but they one and all declared they had harnessed and hitched up the horses to the carriage in the proper manner. Finally the old lady noticed little Justin, and saw he looked peculiar and concluded he was a witch. She told her husband to have him killed at once. The old gentleman got very angry and told her to go to hell. He then had his stallion saddled, took the children in front of him on the horse and went to the festival grounds. While there some of their relatives from Perth arrived in their carriage. On their arrival the bottom of their carriage dropped out; then the old lady became frantic and insisted on having the child killed. She talked to her relatives and succeeded in getting them to think as she did, so they put their heads together to put the child out of the way.

The youngest son of Sir John told his father of their plans. Then the old gentleman, without a word to any one, took the child to the north of Scotland where he had relatives living, and left him in their care. After a time his mediumship showed itself, so he had to move the child again. This time he took him to an island near the main land. There also the spirit manifested and again the child had to be moved. This time he took him to the capitol, Edinburgh.

"During the child's stay in the capitol the grandfather heard a voice saying to him: 'Bring the child home. The spirits will leave the child for a time, and then take him to a new country, and there use him to spread the light to the world.'"

It is hardly necessary to say, the horses were unhitched and the manifestations at the festival grounds were done by spirits.

Doctor William Vaname, who was also a child at the time of which he writes, gives the following, which I take from a communication given for the life of Little Justin (in after years he also became a powerful medium):

"The child, Justin, was a natural born medium. He was looked upon by the human race as a strange being, and an uncanny creature to hold speech with.

"When we were both children living in the same neighborhood, my parents forbade me to hold speech with him. He had little frizzy ringlets all over the top of his head, which the people called 'devil's knots,' and when he became angry and the fire snapped from those eyes and the ringlets shake and snap on the top of that saucy head, then we fled in terror, for we thought the wicked creature was working up some evil spell. So we had been told by our devout Christian parents.

"I knew him when a child to make predictions and they would be fulfilled to the letter.

"I remember one day a number of us children were standing on the bank of the river, when this individual came towards us. He spoke in broken English, saying, 'Canna ye see the boat gangin' down?' pointing to a boat out on the river, which contained a number of people singing songs and playing on instruments. We children standing on the bank were delighted with their music. We listened to their singing and watched the boat glide along the water, when all of a sudden it was drawn into a whirlpool and sank out of sight and all the people were drowned. We fled in terror, screaming. Our screams brought older people out to see what was the matter. We told them that the witch had worked a spell on a boat in which people were singing, when the little witch pointed at it and it sank out of sight, and all were drowned.

"They fell to and beat the child unmercifully. When they had finished beating him, he stood there saying, 'I wish I was back home wi' me auld grandfather. He's aw that loves me noo. Ye dinna ken the truth when ye see it.'"

"I remember when Justin was about seven years of age he was sent on an errand by some of his people, which took him some little ways into the town. The distance was more than two miles. On returning he thought he would ride back in an old stage that was on that line. One

of the passengers in the stage was an old brute of a Presbyterian minister whose name was Taylor. When the little one climbed the steps and entered the stage some of the passengers threw him out backwards because, they said, he was a witch. This old blot of a minister did not stay their hands from the atrocious deed. As he fell he struck a good sized stone; it hurt his spine whereby he was confined to his bed for the space of three months.

"His foster father had three of the passengers arrested, receiving damages to the amount of five hundred dollars. One of them testified in court that this brute of a preacher told them to throw the little witch into the road.

"So you see how they treated this little medium seventy years ago."

The following is taken from the communication of Gen. Robert E. Lee:

"When I was a young man I made a visit to New York City in company with another young man whose name was Meade. As we were walking along on the outside of Washington Square we discovered there was a large crowd collected in the Park. Meade said to me, 'Robert, let us enter and see what it means.' We walked into the Park and discovered a little child standing on a bench—a wee little creature. He was talking with a broken Scotch, and spoke of the 'Needs of the Time.' I was then a full-fledged Christian, and some of his words shocked me. Many of the women and men in the crowd said he was crazy and some devil had possession of the little creature. Finally a big, burly policeman came along, caught hold of the little one and dragged him down from the bench; he dragged him in such a rough manner that I thought some of the little creature's bones must have been broken, but when he arose from the ground I saw he stood up all right. He smiled and threw a kiss to the people.

"The burly Irish policeman said, 'Ye little spalpeen, you're at it agin, are ye? This is the third time I've had to take ye in.' He went off dragging the child in such a rough manner that Meade broke through the crowd, went up to the Irish policeman saying, 'You stop dragging that child in that cruel way, or I'll make it hot for you.' The policeman said, 'G'wan, now, its none of your affair.' Meade said, 'I will make it my affair, for I will walk to the station house and enter a complaint against you for cruelty to children.' The Irish policeman laughed and said, 'You'll have all your walk for nothing, me buckey lad.'"

"Meade and I followed the policeman, while a crowd followed us. I noticed the child's clothes were torn, and inquired of some of the children if they knew how his clothes became torn in that manner. A boy about twelve years of age said, 'Yes, sir, I know; the women tore his clothes dragging him off the bench. He got up again onto the bench and commenced to talk, when one of the women struck him in the face with her parasol—that's what makes the blood on his face.'"

"As we were walking towards the station house, the policeman dragged the child in such a way that he became tired and could not walk any further. Some of the children hissed at the policeman and called him an old Irish galoot, and why didn't he give the child a chance to walk right?"

"Just then a very nice-looking gentleman came along with some papers in his hand. He stepped up to where we were standing and looking at the child sitting on the ground panting for breath, said, 'Dennis Kelly, you pick that child up and carry it to the station house. I know who he is; I'm acquainted with his people.' The policeman picked up the child and carried it.

"When we reached the station the policeman told his story, how he found the child again preaching in the Square.

"Mr. Edwards—the gentleman who came with us—spoke to the chief of police, saying: 'There is something behind all this, if we only understood it.' The chief of police told him, 'This is the third time that child has been brought before me for disturbing the peace.'"

"This same Mr. Meade became your famous Northern General at the battle of Gettysburg.

"The chief of police looked down at the little one and said, 'Why do you disturb the peace so much by getting a crowd by you and talking to the people?' The little one looked up at him, smiling all the time, when he said: 'Mon, I canna help it; I hae to dee it or I burst.'"

"The chief ordered some water brought. He took a towel and wet it saying to the little one, 'Now get up here on my knee,' and washing the blood off his face, he said to the policeman: 'How did this come? Who cut the gash in his cheek?' The policeman said he did not know. I told the chief that a boy said a woman had struck him in the face with her parasol. The chief said: 'I think children are crueler to children than men as a general thing.' Then chief then took and kissed the little one, released him and handed him over to Mr. Edwards, saying: 'Edwards, you see that he gets to his people.'"

"This happened long before the days of the Rochester knockings.

"Twenty years afterwards, when the human mind had grown some, I heard a young girl, now Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, lecture on the same theme—'The Needs of the Time'—that I heard the little one speak on in Washington Square."

From communication of Sada-the-lone-one—a denizen of the "Five Points," New York:

"One Sunday morning a pretty little boy strolled into the 'Five Points, rather richly clad. The little child stood on the corner, saying to the people: 'Come and listen to me. I want to talk to you.' The low, degraded and bear-eyed wretches commenced to jeer and make fun of him. A large number of the children remained silent to hear what he had to say, Joe and I amongst them.

"The little one raised his pretty face towards heaven. He uttered a fervent little prayer, and, oh! how beautiful I thought the words were as they came from his lips. He finished up by saying, 'Oh, God, bless them all, these thy children, for thou hast said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Then he sang a beautiful song. They applauded him when he had finished. It was so pretty that I noticed a woman that stood near by crying all the time he sang.

"He told us that hell was within us, it was in our souls and it was only through the moral lives we lived that we could dig it out. Many of the degraded people laughed and said: 'The brat's a fool. Hell's down below, and heaven up above.'"

"He said: 'If you wish to come nearer to God you must purify your lives by helping each other to get out of this degradation that you have fallen into. Hell is only a place in your mind, created by your soul's desire to live an abandoned life. You are good men, women and children, if you only understood where the good quality was located.'"

"A lot of them commenced to laugh and mock him. He said: 'That quality is also in your soul. Now I want you to repeat the Lord's Prayer with me.' He commenced to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and the only one that repeated it with him was the woman that cried so much.

"All of a sudden a low, degraded strumpet caught hold of his beautiful hair and tried to drag him into the gutter. As she did so Joe kicked her and knocked her down, kept kicking her until she released his hair. He cried out with the pain, but went on preaching again.

"By this time a large crowd had collected around him. He told them God was no personal being. He was a universal principle and loved the children of men.

"Just then an old minister came along who used to preach sometimes for the degraded wretches of the Five Points. His name was Clark. After he had listened a little while he cried out: 'Sacriligious Blasphemy against the true Christian God! The child is influenced by the Devil. It's one of the Devil's imps passing itself off for a pretty child. Call the police and take it away; it is a blasphemer of the worst kind; stop up your ears and don't listen to it. It's the Devil come to earth trying to ensnare you poor creatures of the Five Points who have lost all sense and reason you ever had.'"

"Two policemen came up to see what was the matter. The minister told them that that child was a blasphemer against the Christian God, was a nuisance and disturber of the peace: 'I command you to arrest

him, take him to the station house and lock him up.' The policeman spoke to the little boy, saying: 'You must come with us; you are making too big a racket here.' He said to one of the policemen: 'Will you carry me pig-a-back if I go with you?' The policeman said: 'All right, boy, get on.'

"They went off towards the station house, the little boy singing, 'When You and I Were Young, Tom.' The other policeman had to hold his sides, from laughing so much.

"A big crowd followed, shouting: 'The young blasphemer has colored a policeman.'

"Finally we got to the station house, but no one was permitted to enter but the policeman, the little one and the minister. After a little while I slipped into the station house unnoticed by the policeman. I went over to a bench and sat down by the little boy. I took one of his hands in mine; he looked at me and smiled with those glorious eyes of his. He put one of his hands on my head and smoothed down my hair, saying: 'Little girl, there is a happy future for you; but blood must be shed before it comes to pass.'"

"The minister must have heard what he said, for he turned around and yelled out, 'The imp of hell is a witch, besides a blasphemer of the Christian God.' Then the policeman ordered me out of the station house. In the doorway stood that woman that cried so much while he was singing and talking. She said to the policeman, 'If you will only permit me to kiss those pure, innocent lips of that child, I think I can become a good woman.' The policeman picked up the little boy from the bench, carried him to the door, saying to the little one, 'Would you object to kissing this woman?' The little one said, 'Oh, no, I like to kiss good women.' He threw his arms around her neck, then kissed her on the lips several times, after that he placed his little hand on her head, saying, 'Good woman, you will become a great worker in the vineyard of souls.' She said, 'Thank God, never again shall I place a glass of liquor to my lips. I call upon God and you men here to witness what I say. Please let me stay here to-night in order that I may sober up properly.' They did so.

"The four policemen that were present in the station house each one kissed the little one in turn. The chief of police said, 'Haud him to me.' He too kissed him, saying at the same time, 'If you are in league with the Devil, as this minister says, I think to-day you have saved a soul from hell.'

"The minister cried out, 'You're all blasphemers of the worst kind; the little bastard has bewitched you, and I leave you to the Devil, for he will own you at the last.' He rushed out of the station house, and as he was going down the steps Joe stabbed him in the leg with a big pin. He jumped and hollered, 'Dear Jesus, have mercy on me. I feel the pitchfork of hell already,' which sent the crowd off into a big laugh. The young ones shouted after him until he was out of sight.

"After the crowd had dispersed, I went up to the station house door and asked the chief of police, 'Would he please let me kiss the little boy. I liked him so much.' He called the little boy up to him and said, 'Would you mind kissing this little girl?' The little boy said, 'No,' and then kissed me; then he asked the man if I could stay with him in the station house. The man said, 'All right, until his people come after him.' I remained all that night with him in the station house. He, the woman and I slept in one bed that night.

"A man called for him in the morning, and oh! how he scolded him; he scolded him so hard that I commenced to cry. The little boy took my hand and said, 'Don't cry, there will always be fools in the world.'

"That woman became Mrs. Spring, the great missionary to the Five Points.

"I have discovered since I came to spirit life that little boy was Justin Hulburd, the medium, through whom I give this communication.

Matilda Herron, the actress, was giving a communication. She had proceeded but a short time when she was interrupted by a spirit impersonating an Indian, who took the control from her. She said, 'A more fiendish expression I never saw on the face of a human being.' It was soon driven away by the medium's band and Miss Herron resumed:

"Miss Davenport asked me to come here and give my evidence, when I was attacked by that vicious spirit who represented himself to be an Indian, but is a low, degraded Catholic spirit, who bore the name of Father Kelly, and tried to break up my communication.

"You will have to watch the medium closely, or they will kill him, as they do not wish the ancient spirit to communicate."

After Miss Herron had resumed and proceeded for some time, she was again interrupted by that fiendish Catholic spirit, who suddenly commenced snatching the pillows from Justin's head—he was lying on a couch—and throwing them. Doctor Meyer, who was present, immediately grasped the brute by the wrists and looking him steadily in the eye, commanded him to leave, which he did after cursing us terribly and swearing he would kill the medium if he allowed these communications to go to the public."

What can a religion be that cannot bear the light of truth and can only exist through the ignorance of the people.

"I am glad to give the communication to the public, and you two gentlemen can tell what a genuine medium has to pass through."

Justin at one time was connected with the theatrical company of Edwin Forrest—the great tragedian. They were en route by steamer from New Orleans to St. Louis. While the steamer was stopping at Memphis Mr. Forrest and Justin went up into the city. They had seen but little of the town when Justin said to Mr. Forrest, 'Go back to the boat and get your trunks, the boat will take fire and be burned.' Mr. Forrest immediately returned to the boat, had his trunks sent to a hotel. He then told the captain what Justin had predicted. The captain got angry and told Mr. Forrest that he knew his business and required no instruction. About an hour afterward the boat took fire and was burned to the water's edge.

The captain went to the landlord of the hotel and told him Justin was a dangerous character and advised him to send him from his house, which he refused to do.

E. W. HULBURD.

GOOD WORDS TO OUR READERS.

"Good words to Spiritualists" in the Feb. 22 number of The Progressive Thinker, by Ada May Knecher strikes my approbation so well that by your leave I will add to it, by giving my experience, as experience is far ahead of theory.

I have had considerable experience, being seventy-nine years of age, with over forty years of experience in our spiritual philosophy, and feel as young as at thirty years. Enjoy life and amusements with a keen relish. My other half left me for the "evergreen" several years ago, and I am homing with my good children, contented and happy. Have a fairly good constitution, have always had temperate habits, don't use tobacco in any form, no intoxicating drinks of any kind, eat but little meat, don't drink while eating, take all the outdoor exercise I can, have regular sleeping hours. So much for the hygienic part.

I got it from the church, and have been learning ever since, am a constant reader of The Progressive Thinker, and keep in touch with its lofty aspiration, also keep in touch with the dear ones "over there," which never fails to give me something sweet to think of, creating harmonious thought vibrations. But as I learned that "I" am the spirit, and what is visible is only the covering (or machine), and that "I" had the power, if "I" would but use it, to care for it and keep it in good condition, and all without medicine, too. Then a new and happy thought struck me, thus opening to me a new road in life. Possessing the power to keep my body in good shape for an indefinite time, probably as long as "I" wanted it, "I" then went to caring for it on the same principle as I said to my farm machinery, that is, whenever a tap

or screw got loose, or bearings needed attention, attend to it at once before a breakage occurs, and it is easily remedied; don't put it off until a break-down occurs, when it will become serious.

Now when some part of my body gets out of tune, I go to work with my thoughts as material to repair with, and my hands to get up action, manipulate the parts needing treatment, using strong mandate thoughts, even using words to make it more imperative—and stick to the job, treatment after treatment, until it yields. I have, without the use of medicine of any kind, successfully treated myself for cancers, heart trouble, appendicitis, eczema, rheumatism, neuralgia, eye trouble, etc., and thus am enabled to care for this body and keep its parts evened up, when it will mature like ripened fruit and drop away, and the real "I" go to job the dear ones "over there" when there will be a happy reunion.

The Spirit Should be Master.

Now I have given some of my experience, that others may profit by it, for all we know is what we learn, and if we have the help of others we are that much ahead.

I think every person with a fairly strong will power or personality can learn to master their own body (or machine). Use good judgment—don't overload it, or over-work it, and expect to repair while the load is on. Unload first, then go for repairs. Don't undertake too much at first, or you fall and lose your confidence. Work up—practice makes more perfect—but space forbids me to add more at this time.

Take and read The Progressive Thinker—learn and keep posted. It is a pearl of great price, and we should always wear it near our hearts.

J. FEEFLEY.

Chicago.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have been called forth since a host of correspondents, that to give all equal hearing, the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often in a very brief manner. It is to be regretted that the space allotted to this department is so small, and that the answers are necessarily brief. It is to be regretted that the space allotted to this department is so small, and that the answers are necessarily brief.

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A True Story of Spirit Influence

Its Truth is Vouched for by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, of St. Louis, Mo., in Which it Appeared, and it Illustrates the Great Interest in the Present Time in Occult Subjects, Having Been Written by an Old Citizen of That City.

"When my wife and I saw the rent sign in the window of the house on South Broadway we were delighted. It was in the spring of 1867, and we had been in the city about a year. We had come from an Eastern state, intending to make the city our home. I was 25, strong and hearty; she was two years younger, and our prospects seemed good.

"After a short stay at the Everett house, we moved out to a boarding place on Washington avenue, near Ninth, and had been there ten months. But my wife did not like boarding. She wanted a place to entertain her friends, for we had made many acquaintances at the Church of the Messiah on Ninth and Olive; so we were both pleased at the prospect of getting the house.

"We noticed the sign on Sunday afternoon and Monday I went to the agent's office on Chestnut to inquire about the house. I noticed when I mentioned the number that the three clerks of the place all looked up, but I thought nothing of it, and being pretty busy that week I suggested that my wife and myself would go and look through the house the next Sunday. But the agent demurred, said he had to go out of town, and suggested that I should go the same afternoon with one of his clerks, and we could fix up the business next day. So on my way back to the office I called at our boarding house and told my wife to come to the office at 4 o'clock. She was there on time, and we walked up from Second and Vine to Broadway, and took the car down to the house.

"One of the clerks was on the pavement jingling a bunch of keys in his hand. He showed us through the house, opening the blinds of one room after another, then closing them, kept pretty close to us, locking every door as he went, and seemed to be in a hurry; but I thought nothing of that, either. He didn't go into the kitchen at all, but my wife did, for, of course, to a housekeeper the kitchen is a very important place. Her footfalls on the kitchen floor gave a hollow sound, and when I heard that, I went in and stamped on the boards. "Cellar underneath?" I said to the young fellow.

"Cellar under the house," he answered, so we came out very well satisfied.

"We had reason. The house was all right. Wide hall, front parlor, back parlor, dining room, pantry, kitchen, four bedrooms and second story, two attic rooms, gas, water; couldn't be improved on. "Early next morning I called on the agent and took a lease for a year, at a very reasonable rent.

"The balance of that week my wife spent in buying furniture, taking measurements for carpets, curtains and the like, and I told her that to save trouble we would have everything sent to the furniture man's and let it all be taken down at once. By Friday she had bought everything we would need at first, and left orders for all to be sent down on Saturday.

But when she got back to the boarding house there was a telegram informing her that her mother was ill, and requesting her to come at once. She left on the evening train for the East, and I rode over with her on the bus to the depot in East St. Louis, and on the way she told me about the things and said I had better go Saturday and receive them, and that I ought to sleep in the house until she got back.

"I thought so, too, so the next afternoon I went to the house, and there were three or four wagon loads of furniture and boxes piled on the sidewalk, and half a dozen colored drivers and porters sitting around waiting, as if for somebody to come and take charge.

"I was pretty mad at the way they dumped the things, because I had left the keys at the furniture store with the instructions to put everything inside.

"Haven't you got the keys?" I asked the biggest driver.

"Yes, boss, but we ain't got time. We got three more loads to make clear out to Lucas place, and they told us to hurry; and so saying, he handed me the keys, and in spite of my protests the drivers mounted their wagons and made off.

"Just then a policeman sauntered along and I stated my quandary.

"Oh, he said, 'There oughtn't to be any trouble about that. Now, I'll stay here and watch the things for awhile, and you go to the Iron Mountain yards at Main and Plum. There's always a lot of freight-handlers sitting around there. You hire three or four of them, and they'll put in your stuff in short order.'

"I thanked him, went to the yards, and in less than an hour was back again with five brawny freightmen, and the way they got those boxes into the house was a show. In a couple of hours everything was in; then, remembering what my wife had said about sleeping in the house, we rigged up a bedstead and prepared my bed in the front parlor.

"I paid the fellows for their work, slipped a dollar greenback in the policeman's hand for his trouble and went back up-town.

"That evening I went back to the boarding house, and after supper sat chatting with the boarders until toward 9 o'clock when I remembered it was time to go home. Everybody laughed when I spoke of going home, but I felt rather proud at the thought that I was no longer a boarder, but had developed into a renter, which was the next thing to householder.

"The evening was pleasant, so after walking down Washington avenue, stopping to look at the ruins of the Lindell Hotel, which was burned a month before, I went on to Broadway. No car was in sight, so I strolled past Centenary Church and the Southern Hotel, stopped a moment to look at the crowd coming out of the Olympic after the first act, then went on to the house. In the entries of other houses in the block people were sitting, and as I passed one doorway a lady remarked to a gentleman sitting on the steps, 'Well, they won't stay long.'

"No, they won't. I'll gamble my last shinplaster on that," answered the man, and I remember wondering who they were talking about, and why shouldn't the people stay there as long as they pleased.

"I unlocked the door, and after stumbling over several boxes I got into the parlor, struck a match and lighted the gas. Everything seemed right, so I made a tour of the rooms with a candle that I'd left handy, stuck it on a nail projecting from a box, then blew it out, turned off the gas and went to bed.

"How long I slept, I do not know, but I was roused into a state of the keenest tension by the consciousness that I was not alone. I had not heard a sound, and yet I knew that there were others in the room. Suddenly from the direction of the folding doors there came the sound of a heavy blow and it sickened me; the grating crash reminded me of my visits to a slaughter house, when I was a boy, for the sound was exactly like that which the ax of the butcher made when it crushed the skull of an ox. Then came light whispers and a low moan as of a woman in agony. With straining eyes I peered into the darkness. Another light whisper, then a shuffling of feet, as though men were carrying a burden. A gust of cool air followed, as when a door is opened, then painful moans. The shuffling feet seemed to pass from the back parlor into the dining room, there was a stronger draught, the shuffling and the moans grew fainter, but I could still hear, as the sounds came through the dining room, apparently from the pantry passage. A sharp click followed like that of a lock, then a thump as though a door had been thrown back, and struck against the wall. A moment later there came noises from the direction of the kitchen as if boards were being handled, and a low scream which suddenly ceased. The board handling was resumed, ending with one or two heavy stamps as when flooring is forced into place by the heels of a carpenter. The slam of a door followed, then dead silence, more terrifying than even the noise.

"I slept no more. It seemed an age until the first light of dawn. As soon as I could see I dressed and opened the front blinds. It was a bright Sunday morning, but except a milkman ringing his bell, two block south, no one was in sight. As I stood at the window the bells of the Church of St. Francis at Ninth and Green began to chime and a moment later their cheerful clamor was joined by the bell of the cathedral. Refreshed by the cool breeze, I turned to begin an investigation

of the night's occurrences. The folding doors between the front and back parlors were open, just as they had been the night before, but to my astonishment, both doors of the dining room were also open, and I could see to the door of the kitchen. I was certain I locked the doors, so my first thought was of hidden thieves. I picked up a fragment of a packing box, and with this weapon peered cautiously into the dining room. No one was there. The pantry was locked, but the kitchen door, which I also thought I locked, though closed, opened by turning the knob. I did not go upstairs, but after relocking all the doors, went to our boarding house for breakfast. I was two hours early, so walked out to Missouri Park and sat down on one of the benches to think the matter over, and the more I thought, the more puzzled I became.

"That afternoon I walked out the avenue with Tom Buck, one of my fellow boarders, to whom I confided my story. Tom looked at me pretty hard, as though he were not certain whether I had been drinking, or had taken leave of my wits, but apparently satisfied that I was all right mentally, he expressed perfect willingness to help unravel the mystery. So that night found us both in the Broadway house, each with a good revolver and ready for either ghosts or thieves. We lighted the gas jets in all the rooms except the front parlor, where Tom said we'd better leave no lights, so we'd have the advantage of seeing without being seen; then we turned the jets low and lay down across the bed, fully dressed.

"We'd been there about two hours and were both awake, when I noticed that instead of the yellow flame, the gas burned a clear blue, giving a most unearthly light in the back parlor. At the same instant there was a creak of a door. I nudged Tom and we rose to a sitting position, revolver in hand. By the dim light we could see that the door of the back parlor was opening. Just as it swung on its hinges there appeared to the left of the folding doors the outlines of a sofa, on which I could see the form of a man lying full length. He wore a Union uniform. I could plainly see the buttons. He was an officer, too. His shoulder straps showed that. He was young, handsome and sound asleep.

"From the opening door two figures emerged, ill-dressed men with villainous faces, one carrying a heavy sledge, black and grimy. With stealthy steps they crossed the floor. Just then there emerged from the shadow on the right the figure of a young woman, tall, with a mass of glistening black hair crowning her head, and large lustrous eyes that glittered in the faint blue light. Her appearance, attitude and gestures indicated agonizing terror. She extended her hands as though in supplication to the two intruders. They roughly pushed her aside, and one, raising the hammer, brought it down with a crash on the head of the sleeping officer. The woman hid her eyes between her hands and moaned, while the two men raised the prostrate form and shuffled with it across the room. They passed into the pantry hall, then one, resting the officer's shoulders on his knee, threw back the kitchen door. The form of the moaning woman cut off our view, but by a common impulse, Tom and I both rose and followed.

"Although pistols were no defense against spiritual forms, we tightly gripped our weapons as we stole through the rooms and hall, and peeped in at the open kitchen door. The two men were lifting boards from the floor and we could see a black gulf beneath, while the woman knelt over the form of the officer. They lifted the body, dropped it head first through the opening, and I heard what seemed a far-away splash as the body fell. The woman gave a scream, suddenly silenced as one of the men roughly gripped her by the throat and threw her on the floor. As they picked up the boards, I felt Tom nudge me, turned, and caught a glimpse of him as he crossed the back parlor. I followed quickly and found him on the pavement outside, wiping his face with his handkerchief, but before I closed the door I heard the stamp of a heavy heel in the kitchen, as the boards were kicked into place.

"We passed the remainder of the night on the front steps, and in the morning re-entered the house. Everything was as we had left it, except that the doors had been locked stood open, and the kitchen door was closed, but not locked.

"I moved my furniture next day. It cost me something to even up with the agent, and I wrote to my wife that I found the house wouldn't suit. It was unhealthy, I said. There was water in the cellar. Tom and I swore each other to secrecy. We were both afraid of being laughed at.

"Two years later the house was taken down, and when I heard of it I went to see the contractor, had a talk with him, told him I had once rented the house, but gave it up on account of some curious manifestations I noticed.

"Yes, I always heard that house was haunted," said the contractor. 'In the last year of the war there was a queer family there that nobody in the neighborhood seemed to get acquainted with. They were an awfully ill-assorted lot—an old man and woman and a fine-looking girl, and two or three tough men always hanging about the kitchen. They say that a young officer—I think he was a paymaster in an Eastern regiment—disappeared with a large sum of money, and the last anybody knew of him he was traced to that house. Then, about the same time, the young woman committed suicide, and two fellows, supposed to be the hangers-on, were drowned near the foot of Chouteau avenue, crossing the river in a stolen skiff, and on the body of one caught in the eddy at Elwood street, they found over \$6,000 in greenbacks.'

"Was there anything unusual about the kitchen?" I asked.

"Yes, there was an old well under the kitchen, and before we filled it up one of my men put down a grappling hook."

"Did he find anything?"

"No, the iron only brought up a bit of cloth with a brass army button. Nothing of any value."

THINK! READ! WORK!
Pennsylvania Convention—Lycæum Matters—Christian Threats.

The Pennsylvania State Association, formed at Pittsburgh, has taken a decided stand for genuine phenomena and truth. All truth lovers will say, Amen! Success was sure, with Dr. Warner, Barrett, Stevens, Ward, Locke and Day as speakers and workers.

Philadelphia societies are doing well. The Locke Society, by their generous gift of The Progressive Thinker to their church attendants, are securing a success. Two Lyceums, one at the University of Pennsylvania, and one at the University of the City of Philadelphia, are working faithfully. Philadelphia is a harbor of kindness to all speakers and psychics.

The Pittsburgh Lyceum holds pleasant sessions. Mrs. Stevens devotes her time to class for adults, and is doing a good spiritual work. Two Sundays of rain, but plenty of sunshine in the work. A cordial greeting and co-operation gives me new zeal. Sowing the seeds of a better life in the hearts of the children to-day means 'The harvest comes to-morrow.'

Many will welcome the new N. S. A. Lyceum thought. It has a staff of workers that are a host in themselves. The watchword of the hour should be to the Lyceum, Think! Read! Work. Every Spiritualist Society should have a Lyceum.

Christian Threats: I have received a "prayer" which I am asked to send to nine friends. (Wonder if I can count that many; hundreds are kindly—friends are something more.) Here is the prayer: "O Lord Jesus, we implore thee to have mercy on all mankind; keep us from evil by thy precious blood, and take us to be with Thee eternally. Amen." Then follows a half-veiled threat for "he" (they did not say she) "who will not write this will meet with some misfortune." Also "He who will do this, on the ninth day, have 'some great joy,' etc. Signed 'A Friend.' When I am a friend, I am always glad to sign my name. What a flood of criticisms such a letter would call out if written by Spiritualists. We, who realize something of psychic power—its expanding and penetrative qualities—have a chance to 'force ahead'—apply principles to practice, and lead (not follow) to better and happier homes and laws here, and clearer communion with the unseen.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Time to Look Into the Truth of the Matter.
"The voice of the people is the voice of God."
That has been quoted from time immemorial and is commonly accepted as the truth.

It is simply nothing of the sort. The voice of the people was against those who were burned for witchcraft. Was it the voice of God?

The voice of the people of England was for the unlovely war against the Boers in South Africa. Was it the voice of God?

The voice of the people of Florence was for the burning of Savonarola. Was it the voice of God?

The voice of the people was for the destruction of the Indians by force. Was it the voice of God?

The voice of the people in England was for the oppression of the thirteen colonies. Was it the voice of God?

The voice of the people of France was for the victorious, selfish and tyrannical Napoleon—the man who lived for himself alone—who had no lovable qualities and who was certainly an infidel. Was it the voice of God?

In other words, is it not time we took stock of many of our easily-motivated phrases and determine their truth or falsity?

The voice of the people is either wise or foolish, just in proportion to the wisdom or foolishness of the people. It is an insult to the Almighty, under most circumstances to say that what the people say, is God's word. The history of the world makes God out as something to be avoided, if that is the way to get on. It is a statement is true.—Evening Herald, Binghamton, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS OF HUDSON TUTTLE.

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It is the Headquarters of a New Society for Psychical Research, "the Most Important Question Before the World to-day," Says a Wise Sage. Leading Minds in it are Spiritualists. A Provincial Charter is Secured, and Dr. John S. King is Elected President. They Will Delve into the Supernatural.

A charter has been issued by the provincial government (as set forth in the Toronto Morning World of March 9) for the incorporation of The Canadian Society for Psychical Research. The legal headquarters will be situated in the city of Toronto. The following gentlemen have been elected by ballot to the position indicated on the first board of directors: President, Dr. John S. King; vice-president, Truman Fred Corey; secretary, Herbert G. Paul; treasurer, Col. James Henry Frost; directors, Col. Robert Baldwin Hamilton, Dr. William Edward Hamill, James Alexander Knox, Prof. James Frederick McCurdy, Ph. D., LL.D.; Dr. James Simpson Bach. Dr. King, who has been elected president, has been well known in Toronto for twenty years past as a student of the occult phenomena. The other gentlemen on the directorate by their business standing or scholarship lend weight to the new organization.

Objects of the Society.
A fundamental object of the society, as may be readily comprehended, is the association of those interested in the most careful and exacting investigation along scientific lines, with a view to the extension of our knowledge of the various mental psychological phenomena.

It is the purpose of the society that all investigations shall be systematically and carefully conducted; and results faithfully recorded; and such reports, whether the work of individual members, branch societies or committees of the parent body, or of the branches, shall be placed with the board of directors of the parent society to be dealt with.

The general objects of the Canadian Society for Psychical Research may be summarized from the declared objects as set forth in the circulars of the London, Eng., and American societies, as follows:

The investigation by competent persons of the nature and extent of any alleged influence of one mind upon another through some process other than normal sense perception, and ordinarily designated as thought transference or telepathy.

The investigation of reports regarding apparitions, whether of the living, of the dying, or of the dead, and coinciding with some external event, or conveying information not previously known to the percipient, or representing the experience of two or more persons independently of each other.

The investigation of visions and apparitions experienced by dying persons, whether coincident with external events or not.

The investigation of the alleged phenomena of clairvoyance, including dowsing of the finding of water, or of minerals by supernatural methods not referable to telepathy or thought transference.

The investigation of the alleged phenomena of premonition, or the forecasting of future events in some way not explicable by chance or normal process of inference.

Investigation of Dreams.
The investigation of coincidental dreams, whether they represent the phenomena of chance, or information of a supernatural character.

The investigation of mediumistic phenomena, purporting to represent communications with disincarnate spirits, or other knowledge supernaturally acquired or not.

The investigation of the alleged physical phenomena commonly referred to the agency of disincarnate spirits, and not superficially explicable by the known operation of natural agencies.

The investigation of all sub-conscious mental phenomena, which are calculated to throw light upon what is alleged to be supernatural.

The investigation of all residual mental phenomena of any kind, including illusions, hallucinations, coincidences, visions, etc., that may help in the explanation of the supernatural.

The collection of material bearing on the history of these foregoing subjects.

The encouragement of the formation of local or branch societies composed of the members of the Canadian Society for Psychical Research, such branch societies to elect their own officers and committees under the objects and purposes as hereinbefore set forth, and to be governed by the prescribed by-laws of the society.

Conclusions and Publications.
It is not only desirable, but it is expected that individual members will report phenomena deserving record or

investigation to the society for scientific investigation.
The acceptance by the society of a report of investigation of any of certain phenomena for record or publication does not imply the society's acceptance of the hypothesis offered, or endorsement of any conclusions based on the report, unless specifically stated.

Membership of or in the society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the alleged facts collected by it, or even of the facts themselves.

Membership stands only for the need of investigation of the phenomena alleged.

The society may publish annually a volume of proceedings, consisting of deleted reports and discussions, while at shorter intervals it may also publish a journal consisting of matter for investigation.

The society desires to co-operate in the near future with the English, American, French, German, Italian and other societies operating under a charter from the respective governments, for the foregoing or similar purposes.

Membership in the Society.
Membership in the society will not be the result of solicitation, but will be attainable by those who are in harmony with its objects and desires of co-operating, and who secure it in the regular course provided, viz., by applying in writing to the secretary for an application blank and other information desired, stating his or her reasons for seeking membership, and the kind of membership desired.

The entire membership of the society, other than honorary, will be a membership selected from among the applicants by the directors, who are legally constituted a membership committee.

Hopes and Desires.
The privacy, as distinguished from secrecy, with which the work of the English and American societies is carried on, did not encourage The World to expect the Canadian society to render much information, but the president, Dr. King, very kindly consented to make a statement as to the hopes and desires of the promoters, as follows:

"The gentlemen associated in the effort to launch into an existence a strong Canadian society for psychical research, chartered by the Province of Ontario, aim at securing as members some of Canada's best expert scientific men; some of her ripest scholars, some of her ablest thinkers; many of her open-minded, truth-seeking citizens, men and women who stand ready to applaud the mathematic, or physical, or logical demonstration of a new truth, or the equally well demonstrated destruction of a fallacy; and will be found ready at the proper time to give place to others who can better justify the society's existence by their individual effort, contribution of knowledge, or scientific status."

"They also desire to see thoughtful plodding investigators interest themselves in some one or more of the phases indicated; and through the provisions for local societies, or branches composed of members of the Canadian society for psychical research will in the course of a few months be able to gratify their ambition, having first secured the privilege of membership, provision for which attainment is elsewhere made."

"In addition to the foregoing hopes and desires as to membership the promoters of this society imbued with Canadian patriotism preferred to set an independent Canadian society rather than depend upon the London Society, the American Society, or other foreign societies, and with a degree of confidence in the future record of the society they believe it will merit the patronage of such Canadians as have passed the period of active investigation, or for want of time cannot so engage, but who, enjoying Canadian prosperity, are prepared to share with this society and put themselves on record as patrons endorsing its existence."

Already Established.
The S. P. R., through the English and American Societies, has already had a footing in Canada. Among members of the older organizations are W. A. Scott, John MacLean, George Mann and Mrs. U. E. T. Macaulay, Montreal; George Gillies, Toronto; Dr. S. A. Akroyd, Kingston; J. Crowl, Cox, Ottawa, and A. Percy Gomeroy, Richmond, Quebec. Dr. King and Prof. McCurdy have also been among

the Canadian adherents which numbered one fellow, two full members, and seven associate members.

In some respects Canadian opinion is very parochial and narrow, and in the past anything approaching interest in matters psychic has been met with a storm of prejudice. For some reason or other people find it more difficult to assume a scientific and judicial attitude on these questions than on any others.

This is partly due to the innate disposition of human nature to rebel against novelty. An order to assist the convenience of everyone on the streets, for example, is met with immediate opposition, and a century of prejudices without any inquiry into the merits of the case.

It is difficult for the average human being to realize that he does not know many things which he should know, and that he is ignorant of things which he should know. He is usually more than he can tolerate.

And yet the Society for Psychical Research does not go as far as that. It merely stands for unbiased, critical scientific investigation. It does not seek to prove or to disprove. It merely seeks to ascertain the facts. But there are still a large number of people who fear lest some alleged facts should be proven, and rather than face the ordeal of a recantation, they prefer to live in a fool's paradise. Others are fearful that some alleged facts should be disproven and have not sufficient reliance on the eternal truth of nature to convince themselves of its unity and harmony.

There was at one time a sharp conflict between the Psychical Research Society, founded in 1882, and its predecessor by seven years, the Theosophical Society. It is now generally recognized that the latter follows the method of the philosophy of evolution, while the Society for Psychical Research follows the prevailing cult of evolution. There is no contradiction. They approach the phenomena of life from opposite points of view. Dr. Richard Hodgson, when a very young man of 22, once issued an address report on Madame Blavatsky, with whom he was unacquainted and had never met. But later on he accepted far more wonderful phenomena than any he had repudiated, and died a year or so ago in Boston, one of the staunchest supporters of other-world arcana.

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"We required definite and crucial proof," said Sir Oliver, "a proof difficult even to imagine as well as difficult to supply. The ostensible communicators realize the need of such proof as fully as we do and have done their utmost to satisfy the rational demand. Some of us think they succeeded. Others are still doubtful."

The cautious language of this statement will be recognized as that of science, whose spirit and tone is reverent above all of truth and fact. It is in this spirit that the work of the Canadian Society will presumably be carried on, whether the investigations undertaken be trivial or momentous.

It is true that some members of the English Society, like Frank Podmore and J. G. Piddington, display an amount of incredulity which would not be regarded as rational in a chemical or physical laboratory, but this essential one in an undertaking where at the same time the most conclusive proof is essential, and yet not desirable if the freedom of the will and the reason is to have due exercise.

The officers and council of the English Society are a sufficient testimony to the soundness of the position. The last president is Rt. Hon. G. W. Balfour. The vice-presidents are Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, F.R.S.; Prof. W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.; Sir Wm. Crookes, F.R.S.; George B. Dorr, F.R.S.; H. Hyslop, Ph.D.; Prof. Wm. James, Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., D.Sc.; Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S.; Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Ripon. The council consists of W. W. Bagally, Prof. Barrett, Ernest N. Bennett, M.P.; J. Milne Bramwell, M.B.; the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., F.R.S.; G. Lowes Dickinson, Hon. Evarard Feilding, Rev. A. T. H. Fry, Sir Lawrence Dundas, M.C., M.B.; Gilbert Murray, LL.D.; Sidney Olivier, C.M.G.; J. G. Piddington, St. George Lane Fox Pitt, Frank Podmore, Lord Rayleigh, F. C. S. Schiller, D.Sc.; Sidney C. Scott, A. F. Shand, Mrs. H. Slidewell, LL.D.; H. A. Smith, Lieut. Col. G. Taylor, F.R.S.; W. J. Thomson, F.R.S.; Charles Lloyd Tuckey, M.D.; Mrs. A. W. Verrall, V. J. Woodley, Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.S., is an honorary member.

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A PROMINENT BACKSLIDER.
After many years as a Spiritualist, He Has Gone Back to the "Old Chestnut."

To the Editor: I was one of about thirty people who listened to the discourse of Dr. Hidden, while here, and he has taken after thirty years of professed belief in Spiritualism, and public labor in the cause, he has gone back, body and soul, to the old "chestnut" of "Christ and him crucified," and in the language of Scripture, returning "like a dog to his vomit, and the swine to his wallowing in the mire." He has even been a Spiritualist? I leave the question for Hudson Tuttle to answer.

Dr. Hidden's sermon was on the evangelistic plane, weak as disavowed, the main point being, "Come to Jesus and be saved."

The last of A. T. Marth to the cause of Spiritualism is of little consequence, as he has neither prestige nor influence in the city; but the reasons he gives for turning his back upon the Cause you will no doubt appreciate at their full value from the fact that he has been one of the strongest advocates of the phenomena in his position as president of the "Providence Spiritual Association," placing upon the platform test mediums galore, some of them incompetent to such a degree as to disgust intelligent investigators.

As he confesses in his communication he has been holding weekly evening circles for more than a year in his little cobble-stone shop on Brigham street, where he labors for his daily bread, we can wish him all the success possible in his efforts to raise the fallen, but his repudiation of Spiritualism will in the end prove a boomerang to him.

E. H. DUNHAM.
Providence, R. I.

HE MOVES TO AMEND.
An Effort Being Made to Reincarnate on Coins, "In God We Trust."

To the Editor: I notice in this week's Progressive Thinker that the House Committee on Coinage reports favorably to the restoration of "In God We Trust" on the national coin. Now, if they will amend that to read in big letters, "IN THIS GOD WE TRUST," it will be appropriate and mean something. As it is, it is the cheapest kind of cheap politics, "buncombe" on the part of the committee, and the cheapest kind of religious "buncombe" on the part of the people—a deliberate attempt to fool God into a belief that this is a Christian nation, and to cover up all the political and religious rot and dishonesty and other schemes born of dishonesty and self interest, that rules this country, under that little hypocritical sentence, "In God We Trust." Now, Mr. Editor, if a motion is in order, I move that this be amended.

S. F. MOORE.
Arlington, Ohio.

ORTHODOX HELL.
Church Creeds and Infant Damnation. To say that this book is a production of Dr. J. M. Peebles is sufficient to explain the interesting features of it, and recommend it to every reader of Spiritualist literature. Price, 19 cts.

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These three volumes have been prepared by J. R. Francis. They contain invaluable data.
4—Ghost Land, Spiritualism, Occultism, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.
5—The Next World Interviewed, by Mrs. G. Horn, a most remarkable medium.
6—The Occult Life of Jesus, by Alexander Smythe, a medium of rare gifts.
7—A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands. Translated by A. Farnese, a wonderful English medium.
8—The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science, by Hudson Tuttle.
9—Seers of the Ages, or Spiritualism Past and Present, by Dr. J. M. Peebles.
10—The Great Debate Between Moses Hull and W. F. Jameson.
11—Letters from the Spirit World, written through the mediumship of Carlyle Peterlin.
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