



EXPERIENCES.

They are from the Spirit Side of Life.

And from One Who on Earth Was a Materialist.

An Inspirational Discourse
BY MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.
At Washington Hall, Chicago, Sunday, Sept. 27.

(SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.)

What is the spirit of man that it goeth upward, or the spirit of the beast that it goeth downward? One sentence formed the keynote in our conversations, writings and thoughts of the one whose experience is to be given to-night, when on earth. The sentence is as follows: "There is nothing in natural law that gives any indication of an immortality." Well-grounded mentally in the conviction of what that sentence declares, as most of you are in its opposite, the one who believes that death ends all, that the life which was but the expression of material law would change and pass into matter again, under such convictions, he felt the approach of the change called death. The basis of his conclusion will be briefly narrated:

Rearred in early life in the strict orthodox school of thought, nurtured by those who believed in the actual plenitude of inspiration of the Christian Bible, and also in the inspiration of the Hebrew Bible as a portion of the accepted word of God, reared in all that Calvinism implies. At the age of about 16 years, continual doubts came into his mind; the uncertainty, the skepticism; the refusal to believe in the revolting ideas of total depravity, vicarious atonement, the suffering of the innocent for the guilty, of the arbitrary laws of salvation governing those who are not aware of the manner of salvation, all this seemed too terrible. And suddenly the mind turned away from that which was called or considered the only means of immortality, to the study of the problems of existence.

Other religions were studied, and the various claims of different denominations. As far as limited means and comparatively secluded life and access only to a few books would permit, he studied closely all forms of religious thought; he noted among Christian denominations dissensions concerning points of faith, matters which would be exceedingly important, if any were true, and that there were such differences as would be fatal; and if he held in keeping the safety and well-being of the immortal soul, to make a mistake as to which denomination one belonged, or which creed one accepted, would be eternally fatal; that the immortal life and well-being of souls that were wholly in the keeping of God should hinge upon so narrow a problem and small a thread as being mistaken in the creed; if one were or were not to accept the doctrine of the eternal torment of infants, that the lack of belief in any one of these essential ideas would constitute sufficient for the soul to be lost, seemed utterly incomprehensible. Then one by one the claims of the various religions were reviewed before the mind of this young life. The one's life that is thus here given, urged by doubt and impelled by the desire to know the truth, strongly convinced that somewhere the problem of life might find solution in more congenial and pleasant ways, studied and compared the claims of the various religions; he studied the claims of the Church of the Reformation as being the foundation of the Christian religion, and finally studied the claim of all dissenting bodies and of all who had turned from the former church, and at last there came to him the knowledge that the claim of these different creeds rested upon no higher foundation than human authority, and it could not be possible that the deity would so confine the wisdom of His word as to intrust, to minds capable of such errors, the everlasting problem of the salvation of man's soul.

Then with the first doubt came also a long troop of doubts and shadows, as many times a flock of birds that seemed to spread over the native hills, and almost darken the sun with their shadow; and finally one after the other disappeared, and the darkness of the claims of every one of these creeds. What religion was he did not claim to know; what creeds were he concluded must rest in the mind, intellect and ambition of men.

The religious history of the world was so studied, from the time of the early Christian martyrs to the ten persecutions by the hand of the bloody convert to Christianity, Constantine, down to the very latest horrors perpetrated in the name of Christianity at Salem in your own country, and it seemed that if the salvation of the human race depended upon such barbaric being practiced in the name of religion, then he, for one, did not want to be saved; that if Roman Catholic and Protestant could such war with one another and be justified in putting one another to death in a long and relentless warfare against each other, as during the reign of Christian kings in England, each striving to blot the other out of existence, then he wished to be no participant in that kind of sacrifice; and if primarily the first act of salvation was to accept, conscious of his own unworthiness, the fruition of eternal life at the hand of the bloodshed

stances of which they were made. So that any given combination of atoms would produce any given result, provided all the changes through which they passed were similar; that the changes to produce a rose, or to produce a bird, or to produce a human being, were simply so many different varieties of expression under the general law of the atomic or materialistic world.

Little by little this well-grounded conviction took absolute possession of the mind. Many were the disputes and discussions, and many were the hours of antagonisms between parent and child, brother and sister, friend and friend, until the childhood home could no longer be borne, because of this conflict growing out of the change of ideas. The wide world was then open to this young man, then about twenty years of age; and he went forth, not only because he had no part and parcel in the belief of his parents and friends, but also because of the strong necessity of earthly existence, and the usual ambition of youth impelled him forth. He little knew what obstacles he would encounter. To be an infidel was almost a crime; to be a materialist was a crime. To disbelieve in one's religion was a great offense; to not believe in any religion was the highest moral offense of which a human being was capable, and whether you will believe it or not, it was in the early portion of the present century, the one who sought in the world place, employment, position, something to do, could not find it because of his skepticism; because he doubted the creed, dogma and religion of the one from whom he sought business or employment. At last, by writing, there came an opportunity. It seemed that one could print revolutionary thoughts through the press and find, occasionally, one who would believe, accept, and study, and he came in contact with one frank enough and wealthy enough to engage in such an enterprise, not merely from the love of the literary work, but because God afforded a means of expression of ideas that were in his mind; and as this young man was engaged in a quite subordinate capacity, he still felt that he was near one who sympathized with him, and so he toiled day and night to formulate his ideas; he studied books and reviews, and as there were continually new publications then appearing in the form of liberal thought and philosophical teachings of men like Emerson, Mill, as there were social problems that were hurled into the theological world to be solved; under the pressure of the new employment, his pen became ready, his thoughts flowed freely, the formation of ideas became clear, and under an assumed name he wrote what was supposed to be infidelity and atheism; infidelity certainly to the creeds of the day, atheistic certainly to the dogma of Christendom; the bible, the personal God of all nations; materialistic surely to believe in matter wholly means materialism.

In what way to explain the existence of the mind in man; how to account for its a priori conditions that are manifested in human existence; how to explain the occult phenomena that have been in the world through every age, did not occur to him; and it is only since the advent of spiritual existence that these problems have forced themselves upon him as being a portion of what he ought to have included in his researches then. But long before middle life, chafing under the persecution which he thought he was suffering for conviction's sake, under the separation from home and family, under the breaking up of the dearest ties, because of his unbelief, for no maiden of those times would wed an infidel; and thus a materialist felt that if he had existed in some other age or country he probably would have been subjected to the torture of the rack; and not feeling sufficiently strong in his own health under this weight, his health at last broke down, and the continued strain and the mind gave way and the hour of dissolution came, alone except with the one friend who had been his employer and his constant companion, in a city where thousands of human beings cared naught for him, and where he had possibly nothing in common with them; seeing that the great mass of humankind were and were were largely actuated by the human creed, that had been forced upon him; with no thought that beyond a breath which was within; believing there would not be one spark of intelligence; believing that all the great and good and wise of past times were only to be remembered on earth by their graves and their services to humanity; believing fully that it would not make any difference to the progress of worlds or stars, to the splendors of suns, or in the slightest to the earth upon which he trod, when his life should cease; thinking that whatever mind he had was the result of evolution or infidelity; that he was from the primal condition of the human race; thinking that when he passed away his friend would be left possibly to fight the battle alone unless others might come to the rescue, the final hour of dissolution came.

Towards the last were haunting memories of childhood, and a mother's love; hymns that were sung, that seemed in that hour surprisingly sweet, strangely enough seemed to have a new meaning since death was so near; remembrances of blessings and the benediction of the father when he had left a home and the prayer that at last he might see and know and acknowledge the God whom he had forsaken and denied; the memory of the love of his youth that had passed away from him because of his conviction, and the sweet and lovely face of one who had been his betrothed, but whom he could never wed—all this came. It was but a reminiscence; it was but the form of the disordered brain. But something else came also with the change which was approaching. Instead of loss of faculty, instead of dullness of mind, instead of lethargy, instead of coma, which he had seen in many cases of people passing away, there was clearness and vividness; sensation was more acute; hearing was more vivid and the vision itself was more and more clear. Gazing into the face of the one friend who stood beside his couch he said: "What does this mean?" "Oh!" said the friend, "it is but the flickering of the dying flame. Have you never seen, my friend, when the lamp was about to expire, when its light was nearly gone, how it will blaze up for a moment and then pass away? Do not deceive yourself; this is but the

last of that lamp of life which to me is very dear, and when it is gone I shall be left alone; but I shall remember in my heart of hearts all that you have done and said, and all that we have been together, and will endeavor as best I can to bear forward this battle—not for the sake of God or Christ, or any religion that man knows, but for the sake of that truth that courts annihilation rather than falsehood."

Here the narrator seems to have come in closer contact with the medium. Then I thought I should have gone out of existence; it was in accordance with the creed that I had founded upon natural law, and the studies of my life, that I should have sunk out of existence, but I did not. The strangest part was that there was not a gradual power to me, as the hearing remained as intense as before. After the eyes refused to see there was still a vision, but I thought I was still deceived, and this was but the delirium that comes when the senses are flighty, the final flashing and feverishness which often comes when the battle has ceased, even when the very last was near, and so I expected to sink gradually, and to be blotted out, and I waited for annihilation. It did not come, not even sleep; not even for an instant did this persistent thinking stop; not even for one moment was there peace or ceasing of the argument between the creed of the materialistic mind and the something that would not die when it was told to.

At last the body was dead—was pronounced dead by the physician; was pronounced dead by the friends; was pronounced dead by all who saw it, and preparations were made for the funeral. Of all the horrors a materialist can suffer—he does not expect to go to hell—is the horror of being buried alive, and I thought, they will bury me, and I am not dead. Not a muscle would move. The eyes would not open, but I could see everything; the ears would not respond, but I knew all they thought and said, and the strangest part of that delirium, as I supposed, was I seemed to be standing beside or myself and looking on at these preparations, and thinking: They will bury me alive, and here I am standing beside myself. But who is that lying there? Then I thought this is delirium, and I am still in control of the senses, and still in the bonds of existence, and the body is powerless, and I shall be buried alive.

Then all the stories that I ever read or heard or I had ever seen of people thus being buried, came trooping through my mind. "But," I said, "how strange it is. I feel no pain; there is none of the weakness that previously beset me; and, come to think of it, I feel quite young again." How strange it is that when the body is about to die there seems to be a new strength and vigor, and the few curiosity-seekers, and my body was buried, and I still believed that I was waking in delirium, and for some time I didn't wish to come out of the coffin, and I found that I was buried alone. But the strangest part of my delirium was that I was not alone; that I recognized some people that were working over my body; there were other people whom I had never seen before, but I felt that I was my own household—not my mother or father, for they were not yet dead; not any of my immediate friends, but the grandfather and grandmother on both sides; aunts, uncles and neighbors, all came around there, looking precisely as they did when I was a young boy; but it seemed so strange to me that being dead, and yet being surrounded by these people, and in thinking that I saw those people; but it kept on, for I don't know how great length of time, for I fully believed that this was but the flickering of the atoms of material life that would go out and leave annihilation.

So strong was my belief that argument was begun with one of those whom I saw in the delirium, to prove that it was only delirium, and only the overpossession of material life, and when they said: "You know not what you say; we have been spirits here for many years; we have lived as we now live and there have been numbers of beings that have been recognized of years in spiritual existence," and I protested that there was nothing in natural law that justified any such statement; protested that there was nothing in material existence that could lead to any such result. They let me have my way. I raved on in that manner, arguing and endeavoring to convince them, and feeling justified in doing so, though I found there was but very little to learn there, now after I was dead.

How it came about I scarcely know, what it was that brought me face to face with my own folly, and made me see myself in my true light. How it was that the scales fell from my vision and my mind became conscious that it was perfect inability to be arguing there without a body, and that if I was but the result of matter I ought to be dead and in my grave and stop thinking. A new recognition dawned upon me that I was alive, and thought, and was an expression of life, and I saw people talking with people, and witnessed scenes that showed that I had encouraged others, spread out before me in grandeur and beauty, and out of all this, when I ought to be dead, at last came over me that I was alive, and I laughed and laughed until you might have heard me in the farthest portion of the earth, at my own folly. As swiftly as sometimes the clouds are rent in the sky, as suddenly as love or hate comes into the human heart, whatever it was, tore aside the veil of that mysterious thought, and I knew that I, whose body was dead and buried for many a day, and week, and month, that I knew that I was a living spirit. Shuddering at myself, I thought of it; I turned around to look at last, to see if I was a ghost, to see if I resembled those ghosts that I had heard of on earth when I was a child; I saw then I considered things in a new light. Could it be true that being alive, my body dead, being a spirit, and my body long since passed to dust, that all the other propositions also were true?

That there was a hell and a heaven? That there was a revengful God and that Christ had died to save man's souls upon Calvary? And if it were true, what would become of me, and wouldn't I go to hell?

I didn't care, for at least I had been sincere and honest in my convictions, and when the thought took possession of me that possibly all these other propositions might be true. Finding that I was a spirit, I still said to myself, I would rather go to hell than be saved by the blood of an innocent victim; and I turned my face in the direction whence the light that reaches from angelic spheres seems ever to come, and having said that just as definitely as I had ever said it on earth in life, there came the sweet sound of mingled voices, the songs that I had heard in childhood with new meanings and a blessing was borne in upon my spirit. I was not condemned then. A sweet peace took possession of my mind. My spirit turned towards those who were around me, and I said: "Explain to me, then, how it is; if that proposition is not true, what is true?"

Then those who had been nearest to me and seemed all the while to take the most interest in my materialistic ravings, said: "What could be true other than the most reasonable, the sweetest, the divinest love imaginable? What could be true other than the spirit being immortal instead of physical begins its spiritual life just as you did, where it leaves off from earth? What could be true but that the spirit must learn by experience and encouragement to conquer errors, its imperfections in spirit and in the mortal life? And what could be true but that which satisfies the most reasonable and sober mind, that if one is included in this proposition all must be, and that every child of earth in whatever condition has equal opportunity in this kingdom of spiritual existence, because no spirit can be blotted out, because none can be created."

Then a great light, as if a window had been opened from behind, luminous and full of glory, dawned upon my mind. But I said, I have been mistaken all the time; I have supposed that immortality had to be predicated upon matter; I see it is predicated upon spirit, and it is not the result of matter at all. Why, I was right.

"Yes, totally blind that you were to the truth, you were right," said my instructor. "In the negative part of your proposition, namely that there is nothing in natural law upon which to predicate man's immortality, using the words 'natural law' as the materialists use it. But beyond, above, within, beneath, and surrounding natural law is the spirit of that immortal life of which you are a part, and which now beams upon you from the splendor of the spirit world; that you perceive that it is shadowed into you, that leads backward, sideward, upward and downward and within."

And then I knew that I had only seen with a blind mentality of the dust, and that the clearness of the immortal perceptions had at last been awakened. Oh! how plain it all seemed. How wonderfully clear it stood revealed to me. And then the deeds and actions of my life, all shadowed with this mortal creed, and my belief came around and passed before me, and those whom I had in some way honored by my life, praised me, while those even who had cursed me on earth, in this spiritual state came to add to their testimony, and when those great in the thought that had burned into my consciousness came, I felt like a child in spirit, and I knew that the great light was turned to me, and I was dead, in prayer came from earthly life with astonished vision, and when she felt that it was me, that the cloud that had separated us parted, her creed fell from her as mine had fallen from me, and we saw each other soul to soul. I knew then how many errors are only of the mind in this life, how people are divided by creed, dogma and unbelief and then are united; I knew that the creed-making and the making of forms and ceremonies has no more to do with the great work of religious thought in the world than have the toys that children play with to do with the great purposes of human life, and beloved friends, when any of those intellectual scales have passed from the vision, and the errors that were a portion of the fabric thus up-reared had been outgrown, then face to face and soul to soul I stand with those departed lives who, under different forms of religion or belief, have uttered truths, as they thought. They remembered what they believed, and expressed the conviction of their lives; but more than this, there is the still higher bond that unites all spirits when creeds fall from their minds, when errors of dogma and judgment depart, and the real human and divine spirit has possession, we find that those who have sought to serve humanity under any name, those who have striven to place their minds under any standard, are those who meet soul to soul, in common fraternity, whether Jew or Gentile, Buddhist or Brahman, Mohammedan or savage, whether believer or unbeliever, the light that comes from within at last makes itself known, and all unite in the fraternity of doing good.

Such is my belief to-day. Many thousands who are apart in creed work for humanity, and I bend my head even before some great Christian worker who, for the sake of humanity, whom Christ loved, has taught men lessons of brotherhood, obedience, and I know that somewhere and some time the differences of creed will pass, and the hearts of the people will fall together with that divine accord; when others can work as I have worked and as I mean to always, not for creed or dogma of any kind, not for belief or unbelief, but for that spirit

of truth whose only name is immortal life and love, and who seeks her face sincerely.

PSYCHIC INFLUENCE.

How the Death Process Was Arrested.

We feel the relation of at least a single psychic experience we have had will interest the readers of your paper. In the spring of 1883, I was shorthand secretary to Mr. J. S. Ford, Controller of the K. C. Ft. S. & G. Railway, at Kansas City, Mo. My dear, good mother was in a decline that we knew would soon end her life. I visited her, at her home in Southern Kansas, in May. On leaving her to return to my duties in the city, I told her to send for me any time she wished to see me and, regardless of circumstances, I would come to her, to which she simply replied it would probably not be long before she would call me. We thoroughly understood each other, and thus I left her. Things went on as usual till early in October, when one morning I got a letter from my brother, who was with her, saying: "If you wish to see mother alive, come at once." I reached her bedside next day at noon. She did not know me when I arrived, and failed to do so completely to her departure from the body, a week after my return. The evening after I reached home, my brother Frank, who, like myself, is impossible, and I had walked a short distance from the house after dark, and were talking—standing several feet apart—regarding our mother's dissolution, so evidently near at hand. Suddenly I felt a violent magnetic shock, which almost prostrated me, and quickly after Frank was also shocked similarly, excepting it was lighter. Believing further phenomena would occur, as I felt, succeeding the shock a powerful influence, which increased in strength every moment, I said to Frank: "Let us go down into the orchard; something will occur, and we must not be seen by skeptical and unappreciative eyes." Never can I forget, in this or another life, the marvelous experience that followed. I was so exquisitely, so intensely happy. I was thrilled in every fibre of my being, and felt I had a vivid foretaste of joys beyond. My physical strength was prodigiously increased. I am small and very delicate in organization, while my brother is stalwart. In the excess of my happiness I would catch him by the shoulders and whirl him about as if he were but a child. All of a sudden, in the midst of my ecstasy, I exclaimed with a rapidity of utterance wholly impossible in my normal state: "We're going to have her to-night. You've had her long enough." The sentences were repeated several times, and I then understood that our dear ones in the life to us invisible, were delightedly awaiting mother's coming, and wished to tell us that she would that night leave us and join them. "How long will it be," I asked aloud. "Till she passes out."

"Clap my hands together one time for each hour to pass by before her transition." Deliberately my hands were clapped four times. Taking out my watch, I saw it was 8 P. M. "Then you think mother will pass out at midnight?" I asked, and it was affirmed. The influence began to leave me now, and my ecstatic condition was soon a thing of the past. Our experience was so wonderful Frank suggested we tell all friends of the sentences concerning it; but I said it would not be wise; they would not understand or believe. I told him we had better watch with her ourselves till past midnight. If she left us we could detail the happening in the orchard. Accordingly, an hour later found us alone with mother, all other friends lying down, with a promise from mother to call when anything unusual occurred. I sat by the head of the bed, holding her dear, withered, tired hands, this being her desire. She was quiet, semi-conscious, half awake. She would occasionally open her eyes and speak some words, usually irrational, and then, like a tired, yet happy child, doze off. And thus she turned to me again I was dead, in prayer came from earthly life with astonished vision, and when she felt that it was me, that the cloud that had separated us parted, her creed fell from her as mine had fallen from me, and we saw each other soul to soul. I knew then how many errors are only of the mind in this life, how people are divided by creed, dogma and unbelief and then are united; I knew that the creed-making and the making of forms and ceremonies has no more to do with the great work of religious thought in the world than have the toys that children play with to do with the great purposes of human life, and beloved friends, when any of those intellectual scales have passed from the vision, and the errors that were a portion of the fabric thus up-reared had been outgrown, then face to face and soul to soul I stand with those departed lives who, under different forms of religion or belief, have uttered truths, as they thought. They remembered what they believed, and expressed the conviction of their lives; but more than this, there is the still higher bond that unites all spirits when creeds fall from their minds, when errors of dogma and judgment depart, and the real human and divine spirit has possession, we find that those who have sought to serve humanity under any name, those who have striven to place their minds under any standard, are those who meet soul to soul, in common fraternity, whether Jew or Gentile, Buddhist or Brahman, Mohammedan or savage, whether believer or unbeliever, the light that comes from within at last makes itself known, and all unite in the fraternity of doing good.

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Springfield, Ill.

J. Q. A. Fleyer, of Springfield, Ill., writes: "The development of mediums of the different phases is going steadily on in our country. From the present outlook it will not be many years until the manifestations in the old home of Abraham Lincoln will make themselves heard in all parts of the world."

An Excellent Medium Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Colton, California, three miles from the city of San Bernardino, on the 26th of September, 1891, of heart disease. Mrs. Julia Schroder, a native of Germany, aged 36 years, 1 month, and 22 days.

Mrs. Schroder had been a public medium for about fifteen years. Her phases were clairvoyance, trance, test, healing and inspirational. She also dealt at times in flower symbols. She came to this coast from Iowa about four years ago. She lay down to rest the weary body on the afternoon of her transition, and never rose again in the mortal, but ascended in a celestial body.

The funeral services, at which the writer officiated, were held on the afternoon of the 28th ult. at Liberal Hall, in San Bernardino, and the body was laid to rest in the city cemetery of the same place. Harriet Beecher Stowe's beautiful poem, entitled "The Other World," was read as a fitting part of the exercises. It is as follows:

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throbb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

to thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They tell us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
"Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be—

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil slay away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished shell;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

—Mrs. Wilson Marchant.
San Bernardino, Cal.

A LONGING SOUL.

We are sowing seeds of kindness,
Littered in words of gold,
Formed by angels' hands,
From that beautiful world.

Our positions here are humble,
But our posts we bravely fill;
In sorrow or in sunshine
Hope is our anchor still.

O, open the doors and windows,
Let my hopeful longings free,
That I, a useful instrument
In spirit hands may be.

A SONG OF THE YEAR.

Spring smiles through her tears, and the crocus
And primrose shy petals unfold,
Summer beams on the glad earth and straightway
The meadows are a carpet of gold.

Spring is gay with sweet song and fair promise,
The lamb, and the flower, and the bee,
And each young soul exulting rejoices,
The world is for me, is for me!

Not a rose on the midsummer hedgerows
Nor billow of blossoming grass,
But is rich in the fugitive rapture
Of pleasures which quicken and pass.

When June along billows and streamlets
Trips lightly on virginal feet,
And the woodlands reecho with voices,
Proclaiming that summer is sweet.

Yes, sweet are the opulent summer
And stately autumn to come;
Royal autumn in gold and in purple,
Two all the gay songbirds be dumb.

But we know with a mournful prevision
Mid the wealth, and the glare, and the heat,
That the sweet of the year has departed
Far, far upon vanishing feet.

Autumn fades into passionless winter,
Dead grasses and skeleton trees,
Dark mists and chill rains of December,
Black snow-clouds and waters that freeze.

Yet through all the world's ruin and sadness
Our hearts yearn within as wild sing,
Knowing that in so distant to-morrow
Once more a sure presage of spring.

—Louis Morris.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
At her home in this village, Monday, October 5th, Mrs. H. D. Hall, aged 29 years. Funeral services were held at her late residence on Wednesday at 3 o'clock P. M. Miss A. E. Sheets delivered an address in every way befitting the occasion. In a brief newspaper article it would be impossible to give even a synopsis of this, but that it was the greatest effort of her life she concedes. She is a pleasant, fluent speaker, and her manner of delivery, her earnestness, her complete analysis of the subject can only carry conviction of her zeal in the cause she has so fearlessly espoused. Her failure to charge this, to me, great misfortune, to God, did not please a few present, but the majority could as well have God left out.
—Grand Lodge, Mich.

It appears by late advices from Russia that the Catholics are also ordered to leave that country.

