



THE PSALM OF LIFE.

A Lecture Delivered
BY DR. CHAS. W. HIDDEN
At Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

A THOUGHTFUL PRESENTATION OF
TIMELY TOPICS—AN ADDRESS PRE-
SENT WITH THE ELOQUENCE OF THE
LIVING GOSPEL OF THE LIVING PRE-
SENT.

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Dr. Chas. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., delivered the opening address at the Lake Pleasant meeting, taking for his subject the "Psalm of Life." The speaker said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—A psalm is a sacred song, and in treating of life, I can conceive of no better central idea than to consider it in the light of a psalm, for, from the cradle to the grave—day, from the cradle to infinity, life is one round of song, sacred alike to man and to his maker, God. True, there are parts of life which seem the reverse of sacred—there are times when discord greets the ear; but when we reflect that discord is not the fault of life itself, but rather a result of misapplication of life and its duties, we must need call a halt.

Touch the notes of an organ at random, and there is a manifest lack of harmony; let the fingers of the practiced musician glide over the keys and melody follows. A person ignorant of color might gaze at the thought of holding in his hands beautiful paintings; but the artist separates the handful of material, distinct colors are seen, and governed and directed by well-trained brain and hand, paintings—poems in paint—are transferred to canvas.

The short-sighted man who stands upon the hill-top and "views the landscape o'er," looks down upon smaller hills, plains and depressions, and is very apt to liken life to the vision before him—is apt to look upon life as made up of hills and hollows, with here and there a piece of smooth sailing.

But my friend, Prof. Allen, the darling balloonist, tells me that a short distance above the earth the hills and hollows disappear, and the surface becomes one smooth, grand level, wonderfully beautiful to look down upon, all sound fades from the jumble, discord and roar of the world, into rhythmic melody; there is perfect blending of colors. All is smooth and level—all is joy and peace.

The fleecy clouds sail hither and yon at the whispered calling of the breeze; the birds wheel and drift through the azure depths with a delightful sense of freedom; the air is clear and pure, and sunlight tints fall down to earth bearing messages of love and good will.

The tempest may come; the earth may be deluged by storm or flood; the air may be darkened, and heavy black clouds serve as background for the rattle and discharge of heaven's artillery. The lightning may seethe and flash and play at fantastic hide and seek in the gathering gloom; but just beyond the sun is still shining, and the higher elements move on as calm and serene as though the tempest had never been.

There are people whose lives are one glad round of sunshine and song; there are others who worry, fret and fume; there are others who, without a real sense of the sacredness underlying things over which they spend hours of sadness or pain; and there are others whose heads are above level, and who utterly fail to be made miserable by the little things of life—men and women who see design and ultimate clearness of purpose in everything, and who realize that life indeed is a psalm which, properly understood, practiced and sung, would make of this earth a paradise for mortals.

The need of the hour is the bringing to the front conservative men and women trained to a knowledge of life as it should be lived, and capable of imparting such knowledge to the people. The cause of the so-called sin and misery in this world is the two-fold agency of ignorance, and the taking advantage of ignorance by smart men for purposes of personal aggrandizement or gain. There is a misunderstanding of life, its needs and its duties, by the masses, and this condition of things must needs be reversed before we can hope for special and desired changes in the social, moral and intellectual state of the people as a whole.

We have become so saturated with the idea that because the day, for convenience sake, is divided into two parts, day and night—the one light, the other dark—that life, like a question or like unto the day, must of necessity have two sides to it, a bright side and a dark side. But the day is a continuous whole, and, if we could look at both sides at a time, it is probable we should find the day, like the fabled shield, with brightness on both sides. The same

with a question. The question, like any fact, has but one side. (Truth is truth. A fact is a fact, however you may view it. The fault is in us, not in the fact. The question has but one side. The second side, so-called, is only in the seeming. It is the outgrowth of our faulty methods of training the mind. Inbred opposition and inherent love of debate blinds us to the truth.

There is no need to assume that life must continue to have its bright side and its dark side. Life should be all bright—one continuous day, bright and sunny on both sides. We have dwelt too much in the past; it is time we awakened to the demands of the living present. We are not our brother's keeper; but we should be our brother's adviser, counselor and friend. We ought, as a nation, to be governed by loftier purposes than the mere acquisition of wealth, social position or power. We should strive with one accord to make the people of this nation one vast family, equal in every respect, and with mutual interests. Crime and beggary, war and want, can be and should be banished from this fair country of ours. Life should be made a psalm of rejoicing instead of a saddened requiem. The happy ring of laughter should replace sobs and moans, and want, like the wolf, be driven from the door.

The men who crowd our legislative halls should forsake love of place-seeking long enough to get their ears down to the common level of life, and listen to the mutterings which proclaim the advance of the mighty storm of conservatism and worldly common sense, which is destined to clear away the mists and miasma of social and political life.

It is time to right about and look things squarely in the face. Race and creedal war of words should cease. Bickerings should be relegated to weaklings—they should no longer hold place in the mental storehouse of the men and women who are to mould the world's future. The difference between the religious "tweedledees and twaddles" of our fellows should no longer furnish the basis for protracted disputes; suffice it that they are our brothers. We need to rise above trivial things—above the shortcomings of the world. To benefit the world we need to trace out and perfect principles, rather than to waste valuable time in speculating and theorizing; we need to cement friendships—to bring about a spirit of perfect content, instead of engendering a spirit of discontent.

Let us just grasp the idea that life is a psalm, and that like a psalm, it has many parts. Viewed as parts, a psalm seems made up of discordant notes; blended by the musician, the supposed discordant parts are merged into a melodious whole. So with life. Properly understood all its parts form a melodious whole—a psalm, the sublime harmony of which rivals the music of the spheres.

As the musician is privileged to analyze the composition before him, so it is my privilege to analyze portions of the psalm of life, revealing several of its discordant parts, with a view to exciting talk, which, in the end, will tend to the bettering of the condition of the people as a whole. In treating of life in some of its harsher aspects, I mean to use plain talk. Life to me is a sacred thing. I do not believe in covering it with such a gloss that we cannot fathom its true meaning. The demand of the hour is for plain talk. We need to talk direct, also. The time for indirect allusions has passed. Let us talk, not over the heads, but to the hearts of the people. Let us get down to the people, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart. Caste and cant have had their day. This is the new, not the old world, and new ideas should be brought to the fore. The "high and mighty" and "I am holier than thou" sentiments need to be checked. It is an exotic. America does not furnish good soil for its transplanting.

What comprises a nation? Homes in the aggregate. Do we care for the homes of the people as we ought? Are we really striving to prepare the way for those who are to follow after us? What of the homes of the masses, the poor—the real producers of the wealth of this nation? Ah! thereby hangs a tale of deep and abiding interest. What is a poor man? A slave. Not bought and sold openly in the market place, but literally bought and sold as best suits the whim of the moneyed class. Do not look now for a tirade against capital worthy the average labor agitator. I am not an agitator save in the sense that, being a child of the people, I see, feel and know their needs, and, having the courage of my convictions, dare to stand before an assembly of my countrymen, and appeal to them for justice in a country whose government is alleged to be of, for and by the people.

To this end I speak first to the Spiritualists of America, feeling—knowing—that similar thoughts are pressing, surging, burning into the brains of progressive Spiritualists everywhere, and that to the Spiritualists we must look for the beginning of that moral upheaval

at which will, ere the present century closes, result in the emancipation of wage-slaves.

Labor is the producer of wealth; wealth should be the employer and friend of labor. Capital and labor are twins in economics, and the interests should be identical. The possession of wealth should not be the sole end and aim. It should not be allowed to be hoarded in vast sums—to play the part of a robber in clutching at the heart-strings and tearing out the heart-stones of the poor. The time will come, must come, when legislation will be invoked to cause the dissemination of wealth to benefit the many instead of the few. Wealth, to play its proper part in this life, should be judiciously circulated always, to the end that industry may be stimulated, not retarded. Wealth, or capital if you prefer, must not be used to crush out the life-blood of the people, simply that its holders may wax fat and increase their holdings. It is wrong to allow senseless material to be transformed into a blade keener than Damascus steel, forever suspended above the heads, hearts and homes of the people.

We are making a mistake in teaching our children to look upon the acquisition of wealth as the one thing to be sought for in this life, and we are also making a mistake in regarding the holders of wealth as great men. The fact that a man is a holder of wealth, a miser in fact, does not make him better than his fellows. Wealth does not bestow greatness. Greatness is inherent. When the world needs men, stalwart leaders, they do not come from the ranks of the wealthy. They come from the cradles of the humble and the poor. Why? Because it is a part of the divine plan to impress the world with the natural fact that brain and brawn are superior to mere wealth, place and purchased power.

No man can take material wealth into the discovered country; and governors, generals and colonels do not count there. Vanity and pride will win no favors in the land of the afternoon. Merit and worth, not pride and pomp, will be the most highly prized in that bourne whence we are all tending.

How much better it will be when men come to a radiating sense that the judicious distribution of wealth pays better returns in this life, rather than to be hoarded until death comes and then—to be wasted. Distribute your hoard of gold as you traverse life's broad highway, and you will never have cause to look back from the other life and long to return to make reparation to the hungry souls who are crying aloud on every hand for a bettering of existing conditions.

Have you visited the homes of the struggling poor? Have you watched the faces of little children grow pale and wan? Have you observed the half-clad forms battling in the chill and storm for bread? Have you heard the splash and ripple as the waters close over the form of the one seeking solace from woe and want in the deep? Have you listened to catch the rattle and thump of gravel and stone on the cheap coffin of the "pauper whom nobody owns"? Oh, the needless sorrow, suffering and want among the masses—needless because there is land enough, home-building material enough, and hoarded gold enough in this broad land to change existing conditions without the holders suffering loss.

Oh for a voice loud enough and strong enough to be heard from pole to pole, from ocean to ocean—loud enough and strong enough to enchain the attention and command the thought of a nation so blind and in temporary suffering abroad, so blind and deaf to continuous suffering at home.

Why is this condition of things allowed to continue? Why do the rich grow richer and the poor poorer? Because we misunderstand the needs of our duty to our fellows. The old world idea of place and power has been fostered until we actually encourage and applaud the men who amass and hoard wealth at the expense of the bone and sinew—nay, at the expense of the bodies and souls of their fellows. Fed by the intoxicating draught of flattery, men halt at nothing to achieve what the world commonly calls success. What though hearts and homes are blighted or crushed, so long as the world is willing to cheer and shout over purchased place, pomp and greatness.

But wealth and purchased power do not beget happiness—do not feed brain or mind. The man who has bent all his energies, mortgaged his very soul even, to achieve success, finds other and higher prizes still ever waving just beyond his reach, and sooner or later, when the rivalry overtakes and passes him in ambition's cruel and never-satisfying race. Disappointment, disappointed hopes—oh, how it all rankles the soul, shrivels and sours brain and mind, and sends men down to premature graves, feeling that, in their case at least, life has been a failure. But the application of the lesson: Let the wealthy pause and consider well. The world is moving. The mind of man is enlarging its scope. The people are beginning to realize their power. New ideas are slowly but surely coming to the fore.

Another decade and men will be unable to purchase place and power. The people will select, not their rulers, but their chief counsellors, advisers. The office will seek the man, not the man the office. Office will come as a gift from the people. Worth, not wealth, will be the open sesame to places of honor and trust.

No man should receive political preferment who is not thoroughly imbued with the thought that this is indeed a government of, for and by the people.

So long as place and power are knocked off by political auctioneers to the highest bidder, just so long will discontent prevail among the masses, who realize when too late that they have been used as mere puppets in the hands of men who would not hesitate to trample their most sacred rights in the dust, in order to retain their grip upon political and governmental patronage.

The time is ripe to right about face in governmental affairs. Instead of costly buildings and monuments representing state and national pride, our legislators should build homes and schools. Instead of walling themselves in from the people, they should stand side by side with the people. In addition to the common schools, we need industrial schools in the broadest sense of the term—schools in which our boys and girls may be able to master the trades, the arts and professions, not only thoroughly, but economically. We place too many barriers about our educational institutions. It will be a glad day to the people of this nation when education of every phase and in every department is free. We boast of free education now, but it is a half-hearted boast. True, the common branches of education may be had free, but the moment a poor boy or girl aspires above the "three R's," barriers are found which can only be surmounted by a half-lifetime of indomitable will, power and energy.

We have scholarships and trust funds, to be sure, by means of which we fondly hope to educate the worthy poor. I am fondly hoping, for it needs but superficial observation to understand that in the majority of cases it is favoritism, not merit, which opens the money-bags. Few indeed are the men who control educational patronage who can be made to understand that the poor and the lowly should be shown any preference over the sons and the daughters of the well-to-do.

Why have we so many self-made men in this country? Because boys of real worth and merit could not have help when they needed it most. Self-made men are built of stern stuff. When men refuse their assistance they do not sit down to moan over their fate. They are up and doing. Instead of allowing circumstances to shape them, they shape circumstances. Curses cannot hinder; sneers do not falter; obstacles cannot stay. They are bound to win. But at what a cost. A lifetime of spent energy; a self-made man, it is true, but more often a physical wreck on the shores of time.

Shallow reasoners point to such men and prate of the stimulus of a lofty ambition. But what is ambition? A false growth. The animal in man. The in-born hatred of opposition, oppression. Not the good, the softening, the refining. But the intense, the passionate. Ambition is not a good thing to cultivate in man. It does not augur well for the future. It burns men out too fast. It hightens their inner natures. It leads them to mistrust all mankind. Instead of fostering ambition, extend a kindly and helping hand to the boy within whose brain the fire of genius slumbers. Do not wait until the slumbering embers have been fanned into a blaze which consumes body and soul, and then say, "I knew he would succeed."

Do not wait until fame crowns the man with the sought-for laurel. Do not wait until the man is dead, and then seek to hide the fault of your neglect in pomp, music and ceremonial.

Extend a helping hand when the boy needs help. Encourage him to win, and guide down into your pockets to help meet the expense which the world has set as a price upon education.

The world is full of youth who need help, and help they should have—for are they not the boys and girls who are to live after us? And is it not our duty to fit them for the vastly greater positions of responsibility and trust which they are to fill by-and-by? The streets, the tenement houses, the factories, the workshops, are crowded with boys and girls in whom nature has implanted the seed which, carefully nurtured, will bring forth an educational harvest which will make the world better, purer, nobler.

Let every man and woman of means within the sound of my voice weigh carefully what I am about to say: Horace Greeley used to say that with his newspaper he made an orator every year. With your wealth you can make a man or woman every year. Select some boy or girl from among the worthy poor—a boy or girl who longs for an education. Do not take fright at rags or tatters, or patched clothing. Bear in mind that the poor do not wear broadcloth or spangles. Do not lose sight of the object of your mission because your boy or girl is not surrounded by the nice things of life. The poor are not overburdened with carpets, stuffed furniture, silver or cut glass. If their home surroundings are not of the best, reflect that bobbin-boys, mule-drivers, tannery slaves, and wood-choppers, have become the best beloved of the nation.

and love for the common people. Give them the chance they crave, and the time is not distant when all our institutions will fill their God-given mission. Education will become the handmaid and the helpmeet of the many instead of the treasured bauble of the few. Let us begin the broad, liberal education of the masses now. The masses must be educated, or the safety of the republic will be menaced. Once educate the masses, and the problem of the amelioration of existing social and political conditions will have been solved. Life to the masses will begin to seem a psalm.

Once thoroughly educate the masses, and by education I mean the purely secular, and the affairs of this nation will begin to be conducted on a higher plane. Home, instead of foreign interests, will claim our attention. The education of our boys and girls will become paramount to the education of heathen boys and girls. This may sound a bit selfish, but, in my opinion, charity becomes golden when exercised at home.

Instead of sending missionaries, guns and rum, to foreign parts, to convert nations who are happier without these adjuncts of a Christian civilization, we should banish rum here at home, turn our guns into trenchant pens, and gently lay the missionaries on the back shelf of the past.

What the world needs to-day is not Christianity, but the practical exemplification of religion. Christianity and religion are as widely separated as the poles. Christianity brings not peace, but a sword. Religion is the kindly monitor, the wise teacher, the uplifter, friend. The costly churches and towering spires are the outward exemplars of Christianity. They do not breathe the spirit of humility, the soul-inspiring and lofty outpouring of love and good will, which the early fathers so wisely taught. The pulpit is no longer the friend of the masses, and the masses know it. The pomp and parade of the churches deceive no longer. The human mind is expanding. In spite of the obstacles thrown in the way, man is slowly and surely growing wiser, better.

The musical parts of the psalm of life are being brought nearer and nearer together. Man has fallen heavily and steadily climbing to a higher estate. His feet have been planted on the rock of knowledge—a foundation safe, secure. Upward, ever upward man takes his way.

It is time the church began to understand the trend of human affairs. The time is ripe for teachers, not preachers. The pulpit should send forth, not echoes from the past, but thoughts pregnant and burning with the eloquence of the living present. We are not living in the past. Yesterday has become history. "Each to-morrow" should "find us farther than to-day." We need not so much to know how the angels live, as how suffering humanity manages to exist. The mission of the church should be to assist in bettering the condition of men and women now living on the earth. Less of angels, and more of humanity, would cause the world to look with a keener interest on the church.

If preachers were teachers instead of autocratic "men of God," they would be of more real value to the world. Preachers in these latter days have come to be looked upon as human beings, and no closer in kinship with God than the humblest creature who walks the earth. The preacher is no longer looked up to as so close to God as to be regarded as his right-hand supporter, and chief adviser. Oh, ye puny representatives of the Most High, come down from the clouds; get close enough to earth to learn that people need bread, not prayers; self-sustaining labor, not dissertations on mystic theology; a chance to live, not eloquent perorations on the way angels lead their time away emulating "little German bands" up and down the shining streets of silver and gold. Away with mystic tomes; away with myth and mysticism; away with thoughts hoary with age—on with the living gospel of the living present. Give us deeds, not words. Preach and teach wise methods of living. Bring the pulpit down to the people. Become counselors to our common humanity. Aid in uplifting the people. Bring your mighty influence to the fore. Let the church be a leader in harmonizing the parts of life within its reach into a psalm.

To make of life a psalm we must inculcate a thorough knowledge of life and its aims; must, practically, revolutionize the existing order of things social, political, religious.

A stupendous task, you say, to bring mankind up to an ideal condition. Ideal booh! The world's idea of the ideal is a soft, namby-pamby man. But that is not the kind of man I am interested in. The man I want to see, and the man the world will live to see, is a big-brained, broad-minded, whole-souled man; a man of large heart and willing hand; a man on a level with his fellows; a man with a soul responsive to the needs of the race; a man who believes with all his heart and soul that this earth was made for man, and who brings the wealth of genius to bear in favor of making this earth a heaven, instead of half hell, half heaven. The ideal! Is it ideal to live for good and happy homes; happy wives; happy children; happy tasks; happiness from the rising to the setting of the sun; happy, glad music, all along life's journey? If such a condition of things borders on the ideal, and you and I know that it is the only way to live, then God grant that I may live long enough to find the heart of the American people beating in perfect sympathy and rhythm with such an idealistic state of things. Impossible, you say? They used to say, "nothing is impossible with God."

But I say, nothing is impossible with the American people. Once arouse the American nation to its duty, and its duty will be done. This nation will yet lead the nations of the earth in the practical exemplification of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Meanwhile, how best bring about the task before us—how best bring about, not the millennium, for there is no such thing, but a condition of things bordering on exact justice to the people.

Shall we begin with the cradle? Back of the cradle, back of the cradle, my friend. We need to begin today, this very hour—you and I. The nation is an aggregation of homes, of families. The duty rests, primarily, with parents. Be as good and kind as you can be—to yourself, to your family, to the community in which you live. Avoid habits which debase and blight. Be good, and do good so far as your circumstances will allow. Have an encouraging word for everybody. See the good in everybody. Strive to be bright and sunny always. Do not talk about the bright side of a cloud. There is no cloud. The idea of a cloud in life comes from the past. It is a relic of other and superstitious days. The talk of darkness and clouds does infinite harm. The cloud in life is a misnomer. The cloud is in us, not in life. Like begets like. The dull and misanthropic bring forth their own kind. If you have an inheritance of that sort, weed it out. You have no right to transmit it to others. Strive to make people happy. Ring out the false. Ring in the true. Drop sordid impulses. Be of real value to the world. Come out from behind self. Be a man. Let all your impulses be manly. The future of the race is in our keeping. Let us be true to our God-given trust. Let us leave the world better than we found it.

Let us preach and teach that life and living are sacred things. Let us so play upon the human soul—the harp of a thousand strings—that melody will result. Let us say to human selfishness in all its forms—"Get thee behind me, Satan!" Smile, do not frown. Say glad, not sad things. This life is not for tears but cheers. What seems sad, an insurmountable obstacle, perhaps is only in the seeming. We say, death has robbed us of a dear friend, and that we are sad. Then dry your tears, good sobs. There are no dead. Our loved ones live, and they love us with a love intensified by what seems a parting. They are not afar off. They are here. Their spiritual presence forever surrounds us. We have not received a blow. The sun is shining outside. Open the windows of your soul and let the sunshine in. The world is full of opportunities. The world is waiting for you, my friend. Life is real. Life is earnest. Do not fritter it away in tears. There is no room in the living, active present, for tears over wasted opportunities. We make a mistake in sorrowing away moments more precious than rubies. Let the man with a smile be the right man in the right place. He is chief among ten thousand. He is the savior of the race.

Happy parents implies happy marriages—true mating of kindred souls. Marriages, they used to say, were made in heaven. But, judging from their fruits, some marriages seem to have been made in that warm country whose name has been changed in the revised version. Why do we have ill-advised, ill-assorted marriages? Because of a lack of knowledge of the law of adaptation. The fault is not in our marriage system. The blame rests with the wedded pair. I trust the time will come when the Spiritualists will do other than frown down upon railings against our marriage system. The utterances of some of the so-called leaders of Spiritualism is pernicious. Only harm can ensue from the course pursued by some under the assumed sanction of our name. The purpose and intent of attacks upon the marriage system is to pave the way for licentious practices—to break down the sanctity of the home. Spiritualists, of all others, should frown down upon any and everything which tends, either directly or indirectly, to shake the home—the bulwark of the nation's safety.

When men and women come to understand the law of adaptation, then we shall see exemplified in its perfection the law of selection. Then marriage will represent perfect equipoise—a perfect balance, physically, mentally, morally. Then we shall have no need of divorce courts, for ill-assorted marriages will have become an unknown quantity. This is the correct solution of the marriage problem. Teach men and women how to wed, when to wed, whom to wed, and you will never have reason to find fault with a marriage system which is good enough, strong enough, pure enough for all who wish to live decently and in order.

In seeking to better the condition of the race, there is one phase of the marriage question seldom touched upon, viz—inter-marriage among criminals and law-breakers. The mentally depraved should never be allowed to bring forth their kind. The species should be allowed to become extinct, and we shall be able to turn criminal and reformatory institutions into hives of industry—make such places producers, instead of tax-burdened receptacles of non-producers.

Check criminal and depraved reproduction, allowing marriage only between the perfectly adapted, and the result will be the peopling of the world with as near a perfect race of men and women as it is possible for the human mind to conceive. There is no one department in life in which there is today a more pressing need of wise censorship than that of marriage. When the time comes, as come it must, when men and women come forth imbued with at least one idea, and that idea to be of benefit to each other and the world, social, political and governmental affairs will be revolutionized, and the people of this nation will become as one people—one brain, one mind, one heart, one life—a life of contentment, of joy, of peace.

When men and women of this cast of mind are born upon the earth, then good-by prisons, asylums, dens of crime; good-by pauperism, sweat labor, white slavery, cruel wrongs; good-by breeding places of sin and infamy; good-by suffering, want and woe; and welcome, yes, thrice welcome, schools and institutions of learning—welcome sunny homes, happy wives and husbands, merry prattling children—welcome honest day's pay for an honest day's labor—welcome the glad time of money enough for all, work enough for all, bread enough for all—welcome that hearty, disinterested benevolence which will one day characterize this as a nation of happy hearts, happy lives, happy homes. Welcome that bright, glad day when from ocean to ocean and pole to pole, from the heavens above to the fairest spot on earth below, there shall be a perfect blending of mutual interests. Welcome that bright, glad day when hearts shall be lighter, the skies brighter, and when the very air we breathe shall thrill our being with the beauty, grandeur and sublime wholeness of that psalm of psalms—the psalm of life.

FARMER RILEY.

The Mecca of Spiritualism in Michigan.

A remarkable seance was given by James Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., Nov. 16, 1892, of which we can offer our readers only a synopsis. Seven spirits materialized during the evening. The first was John Benton, Mr. Riley's guide. He is a fine-looking man, six feet high, and finely dressed. He parted the curtains of the cabinet and stepped out in full view, thanking us for the harmony that prevailed. He then went into the cabinet, wound up a music-box and stepped out through the curtains with it in his hands, and handed it to me.

The next that materialized was a near friend of mine who died in Carthage, Mo. I knew him; I shook hands with him, and called him by name, and he answered to it. I got a message from him on a slate. I gave it to you: "Hello, Doctor. This is a pleasure, to be able to come and thank you for talking to Soph. I was with you at the cemetery. I wanted so much to tell you I was not in the ground, but near you. W. Leroy."

His name was Wesley Leroy, and hers was Sophia; but in all the thirty years I knew him he called her "Soph." Now, when it is taken into consideration that I was over forty miles from here, among strangers where Leroy or his wife was never heard of, who is the one to throw the first stone?

There were two ladies at the seance, from Chicago; one of them had a nephew in spirits. Before he died he made her a Christmas present of a nice grip or hand-satchel. She had it with her. She sat where he could see it if he came. He materialized, came through the curtains with the grip in his hand, handed it to the lady and then shook hands and disappeared. The father of the other lady from Chicago appeared. She recognized him. The gentleman from north of Detroit had two near and dear friends come, ladies. He got messages from them both.

Among the pieces that were sung to keep up the harmony and good feeling was "Old John Brown's Body Lies Mould'ring," etc. When the last verse was sung the curtains parted and the figure of an elderly man stood in full view. He was a stranger to us all. When we tried to claim relationship with him he shook his head. Then John Benton came to the rescue and said: "Dear earth friends, you were singing 'Old John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave, and his soul goes marching on,' and it has marched among you." We all said as one, "Old John Brown's spirit," and we went to the curtain, shook hands with him and he disappeared. In about two minutes we were asked to turn the lamp down low; it was done, but we could still see objects in the room. Then Brown's spirit came in the room among us. He stepped to the bureau the lamp was on and when he got in a position that the light would show to the best advantage on his face he turned the lamp up, and for one gaff second we had a full and plain view of John Brown's features. When he turned to the cabinet, he went who? Mrs. Riley was sitting, shook head with her, patted her on head and cheek and he was gone.

I must describe one more scene. When Mrs. Riley and her daughter were singing, "Oh, Where is My Boy To-night?" their son that she lost when young, stepped out from the curtains and said: "Here I am, mamma." Now, after giving Spiritualism a thorough investigation, I am convinced there is a reality in it, and that there is no death, and that spirits can and do return and make themselves known to

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. RICHMOND.

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PART I.

CHAPTER V.

The Moonstone.

THE RECLUSE.

On and on in the moonlight and in the shadow, half walking, half leaping—on and on, as if urged by a mighty, impelling force or purpose, the small figure sped.

No other form in all Ceylon would pass so quickly, or make such grotesque shadows as, darting in and out, hidden by foliage and clumps of trees, emerging again into the full moonlight, were made by the form of Hiejob, for to no one else could the quaint figure belong.

Away from Montrose Towers, its gardens, its verdure and bloom, through groves, tangles, shrubs, aromatic and beautiful, wilds and ravines, away to the hills.

Something precious did Hiejob bear, for never once did he unclasp his small left hand, nor remove that hand from close to his heart. There did he hold it, closed firmly, as if it had been fastened there by some outside mechanical force, or some invincible power.

Many a bird, startled by the strange footsteps, twittered or screamed; many a monkey leaped from its hiding place; many a serpent darted as if pursued, and glided away into the deeper shade; but neither beast nor bird nor reptile assailed him; nor had he met a Choir or an Arab would they have approached him; nor could deadly miasma or poisonous odors of vine or tree ever exhale for him.

In his own way Hiejob heard the song of the bulbul; heard the faint breath of the night winds; heard voices afar off, or near. He sometimes thought, in his own way, he saw all the marvels wrought by the moonlight—silvery blossoms on shadowy steps, waving their incense-chalices to and fro; glistening leaves, shimmering shining, glancing; masses of blossoms, waving like silvery plumes. In his own wondering way, his own veiled way, he saw and heard and felt, but he did not understand.

Lately one had passed that way who saw, who perceived with open vision. Did Hiejob see like a soul imprisoned?

One supreme consciousness pervaded him; one uttermost purpose impelled him—that which he clasped in his hand.

To the brow of the hill and beyond, entering a thick grove of cocoa trees; on to the very center of the grove, until all things left behind were hidden—sea, rocks, ravines, moonlight.

In a small pavilion burned a sacred fire; in a small house burned a sacred lamp. Hiejob entered the dwelling, and saw a form clad in a priestly garment, with the turban of a recluse upon his head.

His back was toward the door, but he said:

"Enter, Hiejob. I have watched thy coming ever since thou didst leave the Towers."

Hiejob, breathless with his great haste, did not reply, but prostrated himself at the feet of the holy man.

"Lift thy face and arise, Hiejob; only at the sacred altar must anyone bend prostrate."

Then the good man saw that Hiejob's face was pale—pale through its dusky complexion—and that he was almost exhausted.

"Thou hast been here many times, Hiejob, but never at night; the way was familiar, and I saw no danger upon thy way. Did any harm befall thee?"

"Still, my lamp ever burneth, and the fire at the altar never fails. Thou art welcome, and hast come on important business?" This was at once a question and an assertion.

The priest was somewhat baffled, for Hiejob could not yet speak. He still continued to clutch that which he held in his hand, and hold it to his breast; he still was pallid and looked like one overwrought with a great responsibility.

Again Hiejob prostrated himself at the feet of the priest, and again did the latter bid him arise and disclose what errand had brought him thither.

As Hiejob, overcome with awe and emotion rather than fear, arose, he tried to speak but could not.

The holy man arose, unlocked a casket that held several vials, and sally allowed three drops to fall, stirring it with a small ivory spoon.

"Take this, Hiejob; it will restore thee."

But a moment passed, and Hiejob, who had been weak and trembling, exhausted and full of awe, seemed filled with a new four life.

An unwonted courage took possession of him, and he stood more erect than ever before as he advanced toward the priest and held out his left hand, disclosing in his palm a large moonstone, the moonstone that belonged to the priest, his tallman, his own precious and sacred amulet.

Astonished beyond all measure as he was, still the countenance of the priest gave no sign. After an instant he recovered his composure, and said:

"Thou art most faithful, Hiejob, to bring this to me, as I knew. I trusted thee. Thou didst find it where I placed it—in thy way—"

"On the garden-walk, beneath the haunted tower."

Again the priest was startled. "Yes, that is the place. Thou sayest the haunted tower? Is it occupied or possessed, then? What knowest thou of the tower?"

By this time the reaction, and the restorative potion given by the good man, had quite overcome Hiejob with sleep, and the priest gently lifted the limp form to a small couch, and allowed him to sleep for an hour.

The holy man then walked to the table, taking the position he was in when Hiejob arrived. But instead of studying his charts he covered his face with his hands, and remained absorbed in deepest thought.

"I might have lost it, never to have been restored; but no, there is no blind chance; all is ordered. I could not have lost it."

Then he mused again:

"This explains why my chart was not correct to-night for the House of Montrose, and why I could not trace the cause of the mis-

closed eyes of Hiejob. The sleeping lids unclosed, and Hiejob looked around.

"Thou art here, Hiejob, where all is peace, where no harm can befall thee. It is nearly the noon of night; thou didst come all the way from Montrose Towers to bring the moonstone that I had placed in thy path. How didst thou make such haste to bring it to me?"

"I knew it belonged to thee; I did not know how it came there; and sometimes as I came swiftly along I thought I heard thy moans, as if thou hadst been robbed and wounded on thy way from some mission of mercy. And I knew it must be returned to thee ere the light of day shone upon it, or it would lose its charm for thee."

"How didst thou know this? Thou art very wise, Hiejob. Who has taught thee?"

"I cannot tell how I knew; I was not taught, it came to me here," and he placed his hand upon his breast.

"It is now near the noon of night, and after awhile thou must return; but ere thou goest, and as a most deserved reward for thy faithfulness, thou wilt come with me to the Altar."

"Not as a reward, my sacred master; but if I may be permitted to receive a blessing, to the Shrine I will follow thee most humbly."

"And, Hiejob, wouldst thou like to look into the moonstone? It is of all lights most propitious. 'Thou art not afraid?'"

"My master taught me never to fear. The upright and true of heart have no cause to fear; only the impure and unworthy are afraid."

"Thou rebukest me justly, Hiejob; I know thou fearest not."

Then did the priest take the precious stone—the gift of heaven, the "symbol of revealed truth," and placing it upon a tablet of pure white, he passed before Hiejob, holding in one hand the white tablet with the stone upon it, in the other a burning lamp of incense, and bidding Hiejob to follow, he entered a closely-covered walk—covered with the sacred pan and dense vines—leading to the Shrine.

The altar-fire was burning in the center of a pavilion having eight pillars. This was entirely surrounded by a dense mass of the same vine. A portion of the roof was removed, admitting the full light of the moon, now at its full, and the weird light of the lamp, of the altar-fire and of the moon, made a most profound impression upon Hiejob, and would have completely charmed and captivated anyone having the smallest gleam of imagination.

The priest placed the lamp upon a small dias, and they both knelt. He then told Hiejob to stand with his back to the moonlight, and facing him. He then held the tablet where the moon could shine full upon the moonstone. Hiejob, following the example and motion of the priest, knelt, and was told not remove his gaze from the moonstone.

"Note well what thou seest if thy vision be opened," said the priest.

The low voice of the holy man chanted a monotone, and the soft cadence fell upon Hiejob's ears as a soothing spell.

Then did Hiejob see a line of retrospect,—not Hiejob, but the inner soul of him—traced a past wherein he had been—a priest with holy office, with great learning and much of knowledge, every talent that the mind could give and education unfold; a past wherein he had been strong of limb and beautiful in form—a warrior battling for his king, receiving laurels and honors, such as courageous heroes receive, amid plaudits of the populace; a past wherein he had spared no foe, and made no friends; a nearest past wherein he had betrayed a sacred trust, had crushed with strong arm and power of mind those who were weak, and had especially failed in his duty to one entrusted to his care.

Hiejob fell prostrate upon the stone floor of the altar, and the priest kindly raised his head upon his knee, and sprinkled a few drops from the small phial he always carried in the folds of his robe.

Hiejob recovered, but at first did not recall what he had seen. A consciousness, an inward perception, pervaded and possessed him, but it was partially, nay, almost wholly, veiled to his outward understanding.

Then said the kind priest: "Thou bearest a charmed life, Hiejob; for thee there is neither peril nor suffering; but thou hast a sacred gift and a holy trust—thou canst foretell events; thou canst warn others of danger, and thou canst guard and protect thy mistress and the young babe, Zulieka; thou canst do this within the circle of destiny; beyond that none can pass; so the moonstone declareth."

Taking up the small incense cup, still burning, placing fragments of myrrh, frankincense and sandal-wood upon the altar-fire, the priest led the way through the vine-protected corridor into the lowly room from whence they had come.

"Thou wilt now return," said he. "Canst thou find the way, Hiejob, or shall I accompany thee?"

"Nay, I go alone; every inch of the path is familiar, and thou, my sacred master, needest rest."

With a salaam as graceful as a prince would have made, Hiejob withdrew, passing out into the night, into the moonlight, with a new life burning within the form and brain wherein his spirit was no longer imprisoned.

How bewildered and yet how aware he was; he was the same, yet not the same, and as he passed along the familiar way he repeated: "Within the circle of destiny."

The holy man sat by the table on which his chart was spread. He covered his face with his hands, and placed his elbows upon the table. He often sat thus when in profound thought or study. He now had time to review all the occurrences of the night—how he had striven to read from the chart of the heavens and from the book of fate the destiny of the Montrose household, of the three whose lives were woven there; how he had failed, and tried again and failed; how he had traced Hiejob's coming, but not the loss of the moonstone nor its restoration by the lowly hand of this strange being; how he had been prompted to place the sacred stone before Hiejob's vision; to read what the one who sees must never reveal; how as Hiejob saw he, too, had seen, while gazing into Hiejob's face—a strange transformation; the small eyes grew large and lustrous; the forehead grew broad and high, and was enwreathed with clustering locks and leaves of the bay-tree; the features became regular and beautiful, the form erect, tall and full of strength; he had seen the warrior, he also saw the king; he also saw the recluse or holy man of holy orders.

He saw in Hiejob, while looking at him, what the latter read in the moonstone. He saw more—that the life of Hiejob was to be more and more devoted to those at the Towers. More and more to the service of the beautiful Lady Zelda; more and more to the protection of Zulieka.

Then he spread out his charts, placed his moonstone upon his breast, and traced the lines of life of those at Montrose Towers until the banners of the day were hung over all the eastern sky, and the god of light renewed his reign.

Then, and not until then, did the good man seek repose, for he was wont to say: "While it is night, although the planets and suns light souls on their way, and the moon lends her gentle rays to the weary or belated, still I must wait and watch for those who are in danger, for those who are unprotected and in the darkness." And now how doubly grateful was he that he had been watching and waiting for Hiejob—and for his precious moonstone, the White Stone of prophecy.

Homeward.

"Within the circle of destiny," repeated Hiejob, as he sped on his homeward way.

More aware of the glory of the night of stars, more enthralled by the moon's lustrous light, more enchanted with the song-birds' notes, no longer far away like sights and voices from the past.

But, oh! the voices from within! There were angels and messengers accompanying him around about; there were cohorts and legions encircling and guiding him as with an army of light; there were heralds of prophecy declaring the things to come; there were revelations concerning those to whom his life was forever to be devoted.

Through the hush that preceded the day; through the incense-freighted breath of the sleeping flowers; through sense-enthralled love silence, a great load lifted from his heart, a great burden fallen

from his spirit, he passed. He perceived, he felt, and now he could understand.

"My lord is great and wise and loving to my lady; I will serve him faithfully. My Lady Zelda is fair and most gentle, and most clear of vision; I am here to serve and protect if there is need, but my life, while it lasts, is to Zulieka. I know I must protect, guard, and give my life for her, 'within the circle of destiny.'"

THE DOUBLE AWAKENING.

How he reached the Towers he never clearly remembered. When he awoke it was day, and the sun was shining full upon him.

At first he felt for the moonstone, so had this responsibility burned itself into his consciousness; then, placing his hand to his forehead, he slowly recalled the scenes of the night, unreal enough now in this full glamour of the day; recalled all that his brain could hold; all that this consciousness of clay could contain. Then he arose, prepared his toilet with unusual care, and presented himself before Armand.

"You are late," said Armand, sipping his cup of fragrant mocha, but with his eyes intent on some paper he was reading. He had recognized Hiejob's movements and presence. Then he added: "Have you been to your mistress, Hiejob?"

After his salaam, which was far more graceful than usual, he arose and stood before his master, saying:

"I have not been to my lady to-day, as it was far past the hour for attending my master."

There was something so deep and clear in the tone of Hiejob's voice, something so new and self-possessed, that Armand looked up from his paper. He almost gave an exclamation of surprise as he said:

"I have not noticed of late, having been occupied with many things, but how much better you are looking, Hiejob." He did not want to say how much more erect, how much taller and finer, how much fairer of face and larger of eye, but he saw and noted all this as he added: "I believe the family physician is helping you."

"My lord sees truly," replied Hiejob. "The Physician is helping me. Can I serve you, my master?"

"I leave at noon for Calcutta; see that my portmanteau is ready, and I shall want the S. S. and ferash to accompany me. To you, Hiejob, I entrust the duty of attending your mistress in all ways that you can serve her."

"My lord has no need to command what already is my sacred duty. I obey his wishes ever."

Then Hiejob left to fulfill his master's orders of preparation for his voyage to Calcutta.

Armand followed Hiejob with his eyes, and noted especially his more erect form, his even footsteps, and a new dignity of manner. "Strange being," he murmured. "Zelda is right; he bears a charmed life; she is always right."

THE DEPARTURE.

On the morning of the following day Armand sailed for Calcutta.

A small transport in the government service, rather slow, but entirely safe, had been placed at his disposal, and as he wished to stop at Madras, the commander of the vessel gave orders to that effect.

Armand was overwhelmed with attention as his carriage appeared, for the people feared he was taking leave of them for a longer voyage, and they pressed around the carriage, not even willing to resign their places when it was explained by Hiejob, who accompanied his master to the quay, that he was only going to Calcutta, and would soon return.

Not only on account of his official position and his long residence before and since his marriage but because both he and Zelda were universally beloved by people of all classes and conditions, especially by the peace-loving Cingalese—would they mourn his absence when he must leave them for his long voyage.

Even now they could not be prevented from following him, strewing flowers and pan and palm-leaves on his way.

The officers in command of the point were also at the quay, and men of note in the mercantile world.

Among those taking passage was an eminent Buddhist, for Ceylon, of all India, has preserved in its purity much of the Buddhist faith and teachings, while, as Armand had frequently had occasion to remark, India in its length and breadth had relapsed into an idolatrous Brahminism, or had lapsed into a barbarous system of fetich worship that was neither Brahminical nor Buddhist, unless where overrun with Mohammedans, their somewhat better system prevailed, or converted (?) to Christianity by the armies of England the mild teachings of the Nazarene were placed in contrasting light to the darkness of English conquest.

Armand saluted the Buddhist as the latter approached the quay to embark, and anticipated beguiling the voyage in conversation with his friend, whom he had ever found most enlightened and liberal.

As their ship passed the nearest point to Montrose Towers a salute was fired in honor of Armand, and in honor of the graceful form of Zelda, who stood upon the tower waving a snowy scarf, while above her head was hoisted a small English flag, and one bearing the crest of the Earl of Montrose, as well as the symbol of Ceylon, wrought in gold by Zelda's own fair hand.

Armand waved, in answer, a snowy scarf, wrought in gold by Zelda, until a slight turn in the course of the vessel caused the Towers to be hidden from view.

Armand watched the beautiful coast of Ceylon until it was no longer visible; watched the small islands lying between its northern point or curve and the mainland; dreamed of his beloved Zelda until nothing could be seen of island or gulf, and they were far out on the waters of the Bay of Bengal.

THE BUDDHIST.

Armand considered the meeting with his friend, the Buddhist, very opportune. They had often held long conversations at Bombay, in Ceylon, and at Montrose Towers, where the Buddhist was ever a welcome guest.

When not even the faintest outline of the fair island could be seen, Armand sought the Buddhist, who had withdrawn from all, as was his wont, and was seated beneath an awning on the quarter-deck, contemplating the waters of the beautiful bay.

At Armand's approach his friend gave him a friendly greeting. Armand recognized this greeting in kind, but did not offer his hand, as he knew the proscriptions upon that subject among those who are devout followers of Buddha.

"Since we have conversed, my friend, there have been many changes throughout India. Does my friend regard them with favor?" asked Armand.

"For India, yes; for the Buddhists, no. I mean by this, my friend, that the restoration which I seek, and that our Lord Buddha once brought, will, I fear, be retarded by this new invasion of India. I suppose the Christians regard it as a new civilization."

"Does not my friend so regard it?" asked Armand.

"I have studied with considerable patience and much interest the claims and sources of the Christian doctrines. I find nothing that is not taught in our sacred books—in fact, both the Jewish and Christian works in the Bible seem but fragments of Oriental lore, made too literal as the 'sacred word,' while Jesus seems like a crude copy—pardon me—of our Lord, or, at most, a possible Avatar sent to enlighten the unbelieving Jews."

"But you confess that the lustre of the brightness of Buddha's presence has been effaced, his sublime teachings disregarded, and that in India he is less almost than Jesus is in Palestine to-day?"

"Alas, my friend, that which you have just said is too true."

"Then may it not be in accordance with divine wisdom that these Christians have come to India; may they not change, perhaps overthrow, the idolatrous practices into which, under the Brahmins, the people have fallen, and possibly be the means of extending a knowledge of Buddha's sublime teachings over the nations of Europe, and over that young giant nation of the western world, America?"

"My friend speaks with fervor of extending a knowledge of our Lord Buddha over Christian lands; does he then favor our Lord more than the Savior of the Christians?"

"I am no theologian," said Armand, earnestly; "but I am searching for truth wherever I may find it. May it not be that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, the Infinite Intelligence, 'as given to each nation and age a revelation—a Buddha, if you please—according to their needs?'"

"But, my friend," said the Buddhist, "when He has given us all truth, when the clear way of our Lord Buddha is found to be the complete way, what more can be added? Besides, the Christians are cruel, and do they not also worship images—in Rome? So soon forgetting the 'spirit for the letter,' to quote their own Bible?"

"But tell me, my friend," asked Armand, "do you not expect Buddha to reappear? Are you not of those who think he will come again and restore India to the faith that is born of good works and victory over the Sesa?"

"We do not expect him—Siddhartha. My Lord Sakyamonia was not the last Buddha. Again will he be clothed in human form, and bear these recreant nations unto a higher state. Yet every life must pass through all the states that lead unto Nirvana. When he comes again may we be ready."

For many hours during this voyage did Armand and the Buddhist converse. On the last day they were talking, as was their wont, of these deep themes, when Armand asked:

"Does my friend return soon to Ceylon?"

"I go to Benares, and farther; perhaps we may meet again?" said the Buddhist.

"We may meet again, for I, too, must go to Benares. May I ask—and it is not curiosity that prompts the question—do you go as a pilgrim?"

"I do go as a pilgrim. Once in five years I visit the Sacred Tree and the Chaitya. But you will ask if this is not also image-worship?"

"I was about to ask if I might accompany you, my friend? I do not ask your reasons for going."

"It will give me the greatest joy if my friend will accompany me. And there, perhaps, we may converse more fully—when away from the gaze of others. I will then tell you why I take this journey to Shrines that are deserted and despoiled of the presence of our Lord."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mystical Numbers, specially the Number Twelve.

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

BY AN ANCIENT SAVANT.

Given Through the Organism of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

CONTINUED.

ples that would solve the mystery of the circle. Each of these was named according to man's comprehension of existence.

Man has but three comprehensions of existence—time, and past, and future. Time is present; the past and the future are the things that have transpired, and are to transpire. This is all that man knows. The present to him may be equal to the other two; but all duration, all circumstances, every change and all that is possible for man to conceive, must occur either in the present, must have occurred in the past, or will occur in the future. There is nothing beyond this. There is no evading these three. They are all, and, therefore, embody all. Or take the three dimensions of space—length, breadth, thickness, and these express the primal elements of all natural science, proving that the three-fold power is there active, as the dual power is in all organic and creative life. As the dual life expresses creation, so the triune life expresses arrangement and mathematical order, inorganic, yet governed by law. That which is essential in any form of being is dual. That which germinates is dual; but that which exists, as a ray of light, or as a rock, or as a crystal, is expressed by triangles, as formed by rays of light, must be measured by mathematics, not by creative life, and is in itself a separate and distinct order of existence. The Deity could not be measured in the infinite circle; no one could span the circumference; but the three-fold manifestation of Deity in future, present and past, can be comprehended by the finite mind. The triangle was made sacred, was established as a symbol and synonym of worship; was one of the methods of expression in every form of being; was found to be also expressive of lines of light in their creative capacity, and at certain angles of the sun's rays creation ensued; at certain other and lesser angles, not equilateral triangles, the sun's rays were unproductive, depending upon the position of the earth and the sun.

Under these circumstances the pyramids were created to indicate the highest points of life—the exact position of the sun's rays with reference to the highest fructification of the earth, and this highest fructification occurring once a year, has its still greater expression and fuller power at certain other periods that are cyclic, the longest period being somewhat over two thousand years, the shortest period being a little over a thousand years, the still shorter period being two hundred and fifty years, or perhaps sixty, while the very shortest period is the year itself, or the annual fructification derived by the presence of the sun's rays in the summer solstice.

These natural laws, as you term them, were all worshiped as principles, having their origin in deific mind; are worshiped so by those who comprehend that law is but a term, and that intelligence is the source of all law, always understanding that Deity is only divided or only expressed in numbers for your comprehension, and not for His own existence; always understanding that whether dual or triune expressions are used for the Infinite, this dual and triune expression is but for human enlightenment, and not for His enlightenment. You will comprehend that these principles were broken to the human mind in exact proportion to its ability to understand them.

Three primary colors are discovered—red, yellow, blue. There are said to be seven gradations of those colors. We presume there will ultimately be found to be twelve, since the twelve would form the exact and complete spectrum, which in science is yet not sufficiently complete to enable the mind to discern some gradations that are even visible and palpable in other ways. The power of seven as a mystical number is formed from the combination. Although five was a mystical number, seven was the complete number, representing what was known by the ancients of the solar system; representing what was believed to be the complete expression of harmony in color and in sound; representing the mystical number of the oracles.

Some of the shrines were consecrated to seven. There were seven churches in the early Christian dispensation. There were, indeed, to the number of seven special activities given, symbolic of feminine rather than masculine wisdom; symbolizing arts, sciences, and various degrees of culture.

But to no other number was there ever given the potency that there is to twelve. It is the one and two that make the trinity. It is the twelve that makes both the trinity, or the triangle, and the square—four times three—and this represents the highest measurement known to any science in any age—the circle, the square, the triangle. Twelve was the circle; the square and triangle are included in the twelve, as also the two figures represent the one and the two that formed the basis of existence. Under such circumstances this number was mystical; was sacred; was deific; was held alike by sage and priest to be the representative number of the spheres. It was believed, it is believed, and may be shown, that twelve represents more nearly than any other the completeness of human life. The twelve signs in the zodiac are not for convenience, but represent the actual authority and power of certain groups of planets through which the sun, or rather the earth, passes in the gradations of life that form the complete year.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

Holiday Greeting.

TO THE EDITOR:—When complements were pouring in to you from all quarters on account of the success and continued improvements of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I withheld mine lest a surfeit of praise might neutralize the effect of good intentions; but now that congratulations are in order, I offer mine; and it is through no prejudice against Christmas, Catholicism, or any other religion, but in cordance with the usage of my Scotch ancestors, that I prefer to do so at the new year. There are many considerations I might mention as appropriate to this occasion, but I will confine myself to one, which the new year suggests: the new era or millennial dawn which no one rejoices to see more than I do; and I congratulate you as one of the honored instruments in bringing that day through your grand, good, prosperous paper, and I congratulate every reader whose privilege it is to have it; and the corps of able writers who cheerfully and generously contribute to it their best thoughts. I speak from positive knowledge and devoid of flattery when I say that it owes its phenomenal success to your untiring energy and editorial ability, for which you are greatly indebted to the spirit which was the first object of your endeavor, and sustained you in your arduous duties. I hope many of your well-to-do patrons have made Christmas presents of subscriptions to the paper to worthy poor, or invalids, or dear friends, and those who have not done so let them make new year's presents of a dollar, or a half dollar, or even a quarter, and so help on the good work. Now let us all work together on the great, momentous year, 1893, on which all parties expect to finish their respective careers, and let it be ours to promote truth, justice, human freedom and fraternity. Wishing you a happy new year, I am fraternally,

R. NEELY.
We are glad to receive greetings from this venerable gentleman. He is crowned with the fruitage of many years, and stands forth a noble specimen of manhood, ever looking higher, and ever yearning to advance the world to a higher plane.

Found the Light.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, fell into my hands in a mysterious way. I was out taking care of my little chicks, and when I came into the house there were some papers lying on my table. I took them up, supposed them to be some so-called religious papers. I made a move to lay them in the stove, but one word caught my attention and stayed my hand. I sat down, and in a few moments there was a great light dawned on me. I found it was just what I had been looking for, for the last thirty years or more. I was so glad, I could hardly sit still long enough to finish reading them, for I wanted to go and tell some of my neighbors that I had found what I had been looking for so long; but I dared not do that, for they are all Christian church members; so I had to keep still. They have been insisting on my attending their cottage prayer-meetings; so now I will, provided they will allow me to read a place to them. I will commence by reading in the number for December 3: "Seeking and Finding;" then I will go slow, and I believe I will soon have some converts.

I am 67 years old, live all alone, read everything I can get, except religious works that I can't take time to read.

MRS. S. J. KINGERY.

Santa Anna, Cal.

This good lady, who has been seeking and praying for light, lo, these many years, has at last found what she sought, through the medium of this paper, in some unknown way left in her house. Light often comes when least expected—after long and faithful search. A devout Catholic would fain regard such an incident as a "miracle," but this lady, being more enlightened and less blindly devout, is wiser and knows better. And having found the light, she feels impelled to stand out as a missionary, to carry the light to her neighbors. That is the right spirit, and we trust she will find many ready to receive the truth she carries to them.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan has left Kansas City, Mo., for Los Angeles, Cal. Wherever the Doctor goes, he will have the best wishes of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

A Gifted Orator Speaks.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am greatly pleased with Mrs. Richmond's story. She is, indeed, one of the new school at home in every field of intellectual labor. Nearly a quarter of a century have I known her. Before assembled thousands at our camps and conventions, and also in the parlor with friends, she never fails to please and instruct. Hers has been, and still is, a grand work. She brings to every place a quiet dignity, worthy of her position, and scatters with graceful hand intellectual and spiritual gems, which glitter in the pure light of inspiration. Her work will live after her and speak her praise when critics have passed into silence. Go on in the good work; make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as free as air and fearless as truth.

A. B. FRENCH.

Clyde, Ohio.

We are constantly receiving words of commendation for Mrs. Richmond. That her story is the one great attraction at the present time among Spiritualists, we know, and we are glad to receive words of praise for her from one so gifted as A. B. French.

The Best Paper.

TO THE EDITOR:—Brother Worden is an old veteran Spiritualist, having investigated it in infancy. He commenced reading the *Telegraph* (if he remembers correctly) published in New York, and edited by Mr. Britten. This, he says, was before the birth of the *Banner of Light*. He also read the *Dawning of Light* from the commencement until a few years ago. He also read the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* while it was edited by its founder, but could not endorse Bundism. He admired the *Spiritual Offering*, and was a constant reader of it until it was absorbed in the *Better Way*. He has read many other publications on the subject of Spiritualism that have had but a brief career; but he says none of them came up to the standard of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He is now 80 years of age.

D. D. GLASS.
We are glad to chronicle Brother Worden's opinion, given after mature deliberation of so many years. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER never fails to find something each week that will prove of special interest to its readers. Its large space, about ten feet square, enables it to advertise extensively, without in the least encroaching upon the average amount of its reading matter.

Words from a Prominent Medium.

TO THE EDITOR:—Inclosed please find five dollars, for which please send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to the following names and addresses. I have taken this way to make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a small Xmas, in adding a little to its circulation. These are all new names, save one, possibly, and they will doubtless become permanent subscribers. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, full of joy, peace, happiness and prosperity, with deserved appreciation, which is one of the sweetest things on earth, I am your sister and co-worker.

OLLIE A. BLODGETT.

Never before in the history of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have its receipts been as large as at the present time. There seems to be a spiritual wave sweeping over the country, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER seems to have been reaping the principal benefits derived.

The above letter from Mrs. Blodgett, one of the very best mediums now before the public, and a leading spirit in the Clinton camp-meeting, is only a sample of many others being received weekly. We thank Mrs. B. for the interest she takes in the largest spiritual paper on this planet. She will find in the future, as in the past, that it keeps in the front rank of progress.

Take a Spiritualist Paper.

TO THE EDITOR:—Enclosed, please find money order for \$1.00 to continue my subscription. If every Spiritualistic family in the land should take one or more of the Spiritual papers, how the cause would boom! You have a good paper. May it live as long as it is useful.

Most respectfully yours,

CHARLES H. GORUS.

Yes, that is exactly what every Spiritualist family should do, take a Spiritualist paper. If each family would do that there could be a hundred papers sustained instead of the few now published. When Spiritualists shall have been raised to a higher plane we think your wish will be realized, and each family will take a Spiritualist paper. Any paper when it ceases to be useful should be suspended at once.

A Few Words from a Prominent Worker.

I cannot drop my pen, Bro. Francis, without saying that is my "impression" (and you know I am a medium) that much of the "revival spirit" now manifested in Chicago, on behalf of Spiritualism, is due to your wonderful success in connection with the glorious PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is phenomenal; but, then, the Spirit-world is back of you. The work had to be done, and you must have been the chosen instrument. Possibly, while I am in "The Lone Star State," I may find one spot where the PROGRESSIVE THINKER is not; if so, I'll put it there. I found it wherever I went in the East. MATTIE E. HULL.

It is an undisputed fact, or a cardinal principle, that an enterprise that has succeeded from the first has a distinctive character of its own which gives it prestige. From the first inauguration of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the income from subscriptions alone has enabled us to pay our current expenses. Our paper being published in the center of a vast spiritual field, receives continually an impetus from the spirit side of life. Mrs. Hull is doing a grand work with her lectures and poems, wherever she goes. May many blessings rest upon her head.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

EXIT 1892!

Words of Reflection Thereon

When this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER shall reach the fireside of its thousands of readers, the last hours of the present year will be ebbing away into the eternal ocean of the past. How wonderful the ocean of ages behind us! The fast-passing years are only drops in this infinite sea. No human mariner can follow the receding waves which roll backward forever. We are always confronted by two eternities. Our earthly lives are at best a minute island lashed by the waves of two oceans. Each year which falls from time's eternal urn bears its own marks and writes its own history. The year now dying has been prolific in evolution and revolution. Everywhere a spirit of unrest has pervaded the masses. Man is intellectually and socially in the throes of a new birth. Events have followed each other in such rapid succession, the most keen observer fails to note every change. The year 1892 has spoken in many tongues and in many voices. In the industrial world the voice of labor has been heard. It has not been the wall of the suppliant or the groan of a slave; but it has spoken in the voice of revolution and by the red lightning of war's first wild muttering, spoken so loud and fierce wealth's gilded thrones have trembled and toppled under its thunder-tones. This voice cannot be hushed into silence. Its echoes will roll along the corridors of the great future until the rich shall cease to flaunt in the face of the poor the gaudy purple woven in poverty's wretched loom.

The political world has also spoken with the wild vehemence of popular uprising. Its voice has rebuked machine politicians and the combination of rings. In this ever-active arena a new Samson has revealed his growing strength. He does not spring from the loins of eastern capital, but his limbs are hardening in the winds of western cyclones, and his gaze grows fierce before the rugged steep of the Rockies. The first echo from the horn of the western hunter has been heard, but the blasts which shall follow will shake the granite hills of New England and change the sluggish currents of history.

During the year now passed woman has spoken as never before. Sex-lines are fading out, and her influence will be felt more and more in the years dawning upon us. Nor has the religious world been less active. Great minds are breaking away from creedal moorings. New thoughts find voice in the pulpit, and the average church-member is thinking for himself. Spiritualism has also been heard rebuking the folly of the Agnostic and the bigotry of the scientist. It has made more rapid strides during the year now closing than ever before. Our camp-meetings have everywhere been more largely attended. Worthy mediums have been sought on every hand, and our lecturers and writers have done noble service.

This journal has been liberally sustained, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, standing by the grave of the year, extends to friends far and near, old and new, its hearty "God bless you!" We may never look into your earthly faces, but when the last pulsebeat dies away on the shores of the mortal, we hope to meet you and greet you in the upper kingdom.

Our zeal was never so great as now. We realize the times are auspicious. We shall aim to make our work more effective as the years go by. We ask you to go with us. Make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a welcome guest at your fireside. We will try to cast sunshine around your house, and extend, in life's dark hours, every kindly sympathy. The New Year is calling out. We must close. Its duties are before us. We will try to bring to each the honesty of purpose which is always the handmaid of success.

To every reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and all our friends and foes, we extend cordial greeting, and wish them a Happy New Year.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Once more THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER bids the old year adieu. Whatever it may have failed in doing was not because it failed in trying, but because the times and seasons were not ripe for it. Whatever it has accomplished to benefit the world; how much it may have inspired its readers for good, or quenched the thirst of the fainting souls who look to it for inspiration and encouragement in the great struggle of life, is a matter of gladness for us.

During the year just closing the increased size and a re-enlargement have been maintained. Notwithstanding the enormous space to be filled from week to week, there has not been a single line of dead matter, nor padding, nor stuffing, in any one of the fifty-two issues. Every word has been alive and filled its place in the great army of ideas sent out from 40 Loomis street, every week, to battle against the hordes of ignorance and darkness, both seen and unseen.

It has never refused its columns to a bright, liberal thought, no matter by whom said or written, because it was not labeled with a certain brand. If a thinker is in earnest, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has a kind word, and so much of a send-off as its continually crowded space will allow.

It has demonstrated its claim to be first and foremost, and the only real, representative Spiritualist paper America has ever had. This claim covers: First, a defense of the otherwise defense-

less—our mediums. Second, a full and comprehensive survey of the whole field of action, where intolerance and superstition are attempting to stifle and overthrow the constantly increasing and advancing army of Spiritualism. Third, to give full measure of the liberal thought, where similar quality draws it towards those who are eagerly seeking, along all lines, for their unfolding as helpers to the race. Above all things, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER glories in the fact, thanks to its spirit friends, that it is that anomaly in the newspaper world, a self-made and self-supporting paper from the initial number.

The alchemical essences of the number of the New Year, 1893, are three. Three is the number of the first perfect form, the triangle. Are we to infer therefrom that it will be a year of constructive and not destructive force. If so, then its readers will always be sure to find THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in the front rank, striving to make the most of all opportunities, and offering its readers, fifty-two times a year, a \$2.50 paper for \$1.00.

How do you like our platform? Can you subscribe to it? Can you send us another subscriber to duplicate your influence on our list? Don't you think we deserve just that kind of a New Year's present? This means you who read this article, every single one. Then we shall all have a happy New Year—you in the sending, and we in having a list of 25,000 subscribers.

UNPARALLELED OFFER.

The story by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, "Zuleika," has certainly proved a very decided and satisfactory hit. We knew the qualities which this remarkable medium possesses, and of course scoured her services for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. While she is enabled to serve us and aid in making THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the leading Spiritualist paper, she recognizes the fact that she is reaching more readers than she possibly could in any other paper, and that is a partial compensation to her for the arduous labor incurred in writing the story. We are not working for money, nor are we working altogether for glory; we are simply working ardently to leave the world better than we found it. We believe that we are more fully accomplishing that end by calling to our assistance Mrs. Richmond. We now make this unparalleled offer to all new subscribers: We will furnish the first five chapters of the story free, and thus enable each one to read it from the start without a break. Let each one resolve to do a little missionary work in his behalf and thus spread broadcast grand spiritual truths. Mrs. Blodgett, a most excellent medium, sends us five new subscribers to assist in inaugurating a new era by sending THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to those who are ready to seek the light.

A Magazine of Advanced Thought.

We desire to state to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that our aim is now, and always has been, to make our paper a magazine of advanced thought. We cannot make it a spiritual directory. Meetings are becoming so numerous in all parts of the United States that only brief mention can be made of them. We here state to secretaries and reporters of all meetings, send your abridged reports to us and your long reports to other papers. A report generally of a local meeting should only cover one page of foolscap paper, and even then there should be something of general interest. A report containing from ten to twenty lines is always acceptable from each of the different societies; in fact, such reports are desired. We take special pleasure in giving such a summary of the movement, but long reports are not acceptable to this office. The world is now awakened as never before, and articles full of grand thoughts are awaiting publication. Societies are principally of local interest, and while doing a most excellent work—a work that is needed—if we gave full reports of each one every week, our paper would contain nothing else. Speakers and workers in the field receive a cordial welcome to our columns. We are always glad to chronicle their movements.

Lessons to an Only Child.
J. R. McCoy sends us some excellent thoughts given as lessons to an only child. He teaches his child that he only child, he will have to face his own record, life, but will have to face his own record, written in his own handwriting. A right life here will be of use in the higher life. Do not be turned from what is right by sneers and abuse. Those from higher life will aid you, and help you to aid others. Pity the poor and down-trodden, and help those in need, if you can. Never speak, look or think disrespectfully of the opposite sex. Remember that you have an honest, loving and good mother, and that you could not bear to have her abused or insulted by any one. Have manhood in you to respect woman in whatever sphere of life you find her.

The Best of Papers.

I always say a good word for the best of papers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I hope to be able to send you 365 subscribers in 1893. JAMES RILEY.

Marcellus, Mich.
Marcellus, Michigan, has become the Mecca of Spiritualists in Michigan. It could not be that without Mr. Riley, who is the central figure of attraction. Every one who goes there seems to come away perfectly satisfied that the manifestations are not only genuine, but truly marvelous. Mr. Riley carries with him more sunshine and genuine good feeling in his nature than most mortals.

Resurrection of the Buried Past.

The archaeological discoveries of the last hundred years have revealed a past to us which could never have been known without them. The buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum have been mostly unearthed during that period, revealing the absolute condition of great cities, 1,800 years ago, their arts and manners, their appliances of comfort and luxury, their temples and their modes of worship, with the social surroundings, a knowledge of which otherwise would have remained very obscure or wholly unknown. Layard, exhumed the remains of buried cities on the Tigris, and revealed the wealth of Ninevah, for 3,000 years covered by the sands of the desert. His discoveries, with those of others which followed, have carried us back to a time almost coeval with the beginning of history. Schliemann and Cesola performed similar labors in revealing Grecian art, for thousands of years hidden from the eye of man. The explorers in ancient Egypt have been so numerous, and their discoveries so great, it would be invidious to name them. All have accomplished wonders, and we owe them lasting debts of gratitude.

But a new name is just appearing, to whom the world will be as greatly indebted for discoveries as to any who have preceded him. He is yet comparatively a young man, full of life and ambition, an earnest student, speaks many languages, and is a native of India. His name is Dr. John C. Sundberg, of San Francisco. He has asked for and received a commission as United States Consul for the port of Bagdad, lying on both sides of the Tigris, 500 miles above its mouth, in the Persian gulf. He goes, not for the spoils of office, but to make explorations among ancient ruins, so soon as he can get leave to do so from the Turkish government, of which the province of Bagdad is a pashalik. The Smithsonian Institute, the University of Pennsylvania, and other institutions of learning, have made arrangements with the government to meet his expenses with a moderate salary, and he has already gone forward to interest the Pasha and engage in excavations as soon as leave is granted. His ocean voyage will end at Calcutta. Thence he crosses India to Bombay, and will reach Bagdad early in the spring. All the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will wish the explorer *bon voyage* and a grand success in opening up the records of the past.

Why explorations at Bagdad, a city of 100,000 inhabitants? Its early history is lost, but the present foundations were laid about the middle of the eighth century, where no traces were visible of former improvements.

During a low stage of water in the summer of 1848, Sir Henry Rawlinson, while sojourning in the city, discovered that the western bank of the Tigris was lined with an embankment of solid brickwork, dating from the time of Nebuchadnezzar. The bricks were each stamped with his name and titles. He has since been found that in the Assyrian geographical catalogues of Sardanapalus, one of the Babylonian cities bears the name of Bagdad, and possibly the new city has been built on the ancient site. Immense ruins are also found east of the present city. Let us wait and watch carefully for the discoveries sure to follow.

A Blistering Truth.

It always gives THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER pleasure to note the evidence of good common sense in the clergy. While free to blame, it means to be equally prompt to applaud, when approbation is merited.

On Sunday, the 4th inst., Rev. D. C. Potter preached in the Baptist Tabernacle, New York, on the "Prevention of Crime and the Pittsburgh Question." Read and rejoice that there is one preacher who dares assert his manhood, even in an orthodox pulpit, against the vices for which his craft are mainly responsible. He said:

It is an old question, difficult, one-sided. The church suffers from the meddling of her ministers in all subjects, and men devoid of practical sense and without experience commit us to the turmoil and folly. The Pittsburgh pastors have produced a situation disgraceful and heartless, and politics has become a meddler in the morals of our city. The Society for the Prevention of Crime, over which a well-known city pastor presides (Parkhurst), is simply scattering the crime it aims to prevent. Nothing is prevented, save in the locality where the society's raids are made. Driven out of one place or street the outcasts go to another less public or they wait the chance of returning. The effort is at suppression, not prevention. To first obtain evidence of an incriminating character against a disorderly house, perhaps by humiliating and criminal methods, and then haul the inmates to jail, causing them public shame and advertisement, is surely not ordained by crime. On the one hand it is abetting, conivng at; on the other it is simply distress and damage. Where a throng of degraded women are dragged through the streets, put to insult and deeper disgrace in a police court, fined or temporarily imprisoned, nothing criminal has been prevented. The unfortunates have only a deeper degradation, a sorer heart, a bitter hatred against the law, and all the forces that brought about the open show of their sin. They are so much the poorer, so much the more miserable, more hardened, more desperate and despairing. Their future is by so much as they have suffered the darker; their reformation the more hopeless. The minister's place is not with the persecutors; it is not with the brutal accusers who claim that she be punished for her sin. No man was ever ordained by church to be a public prosecutor. It is his place to preach mercy to the sinner, to call for repentance and not to spring traps to catch, or set spies to betray."

We commend these words to the clergy of all denominations, and everywhere.

Mabel Kline writes from New Orleans, La., that the regular meeting there opened with music, invocation and song, followed with an address by Bishop A. Beals, on "The Religion of Spiritualism," after which Dr. Mikesell, a slave writer, gave some very good tests. The hall was crowded with investigators.

To Be Tested in the Courts.

South Side citizens have formed an organization and applied to Judge Tuley for an injunction to restrain the World's Fair Commissioners from closing the Exposition on Sunday.

The application is based on the assumption that Jackson Park is public property, a place of popular resort owned by the whole people. The Park Commissioners, it is alleged, hold this property in trust for the people and have no authority to close the gates on any day in the year. It is further alleged that since they have not the right to shut up the public from the park at any time, they have not the right to delegate to any other body the right to close the grounds on Sunday. The gist of the claim is that neither Congress, nor a national commission, nor a board of local directors has the right to exclude citizens and tax-payers from a public park upon a certain day in the week, and that the Park Commissioners hold no authority to exercise such a right, to confer it on any other body.

The court has set January 3d for the time of hearing. Col. Rao appears for the citizens, probably assisted by Gen. John C. Black.

The Law to Be Tested.

It is reported that a suit has been brought in the courts of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, to test the constitutionality of the laws of that State which exempt church property from taxation. In that county alone it is estimated ten millions of dollars in property is never placed on the tax-list, and thus escapes the burden of protection which rests so heavily on those not so highly favored. It is an indirect tax on all other property in the interest of the church. An honest court must so view it, and declare the exemption invalid.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

Our aim has been, and is now, to do a philanthropic work. The attainment or accumulation of money solely has never been our object. We simply wish to leave the world better than we found it, and if that end is consummated we shall feel that we have not lived in vain. Hence we wish to send broadcast the excellent story appearing in our paper by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. We make this liberal offer: Every new subscriber to our paper will get the first five chapters of the story free. While we are spending our whole time in trying to liberalize the world, we ask each one of our readers to canvas their respective localities, and endeavor to find us at least one new subscriber to whom we can impart the light of our paper.

The Greatest Paper.

TO THE EDITOR:—Inclosed find money order for one dollar, to renew my subscription to the greatest paper on earth, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. May you live long to aid in the good work of uprooting evil and destroying the seemingly deadly octopus, which has so many within its grasp.

MRS. E. J. RICHARD.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the largest spiritual paper now published. It pays more each week for putting its matter in type than any other paper, and while it does those two things we are glad to learn that you consider it the greatest paper on earth. By that it is supposed you mean that it is abreast of the times on all subjects pertaining to the spiritual philosophy. We propose, however, to go on improving its pages as long as we have charge of it.

All Along the Line.

Some one sends me a copy of your grand paper. It has, indeed, made a wonderful advance "all along the line" during the past two years.

Yes, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has made an advance all along the line. Those who glance at its pages now, the largest Spiritualist paper printed on this planet, have but little conception of what is in store for our readers in the future. The grand and beneficent law of evolution manifested throughout all nature, from the insect to the archangel, holds good in reference to our paper—it is constantly improving.

The Transition of a Noble Woman.

A few days ago Mrs. Jenifer, the mother of the President of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association, passed serenely to spirit-life. She was a firm believer in the grand truths of Spiritualism, and wherever she was—in the family circle or elsewhere—she gave expression to a benign, soul-elevating influence that was recognized by all. Reared in the belief of the Quakers, she brought to Spiritualism the sterling integrity and high sense of honor that belongs to that sect. She had been ailing for a long time, and was kept on this side of life by the pure devotion and love of her children. At last, however, her disease got the mastery. Varily, her reward will be great. Moses Hull and Mrs. DeWolf officiated at the funeral.

Rich in Thought.

The address by Dr. C. W. Hidden, which appears on our first page this week, is rich in beautiful thoughts and suggestions.

A Hierarchy.

Seventy-two museums, art galleries and libraries are now open on Sundays in different parts of England, and others are soon to be opened; but England is under monarchical rule, which is under the control of the priesthood. We call this a republic; but when are the people consulted, or their rights conserved, if in conflict with the demands of the clergy?

Mrs. Jennie Moore, who has been holding seances in Duluth, Minn., has returned to the city, and can be found now at her residence, 757 Warren avenue. Sunday and Wednesday evenings she holds materializing circles.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and medium Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

Bishop A. Beals has been very successful in his work in New Orleans, La., having large audiences, that sometimes tax the capacity of the hall. He refers feelingly to the many friends whom he will soon have to leave, as he commences the first Sunday of the New Year at Oakland, Cal. He especially refers to Captain Jack Abbott; Dr. Benson, President of the Society; Mr. and Mrs. Cline and Mr. Brodie, the Corresponding Secretary; all of whom he mentions in words of generous praise and thanks for their services in behalf of the cause, and for their kindness to him in special. His address at Oakland, Cal., will be 2607 7th street. Is open for engagements after February.

Frank T. Ripley lectures and gives tests at Akron, Ohio, during the month of January. He can be engaged during week evenings in the States of Ohio, and Pennsylvania, on liberal terms. Address, care of 304 Mill street, Akron, Ohio.

From H. R. Wardell we learn that Mr. R. H. Kneeshaw, of Saratoga Springs, is attracting large audiences at the hall of the First Spiritualist Church, Louisville, Ky. In three weeks he has doubled the attendance, and more than doubled the receipts. His excellent lectures are followed by such tests that those present know not which to admire most, the lectures or the tests. The Society is trying to arrange with him to extend his stay.

Dr. Wm. Barker, of Cornwall, Maine, tells of reading the "same old hash" of Spiritualism in other Spiritualist papers until his appetite was gone, but getting hold of this paper soon cured him, and he enjoys the rich, strengthening and palatable manna set before him by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Nothing equal to it to cure spiritual dyspepsia—as can be attested by thousands. Let every spiritualistic dyspeptic try it—let all Spiritualists try it—it is both a sure cure and a preventive of spiritual nausea and loss of appetite.

Dr. M. Hammond would be pleased to correspond with spiritual societies needing lectures in the West or South. Address Dr. M. Hammond, 361 North Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Spiritual Union holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30, in Garfield Hall, 541 and 543 Armitage avenue. It will have its next date social at the home of Mrs. P. Lee, 217 Walnut street, between Robey and Hoyne, Thursday evening, December 20. These socials are held every two weeks, to help the treasury of the Union.

Mr. G. W. Walrond lectured at Hamilton on Sunday last. The subject handed up was "Spirit Environment, What Is It?" His analysis of the subject, control, gave a full analysis of the subject, and replied to questions connected with the spiritual philosophy. On January 1 the town of Guelph, Ontario, falls into line, Mr. Walrond having been engaged to give two trances lectures there on New Year's day, to inaugurate Spiritualism in this thriving little town of 10,000 inhabitants. Mr. Walrond's permanent address is Hamilton, Canada.

Edgar S. Maxwell can be engaged for physical manifestations, or seances in the light. Address him: Box 200, Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets writes: "The Rockford Society of Spiritualists, said to be the oldest in the State, having been in active operation over thirty years, held its regular quarterly meeting December 10 and 11. The session opened up with fair attendance, which increased to a full house Sunday morning and afternoon. After each of my lectures Mrs. John Lindsay, of Grand Rapids, the well-known and excellent medium, gave tests which were in nearly every instance recognized. Many names were given, and in the presence of Mrs. Lindsay and her genial husband we could but feel the nearness of our unseen spirit friends."

Brother Capen Leonard, of Pittsfield Mills, Vt., 83 years of age, writes us a vigorous letter in denunciation of Vermont "blue laws," of which he gives a sample. They are similar to those of Connecticut. He says the legislator who would attempt to repeal them would render himself liable to be "split on" by a committee appointed for that purpose besides being made the victim of social ostracism.

M. E. Akers, recording secretary, Bloomington, Ill., writes cheerfully of the prosperity of Spiritualism in that city; and has special words of praise for Miss Judson and her work, declaring that she is truly worthy of her sainted parentage. She goes to Clinton, Ill., and other points in the State, and intends to reach St. Louis the last of December.

From Kansas City, Mo., we have word by way of Brother C. H. Gates that the cause is prospering there. After speaking of his interest in our paper, which he thinks no real, wide-awake, aspiring Spiritualist can well get along without, he has a word of encomium for G. H. Brooks, who is doing a splendid work there. An increased interest seems to be manifested on all sides as a result of his efforts.

There are some Spiritualists of the sleepless sort at Chesaning, Mich., among whom is the secretary of the Chesaning Progressive Spiritualist Society, Mrs. W. Miller. Though the society was very quiet during the summer and the political campaign, it was merely resting. Recently, however, it has been beautifully aroused and revived by the presence and fine inspirational discourses of Mrs. A. E. Sheets, who is a favorite among all classes and is destined to become one of the foremost in the lecture field. The Baptist minister, with some of his flock, listened attentively to one of her addresses and his verdict was that he was much pleased with most of it. The Chesaning society hopes to join with Saginaw, Owosso and other societies and secure her services oftener. Mrs. Miller says that the woman question has, by agitation, grown beyond precedent. Where once she was alone, no opposition is now made, and many speak in favor.

Capt. Jack Abbott writes from New Orleans: "Our society here is in a healthy condition and doing a good work. Bishop A. Beals has been occupying our platform for November and December. He gets better and better. He will leave behind many new and beautiful thoughts. His guides are of a high order, and give us food for thought, which is what we want in this age of progress."

Mrs. S. M. Bartholmes, that excellent platform medium, will be in Aspen, Colo., with the First Spiritual church of that city during the month of January, 1893, after which she will return to the Denver, Colo., Institute of Spiritualism.

Mrs. E. Cutler, trance speaker and psychometric reader, speaks in Newark, N. J., January 15; the last Sunday of December in Trenton, N. J. She will make engagements with societies on liberal terms. Address her at 35 Maplewood Ave., Germantown, Pa.

From Roanoke, Va., Mr. Dose sends his subscription, and wishes some lecturer of the Moses Hull stripe would come there and "give the benighted Christians a lecture, that they might learn what Spiritualism and free thought are." He is a materialist, but likes this paper.

Miss Mabel Kline writes from New Orleans, La., giving an account of a very attractive entertainment given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the New Orleans Spiritualist Association on the evening of December 14 for the purpose of raising money to buy a piano. After an address by A. C. Ladd, Atlanta, Ga., there was a succession of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, a drama and tableaux. Dancing followed the programme. The hall was well filled.

Remember, everybody, that we send the first five chapters of Mrs. Richmond's story free to every new subscriber. Each one can have the commencement of the story, observe its connection and receive the grand truths which it imparts.

J. P. Marsh, A. M., M. D., is open for engagements to lecture in any part of the United States. He can be addressed at Flint, Mich.

A "balled-down" letter from C. B. Marsh, of Detroit, Mich., commends highly Mrs. Nellie Baude and her work. She interests intelligent audiences every Sunday evening at Rowe's Hall. Mrs. Minnie Carpenter assists with inspirational songs. Fred A. Heath, the blind medium, gives good satisfaction with his trial readings.

Good news comes from Marathon Hall, of Omaha, Neb. The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists is holding its own, in spite of bad weather and "Evangelist Mills" revival efforts. Deeply interesting meetings are held, with addresses by different speakers, and tests following. Mr. Kinney, Mr. Hickman, and Mr. Keen are trial mediums, and live the proceedings.

K. C. Will writes an interesting account of some manifestations of spirit power recently in Hialeah, Fla. A young medium, 18 years old, receives three different phases of mediumship, clairvoyance, healing and pencil-writing.

Mrs. J. I. Roberts, Minneapolis, Minn., tells of taking five Lutheran Germans with her to hear a lecture of Mrs. C. D. Pruden, who, she says, is a splendid medium. One dear old German lady who cannot read English wants us to "print a few PROGRESSIVE THINKERS in German"—which we would be glad to do if it were feasible.

From Mrs. L. L. Jackson, Secretary, we learn that the cause is flourishing in Indianapolis, Ind., the Society assuming larger proportions with increasing interest at each meeting. Miss Sallie E. Graham, Vice-President, talks and sings when under control in Latin, French, German, Spanish, and Indian. Those who know say she speaks fluently in those tongues, of which she knows nothing in her normal condition. A reporter who was present recently seemed completely dazed on witnessing her tests. Another woman improvises, singing as the words come, to a sweet, plaintive air, one song after another. To Mrs. Mary Davis, 82 years old, the spirits have recently intruded themselves in a wonderful manner—fruit, flowers and various articles are brought on a slate and placed on a small shelf under the table; bells are rung, no hand touching. Spiritualism has taken a firm grasp upon the minds of many of the best citizens.

A clergyman who is beginning to think, writes as follows of the "Occult Forces of Sex," by Lois Walabrook: "I am pleased with what I have read of the book. The language is beautiful, and is full of zeal; on fire with love for the suffering and the outcast. No one can write such a book without having a right to the respect and admiration of all lovers of their kind. I want to master it before I express myself further upon it, and that will take a more thorough reading."

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Dora Downing of Indianapolis, wishes to announce that she desires engagements for February and March as an inspirational worker. She will hold circles for development of mediumistic powers. She is a good woman, earnest, and is having good success in her line of work. Her large respect and should be directed to reach points especially that are not reached by regular speakers. Address her at 89 N. Delaware street, Indianapolis, Ind."

Unity Spiritual Society, of Santa Cruz, Cal., is prospering, according to report of F. H. Parker. Mrs. M. E. Aldrich is the stationed speaker, and is doing successful work. C. V. Miller, materializing medium, of San Francisco, has been holding a series of seances, with satisfactory results. After being examined by a committee, and while the hall was quite light, forms came to the aperture on both sides of the cabinet at the same time, and gave messages to those nearest—the medium sitting outside the cabinet, holding hands with a member of the circle. After he went inside the cabinet forms came out stronger and materialized lace, samples of which were given to members of the circle. The local press gave a fair report. A good test medium is wanted, who can give names in full from the rostrum.

C. L. Clark of this city writes: "The North Side Spiritual Society has secured the services of Dr. G. W. Carpenter, lecturer and Mrs. Alice Turbett to give tests for the month of January. Services commence at 7:30 P. M. The Band of Friendship hold test circles every Tuesday evening at the homes of those desiring to have them. This little band is doing a good work, bringing out new interest at every meeting, and a number of investigators have fallen in line for the grand cause of truth and right."

Wanted, test mediums and speakers of good moral habits. For terms and dates apply to Wm. Kline, Vice President of N.O. Spiritualists' Association, 197 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

Mr. J. F. and Mrs. L. A. Spear, clairvoyants and psychometrists, are located at Springfield, Mo. The West is rapidly advancing in Spiritualism.

Thanks, Mrs. W. Miller, for your interest in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Michigan still keeps to the front.

Justice, of St. Paul, Minn., has a good word for Oscar Edgerly, who is lecturing there. He analyzed in a masterly manner the address of Rev. Harris, showing up the inconsistency of his attack on Spiritualism. "We feel assured that all who listened to Mr. Edgerly on this occasion went away feeling that Spiritualism had been fully vindicated."

Mrs. F. C. Stinhardt, of Dubuque, Ia., writes: "We are getting along nicely, and expect our children to have a fine time at their Christmas Tree, Sunday next, which the Doctor has gotten up for the children."

Geo. F. Perkins writes: "We are now in Colorado Springs, Col., holding four meetings a week with good success. We will be here until January first. Denver Spiritualists are beginning to organize out of the chaotic state in which they have unfortunately been plunged. Mr. F. Brady, formerly a Baptist minister, has done, and is now doing much for the cause as President and lecturer there and at this city also."

G. W. Kates and wife will serve the Spiritual Society of Colorado Springs, Col., during January; the Pittsburgh, Pa., Society during March; for February they desire appointments en-route between these places. Address them as above.

J. W. Dennis writes from Marshalltown, Iowa: "Spiritualism in this bright little town is in a flourishing condition. Bro. Thos. Cowan, the President, is a wide-awake worker for the cause. His aids, Bro. Anderson, and Bro. Norman, are excellent workers also. F. Gordon White, the platform test medium, is engaged for January, 1893, and this Society are looking forward to a good time. My permanent address is 120 Thirteenth st., Buffalo, N. Y. I am open for engagements to lecture in any locality, will also officiate at funerals."

Mrs. Colla M. Dickerson speaks for the Society at Toronto, Can., Jan. 8th and 15th.

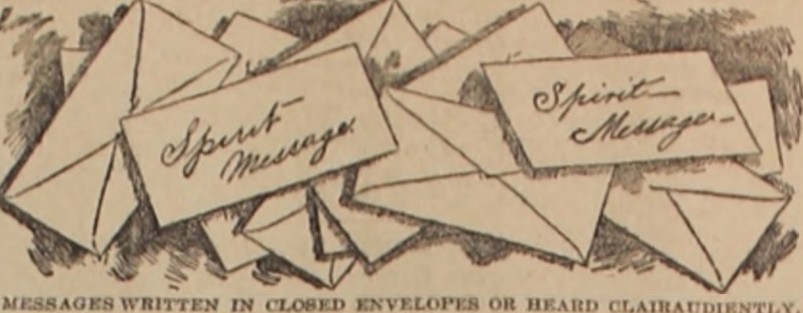
Mrs. Mary C. Lyman writes us some good thoughts, in a letter, concerning the working forces of the Romish church, and the right way to meet and overcome them. She speaks highly of the work of this paper in opposing "Conjurers," and says they hold a key to a knowledge of vibratory power—that there is an occult influence back of every Romish form of ceremony. The remedy is through the wisdom of infinite law carried into effect by our knowledge of them. Our victory will be won by our vigilance in building up societies with an idea of psychological law. As they have wrought by the power of fear, we must draw all unto us by the power of love.

Brother Thomas Leas, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends a notice of Christmas festivities to be held, which came to hand too late for due publication. We have no doubt the children of the Lyceum, and all others, had an enjoyable time.

E. F. Pickup, of Lowell, Mass., writes: "The 11th of this month we had Mr. S. H. Yelke, M. A., M. D., of Boston, occupy our platform. In the afternoon he took subjects from the audience and in the evening he set himself the task of proving that 'Religion is Founded on Nothing, and Spiritualism is Founded on Something.' After each lecture he gave a number of tests. He is just the right kind of person to stir up slumbering societies."

Dr. Peebles, who moved to San Antonio, Texas, to build up a sanitarium of which he is proprietor and physician, is meeting with excellent success. He has many Northern invalids in his Health Palace.

J. F. Barkley, of Springfield, Ohio, writes encouragingly of Hugh A. Moore. His seances are very satisfactory. His phases are: etherization, independent voices, and trumpet speaking. Pansy, one of his controlling spirits, manages the seances, speaking in several different languages. Genuine mediums meet a welcome at Springfield.



MESSAGES WRITTEN IN CLOSED ENVELOPES OR HEARD CLAIRAUDIENTLY.

PHENOMENAL.

Thought he Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

Spirit-Life as I Found It.

AN ADDRESS BY SPIRIT HENRY KIDDLE BEFORE THE NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, AT CARNEGIE HALL.

TO THE EDITOR:—The accompanying address was spoken by spirit Henry Kiddle at the Carrie Miller circle, held in my Brooklyn office on the afternoon of November 15. In strict and cheerful compliance with the request of the visiting spirit (Mr. Cole accompanying me) I went over to New York City and read the Kiddle address to the Carnegie Hall Spiritual Conference, presided over by Mr. J. H. Newton. When I stated the object of our visit Brother Newton gave to Mr. Cole and myself a most hospitable greeting. It would be interesting to your readers and gratifying to me if I had the leisure to report many interesting incidents connected with last Sunday's visit to Carnegie Hall, but I must content myself with a brief report.

Of the large audience (there was a full house) that listened to the Kiddle address, probably one-half were his old acquaintances, and Henry Newton, who for many years was his intimate friend and co-worker in the great cause of Spiritualism, gave voice to the general sentiment of appreciation and approval with which the spirit address was greeted when he said: "Both in language and sentiment it was wholly characteristic of Mr. Kiddle."

In response to the allusion and eulogy of "Auld Lang Syne" in the Kiddle essay, Mr. Newton gave out that old familiar song which has such an abiding place in the memory and affection of mankind. As I, by one impulse, the whole audience rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne" with a fervor and earnestness which made the event memorable with all who participated in it.

Mr. Cole had declined to sit on the platform for manifestations, but stated that on some other occasion he would give the spirits an opportunity to write in presence of a Carnegie hall audience.

Following Mr. Cole Mrs. Fox-Kane was called to the platform, Mr. Newton stating that "any one in the audience was permitted to ask a mental question, which would be answered, yes or no, by the raps."

Under these absolutely test conditions for manifestations many questions were asked and satisfactorily answered. I was among the questioners, and asked, not audibly, but mentally: "Will my friend Kiddle assist at the public manifestation which Mr. Cole has just promised?" "Yes," the answer came, in raps, which were plainly heard. Immediately Mrs. Kane took up a lead pencil, and under control of Prof. Kiddle wrote me a message, which was substantially as follows: "Yes, I will, and give evidence of my identity." K.

CHAS. R. MILLER, 2431 Pacific Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ADDRESS BY HENRY KIDDLE.

When in earth-life I had the privilege of attending your seances for spirit manifestations, I acted as a stenographer on those occasions, and often thought or wondered how a spirit must feel when making those verbal communications.

If you will remember, in company with Dr. Buchanan, Prof. O'Sullivan, yourself and others, I had the privilege of listening to those able discourses by Claudius and others, spoken through Mr. Cole. I also reported and compared the Latin given by the Roman spirits and found it both accurate and elegant, and much above what collegiate Latin expresses today.

Now, as my time is limited today and the weather not very suitable for spiritual manifestations, I propose to commence the discussion of the subject which has been given me by your daughter, Carrie Miller, as soon as possible. My subject is: "Spiritual Life as I Have Found It."

My departure from earth scenes possessed no regrets for me; I had performed my earthly mission, acquired that spiritual knowledge which all should possess, and found my earthly frame infirm and racked by reaching near the age allotted to mortal life. My family were left comfortable; my social and spiritual relations I held dear, and the memories of the earnest endeavors, the abiding faith and loving confidence of my spiritual associates, shed light into the dark world from which my spirit was taking its flight.

And now as I look in the past and recall my associations with you, Bro. Miller, and your earnest efforts at spiritual seances, and upon the public platform, I cannot but feel that earth-life even can be made beautiful, if earth-life beings will only permit it to be so made.

I have found spiritual life much as I had been taught when a mortal by manifesting spirits. I have found it a scene of active intelligence and ceaseless endeavor, constant development and unending progression.

The spirit, unburdened of mortal anxiety and cares, existing in the etheric condition of sublimated spirituality, stands forth gigantic in that knowledge which has brought revolving populated spheres into special existence.

Relationship and the ties of earth-life are not buried in a common grave. The sentiment of love, filial, paternal and fraternal affection are spiritual elements which grow and flourish far more beautifully in the spiritual than even in the mortal world, where first they had their inception; hence family and social ties are more fully developed, and friends of one life are friends of another.

During my earth-life career I had been saddened by the tears of a weeping mother at the tomb of a son, and felt that could she have known and realized the truth of Spiritualism, those tears of lamentation would have been tears of joy. And I have found that those tears should have been joyful, as the loved son had not deceased, but stood in all the glory and vigor of manhood, one of the integral parts of undying existence.

More, I have found that that son visited that earth mother, and by impression caused her to seek the light of spiritual truth at the materializing seances, with a faint, unexpressed hope of hearing from her loved boy. And when the cabinet curtains were parted, there stood the loved form of her son, who uttered endearing words, calling her to him, embraced her, and there demonstrated the immortality of the soul and the continued existence of a loved boy, in a manner that theological teachers have never since been enabled to efface.

I have found spiritual life to be filled with possibilities—possibilities that glow in the future, as bright orbs glow in the blue ether of the earth sky.

Myriads of spirits—ancient, modern, prehistoric and spirits of all ages and climes, progressing toward their individual goals, aided and comforted by stronger spiritual brotherhood, encouraged and sustained by the spirits of wisdom and experience of ages, march on in solid phalanxes through eternity, illuminating and beautifying a life which is coincident with the commencement of time, and must be contemporaneous with it.

The spirit evoked by mortals when singing "Auld Lang Syne" is that spirit which best describes the character of spiritual existence. Friends of earth-life are not forgotten in the Spiritual world; on the contrary, a mere regard is developed into an abiding, manly and womanly affection. Though the ties of father, mother, sister and brother, wife and husband are not dissolved in spiritual existence, yet that sentiment of fraternal affection pervades all classes and conditions, and unites spirits who are mortal in every age and country.

In conclusion I would assure those friends in mortal life who have survived me, that their relatives and friends, who have preceded them to the great world of light, are happy and contented, and still possess those feelings of affection which made them dear when mortals; that they frequently visit their earthly homes, gather near their mortal friends in times of peril and danger, sorrow and disappointment; when another loved one has laid down its mortal body, then are those spiritual friends near to welcome it to the new life and guide it safely to that world where sorrow and troubles are never known.

FARMER RILEY.

Continued from First Page
their earth-friends. Seeing is believing and feeling is the naked truth, and I have done both. I found Mr. and Mrs. Riley very fine, unassuming, congenial people, and in my estimation way above deception of any kind. They do all they can to make it pleasant for their callers, which are many.

SOMEWHAT SKEPTICAL.

As to the Nebular Hypothesis of La Place.

TO THE EDITOR:—As Prof. O. H. Richmond seems well posted in astronomy and quite willing to solve difficulties for those less favored, I crave a little space in your highly-esteemed paper for the purpose of submitting what seems to me to be proof positive that the nebular hypothesis of La Place, which is generally if not universally accepted by astronomers, must be a great error. I hope that if a professor will find it convenient to favor us with an explanation in due time.

The nebular hypothesis, in brief, I understand to be as follows: The material of which our solar system consists once occupied a vast region of space in a super-heated gaseous condition called nebula; and in the course of time, by the process of cooling, the vast fields of matter by the force of attraction assumed the globular form, and was necessarily given an axial rotation. Now we are told that this rotation forms a ring of matter at the equator, or where the motion is greatest. This ring eventually becomes detached from the mass as the result of the cooling and shrinking process going on in the central mass; and that finally this ring breaks and pulls itself together in the form of a globe and continues to revolve in an orbit and with a velocity it received from its great parent at the time it became detached.

We now have a full-fledged planet, and what is known at present that planet is the one astronomer call Neptune.

This great central mass or sun continues to shrink, continues to form and part with these equatorial rings, and said rings break and form globes or planets, which revolve in orbits and with velocities corresponding to the dimension and motion of the sun's equator at the time or times of the formation of the several planets. Astronomers say that the sun rotates on its axis in twenty-five days, seven hours and forty-eight minutes.

Now, if the nebular theory is correct, the equatorial region of the sun must have had a velocity at the time of Neptune's birth of some less than twelve thousand miles per hour, and continued to rotate with an accelerated velocity down through the formation of all the planets, till we find Mercury having a velocity of over one hundred and five thousand miles an hour.

Following this theory down to the present time the sun's equator should have a much greater velocity than at any former time; but taking the rotation and size of the sun, as given by

(CONTINUED IN 7TH COLUMN.)

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

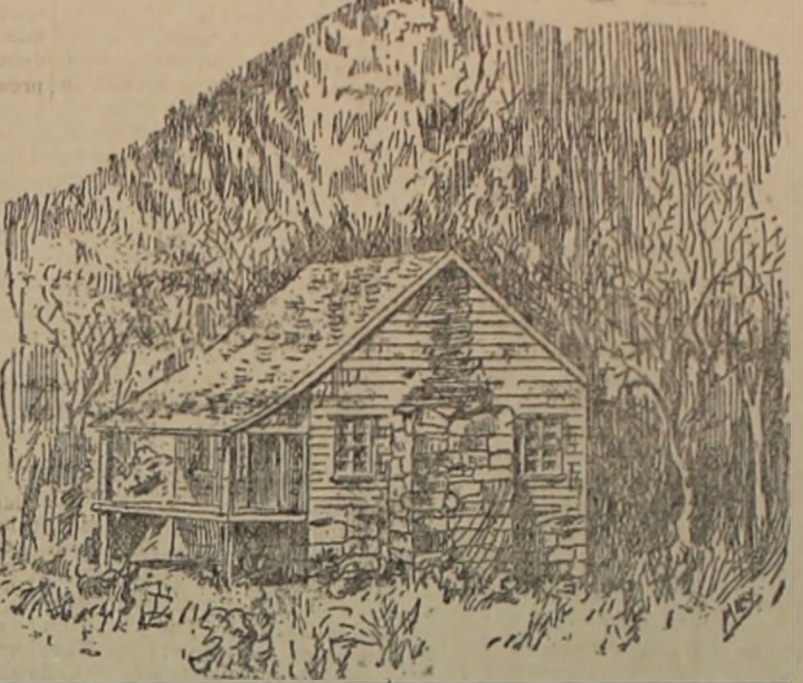
Spirit Protest Against Destroying Dan Ritter's Old Home.

Story of the Visitations of the Mysterious Phantom.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

KECKSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13.—Wm. Newell has abandoned his haunted house. He has turned the rickety old structure over to the squatter-ghost, that has recently been sharing his home. While the supernatural phenomena enjoyed undisputed possession of the old place, Mr. Newell, his pretty wife, and prettier boy, are reveling in the luxury of a new home, with a well-developed and mighty powerful "speck" as their nearest neighbor. Mr. Newell's new home is a modest but comfortable one. He constructed it with his own hands. It stands within twenty feet of the one just deserted. Mr. Newell did "COME ON, PARD, THE DOGS WON'T BITE."

not, he says, quit the old place through fear of the ghost that insisted upon living with him. In fact he professes to be



rather proud of the mysterious tenant. He merely separated from the phantom through an innate sense of duty to his wife and babe, neither of whom took to the ghost and the ghost stories with his sublime yet ghoulish interest.

The story of Mr. Newell and the ghost was printed in THE DISPATCH on Monday morning. The publication did not excite much concern in Mr. Newell's community. There isn't much of a community in that particular section to start with, and the people who do live there are kept so busy chopping out an existence that they don't have time to paste with papers. That there is a ghost, and that William Newell's old house is the goblin's home, is firmly believed by everybody within twenty miles of the place.

ALL SHARE IN THE BELIEF.

Men, women and children alike share the superstition, and nearly every man on the mountain side is perfectly willing



A FIGHT FOR THE COVERS.

to testify that he has taken his turn at wrestling with the invisible force that haunts the children of earth. None of them has ever seen the demon. They only know it is there. They have held high carnival with it at midnight. They have revelled with the disembodied spirit just as they revel in the spirits of their own make, and it is blotted in a quiet way that a liberal supply of the one is necessary to produce the frightful presence of the other. A visit into the mountains just south of here by the Collector of Internal Revenue might satisfy the skeptical and relieve those confirmed in the ghost story.

William Newell's farm of twenty-five acres, ghost house and home, are, according to Henry Bacon, considered the best authority in these parts, "back in the brush, just two miles from Sol Snyder's, and Sol Snyder is his daddy-in-law." Sol Snyder's place, by the way, is on the mountain road, on the very summit of the Chestnut ridge, about midway between Greensburg and Somerset. A pack of loud-mouthed, hungry hounds, a few sheep, a small drove of chickens and an expanse of rocky land tilted up until it seems to stand on one end, the ghost house, a log barn, his new home, with his wife and four-year-old boy, make up the list of Mr. Newell's possessions. He is employed at the Mammoth Coke Works, located at the foot of the mountains, just five miles away, and morning and evening he walks to and from his work. He is a sturdy, honest-looking fellow. He is a brother of ex-Commissioner Newell, of Fayette county, and he is held in high esteem by all who know him.

"Bill Newell is one of the best men we have in our works," the superintendent of Mammoth works said to your correspondent.

"Have you heard of the ghost he has at his home?" I asked of the superintendent.

"Yes, I have heard that story often."

A GOOD CHARACTER WITNESS.

"Do you believe it?"

"Well, I don't go much on ghost

stories, but I believe what Bill Newell says."

"Why?" was asked.

"Because I never knew him to tell a lie."

Newell was then called in. He had read THE DISPATCH story.

"How is that story?" was asked him.

"It's all right, sir," he said. He had been charging ovens, and his face was grimy and black. "Just go up to the house and see my wife; she will tell you the story. I will take the short cut, and will be there before you."

About two hours later I drove to within 200 yards of the Newell home. That was as near the place as a wagon could get. Mr. Newell was standing in his doorway waiting for me. When I jumped from the buggy I seemed to disturb and unsettle all the dogs in the neighborhood, and for a time the air seemed full of howling hounds.

"Come on, pard; the dogs won't hurt you," Mr. Newell shouted, at the same time rattling off fully a dozen names for the several dogs, and each in turn as he called it hung its tail and fell back perfectly harmless.

We proceeded to business promptly. We examined the haunted house rather critically. The exact spot where the bed had stood was pointed out. The corner in which the mysterious rappings

always occurred was indicated. The very floor board was marked upon which so that man had alighted when he was thrown from the bed by the intangible something. The bed-clothing, which Mr. Newell with both hands raised to high heaven, declared he and the ghost had torn into shreds in an early morning contest, were displayed by their proud possessor.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

And then he told a wild, weird, remarkable tale. While he talked he looked like one telling the truth. In his homely way he threw about his story that sincerity that made it delightful, yet with all it seemed tinged with the impossible, uncommon and unnatural.

"The mountain side is a mighty queer place," Mr. Newell began. "Back nearly a hundred years ago old Jim Jacobs lived in a hut just where this new house stands. Jacobs was a hermit and a murderer. He used to kill the drovers who passed through the mountains from Pittsburgh to the East. He is said to have murdered more than 100 people in his time. He would throw them over the rocks near here, rob them of their money and take their horses and cattle. It is told of Jacobs that he once attempted to kill a man and his wife. He did kill the man, but the wife escaped. She made her way through the mountains and took shelter in Jacobs' hut, where the old murderer found her when he returned. She lived several days, and when she evidenced signs of recovering Jacobs is alleged to have poisoned her. That woman is seen in these mountains to this very day. She dashes through the bushes like a frightened fawn and everybody up here has seen her often. It is told that her spirit in white robes overtook Jacobs one night and so frightened him that he committed suicide."

"But that has nothing to do with our ghost," Mr. Newell suggested. "Dave Ritter was the original owner of this place. One day he was out in the woods, and he saw the ghost of a man in the old house. Ritter was a bachelor. The property was not very valuable, but it was all he had. He was courting a girl up in Somerset county, and just when he was about to get married this place was sold for taxes."

LIKE MODERN BRIDES.

"The girl refused to marry him when he had no property. He agreed if she would wait for him he would leave the mountains and make money enough to buy back his property. The girl, they tell me, died while waiting. She was back in the forties. Then they tell me Dan Ritter cursed his luck and died too. I understand he died recently very poor somewhere down in West Virginia."

"I bought this place eight years ago. I decided to remodel the house and make it comfortable for the winter when I heard of Dan Ritter's death. The first night after Ritter's death was announced, Henry Bacon, who was working for me, was disturbed by rappings in his bedroom, which was in the corner of the old house. He was frightened at the noise and he came downstairs and slept on the floor. The next night Sherman Freeman, Lyman Gaut, Marion Wilson and Henry Johnston decided to watch for the ghost. They spent the evening downstairs. Everything was quiet overhead until about 9 o'clock, when someone started to play the organette. As soon as a sacred tune was struck the rappings began upstairs, and the ghost seemed to be enraged. Two of the boys ran upstairs, but they could see nothing. About an hour later the boys went up to bed. They climbed into the bed together. They had scarcely gotten into the bed when the rappings began and the bedclothing disappeared. Then the rappings became more violent and one after the other the boys were thrown out of bed to the floor. Bacon made a desperate fight. He remained in bed the longest, and when he found himself being dragged out he jumped up and ran downstairs. All the others save Gaut had come down. We went back and got him. He

was unconscious and seemed to be dying. We sent one of the boys for Dr. Wilson, who lives at Kecksburg, and he remained with Gaut for six hours before he brought him around."

A PROTEST AGAINST DESTRUCTION.

"The next day Henry Bacon began tearing down the foundation under the porch, but the rappings began furiously and he quit the work. The rappings quit at the same time. That night the organette was started again and again the rappings started. Bacon went upstairs and that time he saw what he thought was a cat. The house was closed up and the cat could not escape, but we were unable to find it."

"A night or two later Marion Wilson, a brother of Dr. Wilson, and a party of young fellows attempted to sleep in the room. The rappings started and the bed-clothes began to move. In the light, Wilson became wrapped in the bed-clothes, and he was almost smothered before we could rescue him."

"Well, now, Mr. Newell, did you ever see the ghost?" was asked.

"No, I did not. No one has ever seen the ghost. But one night, after everybody had been scared off, I went to sleep in the bed. This is the bed right here," Mr. Newell explained, pointing to the only bed in the room, on which we were seated. "I had made up my mind to give the ghost a fight, and I was waiting for him. I had slept some, and it was sometime in the morning when the rapping started and the bed-clothes began slipping off me. I grabbed the clothes and held on to them. I got my feet against the foot of the bed, and, sitting up, I pulled with all my strength. There were rollers on the bed, and notwithstanding all the pulling the bed never moved. Just when I was about tired out the clothes began tearing and I held on until they tore in two. Here are the pieces," Mr. Newell concluded, taking from the box a mass of torn bed-clothing.

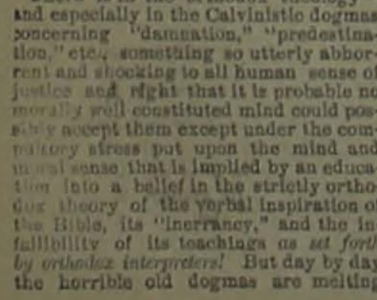
"What I tell you is true as holy writ," the gentleman went on. "You can see the men I have named. I have talked to a man in Mt. Pleasant and he tells me he can make the ghost appear at any time. He is coming over here some day to experiment."

OUT OF MANY MOUTHS.

Henry Bacon and his father, Charles Bacon, who live on the mud pike on the summit of the ridge, had both attempted to sleep in the haunted room. They had not seen the ghost, but both said they had been thrown out of the bed to the floor, and both said they had heard the rappings. Sherman Freeman, who lives near Bacon, had also slept in the haunted room. He told me of having been thrown out of the bed and having had his clothes taken away from him. Lyman Gaut told me of his experience with the demon. F. Dell told of being with others at the house, when they were pulled out of the bed, and Dr. Wilson, who assured me that he had no faith in the ghost and had no patience with the ghost stories, told me of his having been called to attend Gaut, who was hurt by being thrown from the bed. He had been with Gaut for six hours, and he was fearful that his patient would die with a brain disease before he got him out of the fright.

Frank Criss is the constable of the township in which Newell's place is located. He told of having been to the haunted house, and in detail he corroborated the others visited by your correspondent.

These people are living, sensible men. Each one spoken to seemed in dead earnest and each practically told the same story. If it be hallucination, then all the mountaineers are affected in a peculiar way. If the story is without foundation



lives to bless—her "love faileth not, endureth all things, hopeth all things"—it lives on and loves forever. It is her being—wherein she is partaker of God's nature, unchangeable, "blessed forever."
J. C. UNDERHILL.
40 Loomis st., Chicago, Ill.

PSYCHIC PROOFS OF ANOTHER
Life, Letters to the Baybert Commission. By Francis J. Lipsett. An illustrated pamphlet. Words no weight in gold. Price 10 cents.

Grand Lodge, Mich.
[The above notice was overlooked, or it would have appeared at an earlier date.]

J. C. Sanborn passed to spirit-life, Dec. 2, at his home in Galena township, Laporte county, Ind. He had been a Spiritualist ever since the rappings began at Hydysville. Having been sick for fifteen months he never complained, but always looked forward to the meeting with his wife and child on the other side. He was liked by all who knew him.

Mrs. A. E. SHEETS.
Mrs. E. A. WELLS.

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