

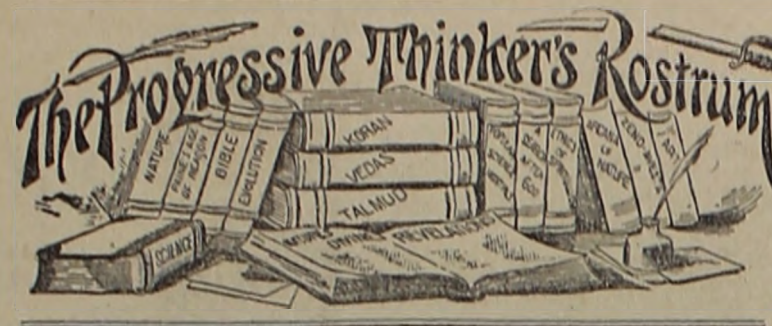


Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 7.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

NO. 168



NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

They Are Comprehensively Stated.

A Lecture Delivered
BY PROF. W. F. PECK.

One of the great faults of religionists is to dwell too much upon the future life and its prospects, while they neglect the duties of this life; to live too much in the future and ignore the present; to solace themselves with the anticipated happiness of the world to come, while shutting their eyes to the sorrow and wretchedness of this world. This is the charge which we, as Spiritualists, are constantly making against our Christian brethren, and, in a great majority of cases, with perfect justice. I trust we shall continue to charge them with this fault so long as a vestige of it remains. But let us pause a moment to consider whether we may not profitably come nearer home to our admonitions.

One of our old advisers has been wont to pluck the beam out of their own eyes before they attempted to remove the mote from the eyes of others. It is said that the streets of an ancient city were kept clean by requiring every man to sweep before his own door. So long as each one did his duty in that respect the streets were kept in perfect order; and if one was disposed to find fault with his neighbor for not doing his share of the work, he hastened first to see that his own door space was clean before he ventured to rebuke the delinquent.

Let us, then, proceed to ask ourselves, first: Are we free from the faults with which we charge our Christian fellows? Have we swept before our own doors? Have we not forgotten the important and urgent duties of this life in contemplation of the glories of the life to come? Thousands of us, if we are honest, will have to confess to being guilty of this fault. Thousands of Spiritualists are so wrapped up in a contemplation of the fact that immortality has been demonstrated that they forget that this life and this world are comprised in that immortality.

Thousands are so intent on watching for the face of their grandmother in the dark recess of some cabinet that they are blind to the faces they meet every day. Many of us are so rejoiced to see the fires of hell in the future extinguished that we are deaf, dumb, and blind to the hells of earth.

Then again, there are vast numbers of us who are so engrossed in the selfish objects of retaining all we can of this world's goods that we neglect the spiritual part of our natures, and so lay up no treasures in heaven at all. In fact, from one cause or another, the large majority, not only of Christians, but of Spiritualists as well, are almost utterly oblivious to the duties of the present and the needs of the hour. The first and greatest need is more warmth, more feeling, more enthusiasm; in short, more heart in our religion.

Orthodox Christianity is all heart and all head and no heart. True religion is both head and heart. In these days a large part of our people give an intellectual assent to the truths of our philosophy, while the tendril of their hearts are never warmed or stirred by love for the cause. There is a most alarming apathy existing among us; an apathy which threatens us with speedy decay; which bids fair to leave us far behind in the march of progress.

This is an age of mighty movements. The volcanic forces of the human intellect are heaving the placid crust of society into craggy peaks and yawning chasms. The surface of the old world of thought is rent and riven in every conceivable direction, and the very nations are rocking on their old foundations and writhing in the throes of a new birth.

This is an era of disintegration, of tearing down; the process is almost completed; the debris of the old order lies scattered in millions of heaps of unformed rubbish. We are on the eve of a grand, new integration, and this broken material is to be utilized in the rearing of new and more beautiful structures, the building up of a new order of social, political and religious life.

Are we, as Spiritualists, to have a hand and voice in this new development? Or are we to become laggards, cease to keep step to the march of time, and drop out of line, like footsore and weary soldiers? Spiritualism has been the most powerful factor in the process of disintegration, now so nearly completed; her sledge-hammer of truth has crushed to atoms many of the superstitions of the old era. Shall we, after having wrought this mighty work, now become apathetic, and fail to reap the results of the conflict? Shall we, after defeating the enemy and winning the

gize to the laggards on the road of spiritual progress because we are in advance of them? Shall we, who are feasting on the kernel, beg of those who are chewing the shell? Shall we, who are so rich in corn, play pauper to those who are feeding on husks? For my part I refuse to accept the position of a beggar or apologist, especially to those who are poorer spiritually than I. I say to those of the popular faith: "You are to be pitied. You are spiritually blind. You are groping in darkness, with no guide but the flitting light of the glowworm of faith. You Spiritualists stand in the electric glare of knowledge. You are floundering in the mire of superstition, the mud-hole of ignorance. We have our feet safely planted on the rock of reason—the solid ground of science. We not only pity your childish weakness and ignorance, but we will help you if you will try to help yourselves. If, however, you prefer to flounder in the mire, if you are satisfied to live in darkness, if you are in harmony with your besotted condition, all right; stay there until the process of time and growth shall have cracked the shell which envelops you and permits a ray of spiritual light to reach your sordid souls."

If, for one, refuse to beg pardon for the truth, or to heed the silly ridicule of the ignorant masses. The abject fear of ridicule which possesses mankind is only equalled by their readiness to indulge in it at the expense of others, and especially against that which is beyond their knowledge or comprehension. When table-forks were first introduced their use was ridiculed as a nambypamby notion; the users were regarded as over-nice people who were trying to supersede the use of nature's implements, the fingers, by artificial means. The first man who hoisted an umbrella in a rainstorm was jeered at for his effeminacy. So, no doubt, the first person who wrapped the skin of an animal about him, and thus introduced the custom of wearing clothes, and the one who first spread an armful of dry leaves upon which to lie were ridiculed and ostracised from society by the members of the primitive "400" for their attempted innovation. And so of every new thing or idea.

"Laughter is the argument of fools." Ridicule usually supplies the lack of logic, but "he laughs best who laughs last." I never observe the laughter and ridicule heaped upon those who are foremost in the race of progress but I think of the Irishman who attempted to throw the bull over the fence. Pat was a great wrestler, and one day, while under the influence of his favorite beverage, made a wager that he could throw a savage bull belonging to a neighboring farmer. He approached the animal, chuckling and shaking with laughter over his anticipated victory, when there was a flash of horns, a tang of legs and arms flying through the air, and Pat picked himself up on the other side of the fence, and, rubbing his bruises, ruefully exclaimed: "It's mighty lucky I had me laugh foost!"

Another prominent need is more interest in practical work. There are not a few in our ranks who wish to confine our efforts to the narrow groove of what may be called Spiritism, the facts of spiritual intercourse. They bitterly oppose the discussion of all other questions from our rostrum, however vital and timely they may be, and would narrow our platform down to a single proposition which would be worn so threadbare as to be transparent. As the slang term has it, it would be "too thin." Such people are narrower even than the churchmen. Their Spiritualism is of so gauzy and unsubstantial a nature as to be of no practical benefit.

A friend of mine has a favorite saying, something as follows: "Materialism furnishes man a shirt, but makes it not worth while to wear it. Spiritualism teaches eternal life, and that shirts are of no consequence."

What we want, then, is a union of these two schools: Materialism to furnish the shirt, and Spiritualism to make it worth while to wear it. A Spiritualism that does not take into account man's need of a shirt and the means to obtain it, is of much less value to the human race. The coming religion of the world will be the one which will do the most to supply man's needs physically, as well as spiritually; which will supply him with a new coat and the incentive to wear it. There is no religion on earth so well adapted to that purpose as Spiritualism in its broadest, truest sense. And the coming religion will be to all intents and purposes Spiritualism, though it may not pass by that name. Like Mesmerism and other unpopular truths, it may be re-christened, to avoid calling up unpleasant memories on the part of those who opposed it. But this is just what I object to. I insist that having borne the heat and burden of the day, the pioneers in the cause of spiritual emancipation are entitled to the credit of their work. I insist that the name which was given to the new faith, the name which was given to the new era, should be preserved, and that it should be used to the end of time to honor the men who were the first to stand up for the truth.

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"The Froth and the Dregs." Certainly a most fitting designation—the froth at the top, composed of a little else than gas; the dregs at the bottom, out of which all good has been squeezed.

In the book describing the froth, the pitiful creature who figures as the leader of the 400 describes in the most particular manner the butterfly life of the senseless, useless idlers whose time is spent in feasting, drinking, dancing, opera-going and worse. An extract from the book will hardly give a fair idea of the almost incredible aimlessness that benighted "these" are important, society of froth, but Mr. Flower quotes a short extract in which is described a typical man and leader of fashion. The author says: "I must here give a slight sketch of one of the handsomest, most fascinating and most courteous gentlemen of that or any other period. We will call him the Major. Amiability itself, a man, both sexes could fall in love with; I loved him dearly, and when I lost him, I felt much of the charm of life had departed with him. At all these country parties he was first and foremost. My rapidity of thought and action always annoyed him. 'My dear fellow,' he would say, 'for heaven's sake grow slow. You tear through the streets as if at some one's bidding. A gentleman should stroll leisurely, casting his eyes in the shop windows as if in search of amusement; while you go on killing pace as if on business bent. The man of fashion should have no business.' 'Again, he had a holy horror of familiar garments. 'My dear boy,' he would smile and say, 'when will you discard that old coat? I am so familiar with it, I am fatigued at the sight of it.' On one subject we were always in accord: Our admiration for women. My eye was quicker than his and I often took advantage of it. I would say, 'Major, did you see that beauty? By Jove, a most delicious creature.' 'Who? Where?' he would exclaim. 'Why, man,' I replied, 'she has passed you. You have lost her.' 'Lost her? How could you let that happen? Why did you not sooner call my attention to her?'

It is not pitiful that in this world so full of seriousness, this life which is almost awful in its responsibilities, there are to be found such people. They are, in fact, the dregs of the race. They are the blacksmith or hod-carrier, the worth more to the world than a million such triflers.

Gen. Booth in his book gives a most realistic picture of the terrible condition of society at the bottom, and depicts the sufferings and deprivation in a way to appal the heart of the humanitarian. And all this want and poverty occurs right in the midst of plenty, in plain sight of vast stores of everything needed for the comfort of the needy. No one can contemplate these extremes, which are the logical results of the other, without realizing that there is a mighty need for a practical religion—a religion which will remove the vast discrepancies and bring about the reign of justice and equity.

Gen. Booth is nobly endeavoring to mitigate these evils from his standpoint, but after all, it will be but a palliation at best; it will not cure the evil. The fault lies in the system of society itself; there must be a complete revolution in the methods of conducting its affairs, political, industrial and financial. In short, the system will have to be remodeled so as to permit "Equal opportunities for all and special privileges to none." We need a system that will give one person just as many opportunities as another, and just as many comforts if he is worthy of them. Charity degrades mankind. Soup houses increase pauperism. Every person who is in the productive industry of the world, he who is able to labor and will not, should not enjoy the products of labor, no matter whether he be a prince, or a tramp; whether it be Rugged Ralph drinking sour beer from an old tomato can, or the leader of New York's 400; whether it be Hungry Higgins begging cold victuals at your kitchen door, or Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the royal master of England.

On the other hand, those who are willing but unable to labor should fare just as well as those who are both able and willing. The strong are already sufficiently blessed in being strong, without being doubly blessed with more comforts of life than the weak who need them most.

Suppose you have in your family a member who is physically unfortunate, blind, deaf, or a cripple. That one must inevitably have a double share of the love of parents and kindred, as if to compensate for the affliction; dainties and comforts are provided for him which are denied the others. That is the true spiritual law, the law which should govern the entire race. On the contrary, the law which does govern is the law of force, the law of the animal, the law of the strong, physically or mentally, belong to the spoils. All the race should be one family, and the unfortunate members of it should be the tender charges of the more fortunate organized, who should feel that they are already blessed by being exempt from the ills and imperfections of the incapable class. This, I repeat, is the true spiritual law, and I unhesitatingly affirm that true Spiritualism is the only perfect religion in existence.

You will be surprised that I thus violate the cherished standard of liberal and progressive thought, and take my stand upon an apparently bigoted platform of narrow exclusiveness in common with the effete religions we have outgrown. I recognize the apparent inconsistency, and I unhesitatingly accept

the results. I say coolly and deliberately, that true Spiritualism is the panacea for all the evils that afflict mankind individually and collectively—the salvation of the human race, the star of hope to the world, the only true religion. Why not? Spiritualism has been the heart of every faith, all the good there is in each, the regenerating power of every religion. The person who imagines that Spiritualism is confined to raps and table-tippings, or even to a demonstration of immortality, has but a narrow comprehension of its grandeur and its beneficence. These are important, vast, but after all, they are but the lower phases of our wondrous philosophy.

The teaching of spiritual law as applied to human life is the true object of Spiritualism, and the application of that law will bring order out of the chaos which reigns in the world. It will not only equalize the physical conditions that exist among men, but will remedy the moral inequalities also. Spiritualism teaches that the so-called evil or criminal classes are simply spiritually diseased or deformed, and that they need rational treatment, not destruction. Instead of inflicting upon these unfortunate the pains and tortures of hell in this life, we will cure the curable and place the incurable where they can do harm. Instead of looking upon them with hatred, we will pity them as unfortunate, and be thankful that we were more happily born and organized.

I cannot feel but that the Buddhist was inspired by true Spiritualism when he prayed: "Lord, have pity upon the vicious. Thou hast already had pity upon the virtuous by making them so."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Believed In by a Prominent London Clergyman.

REV. H. E. HAWES NOT ONLY BELIEVES THAT GHOSTS EXIST, BUT THAT THEY CAN BE PHOTOGRAPHED—HE CITES INSTANCES IN WHICH LIVENESSES OF DEAD FRIENDS ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND ON NEGATIVES.

That there is an English clergyman, and an able one at that, who not only believes in ghosts, but in photographs of ghosts, is rather surprising. That he should write a strong and logical article in defense of ghost photography, and that it should be published in so conservative a magazine as the *Fortnightly Review*, London, are proofs that he can at least defend his position. The apology for this latest phase of religious science is Rev. H. B. Hawes, of London.

The article in question begins by saying that it saves trouble to be credulous, and it saves time to be skeptical, but that he who avoids both is alone wise. He alone wins truth. The article then goes on to say that the age requires to know whether there is any scientific proof of a life after death for any of us. Photography, which seeks only to make this life tolerable, can do it without an answer to this question; but religion, the essence of which is to bind men to an above and a beyond, must know or die. In past ages faith has been more or less equivalent to knowledge; in this age faith seems somewhat less than an equivocal says Rev. Mr. Hawes, to inquire whether we may hope, before the close of the nineteenth century, to see faith in a life after death replaced by a certain knowledge that there is such a life, and whether we shall be able to found our religion upon fact precisely in the same way as we profess to found our science on fact. Suppose we should strike suddenly, unexpectedly, but decisively, in this age of abnormal discovery, upon the long-sought-for reconciliation between science and religion, and suppose ghosts should turn out to be the missing link! It is a large order, as the Americans say; but when I say "ghosts," I merely use the word as a sort of *ex* to point to that growing class of inconvenient phenomena which do not seem willing either to explain themselves or make themselves scarce in obedience to the orders of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Lecky, and other sage and potent infallibilities of the period.

STRANGE PERSISTENCE OF THE MISTAKE. The first step towards clearing the way is to abolish the word supernatural. The distinction, henceforth, is not between natural and supernatural, but between known and unknown. Is it not strange that the occult, or what we commonly call the miraculous, weathers age after age of skepticism? True, that at this very moment we are living in an age of scientific ostriches, who mumble, with their heads in the sand, that no one now believes in miracles; that ghosts never appear; that second sight and premonitions, and dreams that come true, and prophecies that are verified, have all vanished before the light of knowledge and the scrutiny of science? True also it is that never were there a greater number of intelligent people convinced of the reality and importance of these occult phenomena. This persistence of the occult is at any rate a fact, and a stubborn one. From age to age the same unexplained phenomena occur. In Spiritualism more than in anything else, history repeats itself. This gives to reflect, as the French say.

For the average reader who is a ghost student, of course the Bible comes first. The imprudent, if not the impudent, plan of professing to believe all the miracles, apparitions, dreams, prophecies and ghosts in the Bible, whilst denying all others, began to yield, some twenty years ago, to the scarcely less unscrupulous plan of denying the reality of all such phenomena, both in and out of the Bible. But still, as these phenomena recur, and had to be reckoned with, this method has also been found impracticable. The strange similarity in all ages of the alleged phenomena has now begun to attract attention. The voices which spoke to the seers are correlated and compared with the voices of Joan of Arc; the levitations of Philip and Elijah with the well-attested levitations of St. Francis of Assisi; the trances of Paul with the trances of St. Theresa or Swedenborg; the tongues of Corinth with the tongues of the Irvingites.

I deal only with people who understand the nature of evidence, and are prepared to yield assent to facts established by it, in spite of prejudice, interest, habit or predisposition. They alone are truth-seekers; they alone are truth-finders.

MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE IN GHOSTS. The public attitude toward ghosts just now is distinctly favorable. Ghosts are held to be part and parcel of Spiritualism, and even of Theosophy, taken in the lump; and as millions of the human race, by no means all fools, dupes or brigands, are interested in such matters, ghosts cannot be any longer left out in the cold.

Mr. Stead's Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, entitled "Real Ghost Stories," quickly reached a circulation of 300,000, and was succeeded by an almost equally popular sequel. There are no less than twenty-two well-known serials and newspapers devoted to occult matters, and dealing chiefly with ghosts. By *Light*, recently edited by (how I regret to say the late) "Mr. A. (Oxon)" is the best-known and the ablest. Science has at last got irremediably bitten with all sorts of occultism, and a long array of illustrious and well-known names, beginning with Robert Chambers and Lord Brougham, and ending with Flammarion, Crookes, Wallace, Barrett and Oliver Lodge, are every week published in the columns of *Light* without comment.

WHAT THEIR EXISTENCE WOULD MEAN. The importance of ghosts, if they exist, and if they are what they profess to be, is quite incalculable. They prove that the dead are alive, that they are interested, if only for a time, in the affairs of the living, that although their communications may be exceptional and fitful, they suffice to expose the imprudent and gratuitous assumption that death is "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." It seems possible that by ascertaining the conditions under which communications may be had, and intelligently testing the means, an increase of human faculty may be acquired, and a new source of knowledge and power—perhaps a new world of spiritual attainment—opened up which may raise our descendants in the near future as much above us in the scale of life as we are above the cave-men of the past, or the bushmen of the present. The speculative benefits of ghost cultivation are, therefore, incalculable and dazzling to a degree.

If ghosts are what they profess to be, we have to re-adopt the supposed exploded distinction between soul and body. We have to assume that there is something personal about us able to manifest and arrange matter, and thus assert itself after death, even after the total decay of the body. What is that something? For the sake of argument, suppose we call that something our thought-body. Now, if we have such a thing as a thought-body—as St. Paul affirms, "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body"—there seems no reason why that thought-body should not occasionally show its independence of the natural body as a sort of "doppelganger" before as well as after death. Evidence, according to the reports of the Psychical Society, goes to show that it does. The instant we grasp this fact, then, a ghost, or a manifestation of a living spirit after the death of the body, becomes quite thinkable, for we say a "double" is the thought-body, temporarily set free during life from its living shell or earth-envelope, the body; whilst the ghost is the same thought-body finally set free at death from its shell or earth-envelope, the body.

CAN A GHOST BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

But I must now pass on to what is, perhaps, the burning question of the day with regard to ghosts—can a ghost be photographed? Are all the spirit photos frauds? Or is it true that a real ghost has been photographed? This would settle at once and forever the great and all-important question of the objectivity of ghosts. The camera has no fancies; the sensitive plate is without imagination. There is some reason to think that abnormal photographs are not uncommon. Many photographers are in the habit of casting aside plates after partial development, because they have what they call a fault—that is, a blur or mark obscuring or occupying portions of the plate. Photographers will in future, perhaps, be more wary. I heard the other day of a young lady who was photographed at Brighton, I believe, and twice the plate came out blurred. The second time she persuaded the photographer, who was about to lay it aside as useless, to develop it. The blur, on being examined with a magnifying glass, proved to be faces, all the same face. She at once recognized it as the face of a rejected lover, who had died. Again, some young men were photographing a river scene in the open air. The plate, when developed, showed

(CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE.)

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER XL

A Realm of Wonders.

BELGRAVIA.

A month in London, and Armand had fully resolved to spend only a week in town, and then take Zelda at once to his ancestral home.

There had been several meetings of her majesty's ministers, before whom the Earl of Montrose had appeared for several consecutive evenings. So interesting had been the contents of Armand's portfolio to the Foreign Secretary, so important his verbal revelations, that the entire government had convened to listen to the report and suggestions of the Earl of Montrose.

Nor was this all—it was rumored in very high official circles that the sovereign had twice attended those meetings in person; whether at Windsor or in London no one was able advisedly to tell.

There had been matters of such importance whispered in connection with the presence in England of the Earl of Montrose that it was thought there would be an entire change in her majesty's Indian policy, averting the revolt in certain provinces, and, possibly, a general war.

In an editorial on the "Situation in India," the official journal of the government manifested more than usual candor in publishing the following pungent paragraphs:

"It is evident from the most reliable information now in the possession of the government, that the policy in India is to undergo an entire change.

"The revolution which was thought to be pending there will be wrought here—a revolution of policy, and not for plunder.

"The difficulty," said her majesty's private ambassador, "is not with the natives so much as with English traders, planters, speculators, and fortune-hunters from every part of the world, who claim the protection of her majesty's government while perpetrating all manner of outrages upon these people. If these cormorants could be excluded until the government has fully persuaded the rajahs of her majesty's good intentions all would be well.

"Tracts of land are seized without warrant or title; crops are appropriated, and if a bargain is made by traders it is at prices that amount to nothing to the natives, making the goods or products so obtained the result of falsehood and misrepresentation—in fact, actual theft.

"The importance of the cotton trade at this juncture constitutes one of the greatest sources of peril to the government and to India.

"Speculation is running riot at Bombay, and such is the general inflation, such the universal excitement, that there must come a reaction—a collapse that will involve thousands in ruin, and retard the real growth of the new India for a quarter of a century."

Wisely Armand spoke and wrote, for all of this information officially vouchsafed to the public, percolated through royal and official fingers, diluted by careful ministers of state and privy counselors, had come from Armand, and the months and years ensuing proved them to be correct.

The collapse came. The government found it necessary to restrict traffic, control titles and possession of lands—rice, coffee, indigo, tea, cotton lands—and, above all, to conciliate and leave the people of India nominally subject to their native rajahs and forms of government; to their native priests and religious observances as much as possible.

Without these wise provisions, adopted and enforced, India would have been in perpetual revolt, her majesty's government in a perpetual state of change from one ministry to another, and England in a perpetual state of recruiting her army, which would have compelled conscription and probably caused revolt and revolution at home.

Armand and Zelda had also felt obliged, owing to his official relations, to appear at two court receptions, and Zelda had attended the queen's drawing-room.

Political and commercial London was intensely excited over Armand. Fashionable London was wild over Zelda.

"What shall I wear?" said Zelda to Armand, totally unfamiliar with court requirements, except from books and the somewhat gained from mingling with the official society of Bombay.

"Comply with the requirements of the Lord Chamberlain, my love, who superintends and regulates the corse and trains of the ladies of the court, and the lengths of skirts of the ballet-dancers at the royal opera. The neck and arms must be uncovered. My lotus flower, be your own costume; I abhor these London dresses."

When Zelda appeared leaning on the arm of Armand at the court reception, she seemed in very essence and form the spirit of the lotus flower.

She floated by his side the impersonation of a loveliness never seen in court circles before that time, never equaled since.

Armand was handsomer than ever.

"The Earl and Countess of Montrose have captured London, and London is England, and England is the United Kingdom, and Great Britain is the world; so they have captured the world," said an enthusiastic leader of society.

They did not know it, and in the midst of murmurs of surprise, of rapturous but suppressed exclamations of admiration, they passed as two beings from another world might pass unconscious of their loveliness.

They had simply fulfilled a duty to the sovereign of England, a duty growing out of Armand's position as the special ambassador of her majesty to India, and as the Earl of Montrose.

Invitations to dinners, receptions, balls, were all declined with regrets; lunches, teas and calls were eschewed by Zelda, who found abundant excuse in her preparations for leaving London.

But the few times they appeared in Hyde Park revealed to Zelda the monotony of London life in the realm of fashion. The whole of London crowded into Rotten Row and the drive to stare at each other and be gazed upon in turn.

In vain was Armand urged to join the clubs in fact, as he had already been enrolled as an honorary member for life. In vain did all the titled men of fashion seek for his acquaintance and companionship; in vain did ladies of rank send invitations to Zelda, and notes asking her day "at home."

They broke away from all these fictitious bonds as from manacles of straw, and in the height of the season left London for

MONTROSE CASTLE.

A long way by rail—as distances are in England—but a few hours really.

To Zelda it was all as a dream—a dreary and dismal dream

when Armand was absent in India; a lovely and morose-like dream with Armand by her side.

The London house was a gloomy palace; the squares were like gardens set apart for unfortunates, well kept and thinly set with a few early flowers; the people were like images moving to and fro at stated intervals, to do certain things that must always be done at certain hours.

The English servants at the London mansion had a routine of their own, and Zelda, knowing the value of conforming to routine where servants were concerned, gained all the necessary points from the housekeeper, Mrs. Melton, who was duly shocked at the invasion of the oriental nurse, and at Hiejob, but who soon learned that the Countess of Montrose understood herself perfectly, although not reared in England.

It was a part of the beautiful dream that Armand's praise was upon every tongue, and that the public press extolled his valor, his nobleness, his ability, his faithfulness, his great and lasting service to the country.

And now it was a part of the dream that they were going from smoke to free air, from fog to fleecy cloud and dream-like horizon. Never did Zelda weary of the greensward, the trim hedgerows, the rows of trees, the ethereal spring verdure and ethereal horizon.

Never did Armand weary of explaining everything, admiring her, worshipping her all the while; his divinity from whom he had long been severed, to whom he was reunited to part no more forever.

They arrived at the station in the afternoon. It was in the soft, lingering twilight that they drove slowly through the estates, noting every grove and field, every pasture and stream, flocks and herds, well-cared for and sleek; blooded horses, trained for their use; trees ready to bud, few blossoming; everything lovely and soft and beautiful, with a quiet, tranquil beauty.

As they turned, emerging from a long line of chestnut trees that were making ready for bloom, the ruins of the Abbey greeted the sight of Zelda and Armand at the same instant. Dismantled and gray, with such portions only of the walls preserved as indicated the outlines, with all of the small towers and spires gone; still the vine covered and verdure-crowned pile, encircled by trees, rose stately and solemn against the soft-tinted sky, and the full moon, unnoticed before, came forth like a silvery shield above the castle walls beyond the Abbey, making a most enchanting picture.

"How beautiful—how very beautiful, my Armand," said Zelda, as she sat close to his side, and placed her hand in his.

"I prize it more for my Zelda's praise than for all that the whole estate contains—titles, lands, cattle or Abbey; these are naught but as they please and shelter my love."

The castle windows were in a blaze; long before they reached the gates they had seen the flags floating from the tower, denoting that the noble Earl of Montrose was expected that day.

Now they had arrived. The gentry and the tenants, all the people for miles had assembled at the entrance gates, bowing with uncovered heads as the carriages appeared, and cheering right loyally as the beautiful couple passed. The tenantry were glad, for they knew they had once more a head and master.

Armand was touched by this respect, and raised his hat, bowing in response to the cheers.

Zelda bowed her head, and tears were in her eyes. "After all," she thought, "this is Armand's home, and it is lovely to be here."

"He is as fine as a prince, and the countess as lovely as a goddess!"

"Aye, aye!"

"If he is as noble as his father, the late earl, peace to his memory, we shall have naught to fear," said one.

"Aye, aye! And if he's as noble as his looks, we may trust him," said another.

"But if he's hard, like the steward—like Shackles—then—"

They clinched their fists with a slight gesture of defiance, but the sentence was not finished, and they went to their homes.

And in every cottage on all the estates of the Earl of Montrose there was rejoicing, for, perhaps—nay, it was certain, he would not be so hard upon them as Shackles, the steward, had been.

FROM LEAF TO BUD OF BLOOM.

They had been there a month—amid sloping green hills, groves that were ever growing more and more beautiful with verdure; gardens bright with various shades of green.

But Zelda said: "Always is it spring. These baby buds, will they never blossom? One month ago and they were buds just the same as now."

The robins and thrushes, and blackbirds and linnets, and many other birds, came and rejoiced for the spring time, and for the time of love. And the skylark! Was ever joy embodied and set to wings and song like the skylark?

"Do souls sing thus when they mount to Ormuzd?" Zelda wondered.

Never did Zelda weary of wandering through the many winding ways of the garden and park; never weary of hunting out all the treasures, relics and pictures in the Castle.

Never did Armand weary of explaining, answering questions and relating bits of tradition, as heard from his father, interesting enough when he was folded in his father's arms in an Indian bungalow, interesting when he was in England at school, and came to Montrose for his holidays, to be spoiled by the steward and servants, on which occasions he brought his tutor for an "outing," and his father to astonish the English servants; now doubly interesting since Zelda was there to be light of the Castle, and set her seal of loveliness upon all the possessions.

"I thought it would be gloomy and dismal to you, my oriental dove, after the light and glory of our island home; but, my Zelda, I never saw you look so well as now—so bright and strong," said Armand.

Something in the atmosphere, in the reaction of being reunited to her beloved Armand, had given a sparkle and animation to Zelda's appearance that she never had in India. There she was as lovely as a dream; here she was a dream embodied, animated, brilliant.

"People often come into possession of their powers by a change of circumstances that test and try them; perhaps I have come more into the possession of mine," she answered.

"Yes, that is it, my darling," eagerly replied Armand. "You were here, and here—placing one hand upon his own heart, and the other upon Zelda's—'but you are now the pervading presence of both our lives, and the very animating and active energy of one.'"

"And you," she replied, laughingly, "are the very dominant possessor of one. I think my spirit must have come more into my body—to—well, punish you for being so absolute an autocrat."

"Supposing you name me, just to punish me, 'His Imperial Highness, Despotice Emperor of the Queen of Love,'" and Armand looked the embodiment of the title as he drew Zelda nearer to him.

They were walking then toward a grove, now very delicately tinted with the young leaves, but in summer densely shaded. The rhododendra and laurels, the Norway pines and fir-trees, made a pretty background for the tender foliage, and the budding plants and shrubs of springtime growth.

They entered a walk from which the sun was excluded by the dense rows of evergreens, and at one end of which was a subterranean passage that had evidently connected with the Abbey. At the other end, towards which Armand and Zelda were walking, their hands and fingers interlocked, as was their favorite custom, was a small chapel, or, "probably," as Armand said, "a place of penance for the unhappy monks who had formerly dwelt here, and who must have had many sins to atone for, if history, tradition and relics are true."

"How strange," said Zelda. "Do monks and priests have sins? Are they not men who have renounced the world, and all the sins of the body? Just as the holy men of India do, just as—"

"Ah, you mean your beloved and honored father. Yes, he renounced the world; but sins—he had no sins to atone for. His soul and heart and mind were absolutely free from thought of sin,

and his body was the fitting temple of his soul. Oh, not so pure a life needed no asceticism to make it holy. Where fares he now—in his body doing the work of blessed ministry, or in paradise among the spirits of light? Wherever thou art, my friend, my beloved mentor, bless us."

And they both knelt at the altar in the dim little chapel, or place of prayer, while a rushing as of waves or invisible wings swept over them. The soft, spring air made Zelda shiver, although it was not cold.

Armand quietly placed his arm around her, drew her scarf over her shoulders, and they walked away from the chapel and cypress grove to the Castle.

"You are cold, my beloved; we must remember this is not India, there is a chill in the air," he said, "even in summer."

As they walked rather hurriedly through the garden, Zelda said: "Armand, do you remember the mysterious packages left in my room on the night I dreamed or had a vision of my father's presence? We are now in England—in your home and mine—shall we open the packages to-night?"

"Whenever my Zelda pleases," answered he tenderly.

"But where?" asked Zelda, for she had a feeling that they ought not to be opened in the rooms they usually occupied. "I wish we had a shrine or a—a tower-room here."

"We shall have a shrine, and we have a tower. Trust to me, darling, and send Hiejob to me."

"Forever and in all things I trust you, beloved," and Zelda passed to her splendid rooms—rooms stately and grand, and to one smaller and more cozy beyond, fitted up for the nursery, to find baby Zulieka in the midst of her willing slaves—the ayah, the English maid and Hiejob; the last she sent to Armand.

"The greater love includes the less," she said softly to herself. "Yet, could I answer, if I were asked, 'which love is the greater in your heart, wife-love or mother-love?' I do not know—both are greater. But if—ah, yes! If either were borne from me by cruel fate, or by the shadow of the Love Divine, I know—I know the babe is the light of our lives, but he, Armand, is life itself."

For hours she was there with the beautiful babe, and busy with her tender cares, busy with attention to all the duties of her proud position—proud only because of her regal right of love.

A NEW SHRINE.

Along the halls, through many shaded rooms, across a covered passageway that might have been shut off from the main part of the Castle by the strong iron doors at either end, with lighted lanterns and the packages, Armand led Zelda at evening.

They had dined early in the day, and had a simple English "tea" in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, and had promised the butler to be ready for supper at half-past nine.

Armand had sent wraps, in addition to the scarf that Zelda usually wore—always a scarf suited to her dress—as much a part of her graceful toilette as the robes themselves.

They entered the east wing of the Castle, a wing that had never been opened since the death of the late earl until that day.

Armand recalled that his father had mentioned to him personally, and later in his letters, that his own suite of rooms was in the east wing of the Castle, and here, also, is the tower, in one room of which I have my personal library, my charts and my chemical apparatus, for I still dabble in what the ancients believed was an occult science."

To this suite of rooms, made sacred by his father's presence when in the form, and by hallowed memories, Armand conducted Zelda.

"I feel as though I were living in a dream, a part of a story of olden times, or of history," said Zelda, half awed by the massive gates and vast hall of armor through which they had passed. "I feel as though I had been here before. I suppose it is because I have read in English books of scenes like this."

"Or perhaps," said Armand, "some reminiscence of a former time may haunt the place, or a ghost. I assure you, darling, the Castle has its ghost—a harmless wraith, but ancient and honored—and the east wing is his haunt."

"I can well believe it," said Zelda, smiling, but a little pale from the cool air or the excitement of the strange scene.

Then did Armand lead her to a small room adjoining his father's bedroom, where there was a devotional chair, a desk with an open Bible, on the page of which the book-mark was placed at the earl's favorite psalm; there also was an open prayer-book. Above this desk and chair was a portrait.

"Your mother's portrait," exclaimed Zelda, the sympathetic tears instantly moistening her eyes.

"My mother's portrait," said Armand, "exactly as I remember her; but how did you know, darling?" and his voice was softened almost to a whisper.

"Exactly as I saw her on the occasion that I told you of in our home in Ceylon, in my vision, only, beautiful as this picture represents her, she was more, much more, beautiful as I saw her."

"Because that was the loving presence, and this is but the picture of the shadow," replied Armand. "Here shall be our shrine."

Preoccupied as Zelda was the remark then struck her, and was recalled long after. "Picture of the shadow," thought she, "for the spirit is real, the body is the shadow, and this portrait, how unreal it is!"

Armand then opened a door into a room of the tower, which he had made warm and comfortable by his own superintendence and Hiejob's helpful hands.

"This," said he, "is my father's 'laboratory,' as he termed it, and will take the place of our tower-room quite well. I will have my charts brought here, and the parapet above will do for the observatory."

"How admirably it is all arranged; how impressive this place, and hallowed."

A FATHER'S BLESSING.

They took the packages in the order that they were numbered. The chalice and its sacred oil, replenished all the way to England, and at the places of their temporary abode, by Zelda's own hands dropping through an aperture the one drop needed to serve for many days.

As the chalice was opened by a spring, the fragrant white smoke gently issued from the open cup, and a small, beautiful flame, shaped like a miniature lotus, opened to their view.

"His own sacred chalice," said Zelda, and they reverently kissed the cup.

In this package also were diminutive pieces of wood, that had been steeped in the sacred oil for many years. Tradition said that some of them had been brought from Persia by the ancestors of the Parsees, and they had been kept in the crypts of the temples in baths of sacred-scented oils, and dried for transportation. "These," the directions read, "will last for the lifetime of my children, Zelda and Armand, and during the lifetime of their child, Zulieka."

"How strange he knew her name," murmured Armand, reverently.

They read the directions for the use of the sacred oil: "One drop will serve for days, according to the temperature." And there were minute directions concerning heat and cold, moisture and dryness of atmosphere.

The second package contained three small phials of sacred oils and compounds, "distilled in the rare alembic of the temples." "One will cure all pain; the second will induce sleep; the third (within the permission of Ormuzd) will restore life."

There were minute and explicit directions for the use of those precious "drops of life."

The third package, marked "A Father's Blessing," contained this statement: "One-half of my possessions I give to the poor; one-half (except a small bequest to Hiejob) to Zulieka, your babe; for you, my daughter, I have already provided, and you are in the care of your noble husband. The enclosed certificates will explain all."

There was a million pounds sterling, in Indian securities, as good as gold, and the Bank of England, "but," wrote the Parsee,

"let her not know this until her hour of need, or until her majority."

Armand and Zelda were greatly puzzled, but reverently accepted the trust. One portion of this last package was marked "For Hiejob."

"He is without," said Armand. "I will call him at once," and Hiejob, who had been permitted to wait for them in a little ante-room, where Armand had ordered a fire to be built, was summoned to participate in his share of this solemn occasion.

They explained to him very briefly that they were opening some packages left to them by Zelda's father, and brought to Zelda's room mysteriously, when Armand and Hiejob were absent from Montrose Towers.

Zelda had previously told Hiejob all about the strange events of that night, and her vision or dream.

"This small package is marked 'For Hiejob.'"

They opened the miniature-scented box, took out a paper folded very neatly to fit the box, on which was written, "follow implicitly the written directions."

"Let Hiejob open the box. Open this and read it before opening the other box that is within."

The directions read: "1. Open the smaller box in a sacred place, at the full of the moon, with your face toward the east. Let the moonlight fall upon that which the box contains.

"2. Let none be present when the box is first opened but my daughter Zelda, Armand, her husband, and Hiejob, to whom this is bequeathed."

"3. Within the smaller box are directions for future use and guidance concerning that which the box contains."

"It is now the 'full of the moon,' this is our 'sacred place,' and the parapet will be open to the moonlight. Let us go there," said Armand, when he finally could speak, for he was amazed and moved beyond measure.

Armand led the way with the lantern, Zelda followed with the chalice, closing it that no sudden draught of air might extinguish the flame; Hiejob bore the small box in his small hand.

They stepped upon the parapet. Hiejob was placed with his face to the east. In reverent attitude they opened the box.

There beneath the light of the full, silvery moon gleamed out that which the box contained.

"The moonstone!" he exclaimed.

"My father's talisman!" said Zelda.

"The sacred stone of our Order!" said Armand.

And each of the three knelt, gazing upon the moonstone, while a cloud of white moonlight descended upon them, and the form and face of Rajahatti Boe passed before their astonished vision.

"Master!"

"Friend!"

"Father!"

Each uttered the name that the vision recalled, and the apparition vanished.

They arose from their kneeling posture; they said not a word; they returned to the laboratory; it was half-past twelve.

With no further conversation, but with looks of love and devotion, they retraced their way from the tower and the east wing of the Castle. Truly they had been in a "Realm of Wonders!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PATHWAY OF ANGELS.

A LECTURE BY SPIRIT EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, DELIVERED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, BEFORE THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou omnipotent, infinite Soul, thou divine Parent, thou Light and Life ineffable, we turn to thee as to an infinite splendor, as to the sublime center of the spiritual firmament, as to the circumference of the universe. Thou infinite, all-wise, beneficent Being, whom men call God, and whose manifold ways and divine interpretations are myriads, thou art named in every name of the flower; thou art named in every name of the blades of grass and creeping things; thou art named in the wing of bird and in the song thereof; thou art named in the weeping forest, and in the wondrous power of winds and rains; thou art named in the mountains and in the ocean, the desert vast and the broadened plain; the valleys proclaim thee, and the sparkling streams are filled with life and light because of thee; the stars marching up the firmament keep time to the great beating of thy heart, and proclaim the voice of thy presence; and suns and systems move on forever responsive to thy breath and fraught with thy life; the infinite purpose of thy being is manifest everywhere; men and spirits and angels bend and bow before thy sublime mandate; life and death are but as breath in thy sight, all things fleeting and changeable, save alone the spirit that abides forever; the kingdoms of the earth and all time are but as toys compared to thy firmament and thy kingdom, and all that man aspires to is but the beginning, the infancy of that eternity which is with thee. Oh, thou that hast caused the firmament of stars to be in their places; thou who abidest in every living thing, and art in the breath of human life; whose thought and inspiration poured upon the world make man the palpable instrument of thy voice, fill the soul from the fountains of ineffable glory, and transfigure the dust to sublime and lofty thought—be thou present amongst us; let thy life and light shine in human thought and deed; let the ways and works of the world be transformed to those of spiritual beauty, and let man learn the pathway to the heavenly kingdom by treading that of duty and of godliness, and of righteousness and of loving kindness below. So shall thy ways become the ways of men, and so shall thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

THE LECTURE.

Along the starry pathway which this night is visible to the inhabitants on earth, the stellar walk that makes beautiful the suggestion of angelic life, multitudes of stars, grouped in constellations and ranged in solar systems like yours, are found. Thousands and millions of years before the earth was fashioned, before the solar system had being, of which your earth forms a portion, that pathway was complete, those constellations were moving in their courses, and the systems and planets performing their revolutions round mighty centers of external light and life.

Man, the offspring of the dust and the spirit, abiding in human form upon the earthly planet, vainly imagines what kind of life may abide there, what those turning and belted worlds may contain, what wonders of earth and air and sky and angelic realm may abide in those vast constellations; whether the depths are filled with nebulae of worlds yet unborn, or whether the soul of life in those, and in still more remote systems, pulsates with higher manhood; whether the angelic powers are more abundant; whether life yields a greater fruitage of intelligence, so feeble is man on earth, so mighty is the universe above and around him, so vast the eternity into which he is plunged, so majestic the laws that control and govern the whole—man, set in the center of a mighty universe filled with life, pulsating with planets and systems, some afar off, others more near, all suggesting life, without the capacity to know whereof that life may exist or where it may be found.

With glimmerings of light from within, man, not born of the dust but of the immortal part, with groupings through scientific pathways and external observations of the senses, man perceives but dimly the thought that lies in the innermost of the heavenly kingdoms. To him the outward temple of clay, to him the surroundings of time and sense, to him the syllables of scientific knowledge which forms but the infant prattlings of his mind compared to the thought of truth that abides in the angelic soul—all of these surround him, and still he is in the dark. What though he knows whereof the groupings of atoms are composed? These are but terms; the post-poning of the final solution of life until the better moment. What though he contemplates and measures the distances between planets and systems? These are but mathematical figures, the result of his outward brain, while all is void, twist him and those worlds, and the worlds themselves are voiceless, lifeless, without meaning!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S TRACT.

THE BIBLE SPIRITUALIST'S CONCORDANCE.

A Digest of Biblical Spiritualism.

BY REV. MOSES HULL,

AUTHOR OF "QUESTION SETTLED," "THE CONTRAST," ETC.

When Spiritualism came to the world, in 1848, and for the first twenty years thereafter, the ministers, if they made any reference to it, at all, found it quite sufficient to say it was opposed in its phenomena and philosophy to the Bible; and they everywhere created the impression that no one could take hold of spiritualism and at the same time maintain any sort of respect for the Bible. If one gave up his Bible, of course he gave up his God and his religion, and, of course, lost his soul.

The fact that the converts to Spiritualism came largely from that class of people the church called "Infidels," and from non-professors of religion, was pointed to as evidence of the truth of the old proverb: "Birds of a feather flock together."

If an infidel happened to embrace what they called "the gospel," it was evidence of the power of Christ and his gospel to reach and reclaim the staunchest infidel or atheist. But when the Owens, Dr. Hare, and others, who had withstood the batteries of the strongest and most thoroughly charged pulpits in the land, surrendered to the tiny rap, or the tipping of the little pine table, there was evidence that the devil was getting up a few "signs and wonders," in order to hold his own.

Many of those who embraced Spiritualism had not studied the Bible, and very naturally took the Orthodox interpretations of the Bible and Christianity as the Bible itself. They naturally concluded the Bible was opposed to Spiritualism; but they could each one say as Job did: "I know for myself, and not another," that Spiritualism is true. As a legitimate consequence, they, in various forms of phraseology, sometimes in language rather more expressive than elegant, told the churches to take their Bibles and go to Sunday-school with them; knowing Spiritualism to be a living truth, carrying the evidence of its divinity wherever it went, it did not particularly need the Bible.

Thus many Spiritualists, without any investigation, were driven to reject the Bible. I have met hundreds of Spiritualists who thought they were infidels, and never knew to the contrary until they heard the Bible interpreted in the light of the New Dispensation.

I have written several books and many newspaper articles showing and interpreting the Spiritualism of the Bible. The result is, I have asked more than a hundred times, as I have brought forth "things new and old" from the old book, to prepare a kind of Bible Spiritualist's Concordance for those who, though Spiritualists, are being led to see that the Bible, instead of being their enemy, is really their best friend and strongest fort. To prepare such a Concordance, and to quote the texts in full and show their relation to each other and to Spiritualism would require a volume nearly as large as the Bible. I think, however, I can, by omitting to quote the texts in full, and by refraining from comments, bring the matter within the reach of the patient and the studious. I will try. I will take the books of the Bible, and not the subject, *seriatim*.

GENESIS.

If there is any history in the book of Genesis at all, it begins with chapter xii., with the call of Abraham, the first eleven chapters being records of the somewhat contradictory traditions of the beginning of things, the flood, and the supposed origin of the various nationalities.

But as even these traditions are based on the constantly recurring phenomena among the people, they are valuable as showing how far back these phenomena can be traced.

In Gen. iii., 8, something called "the Lord God," *Eloheim*, materializes and walks through the garden, and talks with Adam and Eve. In verses 21 to 24, this same "Lord God" makes clothing out of skins for his children; and drives them from the garden.

In vi., 2 to 5, "the Sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were beautiful to look upon," and took them for wives. The result was, a race of giants. Some have supposed that spirits did actually marry mortals. A wedding ceremony was performed between a spirit and a mortal, in Terre Haute, Ind., not many years ago.

From the twelfth chapter of Genesis to the close, the book partakes more of the character of history. In xii., 1-6, "The Lord," whoever that may be, spoke to Abram, and called him out of his country. Paul says: "Abraham obeyed, and went out, not knowing whither he went." Heb. xi., 8. And Stephen said: "The Lord of glory appeared unto our father Abraham" and "called him out to sojourn in a strange land." Acts vii., 2-6.

Gen. xii., 7, twice says "The Lord appeared to Abram." This was either a case of materialization, or Abraham, as he was afterward called, was a clairvoyant. In the first eight verses of chapter xv., the Lord, and the word of the Lord, came to Abram several times. In verses 12 to 18, Abram was undoubtedly entranced: "A deep sleep fell upon Abram, and, lo! a horror of great darkness fell upon him." From that to the 17th verse is the wonderful manifestation of the "smoking furnace," and the "burning lamp." In verse 18 is the "covenant," that this "Lord" makes with Abram. In xvi., 7-12, Hagar, having been a little "naughty" with Abram, fled from the jealous wrath of Mrs. Abram; but an angel comes to her in the wilderness and makes remarkable predictions concerning her unborn child; all of which were fulfilled.

In xvii., 1, this same spirit appeared to Abram again and said: "I am Almighty God." He afterward appeared to Moses, and told him

he had appeared to Abraham as God Almighty, out his real name, which he kept from Abraham, was Jehovah. (See Ex. vi., 2-3.) Moses was an Egyptian, and this was, therefore, a revelation to him. Jehovah was the spirit of a departed Egyptian ruler.

In those days any spirits that communicated or gave any manifestations, whether there were one or a dozen, were called "The Lord." In Gen. xviii., whole chapter, "the Lord" appears to Abram; he is called "the Lord" eight times; "my Lord" once; "three men" once, and "the men" once. The manifestations were truly wonderful. The first Abram knew "the Lord" appeared to him. He looked up, and, lo! "three men stood by him." He did not see them come to him; they appeared, as Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus, and as Jesus "appeared unto two of them as they walked and went into the country." They were materializations that could be handled; they had their feet washed. Verse 4. They also ate a "square meal," consisting principally of bread, veal, cake, butter and milk. See verses 6 to 8. After they had their dinner they revealed to Abram the impending doom of Sodom. "The Lord" then said he was going to Sodom, verses 20, 21; and finally "left off communing with Abram, and went his way." Verse 33. The next verse, which is xix., 1, tells us that two angels went to Abram's brother Lot, in Sodom. These two persons are called angels twice. See verses 1-15. They are called men six times. Verses 8, 10, 11, 12, and 16. They are "sent of the Lord" three times, verses 13, 14, 16; and they are called "my Lord" once. Verse 18.

In chapter xxii., Isaac is born; and Hagar, with her illegitimate son, is driven off into the wilderness. In verses 17 to 20 God heard the voice of the lad, and an angel visited the child and his mother. The angel brings her a bottle of water and talks with her. Her thirsty and starved condition probably developed clairvoyance, and she saw the angel.

In chapter xxii.: "God did tempt Abraham." He was about to kill his son, when the angel called to him. Verses 11, 12. A ram is provided, and Abraham obeyed the "voice" of the Lord.

In chapter xxiv. Abraham shows his confidence in the angels, in sending a medium out to hunt a wife for his son. His benediction, in verse 7, shows his perfect reliance on the angels. It is as follows: "The Lord God of heaven . . . shall send his angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence." The servant, in telling the story to Rebecca's father and mother, said: "And he said unto me, 'The Lord, before whom I walk, will send his angel with thee, and prosper thee in thy way; and thou shalt take a wife for my son of my kindred, and of my father's house.'" Verse 40.

In chapter xxvi., 24, the Lord appeared unto Isaac, in a vision of the night.

In xxxii., 1, 2, a host of angels appeared to Jacob. In verses 24 to 32, a man wrestled with Jacob until the break of day. But the "man" seemed as much afraid of light as the average materialized man does to-day. When the day began to break, he prayed, "let me go, for the day breaketh." Verse 26.

Joseph was a great medium; his chief power lay in the interpretation of dreams, prophesying and using the divining cup. See chapter xli., 25, xlii., 5-15.

EXODUS.

The book of Exodus, when interpreted in the light of Spiritualism, is one of the most interesting books of the Bible. In chapter iii., verses 2 to 6, the angel of the Lord appears in a spirit light, called "the burning bush." The bush was not on fire. This text and a few collaterals will throw light on "the Lord," and the "God," who figured in almost every verse of this part of the Bible. This spirit, in verse 2, is called "the angel of the Lord." In verse 4 he is called both Lord and God. Verse 6 says: "Moses was afraid to look upon God." Stephen, in telling the story, in Acts vii., 30, says: "There appeared to him in the wilderness of Mount Sinai an angel of the Lord in a flame of fire in a bush." In this chapter God is not yet well enough acquainted with Moses to trust him with his name. He simply says, "I am that I am." But in chapter vi., 2, 3, he has become better acquainted, and knowing Moses to be an Egyptian, and to have a good understanding of things, he says: "I am the Lord; and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac and unto Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them." That word Jehovah, given to Moses, but withheld from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, contained a revelation. *Jah-Vah*, *Jah*, pronounced *Yah*—God, Judge or Chief; *Vah*, mountain or hill.

This is supposed to be an Egyptian chief, who kept his tribe, during the annual inundations of the Nile, up in the mountains. There he passed away; there he, as a spirit stayed; there he got acquainted with Moses. Even the enemies of Israel acknowledged Jehovah to be the God of the hills, but not of the valleys. See 1 Kin. xx., 23-28. Was this the reason the Lord—that is, Jehovah, could conquer in the hills, but not in the valleys? See Judges i., 19. The Bible always represents Jehovah as dwelling in the hills. Indeed, he could not be Jehovah if he did not dwell there. See Psa. ii., 6; iii., 4; xliii., 3; xcix., 9; etc.

The next manifestation to Moses was the Lord meeting him at a country tavern, and trying to kill him. Ex. iv., 5. I have already referred to his revealing his name to Moses in vi., 23.

With the starting of the children of Israel out of Egypt begins a series of most wonderful phenomena. The pillar of fire by night was, perhaps, just such a light as many Spiritualists have seen in the dark. In xlii., 21, the Lord was in the pillar of fire. At Dr. Bland's, in Washington, not long since, I saw many pillars of fire, which, upon bursting revealed the presence of lords and ladies. This "Lord," who was in the pillar of fire, was, in other places, said to be an angel. See chapter xiv., 19, 20. I might add, the lords and ladies I saw were all angels.

As Abraham James, through spirit intervention, revealed an artesian well in Chicago; and as many other mediums have revealed gold and silver mines, and oil and gas wells, so Moses, under the guidance of the Lord, found the place to smite the rock, to find water for his perishing people. See Ex. xvii., 6.

Studied in the light of Modern Spiritualism, the sixth and seventh chapters of Exodus become luminous and grand. Here you will again find that Jehovah dwelt in the mountains; and when Moses wanted to commune with him he had to go up into the mountain. xix., 3. Here the Lord promises to speak by voice, verse 5; but he requires that Moses should first go down and take a vote of the people as to whether they will obey the voice. By unanimous vote they promise; consequently the Lord promises to come in a thick cloud. Verse 9. He required that the people prepare, in their dress and otherwise, for this seance—that even, the mountain should be sanctified; that is, set apart. Not a hand or even a beast was to touch the mountain. Verses 10 to 13. From verse 6 to the end of the chapter is an account of the seance. The people were to form a circle "afar off"—no one must, under any circumstances break the circle, or "break through and gaze." The Lord descended in the dark; he talked through a trumpet; or at least, "the trumpet sounded long," and "waxed louder and louder." The Lord, in the midst of the fire, or spirit light, answered by a voice from the midst of the thick darkness. As spirits sometimes call one of the circle to the cabinet, so the Lord called Moses to him, and urged him to go back and insist upon the importance of maintaining the circle unbroken. Then, in chapter xx., 1 to 18, the Ten Commandments are spoken.

Verse 21 says: "And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was."

In xxiii., 20 to 24, is the promise that an angel has been commissioned to always be with them—to assist them in their battles, and subdue their enemies, on condition that they will always obey his voice.

In xxiv., 10 to 13, the children of Israel saw the God of Israel, and he is described, and, as communications are written on and engraved in slates to-day, so he wrote and gave them the law. Might not this "God of Israel" have been the angel appointed to be with Israel? Stephen said he was an angel. His words to the Jews were that they had "received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it." Acts vii., 53.

In Ex. xxv., Moses is urged again to go up into the mountain where Jehovah dwelt, and not only receive the law, but also clairvoyantly receive patterns for a tabernacle, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, or seance-room. And in that room alone is to be where he is hereafter to get communications from Jehovah. See verse 22. On this point the reader is also requested to examine Ex. xxv., 22; xxxiii., 8-11; xxxix., 42, 43; xxx., 6-36; Lev. xvi., 2-4; Num. xvii., 4; Num. vii., 89; 2 Kings xix., 15; Ps. lxxx., 1; xcix., 1. These texts and others will show that after the tabernacle was builded, whenever "the Lord said unto Moses," it was a voice from the seance-room.

That the ten commandments, after being spoken as they were, on the mount, were written by spirit agency, cannot be doubted by the one who believes his Bible. Ex. xxxi., 18, says: "And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God." In Ex. xxxii., 16, it says: "And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables." In xxxiii., 33, 34, is another promise that the angel will always be with them.

In xxxiii., 8 to 10, the tabernacle is erected, and Moses goes into it while the people stand without and witness the cloudy pillar. The Lord spoke to Moses in that tabernacle, face to face, "as a man speaketh to his friend." Moses wanted to see a materialization; but it seems conditions were not right for it. The spirit, however, succeeded in materializing his "back parts." See verse 23.

Transfigurations occur frequently in these days; one is minutely described in Ex. xxxiv., 29 to 35. Moses was so thoroughly transfigured that he had to put a veil over his face as they sometimes do now.

In chapter xl., the tabernacle was finished, and a cloud abode on it. In the daytime and a pillar of fire by night. This stayed with them through all their journeys. See verses 34 to 38.

LEVITICUS.

Having gone quite extensively into an examination of the first two books of the Pentateuch, I can be excused for being more brief in the examination of the others.

In the first chapter and verse of Leviticus, "The Lord called Moses unto the tabernacle of the congregation," and, from the mercy seat, gave him particular instructions about burnt sacrifices. All the sacrifices and burnt offerings were aids to spirit manifestations, as, if I had time and space, I would prove before I got through the five books of Moses.

In Lev. ix., 23 and 24, is the wonderful manifestation of "the glory of the Lord," at the tabernacle, where a fire came out from before the Lord, and consumed the sacrifice on the altar.

In x., 1, 2, will be found the history of Aaron's sons offering strange fire on the altar and being burned to death as a result.

In chapter xvi., 2 to 4, are stated some of the conditions of mediums entering the cabinet

—conditions the carrying out of which, I verily believe, would give us better manifestations to-day.

The priest, or medium, was not to enter the cabinet in the clothing he had been wearing among the people; and thus carry the sick and sinful magnetisms of every one with whom he had come in contact, into the cabinet; but he was to lay aside those clothes and wash his flesh in water, and then put on clean linen garments and then go in there alone. See verse 17. The fact is, no other magnetism was allowed in the cabinet. Then the Lord was to appear in the cloud of incense offered. Please compare verses 2 and 13.

In chapter xix., 31, is a charge to "regard not them that have familiar spirits." The same thing is found, but in a different form of phraseology, in xx., 6, with the threat of being "cut off from among the people," if the law is violated. That threat does not mean death; it only means a loss of citizenship in their theocracy. The same threat with the added penalty of death, is found in verse 77. There is no doubt that these are intended to be prohibitive enactments against spirit communion. This law will be found in stronger language in Deuteronomy, and then I will offer a few comments. There are several other places in this book where it is said, "the Lord said unto Moses," but I have said so much about these expressions both as to who the Lord was, and where the speaking was done, that I will pass them over.

THE BOOK OF

NUMBERS is much more full on matters pertaining to Spiritualism than Leviticus. The first chapter opens with a communication made to Moses in the tabernacle. The communication itself occupies several chapters. The ark, which was nothing more than some such kind of table as mediums use to-day, was in the holy place, which was a cabinet. The ark itself, beside being a table for manifestations, was a cabinet of spiritual curiosities. The tables of stone, Aaron's rod that budded and bore fruit and a few other trophies were placed in the ark, as reminders of manifestations which had occurred among them. This ark was to be kept covered with badger's skins; and death was the penalty for lifting the cover. See iv., 5; also verse 20. In 1 Sam. vi., 19, is the account of a great slaughter caused by lifting the cover of the ark and looking therein.

The history of the dedication of this new tabernacle is given in chapter vii. In that dedication, Moses went into the tabernacle, to hear the voice of God, from the mercy seat, which was the cover of the ark. See verse 89; also, see Ex. xxvi., 22.

To show how continually necessary that revelation was, to meet emergencies, I might refer to chapter ix. The Hebrews were commanded to keep the passover, and to be cleansed when they kept it; "they must come at no dead body." Now on a certain occasion when the time came for their passover some of them had been necessarily defiled by handling dead bodies. What should they do? The command to keep the passover was positive, but the command to be cleansed from handling the dead was equally positive. It took one day to cleanse one who had handled the dead. They were in a quandary; they appealed to Moses, but he knew no more than the rest of them. The only thing to be done was to go into the cabinet and ask the voice that talked with him there. In verse 8, Moses says: "Stand ye still and I will hear what the Lord will command concerning you." Thus they were dependent on continual communications to meet emergencies; consequently the tabernacle must be kept always ready.

In verse 15 to the end of the chapter is the history of the cloud and the pillar of fire covering the tabernacle. This cloud or pillar always suggested to them when to start on their journey, where to go and when to stop. Thus, for a period of forty years, did they constantly enjoy these manifestations. Verses 22-23 read as follows:

"Or whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents, and journeyed not. But when it was taken up, they journeyed. At the commandment of the Lord they rested in the tents, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed. They kept the charge of the Lord by the hand of Moses."

In xi., 17, the Lord ordered the forming of a circle of seventy of the elders of Israel to assemble at the tabernacle, and promised to develop them as mediums. The language is:—"And I will come and talk with thee there; and I will take of the spirit which is upon thee, and will put it upon them; and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not thyself alone."

In verses 25 to 30 is the history of that seance and their development. It informs us that the Lord came down and spoke, and gave the spirit that was upon Moses to the seventy elders, and they prophesied.

When Moses saw how grand it was, he wished every one of them could be developed as mediums. In verse 29 he says: "Would that all the Lord's children were prophets (mediums), and that he would put his spirit upon them."

In chapter xii., 3 to 5, Moses, Aaron and Miriam went into the tabernacle, and probably held a seance; at least they witnessed a materialization. The Lord came down in the pillar of the cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle. A promise is then and there made that he will speak to prophets, or mediums generally, in visions or in dreams; but with Moses he should speak mouth to mouth. Not only so, but he should be clairvoyant. "The similitude of the Lord shall he behold." Here Miriam was transfigured, and made as white as snow. This lasted but a few moments. See verses 10 to 13.

In xiv., 10, 11, is another manifestation in the tabernacle. In verses 12 to 24 is a long communication making certain promises and threats to Israel.

In chapter xx., 6 to 11, is another manifestation, in which the Lord appears to Moses and tells him where to find water for Israel.

In verses 23 and 24 Moses foretold Aaron's death, as he afterward did his own; and, as Immanuel Swedenborg and others afterward did theirs. In verse 28 Aaron passed away according to Moses' prediction.

In chapters xxii., xxiii., and xxiv., are a series of wonderfully interesting manifestations. In xxii., 6, Balak sends for Baalam to go and curse Israel for him. In verses 9 to 13, God appeared to Baalam and told him not to go. But Baalam was persistent and urged him to go. He sent other and more honorable men to Baalam with still greater offers. Baalam told him that "for a house full of silver, he could not go beyond the word of the Lord." That is to say, Baalam was entranced, and could only speak the words spoken through him. See xxii., 18. That night the spirit they called God came to Baalam and told him to go. But, said he, "speak the words that I shall say unto thee." xxii., 20.

The next morning when he started, the ass on which he was riding saw the angel. Robert Dale Owen and others have demonstrated that animals are sometimes clairvoyant. Several times in verse 23 to 28 we read, "the ass saw the angel." Finally, in verse 30, the ass is represented as speaking; this was probably a spirit voice which Baalam, in his excited condition, could not locate. About this time Baalam himself became clairvoyant; "the Lord opened the eyes of Baalam and he saw the angel." Verse 31. A conversation now ensues between the angel and Baalam. See verses 31 to 36.

When Baalam met Balak he confessed his sole dependence on his mediumship. "The word that God putteth in my mouth, that I shall speak." Verse 38. In xxiii., 8, he told Balak he could not curse those whom God had not cursed. In verses 10 to 12 he blessed Israel, which greatly displeased Balak. But Baalam declared his inability to speak any other words than those which God had put in his mouth.

He had Balak erect for him other altars, or cabinets, but his efforts to curse Israel proved to him that God would not repent of the blessing he had given to Israel, and that "no enchantment could prevail against him." In xxiv., 1 to 5, he tries it again. This time the Bible plainly informs us that he fell into a trance, with his eyes shut. The margin says: "Who had his eyes shut, but now opened." This time, as in former cases, his curse proves to be a blessing. Finally, in verses 15 to 17, he is again entranced, and falls a fourth time to curse Israel.

In chapter xxvii., 16, is a prayer for God to select a medium to take the place of Moses, and to signify who he was. It is a recognition that all are spiritual beings. In verses 18 to 21, Joshua is the one selected. In verse 23 mediumistic hands are laid upon Joshua. In Deut. xxxiv., 9, the result is stated as follows: "And Joshua the son of Nun, was full of the spirit of wisdom," for Moses had laid his hands upon him; and the children of Israel hearkened unto him, and did as the Lord commanded Moses."

DEUTERONOMY.

I will make proportionally shorter work of this last book of Moses than I have of the others. The book is, as its name signifies, a repetition of the former books. When Moses found that his race was run—that he had but a few more days to live, he called all Israel together, most of whom had been born since their exodus from Egypt; and in one speech repeats over to them the wonderful phenomena which had occurred to them in Egypt and in the wilderness. In another, he repeats the Ten Commandments, and their ceremonial laws. In a third speech he urges upon them the necessity of right living and obedience to the angel who was to lead them to the land of Canaan, and make of them a mighty people. After this, Moses passes away as was predicted, and some later writer adds the account of that event to the book.

In chapter iv., 12 to 15, Moses relates the events which occurred at Sinai. He tells them that they heard the voice that proceeded from the fire, or spirit light. But they "saw no similitude." When Paul saw Jesus it was the same way, every one saw the light, and all heard the voice, but Paul alone saw Jesus. Acts ix., 7. The fact is, Paul and Moses were both clairvoyant.

In verse 13, of chapter iv., Moses reiterates that after the commandments were spoken they were written on stone by an unseen power. In verse 15 he said: "Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves; for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb out of the midst of the fire."

In verse 36 he says: "Out of heaven he made thee to hear his voice, that he might instruct thee; and upon the earth he showed thee his great fire; and thou heardest his words out of the midst of the fire." In chapter v., 4, he says: "The Lord talked with you face to face in the mount out of the midst of the fire." This same power professes to be the Jehovah that brought them out of the land of Egypt. In verse 22, he says: "These words the Lord (Jehovah) spake unto all your assembly in the mount out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice; and he added no more. And he wrote them in two tables of stone and delivered them to me." See also verses 23 to 25.

In x., 2, is repeated the words: "And I will write on the tables the words which were on the first tables which thou breakest, and thou shalt put them in the ark." Verse 4 repeats that God did the writing on these stones. Until Spiritualism demonstrated the possibility of an invisible power writing on slates it was almost impossible to believe these stories about God writing on stone.

In xviii., 9 to 12, is a repetition of the law against having anything to do. It is as follows:

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar

spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."

Nothing could be more plain and positive than this law. It not only forbids divination, witchcraft, observing of times, enchanting, and consulting with familiar spirits, but it says, "there must not be found among you a necromancer." The word necromancy is a combination of two Greek words; *Necron*, or *necros*, which means dead, and *mantia*, or *mantia*, which means conversation, or dealings. Thus the text, in the plainest possible language, forbids anything like Spiritualism.

There are local reasons for this embargo; but what shall be said of the party who made this law, be this party God or man? Is not the law itself a proof that the law-making power believed in Spiritualism? If it was believed to be impossible to get knowledge from the dead, why should laws be issued against getting such knowledge? What a grand opportunity Bible-makers here lost, of telling the people that the dead could impart no knowledge! and that all pretended communication with the dead was a delusion! But, instead of that, the reader of this text is left in full belief that, while communion with the dead is possible, for certain reasons—local reasons—the Hebrews must not practice it.

The important reason given is, because the nations driven out of the land did so. See verse 14. The secret of the whole thing was probably in the fact that, "The Lord thy God," that is, Jehovah—"this Egyptian spirit"—"is a jealous God," and he would not give his glory—his prerogatives, to another. See Ex. xx., 5; xxxiv., 14; Deut. iv., 14; vi., 15.

I, myself, think that if Jehovah wanted to hold the people to all his laws, it was wise on his part to prevent communion with every spirit that might incline to come to them. Indeed, there are many cases where that law, even to-day, would not be bad. Like others of the Jewish laws, this was "added because of transgression," and passed away. Gal. iii., 19; Col. ii., 14.

In Deut. xviii., 15 to 19, is the prediction concerning a great prophet or medium to be raised up. Many Christians, and even some of the apostles, supposed this applied to Jesus; but it was literally fulfilled in that other Jesus, whom we have been wont to call Joshua. In xxxi., 14, begins the fulfillment of this prediction about the one who was to take Moses' place. The matter reads as follows:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Behold, the days approach that thou must die; call Joshua and present thyself in the tabernacle of the congregation, that I may give him a charge.' And Moses and Joshua went and presented themselves in the tabernacle of the congregation. And the Lord appeared in the pillar of a cloud; and the pillar of the cloud stood over the door of the tabernacle."

This is the last appearance to Moses, and is in the tabernacle where all the important manifestations had been since it was builded. Now Moses composes a psalm in which he is inspired to tell of all the wonders done by Jehovah, and of their having provoked him to jealousy and wrath by turning from him to other gods, spirits. See xxxii., 16. He also tells about Jehovah coming down upon Mount Sinai, and other mountains; as of "ten thousand saints," or spirit accompanying him. Remember, sinner are those who once wore flesh and blood. See Rev. xviii., 24.

The last thing Moses does before going to Mount Nebo and expiring, is to lay his hands on Joshua's head, so that he becomes a medium. The record says: "And Joshua, the son of Nun, was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands on him; and the children of Israel hearkened unto him, and did as the Lord had commanded Moses."

By this time the reader, no matter what he thinks of the Bible, must be convinced that the five books of Moses are full of Spiritualism. Reader, further you peruse the Bible, the more Spiritualism you will find in it. T very last book of the Bible contains more Spiritualism than any other book with which I am acquainted.

Possibly, if it meets your approbation, and that of your readers, I may continue this digest until the whole Bible shall have passed under review.

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THE SPIRITUALIST 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 effecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a good 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 of only of the glorious work being done.

F. Corden White, who has been doing efficient service at Marshalltown, Iowa, writes: "I would like to say a few words in your valuable paper about the good people of Marshalltown, my wife and myself having spent the month of January with them, and found them both hospitable and enthusiastic in the cause so near the hearts of intelligent people. They have a nice, commodious temple here, which I am pleased to say is well filled with earnest and honest investigators, as well as the fully-converted Spiritualists. We have been entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cowan, who are unfailing in their efforts to make it both pleasant and profitable for the mediums who are called to spread the grand and glorious truth in their city. We have also received much kindness and courtesy from all, and go away feeling it is good to have been here, and we can cheerfully say a good word for the friends of Marshalltown to all mediums who may be called to work here in the future."

Swain Londholm, of Denver, Colo., recalls some interesting psychic experiences. From 14 to 15 he was a good clairvoyant, and could see and recognize spirits on the street. On one dark, rainy evening he saw a lady in park white, who was so horrified by his hair stood on end, his blood ran cold, and he could not move. On another occasion a large Newfoundland dog stopped in his way; he kicked at him, but no dog was there. Going to Denver, he attended the meetings of Mrs. Adah Foye, and when the time for testing-gifts came, she would, to him, disappear, and some one else take her place. He told the names of several spirits before the medium did. Since that time, almost three years, he gets nothing, although trying to develop as a medium; but about a year ago they entranced him and talked—after a time this ceased, and both hands were used to write, and his vocal organs to speak, all at the same time, and now all is gone! He now wants an explanation. Has no bad habits, if possible. Mediumship often manifests peculiar idiosyncrasies, beyond the comprehension of the average mortal.

H. Ide, of Coldwater, Mich., writes that Mrs. King, of Butler, is speaking once a month, to good effect. He says a pleasant, gaining ground, is a very pleasant speaker, and whoever hears her once is anxious to hear her again.

"A Scandinavian Free-thinker" writes from Duluth, Minn., that they have a new feature of Spiritualism in that city, namely, the S. S. or Scandinavian Spiritual Society, which claims the honor of being the first of the kind in America. They have secured the services of Mrs. Anna England, a trance speaker and test medium, and hold services every Sunday evening. Mr. Akom is President.

R. D. Robbins, of Port Perry, Canada, writes: "Living, as we do, where we can only occasionally hear a good medium, and where the blighting teachings of orthodoxy hold sway, you can imagine the paper always brings with it rays of sunlight from Summer-land. It is all good—no trash. I had recently the pleasure of listening, in Toronto, to that highly-gifted trance lecturer, Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, of Boston, who guides gave four of her finest lectures I ever listened to, which were highly appreciated by every one in the large audience who possessed a 'thinker,' but I regret to say the press of the city was not represented by that class, and the criticisms by them were such as might be expected in an orthodox community like Toronto—governed, as it is, by priestly intolerance, both Protestant and Catholic. I trust Mrs. Nickerson may soon find her way here again, as her ladylike demeanor and the fine lectures given by her guide, Theodore Parker, must win for her hosts of friends wherever she goes."

Mrs. Lucinda R. Bigelow, Corresponding Secretary of the First Spiritual Society, of Portland, Oregon, writes that D. H. Hendee, a pioneer of the Pacific Coast, and a veteran Spiritualist, was unanimously elected President; Mr. Buckman, another pioneer and veteran, Vice-President, and Anson Buckman Treasurer, and all the other officers satisfactorily filled. At a reception given the retiring officers a quartette dispensed sweet music while the ladies spread the table with the delicacies of the season. The retiring President, Mr. P. M. Brown, and Treasurer, J. H. McMillen, were each presented with a Sunflower Badge, with good words appreciative of their long service and faithfulness as officers of the society, and as staunch Spiritualists.

Mrs. W. S. Pettit, of Creston, Iowa, wishes to write words of encouragement to Spiritualists who may be living as she has lived for years—standing almost alone as a Spiritualist in a town of 12,000 inhabitants, well stocked with churches and church conservatism. She, with two other ladies, determined to organize a society, if there were any persons willing to compose it. The three met, talked together, read some articles pertaining to Spiritualist belief, and appointed another meeting. The result will give in her own words: "Inside of three days we were called upon by several ladies and gentlemen, some of them good church members, saying they had heard we had started a Spiritual Society, and

if so, they would like to become members—would be so glad of an opportunity to investigate Spiritualism; and almost then (only a few weeks), we have added to our numbers at a wonderful rate. We now have a nice society, with officers, constitution and by-laws, and we feel that the Angel-world has met us halfway and is assisting us in every way it can. We have several mediums developing rapidly. Of course we have the usual amount of derision to bear from our orthodox brethren, who claim to be ruled by that spirit of brotherly love, about which they preach so much, and practice so little. We are now meeting in private parlors, but will soon have to rent a hall. So, my good friends, I say, come out, proclaim yourselves Spiritualists; organize societies, if there are only three of you to begin with, and you will be surprised at the number of hungry people who are seeking spiritual food. Go to work, and the Spirit-world will crown your efforts with success."

Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, the materializing medium, of San Francisco, Cal., can be found for the present at 189 Washington boulevard. Those desiring her services please call soon.

N. S. Beckwith writes: "Moses Hull closed his January engagement with St. Louis (Mo.) Spiritual Association Sunday, January 29, with a Thomson-Paine memorial address. The hall was crowded to overflowing, and all could not get in. Mr. Hull is a decided success wherever he goes, and we hope to employ him for a much longer period as soon as the present lecture engagements of others have been filled. Edgar Emerson is our speaker for February. Our large city dailies are giving much space in noticing our meetings and interviewing our lecturers."

W. H. Bach writes: "The Northwestern Spiritualist Association is making its preliminary arrangements for the carrying out of Merriam Island coming meeting during July. We would be pleased to correspond with speakers and mediums for all phases of manifestations with a view, to securing their attendance at our camp. For particulars address W. H. Bach, Secretary, St. Paul, Minn."

W. H. Bach would like engagements for the camp-meeting season as speaker, or as a reader and developing psychic medium through his mesmeric powers. Permanent address, St. Paul, Minn.

Mary Webb Baker writes from Sparta, Pa.: "The Spiritualists of Sparta and vicinity have again been treated to a spiritual feast through the ministrations of that highly-inspired and inspiring speaker, Lyman C. Howe, whose self-sacrificing and untiring devotion to the cause he has served so many years has won for him, and justly, the esteem and admiration of the best minds of the period. His engagement here for the past month closed with the organization of a society to be known as the 'Church of the New Era,' of C. H. Gabriel, President; Mrs. C. A. Stranahan, Vice-President; M. G. Webb, Treasurer; Mary Webb Baker, Secretary. We hope in the near future to build a place for holding our meetings, to be free to all denominations, irrespective of faith or creed, thus beginning our work on the broad gauge of free thought, and free expression thereof."

Clarence W. Dale, of Webster City, Iowa, writes that there are not many Spiritualists there at present, but there is a good outlook for the future. People turn out well to hear mediums, etc. He wishes to correspond with some reliable test medium.

Mrs. S. L. Macracken, who resides at 599 Warren avenue, this city, writes: "I am engaged upon another work, which will be the subject of the 'Rembrandt Homes' of the title of which is 'Under the Car of Judgment,' or 'The Gulf of Judgment,' both dealing with the labor and capital question from a benevolent standpoint. The first treats upon the laboring poor, the second on the middle class. As my address was accidentally omitted to my article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I will say that both novels seek subscriptions by postal cards at same prices (fifty cents each). Write no questions, for I have no time to answer them. Send full address to me."

Prof. Silas W. Edmunds, of Cleveland, Ohio, will occupy the rostrum of the Progressive Spiritualist Society, Grand Rapids, Mich., during the month of February, 1893. He will receive calls for lectures week-day evenings, between Feb. 19 to end of month. Address him in care of 257 North Iowa street, Grand Rapids, Mich. Enclose stamp for "Circular of Progress."

D. M. Carl, of Albany, N. Y., writes: "The Albany Spiritual Alliance has just held its annual meeting, at which all reports financial and otherwise were very satisfactory and encouraging. The old board of officers were unanimously re-elected: Mr. J. D. Chism, Sr., president; Mr. Chism is a prominent business man, a veteran Spiritualist, hale and hearty at the age of seventy-six. Mr. W. H. Harris, vice-president; Mrs. Bell Chism, corresponding secretary; J. M. Briggs, financial secretary; and Mr. J. D. Chism, Jr., treasurer. Mrs. Lake is a life woman and has done much towards strengthening our organization. Her inspirational gifts are wonderful; she has seemed to develop still more wonderful powers since she has been with us. We have given her as good conditions as possible, and find we have been greatly the gainers by so doing. Societies are often responsible for the failures as well as the successes of many mediums. She is trying to get up a party here to spend the summer vacation at the Lake Brady camp. Sunday the 29th will be the last she will be with us for the present, she being otherwise engaged for the next two months, but returns here the 1st of April. Prof. Kenyon is to speak for us through the present month."

Capt. Jack Abbott writes enthusiastically of the work of Mrs. M. Walte in New Orleans. The hall is too small to accommodate all who come to see and hear. He says: "Last night (January 29th) she gave twenty-five tests with descriptions and full names of spirits, and carried them all into the audience, giving the messages to the persons they were for, and all were recognized. Mrs. Walte is pleasant in manner and speech and is doing a good work here."

Mrs. E. T. Reynolds, whose footsteps are firmly planted on the "Highway of Progression," writes from Marshalltown, Iowa, that Prof. Litton, of New Orleans, a clairvoyant medium, has been giving a very successful series of

seances, and has aroused great interest among all classes by his tests. Some who pronounced him a 'fake' have been convinced that his readings are genuine. He goes from Marshalltown to Waterloo, Marshalltown has been greatly favored this winter by the able labors of J. W. Dennis, also by F. Corden White and Mrs. White, who have made many friends there. Mrs. R. says: "We wish to mention the society of our friends in Bloomington, Ill. We met with them a short time ago, and after a year's work, with Major Packard as president, we found a faithful band of followers and co-workers striving to grow better and stronger. It was a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul' to enter within their gates. Miss A. M. Thayer is one of the 'good' mediums, place it any way you please, always in her place and highly prized by all the members."

B. L. Compton, of Star City, Ark., writes that Pine Bluff, Ark., is a city of about 15,000 inhabitants, and he thinks that a good medium would find there an excellent field for the exercise of mediumistic gifts.

N. A. Dunn writes that the Buchanan Spiritual Band, of Blair, Neb., has first-class spirit manifestations through a slate-writing medium, a lady of good character. Messages are received from those who in no present has ever known except the one addressed—from the wise and aged, from dear ones gone before, and sweet little words in baby language, etc. Singing is continued much of the time during the meetings; at the same time writing is being done.

J. W. Marshall writes: "The First Spiritualist Society of San Diego is in a very prosperous condition. Mrs. M. J. Hendee, of San Francisco, the pioneer medium of California, who has been on the spiritual rostrum in this state for thirty-five years, has been with us since December 1st, lecturing and giving psychometric readings every Sunday night to large audiences. Mr. George E. Rogers, our president, is a most devoted and active worker; and the ladies having charge of our sociables make them a joy and grand success."

Mrs. Doney Parker, of Spokane, Wash., writes that she is addressing crowded houses, largely made up at times of people from different churches, who come to come again. Her position upon Catholicism has caused the old serpent to coil and strike under an assumed name, but when she asked him to come forth like a man, he failed to do so, preferring darkness to daylight, as is the nature of Romanism.

E. W. Gould, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Moses Hull closed a very satisfactory engagement here of one month last Friday evening. His subject was the 'Life, Character and Influence of Thomas Payne, Upon the Independence of the United States.' Among the many able discourses Mr. Hull has delivered before St. Louis audiences, this last one excelled all, and was enjoyed rapturously by an immense audience."

Mrs. H. S. Lake closed her three-months' engagement with the Albany, N. Y., Spiritual Society on January 29. She has been re-engaged for the month of April. The Sundays of February she speaks at Buffalo, N. Y., where she may be addressed at 24 Cottage street.

A subscriber writes from Milwaukee, Wis.: "Spiritualism is properly represented here by the Progressive Society. Last Sunday Mr. Isaacs, an old-time Spiritualist, gave a short talk; so did also Dr. Wilkins. Slate-writings were given very satisfactorily by Mrs. Jaquet, and Mrs. Partridge gave proof to many longing souls that their friends can return, by a few clairvoyant readings. Next Sunday afternoon and evening, Dr. Wilkins will give short lectures, followed by Mrs. Partridge with spiritual and psychometric readings. On Monday evening at the private circle this esteemed lady gave fourteen fully satisfactory readings. The remainder of the winter promises to be interesting in Milwaukee spiritual circles."

L. Everett Bailey, of Mesopotamia, O., writes concerning the three lectures delivered by Frank T. Ripley, at Middlefield, Burton Station and Benton Village, respectively, under the auspices of the Ober Union Spiritual Association of Geauga county, O. At the first-named place there exists some enmity against Spiritualism, tending to produce unfavorable conditions, but Mr. Ripley gave a good lecture and some excellent tests. At Burton Station he gave a good lecture and some very fine tests, giving names and places. Several of the Middlefield people followed him to Burton Station, to learn more of Spiritualism. The next night at Burton Village were present the best men of the town, including ministers of the Gospel, all anxious to catch some word or glimpse of the beautiful beyond. Mr. Ripley's guides gave an excellent address and some of the finest tests that have been given. Mr. Bailey concludes by saying that on January 22d he had the pleasure of listening to an admirable address through the mediumship of Mrs. Elton Ohl, of Middlefield, O.

A circular sent us contains the following: "The First Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists meets at Conservatory Hall, Bedford avenue, corner Fulton street, every Sunday morning and evening. The blind medium, Mr. A. E. Tisdale, occupies the rostrum during February. Mr. Tisdale is not only known as one of the most eloquent, trance and inspirational speakers, but as the Sankey of the Spiritualist platform. At each service, with a magical, musical voice, he sings some of our spiritual songs with such pathos and contagious warmth of feeling, it awakens the most tender emotions of every heart. During an engagement in defense of our country, while acting as a messenger boy for Commodore Ringold, commander of the U. S. frigate Sabine, at the tender age of eleven years the sunshine of earth was forever lost to him. In compensation for these years of total blindness, his soul has been opened by the inspirations of the Angel-world, who speak through him words of divine wisdom and intelligence never to be forgotten. Mrs. Abbie A. Burnham, platform test medium, trance and inspirational speaker, will occupy the rostrum in March, accompanied by her accomplished daughter, who will delight the audience as a vocalist and recitalist."

Nellie F. Burbeck, of Plymouth, Mass., takes exception to an article in a recent issue apparently written by a clairvoyant to a certain medium. She says: "I am extremely sorry that the name in the article, and know that the medium referred to is a good, honest worker for the cause, and her work has brought many investigators into the ranks of Spiritualism. In this instance

referred to, the medium spoke truth, although in the imperfect language of an Indian control doing its best to acquire our language. I feel that to hold up an honest medium to public ridicule is not the right way to assist a sensitive medium's development. As we are sensitive, desire consideration, let us show that consideration to others."

W. J. Colville is interesting the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, while Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond is entertaining the good people of Boston.

Mrs. John Lindsey, trance, business and test medium, will fill engagements to lecture, attend funerals, and hold private circles. Address N. W. corner of Lyons and Ransom streets, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Prof. W. F. Peck finished a very successful month at Washington and speaks in Springfield, Mass., during February. Address him at 93 Sherman St. Prof. Peck has something to say on our first page this week that will interest our readers.

The Republic, of Marshalltown, Iowa, says: "The Spiritual Temple was well filled in the afternoon with a very intelligent and appreciative audience, and in the evening was filled to overflowing, and large numbers of anxious investigators turned away. It was the last service of Prof. J. Corden White's engagement, who has been giving a series of very instructive lessons on the proof of immortality, or spirit return, by demonstration of spirit tests, messages and psychometric readings. It was a love-feast for those who are versed in the phenomena, and a wonder of wonders to the most skeptical, judging from the large, intelligent audiences attending the Temple, and judging from his initiatory service of January 1, with an audience of thirty, and his closing service, as above mentioned. The attendance at the Temple would gladly welcome him at any time, if his grand and noble mission will permit him to accept another engagement, and until then, may every society who has the good fortune to engage him receive the same grand, good results as the Progressive Spiritual Society of Marshalltown."

Isaac Perry, of the National Home, Milwaukee, Wis., wishes to give to the world a prescription received through a spirit doctor, which would do great benefit to him. He had been troubled with bearing-down of the liver and bowels, constipation and bloating, so that he was obliged to wear a supporter, and could not stand on his feet without misery, and the more medicine he took, the worse he became. The spirit doctor's prescription was: Sulphur, powdered, 2 ounces; dandelion root, powdered, 2 ounces; bloodroot, powdered, 1 ounce; pulverize all together in a mortar. Take one-half of the powder and mix with two ounces of pure honey, using a glass bowl with a tight cover. Then mix one-half teaspoonful of the paste with a tablespoonful of honey in a tumbler, and fill the tumbler half-full of water; add a pinch of red pepper, and drink all down. To be taken immediately after meals, three times a day. Should the bowels not move freely, increase the dose; if too freely, take less. The medicine relieved him within three hours after taking it.

"Cor." writes from Toronto, Canada: "On Sunday last Mr. George W. Walrod, who was telegraphed for from Hamilton, delivered two stirring and impressive lectures on the 'Philosophy and Science of Spiritualism' to good, sympathetic audiences, at the Shaftsbury hall. At the 3 o'clock service the spirit control replied at great length to the question: 'Why is the name of Jesus seldom mentioned by Spiritualist lecturers?' Brother Robert Sterart, the indefatigable Secretary of the Toronto Association of Spiritualists, is most zealous and painstaking in his efforts to advance the cause of Spiritualism. Good reports reach us from Hamilton, Guelph, Welland, Ottawa, Montreal, London, and other places in Canada."

O. Harvey, of Iowa, writes that he has had many opportunities, for ten years past, to investigate Spiritualism, and has met many good workers, and he thinks Mrs. Cora Wilson, at a recent meeting on Ada street, Chicago, gave the finest tests he ever heard.

J. Wm. Fletcher writes from New York that the season has opened auspiciously in spiritual matters, and great good is being accomplished. There has never been so much inquiry into spiritual phenomena, or desire to understand its philosophy. The First Society has always an able corps of speakers, excellent and useful in their varied ways of representing Spiritualism. At Adelphi Hall, where Mr. F. has been lecturing for two years, there is always a large and interested audience, including old Spiritualists and new inquirers, and the test feature proves a great attraction. Materialization secures a full share of interest, and Mrs. Williams is one of its best exponents. Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane is reported to be in a very precarious condition, and is being cared for by friends.

Mabel Kline, of New Orleans, writes that Mrs. Walte made her last appearance there on Sunday night, Jan. 29, going thence to Cincinnati, Ohio. She has given many excellent tests, and made many friends in the Crescent City. Mr. Ladd's engagement terminated at the same time. His readers have given great satisfaction. Mr. G. V. Corden, a physical and poetical medium of great power, will be there during February. Prof. A. E. Carpenter, of Boston, the "King of Memories," is drawing great crowds, and is adding the cause in an indirect way. A reception was given at the house of the Vice-President, in honor of Webster St. Ceran, a remarkable medium.

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 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.

Gladys Fekete, aged ten years and four months, only daughter of Ida Fekete and granddaughter of our postmaster, Dr. Alexander Fekete, passed out of the mortal Saturday, January 21, and her remains were interred January 24, Moses Hull officiating. Little Gladys took great interest at the circles held at the home of her grandparents, and often inquired for little sister who was forever lost to her. She was unusually bright and intelligent, and little friends mourn her departure."

At Avanches, in French-speaking Switzerland, a Swiss society of archaeologists is laying bare the site of a Roman theater.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Continued from First Page.

A human body floating on the surface, which had certainly escaped the photographer's attention. It was visible; but the young men were persuaded that nothing of the sort was there. These are samples of innumerable stories, which, like the apples in a Canadian orchard, may be picked up in large quantities, by any interested wayfarer. To me they suggest this question: "May not a surface more chemically sensitive than the human retina be able to receive impressions of things really objective, but to us, invisible?" The answer of course is: "Certainly." It has been done, and is daily done by astronomers. De la Rue and Huggins by dry-plate long exposure have photographed thousands of stars, whose light no telescope, however powerful, has been able to reveal to the human eye.

PHOTOGRAPHY TO THE RESCUE.

Blair-eyed mortals, how little you see of what is, after all, obvious and palpable enough! The whole world burns with Deity, and to you mostly 'tis but "the light of common day." Now, supposing that here and there, say one in twenty, happens to be so organized that he can see a shadow or light which to the other nineteen is invisible, what would be the best way to prove to the other nineteen that such a shadow or light existed? Why, photography, of course. And that is just what Mr. Cooke (probably the greatest analytical chemist alive), in his own way, and to his own satisfaction, completely established: what after him, the late Rev. Stanton Moses verified, and what Mr. Stead is now laboring to confirm. It is all very well to pooh-pooh the conclusions of these very differently constituted, but equally able and unimpeachable, experimentalists. But then we have to ask the pooh-poohists—who are you?

AUTHENTIC GHOST PHOTOGRAPHS.

Let us now come to hard facts, which rest on evidence which all who are interested may verify for themselves. If they choose to take the trouble. Certain names are usually quoted, and certain photos usually shown, in connection with ghost-photography. About 1873 Hudson was much talked of. The best photo I have seen of his is that of an old man appearing to his daughter. He wears an old black cap, and his features are strongly marked. The lady went with her daughter, and in her own mind, as a mental test, desired that her father should appear with an odd velvet cap which he wore during the last weeks of his sickness. The test was communicated to no one. The ghost came out on the plate. The face and cap were unmistakable.

Mumier Buguet, before Hudson, attained much notoriety. To me, the most extraordinary photograph of Buguet is the form of Stanton Moses, late editor of *Light*, the only photograph of a double, the subject being alive. I ever heard of. It happened on this wise: Stanton Moses, who was to have accompanied his friend, feeling too tired, lay down in a room at Paris, and apparently went to sleep, and his friend went alone and sat at the photographer's. The plate came out with the clearly-recognized form and face of Stanton Moses—the said Moses being at the time in another part of Paris and quite unconscious of his double's journey to the photographer.

My friend General Taylor supplied me with an interesting photograph taken of a brother officer of his who visited inco, a photographer, when the form of his brother, eight years dead, came out on the plate. He had but one photo of his brother, locked away in his trunk at home. I have had the opportunity of comparing the photo from the life with that of the dead, and the likeness is clearly recognizable, though the expression on the ghost's face is painful.

Of course Prof. Crookes' photographs, which he now declines to show or talk about, owing to the rigid test conditions under which they were obtained, are the most interesting. Fortunately, before scientific bigotry had made it expedient for him to keep his researches to himself, he left a record.

NOT ALL ARE IMPOSTORS.

My readers may now expect me to dwell on all the possibilities of fraud, of the cases with which every kind of ghost can be introduced on all kinds of plates in all sorts of ways, to hoax all sorts of people, or of the fact that the professional ghost-photographers, few in numbers, have almost without exception been suspected or convicted of imposture. The same charge can, unfortunately, be made against, and probably be brought home to, many professional mediums. But it is an unsound conclusion to come to—that because genuine mediums, gifted with real powers, and sham mediums, without any, cheat alike, and notorious ghost-photographers deceive, and even so-called clairvoyants, and even so-called clerics, therefore all psychic phenomena and all ghost-photographs must be frauds. I want to plead, without dogmatism or bigotry, for sustained and careful inquiry, until we have secured the facts upon which we can alone be entitled to reason.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life Jan. 14, 1893, at Vicksburg, Mich., Agnes E. wife of Charles E. Robinson, aged 39 years and 19 days. She leaves, besides her companion, one son and two daughters. One daughter passed on several years ago. Mrs. Robinson has been a Spiritualist for several years. She was not afraid to avow her principles. Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., officiated at the funeral, which was held at the Congregational Church. The services were conducted by the I. O. O. F., of which Mr. Robinson was a member.

Gladys Fekete, aged ten years and four months, only daughter of Ida Fekete and granddaughter of our postmaster, Dr. Alexander Fekete, passed out of the mortal Saturday, January 21, and her remains were interred January 24, Moses Hull officiating. Little Gladys took great interest at the circles held at the home of her grandparents, and often inquired for little sister who was forever lost to her. She was unusually bright and intelligent, and little friends mourn her departure."

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PHENOMENAL.

Continued from First Page.

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