



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

VOL. 7.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

NO. 170



UNIVERSAL MORAL CULTURE.

The Spiritual Antidote for Crime and Poverty.

An Inspirational Lecture
BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Delivered at New Bedford, Mass.

"Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." These words, and many others contained in the gospel according to Matthew a portion of the "Sermon on the Mount," are regarded by many to-day as altogether utopian and impracticable. We are told that if we were to follow such idealistic theories as are common to the "Sermon on the Mount," we should be entirely out of harmony with the best of modern civilization. While these objections sometimes look plausible, they are utterly unsound. Their unsoundness is proved from one simple fact alone—with all our boasted advancement, progress and civilization, upon which we greatly pride ourselves, we talk incessantly of crime, misery, sickness, poverty and degradation. Our papers are filled day after day, week after week, and year after year, with the most abominable news. Many people refuse to allow a daily newspaper to pass into the hands of the children, because it is so largely occupied with the details of criminality. If our civilization was that ideal, beautiful thing we desire it to be, if we were living in such a veritable garden of delight, there would be no headlines, no headlines. If we were living in an ideal state of society, the record of a day's doings in any city would be a record of useful and noble undertakings. If our newspapers were educational, and in every respect fit to be placed in the hands of the very purest and most innocent child, then might we say we have arrived at a condition with which we are satisfied. Then we would need no antidotes. Where there is no disease we need no physician. It is only the sick who need remedies.

What is the actual condition of the world at the present time? In many important respects the world has vastly improved during the past century; even during the last ten years there have been many important discoveries and inventions. Turn where we will, we see many signs of absolute improvement and advance. At the same time it does not appear that railroads, steamboats, electric cars, telegraphs and telephones can do away with crime and poverty. It does not appear that they will do away with sickness and trouble. Take them at their full value, give them all the credit they deserve, utilize them and multiply them, but place them where they belong; do not endeavor to put them in positions they are not intended by nature or divine order to fill. You say they have a refining, civilizing, ennobling effect upon us; they are instrumental in promoting intercourse between nations; they are of great value in our interstate commerce and international affairs. There are surely other, higher and more important interests of our nature confronting us, which demand a spiritual solution of the problems of civilization.

Civilization itself needs civilizing; reform itself needs reforming. The very reformer needs himself to be reformed; the very civilizer needs himself to be civilized; the college professor needs to be educated. While we may have done quite a number of things desirable to do, we may be doing a great many things that are undesirable and should not do. We have left undone many things we ought to have done, and probably done many things we ought not to have done. Only when we recognize actual elements of strength and weakness, and strike at intelligent average, the golden mean, will we be able to address ourselves to the actual condition of society as it now is, with a view to its decided improvement, and to help it to grow better and grander.

The general state of society is far better and grander than in the time of Queen Elizabeth; better than when the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth rock; better than in the days of Washington. Bishop Potter, of New York, in his centennial address undertook to say that the moral tone of the American people was not quite so high as in the days of the father of the republic. He made a decided mistake. The average morality, temperance and honesty of the people of to-day is much higher than it was a century or even half a century ago. The world is not growing worse, but positively better. There are fewer crimes, taking into calculation the increased population.

Publicity is now given to everything, while formerly multitudinous deeds were carried on in secrecy. We have means to-day whereby news can circulate from one part of the earth to another, almost in an instant. Therefore we hear more about everything. In addition to this, we have a keener moral sense, keener discrimination between

right and wrong, a generally higher standard. It is now considered rather disgraceful for a gentleman to be brought home in the middle of the night intoxicated; something rather detrimental to his reputation. A hundred years ago nearly every gentleman got drunk, consequently there would not have been the slightest suspicion cast upon a man of the highest character by saying that he was sometimes intoxicated.

To-day people are becoming ashamed of their vices. If they practice immorality they do it *sub rosa*. They do not want it to be known, but wish it thoroughly hushed up. People consider you somewhat of a slanderer, and will bring suits against you for libel if you publish things concerning them that nearly everybody did a hundred years ago and thought nothing of. We have now a positively higher standard of morality, and that higher standard of morality engenders a certain amount of deceit and secrecy during its incipient stages of acceptance. A great many people have a business interest in appearing publicly moral while they are privately vicious. They cannot afford to let be known that they are rascals, which shows distinctly that the average-trend of society is not toward rascality. The average standard of Mrs. Grundy is above low wallowing in the mire of sensuality, so common a hundred years ago. Though our condition to-day may be anything but ideal, before we find fault with present institutions and conditions we must acknowledge that we are rising still higher, because we have at least the power to do so. It is true that man has ever risen at all, there would be little proof that man would ever rise.

If our paradise is entirely behind us, and we always look back to the golden age and the Garden of Eden, out of which we have been cast, such an expulsion from paradise would lead us to suppose that the inevitable doom of society is to attain the condition which Ignatius Donnelly has suggested in his "Caesar's Column," which is the direct offset to Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

These two books, "Caesar's Column" and "Looking Backward," are a result of the intelligence of the present day looking at a great subject from directly opposite sides. Edward Bellamy writes from the standpoint of the optimist, and Ignatius Donnelly from that of the pessimist. These two gentlemen do not disagree at all in their essential doctrines. They harmonize in their teachings very well. Bellamy says, if we make use of all the possibilities at our command, and develop all that is highest and noblest in us, by the year 2000 we shall have an ideal co-operative commonwealth. "I have had wonderful dream," he says, "of the Boston of 107 years to come and of the general condition of these United States." We can reach this height. We have the possibility of doing this. "Looking Backward" is put before the world as a dream which can be fulfilled. Ignatius Donnelly thinks it necessary to present the other side. He says in effect that Bellamy has indeed had a wonderful and beautiful dream, and has done well to publish it, for it points a valuable and instructive moral, and shows what we are capable of doing. We take the right road. "Now," says Donnelly, "I have had a dream of remarkable character, and my dream I will also publish in a book. My dream, however, tells what people will come to if they take the wrong road, and instead of subordinating the lower instincts to the higher, make the lower instincts God-keeping the higher instincts in subjection; if they do so they will reach 'Caesar's Column,' and such spurious civilization will result in a complete overthrow of civilization." Bellamy does not say that his ideal of a republic must come—he says it may come and it will come when we all club together and work for it. Ignatius Donnelly does not say that Caesar's Column will be erected, and we should not say that either. We take the right road; at once place ourselves strenuously against those tendencies which will, if encouraged, lead to its erection.

Neither of these writers assumes the role of infallible prophet, though the genuine prophet is one who, from a higher elevation than ordinary, is able to survey the surrounding country, seeing the direction which roads take, he sees that one road leads to the mountains and another to the sea. If you walk along a certain pathway far enough you will come to the hills; but if you travel far enough in another direction you will reach a yawning precipice, and you do not save yourself, at the last moment you will fall below.

This universe is governed by immutable law. The same cause ever produces the same effect. A duck's egg will never bring forth anything but a duckling. We all find ourselves in the presence of the law that like produces like. While we certainly cannot gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, we cannot gather thorns from grapes or thistles from figs. We can take similitude from the brightest hue. Good habits are very difficult to break.

We claim that the time is rapidly approaching when not how to deal with crime, but how to deal with virtue, will be the question of the hour. All that is highest, best and noblest in criminals is unrecognized and uncultivated. The prophets of today may well repeat the words of a prophet of old: "Wherefore do you spend money for that which satiateth not?" People talk about having a good time; people talk about happiness and the constant search for it; but is it not very possible that while people want to have a good time they often have a bad time—while they are searching for happiness, they only find misery. Is it not often the case that when people talk about seeing life, they are only seeing death?

"One white sheep makes many." If you would have that motto emblazoned on the walls of your schoolrooms, it would do infinitely more good than the old motto, "One black sheep makes many." Everything feeds upon recognition. If you live a high, noble life, other people will see your good works and will follow the light.

Do not send your child into the world with the thought that temptations are all on the wrong side. There are not temptations simply to the drinking saloons—there are temptations to symphony concerts. There are not only temptations to the gambling halls—there are temptations to churches. There are not merely temptations to places of low resorts—there are temptations to enter the very best society. By putting the very best rules of moral conduct before children and young people in an attractive manner, you will be placing temptations on the right side.

We have heard it from the lips of Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis and Protestant Christians of all denominations, and also from many philanthropic people, that the best way to deal with children is to treat them as adults. If you take a young person, no matter how miserably they were born (the father a drunkard and the mother a prostitute, for example)—children who have had every possible low influence around them before their birth into the slums—yet if you take these young children and place them in refining and ennobling conditions they will spring forth as beautiful flowers instead of pestilential weeds.

When I was in London some years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Georgina Weldon, who had given up her beautiful home for an orphanage, which she superintended herself. She had taken the lowest kind of children that she could find, and had brought those children up so that they became useful and refined. They gave entertainments in the fashionable West End of London, and those boys and girls were well-harvested and polite in manners; they were ladies and gentlemen. They had been brought up in the home provided for them by this pure, noble woman, who gave all her time and income for the benefit of humanity. She and her work are worth far more in their good effects than all the attacks upon drinking saloons, gambling halls, and all the Doctor Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock methods. Why? Because one is practically doing something to build up the kingdom of heaven upon earth; and the other is simply agitating and making people angry, and driving iniquitous proceedings out of one corner into another.

Anthony Comstock does no good by his attempted suppression of vice; because he does not really suppress any crime—he only drives it from one place to another. This is the reason of its concealment. But does not lead to its extinction. Doctor Parkhurst's conduct may be discussed favorably in many newspapers, though from other quarters it would be looked upon as undeniably wicked, for in order to show his detestation of crime he positively fraternizes with it and puts himself in invidious positions. He does not succeed in doing anything more than changing the attitude which a few people take in regard to publicly exposed criminality, and in moving the place, which had better be abolished altogether, into some other quarter.

You never reform people by making them angry, by attacking or by threatening them; you never reform them by imprisoning them, and certainly never by hanging them. You never reform any man, woman, child or animal by cruelty or by recognition of evil. It is only the recognition of good that overcomes evil.

What is crime after all? If we are to deal with crime and overcome it, we must know what it is. Crime is considered theologically as a deliberate act of rebellion against God; crime is said to be wilful sin. When we deliberately sin against our knowledge of right we are criminals. Crime may be treated theologically in one way and it may be treated philosophically and scientifically in a very different way. Crime is now regarded by many persons as a disease. Kleptomania is just as much a disease as asthma or bronchitis. A child may be born with a tendency to steal as well as a tendency to consumption; but he need not develop either tendency.

While we say crime is a disease, we may also say disease is a crime. We may, for the sake of dealing with the subject from a purely philosophic standpoint, and for the sake also of steering as far as possible from any unkindness or injustice, undertake to say that all crime and disease may be described by the single word weakness, and may be attributed to ignorance. Now if crime is attributable to ignorance, no one is to be blamed for it. But if no one is to be blamed, is that saying no one is to be educated? If children are born in ignorance, is that any reason that because you do not blame them for being ignorant you should close all the schoolhouses and make no more appropriations for education? Say that crime is simply the result of ignorance, say that all disease is the result of ignorance—then we need doctors (teachers). The time will come when we will have no druggists, no apothecaries; and the time will come when there will be no sickness and no accidents; but the time will not come when there will be no instruction needed, or when there will be no need for instructors or professors; the time will not come when there will be no need of doctors to teach the science of health, which is the science of life, but there will be no need for blisters and powders when there is no disorder.

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shield them from error. What we need is the positive building up of institutions to exert a powerful influence to draw people away from objectionable resorts. Dr. Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock may act from the very best motives and intentions—we are not judging or condemning them—but we do say, their measures are injurious because they are simply bringing the spectacle of vice more and more prominently before the world.

What is the position of the average young man or woman coming from a country home to a great city to commence a business career? Such people earn very small wages, and if they have no other means of support, they are compelled to live in an uncomfortable, cold, barren room, in a cheap lodging-house; this is all their means will afford them in a large city (Chicago for example). Without friends, and without any acquaintances except the people they meet in the factory, workshop or store, and with no money to take them to refined and beautiful entertainments, where will they drift?

One of the very best works that could possibly be done by religious societies or congregations would be to provide the very highest class of entertainments at an admission of five cents, which is the price of a glass of lager, and therefore the price of admission to a drinking saloon. It is not well to pauperize people, and from this small admission fee the cost of the entertainment could be defrayed, or if thought desirable, as a partial equivalent for the five cents admission, a good cup of coffee could be given instead of a glass of beer, and even to add free lunches need not be erroneous. There is not the slightest reason why such resorts should not become universal if the churches with all their wealth would but club together for actual good work, sink all their minor differences, and unite on a humanitarian basis. Now look at all the churches; without exception, from the Unitarian to the Roman Catholic, (Spiritualist societies included) all do something good, but all leave undone very much which needs to be done in the community. There is a general feeling that the influence of the church is waning, rather than waxing stronger in consequence of this defect in its machinery.

Look at the Spiritual Temple in Boston—a building that cost with its furnishings and grand organs nearly \$250,000. What is it doing? How is the world to be reformed by spiritual temples—masses of stone, nearly always locked up? We are not protesting against such buildings; let us have more buildings, but let us make use of them when we have them.

Almost invariably religion or Spiritualism is regarded as something entirely remote from the ordinary activities of daily life. Religion is regarded as something that has a place entirely by itself. It occupies a separate niche, and is labeled religion or spirituality, and everything else is business, or ordinary life. The true influence of the spirit on the world must be to sanctify the secular, not to secularize the sacred. There are some people to-day who are "religious" enough to think the World's Fair ought to be closed on Sunday. I fear that it would do people harm to look upon the working machinery, and to see all the beautiful and useful things that will have been gathered together from all parts of the world.

The World's Fair closed on Sunday, and all the drinking saloons open, in the name of God, and of Christian legislation! This is exactly what has been proposed by a very large number of people to be closed on Sunday. Bishop Spaulding (Roman Catholic), Bishop Potter (Episcopalian), Dr. Eaton (Universalist) and almost all Unitarians, have said: Let the gates of the Fair be open by all means; because by opening the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday they believe you will be doing a great deal of good. Liberal and intelligent people of all denominations say distinctly that to close the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday would be to play directly into the hands of immorality.

No one can be retarded in his spiritual growth by looking at anything on Sunday that would do him good to gaze upon on Monday. It is a grand thing to have one day out of seven for rest and recreation, but that is only that there may be a cessation from ordinary toil, to give time for culture in all its higher branches. Do not look upon such an institution as the World's Fair as separate from the true church, but look upon it as another phase of spiritual activity, and see in it a means for promoting human brotherhood. People might attend worship in the morning and profitably visit the World's Fair in the afternoon, and regard their visit as attendance at another service.

We would just as soon sanction the theatrical performance in a spiritual temple as to the nature of the theatrical performance—also of the lecture. Let it be anything highly entertaining, but if it teaches anything degrading, instead of elevating, then keep it off the boards of the popular theatre; put it down by lack of patronage. Many people who read novels do not read any other kind of literature; now the best of moral lessons can be taught in novels. Actors and novelists should not be considered as outside the pale of reformers. Actors on the stage are often spiritual mediums of a high order, quite as susceptible to spiritual influence as speakers on the spiritual rostrum. Let us be just as ready to take spiritual revelation

through novels and plays as through bibles. We cannot believe that God has said his last word to the world, or that he only addresses his children through one avenue. If we desire to lessen the misery in the world, how shall we do it, if not by reaching the people in the ways they are willing to be reached, viz., through theaters, music halls and romances, literature which need never be impure. Teach the masses anywhere and everywhere, but reach them effectually; which can only be done by presenting to them the beauty of holiness. Open every possible avenue to lead mankind higher. That is preaching the gospel.

Jesus said, in effect: "It was said unto you by them of olden time, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, but I tell you, the old methods were wrong." Jesus meets a woman taken in the very act of adultery, and he says unto the woman: "Go, sin no more." He acknowledges adultery is wrong, but how did he put it down? Not by stoning the woman, but by lifting her to a higher level. Jesus—who was a wonderful mind-reader and a marvelous clairvoyant—wrote out the sand at the feet of the men their own besetting sins, and they, looking down at the dust by their sandals, saw their own secret sins written out on the sands; then they all shook away and left the man who was capable of reading their thoughts entirely alone with the woman. He who was able to diagnose their inmost condition, and to write it out under their eyes, when he was alone with the woman said: "Where are now thy accusers?" She answered: "They have all departed." And he said: "Neither do I condemn thee; but go and sin no more." We are told that from being an adulteress she became a saint. The gospels state that when Jesus had arisen from among the dead and reappeared among his disciples, the first person he ordained to preach the gospel was the resurrection woman, and that woman was Mary the Magdalene, to whom he said: "Go and tell my disciples that I have risen." This once sinful woman was the first person Jesus appointed to preach after his resurrection, and that woman was then a saint, as her life abundantly proved. There is a great lesson we all need to learn.

Dr. Chapin said: "The people who have the greatest capacities for doing wrong have also the greatest capacities for doing right." Therefore, when we see a "magnificent criminal," a man capable of doing great harm, he saw in him a person capable of doing an unusual amount of good. A person in whom sensuality is dominant, one whose animal passions are excessively active, and so indicated by the brain, can be so directed mentally that that same force will pass from the posterior to the region in the front of the head, and there manifest in most desirable executive ability. If we see too much bulging out in the posterior region, we need more energy directed to interior and coronal regions. There is no bad force, but force needs wise direction.

If you have a naughty boy or girl, and you say constantly: "You are a naughty child, you are only making that child worse and worse—you are irritating organs that are already fevered. But if you appeal constantly to desirable qualities, which are latent or dormant, you will find that the next time your child undergoes a phrenological examination the numbers marked on the chart are very different—large and small will have changed places.

If there is one fallacy in the world worse than all others, it is that despicable belief that we are to be forever limited by one organization. Our organizations can be radically changed as will, and because our organizations can be changed at will, as soon as we possess sufficient knowledge we are not limited by our organizations any longer than we choose to be. You may study phrenology, or any science you please, and you will find it everywhere demonstrated that human will has power to revolutionize organizations.

A child of our acquaintance was taken by the doctor, Fowler and Wells in New York, at seven years of age; this boy was a very naughty child, and unpromising in every way. His ante-natal conditions were of a very low order, and the child was exhibiting decided tendencies to almost every vice, and to scarcely any virtue. The phrenological chart agreed exactly with the child's conduct, and for the once explained it. After that mental diagnosis which was correct, the mother went with this same boy to a mental healer, and said: "What am I going to do with this child, when he has such a head? How can the child help being naughty?" The metaphysician looked very calmly into the mother's face, and said: "My dear madam, your child can have a new head. That statement sent the mother to seriously thinking; she took a course of lessons in mental science, and undertook to hold her child in right thought, and with the result that the child was soon far less mischievous and more amiable. The mother took the child for another phrenological examination at the end of a year, and the chart was widely different from the former one. Yet both examinations were correct. Moral and mental discipline had developed dormant organs into activity. The higher possibilities of the child had been recognized by the mother and the expression of those capabilities enlarged. By directing mental suggestions more and more to the higher organs in the brain, the lower organs were no longer inflamed and excited, as they were formerly. If you train a child in the way he should go, when he grows to maturity he will have no de-

sire to do otherwise than continue in the righteous path he has become accustomed to walk in.

If we would only substitute schools and reformatories for prisons; if we would only take those who are in the lowest conditions of life and place them in the best surroundings, with environments ennobling and uplifting, reform would be effected. A child steals some apples, and is found guilty of petty larceny or misdemeanor, and is thrown into a prison, where he perforce associates with the very lowest types of hardened criminals, breathes a criminal atmosphere, and every kind of foul emanation, physical and mental, which depraved conditions flow out upon the air. Another child who cannot be called house of correction, to be "corrected" by the influence of a criminal atmosphere which is mentally and morally pestiferous. Such pressure must necessarily be downward instead of upward. What would any sensible person do who had an eye to the reformation as well as protection of society? He would take an easily-led, easily-tempted child as far as possible away from all influences of downward tendency, and place that child in an atmosphere where all the influences were of an upward grade. Give that child every opportunity, every inducement, every temptation to go right.

If you say concerning your boy: "Poor fellow, he is easily led," why do you not lead him in the right direction, if he is so easily led? There is no one who is easily led downward who cannot be easily led upward. So long as people believe in a very large Devil, and a very small God—so long as they believe in a great deal of evil but very little good in the universe—so long as they believe that everything evil is contagious and do not believe in the contagion of health, just so long will they declare that they are easily led downward but not upward. When these things people are led into the right direction, their unusual susceptibility, their extreme sensitiveness, their very weakness can be turned to good account. Out of their weakness they can be made strong; out of their very proneness to go astray, (a result of their sensitiveness) they can be lifted to the very highest level.

We condone no evil, we justify no crime, we call a sin a sin, we call an error an error; but we believe in education and not in condemnation. We would place prisoners in comfortable quarters, but we would not make honest people pay for luxuries for thieves; we should make all prisoners earn their own living. If a prisoner has a vase of flowers and a fine carpet in his cell—all right, if he has worked for it. If before he went to prison he was living upon society as a parasite, if the discipline of the prison has brought him to earn an honest livelihood, let him enjoy the fruits of his labor. Just as soon as he is ready to go out, let him go.

I would no sooner, were I a judge, sentence a person to jail for a given number of years than I would sentence a sick person to a hospital ward for a certain time. If an insane person is locked up in a lunatic asylum, let him stay there until he is well enough to go out. The objects of every prison should be reformation of offender, and protection to society, and when protection and reformation are alike secured, there will be no more jails, and certainly no head-man's block, and no electrocution. Capital punishment has been abolished in Italy, and there are now far fewer crimes then when it was in vogue. Capital punishment is threatened with abolition in New York at the present time, and the sooner it is abolished the better for society.

Poverty is lack of will and lack of general well-being, not necessarily lack of money. Jay Gould, it is said, left a hundred million dollars, and had no friends. A Baptist minister in Grand Rapids said one Sunday evening: "I would much rather have my friends, without Gould's money, than have his money if I had to give up my friends to get it." Gould had a vast amount of money, but the money made him happy? That is the vital point.

Now we will be practical utilitarians. We want health; we want happiness; in a word, every thing that makes the world beautiful, bright and fair, and gives people a good time. A millionaire may be a gouty invalid, always having to be wheeled about in a bath-chair and fed on water gruel. Now what is the good of having anything in an external or legal sense, which is of no real use to you? I want what makes me happy, strong, vigorous and healthy—whatever will enable me to enjoy life, and most of all, whatever will enable me to do good to others. I do not want a pile of money which I cannot use. Why this clamor for gold? Why this worship of the golden calf? Why this threatened menace of the plutocracy? It is because young people wish to be thought well of, and wealth is worshipped. If you bow to intelligence everybody will want to be intelligent. If you bow to virtue young people will desire to be virtuous. It is not gold they are after, it is the esteem of their fellow-beings. A carriage drives up and stops at some genteel establishment, and the very moment the carriage appears the proprietor rushes out in the rain obsequiously bowing to the carriage. It must be the carriage that is his object of worship, because the same man and woman on foot receives but little attention, unless it is known that they own a carriage. It is simply external splendor which is popularly worshipped. If you are willing to give your daughters in marriage to men who are wealthy,

Continued on 6th page.

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER XIII.

Earth Bound.

FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

Early on the 9th of August, the day when grouse-shooting begins and Parliament adjourns (adjourns because grouse-shooting begins), two men alighted from the train at ———, and proceeded by diligence to Montrose Castle.

"If the noble earl can recall the details of the circumstance of the atrocious attempt upon his life in Calcutta, it may throw a flood of light on this mysterious affair."

"No doubt," replied the other; "and this may also possibly lead to the disentanglement of some important matters in which his excellency is deeply interested."

They examined with great care some papers that they carried; evidently these papers had been closely scrutinized by them a dozen times; but eager to make the points more clear, or, perhaps, thinking another perusal might lead to discoveries that would solve a mystery, they pored over the documents until they arrived at the Castle gates.

"The earl does not receive visitors to-day," said the lodge-keeper's pretty daughter, who, in the absence of the porter, sometimes actually opened the gates.

"But, my pretty maid, the noble earl will receive us," said one of the two occupants of the diligence.

The tone or manner of this positive assertion and the compliment convinced the "pretty maid," and, with a courtesy, partly for the compliment and partly for the shilling that the younger of the two dropped into her hand, the daughter of the lodgekeeper touched a bell that was the signal to open the gates.

Mr. Shackles, the steward, had seen them coming, slowly driving up the avenue as if invited to a ceremonious dinner. He was annoyed at any breach of the etiquette or custom of the Montrose regime, and he fully decided to stop the invasion then and there.

"The Earl of Montrose is not at home to callers to-day," said the steward, haughtily.

"The Earl of Montrose is at home to us. How are you, Shackles?"

The officious steward discovered his mistake when turning to the speaker he recognized Mr. Metcalf (the younger member of the former firm of Metcalf & Metcalf), and a stranger, who eyed him with a pair of piercing gray eyes that seemed to make a report to the active brain behind them and to declare, in their expression, "Shackles, you are a supercilious fool."

Of course the gray-eyed stranger didn't say this, but he thought it, and Shackles felt a sense of wishing that he had not seen them coming.

Touching his hat to the gentlemen, he motioned the driver of the coach to proceed to the Castle.

It was Hiejoh who bore the message to Armand, he who ever knew where to find his master and mistress. This time they were in the laboratory or on the parapet, for he had seen them repair at once to the east wing after their walk in the garden immediately following breakfast.

The two cards that Hiejoh bore conveyed their own message:

"MR. ARCHIBALD METCALF."

"MR. SYLVANUS SHARP, Scotland Yard."

On the card of Mr. A. Metcalf was written: "Important business."

"Of course nothing would bring these two, and bring them together, except 'important business,'" said Armand partly to himself, partly aloud.

And Zelda, who was by his side, looked inquiringly into his face, but never asked a question.

"Two gentlemen from London, darling, to see me on business, and I must leave you for a little time. Will you remain here?" said Armand, rising from the desk.

"I will remain and proceed with our work. I can do a portion of it while you are absent. You will not be long?" lovingly asked Zelda.

It was a favorite method of Zelda to make a request, an assertion and ask a question all in the same sentence.

"Not if my inclination guides my movements, darling. I would not leave your side, but the urgent nature of this business may be such as to detain me longer than I now can tell. I cannot even conjecture what may be the cause of this unexpected visit."

Armand tore himself away—left Hiejoh to attend upon his mistress, and met the gentlemen in the reception-hall, from which he conducted them to his office or library in the west wing of the Castle.

"Your lordship will excuse this apparently unwarranted intrusion. Nothing but a matter of most vital importance would have brought us to the Castle. This is Mr. Sharp, of Scotland Yard."

Armand motioned the two to be seated.

Sharp proceeded to unroll the documents over which he and Mr. Metcalf had been poring on their way to the Castle.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Metcalf, "I had better relate to his lordship in brief the circumstances that bring us hither. Your lordship knows only too well the sad circumstances that took Mr. Metcalf to Ceylon. While there he made the acquaintance of a Spanish trader and speculator named Vinola, or such was the name under which he was then passing. As Mr. Metcalf knew there was a reputable Spanish firm of that name, who owned their own carrying ships, and were accounted among the most prosperous and influential of the many India merchants, he traveled with Vinola to Calcutta, and from thence sailed with him in the same ship homeward, embarking in the Spanish merchant ship Vinola, instead of an English ship, as he at first had intended.

"While in India he was induced by this 'Vinola' to embark in some private speculation, the precise nature of which he withheld from the firm, but which he hoped would prove a great financial success. Now, Sharp, proceed with your portion of the narrative," said Mr. Metcalf.

That individual fixed his keen eyes on the Earl of Montrose as instant as if to gather fresh courage, and perhaps, fresh "points," then proceeded very deliberately:

"Your lordship, it now has transpired that this 'Vinola' bore an assumed name; that he had been traveling, trading and speculating in India under the assumed name and character of a member of the very reputable firm of 'Vinola Brothers,' that he had previously forged checks and letters of credit easily foisted upon the native dealers; that he involved the firm of 'Vinola Brothers' in a fabulous sum; that he must have received a considerable sum from the late Mr. Metcalf is certain, as attested by these cheques duly signed

by him upon which the money was drawn in Bombay and Calcutta before the duplicate cheques reached Mr. Metcalf's firm in London. The Spanish firm of Vinola Brothers, in settling up the affairs relating to the loss of the ill-fated steamer Vinola, owned by them, have brought all these things to light; and now, your lordship, Mr. Metcalf fears, and I share his apprehension, that the late Mr. Metcalf might have become involved with this fellow even more than the firm is aware of, and that, possibly, there may have been some foul play on the part of this self-styled 'Vinola.' In fact, the firm of Metcalf & Metcalf (the junior member being a nephew of the late Mr. Metcalf), feel almost certain that this 'Vinola' sought the ruin of the late senior partner of the firm.

"And now, your lordship, seeing that we seek to serve the ends of justice only, and perceiving, as your lordship must, how keenly the friends and relatives of the late Mr. Metcalf will feel this added blow, if it shall turn out that the late Mr. Metcalf's letters of credit were overdrawn and dishonored, and to clear up a mystery or possibly a crime, will your lordship kindly consent to answer a few questions? Is there any person in whom his lordship has full confidence and whom he would like to have present?"

The detective had talked half an hour.

"My solicitor is here—Mr. Archibald Metcalf. In a similar interview concerning the affairs of another I would have sent for him to come down from London," said Armand.

"But," said Sharp, with great astuteness, "Mr. Metcalf is now an interested party. Some one ought to be present who is wholly disinterested."

The Silent Secretary had come down from London, and had taken up his duties in the same methodical and mechanical way at Montrose Castle as at Montrose Towers, duties as different and diverging from those in Ceylon and India as could possibly be conceived.

Yet he passed from one to the other like an adjustable machine, and never seemed to be at a loss or to deviate from his silence and labor.

"My private secretary shall be present then," said Armand. He touched a bell, and whispered something to the servant.

But a moment elapsed and the Silent Secretary appeared. He bowed to Mr. Metcalf, the other gentleman he did not know. The former he had met in London while attending to the business connected with the report of the Earl of Montrose concerning India.

Mr. Metcalf said: "I have had the honor of meeting his lordship's secretary before, but I do not know his name."

"His name," said the detective, forgetting for a moment the time and place, and the presence of the earl, as he fixed his clear, piercing eyes on the pale, blank face of the secretary. He looked as though he would like to make him a subject on which to exercise his personal skill.

Sharp held a pencil in one hand, a memorandum book in the other, and the papers that he had never ceased to examine at intervals during the conversation were laid half open on the table.

"My secretary, Seon Jaavannah Rajahetti, Spyx," blandly spoke Armand.

Sharp gave a grimace of pain as if trying to grasp the pronunciation, then, with an air of desperation, jotted down in his memorandum book:

"Present, his lordship, the Earl of Montrose; Archibald Metcalf, Esq., Mr. ——— Sphinx, his lordship's private secretary, and Sharp."

In a few sentences Armand explained to his secretary the conversation that had preceded his entrance, and why he was called upon to be present.

In minds that are active like that of Armand's, there is not only a sort of double consciousness, but sometimes treble, quadruple, manifold currents of thought that do not seem to interfere with each other nor with what is then passing of conversation or activity at the time.

Armand bore his part in all this preparation for what he had felt from the first would be a formidable and portentous interview, bore his part with sufficient interest and attention to what had been revealed to him, sufficient sympathy in the unraveling of a mystery, and sufficient grace and courtesy in all the details of summoning and introducing his secretary.

While he was performing the latter ceremony the second strata of his mind said: "No need to caution him; he is discretion's self, nursed in the lap of silence, and trained by labor."

In the third chamber of his mind he was formulating his course of action in the answering of questions he was sure the detective from Scotland Yard was about to propound. How much to reveal, how much to withhold, of all that he knew concerning his father's late solicitor?

He knew the simple ends of legal justice, bare and harsh and unfeeling, required that he should tell all. But legal justice is not always just nor right, and he would fain spare the feelings of Mr. Metcalf's family an added pang, and the professional name of his firm from any stain upon its record.

In the fourth—nay, in the numberless chambers of his mind and heart were thoughts of Zelda, of her lonely labor in the laboratory, of the long time this interview would keep him from her, of what they were doing when this interview was thrust upon him; lovingly he thought of her, and beyond thought he went out to her in mind and spirit, wishing as impatiently as a school-boy kept from his games by a hard taskmaster, that the interview were over.

Simultaneously all these thoughts were passing in their respective chambers of his mind; for in less than five minutes from the summoning of the secretary they were ready to proceed, and Armand had not missed a single act or word or look, nor failed in any motion or gesture or preparation necessary.

"Shall we proceed?" Armand said, as the others in deferential pause and poised waited for him to break the silence.

The detective resumed his memorandum-book and pencil. He was seated with his face toward the Earl of Montrose, but with every question he asked Armand he raised his eyes from the book on which he was taking notes of the answer and fixed them, like glittering points, upon the impassive and impenetrable face of the secretary, turning his right ear toward Armand, as if he expected the words to come from the Earl of Montrose and to see the answer in the face of Mr. "Sphinx."

"Will your lordship pardon me if I ask, did the late Mr. Metcalf ever happen to mention to your lordship, while he was in Ceylon, or during his brief stay at your lordship's residence—"

"Montrose Towers," Mr. Metcalf prompted him.

"At Montrose Towers, the name of this 'Vinola'?"

"No; he never mentioned his name to me, nor to anyone within my hearing," said Armand, very thoughtfully, and weighing his words very carefully.

"Pardon me, but did your lordship ever chance to hear of or know anything concerning this 'Vinola,' as he styled himself?"

"I knew perfectly well each member of the firm of 'Vinola Brothers' who ever visited Ceylon, or India, for that matter, but, of course, if this man was assuming a name, I could not have known him by his real name."

"How much to tell, how much in mercy to conceal?" The third strata was becoming the second, the second would soon become first, for the next question brought the thoughts from all the chambers of Armand's mind, and concentrated them in one intense and vital point.

"Does your lordship chance to recall a minor decision made by your lordship in Calcutta between some native dealers and foreign traders, a decision that your lordship could officially make, and opportunistly was chosen to declare, to avert a serious outbreak?"

Armand remained a moment in thought, not to recall the scene, for it was burned into his consciousness by the events that had followed, but to decide what not to say.

"I dare say your lordship finds it difficult to recall so slight an episode in the midst of such momentous duties as then were yours, but it is of so much importance in making up this chain of evidence, upon which we hope to fashion an 'hypothetical case,' and avert an

additional disaster, that I beg of your lordship to try and recall it."

Mr. Metcalf spoke here almost pleadingly.

THE VOICE AGAIN.

The gaze of the detective was fixed upon the face of the private secretary; Mr. Metcalf was looking at Armand with an appealing look that was almost pitiful to see. Armand, without betraying in his countenance the conflict of emotions now struggling for mastery, was about to turn upon his questioner and ask by what right he thus invaded his private house and thus questioned him on matters that pertained to his official action.

When about thus to reply, the voice that had always been his solemn mentor said:

"Do not involve the living with the dead; do not speak hastily!"

"I remember the occasion to which you refer, and I decided as I often had occasion to do, both before and after that event, in favor of the native merchants and against the foreign traders, who I knew in all such instances were in the wrong, not to use a harsher term."

Then did the face of Mr. Metcalf grow white, and his lips quivered.

"And that decision, my lord, involved Mr. Metcalf, our late senior partner, in ruin!" gasped Mr. Archibald Metcalf, "for he was one of the traders, and this spurious 'Vinola' was his agent and the one who inveigled him into the investment of his all!"

"Mr. Metcalf, your late partner, involved in ruin? Impossible!" replied Armand.

"And worse, your lordship, for here are letters of credit and cheques amounting to thousands of pounds that have undoubtedly been forged by this villain 'Vinola,' and the heaviest of them bear your lordship's name and the signature of your secretary, but have been rejected only yesterday by your bankers as 'spurious.'"

A flood of light burst upon Armand's mind from all the chambers of the spirit that keep the records of our lives.

"How much to reveal, how much withhold?" questioned the second voice of his thoughts, but the one living voice, the mentor, again said:

"Do not involve the living with the dead."

And Armand remained silent.

"I have brought these cheques and letters of credit to you, my lord, from your bankers, all that has any bearing on your affairs, here they are; command me," said Sharp, the detective, who had been trying to work up his hypothesis during all this tedious interview, and had utterly failed.

Armand had received a telegram from the bank during this interview, and on opening it read:

"Send cheques and letters of credit for your inspection this day. Not considered genuine; payment withheld subject to your command."

Then tremblingly, and altogether broken in spirit, Mr. Archibald Metcalf said to Armand:

"Your lordship will not crush us? I will return all your legal papers—all your business, all that has any bearing on your affairs, to you or your new solicitors, but do not crush us."

"Mr. Metcalf has nothing to fear for himself or his firm," said Armand sadly. "The dead cannot be reached; why should the living be harmed?"

Turning to Sharp, and then to Mr. Metcalf, Armand said:

"You must have come all the way to Montrose since breakfast. You will have luncheon here, and I will go to London on the same train with you when you return."

Requesting his secretary to be in readiness, and making a few hasty preparations, Armand sent for Zelda to meet him at lunch in their own private breakfast-room, as he had something to communicate to her.

Never once had Sharp ceased to cast his piercing eyes towards the silent young man whose name he thought should have been Sphinx—not that Sharp knew exactly the meaning of that classical designation, but if he had known he would have called him Sphinx.

An hour later and the three were on their way to the station. Armand sent the two, Mr. Metcalf and Sharp, in a clarence. His secretary he requested to take a seat in his brougham, while he and Zelda were driven in their own favorite victoria, she accompanying him to the station, and relating on the way her experience of the morning.

THE GHOST OF THE CASTLE.

"I was deeply immersed in the work that we had planned for the morning, my Armand, going carefully over the pages and numbers that you wished to have me read, feeling all the while how lonely it was to work on without you, when I felt a form close beside me—not exactly like a form, but more like a presence."

"I at first thought you had returned; then I became aware that this presence, though palpable, was invisible. Had it been mid-night instead of mid-day, and I alone with only Hiejoh in that outer room, in that far laboratory in the haunted wing of the Castle, I would not have been so tranquil, I fear, but as it was, I thought 'If this is a ghost or spirit who walks at high-noon, there need be nothing to dread.'"

"Presently the leaves of the large book that I had been reading were suddenly rustled and turned as if a wind had swept over them. Many pages and leaves were thus opened, and at last the book was almost lifted before my eyes. I looked at the page then open, and saw dark finger-prints, as if some one had handled the book with soiled hands. Then I read, close to where the finger-prints were, this paragraph:

"Spirits are not all evil, or of wicked intent, who dwell near the earth. They sometimes remain to aid those who are in deep trouble, especially if their trouble be brought on by what the spirits have done while in the house of clay."

"I heard a heavy sigh, and the sound as if a hand were placed on the desk before me, and of some one rising from the chair where you had been seated before you left me this morning. Then the door opened into the little room newly dedicated by us as our shrine, and I heard no more."

"Could you tell, darling," asked Armand, "whether the presence was once man or woman?"

"I saw no form, but the impress was of a strong masculine presence, yet weak or sad, for there seemed little energy, I thought; yet, how can one tell when one does not know what is strength of spirit?"

"I think this must be the ghost of the east wing, and the paragraph you read would indicate that the spirit, whosoever she or he may be, bears naught but friendly intent."

"Hiejoh, too, seemed to have perceived something, for he said to me, as he came to bring the message you sent by the maid:

"My lady finds this tower is also occupied. But let her have no fear; this deity is harmless. May I say to my Lady Zelda I have perceived this presence before; he is very sad, but not evil; he continually points to the desk, and then to the little room where the beautiful dark-eyed lady is, in painting; he returns to the desk when you and my master are gone."

"Then when Hiejoh told me this I felt sure we would find something in our research that would reveal more of this presence."

As they talked they drew near the station, and Zelda saw the two men alighting from the clarence.

Sharp glanced at the carriage, and for an instant was enchained by Zelda's beauty. Both he and Mr. Metcalf raised their hats deferentially, and passed to the train.

Armand had already said, "Good-by, darling; I may be home on a late train to-night. Possibly, however, I shall be detained until to-morrow."

"What a piercing eye that man has. I do not quite like his looks. Do not trust him far, darling."

And with this admonition, without knowing aught of what had brought the two men to Montrose Castle, she said, "good-by;" the coachman turned his horses and Zelda was driven home through the bright August weather, as bright as England ever sees.

She saw upon field and meadow the first gold of the ripening grain, and saw the mellow tints of the early autumn (for August is

autumn in England's vocabulary); saw and felt the surpassing peace of the scene; saw the broad acres, well-cultivated fields, and heard the song of the thrush and the call of the quail, and the whirr of the pheasant.

"Yet he will not rest nor cease from his labor until all this wrong is righted," murmured Zelda, as she gazed afar to the place from whence the smoke and mist indicated were the iron forges, the mines, and further east were the coal-pits.

"Nor will I cease to aid him with every energy at my command."

Zelda had some visits of kindness to make, and as she passed from one house to the other, never seeming to do an act of charity, always as if receiving a gift or experiencing a pleasure, the women, the children, all people who were near, looked upon her less as a lady of rank than as a vision of loveliness, an angel of kindness and sympathy.

When Zelda arrived at the Castle it was time for tea. This she ordered served in the garden, and there beneath an ash-tree, that made a perfect arbor, she had tea with baby Zulieka as her guest, who sat in state at the small table, and insisted upon compelling Zelda to sip her tea from the baby-spoon held in the baby-hand. Needless to say that although not one drop of the delicious beverage (delicious because brought from India, from their own Ceylon, and prepared by their own ferasah) reached Zelda's lips from that uncertain yet winsome hand, still did that mimic tea-taking taste better than any draughts of wine or nectar ever quaffed.

Until the sun was down and the evening close upon them did Zelda remain in the garden with her babe. And Zulieka, aware of this unusual privilege, seemed so full of brightness and joy that the ayah and Hiejoh, and even Zelda, were continually occupied attending to the little miss, who this day, for the first time, walked alone from the ayah to Zelda, and from Zelda to Hiejoh. Times without number must she walk now, and her bright eyes, her clustering locks, her round, rosy face, were a picture of infant joy as she entered into conscious possession of her power of locomotion.

"Cheeks become tinted here in England," said Zelda to herself, perfectly conscious that her own face was aglow with the exercise, and not unaware that had Armand been present he would have praised the unwonted color as she praised and admired the pink color upon the cheeks of her babe.

"To-morrow will be her birthday—one year old to-morrow—and it seems a hundred years of experience at times, yet only a moment. Armand will be at home; we will do something to celebrate the first anniversary of our darling's natal day."

Then mindful that England is not India, she formed a miniature procession, headed by Hiejoh, who bore the captive "princess" upon his shoulders—shoulders that had been growing more and more shapely, upon a form that had become more and more erect; and as he bore her as safely and proudly along as though she had been riding in a carriage of state, Zelda could but note how improved and erect he bore himself.

The two nurses and Zelda followed, and made Zulieka believe she was willing to go back into the captivity of the nursery.

Zulieka liked the sunshine; she began to ask to go out in her way the moment she was awake in the morning. She would stretch her shell-tinted hands and baby arms toward the window as if expecting to be allowed to fly out of the casement. She would tease and urge by all baby methods until the ayah was ready to take her for her morning walk, and she never cried or complained baby-wise excepting when brought into the house.

"Zulieka is a darling of the sunshine," said Zelda, half aloud, as they reached the beautiful nursery that her babyship chose to treat with such disdain.

EARTH BOUND.

Impelled by a fascination that she could not resist, restless because of Armand's absence, Zelda summoned Hiejoh to accompany her, and proceeded to the east wing and the laboratory.

There was a kind of shuddering light in the armorial hall as they hurried along the now familiar way. There were rustlings, whether of drapery or wings, as they passed through the state departments, where in past time more than one crowned head had rested, and there were faint sighings as of winds or spirits through the corridors.

But Zelda was fearless, and Hiejoh was to be trusted, for he had vision of both worlds.

"Better far to have gentle spirits for companions, even though they are sad, than to dwell with those of flesh and blood who are not true," thought Zelda.

She passed out upon the parapet and watched the shadows how they silently crept along the landscape like a mighty array of spirits. "Perhaps they may be the ghosts of those who have been slain, for from feudal times to the present I suppose almost every part of this fair land has been stained with blood. Wars for possession, wars for conquest, wars for religion, wars for state. Dear ghosts, do not so haunt these sylvan shades, these streams and fields, for the abodes of the blest are far more fair."

"Yet," her thoughts went on, "no realm could be more fair while the earth holds so many scenes of sorrow, and spirits cannot dwell in paradise and be blessed while so many people walk or creep the earth in misery."

She was thinking all the while when Armand would come, and if the carriage sent to meet him would be there in time, not remembering that he could not possibly have arrived in London and return until near midnight.

She took her place once more at the desk, and commenced reading and arranging and making notes where she had been interrupted in the morning.

Interested in her work, she did not notice the lapse of time, but she did note the gentle presence—strong, yet sad, that had been with her at the noonday; and she also noted a hand, a man's hand, not large, but well-formed and denoting energy, pointing with the index-finger to the desk, and to a particular door. The door above the drawer flew open, and Zelda saw a key hung carefully on a little nail inside the door. A voice, a whisper, said:

"Within that drawer thy beloved lord will find what he seeks. I am thy husband's ancestor, from whom his name was derived. I have waited—I have waited——" And the voice sank away into silence.

Hiejoh entered quickly, urging his mistress to return, for he knew it was the custom of the Castle for the warden to close the gates, within and without, at 12 o'clock.

They hurried along to find that had they been a moment later the gates, or iron-doors, that shut off the east wing from the main part of the Castle would have been closed.

"And then," said Zelda, as she landed safely in Armand's arms—Armand who had returned and was rushing through the corridors to prevent the very thing that would have happened, "then I would have been a prisoner of state, and you would have been obliged to pay heavy ransom for my release."

"Which I am ready to do now," and Armand drew her closer and kissed her many times in armorial hall, in the presence of all his ancestors.

While they were at supper (supper at 12) she told him somewhat, in a veiled way, lest she alarm the butler, of what had transpired, reserving the full particulars until the morrow, when they would confirm the revelation of the unknown ancestor, who was evidently not "wicked, but earth bound."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ART OF THE SPIRITS.

Paintings, Sketches and Autographs from the Departed Great.

Messages Written by Lincoln, Grant and Seward in the Other World.

Justice Miller's Quick Response—Samuel J. Randall and His Own Funeral—Spiritualism at the Stake—Martin Luther Disembodied.

On the day of the Blaine funeral, says the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, Mo., Dr. Theodore Hansmann was looking over his great collection of spirit messages. It was the hour when the procession was leaving the house for the church. With an exclamation of surprise, the Doctor held up one of the communications.

"See," he said, pointing to the signature, "from William H. Seward. I received it shortly after Mr. Blaine had leased the old Seward mansion, in which he has just died." Sure enough! There was the date on the message—1889. Four years ago this winter, even before the Harrison Administration came into power, Mr. Blaine took the old house and to the surprise of everybody began to put it in condition for occupancy.



SPIRIT MARTIN LUTHER.

"And this message from Mr. Seward," continued Dr. Hansmann, "reads like a warning to Mr. Blaine."

Here it is:

"I do not conceive why Mr. Blaine should go into that old, ill-fated domicile, where I nearly lost my mortal life by that dare-devil wretch, Payne."

"I am annoyed by it, and I am sure that after adding all those closets in each of the rooms he will not have room enough to swing a cat in. It was small enough anyway. No connecting parlors, either."

—W. H. SEWARD.

The message was received on a slate. Across the end of it was written the date, April 17, 1889. Mr. Blaine had been Mr. Harrison's Secretary of State six weeks. The old mansion was about ready for occupancy when the



Portrait of William Lloyd Garrison, a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a suit.

SPIRIT WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

warning message came to Dr. Hansmann. Three funerals in the Blaine family have gone from the house since then.

The slate messages reach Dr. Hansmann under very similar conditions. He buys new slates, such as are used in schools. Two slates are fastened together by a hinge so that they will fold. A bit of pencil is placed between the slates when they are folded together. A string is passed around and tied tightly. The slates are taken to the medium. The scratching of the pencil is heard. The bindings are released. The slates are unfolded. There is the message.

Dr. Hansmann is one of the notable characters of Washington. His collection of what might be called spiritualistic curios is one of the sights. Hundreds of famous men have sent to him messages in writing from the other world. Spirit artists have painted and sketched pictures for him. Upon the photographic negatives which he has had made of himself appear the faces of royalty. It is all very strange.

At the age of 72, this Dr. Hansmann is keen-eyed and vigorous. He takes nothing for



SPIRIT ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

granted. When he consults a medium he insists upon rigid tests. Over the desk in the Doctor's library hangs a picture of Martin Luther. It is on porcelain plate.

"I will tell you how I got it," said the Doctor. "I put a porcelain plate between two slates and sat in a chair. The medium

stood up. I put the slates, with the plate between them, on my shoulder, and held them with my left hand. The medium put his right hand on the slates and I held his left hand. Now, I sat facing a mirror, and looking into it I could see every movement. When I opened the slates, there was this picture of Martin Luther upon the plate. Lutheran ministers who have seen it say it resembles that which is considered the best picture of Martin Luther. This, however, has a spiritualized look, as the subject might have been supposed to appear after death."

The picture is done in colors. The robe worn about the shoulders is of purple. The blossoms are depicted in natural hues. Of course it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the coloring in a newspaper illustration. It may be said, however, that the picture is one which would engage the attention of an artist several hours. Dr. Hansmann says the porcelain plate is covered within the folding slates only a few minutes usually when these spirit pictures are produced. The porcelain plate is probably 12 inches long by 6 in width. Those plates which he prizes most the Doctor has had framed, and they almost cover the walls of his library.

"People often say to me," the Doctor continued, "it must be a trick." I reply to them, "Well, if it is a trick, I am not out anything in a material sense. I paid 35c for the porcelain plate and I gave the medium \$2. At that cost I have a picture which is worth to me many dollars."

The Doctor laughed and added: "But I am satisfied it is not a trick, and that the pictures are the work of artist spirits. Sometimes I get the results in oil, sometimes in crayon, sometimes in ink. Here is one of Aspasia, the famous Greek beauty. It was the work of the spirit of Xerxes. You see the name has almost faded out. There was some Greek lettering on the plate when I first received it. Then here is one of the Empress Josephine. That was done by the spirit of Raphael. This one of Wilhelm, the late German Emperor,

Dear Sir and Mrs.

I feel it my pleasant to communicate with you and I am ever ready to be a servant as a master. If you can serve me I am the master, if I can serve you you are the master. Sometimes the servant profits more than the master. Don't let your material and excellent judgment be warped by the folded and fiddle faddle talk of this or that me. When I knew I was right a nation could not sway me those who oppose you melt yet humble at the shrine of your achievements and be glad to partake of the sacraments of your knowledge and wisdom for sin. You are to be the instrument for our manifold products of spirit power and peace. Your career of just begun. You have not yet commenced. But truth will march along with rapidity and power. You will carry knowledge into the heart of Europe & be the ruler and the great of the monarchs of England and Empress of Russia.

MESSAGE FROM A. LINCOLN.

was by Joshua Reynold's spirit. You can see the monogram, J. R., on the picture. I have obtained some of these pictures without the medium touching the plate. In several cases I have placed the porcelain plate between folding slates, laid the slates on a chair in full view and had the medium sitting on the opposite side of the table. When I opened the slates the pictures were there. Now and then I get one which will have the face outlined and the bust incomplete, perhaps. In that case the spirit of the artist informs me that the picture cannot be entirely finished because his assistant is not there on that particular day."

Going back to Martin Luther, the Doctor told an interesting story: "This picture," he said, "looks like that which is considered to be historically the best of Martin Luther in life. Yet it is not like the pictures we see of him commonly in books. I was witnessing some materializations one night when a spirit appeared on the floor and said to me, 'I am Martin Luther.' I looked at him and saw no resemblance to the Martin Luther pictures to which I had been accustomed all my life, for I was reared a Lutheran. 'You do not recognize me,' the spirit said. 'Very well, I will bring you a picture in oils next time.' With that the spirit disappeared as quickly as I could snap my fingers. There was no fading away, but a sudden vanishing, such as no human being could imitate. I returned home, and that night sitting at my desk I looked up at this sketch. There was the Martin Luther that I had seen in the spirit. It came to me in an instant. The resemblance, which I had not recognized while the spirit was materialized, flashed upon me when I looked at the picture. It was altogether natural that the picture of Luther in the spirit should look somewhat different from the Luther in the body. It was also natural that the spirit of Luther should not be just like the pictures of Luther in life. The whole thing was clear to me."

Dr. Hansmann has a written message from Luther, received through a medium other than the one through whom the picture was obtained. This message reads:

"I would give a sermon, but not within this book. I have too much to say."

—MARTIN LUTHER.

There is nothing inconsistent, the Doctor says, in an English communication from Martin Luther. Neither does the fact that sometimes the spirit-handwriting is different from what it was in life surprise him. Further, it is not to be expected that messages from the same spirit will be identical in handwriting.

"The life after death, as we call it," said the Doctor, "is not sleep or loafing. It is study and work and progress. One who spoke only German in the body may have learned to speak and write English in the spirit. As for the handwriting, we sometimes get messages which are not written in the hand of the one from whom they come direct. The spirit may not be on the spot. The message may be sent a considerable distance as by telephone, and then written down by the spirit

which delivers it with the name signed of the one sending it. This accounts for the difference in handwriting. Often, however, we get messages from spirits in the familiar handwriting of life."

Dr. Hansmann produced a slate on which he had received messages from Wilhelm I. and from Henry VIII. The German Emperor had written his on one-half of the slate. The English King had turned the same slate upside down and written his. One message was in German. The other was in English. Two specimens more unlike could hardly be conceived.

Illustrating this idea of progression in the other world, Dr. Hansmann told of his son: "My boy," he said, "was five years old when he died. He is now studying chemistry in the other world. His teacher is Prof. Delmar. I hear frequently of the progress he is making. Some time ago I had a communication from Gen. Grant, in which he told me he had been in the Professor's laboratory and had seen my son at work there pursuing his studies."

In one of his spirit communications the Doctor has a hasty pencil sketch of Grant, such as the General himself might have made. Un-



SPIRIT MESSAGES IN THREE LANGUAGES AND THREE HANDWRITINGS ON ONE SLATE.

derneath is the spirit autograph of Gen. Grant. It is wonderfully like the signature in life. In an upper corner is this greeting in French in a dainty feminine hand from the spirit of the late Empress Josephine:

"Votre sincere et fidele. JOSEPHINE."

In a lower corner is a message in German, the translation of which is, "I count you among my friends. I have loved you ever and ever. I have much to say to you."

The handwriting is about as dissimilar as possible in three specimens. Behind the rude sketch of Grant is a flag.

Among his most valued and frequent correspondents in the other world Dr. Hansmann counts the late President Lincoln. Most of the Lincoln messages are written in a fine, plain hand. They look like engraving. The signature is always "A. Lincoln." One of these messages is as follows:

"Dear Sir and Brother—I feel it very pleasant to communicate with you, and I am ever as ready to be a servant as a master. If you can serve me, I am the master; if I can serve you, you are the master. Sometimes the servant profits more than the master. Don't let your matured and excellent judgment be swayed by the folded and fiddle faddle talk of this or that one. When I knew I was right a nation could not sway me. Those who oppose you will yet humble at the shrine of your achievements and be glad to partake of the sacraments of your knowledge and wisdom; for, sir, you are to be the instrument for some wonderful products of spirit power and presence. Your career is only just begun, but both will march along with rapidity and power. You will carry knowledge into the heart of Europe and be the wonder and the guest of the monarchs of kingdoms and empires. A. LINCOLN."

One of the messages signed "A. Lincoln" has a curious indorsement upon it. The message reads:

"Sir and Brother—I am extremely pleased to meet you from time to time. Many may say I am gone from the preferences of mortal, social and political life. I can come and pay homage to those who were as my subjects when in mortal life, and I was on the throne; but, sir, those persons err, for, notwithstanding the honors shown me in my career, yet I was ever humble and meek in my mind. I ever knew I was not better than others, and I want you to know that I felt then as I do now. I am willing to be equal; not a slave, for I labor slavery; but, should I place myself on a standing higher than some one else, then do I at that moment re-establish the slavery I sought to abolish. All men are free and equal. The God who made me made everybody else. Let him above be the one to mark the grades of human beings. I am with you as a brother, not a master. A. LINCOLN."

Across one end of the paper on which this was written by Lincoln's spirit is the following, dashed off in a different hand:

"Say, Doc, I think Uncle Abe is about right. I feel equal to everybody else here, and at all times equal to the emergency. G. C."

The "G. C." is the spirit of George Christy,

the minstrel. Christy's spirit seems to have been intrusted with the delivery of the message. Before turning it over to Dr. Hansmann, Christy read what Mr. Lincoln had written and then scratched his comment.

There is very good reason, Dr. Hansmann explains, why some spirits communicate early and voluminously, while others are not heard from.



TWO SPIRIT FACES.

"Take," he said, "the spirit of the man who had an understanding of these things in this world. That spirit can communicate very soon after it reaches the other world."

"You mean that a knowledge of Spiritualism here puts the spirits ahead over there?"

"That's it. On the other hand, those who never investigated these things here and who know nothing of them, have everything to learn after they get over there. They must go very slowly—like children. It is a long time before they can communicate. For instance, I got a written message from Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, twenty-two hours after his death."

"You mean to say that Justice Miller was interested in Spiritualism?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "he talked with me about it. We had made an engagement by which he was to come to my house and see the messages and pictures I have collected. Before he could carry out his intention his sudden death occurred. Within less than twenty-four hours after he passed over I had a message from him."

Dr. Hansmann exhibited the following in corroboration:

"I am now where justice means something. S. F. MILLER, late Justice of the United States Supreme Court."

To this theory that the believers in Spiritualism find themselves more advanced when they reach the other world and can communicate more readily Dr. Hansmann attributes the number and extent of the messages he has received from Lincoln and Grant. Both of these late Presidents had knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism, the Doctor avers. He shows a written communication from Lincoln in which is the following:

"I knew all about these things in my mortal day. I had Belle Laurie at the White House many times during the stormy rebellion to seek advice how to proceed from the higher-realized men, and I got it, sir, and followed it out. Emancipation was born in heaven, and my order came from that source, and I struck the blow as ordered by the invisibles, and it was mighty, for it was from God."

One of Grant's communications reads in this way:

"I always did believe in this grand truth, but had I openly declared it my standing would have been jeopardized. If I had my life to live over again, I would most assuredly acknowledge my belief to the world—whatever the result."

Among the earliest messages received after death was that which came from the spirit of the late Samuel J. Randall. According to the message in Dr. Hansmann's possession Mr. Randall's spirit witnessed the obsequies. "Great God, if I could only have known this," his spirit writes, "as I now know it, a week or two ago. I see the obsequies with my own eyes over my own useless remains. Oh! oh! what a remarkable incident."

This message came to Dr. Hansmann the day after Mr. Randall's funeral.

"When Gen. Grant's last living aid, I think he was," continued the Doctor, "died—he lived on Connecticut avenue—I received a written message from him in forty-three hours. But it is not often that the spirit is heard from so soon after passing over. Some who were among the greatest intellectually in this world are not able to communicate in writing for a long time after death."

As an illustration of this, Dr. Hansmann produced a message from Charles Sumner:

"I am here, but not able to write properly myself. I am a servant of vaster Government than I was in earth life. A judge now sits on the throne who is incorruptible. No damnable human slavery here. CHARLES SUMNER."

One of the Grant letters relates to the medical service rendered him in his fatal illness. It is as follows:

"DEAR SIR—I feel that the treatment given me was not the right one. I am not familiar with the water treatment, but I believe it might have been more efficacious. Thank you, good sir, for your kind thought of my

case. I wish I could have been President the third time. I wanted to revolutionize the United States Government. U. S. GRANT."

There is something very peculiar about this Grant message. The spirit began to write on a line in the middle of the slate. The sixth line found the writer at the lower right-hand corner, with the message not complete. The spirit then turned the slate around, not over, and went on writing until the communication was finished. Looked at in one way, the message appears to have six lines up-side down. Viewed in another way, four lines and the signature appear to be inverted.

If any one feels interest enough in this matter to look in Grant's "Memoirs" he will be able to make a comparison of the alleged spirit-writing of Grant with the genuine in the body. On the engraved autograph dedication page will be found a signature of Grant to which the spirit signature bears a most astonishing resemblance. The similarity between the spirit signature and the fac-simile autograph of Grant below the portrait in the "Memoirs" is not so close. But taking the three signatures—the two in the book and the one at the bottom of the spirit message—a cashier would not be able to tell which is and which isn't.

Another comparison may be made if any one feels enough curiosity about this. Opposite page 312 is the fac-simile of Grant's letter dictating the terms of surrender at Fort Donelson. The writing of Grant there and this spirit-writing are very much the same in character.

A curious story belongs to the spirit picture of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist. "That sketch," Dr. Hansmann said, "came



Portrait of William Lloyd Garrison, a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a suit.

to me through the spirit of an ex-Confederate. The ex-Confederate was an old friend of mine. We were at school together. He went South, settled in South Carolina and took the Southern view of things. When the war came he joined the Confederate army. His spirit brought me this picture of the great abolitionist. Those who know Mr. Garrison and who have examined this picture say it is the best they ever saw of him."

The artistic work upon Mr. Garrison's face appears to have been done with pen and ink. The ink is copper-colored.

"When I can get such a picture for the small price of the plate and the medium's moderate fee," commented the Doctor with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone, "I shall continue to patronize the spirit artists."

Below the sketch are the autograph and a greeting in Mr. Garrison's handwriting, or at least in a striking imitation of it. To the Doctor the famous abolitionist writes:

"FRIEND HANSMANN—I recognize in thee an earnest advocate of the truth. Be faithful in thy convictions. I am with thee in spirit. WM. LLOYD GARRISON."

A very striking slate picture is that of one of the Salem witches. For slate-pencil work the shading and expression are rather remarkable. The subject is shown with the old kerchief head-covering. The dress is open at the throat. The flames are creeping up around the victim and the smoke rises in front of her. The picture purports to be that of Mary Salisbury. Besides the picture, Dr. Hansmann has this message from the spirit of the witch:

"For being a medium in Salem, Mass., 1628, I was burned at the stake; but while a whole world now stands aghast at the proceeding I am able to say that I was never more mentally calm than at the moment when the flames licked my quivering flesh. I died for the truth, and I rejoice because of it."

"MARY SALISBURY."

On the day after he brought home the spirit picture of Alexander Hamilton, Dr. Hansmann sat in his library looking at it. He was speculating upon the accuracy of the likeness and thinking where he would find an engraving of the great Federalist in life. He wanted to make a comparison. These thoughts were in his mind when a lady upon whose family he had been attending entered.

"Doctor," she said, "I dropped in to make a payment upon our bill."

She handed him a twenty-dollar gold bill. "I glanced at it," said the Doctor, "and there was the vignette of Alexander Hamilton on the bill. The comparison was before me. The picture on the porcelain plate which the spirit artist had made was a good one."

A picture which Dr. Hansmann prizes highly is a photograph of himself with two spirit faces, which appear to be behind and above him. One of these is the face of the French Empress Josephine. The other is that of the German Empress Louise.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. HANSMANN WITH SPIRIT FACES OF EMPRESS LOUISE AND EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

"When I was a boy," said the Doctor, "I had a great admiration for the Empress Louise. I worshiped her character. I used to wish that I had been a man, and that I could have fought against Napoleon for my good Queen. Oh, I used to get so angry that I could have eaten a Frenchman in a sandwich! In later years I became a great admirer of the character of the Empress Josephine. This accounts

I think, for the presence of the spirit pictures when I had this photograph taken. The Queen Louise I call my guardian angel."

There are many of these spirit photographs in the Doctor's collection. "They are worth more than they cost me," he said, tersely. "Whether you agree with me that they are the work of spirits, or argue that they are tricks of photography, you must admit that they are interesting."

Upon the wall hangs a life-sized picture of the Doctor with a large spirit picture of Grant just above and behind. The likenesses are excellent. The face of the Doctor is sharp and clear; that of Grant spiritualized by a kind of haze. But the most remarkable thing about this photograph is the relative position of the two figures. The left shoulder and arm of the Doctor seem to be crowded into the spirit form of Grant.

"My son," said Dr. Hansmann, "has a knowledge of photography. He argues that these faces which come upon the plates are not spirits, but are produced by a chemical process. When he makes such claims I point to this picture of Grant and myself and ask him how he accounts for such a result. You can see by the shadowy outline of Grant's spirit that my left side is pushed into his right side. You can see at a glance that the shirt-front of Grant covers the front of my arm and shoulder, while the back of Grant's coat-sleeve and coat comes down behind my back. Can that effect be produced by any chemical process or trick of photography? I have never been able to get an explanation of that picture on any other supposition than that it is Grant's spirit."

Some of the messages Dr. Hansmann does not pretend to translate. He has one from Galileo which consists of a string of geometrical figures and hieroglyphics. This message is on the same slate with others. As he showed the puzzling communication the Doctor said, bluntly, "If you can make out what that means you can do better than I can."

"On one occasion," he continued, "I received a message which I undertook to translate. I made comparison with 150 languages and dialects without being able to even locate it. At a subsequent time the spirit of Confucius appeared, and I submitted this writing to him. He could not identify it, but said he would try to find out what it was. The next time Confucius came he said he had solved the mystery. The writing had been identified by a priest belonging to an ancient brotherhood in the Himalaya Mountains. This priest said the message was part of a hymn which the brotherhood sang thousands of years before the time Confucius lived. Some persons have thought it strange that Confucius should be able to converse in our language. There is nothing wonderful about it. The spirit of the Chinese philosopher has not been idle in the other world. He has learned many things, and among them the English language." W. B. S.

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

Frank T. Ripley is engaged for the Lake Brady camp meeting during July and August to give tests. He can be engaged for March, April, May and June on liberal terms, to lecture and give platform tests. Address him at 304 Mill street, Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Geo. Sherwood, of Duluth, Minn., writes that Mrs. Colby-Luther's labors there during January must result in a golden harvest for justice and liberty. The first four Sunday evenings were devoted to Rome and the movements of the Pope and his cohorts of prelates, priests, etc., to obtain control of our government, that liberty may be annihilated, as was Abraham Lincoln, by Romanism. She laid bare the baseness and cruelty of the church from the time of Constantine till the present, its peridy and hypocrisy. The confessional-box should and would share the fate of the slave block, and the hierarchy itself be lost amid the tempests and storms of thought that would arise for the protection of our public schools. The last evening was devoted to the commemoration of Thomas Paine, in which a fitting tribute was paid to his name. She is to return in October and November next.

Annie Slawson, who is a successful platform test medium, writes from Salt Lake City, expressing appreciation of this paper, her interest in "Zelleka," and speaks in modest way of adding her mite to benefit the hungry hearts of Salt Lake, starting from a foundation of "truth and charity," endeavoring to give them the true spiritual teaching that comforts and brings light, love and life eternal into their hearts and homes. And she asks us to tell her why there is so much jealousy among mediums; to which we can only reply in brief, that the principal reason seems to be a lack of the higher moral spiritualization, whose flower and fruitage is pure spiritual love. Mediums are mortals, with all the weaknesses incident to mortal humanity, and the very fact of their being mediums—"sensitives"—renders them, perhaps, more peculiarly defenseless, weak, and open to the assaults of jealousy. A higher altitude of spirituality would lift them up into the warmth and light of love.

"One of the lights" writes a rather caustic letter, in which he takes to task certain unnamed individuals who, having developed a certain phase of mediumship—as slate-writing, for example—set to work their wits to turn a questionable profit out of it. One will advertise "magnetized slates" for sale—which have no especial virtue or value above any other slates. It is the medium—not the slate, in any degree—that produces the result. He suggests, in conclusion, that all work together for the uplifting of humanity, and not try to make capital out of people's ignorance.

O. E. Meek, of Waterloo, Ind., writes that a "good slate-writing medium" would meet with a warm reception and good pay there. The people are hungry and anxious. They have had some good speakers, and now they want a good slate-writer.

Robert Ward, of New York City, writes that while returning from a professional engagement, Mrs. Almira A. Woodruff, of that city, was seized with heart failure, and in a few moments passed away. She was a medium of remarkable power, and worked faithfully in the cause of Spiritualism, and was universally respected. The funeral services were held by Mr. W. F. Fletcher, who delivered an address on "What has she lost, and what has she gained?" which was beautifully answered in his discourse. Mrs. Maggie Morrison opened the services by singing "Only remembered by what I have done." The service closed with "Scatter seeds of kindness," etc.—a favorite hymn of Mrs. Woodruff.

J. W. B. writes from Fitchburg, Mass., concerning lectures delivered by Marguerite St. Omer, in Chelsea, Mass. This lady has had experience as a novice nun in England and America, and from her own personal knowledge, gathered inside the Catholic church, she boldly attacks Romanism, and defies contradiction from bishop, priest, or layman. According to their usual custom, the Roman clergy do not meet her with public denial, and pious to the contrary of her charges, but resort to the sneaking, underhanded plan of quietly egging on the "lewd fellows of the baser sort," of whom they can always and easily find a plenty in their fold—to assault and maltreat, and if possible, frighten one who publicly attacks the Romish church. This plan was tried on this lady; but she was not to be frightened. The Roman cowards gathered outside and threw rocks at the building, and fled when some one appeared from within. At New Bedford, also, some six or seven threatened to hang her, but she frightened them off. She is now on a lecture tour in New York State and the West. She is forcible, convincing and instructive, and has been the means of winning many from Romanism.

G. W. Benting, of Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to say that the Indianapolis Spiritual Society is having a feast of good things. No sooner had that grand medium, Mrs. Carrie Tving, finished her term, than they found themselves favored by the services of Mr. Oscar Edgerly, another first-class platform

medium and lecturer. His lecture Feb. 12, on "Heresy and Heretics," was highly appreciated by the large audience, and the daily Sentinel gave a synopsis occupying over a column. Mr. Edgerly is to remain during February, and good results are confidently expected from his labors. Mrs. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, is to follow Mr. Edgerly, for the month of March.

Mrs. Dr. McMaster, of Batavia, Mich., writes that Emily D. King, of Butler, is still with them some a month, having been there at intervals for nearly four years, with good results. Her words of truth and wisdom, coming from the other side, are awakening thought in many minds, and will bring forth good fruit. She says: "We are anticipating a visit from Farmer Riley in the spring. Any good test or materializing medium would be gladly received and amply rewarded."

Elsie Brown, of River Falls, Wis., says she was deeply interested in Moses Hull's "Concordance," proving Spiritualism from the Bible, and is anxious for more. Wants to send her papers to some of her orthodox friends, for their enlightenment. A first-rate idea.

Mr. Addie Blackmore, of Prophetstown, Ill., writes that Sholes' hall was filled to hear the last service of F. Corden White. He has given instructive lessons on the proof of immortality, by spirit tests, messages and psychometric readings. His private readings were satisfactory—some saying they would not take fifty dollars for what they received. The First Spiritual Society of Prophetstown has as officers: Mrs. Annette Stowell, President; Mrs. A. L. Van Antwerp, Vice-President; Mark Stowell, Treasurer; John Blackmore, Corresponding Secretary; Addie Blackmore, Recording Secretary.

Daniel Foy, of Yorktown, Ill., says he was brought up in the Congregational church, his father being a deacon thereof. His early reading was the Bible and Scott's Commentaries—with the result that he became an infidel, and remained so until he investigated Spiritualism some twenty years ago. There is but little materialism and orthodoxy around him, but he thinks a good test medium might effect a great revolution there, and hopes some such will make the venture.

Jacob Beak, of Decatur, Neb., writes that he has read "The Question Settled," by Moses Hull, which, he says, "has done me good. He handles the subject as I have long wished to see it treated."

U. writes from Minneapolis, Minn., of Mrs. C. D. Pruden's lecture on the "Physical and Spiritual Body of Man, and the Laws that Control it," saying that the eloquence throughout the lecture was of the highest order; as was evidenced by the hearty congratulations that followed it. The hall was full to overflowing.

Jerry Robinson, of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., writes that Dr. C. Wesley Peters has been lecturing and giving seances in Chattanooga for three months, and has created quite an interest there—and a good independent slate-writing or materializing medium would find plenty to do if located there.

Andrew Simmons writes from Lake Park, in far-away Washington, to say that himself and wife have seances every week, and are developing the grand gifts of clairvoyance and inspirational speaking, and have often been rewarded with good manifestations and proofs of the beyond.

E. W. Pratters, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes that at a circle recently, the paper and pencil being placed in the center of the table, a message purporting to be from James G. Blaine was written, the main purport of which was that twice had he been urged to lead his party in political warfare, and had refused; for which he had been charged with disloyalty to their welfare; but he was a helpless invalid, and would have been unable to perform the duties that devolved upon a President. In closing he says: "I was indeed tired of life and its vicissitudes. I am now happy."

Sarah J. Starks, of Modesto, Cal., writes: "We had Dr. Dean Clarke with us several days last month, but owing to the creed-bound conditions of the place, few were out to hear him. His great experience and truthfulness would surely win, were he to remain long in a place."

Moses Hull speaks in Minneapolis on Monday night, Feb. 27, on the "Life and Character of Thomas Paine." He speaks four times at Long Lake, Minn., on Feb. 28 and March 1. He has been having immense meetings at Aberdeen, Dakota.

Lyman C. Howe, a veteran worker in the cause of reform, and whose lectures are always interesting and instructive, is now at his home, Fredonia, N. Y., where he can be addressed for engagements. Mr. Howe is one of those substantial workers whose influence is always for good, and whose inspiration is soul-elevating.

G. H. Brooks was in the city last week on his way to Waukegan, Wis., to officiate at the funeral of J. L. Potter. Mr. Brooks reports a great awakening in Kansas City. He goes to St. Louis in April.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., has been secured as speaker for a two days' meeting to be held at Marcellus, Mich., Feb. 25th and 26th.

F. Corden White, after a successful tour at Marshalltown, Iowa, Prophetstown, Ill., and other places, has returned to the city and can be consulted at 26 Bishop Court, Flat C. Address him there for engagements.

L. C. Boesing writes: "Mr. Thomas Grimshaw has just finished a very successful engagement, commencing first Sunday in December, with the First Society of Spiritualists, of Buffalo, N. Y. He is a true speaker, and his lectures are remarkable for so young a medium. The attendance is very much larger than when he first began, showing that they have been appreciated. He lectures in Saratoga during the month of February. He can be addressed at Glenwood Cottage, Crescent Beach, Mass."

W. J. Barnett, of Salt Lake City, Utah, writes: "G. F. Perkins and wife, excellent mediums, have been here for several weeks doing a grand work for Spiritualism, their hall always being filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience."

E. J. Boutell speaks at Lowell, Mass., February 12; Plymouth, 19; Pawtucket, R. I., 26; Salem, Mass., March 5. Address 21 Union street, Boston, Mass.

A friend writes: "At the closing meetings at Odd Fellows Temple, Salt Lake,

Utah, February 5th, an extra attraction in the form of a Spiritualist chrestening of the five-months' old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Cook, was given to the large audience assembled. Mr. Perkins gave a short address upon "Home and Its Influences," upon the Character of the People of To-Day," pointing out the defects in an ordinary American home as the foundation for so much crime and misery, and gave the audience to understand that Spiritualists value home privileges and are in harmony with happy homes. Mr. Perkins is the first of the guiding angel ministers, christened the boy George Leroy Cook. Mr. Perkins gave a life-reading of the child from the date of its birth, pointing out its capabilities and probabilities of success and failure, and disease and health. Tests of remarkable character were given by both mediums. The meeting closed with hearty handshaking all around. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins will leave for California this week."

J. W. Marshall writes: "Mrs. M. J. Hodge, of San Francisco, the pioneer medium of California, is to give the First Spiritual Society of San Diego, lecturing to a large audience every Sunday night since December 1st, and will continue through February. In connection with her inspirational lectures she gives psychometric readings and impromptu poems which are highly appreciated. The society is much improved under her earnest and able ministrations. Our president, Mr. George E. Rogers, has given his whole soul and energy to the work. We now have sixty-some members, many of them active and devoted workers in the good cause. Our socials under the management of the ladies are largely attended and are very popular. The initiative has been taken by Mrs. Dr. Lewis to organize a children's lyceum, and last but not least our progress is measured by the increased number of subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

The Marcellus friends announce the following: "Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., will address a meeting of Spiritualists at Centennial Hall, Marcellus, Mich., commencing at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, February 25, 1893, continuing over Sunday. Press notices speak in the highest terms of Mrs. Sheets, who is a well characterized and a most logical character of the day and a very entertaining speaker. Marcellus is the home of the world-renowned farmer-medium, James Riley. The exercises will consist in part of readings, recitations and music. The well-known hospitality of the Marcellus friends will give assurance to visiting members that they will be well entertained on the occasion."

A Little Rock (Ark.) item says: The little colored child who is creating so much excitement among certain classes in this section just now from his wonderful knowledge, reading fluently all the dead languages and being perfect in his knowledge of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, reached this city to-night en route to California. He is five years old and is named Ben Franklin Coleman, his father being a Louisiana farmer. He was never taught anything. The child told the reporter that God had intended that he should explain a revelation to the people in Hebrew in two years, and he would not let him read that language now. He is as black as ink.

T. S. Russell writes that the Spiritual platform at Chattanooga, Tenn., is now vacant. The society has obtained a charter, is duly organized, and has a good hall that seats five hundred people; the field is white for the harvest, and a good platform test medium could soon build a stronghold that all the powers of darkness and dogma could not move.

Charles Sebastian, of Olin, Ill., writes of occurrences some years ago, of a Spiritualistic nature. In one instance an old lady had been sick a long time. One evening, at her daughter's house some miles away, they heard a voice calling the child several times. As the child did not answer, the mother did; and the voice then said: "Grandmother is dead." Next morning news was received that she died about the same time they heard the voice. In the other instance, Mr. S.'s grandmother's father and father-in-law were very sick. In the night, at one place, they heard a rapping on the window, and a voice was heard to say: "Come along"—and at that moment the sick man died. It was found that the other one who was sick, some miles away, had died at that time.

U. D. Thomas, M. D., lectured at Sturgis, Mich., February 19th.

G. W. Kates and wife will speak in Dubuque, Iowa, February 19 and 20; Pittsburgh, Pa., during March. Address them 378 Wylie avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets will address the Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan at Marcellus, commencing Saturday, February 25, and continuing over Sunday.

F. N. Foster, the spirit photographer, is in Columbus, Ohio, accompanied by his son Benjamin F. Foster, the boy being a medium, and will be pleased to receive visitors at 47 E. Town street. The latter will hold seances at above address every Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 p. m.

D. M. Fero writes: "We have organized a Spiritual society at Glen Falls, N. Y., under the name of Psychical Society, and have secured for a term of years a very fine hall with a seating capacity of 350 to 400, with a lady's parlor elegantly furnished, and all the appointments throughout to correspond. We intend to do what little we are able toward demonstrating the truth of what we teach. The officers of the society are D. M. S. Fero, president; Mrs. M. Hyde, secretary; Mr. M. B. Little, treasurer."

May Rogers, of Pittsburgh, Kansas, informs us that Spiritualism in that place is neither dead nor sleeping. Mrs. M. Theresa Allen, who has been lecturing there to good acceptance, has consented to remain during the present month. Her lectures have aroused much interest, and have been the means of gaining many new members. The society was organized by her three years ago, and her labors have endeared her to the hearts of Liberals and Spiritualists. The declaration of principles upon which the society is based is so broad that no liberal mind can object to it. At the last regular meeting the following officers were elected: Samuel Barratt, president; E. L. Maxwell, vice-president; Mrs. May Rogers, secretary; Miss Birdie Abel, treasurer.

J. W. Dennis, test medium and lecturer, writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "The cause here is in a splendid condition.

Harmony rules supreme, and more people are seeking after the living truths of Spiritualism than ever before. Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Boston, lectures for us during the month of February, and all Spiritualists know that she is a grand, good and forcible speaker. Her psychometric readings are of a high order and convert many to our side of the question. Last Sunday evening A. O. U. W. Hall was crowded to the doors to hear her lecture and give tests. Truly the world is fast learning that there is a life of light and living intelligence just beyond the coffin and the shroud."

The Mountain Echo, of Angels, Cal., of January 7th, speaks the following good words for one of our best and best-known workers:

"The celebrated medium and great expounder of Spiritualism, Maud Lord Drake and her husband are at present sojourning in Angels. Mrs. Drake is giving lectures and seances, and it is said has given some of the very best tests of the truth of Spiritualism ever given at Angels. Drake is not only a good medium, but a lecturer of great ability. Her lectures on temperance are indeed unsurpassed. She is doing a world of good and ought to receive assistance from everyone interested in the progress and elevation of the human family and a hearty welcome everywhere."

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Perkins are now at Tacoma, holding meetings and seances.

Mrs. Lillie Murr, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes that the Union Spiritualist Society meets twice on Sundays, with Mrs. Colby-Luther as speaker for February. The Ethical Society meets Sunday evenings, with Mrs. Ricker as president. The Psychic Research Society meets Sunday afternoons with Mrs. Adah Sheehan as pastor. Mrs. Waite, of San Francisco, gave tests that puzzled and astonished the audience; and, says Mrs. Murr: "When she passed down the aisle to locate the spirits, the feeling that came over me almost entranced me. Several others spoke of the same feeling." She gave names, and particulars of times, places, acts and conversations, etc., all of which were very wonderful.

E. J. Bottell speaks at Pawtucket, R. I., February 26; Salem, Mass., March 5. Address until March 6th, 21 Union street, Boston, Mass. After that date, Asbury Park, N. J., until called for. Would like to make arrangements for camp meeting lectures. Also with the societies west for fall and winter 1892-3.

L. Turner, of Corsicana, Texas, is brave enough to declare that though her people are all devout church members, she has for years been a member of the Episcopal church, she is a thorough believer in Spiritualism. She found THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in the library of some friends, and began to read "just to see what the people of such a belief have to write about"—a very dangerous course for one who would cling to the old orthodox teachings. She was surprised and comforted—and came to the conclusion not only that Spiritualism was true, but that she had always been a Spiritualist. She finds herself not only a Spiritualist, but also a medium—has had wonderful manifestations, and says, bravely: "I hope to develop all the mediumistic power I may possess, and so enjoy all the glory possible."

Some conversions have been made through her instrumentality, and other cases are hopefully on the way to the same happy result. She begins to feel that she is not quite alone in her faith and expects that still more will be added to the number of them that believe.

Lottie Byrdall, of New York City, writes in high praise of the clairvoyant power of Lottie Fowler, who has given her more satisfaction and brought her more comfort and strength than others whom she has visited. Miss Fowler is a constant surprise to her, her impressions are so true, and her sight so clear. Miss Fowler is now in Washington, D. C.

P. S. George of Dubuque, Iowa, writes: "We have organized a new society here and will hold our first meeting Thursday evening, the 16th, with G. W. Kates and wife on the platform. They will remain with us balance of this month, then they go to Pittsburgh, Pa., to fill an engagement. Our society is called the 'United Spiritualists' Society,' and we occupy Unity Hall, 978 Main street. I am the Corresponding Secretary."

The New Society of Ethical Spiritualists of New York City, meeting at Knickerbocker Conservatory Hall, 44 West 14th street, has secured Mrs. Sarah A. Burns, of Boston, to speak for them the first three Sundays of February (the regular speaker, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, being in Washington for the month). It gives great pleasure to Mrs. Burns' numerous friends to welcome her to this platform, after many years of absence from New York. She is an earnest, fearless advocate of true Spiritualism. It is to be hoped none will miss the opportunity of hearing her. On the last Sunday of February we are to have at the morning meeting speeches from several members and visitors, and the evening an address from Miss B. V. Cushman, whose thoughts are an inspiration to all listeners.

Mr. Geo. W. Walend delivered a trance address on "Theosophy from the Spiritualistic View," at the Macabees Hall, Hamilton, Canada, on Sunday. It was very clearly explained that Theosophy was a branching off from Spiritualism in 1874 by a number of Spiritualists who wanted a new name for their religion in order that they might be less subject to ridicule and the ostracism of society. To give it a touch of originality, Madame Blavatsky had infused a dash of Buddhism into it, strongly impregnating it with the reincarnation theory, which the guide said "had never been substantiated yet with any convincing illustrations of the spirit's repeated life through mortal organizations, except perhaps in the case of temporary obsessions."

A. J. Burke writes: "The Spiritualists of Portland, Me., were treated to a visit from Dr. Wm. P. Franks, of Boston, the celebrated psychometric reader and test medium. Our hall was crowded afternoon and evening and all were well pleased with the result of the meeting, and we are in hopes to hear from him again soon. Success go with our genial conductor in his new venture, which he announced to us at the meeting. A more gentlemanly or prudent conductor than Mr. J. Edward Bartlett cannot be found. The meetings held in the hall on Friday evenings are meeting with great success; crowded houses are always in order. These meetings are under the guidance of Dr. Chester, with Mrs. Mary L. Foss as medium, and are highly appreciated by all who attend. Success go with our genial Doctor and the medium who so ably assists him."



MESSAGES WRITTEN IN CLOSED ENVELOPES OR HEARD CLAIRAUDIENTLY

PHENOMENAL. Through the Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you the original manuscript of Charles Dickens' and Judge Edmunds' communication, both of these having been written inside of sealed envelopes through the process of independent spirit-writing.

A lady, with whom I esteem it a great honor to be acquainted, has, for a long period of time, been communicating with her spirit-friends, through the medium of the clairvoyance of Mr. Cole, with results most satisfactory and important. The Dickens and Edmunds communications are among the latest answers to the lady's sealed letters; and I am grateful for the privilege granted me of presenting the communications to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Judge Edmunds writes to his mortal correspondent: "I can perceive from your chirography that you are well advanced in the sublime truth of spiritual life and being." This lady is well advanced in years, possesses a cultivated and comprehensive mind, and is broad and deep in her humanitarian sympathy. She is one of the best specimens of American womanhood, who have so conspicuously come to the front during the last half of the nineteenth century—the period contemporary with the advent, progress and brilliant career of modern Spiritualism.

I am thus particular in referring to the conditions under which the Dickens and Edmunds communications were written, for the purpose of calling public attention to the important fact that all who are seeking communications from the spirit side of life can only obtain the best results when they (mortals) are well advanced in the sublime truths of spiritual life and being.

I commend the Charles Dickens communication to all the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and especially to all who are familiar with his writings. All such will have the opportunity of comparing the writings of Dickens the mortal with the writings, brief though they are, of Dickens the immortal.

The Carrie Miller communication was spoken on the afternoon of January last at my residence.

It is gratifying to me to know that the manifestations of the Carrie Miller Circle are growing in frequency and power—in the attractiveness and power with which the subjects discussed are presented.

CHAS. R. MILLER.
Brooklyn, 2481 Atlantic Ave.

THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION WHICH IS IN AND AROUND EVERY MORTAL.

There has been so much said by manifesting spirits upon the mortal condition and the mortal world, and so little upon the spiritual relations and life of the spiritual world, that I have concluded to select the latter for this communication.

Mortals of all classes and conditions and of every sect and creed have witnessed relatives and friends depart from their midst whose remains they have followed to the tomb, and have there left them with the thought that they had found their last resting-place, and could be visited again upon any convenient occasion.

It is for the purpose of disabusing the mind of this delusion that makes this manifestation.

Spirits, who have laid down their mortal and taken on the immortal, do not enter the tomb or grave as an abiding place. On the contrary, they soar to those celestial regions of light and happiness, and meet on the border-land relatives and friends who have preceded them, and who are waiting to welcome them to their new life, their new home, their new joys.

Much has been written and said with regard to the relations of one spirit to the other in the spiritual world; but no one, as far as I can recollect, has expressed the fact that the relations fostered in one life are magnified and intensified in the other life.

Therefore, husbands may meet their wives, parents their children, and so on through the catalogue, with a greater and more pure affection than earth-life could ever impart. Bound together by the experience of perils and dangers, sorrows and pains, sickness and death, they enter the spiritual world strengthened and qualified for that eternal existence which is the sequel of mortal life.

As the cemetery bell tolls to mortals the sad requiem of a departed friend, and as the open grave awaits its rigid and lifeless body, could but the mourners penetrate the richly veiled, they would see the spirit of that body clothed in exact semblance to the loved and familiar form, striding beside the catafalque, pitying the weeping friends whose knowledge of life extends not beyond the grave which they are now approaching.

Friends, I have come here to tell you of a life beyond the grave where the joys of the spirit are as the joys of the summer morning, radiant with brightness and genial with undying affection—where those whose earth lives have been tedious, darkened by clouds of sorrow, are now free and walk the eternal paths of unending existence, without a regret and without a thought to mar their spiritual happiness.

At the side of every amber stream, within every peary gate, stands a spirit waiting for a loved mortal to come and join them. They have waited for so many years of time, and at last, after a down the mortal, they have been stricken down. And now they have concluded to wait no longer for their friends to come to the spiritual realm; but we will go to



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the spiritual cause among mortals, and though I was made a target for an ignorant, subsidized public press, yet my convictions were so strong and so true that every criticism and every falsehood written against me served to strengthen the cause among honest people.

I should judge from the facility with which I make this manifestation that you are enjoying great privileges in securing messages from your spiritual friends, and I sincerely trust that such a channel of communication may be maintained that all mortals may be similarly benefited, and spirits may be thus enabled to reach their mortal friends.

When you shall become a spirit, then you may wish to communicate, and it is my best wish to you that you may have the privilege I now enjoy.

Spiritualism is becoming the universal faith of mankind, its Spiritualists are composed of mortals from every religious sect and creed, while priests and ministers are numbered in its ranks.

The tone and doctrine of pulpit orators have been softened and humanized by the knowledge of spiritual life, and it has been buried in the grave where it belongs, without even an epitaph to memorialize so atrocious a monster.

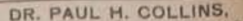
J. EDMUNDS, Justice.

NEW BOOKS.

HOW NATURE CURES—COMPRISING A NEW SYSTEM OF HYGIENE; ALSO THE NATURAL FOOD OF MAN. A STATEMENT OF THE PRINCIPAL ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE USE OF BREAD, CEREALS, PULSES, POTATOES, AND ALL OTHER STARCH FOODS.—BY EMMETT DENSMORE, M. D.

This volume of 415 large pages aims to demonstrate that bread, cereals, pulses and all starch foods are unnatural and unwholesome; that a fruit diet, supplemented by meat, fish, eggs and milk, is calculated to heal the sick and strengthen the well—whereas a starch diet, made up of bread, cereals, pulses, and potatoes, necessarily overtaxes the vital powers, prostrates the nervous system, and causes premature decrepitude, breakdown and death.

It will be seen that this theory is at variance with the "old school" medical theories, also with the "hygienic" and "vegetarian" theories. In fact, the author seems to think the hygienic and vegetarian schools are farther from the right position than are the flesh-eaters and the drug-prescribers of the old school "regulars." The belief of the author is that the food of primal man consisted of fruits and nuts of sub-tropical climes, spontaneously produced; that on these foods man was (and may again become) at least as free from disease as the animals are in a state of nature; that these foods are adapted to digestion in the main stomach, where the great bulk of our food should be digested; whereas cereals, pulses, bread, and in fact all starch foods, are chiefly directed to the intestines, and hence are unnatural and disease-inducing foods.



The Triumph of a Soul.

ward over white iridescence the pressures of the flesh. While others revel in pondered on the immortality of the soul, and when the revelers stagger homeward in the gray dawn, drunk with satiety with their own excess, the moving star dawns over the hills with promise of everlasting peace to me, a

215 West 14th St., New York.

OUTSIDE THE GATES, AND

Lawrence, Kansas, where the
since resided. They lived to-
marily sixty-two years in happy
He leaves a widow, one son, and

BIBLE MARVEL WORKS
ALICE PETERS, A.M. & ASSOCIATES

BEYOND THE GATES, BY
Dean Smart-Flippo. A high of modern

WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRIT
An Twelve Lessons. By Abby A. J.
This book should be read by every spiritist.
At the Bookstore in Toledo