



TOLERATION.

The Progress It Has Made.

Message Said to Come from the Spirit of Horace Greeley.

WRITTEN THROUGH THE HAND OF AN EMINENT EX-JUDGE.

The progress of ideas has been so great during the last few years that we begin to think the time is not far distant when ignorance shall disappear, and a general diffusion of knowledge shall place mankind on an equal footing. There are few things that mark this improvement more than the way in which religion is now taught and the conscience of men respected on all matters of religious opinion. There is nothing so gratifying as the almost universal toleration among all classes of people, and it is noticeable even where it might be least expected. We often see men agree to a proposition and then differ as to the doctrine or principle which it establishes. On this latter point there may be many opinions and many views expressed, but as a rule they are discussed and examined for the purpose of reaching the truth. This is particularly the case in scientific matters, and even in purely speculative subjects the utmost freedom of inquiry is observed. If any one has discovered what he considers a new thought in philosophy or religion, he can obtain a patient hearing from great numbers of intelligent persons, and there is merit in his representations, they will be received and treated with respect. Scarcely ever do we hear of a person being persecuted for opinion sake. In matters spiritual the same liberality is observable. He who believes in the communion of spirits is not run down any more than he who believes in the communion of the saints, and all now see that their own rights and conscientious beliefs are only safe by mutual toleration.

This condition of things is a great change from the contracted views of past institutions, when the mind was supposed to be a mere machine to work out a given end or product and when it gave forth any thing else it was to be crushed and made to retract or be punished.

We are now in the enjoyment of almost complete freedom of thought. Herbert Spencer writes his "Principles of Psychology," and Professor Gray his "Christian Science of Evolution," and while they are both criticised, they are both at liberty to express their ideas without any restriction whatsoever. So in all the walks of literature, the most radical ideas are promulgated, and the state of affairs is open to every free lance in the republic of letters. The air is not more under compulsion than the mind itself.

When it is proposed to enlarge the scope of inquiry in any direction it is not necessary to consider in advance what shall be the consequences to the investigator, and whether he will lay himself open to danger or inconvenience; and men are seen to advocate the most opposite doctrines without imperiling their safety or their property. Amid this license there is much that had better not have been said or published, but that is an evil that will in time correct itself. When men are enlightened and conscientious enough not to patronize the froth of the intellectual life, it will sink to rise no more. Meanwhile the onward march of events will continue, and the progress of humanity will reach a point that cannot but rejoice the lover of his race.

The masses of mankind are prone to think their own opinions are entitled to an amount of consideration that they are unwilling to yield to those of other people. This propensity has marked human history in all ages, and has led to many remarkable events. When the world was first informed that the existence in space of innumerable other worlds was a fact, it was received with much incredulity, if not alarm, and the idea was held to be inconsistent with the revealed word of God. It is now the foundation of science in astronomy, and all men of any intelligence receive it as uncontrovertible truth. So when it is proclaimed that there is still another world full of spiritual life, and that its inhabitants can commune with us, the idea has been received very slowly, but it is as surely making its way as has the idea of a plurality of worlds before it, and we believe the day is not very distant when the one will be as firmly established as the other. In this matter no one has been hurt or molested. The friends who meet for the purpose of investigation are not disturbed, and the spirits come and go in peace, and send their message of good will and harmony to their loved ones still on earth.

I was the proprietor of a newspaper when on earth, and was much engaged in journalism. My main object was to increase its circulation, and being a political organ it was not a very mindless of the feelings of those who differed from me on questions of that character. As I, however, advocated what I believed was best for the country and the people, my differences were honest and if my language was unjust to political adversaries, it was never intended to be untruthful. My ambition was success

in my business, and in this I succeeded, as few papers had a wider influence or were more generally read by the public. My death occurred when I was far from being an old man, and I had recently been a candidate before the people for the high position of President of the United States. My life, as is well known, had been active and laborious, and the strain of the great conflict was too much for my physical condition. It also had a serious effect upon my mental powers, as I now believe, although I was not conscious of it at the time.

My religious opinions were almost as well known as were my political views, and they naturally led me to a firm and unflinching faith in the goodness and Fatherhood of God, and in the final safety of his children in the future life. I have had less occasion to change my views on these points than have many of my more orthodox friends, whom I have mingled in this new life, and with whom I am now in accord upon many spiritual ideas that divided us on earth.

I also found old associates and well-known public men alive again, and anxious to extend a kindly welcome to me; even those whom I had earnestly opposed were most cordial in their friendly greetings. I was particularly struck with the warm reception received from such men as Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan, while Lincoln, Seward and others who were my personal friends, seemed to join in the general good feeling with an emotion that I had never seen them manifest on earth. We now stood on the common level of humanity, with the allusive distinctions created by power and place, and the differences which distinguished them from earth, all merged in a unanimity of sentiment, as if they were indeed brethren of the same household. It was this display of harmony that first struck me with surprise, for I was not prepared to believe that those who were so radical in their disagreements on matters affecting opinions and principles could become so quickly and completely reconciled to each other.

When I had seen and felt the first meeting and surprises just mentioned, the scenes that opened upon my vision were entirely unexpected and grand beyond all I had ever imagined. The bold outlines of mountains, the clear atmosphere and the brilliant setting of the heavenly bodies in a sea of living sapphire, where each one was surrounded with a corona of dazzling splendor, presenting a spectacle which I had never witnessed in the magnificent constellations of the zodiac. The country as far as the eye could reach was a vast amphitheatre of encircling hills, dotted in every direction with villas and dwellings, embowered in groves and shaded by the overhanging branches of trees whose foliage vied with the freshest and most delicate colors among the glories of the landscape. There was no room for any doubt as to where I was, for nothing on earth was half so beautiful as the sights which met the eye on every side. The forms of nature are here modeled upon what the artist might term the technic lines of beauty, but the sweep and grace observable in every movement show the symmetry of a perfect design. The heavens above and the earth below seemed to blend in the horizon like two lovely souls that join in the union of all they hold dear, and the grand swelling sounds that greet the ear reminded me of the melody I once heard from a thousand voices uniting in a song of love and praise. The music of the spheres is a reality; the song of the redeemed is heard in Spirit-life, and it rises upon the air and is heard reverberating through the infinite spaces when a soul ascends from earth to take its place in the eternal infinities of everlasting being.

When these wonders had ceased to absorb my whole attention I became aware of other forms of life than those lately familiar to me. The body was the same in outline and was endowed with similar organs of sense; but these were so refined that the magnetic elements which attract the terrestrial masses are coarse and solid in comparison. All material substances here of a spirit kind, are governed by laws that would be impossible where matter is so dense as that which constitutes the planets. The light of the sun, which is but a magnetic emanation, and travels with such terrible velocity, illuminating the earth at a distance of 90,000,000 miles, is a faint representation of the etherialized condition of the spirit forces. The electrical currents, which gleam in the darkness with a splendor that dims the effulgence of the sun, pass from the clouds and illuminates your homes in the twinkling of an eye; but nature is far from exhausting the fleetness of its unmeasurable activities.

I can paint a picture by the indentation of a sunbeam in the photographic disk in the three-thousandth part of a second, and can record the attitude of a racehorse in full career, as if it were motionless. This magnificent demonstration is only equalled by its perfect accuracy in drawing. It is difficult, and indeed impossible, to understand the essence of these forces, but are they more wonderful than the quantities that we attribute to spirit? If light and heat travel with a speed that defies our senses, why may not the spirit, which is much more refined, attain a movement still more surprising, and come into conscious relation with the spiritual realities of this life? We are not yet informed in regard to the causes of electricity, nor why it is that it exerts such terrific power, but we do not for that reason deny its existence, nor sneer at its phenomena. We call upon it in unnumbered ways to administer to our comfort and health, and recognize its

presence and influence in all material things. This is wise and necessary. When it lights our streets and other public places we admit its effulgence, and when we employ its healing powers we acknowledge it as a most useful remedy; and yet it has no virtue and no manifestation which the spirit cannot understand and equal a thousand fold. The battery is intelligent and conscious, which the former is not, and it can hold up a torch to enlighten the world. If the former comes from the clouds, the latter descends from a purer height, and brings messages from another world, of infinitely more value than those that come upon the magnetic currents of the wires. Spirit, therefore, is indestructible, immortal and divine. When it leaves the earth it rises to a state of being that feels and lives and thinks, while all the elements of matter, even the most refined, return to material forms, and continue only to exist as matter still. The grand truth here set forth is manifested in Spirit-life, and it was my happy experience to witness this translation in my own personality. The earth had been my home. I was familiar with its sensations and its pursuits, with its men and institutions, and so busy had I been in its affairs that I had not contemplated the nobler aims of the future state of man. I relied upon the general providence of the creator to work out a record from my acts and conduct, rather than from any set form of creed or profession of faith. This I am now convinced was not his original design in constituting man with the spiritual faculties. These were designed for cultivation, as much as his other endowments, and I was from out the confines of the invisible advice my friends to be more careful of their soul, to prize it above any other possession, and to unfold its powers by study, reflection, and a firm and solemn recognition of the life hereafter.

When I was on earth I wrote much of what I knew about farming. These essays were generally read, for it was supposed that I knew something valuable about any subject I wrote upon; but now I propose to say a few words of what I know about Spirit-life, and I trust they will be received with some confidence that I am well informed about what I now propose to say.

In the first place, it is a matter of peculiar interest to all men, whether they are farmers or not. The great idea which prevails here is the fact of immortality. No grander idea can prevail among men, for if this truth is fully realized, it will raise the plane of life much higher than it now seems. This was about the first impression I received, and that I was still alive, though my body was dead, was indeed a revelation of the most tremendous importance, and I wish to impress it upon every soul. The millions who have experienced this sublime truth here will never forget the emotion they experienced when they found they had only left their bodies behind, but that their immortal parts still had a being as real as that which they had lately experienced on earth. To me, I think, it was the sublimest sensation I had ever felt. That my physical organism was no longer a part of myself, and a feeling of my own personality lived in every thought and feeling; and that I was in character what I had been was also a thought which filled me with a divine sense of selfhood. I have since learned how to appreciate these truths. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to the giver of all things for the glorious attribute of life in this world, where the heavens look down upon a scene of felicity that never dawned upon the brightest hopes of mankind. I have often witnessed the advent of other spirits newly risen from earth, and have never failed to observe the ecstasy which beams in the countenance of nearly all upon learning that life still lives; that the soul survives the conflict of death, and rises triumphant from the prison walls of the mortal coil. I recall an instance: A dear friend had laid down the burden of life in the hopeless expectation that all was to be finished by his last breath. I had hastened to receive him as he came into the new life, which he had either doubted or denied. The spirit form was already upon the confines of the unknown world, and he was motionless and unconscious. The parts were assumed their place in the image of his natural form. The features came out in distinct expression, the arms and hands were by his side, the extremities were stretching out to their full length, and when the eyes shone with a clear look of amazement he shut them again, like one suddenly waking from a sleep, but unable to bear the light; when, however, he reopened them, he looked around as if he were assuring himself that he had been dreaming. Gradually, sensation was manifested in his body, and he became conscious that he was alive. I mentioned his name, and when he saw me, whom he knew had passed away long before, he started vacantly into my face, and then realized that he was indeed in the land of souls and alive, and that the world around him was full of life, and full of those who had once lived on earth. The old materialistic errors had yielded to brighter faith, and when the full conception of the life immortal entered into his conviction, his joy exceeded all expression of human language, and a divine exaltation beamed from his face.

There is a great deal of speculation in regard to the condition of the spirit of a man who, like myself, led a busy life, without much thought of spiritual things, and whose business led him into other pursuits and modes of thinking. I found myself at a great loss to understand the principles of Spirit-life, and I suffered great inconvenience from my

want of spirit thoughts. This was a serious drawback to my progress. I am not in an unfavorable or unhappy condition; on the contrary, my surroundings are all exceedingly pleasant, and the world in which I live is beautiful beyond expression. But there is a lack of that high spiritual aspiration which I see in many of my contemporaries. This results from the intense pursuit of mathematical ideas which absorbed my whole life on earth. My thoughts were of economic subjects, such as questions of finance, politics, the contentions of political parties, and the struggle for governmental control. These are undoubtedly worthy pursuits, and constitute an unfavorable influence upon the spiritual nature, but it was the daily and even nightly devotion to their examination and advocacy that occupied my thoughts, leaving little or no time for serious reflection upon the highest interests of the soul, that left the spiritual nature to take care of itself. Had I infused more of the work of the spirit into my writing, I should not now have to regret the want of soul culture. As it is, however, I am getting on with amazing success. The help of friends has not been wanting, and I shall soon reach an elevation that will place me beside the best and purest of my friends.

"RELIGIOUS" BOSH.

Infant Salvation and Infanticide.

Many arguments have been made against the modification of some of those declarations of the Presbyterian confession of faith which sound harshly to modern ears, but the most amazing of them all is that advanced at the meeting of the Philadelphia Presbytery Monday by one of the well-known preachers of that city. He wanted the present statement of the creed regarding the fate of those who die in infancy to stand, asserting that the proposed modification would be a cause of infanticide. The creed reads now:

"Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who then when, and where, and how he pleases."

Obviously infants that are non-elect are cast into the pit, and as no Presbyterian mother could tell whether her dead babe was or was not among the elect, she often suffered acutely in the past over the possibility of its damnation. The tenderer sentiment of this age is opposed to admitting that it is possible for any infant dying in infancy to be consigned to a place of eternal torment. The number of those who have a lively faith in the possibility of such a thing must be small. Therefore it has been proposed to strike out the above words and substitute the following:

"Infants dying in infancy and all other persons who are not guilty of actual transgression are included in the election by grace and are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit."

An ordinary man might rack his brains without being able to guess what injurious consequences would follow from the adoption of these words by the Presbyterian church. This Philadelphia minister—name Dickey—saw at once the mischief it would work, and stated it to his astonished brethren. If, said he, mothers were told that the salvation of those of their children who died in infancy was absolutely sure, they would kill them straightway, and not permit them to grow up, lest they might commit some sin, or though not sinning, should not happen to be among the adult elect. Since to commit infanticide would be the saving of a soul, which would be a service to the Lord, he assumed that Presbyterian mothers would stifle their natural feelings and their children in a frenzy of religious exaltation.

EXTRAORDINARY SEANCE.

Spirits Rise Up Out of the Floor and Dissolve Like Thin Vapor.

AN EVENING WITH THE BEST MATERIALIZING MEDIUM IN NEW YORK—MRS. MINNIE E. WILLIAMS' WONDERFUL POWERS—THIRTY TO FORTY SPIRITS, ALL OF DIFFERENT SHAPES AND SIZES—TWO SPIRITS OFTEN APPEAR TOGETHER.

Next to Mrs. Roberts (says a New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*), who is now sick, and who submits to the extraordinary test conditions of being locked in Millionaire Newton's iron cage before producing spiritualistic phenomena, Mrs. Minnie E. Williams is the best materializing medium in New York, if not in the United States. She may be as good as Mrs. Roberts, but she doesn't care for the iron cage and she will not go into it. She has produced some wonderful materializations, one of the most notable being the appearance of the late James G. Blaine, who took on his earthly form again at the request of a gentleman named McDonald. This occurred a few weeks ago at Mrs. Williams' house No. 232 West Forty-sixth street, this city.

Some present who knew Blaine in life said it was a perfect restoration of the dead "team" to the world that he had dwelt in so long. Blaine did not speak. It was his first experience in returning to earth, and he had not power enough to utter words.

The *Globe-Democrat's* correspondent attended a seance at Mrs. Williams' last night. Forty people were present, the men and women being about equally divided. Many of the women were amateur or developing mediums themselves. This class patronize Mrs. Williams liberally, as it is believed by them that there is more to learn from Mrs. Williams and more help toward mediumistic development to be had than from any other source. Most of the men were old and gray-headed. Only one had long, square-cut hair like the Spiritualists of the old type that the comic writers are always poking fun at. He was tall, pink-nosed, buttoned his old Prince Albert coat at the waist only, kept one hand behind his back and the other over his liver and bowed with the courtly grace of a cavalier.

"He looks like a Southern gentleman," I remarked to a white-haired lady from Tennessee, who sat next to me.

"Please don't say that," the lady replied, and then with a contemptuous curl of her upper lip: "The gentlemen of the South are good looking."

Every person present paid \$1, the medium's regular fee, and certainly everybody got a dollar's worth of astonishment and enjoyment out of the seance. It must be stated, however, that Mrs. Williams does not carry on her business for the purpose of furnishing people with fun. She becomes indignant when anybody suggests that he or she attend a seance for the gratification of curiosity or for the purpose of making a pleasant evening. Her mission she regards as a serious one. With her, as with all true Spiritualists, Spiritualism is a science, with fixed laws like those that govern the planets or control the processes of nature. It has religious and philosophical aspects, but that is because the moral and intellectual needs of the present world demand that it should show these phases; when truth prevails and the barriers of ignorance are torn down, Spiritualism will stand revealed as an exact science, and it will be accepted and respected as such.

Mrs. Williams is the medium who gave the tests in Carnegie hall last Sunday, and whose performance in seeing and identifying over 100 spirit friends of people in the audience in less than a half-hour's time was recorded in detail in the *Globe-Democrat* of last Monday. She is the only medium I have seen who does not offer a prefatory excuse for any shortcomings that may be found in her work. She is the only medium bold enough to make this statement to a circle:

"My friends, the spirits that you see here are not flesh and blood; they are not the medium. They are not transfigurations. They are materializations. If any of you have doubt on this point, come up and look at the spirit. Honest investigation is what we want. Don't be afraid. If you honestly think that the spirit you see is me, come up and say so. I assure you, though, that it is not. I am in trance all the time I go into the cabinet. I do not hear or see a thing except, perhaps, sometimes at the close of a seance I hear Bright Eyes say 'good night.'"

This is a bold stand to take, but Mrs. Williams takes it and she maintains it. The spirits that come to her seances come and go quickly. They rise up out of the floor and dematerialize before the eyes of the circle, sinking and fading from sight into the floor. They are not warm-fleshed like some of the spirits whose hands I have grasped; their touch is cold and there is weirdness and mystery in their appearance and exit. They seem certainly to have the attributes of beyond the grave. And they come in all sizes and shapes, too, from a 3 or 4-year-old little girl to a 6-footer like Charles Foster. Young men and old men, young girls and old women come out of the cabinet. Altogether during the evening thirty to forty figures appeared, and every one of them was recognized and spoken to by some friend or familiar in the circle.

Mrs. Williams is a stout woman. She weighs over 200 pounds and is about 5 feet 10 inches in height. She could not personate a child of 3 or a young girl of 16 without serious inconvenience to her massive figure. In transfiguration the body of the medium, they say, undergoes extraordinary physical change. Mr. Newton told me that he had seen mediums who while talking to you could make a hand of large size dwindle and contract until it was as small as the smallest hand of a lady. The reappearance of Billy Florence on earth, which is effected through a medium now exhibiting in New York, is, according to spiritualistic authorities, the cleverest case of transfiguration that has been seen for some time. The spirit of the dead comedian takes possession of the body of the medium, it is claimed, moulds it to the appearance of Florence in life, clothes it in the vesture that was common to the player, and thus makes its presence possible and perceptible by earthly eyes. If you were to take hold of the Florence spirit you would find that it was the medium, though the physical metamorphosis necessary for the personation of the actor by the lady was so great as to make it appear an impossibility that such a change had been effected. Mrs. Williams is emphatic in her assertion that she does nothing by personation or transfiguration, and that her spirits are magnetic or electric entities that are dissipated if an unusual atmospheric disturbance takes place in the room, and that yet are perfect forms as visible and tangible as if they still were of the earth earthly.

Prof. Kiddell came out—a white-haired gentleman of medium height with a long white beard. He wrote a book on Spiritualism, I believe. "Mr. Holland" said the Professor didn't like the light, and I was a little strong, and while the Professor retired the cabinet somebody turned down the gas jet a wee bit. Prof. Kiddell came out again, and a group of gentlemen soon surrounded him and shook hands with him. The group was composed of men from the circle. "Mr. Cushman" said Miss Kiddell, who had led her father to look into Spiritualism and to write his book, was present, and the Professor would try to take her out with him. Then Prof. Kiddell went back towards the cabinet, and when about half way dematerialized into darkness. The features to pieces and the pieces were absorbed by the carpet. In a second he was gone. A moment before he was standing within 2 feet of the front row of the circle, apparently a fine-looking, hale old man, and while you would think he faded right out of view; but this was nothing. In an instant the Professor reappeared with his daughter, a girl of about 17. The two shook hands with the sitters, but there was a little confusion and they withdrew. Almost immediately they returned, and after shaking more hands the two dematerialized in front of the cabinet. I watched the process. It looked as if two transparent masks had suddenly been released and fallen to the floor, and as the masks, which were of ethereal quality, lay there, they rapidly dematerialized into dust. The features and figure outlines of the Professor and his daughter were identifiable in the transparent and partially luminous pictures through which the cabinet portieres were visible. It was a magnificent triumph of dematerialization, and some of the people present applauded. Some of the women exclaimed, "Oh, my!"

Among the persons for whom spirits came and called was the *Globe-Democrat's* correspondent. I had not given my name to the medium or her daughter, and neither knew me or anything about my business. It was remarkable, therefore, that "Mr. Cushman" should announce that there were three spirits in the cabinet for the gentleman in the last row who had mentioned Mr. Newton's name. "Bright Eyes" told me that one of the spirits gave my name.

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Mrs. Williams is a stout woman. She weighs over 200 pounds and is about 5 feet 10 inches in height. She could not personate a child of 3 or a young girl of 16 without serious inconvenience to her massive figure. In transfiguration the body of the medium, they say, undergoes extraordinary physical change. Mr. Newton told me that he had seen mediums who while talking to you could make a hand of large size dwindle and contract until it was as small as the smallest hand of a lady. The reappearance of Billy Florence on earth, which is effected through a medium now exhibiting in New York, is, according to spiritualistic authorities, the cleverest case of transfiguration that has been seen for some time. The spirit of the dead comedian takes possession of the body of the medium, it is claimed, moulds it to the appearance of Florence in life, clothes it in the vesture that was common to the player, and thus makes its presence possible and perceptible by earthly eyes. If you were to take hold of the Florence spirit you would find that it was the medium, though the physical metamorphosis necessary for the personation of the actor by the lady was so great as to make it appear an impossibility that such a change had been effected. Mrs. Williams is emphatic in her assertion that she does nothing by personation or transfiguration, and that her spirits are magnetic or electric entities that are dissipated if an unusual atmospheric disturbance takes place in the room, and that yet are perfect forms as visible and tangible as if they still were of the earth earthly.

Prof. Kiddell came out—a white-haired gentleman of medium height with a long white beard. He wrote a book on Spiritualism, I believe. "Mr. Holland" said the Professor didn't like the light, and I was a little strong, and while the Professor retired the cabinet somebody turned down the gas jet a wee bit. Prof. Kiddell came out again, and a group of gentlemen soon surrounded him and shook hands with him. The group was composed of men from the circle. "Mr. Cushman" said Miss Kiddell, who had led her father to look into Spiritualism and to write his book, was present, and the Professor would try to take her out with him. Then Prof. Kiddell went back towards the cabinet, and when about half way dematerialized into darkness. The features to pieces and the pieces were absorbed by the carpet. In a second he was gone. A moment before he was standing within 2 feet of the front row of the circle, apparently a fine-looking, hale old man, and while you would think he faded right out of view; but this was nothing. In an instant the Professor reappeared with his daughter, a girl of about 17. The two shook hands with the sitters, but there was a little confusion and they withdrew. Almost immediately they returned, and after shaking more hands the two dematerialized in front of the cabinet. I watched the process. It looked as if two transparent masks had suddenly been released and fallen to the floor, and as the masks, which were of ethereal quality, lay there, they rapidly dematerialized into dust. The features and figure outlines of the Professor and his daughter were identifiable in the transparent and partially luminous pictures through which the cabinet portieres were visible. It was a magnificent triumph of dematerialization, and some of the people present applauded. Some of the women exclaimed, "Oh, my!"

Among the persons for whom spirits came and called was the *Globe-Democrat's* correspondent. I had not given my name to the medium or her daughter, and neither knew me or anything about my business. It was remarkable, therefore, that "Mr. Cushman" should announce that there were three spirits in the cabinet for the gentleman in the last row who had mentioned Mr. Newton's name. "Bright Eyes" told me that one of the spirits gave my name.

"All right. Watch me. Now I'm tomlol!"

At the last word she vanished, sank into the floor like so many others had done. Eddie, a boy spirit, came right after her. He wore a gray suit and a large collar. You could see through him; at least, that's what I thought as I peered at the shadowy figure. Eddie talked some. He didn't like the music-box, and he wanted it to stop playing. He said so several times, and then disappeared.

Before the end of the seance, however, there was a very interesting incident. "Mr. Cushman" announced that a spirit was in the cabinet whose soul was full of song. The spirit spoke some name like "Cossman" or "Cressman." "My name is Cossman," said a tall gentleman with very white hair. "Ask if it is the spirit of Abbie Hutchinson." "It is," said "Mr. Cushman." "She says she wants you to sing one of the old songs, and she'll try and come to you. May be she'll sing with you."

Mr. Cushman sang something about "Endless Day" in a high clear voice. At the second verse a female form appeared. Still singing. Mr. Cushman went to it. He took the spirit's hand, still singing. The spirit put her arms around his neck, while still he sang. She tried to sing, too, but could only whisper the words. When the song was done she faded away.

"That's Abbie Hutchinson," said Mr. Cushman, as he sat down. She belonged to the Hutchinson family of famous singers. She and I sang that song together for forty-four years.

"And she hopes soon to be able to sing it with you again," said Mr. Cushman from the cabinet. "Her spirit will, before long, I am sure, be able to sing with you as she did herself on the earth side."

Mrs. Williams has never suffered the humiliation of exposure, as nearly all other New York mediums have at some time or other. The only published sensation with which I have known her to be connected had relation to the house in which she lives, and which she owns. This house was deeded to her by Mrs. Kate Anderson, widow of the millionaire tobaccoist, John Anderson (whose will was recently in dispute), several years ago, on condition, and has since been redeemed by Mrs. Williams. The house is valued at \$25,000. The medium got some notoriety in another case in which a small sum of money, given to her by one of her followers, was involved, but she seems to have come out of all of her troubles all right, and stands high with the best Spiritualists of the metropolis. She does not admit reporters to her seances. They may write all they like about her when she appears in public, she says, but she does not want them in her house. You cannot get into one of Mrs. Williams' seances unless she knows you, or some friend introduces you. This is a cast-iron rule. The president of the First Society of Spiritualists had to rouse for the *Globe-Democrat's* correspondent.

The seance took place in a back parlor. Three rows of chairs were placed at one side of the room; at the other side was the cabinet, an alcove with portieres. A green-shaded gas-jet, burning low, was the only light in the room when the seance began. The cabinet was examined, before turning off the lights, by some gentlemen who were present for the first time in Mrs. Williams' house. The alcove was about seven feet wide and about two and one-half feet deep. The back and side walls were found to be solid. There was no floor opening. The only furniture in the cabinet was a folding chair at one end. Collusion, so far as trap-doors or wall panels might enter into it, was out of the question—apparently, at any rate. We all knew who was in the room; we could all see each other at every moment; indeed the light seen for a second or two once or twice was strong enough to easily distinguish even dark forms across the room. The medium's daughter, wearing a cloth dress of light shade, sat in the circle, manipulating a music-box, and leading the singing, was always in view. She is about seventeen. The medium herself wore a black silk dress when she went into the cabinet. Nobody in the circle helped Mrs. Williams except in a psychic way, and if she had confederates they must have been the people who recognized the spirits, and this would include nearly everybody in the room.

I will not give the seance in detail. It lasted nearly three hours. There was a singing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and other hymns at intervals, and occasionally the music-box gave an appropriate tune. Mrs. Williams' voice, nor anything that resembled it, was heard after the cabinet curtains closed on her. The talking was done by "Bright Eyes," a child spirit, and by "Frank Cushman," one of the medium's controls. The other cabinet control is "Mr. Holland," who, however, did not say a word last night. Mr. Cushman talking for him. "Bright Eyes" has the fresh prattle of a child. She uses some large words, and gives them a comical twist, and this, with her naive and innocent manner of saying things about people's private affairs and personal appearance, keeps the circle in pretty good humor. "Mr. Cushman" has a deep bass voice, thoroughly masculine. Mrs. Williams could not simulate it if she wanted to. "Bright Eyes" explains the coming of spirits, and tells what they have to say, or for what person or persons in the circle they are intended. "Mr. Cushman" helps out in this respect too. At any seance he answered some questions put to "Mr. Holland." One of these was this: Why is Spiritualism classed as a religion and a philosophy?

CONTINUED ON 8TH PAGE

"No, I won't."

"Es, oo will."

"No, I won't."

ILLUSTRATION.

PURPORTING TO COME FROM THE SPIRIT OF HORACE GREELEY, SEPT. 9, 1891.

I was the proprietor of a newspaper when on earth, and was much engaged in journalism. My main object was to increase its circulation, and being a political organ it was not a very mindless of the feelings of those who differed from me on questions of that character. As I, however, advocated what I believed was best for the country and the people, my differences were honest and if my language was unjust to political adversaries, it was never intended to be untruthful. My ambition was success

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE RICHMOND

Through the Mediumship of Mrs. GORR A. V. RICHMOND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER XXIII—CONTINUED

"Zulieka is at once a wonder and a joy, and but for her tender, human heart, I could say she almost fills me with terror—nay, I will say awe," said Seon.

"And still all that she says and does seems most natural in her. Seon, I have come to think of late that we, heretofore, have lacked the one thing that now seems to be dawning within our lives," said Maud.

"Yes, darling," said Seon encouragingly.

"I mean that which in Mamma Melville was faith or religion, and in Armand is more—I cannot name the word—and in Zulieka is life itself."

"I know what you mean, and I know as if I have long felt it is true."

THE STARKING.

Thus were they talking in the tower, Maud and Seon, when, with footsteps light as the gazelle, Zulieka entered, saying:

"They are all coming up to the tower for this evening. Shall we disturb the Star-king?"

"Not if I am the one you honor by that title, dear; but instead of being a king I am the veriest vassal in the realm of starry wonders," replied Seon.

"But who are the 'all' of whom you speak, dearie?" asked Maud.

"One might think a vast multitude were coming." "I only meant papa Armo and Mahavida, and the two Americans who came to the Castle once in England, on the night of my tenth birthday (you remember that day, but you were not there), and Hiejoh. I think that's all," said Zulieka, as calmly as if she had been counting her doves in the garden.

"It seems to me that is quite sufficient to make a crowd in this observatory," said Maud, smiling.

"Yes, but there'll be many, many more whom we may or may not see; yet we have all the space around and above the tower for that portion of the company," and Zulieka made a gesture with her slender, graceful hand that seemed to include the earth and the heavens as the reception-room for the "company."

And Zulieka flitted away to spend the morning at her favorite haunts or on some mission of healing or ministrations to comfort those who were suffering of bodily pain or in sorrow.

An hour later Maud discovered Zulieka in the garden, the center of such a picture as never left her memory while she lived in mortal form.

ZULIEKA'S DOVES.

"Coo-o, coo-o, coo-o-o."

"Coo-o, coo-o, coo-o-o."

"Here you are, my pretty-ones, my fleet ones, my faithful ones!" exclaimed Zulieka, after having imitated their cooing so exactly that even the doves could not, or did not wish to, know the difference. More probably they preferred her cooing sometimes, as it brought them into her presence for food and water and her tender care.

"Come, Fleetwing and Pearl; come, Lily and Lotus; come, Rajah; come, Stillwing—come all!"

Whizz, whirr, a ravishing flutter and rustle of wings, on her head, on her shoulders, on her arms, on her breast—always one must rest there.

Twelve messenger doves, all of her own rearing and training with dark wings and light, with mottled breasts and white breasts, some in iridescent plumage, some in plain gray—all beautiful.

"Was there ever a more beautiful picture?" said Maud, as from the balcony of her room she saw Zulieka near the fountain with her flowing white robe caught up so as not to interfere with her movements, her bare arms extended, her head thrown back, and her face lighted by a joyous smile, while lips and hands, only partly free, cooed and fed the tender pets who were her messengers.

"I expect to see her take wings and fly away some day," said Seon. "She seems only to rest or pause on earth, never to stay here."

Maud could no longer remain in her room; the sight of this enchanting scene, the doves, the flowers and Zulieka were too much.

She left off copying the charts (fashioning the official ephemera from Seon's calculations) and joined Zulieka in Zelda's garden.

"And why is this one, this snowy one, more favored than the rest?" asked Maud, when, with her broad-rimmed palmetto hat and a huge parasol that almost concealed her from view, she made her appearance in the garden.

The doves did not quite like the interruption; one or two flew away, but soon returned, seeing no one more formidable than Maud, parasol, hat and gloves.

"This one? This is Heartwing; and when you know that he went all the way to England with papa, and loosed there, found his way back to me, you will understand why he rests here. Ah, many a time I thought he was lost, that vulture or other bird of prey had caught him, or that being overworn he had sunk beneath the waves, or that some human sportsman (?) had, in mere wantonness, slain him. But he came back more swiftly than the fleetest ships, and brought a storm-torn and rumpled letter from dear papa."

"How very interesting," said Maud; "it revives all the romance of one's girlhood, when carrier-doves were wont to bear messages to maidens in lonely towers, imprisoned for loving some forbidden knight, caught and imprisoned, received by the messenger-dove a circlet of hair or a tender missive. Zulieka dear, these doves are your messengers. Do they travel far?"

"Each to its own place—I, e., the place first known—and back again to me. Papa Armo's favored guests may sometimes take one; pilgrims, tourists, or whomsoever; they set the doves free, some when they are in India at the Shrine of Buddha, others in Arabia at the Shrine of Mahommed, others in Jerusalem where Jesus taught."

"And do they always return?" asked Maud, with deepest interest.

"Always—at least, they will return; only one was ever lost, and I suspect that one was retained," said Zulieka, musingly.

"What a shame! By whom could such an unwarrantable theft be perpetrated, such a beautiful trust be violated?" asked Maud, quite indignant at the unknown pilferer.

"Ah, he was only a poet, a harmless wanderer, searching for his ideal land, and for the lady of his dreams," said Zulieka in perfect innocence. "And I told him when he found them to set free the dove, with a little note to let me know."

"Small wonder, my heavenly dove, that the messenger-bird never returned," said Maud. "How long ago was this?"

"Oh, about two years ago, when you and Seon were in Bombay," replied Zulieka, dreamily.

Just then the strong, rapid footsteps of the young boy, Armand, were heard in the outer garden, and the doves, having feasted and having been petted, having drunk from the palm of Zulieka's hand, led by Fleetwing and Heartwing, fluttered a moment as if loth to go, then flew to their dormitories.

"Do you know, Cousin Maud?" (for such was the voluntary title Zulieka bestowed upon the wife of Seon), "one of the officers on one ship, and two of the midshipmen on another, thought that they saw my Heartwing on their outward voyage from England? So they told Hiejoh, who went to get the dispatches and news. The officer was the second in command, and one night a storm overtook them; in the flashes of lightning he distinctly saw a dove on one of the masts. They were then in the Arabian sea, and Heartwing arrived first."

"The others were midshipmen on another vessel, and they saw my messenger in the Mediterranean. I am sure it was he whom they saw, for the time would correspond exactly."

"How very wonderful!" said Maud.

Fountain and garden of flowers and trees ever made a background in the memory of Maud for the rare, bright, heavenly picture of Zulieka and her doves.

"Do they who are in heaven thus set free their thoughts as doves to bless us here?" she thought.

MAKING FOR FREEDOM.

"Your lordship has made a new world here since five years ago," wrote Mr. Broadbent to Armand. "Not yet have we reached the goal in Parliament, but here—here in the counties, the change is beyond belief."

"The lads in the mines are new men since they have a share in the net proceeds instead of the pittance of former rule; and now that they govern the works and select their own overseers, they have nothing to complain of, and are cheery and fearless; besides, the improvements adopted by your lordship in the system of mining, and the new appliances, make the work in the mines comparatively safe—as safe as any place."

"When the bill becomes a law extending the franchise of householders, the lads at the mines and in the mills, thanks to your lordship, will be ready. If they were landowners they could vote now."

From Mr. Freeman and Mr. Horsley, as well as from the few members of the "Peers" who favored Armand's measures, there came these encouraging words: "Slow but sure."

Even as Armand read a great light swept through his mind, overflowing from within his spirit, and making clear the one action that would lighten all the future way.

"If we had a hundred thousand more voters we could force an issue on one of the measures, bring the matter before the country, and change the ministry," wrote Mr. Horsley.

It was this passage that brought forth a flood of light from Armand's mind, and made luminous the way.

"It would be a new world for us if we could have change of government, for then we could bring a direct issue." So wrote Mr. Freeman.

"There shall be a 'new world' in two counties, at least. Let the rest of the country follow," said Armand aloud.

Everything had been arranged for this final step before he had left England. The details had been so perfectly attended to that there only remained the one act of Armand's signature to certain documents to make the whole complete.

That act was Armand's next clear step. It was to be taken at once. And to his beloved Zelda, within his own soul, he turned with great and sublime exaltation.

WORLD-MAKING.

"We have made here a little world of our own, from which none are excluded who wish to enter," said Armand to his friends, as he led the way to the tower and observatory.

He introduced his friends to Maud and Seon, Mahavida, whom they knew; Mr. Stone and Mr. Moss, the Americans, whom Seon had met, but whom Maud had not seen; and latest to arrive, and most surprising of all, Mr. Makepeace, of England, "late Dean of Montrose," said Armand, with emphasis on the "late."

"And now a searcher after truth," said Mr. Makepeace.

"Which makes one free," said Mr. Stone.

"When a number of people haply meet, impelled by some unseen power, for a purpose of which they may have no knowledge, we must still believe that something of great import brings them together," said Armand.

"Papa," said Zulieka, "I think the room below contains chairs enough."

Hiejoh, anticipating this need, had gone to fetch the seats.

Zulieka had brought the chalice, which was not opened until all were ready, and they were not ready until they had watched Sirius descend into the sea, and the far splendors of the north arise.

"Now—now, Mr. Moss—Zulieka, how shall we be placed?" asked Armand, not quite knowing to which of these "sensitives" to appeal.

Mr. Moss waived his hand toward the young girl, and she, without hesitation, placed Mr. Stone and Mr. Moss on the west side of the room, Seon and Maud on the south side, Mahavida and Mr. Makepeace on the north, Armand and herself on the east, she placing Hiejoh in the center, and bade him hold the chalice, all other lights being extinguished or placed without.

She had brought her guitar, thinking it might be needed, but Mr. Moss whispered something to Mr. Stone, and the latter commenced to sing a hymn, in which all joined except Seon and Hiejoh, who could not sing.

One section of the glass dome covering the observatory had been left open, and just now the light of Orion and the Pleiades shone upon them.

Mr. Moss arose and stood before Zulieka, saying, in a marvelously sweet voice:

"That which was predicted for thee, thou child of two worlds, has been already fulfilled beyond all human expectation; yet that which is to come surpasses all that has transpired, as noon surpasses the morning, as summer surpasses the first dawn of spring. Thy gifts, manifold and glorious, shall fill the world with new knowledge, thrill it with new light, pervade it with new love; science, art, religion, shall be merged in thee, and the new symbols of a Dispensation be revealed. The names and synonyms of truth, wisdom and love. Thou art a child of light and love divine."

To Armand he said: "Do that which thou dost intend at once; the time is ready; the harvest is ripe; let there be no delay, for thousands wait upon the one work of thy hand; it is thy life-gift; we know thou art ready."

To Maud and Seon he said: "Ye were united by the breath of heavenly love; that which came to you afterward is too often the fate of those who meet in beauty, youth and human life only, but the spirit hath renewed the sacred fire, and from her new state the lady blesses you who guarded her young and tender charge from childhood, and who loved you both as her very own. A rosebud is here, a beautiful baby-girl, and the Lady Zelda, who once dwelt here in form, and who never departs, holds the child, saying: 'My namesake blesses her papa and mamma.' The last words of the child in life were: 'Papa, come; papa must come.' You (turning to Seon) have received from the gifted child, Zulieka, a new theory 'how worlds are made.' That theory will be perfected through her lips, and arranged by you into a work that will be accepted by astronomers and men of science throughout the whole world. But wait until you receive the entire system from her lips."

Seon was startled beyond anything he ever had experienced, for he only knew this. Even Zulieka, except when inspired, knew nothing of it.

To Mahavida he said, in Hindoostani: "All that I foretold for thee has proven true. Now thou standest near the height, rejecting naught that has been taught by the sacred Lord Buddha, yet, accepting more—accepting all truth that has come and that may come unto man. Listen to the child-teacher, for a new religion shall be given; thou shalt be its recorder to the world."

Mahavida knew that no one on earth except himself was aware

that from the teachings received through the lips of the inspired child he had compiled a record. "The New Religion Compared to the Revelations of All Ages," and that he hoped to make this work complete ere he passed on.

To Mr. Makepeace he said: "Truth waits for you no scanty garb of creed; but not yet has the illumination come that points the perfect way to the Supreme Knowledge; thou wilt possess it, even now it cometh from within. See where a lovely being stands, holding out to thee one snowy rose, she is arrayed in bridal robes, and passed away ere the words were spoken that made you one on earth. None the less, and because of that, you are one in heaven."

Never did human face, not touched with death, grow so white as did that of Mr. Makepeace; never did human will so sustain one under the revelation of the great white secret of his life as was he sustained in that moment.

"Thou hast given up thy orders and robes of priesthood because the outward Bible, the Book of Revelation, was not real to thee; another Word cometh—the Revelation from Within."

To Hiejoh he turned, saying: "Thy victory is now complete; thy life-work reaches its sublime consummation; thy great soul is satisfied." And Hiejoh understood.

Mr. Moss was seated; the room grew softly luminous with a light of more than snowy whiteness; forms, clothed in shining raiment, appeared, unto each the form best beloved.

Then Zulieka, illumined from head to foot in the white light, with face as of one transfigured, spoke—she spoke of the "new earth," when every hideous and unlovely form would disappear; when disease and famine, war of species and races, would cease. She spoke of how worlds were made—from the vast sun-belts, the solar girdles of the systems, the separation from darkness to light through Divine Will, the creation of cosmic force, the ether rays, the atomic forms, of systems and groups of systems, until none could follow except Seon (and he but dimly), who sat transfixed with awe, wonder, adoration. She spoke of new races of men upon the new earth—no despoilers of nature and of their kind, but gentle spirits, clothed in mortal form for divine benefactions. She spoke of new states, neither governments, powers, societies nor religions, but states of existence on the earth where the perceptions of truth were the governing power, wisdom the strong shield, and love the only law.

"Aye, a great change cometh even now," she said.

The air grew more luminous, the room seemed pervaded by a mighty breath, a vast mind and soul was in their midst, a form lighted with glory was there.

Hiejoh prostrated himself. "My master!"

Seon exclaimed: "My star-king!"

Armand whispered: "My brother, friend, father!"

Zulieka said, in her own natural voice: "This is my Teacher of the Tower."

The spiritual glory softly faded; the forms of the upper and inner world vanished, or became viewless; the moon, full and fair, shone brightly through the open dome, revealing every one in the room; and there, in his snowy, Persian robe, with beard and hair grown snowy white, in visible bodily form, stood RAJAHETTI BOE!

PART II.
CHAPTER XXIV.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."

The moors and uplands were glowing in the purple morning light. The slopes were golden, and down where the rivers met, after their confluence winding away to the sea, there was a mellow tint like that of early autumn.

The dense smoke had rolled away from the valleys revealing, for once, all the loveliness, their verdure, their villages, their gardens, their peaceful homes.

The birds had come forth astounded into silence at the unwonted beauty of the scene, at the clearness of the air, at the somewhat they did not know.

The forges gave forth no dark, serpentine coils of smoke, no sound of hammers, no shock of heavy machinery, no pulse beats of mighty engines.

The coal-pits were deserted, the mills were silent—loom and spindle and shuttle were still.

The fields ready for the harvest, or with sheaves partly bound, waited glowingly for the reapers. The gardens bore no sign of early workers.

From Montrose Castle and Tower, the ruin of the Abbey, from the chapel in the parish, there burst a joyous peal of bells. The sound was caught up by the bells on mill-towers and halls, on cupolas and chapels, on every place except the tower of the Cathedral—those and the High church spires bells alone were silent.

It was sunrise, and a new day had come to the two counties, at least to such portion of the two as belonged to the Montrose estates.

They knew it now from the moors on the north beyond the forges to the farms on the south; from the mills on the west to the pits, and beyond them to the cliffs on the east; from the Abbey and Castle to Edgemont Mist they knew it.

They knew that the houses and lands, the mills and mines, the farms and forges, the warehouses and all the vast possessions belonging to the estates of the late Earl of Montrose, and inherited under the laws of hereditary title and ownership by Armand Montrose, now belonged severally to the occupants of the soil, to the free-born residents and workers on the estates.

The mines and the adjacent homes and lands to the miners. The mills and the adjacent lands and homes to the operators.

The farms and the dwellings thereon to the farmers, and to the boys in the agricultural schools the lands just outside the Castle gates. The mechanical works and homes and lands belonging thereto to the mechanics and the boys in the mechanical schools. The Castle and its demesne to the girls for a school of training, and for homes until of age or married, when each would have her portion.

Homes and lands for the aged, so arranged as to produce the needed income for their support.

Every title was absolutely free. No law of entail or primogeniture could reach those possessions more. Every man, woman and child had an absolute right to the property thus granted. Details cannot be here given, but all were perfect.

The entire population were rejoicing; women and children, in holiday attire, were gathered upon the highways, and the men, with faces that declared the dawn of the millennium, assembled at their unions and places of labor organizations to form into line, to march through the principal streets of their villages, and to assemble in mass meeting at the Castle garden to hear the reading of the "voluntary dispossession," and to be told when and where they would receive their titles to their homes and possessions.

There had been a mass meeting of the labor organizations, of the agricultural laborers, operators, miners, of the various manifold interests represented on the estates. They had been told in general terms what had occurred; they were now to be told in full.

When at the hour of noon all had assembled at the Castle gates, and those gates were swung wide open by the guards appointed for the day; when the park, a little away from the Castle garden, was literally crowded, the simple proceedings began.

From four stands the same announcement was made from copies of the "voluntary act of dispossession."

The reproduction of Armand's letter alone would fill pages, but the substance was already known, i. e.: That the act was voluntary; that by a bequest made legal by every necessary means he, Armand Montrose, had the right to dispossess himself of the estates he had never earned, transferring them to the rightful owners—those who had labored for them.

Four official documents had gone from Ceylon to England on

the first voyage that sailed after the events recorded in the last chapter. One was to Rajahetti, formally announcing his withdrawal from the "nobility," the relinquishment of his titles, and his renunciation of the position he held as the Earl of Montrose, plenipotentiary of Royalty to India. The other was to the Foreign Minister, returning all official documents whatsoever, including his appointment and everything belonging thereto. The third was to the persons he named of all papers belonging to him or ordered by him to be prepared. The fourth was the appointment and recognition of Messrs. Freeman, Horsley and Broadbent as his lawful representatives in carrying out his will and wishes, with full instructions accompanying.

ROYALTY SHAKEN.

They knew it now, from Balmoral Castle and Buckingham Palace and Windsor, from Westminster Palace to the Temple, and try to hush it as they would, the news had spread like a prairie fire. The substance of what they knew was: The Earl of Montrose voluntarily resigns his title, believing that no man can inherit a title to nobility. He may win by merit and labor alone all he is entitled to possess.

Armand of Montrose, under the bequest of an ancestor, which bequest was lately ratified by H. R. H., by the government and by Parliament, voluntarily disposes himself of his ancestral estates, making (under perfect detail of arrangement) the actual occupants and workers thereon the legal possessors.

And now that it was known, a premonition, a warning, swept over England—over royal and titled England—that the doom of the monarchy and aristocracy was sealed.

"THY KINGDOM COME!"

There was little else done for several days after the reappearance of Rajahetti Boe and his full restoration to the usual life of earth and the love of his dear ones, except to listen to the story of his long absence, his wonderful experiences, and his spiritual pilgrimages.

"My kingdom of heaven, I find, is here," he said, as placing his hand upon his breast he seated himself between Zulieka and Armand, and facing the group who had all gathered in Zelda's garden to hear him.

He narrated his story in the same sweet voice and simple phrase as was his wont years ago.

"Thinking the earth had yielded to me all its treasures—fruitage of industry; such favors as fortune brings; love and its fruition, in Zelda placed by thy side, Armand; in the dear companion arisen to the light of Ormuzd; in somewhat of knowledge, I sought by prayerful ways those higher heights, those deeper depths of knowledge and of life immortal, through ministrations to others, and living apart from the world."

"I entered as a novice into the Order of Beneficents, those who minister to the poor, the weary, the outcast. Jaavannah (ah, my brother, how I loved thee!) was my superior in spiritual or religious degrees, and under him I served."

"It was not long before his duty brought him to Ceylon, and with the means it had been my privilege to bestow for service to the poor, the little sanctuary, or place of refuge, was rebuilt and afterward enlarged, and the Shrine in the grove upon the hills consecrated unto the Sacred Light of Ormuzd."

"I confess, novitiate that I was in holy orders, I could not forego the strong desire to guard and protect those who were so dear, especially when from dear Jaavannah I learned the joy that was yours, Armand, and the joy that was coming. Yet I had sworn not to look upon the faces, knowingly to them, of any one linked to me by any human tie; to consider the unfortunate as my kindred, and to conceal my identity from all who had ever known me. Still, I was not constrained from doing good to those who might need it."

"Somewhat versed in the revelation of the stars, I knew when light or shadow was coming to your house, knew when great danger or sickness threatened, knew what destiny had in store for thee and thine, my beloved son, my friend."

"On the night of Zulieka's birth I changed robes with Jaavannah—he the novitiate, and I the priest. We came from the sanctuary to where the path enters from the highway leading to this spot. Aye, I had been that path many times before; this time I knew the danger of the threatened storm, knew of the coming of Zulieka."

"At other times when I came I found the tower open and the young man there who now sits opposite gazing at me with such wondering eyes. Unobserved, for a spiritual power shielded me, I would pass him to the observatory, or, remaining in the passage, wait till he was gone. Then would I set my chalice down and close it, yet ever the miracle would be wrought that the room would be flooded with light; and ever if the student had left an unsolved problem, or made a mistake in his calculations, I would, in that light that shone within the room, solve the problem, complete his work, and point out his mistake. He never saw me, for I was veiled by the spirit. When the guards were here I entered and departed while they were keeping watch."

"I watched over and protected Zelda when you were gone, beloved friend; and Hiejoh, who believed me to be a spirit, aided me, not knowing the spirit of the tower and the priest of the sanctuary were one—that is, I ever was the priest when Hiejoh came, for I could hear of you and Zelda. If I went away it was when all was tranquil here."

"When, finally, you went to England I followed, taking the long journey immediately behind you, and arriving at the Castle when you felt me and knew me in the little chapel at the end of the Cypress avenue."

"Then you again beheld my light in the tower, for I found the secret passage to the east wing and the tower and parapet. I was never disturbed, for every one knew that portion of the Castle was haunted."

"But ever as I thought myself in England, I was also in India, attracted to Jaavannah, so I returned, having seen you safely in England, having watched your progress in the sacred work for the people."

"Then did I enter in succession all the degrees that led to the innermost light, seeing and knowing it was well with you and our beloved Zelda and Zulieka there."

"After five years I went again to England, revisited the Castle, saw and heard without being seen all that came to you, and I knew from my charts and from my innermost how it would be."

"Whenever my pupil there was at his work among the stars, I aided him even as before, placing the finished problems and tables where his eyes would first behold them when he returned to his study and labor."

"He came to believe he was a somnambulist, and that he wrought these problems in his sleep."

"Again did I return to India; again did I take the degrees. Having sought each sacred Shrine, and having taken all the degrees except the last, I once more sought the distant land, and was there the night of Zulieka's tenth birthday. I arrived on the same day as Mahavida. We were companions all the way, until from the station he took one conveyance, I another. He entered by the Castle gates, I by the private entrance that leads to the east wing and the tower."

"Then did I know how it would be with Zelda; then did I see the wonderful, blent light of Zulieka's gifts; then did I understand the meaning of the sights and sounds that made the east wing and the tower populous with the hosts of Armand the Saxon. Then did I come away, fully resolved to take that last, innermost degree that would sever me forever from all contact with men, with human pain or woe, joy or sorrow, I was ready."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

CHRISTIANITY.

The Liberal and Illiberal.

A Veteran Worker Expresses His Ideas.

A BILL INTRODUCED INTO THE MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE TO TAX CHURCH PROPERTY—MANY ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Each week I read your paper with increasing interest. I am thankful to see its columns filled with so much good thought. Never was there a time when all true Spiritualists should be up and doing more than now. Popery on the one hand is making herculean efforts to increase its power, to jeopardize our liberties, and bind heavier burdens upon the enslaved masses. In our State, at the present time, there is a bill before the Legislature to tax church property. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, gave an address, and sent out circulars to every priest in Michigan, urging them to get the signatures of all their audiences against such a bill. He claims it is the work of infidels against religion, good morals and Christianity. The facts are that the founder of Christianity never taught one idea or principle in keeping with the methods or system of the Catholic Church and its priesthood. Then again we have another foe to human progress, and the best interests of true religion, in the methods of evangelical dogmatism. Some weeks since there was organized a Y. W. C. A. Much discussion arose, in which many leading and influential ladies tried to have admitted to membership all who were of good character and believers in the teachings of Christ; but when it came to a final vote the motion was lost, and the requisition for membership was as follows:

"The active members of this association shall consist of young women over sixteen years of age, members in good standing in Protestant evangelical churches. Only active members shall have the right to vote and hold office."

Then it distinctly explains who are evangelical. I quote from the constitution:

"We hold these churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the holy scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten of the Father, King of Kings and Lord of Lords in whom dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment." Rev. Dr. McClester, in speaking of this subject, says: "This means belief in the letter of the Bible, and not in the spirit. It means belief in the trinitarian theory of Christ, that Christ was God, not the Son of God in any real sense. It means a belief in salvation through profession in a particular creed or church. It means belief in an everlasting punishment for those who do not belong to churches or profess religion to evangelical standards."

"But more, while this is the church creed, the nominal creed, the creed which evangelical church members fall back upon when aroused, it is not the working creed of people who compose the major part of the evangelical churches. The evangelical churches have two creeds—one for organization and one for work; one when they would keep other Christians from joining with them, and another when they shall come around to ask for money to support their institutions."

"The continual puzzle to me is: What does the evangelical church believe? Here are the expressions of a representative body of women, supporting a terrible creed if literally interpreted, and here are the average mass of supporters of these represented churches going about this city as jolly as if there were no terrible creed in all the world. In spite of Presbyterian trials and votes, I fear there are two creeds in common practice—one for resort in cases of necessity, and one for everyday life. I believe this because here, on one hand, is an authoritative expression by a representative body of ladies, and on the other hand are the facts which every man sees every day. I have but to instance them for your souls to sanction them. Evangelical is no longer synonymous with Christian. It no longer has a copyright on its interpretation of scripture, or a private key to heaven and a trap-door to hell."

"In the recent choosing of limits for members to the new organization, it has chosen evangelical and not Christian limitations. Those limitations are also, I believe, false to the honest views of the majority of Christians. For I do not think the majority of the Christians of this city believe in a literal interpretation of scripture. They believe in its spirit, but not in the exact letter of the Bible. I do not think the majority know what they do believe about the trinity."

"I do not think the majority of the people of this city—its churches—believe church profession is better for man than good life. It is a queer claim that all outside of churches are non-Christians, and this is what this article implies. I do not think the majority of Christians in this city believe that the larger share of people in this city are to be punished forever, and this would follow from the Y. W. C. A. premise, for only a small share of the people of this city are members of evangelical churches or believers in evangelical Christianity."

"I do not take up this argument in behalf of the Universalist Church, but for the side of the people who are Christian but who are not evangelical. I did not expect the Liberal Christian bodies could be admitted if the amendment was lost, but I did hope an attempt might be made to start a general association for all sorts independent of the National Y. W. C. A., or at least the spirit would be shown of petitioning anew the national order for a change; but there was not only no disposition to favor these ends, but a disposition to call the question on anybody who spoke for the broader association. This

spirit may be evangelical, but is it Christian? But, as I say, I do not take up this argument in behalf of this church, for we ask favors of no sect. I speak warmly in behalf of the Christianity that is not evangelical. Judged by the standards above set up, very little of the Christian Church is evangelical, and the church and the unchurched stand much on the ground of Leigh Hunt, who said: 'If an angel were to tell me to believe in endless punishment I would not do it, for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion than God monstrous.'

"And a recent writer who gives figures states that the evangelical body has about 15,000,000 working members; 30,000,000 are nominal members, while there are 80,000,000 Protestant Christians outside of the church. If the standard of the evangelical church is true, these 80,000,000 are lost. 8,000,000 Jews, 860,000,000 pagans are also lost; and there are 225,000,000 Catholics who stand on slippery ground."

But narrowing the view, shall we allow the implication to go unchallenged that the true disciples of Jesus Christ and the true Christian workers are all evangelical? Or that one sect has the right to claim all truth? Jesus Christ is as much to the people of the Liberal Christian churches as he is to any evangelical, though he is differently viewed. The truths of the Bible are held as dearly by the Liberal Christians as they can be by anyone. I will allow anyone to deny my privileges to evangelical churches and work, but I submit to no one the right to judge my Christianity. That is a matter not between my conscience and any sect or church, but between my soul and my God. I also deny the right of anyone to deny my right to do Christian work. It is not a question whether I do it as some one else does, but whether I do it according to the best ideal of God and truth that the world presents."

"I've looked into the methods and conclusions of the evangelical department, and I have admired liberal methods. The latter seem truest, most spiritual, most human, most Christ-like and nearest God-like to me. Shall I set them up against my highest sense of right and truth, give them up at the command of those who never look at two sides of a question? Shall I remain silent, or shall I express my faith and ask the world to tell us which is the divine course?"

"There seems to be a disposition among our evangelical Christians to impugn the motives of Liberal Christians, but the Liberal Christian wants happiness hereafter as much as any believer in endless hell can, and he chooses to believe God will save all because he thinks it is true. And here is a fact to be well thought over: Why is it that one who has become fully acquainted with Liberal Christianity never goes back to evangelical Christianity? It is because the soul finds more real comfort, and because the life is made more rich. It is proverbial that the Liberal people are careful of daily life. Their doctrine teaches that belief does not bear a man's sins, but each man bears his own penalties, and he is taught to be cautious; he is taught that he must be good to be saved; that none can bear his penalties; that if he is not good he will be punished either here or hereafter for all his sins, and yet as a power to his life he is taught that at length all shall come home to God. He is taught man's life is an eternal progress, and that Jesus Christ is the inspirer and the truth, the life and the way, and that there is no way but which man can come to God except by a character like that of Christ."

"The Liberal Christianity asks more of people than does the evangelical body. It does not so much command its followers to believe a special way as it commands them to live a special way. It makes life more than profession, and yet at the ladies' meeting the statement was made that great effort must be put forth to destroy the effect of the nefarious preaching of some churches which set forth that men can be saved from hell by good character."

"And again it was said that the women of the evangelical churches were the only ones who could really give these needy girls the saving help. The egotism of this has scarcely ever been excelled. It is delightful to see the frank expression of their own esteem of themselves and the ease with which they take the high places in the synagogue! But what women have ever done more for the needy girls than Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Peabody, Mary Livermore, Dorothy Dix and numerous others of the non-evangelical school who can be named?"

"These are women of the Christian church, but not of the evangelical. If it be objected that this work was good, but was not that of bringing the needy to Christ, as is the purpose of the evangelical, then the question rises, what is it to bring any to Christ? Is it simply to get them to admit Christ as their Savior? Is it merely profession of belief in Christ? Then non-evangelical Christianity will answer that it goes further. It is trying not so much to get an expression of belief in a specific creed as it is to get the young and old to live the honest, humble, divine, generous life that Jesus himself lived, and this is far more than the aim of the evangelical article of the constitution seeks. Broad Christianity asks not less of its followers than does the evangelical Christianity, but more. It replaces the feeling 'I am saved,' with a character that grows Christ-like."

"As it stands now all Christians will be allowed to pay, but evangelicals only will spend the money and do the voting."

"I am sorry for this result, though it could not be expected to be different. I am sorry so many good, conscientious Christian ladies will be shut out from it. They may be allowed to eat of crumbs that fall from the table; but they are forbidden the table. I am sorry that the basis of work is so limited."

"One speaker said that to leave out that evangelical clause would be going back thirty years. Was the breaking off of the Protestant church from the Catholic a going back? Was

the separation of the Puritan church from the established church a going back? Is the tendency of the movement of the new orthodoxy (and I ask this of the world, not of Presbyterianism) a going back?

"Every extending of limits of creed has been coward. Every pulling down of walls between Christian sects has been helpful. As in the middle ages the Protestant church said: 'We will submit to no one man for Pope,' so to-day the world is saying we will submit to no one church for creed interpretation of truth."

"In one sect all truth cannot be contained, but in each there may be some grain of truth that can be added to the common yield, and all sects and all minds working together shall harm not anyone, but benefit every one. The world is going onward. The leading men and churches of to-day are preaching the love of God and not the fear of hell; they are preaching life and not profession. When cornered they sometimes go back to the words of the old creed, but when natural they give forth its broad, uplifting faith that there is one God, one Christ, one humanity, one destiny."

My dear reader, is it not true that Spiritualists should awake to the needs of the times, and vigorously oppose the encroachments of these two formidable powers—popery and evangelical dogmatism—which are preying upon the minds of the young, and drawing them by all the acts they can invent into their organizations? To my mind there are thousands of Spiritualists that devote too much time to phenomena, and year after year are content with that only."

Humanity is left untaught and dependent upon these organizations and these teachings. If you would send better spirits to the Spirit-land you must educate and prepare them while here. The Bible, when the seal of infallibility is broken, is full of many beautiful teachings. When Christ is taken as a teacher, a martyr for the truth, his life and teachings are full of power to bless the world. The time has come with me that, though I am overtaken with a large professional practice, I mean every Sunday I can to speak on these important issues. Would that I could devote my whole time to the work!

Sunday, May 14th, I shall speak twice in Port Huron; June 11th, in Jackson; June 17th, at Orion camp-meeting; July 16th, in Flint; August 6th, in Paw Paw.

Detroit, Mich. A. B. SPINNEY.

On Creation.

1. Prior to the great beginning, When there was no heaven or earth, When there was no sunlight—sunlight, When creation had no birth, When a black and boundless nothing, Breathless, lifeless, round him fell, What occurred to wake his slumber? What was there to break the spell?
2. Breathless, cheerless, all-pervading, Starless, wordless, boundless night! Was there nothing at beginning? Out of which sprang worlds of light? Out of which were made the heavens—Countless worlds, remote and near, And all living, moving creatures, In the depths of sea or air.
3. Yet we know not what aroused Him To begin the mighty plan Of creation, In its vastness Forming lastly sinful man. Why did He not leave great Nothing, In its harmless, silent space, Rather than make man so sinful As to damn the human race?
4. When that black and boundless Nothing, Harmless, lifeless, round Him fell, Why did God create the Devil, Or conceive an endless Hell? If creation sent forth evil, Or an evil come of good, Then where is the point dividing Satan's works from works of God?
5. When there was no sunlight—moonlight; When there was no heaven or hell— When there was no place for sinning, Or for sinful man to dwell, Why was silence ever broken? Why was man to weakness born? Why were devils made to tempt him, And then leave him here to mourn?
6. Vast and searching are these questions, Piercing, probing to the core; Peering back beyond creation—To great Nothing—nothing more! Vast, though simple, is the question, Piercing, probing to the core: Is it true there once was nothing—Nothing, nothing, nothing more?

REASON SAYS NO! There never was any such thing as NOTHING. Therefore, there could not have been anything like matter created from it. There never was a time when the universe and its endless space did not exist; there never was a time when Time commenced, nor there never will be a time when Time will end. Therefore, the universe could not have ever been created, but always existed in some form, and is capable of producing all that exists, independent of all the known or unknown Gods.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

The most beautiful palace in the world is the Alhambra.

An ocean racer burns about \$13,000 worth of coal every trip.

In Northern Siberia the ground is frozen to a depth of 600 feet.

The shark cannot seize his prey without turning on his back.

The tail of the beaver gave the hint for the trowel of the mason.

The will-o'-the-wisp is caused by the decay of vegetable matter.

A teaspoonful of microbes contains over 4,000,000 individuals.

The earth receives only one two-billionth of the heat of the sun.

The greatest depth of the ocean as far as sounded is 25,720 feet.

Botanists say that there are upward of 50,000 varieties of plants.

Condors have been killed in Peru with wings of 40 feet spread.

The lungs of the average man contain about five quarts of air.

PERMANENT PASTOR.

Mrs. H. S. Lake Installed as the Leader of Cleveland Spiritualists.

At Army and Navy Hall, Sunday evening, May 17th, Mrs. H. S. Lake was formally installed as pastor of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance. The ceremonies were simple and impressive, of about thirty minutes' duration. On all sides and at the back of the stage the national colors were displayed, and a row of plants, in bloom, and palms were placed across the front.

The audience which had gathered was unusually large. Mrs. Lake and Mr. T. A. Black, president of the alliance, were the only persons on the platform. The latter stated the object of the services, read a letter and telegram of congratulation addressed to Mrs. Lake, introduced her as "our pastor," and the installation was over. He then presented her with two tributes of respect—a silver star from the Temple Band of Boston, where Mrs. Lake was pastor at one period for five years, and a floral piece with the inscription, "To Our Pastor," from the Cleveland Alliance.

Mrs. Lake then proceeded to deliver a spiritualistic sermon, premising by saying that Helen Stuart Richings, Norwich, Ct., the author of the telegram read, was a total stranger to her, and she, therefore, took this telegram as one of the phenomena of Spiritualism. She had often read of Mrs. Richings, and about three weeks ago conceived the idea of writing her a letter. Three successive times she produced that letter in her mind, but she never wrote it. She was positive, however, that Mrs. Richings received it; otherwise, why would she have sent a telegram of congratulations on such an occasion, to a person whom she had never met?

On receipt of the silver star, the gift of the Temple Society, and the beautiful floral piece from the Cleveland Alliance, Mrs. Lake responded with much feeling, saying she was fully aware of the responsibility which she assumed in accepting the position to which she had unexpectedly been called; but she would hope for generous co-operation and consideration from her congregation, and with these and the aid of the invisible friends, she hoped to perform a work serviceable to all. She promised faithfully to adhere to the light as revealed to her.

The audience then rose and united in singing, led by the Russell family, after which Mrs. Lake delivered an address upon "The Mission of Modern Spiritualism." She said, in part: "We are gathered in the name of a new evangel to humanity, a new gospel of good. We represent, in part, the great flood of spiritual power which is being poured upon the planet earth at the present time. We are seekers after truth, the discerners of 'signs,' which are signal lights of the soul's immortality. We should be wanting in humility were we to declare that we know what the soul is. We do not know, but we apprehend that it is the eternal principle which survives changes in worlds and trials in time."

"In differing form-dresses it does its work of evolution and involution, according to the order of nature, the great chemist and alchemist, which transmits the soil and sunshine into the vivid coloring of these flowers, and food and drink and atmosphere into the heart-beats of human affection, and the expansion and expression of human thought."

"To catch these waves of individual essence is the exercise of mediumship, and mediumship is the marvel of the century. It is the phenomena which reveal the infinite possibilities of man, the effort inaugurated by spirits to render intelligible the problem of human existence."

"Standing by the abyss of the grave, it says: 'Gaze not downward, but within. Follow the passage of this soul through the new birth to the realm of real being!'"

"And this cry, voiced in all language, has quivered through literature, art, religion, government, and gradually a great change has overspread the features of our common world. We are learning more and more to think in rational terms of eternity, to dwell in the atmosphere of accelerated vibrations, and to feel the quickening power of a new life. Was it a mere coincidence which unfolded mediumship and arrested human attention at Hydeville? Nay, nature herself had formed a conspiracy conducive to this end; she had constructed a hemisphere, and had peopled it with souls who sensed liberty in the winds and waters, and the waving of the trees. This atmosphere of psychic influence had beckoned the wanderers from the old world, and they, too, had flung off a new element, which was utilized by the hosts upon the unseen side. It was no mere chance which gave the birth-place of modern Spiritualism to the United States."

"And now, having sung songs by its cradle, and watched its growth and spread these many years, we are to continue to achieve and to unfold its possibilities. As students, touching hands with the myriads of immortal investigators, we are to go on gradually systematizing the knowledge so generously bestowed until, in unity of effort with all well-doers and well-thinkers, we are to change the aspect of the world, and to raise the race, by individual effort, to the plane typified by the beautiful banner above us inscribed with 'Fraternal Love and Spiritual Harmony.'"

The address was listened to with deep interest by the large audience present, and enthusiastically applauded at its close.

Then Thomas A. Black, the chairman, thanked the congregation for contribution and attendance, and the installation of a new pastor, and the inauguration of a new spiritual work in the city of Cleveland was completed.

REPORTER.

Pastor rarely leaves his laboratory, taking little rest or relaxation of any kind.



GRAND TEMPLE ORDER OF THE MAGI.

1910 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Again we have been obliged to omit one month's report for want of time to write it out. We are working to our utmost capacity, but it would seem to be an impossibility to keep up with our work.

We passed two weeks in Minneapolis initiating and raising members in the diamond quarter, and we found the same kind-hearted and enthusiastic Mystics in that beautiful city as those in Chicago. While the time consumed in this work could be scarcely spared, we cannot but feel that our time was well occupied in thus affording such an opportunity to so many to join our ranks.

We are rushing the work upon the Mystic Test Book as rapidly as possible, but we find it is slow work getting into type.

Printers and publishers are all overrun with business this spring on account of the World's Fair work, so that a book job is constantly delayed by giving place to time jobs.

Our numerous subscribers may rest assured that we are doing our level best to get the book out this spring.

We are putting much more expense into the work than we originally intended, on account of the generous support we have received.

THE WORLD'S FAIR BULLETIN.

This bulletin is not published yet, and matters are in such chaotic state regarding means of reaching the Fair from this part of the city, that we consider it nearly useless to issue a special bulletin.

The fare by railroad direct from the temple to Jackson Park is 40 cents for round trip. By street cars it is but 20 cents. We expect lower rates by railroad.

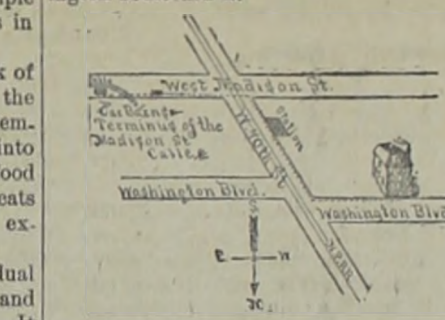
One thing can be safely said, however, and that is that rates for room and board are, and will be, during all the time of the exposition, much lower over here on the West-side than in any other part of the city.

Many of our members have rooms for rent at very reasonable rates—no higher than before the Fair opened. Some of these places are quite handy to the temple, and we would advise all visiting members to call here before permanently engaging rooms.

Beware of bogus room and boarding agencies, as many have been swindled already by such schemes.

HOW TO REACH THE TEMPLE.

Many people are bothered to find the way to the Grand Temple, although it would seem to be extremely easy and simple to reach it. They usually inquire of some conductor or grippman who does not even know where Washington boulevard is.



MAP OF LOCATION TO THE TEMPLE.

The temple is located on the south side of Washington boulevard, being, at present, the nearest building to West Fortieth street on that side. We have prepared a map showing the region around and about the temple.

Take the Madison street cable cars, and ride to the end of the line. Walk one block west, one north, and half a block west to the temple.

Pay no attention to house numbers on same street; they are mostly false numbers, and only mislead you. Our number is correct—1910. Keep this paper, and bring it with you for reference.

DATES OF CONVOCATIONS.

First Degree.—First and third Sundays in each month, at 3 P. M.

Second Degree.—Second and fourth Sundays in each month, at 3 P. M.

Other degrees by appointment.

O. H. RICHMOND,

G. M. of Temple.

Weber wrote the best in a beer-garden with plenty of liquid refreshment.

Addison wrote best under the inspiration of the bottle. He was a careful writer and revised with much particularity everything intended for the press.

Goethe was never tired of revising his writings. The last three years of his life were spent in putting the final touches to a complete edition of his works.

Victor Hugo worked during regular hours, never allowing himself to be disturbed while at his desk. He took no artificial stimulants, and rarely worked overtime.

"God in the Constitution." By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Colonel Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 2 cents.

Have You Catarh?

Do you suffer from this eye trouble? Consultation? Send for our Eye Book. A booklet of 20 pages, explaining the cause, cure, and prevention of this eye trouble. Send for it now. It is free.

Dr. J. C. HARRIS, Chicago, Ill.

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THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER
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THE GREAT CONFLICT.

Some Cogent Facts.
It has often been wondered how and why it was that in the time known as the medieval ages the Arabians accomplished so much in scientific discovery and made so great progress in comparison with Christian investigators. That they did is indisputable. The reason why, as has been told by Andrew D. White, LL. D., L. H. D., in the *Popular Science Monthly*, was in the fact that while the Arabians were comparatively free from the influence of misleading theological fancies, the Christian world was under the sway of mysticism and the modes of thought, while wild and ridiculous theological notions prevailed and muddled and led the minds of even the best and noblest of thinkers and investigators into the mists and quagmires of the misanthropic swamp of theological ignorance. Science—that is, the investigation in the field of science, was dominated by theology; theology, that is, man's ignorance and puerile notions in theology, was enthroned on high, and science that did not harmonize with the *ex cathedra* notions of the church was no true science, but was of the devil.

This period was preceded and prepared for by the earlier efforts of Eusebius and others, in encouraging scientific investigation, and such men as St. Thomas Aquinas, who turned the current of medieval thought from science to theology; and finally, the popes and heads of the great religious orders endeavored to crush out as dangerous all scientific research.

Most injurious of all to the evolution of science, Dr. White thinks, was the influence of mystic theology, penetrating, permeating, sterilizing, nearly every branch of science for hundreds of years. The influence of this was seen in the mixture of physical science with a pseudo-science obtained from texts of Scripture. In this process the books of the Bible were used as a fetish; a hidden and divine meaning being attributed to every word and every letter. By combining various Scriptural letters in various abstruse ways, new words, of prodigious significance in magic, were obtained, and among them the great word embracing the seventy-two mystical names of God—the mighty "Schem-hamphoras." What more natural than that man should cease to seek knowledge by observation and experiment in the domain of nature, when the book of revelation opened such treasures to the ingenious believer?

The theological tendency to magic resulted in a middle of science and theology, which seems blasphemous or idiotic, according to the point from which we view it, but which sterilized the field of physical investigation for ages. As everything in inorganic nature was supposed to have spiritual significance, the doctrines of trinity and incarnation were turned into an argument in behalf of the philosopher's stone; arguments for the scheme of redemption and for transubstantiation suggested others of similar construction to prove the transmutation of metals; the doctrine of the resurrection of the human body was by similar mystic jugglery connected with the processes of distillation and sublimation. The greatest theologians aided in developing the fetishism in which much of this pseudo-science was founded; and even after the Middle Ages were past, strong men were held in the chains of this vicious reasoning, and drawn far out of the paths that led to fruitful truths.

To show the pernicious influence of this incongruous mixture of theology and science: a work on chemistry directed the student, while mixing his chemicals, to repeat the psalm *Et exurge Domine*, and that on certain chemical vessels must be placed the last words of Jesus on the cross. Vincent de Beauvais insists that as the Bible declares that Noah, when five hundred years old, had children born to him, he must have possessed alchemical means of preserving life; and much later, Dickinson insists that the patriarchs generally must have owed their long lives to such means. It was loudly declared that the reality of the philosopher's stone was proved by the words of St. John in the Revelation. "To the victor will I give a white stone." The resemblance of seeking to develop gold out of the baser metals was for many generations based upon the doctrine of the resurrection of the physical body, which, though explicitly denied by St. Paul, had become embodied in the creed of the church. Martin Luther was especially drawn to believe in the alchemical doctrine of transubstantiation by this analogy. The Bible was everywhere used, both among Protestants and Catholics, in support of their mystic adulterations of science, and one writer, as late as 1751, based his alchemical arguments on more than a hundred passages of Scripture.

The Catholic philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, the Protestant mysticism of Jacob Boehme, and the alchemical reveries of Basil Valentine, were all cast into this seething mass of scientific and religious thought. As examples of the sort of reasoning enforced by theology, and of the strong hold this system had upon great minds, even after the power of medieval theology seemed broken, may be mentioned Melancthon and Francis Bacon. Melancthon was a great scholar, with broad sympathies and freedom from bigotry. In the course of a series of lectures on physics, at the University of Wittenburg, he dwells upon Scriptural texts as affording scientific proofs, accepts the interference of the

devil in physical phenomena as in other directions, and applies the medieval theological method throughout his whole book.

Francis Bacon, a century later than Melancthon, in his "Novum Organum," showed that he was fully alive to the danger, both to religion and science, arising from their mixture. He declared that the "corruption of philosophy from superstition and theology introduced the greatest amount of evil both into whole systems of philosophy and into their parts." Other expressions of the same terror abound in his writings; and yet, strange as it may seem, the strong arm of Aquinas arches over the intervening ages, and Bacon, yielding thereto, says that the book of Job is full of natural philosophy, and he endeavors to show that in it the "roundness of the earth," the "being of the stars, even at equal distances," the "depression of the southern pole," the "matter of generation," and "matter of minerals," are "with great elegance noted." But, curiously enough, he uses to support some of these truths the very texts which the fathers of the church used to destroy them, and those for which he finds scripture warrant most clearly are such as science has since disproved. So, too, he says that Solomon was enabled in his Proverbs, "by donation of God, to compile a natural history of all verdure."

To show the animus of the church toward science and men of science in the latter half of the sixteenth century, John Baptist Porta—who began researches that gave to the world the camera obscura, and possibly the telescope, and who made some solid advances in chemistry—was summoned to Rome by Pope Paul III., and forbidden to continue his investigations; and the society he had formed in the interest of science was broken up.

In 1624 some young chemists of Paris having taught the experimental method the faculty of theology beset the parliament of Paris, and the parliament prohibited this new chemical teaching, under penalty of death.

So all along down the course of the history of science and so-called Christian civilization, science has had to breast the antagonism of the religious authorities. Step by step, point by point, science has gained its way; now hiding in private laboratories and apothecary shops, to avoid the persecutions of religious zealots, Christian dignitaries, bigots, and occasionally, for a space, taking a few short breaths of the healthful air of freedom. But the church was ever ready to recent danger, to raise the cry of heresy, and beat down the investigator with a bludgeon of scripture texts, handled by an ignorant religionist.

Not to Romanists alone belong the sad eminence of religious persecution of science; Protestants bore their share of the shame and disgrace. And not in the earlier period of the Middle Ages only was this persecuting manifest; it continues to crop out even to this day. Witness: Professors and instructors in Protestant colleges in the United States have been dismissed because of Darwinian views, and because of "unsafe" views regarding "apostolic succession," the "incarnation," "baptism," "perseverance of the saints," etc., etc. The orthodox thought seems to be: One cannot teach sound science unless he be "sound in the faith," also.

The result of this proscription of science by religion has been, as might have been expected, to make earnest, honest investigators and students enemies to the church, and to Christianity as exemplified by the church. Thus came forth a Voltaire, a Rensselaer, a Saint-Beuve, and many others, in France and many other countries. While science has been hindered and its progress impeded, religion has been wounded in the house of its friends, and the church, Catholic and Protestant, has received deep and lasting injury, as was meet.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY GERALD MARSH.

Dear God, how good to let me see
The face of "Love in Heaven" once more!
The face that waits to welcome me
On that torch-lighted shore,
When life is growing dark enough
To kindle beson-fires of love!

A new life quivers through me, quick
With longing never felt before;
But the old mortal life grows sick
And ailing to the core,
As if I were sloughing off the earth,
In pain that gave the new life birth.

Ah me! the momentary gain
Was followed by aching loss;
Bewildered Memory strives in vain
To know the vision was—
That left no likeness; and that I
Knew sought on earth to know it by!

Last night I dreamed its perfect Star,
For one immortal moment seen;
To-day the vision fades away
As it had never been!
And yet the glory came to bless
With added sense of preciousness.

She would have had me share her calm,
But thrilled me with divine desire;
She would have brought me cooling balm,
But stung my soul with fire!
And O, her sweetness almost slew me,
As it pierced me through and through!

Eager as lightning was her glance;
And set by light of day I find
My spirit must have fallen in trance,
With that great splendor blind;
Her vanished face I shall not see
Until she comes to wake me!

O! lightning soul, we must be still,
Nor let our breath the mirror dim,
Least she descend once more to fill
My being to the brim;
When 'tis again divinely given
To see the face of "Love in Heaven."

—The Arm.

CHURCH PROPERTY.

Should It be Taxed?

The question of the taxation of church property involves the consideration of that of the union of Church and State, each of which does a desire for such union. It is difficult to reconcile such denial with the fact that union of Church and State does tacitly exist and has virtually existed since the foundation of this government. It exists by silent consent upon the part of the government; its existence is implied if not expressed; it exists by reason of no governmental objection being interposed; it exists and a part of our natural rights as a government is surrendered because of its existence. As long as the government exempts from taxation church property, such property is placed upon a level with and united to that of the government.

President Madison said: "Religion is not in the purview of human government. Religion is essentially distinct from government and exempt from its cognizance. A connection between them is injurious to both."

James A. Garfield, himself an occasional preacher, while President of these United States uttered the following: "The divorce between Church and State ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any state, or in the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."

J. P. Thompson said: "Perfect religious liberty requires not only that every man shall be free to exercise his own faith (provided this does not disturb the peace nor injure the morals of society), but also that no one shall be taxed in any form to support the religion of another."

Benjamin Franklin said: "When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself, and when it cannot support itself and God does not take care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one."

George Washington said: "The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."

Locky said: "The secularization of politics is the measure and the condition of all political prosperity."

Ingersoll said: "The liberty of man is not safe in the hands of any church."

And so I might continue *ad infinitum* quoting the utterances of men whose thoughts upon this important subject should command the attention of all fair-minded, intelligent men.

But the profound (?) objection of those opposed to the taxation of church property is that "being purchased by voluntary contributions, made chiefly by the members of the church, supported by the same, and put at the service of the whole community, church property should therefore be exempt from taxation."

But supposing that that "service" is not accepted by the whole community, but is, on the contrary, rejected? Is it the part of wisdom or justice to compel the "whole community" to accept that service, or not accepting, to support it by taxation?

As remarked by the Hon. A. P. Edger-ton, quoted in my former article, "To the extent that we exempt such property from taxation, we are compelled to support, by the taxation of other property, a church established whose ecclesiastical authority we deny, and whose spiritual guidance we reject."

I have before me as I write, the names or titles of no less than one hundred and eighty-six different denominations, sects or creeds. Suppose now, that each and every one of those should seek establishment in any town or city; each selecting a site and erecting a church, "purchased by voluntary contributions made chiefly by the members of the church, supported by the same, and put at the service of the whole community." Does any reasonable man affirm that the property of all, any or either of these one hundred and eighty-six denominations should be exempt from taxation by the State? The idea is absurd. Perish the thought.

The architectural grandeur and beauty of the edifices—the ornamental effect they impart to a city, is entirely foreign to the question.

To what extent Christianity is entitled to the credit of our present civilization, is a question into which I do not care to enter at present. I may venture the statement, however, that education, art, science, literature and general evolution have constituted no inferior factors in establishing its present status.

If to Christianity alone is due the credit for the erection of poor-houses, insane asylums and homes for feeble-minded children, it has not been correspondingly successful in its efforts to prevent the causes which have rendered those institutions an urgent, growing public necessity.

In 1885 there was collated and published the figures showing the religious belief of criminals confined in sixty-six American prisons. These included the prisons of Iowa, Michigan, Tennessee, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Indiana and Illinois. In these sixty-six different prisons there were, for the years given, 44,034 men and boys, women and girls. The different religions and sects of religion are represented as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|--------|
| Catholics | 16,431 |
| Church of England | 9,975 |

| | |
|--|-------|
| Protestants (not including Unitarians) | 6,850 |
| Methodists | 3,703 |
| Presbyterian | 2,800 |
| Baptist | 1,000 |
| Jews | 92 |
| Lutherans | 24 |
| Christians | 9 |
| Unitarians | 4 |
| Evangelical | 2 |
| Swedish Church | 1 |
| Dunkard | 1 |
| Quaker | 1 |
| Congregationalist | 11 |
| German Lutheran | 7 |
| German Evangelical | 1 |
| German Jews | 1 |
| United Brethren | 3 |
| Advent | 2 |
| Dutch Reform | 2 |
| Mormons | 3 |
| Episcopal | 120 |
| Jose (China) | 1 |
| Jadid | 3 |
| Campbellite | 3 |

The remaining 2,000 were described by the original compilers of the statistics as regular or irregular attendants at Sunday school and church.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, in an editorial in that paper, says: "In Sing Sing there are fifteen hundred and fifty men. Of all these fifteen hundred and fifty men, fifty-five per cent are nominally Roman Catholics, and forty-five per cent are nominally Protestants. Of the whole number, ninety per cent went to Sunday school when boys."

In 1873 Sir John Trelawney, a member of parliament, moved that an examination of all the prisons of England and Wales be made with a view of ascertaining the religious belief of those confined in them. Here is the result:

| | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| Roman Catholic | 38,581 |
| Church of England | 95,097 |
| Protestant Dissenters | 10,707 |
| Total Christian adherents | 145,385 |
| Non-religionists | 379 |

Whether a belief in the "believe or be damned" doctrine, or that of "justification by faith" alone, is responsible for this rather respectable representation (so far as numbers are concerned) of our various churches in various prisons, I shall not assume the province of determining. I cannot help thinking, however, that the church should be a little more modest than to claim all the credit for our modern civilization.

Within the past two years I heard a Methodist minister from his pulpit say that "Christianity abolished slavery." While he was uttering that statement he could not possibly have been ignorant of the fact that his own church, north and south, yet remains divided upon the question of slavery, and that not fifty years ago no advocate of its abolition was allowed to air his views from a northern as well as a southern pulpit. Christianity then regarded slavery as a "divine institution" sanctioned by the inspired (?) word of God.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

A Solemn Warning.

News comes from Springfield that Mr. Meyer, the legislator who introduced the famous—or rather infamous—Meyer bill against Spiritualism, is dangerously sick with a carbuncle at the base of the brain, and is not expected to live.

Following the line of logic in vogue among orthodox divines in their interpretation of similar events, we are justified in declaring that it is a "judgment of God" for his impious deed, which "brought down the wrath of God" upon him as a just punishment for his sin, and is a warning to other wicked legislators who might ever, in all time to come, feel disposed to follow his wicked example.

LATER—Mr. Meyer is dead. Speaking after the most solemn manner of the orthodox ministers: Let the persecutors of mediums and the enemies of Spiritualism take warning from this evident "visitation of the wrath of God in judgment against the wicked."

Departure of a Noted Medium.

Passed to the higher life from New York City, Tuesday afternoon, April 25, 1930, Mrs. James Redpath, formerly known by Spiritualists and many friends in this city and Washington, D. C., as Mrs. Carrie V. Chorpel, trance and inspirational medium. The funeral services were conducted at her late residence, 130 West 22d Street, New York City, by the Rev. Robert Collier, of New York City, and Mrs. Mary E. Gridley, of Brooklyn, N. Y. After Mr. Collier had read the Unitarian burial service and a fine poem, spiritualistic in tone, Mrs. Gridley spoke with fervid inspiration on the realities and beauties of Spirit-life, lifting the souls of her listeners above the scene of death before them to where they could catch glimpses of the sunrise of life, that kisses with its radiance the white shores of eternity. Tears of sorrow ceased to fall, for the "Comforter" was there, and the beloved ones clasped with the strong hand of knowledge the anchor which the eyes of faith were too dim to see, fervently echoing the poet's prayer:

"Fold her, oh! Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

New York. C. H. SUTER.

I love a fool—as naturally as I if I were of kith and kin to him. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And, take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a drachm of folly in his mixture has pounds of much worse matter in his composition. Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction: it is you, and not I, that are the April fool.—Charles Lamb.

Hugo.

WHAT IS COMING?

Important Question.

With Reflections Thereon.

"Man has always been a worshiper," we are told by the professors of form, but in no age has man been agreed as to what should be worshipped, says the *Kansas City, Mo. Journal*. The race has been and yet seen various forms of worship. Of nature, of the generative principle in nature, of the sun, of the stars, of the gods, and of the supreme God. But in all these the methods of worship, the ideals consecrated and the objects sought, have been in one sense agreed to the degree of ignorance in the worshiper, and in the other sense according to the measure of knowledge. Mixed up, more or less, with all these forms of degrees of worship was that of ancestry, or of the dead, who were and are held to be alive in another state of existence, but who can and do reach back to our consciousness and knowledge.

This was evidently the universal belief of mankind in all ages of tradition and record until within the period of our own civilization. The Bible, the Koran, the Vedas, the Zendavesta, the old papyrus rolls of Egypt, were all written upon this assumed premise, without thought of objection. The founders of the Christian religion, or the early Christians, were advanced believers, or taught in the light of a new and higher revelation from the life after this. And now we have had about 2,000 years of this cycle of thought—from the date of our era is arbitrary.

History tells us that all changes in civilization are preceded by mental agitations which assume first an ethical or religious form, and then are followed by political and social upheavals and wars. The Jewish religion was so born and developed. So of the Brahmin faith, of the Christian, the Mohammedan and all others—more or less. About the one peacefully-established faith among men was that of Gautama, the great Buddha of more than 2,000 years ago. In fact, it is not yet a settled question that our own religion is not a modified form of that great reformation. General Butler tells us in his book that every generation has its war, and that those born since our great war will see one in their own time.

However this may be, one thing is apparent to all thinking observers, and that is, that we are in one of those periods of human development or social evolution when the old forms of thought are breaking up and new ideas are coming into the control of the mentality of the race, more or less active all over the globe. And this quickening of the mentality of man is expressed just in degree that the mental capacity may allow. Nature works that way. Organization is the measure of expression. All vegetation is primarily from the one condition, but the nutritious and the poisonous grow side by side. Cut them off and examine them by the aid of science, and their nature will be found defined by organic structure. So of the mind—it looks at a thing through its own medium of comprehension. Nobody but a profoundly ignorant man ever invokes violence to enforce an opinion of his own, neither did a people or an organization of people. All the religious wars of the world, all persecutions, proscriptions, and crusades for matters of faith, so-called, were the direct outgrowths of ignorance—the mother of evil.

This age may be, or it may not be, an exception to General Butler's rule, but it is the only age in which a change in the rule has been possible. In the past history of the race, ignorance was the normal condition of the masses—for learning was the gift of the gods to the few. In this age general intelligence, or the means for it, exists for the first time in any considerable area of the globe. There are possibly 200,000,000 of the human race to-day to which reading as a mass is possible. What effect this fact is to have upon the manner in which the impending change in the place of the world's thought is to come is the one problem that attaches to this age in a degree different from those that have preceded, on whose history Butler's rule is based.

In one sense the present change differs from others that have preceded it in this—it is not as a new system by a new prophet, or new leader, or a new propaganda—an external power operating for conquest or conversion—but it is from the masses, and from within outward. It is what Jesus spoke about when he referred to the "leaven" and the "mustard seed"—a growth instead of a compression. And one of the curious facts connected with it is a return to the ancient ideals underlying all religions—the lessons of nature and the life from nature. But it is not a "worship" that is growing up under this new impulse, in the sense of any former worship, and those who seek to restore any of them from the seeming revival will only mistake the lesson that is brought to us.

No two epochs of the race have been or can be alike in their mental development, any more than can be two geological periods of the planet, or the organic forms of life synchronous with each. The forms of thought, the vast treasures of ancient knowledge, are invaluable to us as lights, as helps, as capital for our use, but they cannot enter into our living, our ethical, social or religious expressions, because the mentality of this age is different from any that have preceded it. Speaking within physical data, the brain of this age averages greater capacity in ounces or in cubic measurement than that of any former age of the race. This is seen in what we call its practical direction and characteristics. For the first time in human development we are using planetary forces in our economic processes. We are modifying the conditions of the planet and its life forms—a creative function. And in social life we are lifting up the individual instead of making the individual lift up a class. Knowledge was once a "gift of God" to a few select, outboard favorites; now it is the heritage of the poorest as well as the most favored. It is common to have the thought of a Newton or a Darwin following the plow, and ignorance often disguises, though clad in purple and made vulgar by jewels tilly worn. How is the old to be fitted to this new creation in mentality?

Perhaps Butler's war may come in some portions of the planet, not from the initiative of the new thought, but from the efforts of the old to suppress it. But in our own land, at least, this result is almost impossible, because we have no fast-anchored old conditions to get rid of. Our wars in that respect were fought in the establishment of a new form of our free civil fabric, preservation of our free civil fabric, which expressly eliminates religious in preference to the affairs of society. On religious conflicts are to be mental ones and they are to be largely one-sided—that is, dogma against free thought. But this free thought is not organized, is not seeking to establish a sect, school, or any other organic form of authority, and the "battle," as the old form expresses it, is like a drunken man beating the air. He wants to hit some thing that disturbs him, but as the old stage is in himself, he beats the air. It will be in the future as to the old against the new.

That the reaction is from within, the manifested activity shows in everything. Heresy trials are from within. Nobles fighting any creed in the aggressive sense save those who have in the past subscribed to it and been subject to it. It is only an effort of the mind to be free. Creeds in some cases may be a lagging other, but this is only letting in more light from the stimulus of inquiry. After a man has fought another creed in favor of his own for half a lifetime he suddenly awakes to the fact that neither of them answer the demands of the newer age—that like ancient armor, they are curious rather than for utility. Once that idea is lodged in the mind, it is done with the past forever. In the ranks of human progress there are no backsliders.

But what is the tendency of this age? In one sense, it is a return to the most ancient conceptions of nature and worship. Two thousand years of wars, differences and discussions over scholastic definitions have demonstrated to this practical, large-brained age that we are not on the right lines of thinking. The laws of the planet, or planetary conditions, govern everything we know or do except our ethical thinking. And the we have from this fact been led to review this part of ourselves, until the discovery has been made that our so-called systems in this department of living are perversions. We find that wars for power, of whatever name or kind, have been for selfish aggrandizement of the mind at the sacrifice of the mass. No matter what one in what direction, this is the object and outcome of authority in all human history. What is the remedy?

Simply the setting aside of this authority by the few, and the restoration of freedom to the individual through the protection of the many—the all. And this comes in one way by the revival of the knowledge that underlies all the religions and worship of primitive and early man—that we are as children of the planet as much as the trees, and that the nurture and gifts of the common mother are the common heritage of every one. And this is knowledge.

Now, civilization is but the acquisition of this knowledge and its utilization. Morals is the result of this knowledge and obedience to its lessons in living. Religion is the appreciation of this fact and making it the inspiration of our actions as members of the great human family. And worship is the aspiration of each individual to the highest conceptions these conditions bring to his own nature and reason. As long as the human mind, or soul, or spirit, as you may choose to term it, is confined to physical body, on a material plane, limited by its curbing conditions, these are all he can know, this is all he can do.

The only teacher under such conditions is example. The grades of human mentality are as varied as individuality, and if a man of the highest capacity uses it to make war or kill men for a difference of opinion he is a devil. If he uses these pre-eminent powers for good to his fellows, he is a godlike. And within these lines lies the work of humanity, of every one. To assume coercive power over the freedom of mind is sin—to help the darkened mind to the light is salvation. But to assume to speak in either direction for the Creator is blasphemy.

It may seem to be a sweeping declaration, but the facts, day by day and year by year being elicited demonstrate the one paramount, incontrovertible fact that while all the blessings, as we call them, of our civilization come from the improved mentality and enlarged intelligence of the race, it is equally true that the crime, poverty, destitution and demoralization so widespread and threatening come from the false teaching, coercive methods, and selfishness of the same civilization. When mankind gets to know that both in this life and the next each individual is the arbiter of his own conduct, and that no other power in either life can affect this fact, the law of the real gospel of redemption has come. For when man realizes definitely that he must and only can rely on himself, the question of the new age will be speedily settled. And that is what is coming.

COL. R. T. VAN HORN.

is almost impossible, because we have no fast-anchored old conditions to get rid of. Our wars in that respect were fought in the establishment of a new form of our free civil fabric, preservation of our free civil fabric, which expressly eliminates religious in preference to the affairs of society. On religious conflicts are to be mental ones and they are to be largely one-sided—that is, dogma against free thought. But this free thought is not organized, is not seeking to establish a sect, school, or any other organic form of authority, and the "battle," as the old form expresses it, is like a drunken man beating the air. He wants to hit some thing that disturbs him, but as the old stage is in himself, he beats the air. It will be in the future as to the old against the new.

That the reaction is from within, the manifested activity shows in everything. Heresy trials are from within. Nobles fighting any creed in the aggressive sense save those who have in the past subscribed to it and been subject to it. It is only an effort of the mind to be free. Creeds in some cases may be a lagging other, but this is only letting in more light from the stimulus of inquiry. After a man has fought another creed in favor of his own for half a lifetime he suddenly awakes to the fact that neither of them answer the demands of the newer age—that like ancient armor, they are curious rather than for utility. Once that idea is lodged in the mind, it is done with the past forever. In the ranks of human progress there are no backsliders.

But what is the tendency of this age? In one sense, it is a return to the most ancient conceptions of nature and worship. Two thousand years of wars, differences and discussions over scholastic definitions have demonstrated to this practical, large-brained age that we are not on the right lines of thinking. The laws of the planet, or planetary conditions, govern everything we know or do except our ethical thinking. And the we have from this fact been led to review this part of ourselves, until the discovery has been made that our so-called systems in this department of living are perversions. We find that wars for power, of whatever name or kind, have been for selfish aggrandizement of the mind at the sacrifice of the mass. No matter what one in what direction, this is the object and outcome of authority in all human history. What is the remedy?

Simply the setting aside of this authority by the few, and the restoration of freedom to the individual through the protection of the many—the all. And this comes in one way by the revival of the knowledge that underlies all the religions and worship of primitive and early man—that we are as children of the planet as much as the trees, and that the nurture and gifts of the common mother are the common heritage of every one. And this is knowledge.

Now, civilization is but the acquisition of this knowledge and its utilization. Morals is the result of this knowledge and obedience to its lessons in living. Religion is the appreciation of this fact and making it the inspiration of our actions as members of the great human family. And worship is the aspiration of each individual to the highest conceptions these conditions bring to his own nature and reason. As long as the human mind, or soul, or spirit, as you may choose to term it, is confined to physical body, on a material plane, limited by its curbing conditions, these are all he can know, this is all he can do.

The only teacher under such conditions is example. The grades of human mentality are as varied as individuality, and if a man of the highest capacity uses it to make war or kill men for a difference of opinion he is a devil. If he uses these pre-eminent powers for good to his fellows, he is a godlike. And within these lines lies the work of humanity, of every one. To assume coercive power over the freedom of mind is sin—to help the darkened mind to the light is salvation. But to assume to speak in either direction for the Creator is blasphemy.

It may seem to be a sweeping declaration, but the facts, day by day and year by year being elicited demonstrate the one paramount, incontrovertible fact that while all the blessings, as we call them, of our civilization come from the improved mentality and enlarged intelligence of the race, it is equally true that the crime, poverty, destitution and demoralization so widespread and threatening come from the false teaching, coercive methods, and selfishness of the same civilization. When mankind gets to know that both in this life and the next each individual is the arbiter of his own conduct, and that no other power in either life can affect this fact, the law of the real gospel of redemption has come. For when man realizes definitely that he must and only can rely on himself, the question of the new age will be speedily settled. And that is what is coming.

COL. R. T. VAN HORN.

Take Notice.

ATHENIUM HALL MEETINGS AND THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

On Sunday, May 26th, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., very interesting spiritual meetings were held at Athenium Hall, No. 26 Van Buren Street, near Wabash Avenue, this city. Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake spoke at 2:30 P. M. to a good audience, and interested many in her descriptions and personal tests.

In the evening service there was held the World's Congress of Spiritualists. The writer officiated with spiritual demonstrations. Mrs. F. D. Wolf spoke at each service, and gave many latest writing test communications to skeptics, on their own (privately marked) slates. In the evening, all of which was very convincing, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake also gave, in the evening, a score of remarkable tests, that carried proof positive of spirit return. Miss Carry officiated as pianist, and sang sweetly. Every person went away rejoicing on this special occasion.

Meeting will be continued at the above hall every Sunday evening. Come and bring your friends, and obtain harmonious spiritual food for the millions of earnest truthseekers. Mediums especially are invited to attend.

G. W. VAN HORN.

324 West Madison St., City.

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.—Eastern Proverb.

Be a philosopher; but amid all your philosophy, be still a man.—Hume.

Hast thou virtue? Acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue.—Franklin.

CLAIM IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

As there are thousands who will not read the *Progressive Thinker*, we would suggest to those who have to read it, that they should read it with a view to getting the most out of it. The *Progressive Thinker* is a magazine of ideas, and it is only by reading it with a view to getting the most out of it, that it can be of any use to you. The *Progressive Thinker* is a magazine of ideas, and it is only by reading it with a view to getting the most out of it, that it can be of any use to you.

FINISHED FROM OUR PAGE.

was selected on one occasion to testify before a committee and therefore of saying whether it was one or not. His coat collar was sewed through and through, in such a way that his coat was next treated in the same way, high under-clothing and eliciting from "Fritz" that we were in the state which was not in the state. They were placed on his feet were placed on his feet. A fellow being in an outrageous expected to get spirit manifest. It was notwithstanding all this, the vicinity of thirty months, most of them, and at the of our sewing, four and oatmeal and left it. Fritz will not work at best conditions.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

us, of Springfield, Mo., is one to possess this phase sufficiently to state the power under the conditions that can be imposed in the faith of the Christian. It was a hard road out of orthodoxy, yet it must be traveled then the idea came: if others powers, why not I? This was work, and at last, after sitting his, every day, frequently making exposures a day without results, and his efforts and a flimsy, fleecy peared upon the plate, but he did not show at all; next morning was made, with his wife when, to his great satisfaction, red holding in her arms the form had died in his infancy, and the of Spirit Photography was his. Mediumship is more convincing than this. If developed to a to make a strict test of it. use with Mr. Craven's medium- of investigators are always searchers after truth, no suits are, but when the great is the cry for its is what we will give: it takes his sitters in the him, allowing them to see the in the holder and developed, satisfactory to the sitter.

make a test of the genuineness we arranged a test that would penetrate the truth of it under a "false plates, positives, of sleight of hand" could not be faces on the plates any more the explanation used by one of "buying a bottle of faces at a supply house and squirting a squirt gun." Going to the gallery of Mr. E. T. Gilliam, of Springfield, Mo., who, by the way, is a clergyman of the Christian denomination and a photographer of forty years' experience, we asked him to furnish a dry plate for the purposes required. It would be worse than useless to say that he was a total unbeliever in it, and when the writer went into the dark room with him to develop the plate he made some very sarcastic remarks concerning it. These were the conditions: We went there empty-handed; the photographer furnished the plate from a box he was using in his own work; the medium held it in his hands a moment, just touching the edges, and then it was placed in the plate-holder. The writer took a seat in position for the exposure, the photographer focused his own camera, placed the holder in it and made the exposure when we went into the dark room and developed the plate. One face in addition to the sitter appeared on the plate. The photographer examined the plate, looked at the face and said: "There is more proof of immortality than has been offered by the orthodox church in 1800 years." In a private conversation afterwards he reiterated the statement, adding that he thought God was again demonstrating his power to humanity. Taking into consideration the fact that all the medium did was to magnetize the plate and lay his hand upon the camera while the exposure was being made, the plate being furnished and developed by a strange photographer, does it not look as though Christ was indeed here with "ten thousand of his saints" and had come "in the clouds of heaven?" A day or two later another attempt was made with another photographer, and a picture taken under equally as strong conditions, before an audience, on the public rostrum.

DR. J. M. TEMPLE.

Among those who will minister to the spiritual needs of the people as a test medium, none will be more cordially received than Dr. J. M. Temple, of San Francisco. Dr. Temple is not known to the people of the Northwest, but has given excellent satisfaction where engaged, and we bespeak for him a busy season on the grounds.

DR. J. M. TEMPLE.

Were it possible we would like to speak personally of all of those who have expressed an intention of being with us, but it is impossible; the space of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is too valuable to be taken up entirely with this account, but we will mention as test mediums Mrs. Jacobs of Minneapolis; Mrs. R. W. Barton; Mrs. Carrie Tryon; Mrs. S. M. Lowell; A. F. Ackley, medium for physical manifestations in the light; Mrs. M. Stowell, healer; also Mrs. F. A. Nelson, and others for all phases.

W. H. BACH, SECRETARY.

And now comes the poor secretary. Although it will do for him to eulogize others, he will leave himself to the judgment of the people.

Coming into mediumship about the time of leaving school, working to convert a materialistic surrounding to a spiritual one, the first few years seemed hard. Then when the controlling intelligence expressed a determination to enlist him in the public field, an opposition made it all the harder. At last spiritual

forces prevailed and he took the public rostrum as a speaker, test medium and developer of the psychic powers. In November, 1892, he was instructed to go to Chicago, where the intelligences instructed him to manufacture a cabinet for the development of mediumship. This was done and they have been the means of developing a number of mediums and most with ready sale. Possessed of strong mesmeric powers, which are used to assist the development of mediumship, and handled by a strong band of spirit intelligences, he has filled engagements in ten States of the Union and is equally engaged months in advance. With a temporary rest in peace, and allow the spirit to work as best they can through the imperfect organism. The editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER desires to interject a sentence here. W. H. Bach is one of the greatest young men living. We predict for him a brilliant future. He will pardon us for our liberty in adding to his manuscript.]

MERRIMAC ISLAND

is beautifully located in the Mississippi River—the "Great Father of Waters" according to Indian lore—eight miles from St. Paul, Minn. It is thirty-four acres in extent and rises from twelve to fifteen feet above the river. It is covered with a beautiful grove of maple, elm and cottonwood trees, some of them over one hundred feet in height, which provide abundant shade. On the west side is a stream from forty to sixty feet wide, which is bridged to the accomodate travel. On the east side is the broad expanse of the "Father of Waters," upon whose bosom ply passenger, freight and raft boats, and the ferry running from the Island to St. Paul Park. Both sides of the river are dotted with little groves, and several islands breaking the river in the immediate vicinity, combine to make one of the most beautiful spots in the Northwest. Accessibility is the great consideration in locating a campground, and when it is realized that we are within the limits of a fifteen-cent ride of 400,000 people, it is plain to see that the prospects for a successful career are indeed encouraging.

Water being a prime consideration, the management early considered the question, and it was solved by sinking a "drive well" down 37½ feet through two layers of blue clay, stopping in a layer of gravel, where an abundant supply of pure water, slightly tintured with mineral impurities, if any water could be. To those who wish to have an outing, we say: Go to Merrimac Island and see what a fine place they have for camp purposes. Black bass, pickerel, rock and shovelnose sturgeon, pike, cat and buffalo fish are caught from the banks of the Island, and boys who were on the grounds last season kept their tables supplied with fish. Though so near to the twin cities, it is as primitive as when the Indian trod its shores.

To those who wish to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, some of the best talent the country affords will be accessible, as it is the aim of the management to have only those of known reliability doing public work upon the grounds.

Tents will be furnished at a rate that will simply pay for handling them. Groceries will be for sale from a store located on the grounds, at city prices, while the association will run its own eating-house, where good table board will be furnished at \$3.50 to \$4 a week.

Good vocal and instrumental music will be on the grounds and will officiate at meetings and dances. The vocal music will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Zumbach, well and favorably known as leaders and teachers. A double quartette is now practicing and it is hoped to excel all previous efforts in this direction.

For any further particulars and programmes of the camp which opens Sunday, July 2d, and closes Sunday, July 23d, address any officer of the association, or

W. H. BACH, Secretary.
St. Paul, Minn.

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sometimes the changing of a single letter, or a single word, in a sentence will change the whole meaning of the text. I do not wish to be too critical, but the distortion of a sentence quoted from the Youngstown Vindicator in your paper of May 6th, fourth column, seventh page, reads: "Pleasant be the eternal rest of the eternal life," etc., when it should read: "Pleasant be the eternal rest or the eternal life of John M. Webb," etc.

John was a good printer; was very correct, indeed. I have no doubt he will thank me for this correction, because he is neither dead nor "at rest," but more lively than ever, because

"There is no death. The stars go down To shine again upon some fairer shore, And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine for evermore."

C. H. MATHEWS,
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

"Ingersoll's Address Before New York Unitarian Club." The first time in the history of the world that a Christian Association ever invited a noted infidel to lecture before them. The lecture is a grand one, and was received by the Club with continuous applause from beginning to end. The pamphlet contains 12 pages, beautifully printed. Price, 6 cents ten copies, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10. The demand for "The Priest, Woman and Confessional" in the German language has been such that the publishers feel warranted in getting out an edition in German. The book is well printed and illustrated, and sells for \$1 per copy. For sale at this office.

Tennyson wrote only by inspiration, and was very irregular in his hours of labor. His manuscripts are written in a small, distinct hand, with infrequent erasures.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Again after many sunsets and solemn twilight hours I am seated at my table ready to put my thoughts on paper. As I sit and think, an incident comes up before my mind and begs expression.

A few days ago a friend, who is an attorney-at-law, called upon me at my office for a short and pleasant visit. He is a member of an orthodox church, a man of ability, of good morals, and well respected.

Said he: "Judge, a friend handed me a Spiritualist paper called THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to read, and in glancing over its pages I saw that the States of Ohio and Illinois are about to pass laws making mediumship criminal, and classing clairvoyants with fakirs and other frauds, in one State requiring them to pay \$200 for a license, and in the other making the offense finable. What do you think of this? Will it not cause serious injury to Spiritualism? I am not acquainted with these persons personally, but from my knowledge of the criminal law, and its practical operations on humanity in general, I begin to lose all faith in Legislatures and their enactments. As I become older and more experienced I become more thoughtful, and try to hunt after reasons and conclusions as to the why and the wherefore of these strange and curious enactments. So knowing you to be a man of much thought and reflection, I have called upon you for an interchange of ideas. Should these bills now pending become laws, what effect (if any) will they have on Spiritualists or Spiritualism generally?"

The best in the world. Had Spiritualists the full control of the matter they could find nothing more beneficial. You remember the old maxim, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad," and there is no better way to strengthen or build up a principle than to persecute the people advocating it. History has repeated itself in that matter through each succeeding generation. Every reform of benefit to the world has had its fool persecutors.

My friend, you and I in contemplating our system of jurisprudence can realize some strange things, even in this enlightened and highly-cultured nineteenth century. I have often wondered why it is that we, as lawyers, must pursue a course of study in order to pass an examination before we can be admitted to practice law, when the veriest simpleton can be elected and sent to the Legislature to make laws!

I once examined a man as a witness under oath in court, and that man swore that he did not know what day of the month Christmas came on. That man was a member of the last Legislature of the State of Iowa. I knew another man elected to the Senate of Iowa who was so ignorant that he paid a man ten dollars out of his own pocket to draft a bill for him on some trifling matter. How would it do, then, to leave off the educating of men for lawyers, and, in turn, educate a few statesmen?

Suppose we criticize some of the laws now in force, as well as those you refer to as about to become laws. In the first place we will refer to the \$200 license to be paid by clairvoyants. The act to be performed is either right, in a moral sense, or it is wrong. If it is right, no good government would charge any subject \$200, or any sum of money, for the privilege of doing what is right and just. If the thing is wrong, the government permitting the wrong to be perpetrated for \$200, or any other sum of money, becomes *particeps criminis*, or a criminal partner in the transaction, and, were it a real person, would be equally liable.

The real principle is this: If the clairvoyant makes money out of fraud, the State will join hands with the same, and share the profits resulting from the business. After the payment to the State of the \$200, all the other profits resulting from the fraudulent conduct may go into the pocket of the clairvoyant, fakir or fortune-teller. The poor victim has no rights that the State, in such a case, is bound to respect. How does this state of affairs appear to the man of even ordinary sense? The State a partner, too, and filling its coffers with a revenue derived from frauds and swindlers, or, in other words, blood money obtained from poor victims by deception?

The only difference between a license and a fine is this: In both cases the thing to be done is admitted to be wrong, and by the payment to the State of a certain sum of money the State will condone the wrong, and ever after hold the perpetrator harmless, the license system being the cash system of paying in advance, and thus save costs; the other meaning "collect if you can," or the credit system. Many persons like this system the best, especially when they are tramps or irresponsible.

To illustrate this I will relate what I saw when a boy, and which little incident taught me a simple lesson. At that time I was living in Ohio—a State eminent for its legislation and its lawmakers.

At that time the statute made it a criminal offense to swear, the amount of the fine being determined by the number of oaths. All a person had to do was to irritate the one he was contending with, and get him to swear, then note the number of oaths uttered, file a complaint before a justice, and have him arrested, and a magistrate would render judgment for the fine and costs.

One day I saw a man brought up on a charge of this kind, and the justice fined him the proper sum and costs. This the man paid at once; then put his hand in his pocket and took out five dollars and laid it down on the table before the magistrate. He then stood up erect, facing the Court, and deliberately swore, or uttered oaths, to the amount of just the sum he had laid on the table, then told the justice to enter up his fine without costs, as he preferred to pay in advance, and thus save costs in the future, as he was perfectly responsible and not a vagabond.

I once knew a man that boasted that he did more for common schools than any other man in his township by way of fines, paid by him in assault and battery cases. He said the township he lived in (in Indiana) paid all its teachers out of the money he paid in on fines for his brutal assaults and drunken debauches.

If you will bear with me, I will call your attention to a matter under our own statute that certainly is more unjust than fortune-telling or finding lost property by so-called clairvoyants.

The penalty in Iowa for assault and battery is a "fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, imprisonment not exceeding thirty days." Now we will see how this law works when put in practical operation, how equal it works on all classes of citizens, and how grandly their rights are protected.

We will suppose a brutal, vindictive tramp, powerful and strong physically, becomes angry at some poor, weak person, and to gratify his malicious and vindictive passion, assaults and beats the poor victim of his anger and malice nearly to death. Then, under the law, he is arrested and fined one hundred dollars or less. As the fine cannot be collected, he is sent to jail for thirty days, and boarded at the expense of the honest tax-payers of the county, and when the thirty days have expired he is turned loose again to beat some one else.

Then the poor victim of his cruelty sues him for damages in a civil action, proves his damages, and takes a judgment for the same. The defendant is worthless, and not one cent can be collected of him; the costs are taxed up against the plaintiff in such cases, and a fee bill execution is issued against him, and he must pay them. So under the operation of this grand old statute the poor creature has been cruelly beaten, and because he tried to recover his damages in a court of justice has had to pay costs and fees, while receiving nothing in return. But the tramp, the real criminal, has paid nothing whatever, not even for his board and lodging.

On the 4th of July, all over the land, these words are ringing in our ears: "All men are created equal—have equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. When a government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the duty of the people to alter, amend or set aside such a government."

Why, friend, you and I both know that the principle of "equality" never enters the mind of a politician, stump orator or legislator. All over the land men bet thousands of dollars on elections, horse races, prize fights and other games, and the daily papers devote whole pages to advertising these crimes against the State, as well as against morality generally, and many of the public officers, as well as legislators, are engaged in the traffic. No fines are collected, and no license imposed. But oh! how they want the poor fakir, the fortune-teller and the medium, or mouthpiece for the angels, to suffer for the little, trifling, paltry dollar rake in for their services! The killing of one man makes a murderer; the killing of a thousand makes a hero!

People can exhibit the old coat of Jesus, or the robes of an old saint, and rake in the dollars for the exhibition, and it is all right; but when the medium (like Samuel in the good book) tells Saul where he can find his father's asses, he must be fined or pay two hundred dollars license.

The federal government takes twenty-five dollars from a person in the State of Iowa as a retail dealer in spirits, knowing that if a person derives any benefit from the payment of the same he must commit a crime against the State. Why not take one hundred dollars from the murderer or robber under the same circumstances?

"Judge, you have stated the matter correctly. I know from my own personal experience that the workings of the law-making power are seldom in the interest of justice, and the question of 'equality' is entirely ignored—the main thing sought after is spoils and how to punish small frauds, and at the same time uphold great ones.

"Spiritualists need not fear these infamous acts. They only tend to unite them in the common cause of self-protection. They have more to fear from their own jealousies and antagonisms than they have to fear at the hands of wicked, ignorant and degraded legislators—those blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

"I am glad I came in here for this pleasant chat with you, and I feel that it is good for us both to go down to the bottom or foundation of all laws, whether common or statute, and then note their practical operation."

Then he left me to my meditations.

M. P. ROSECRANS.

A fly has 16,000 eyes.

There are 240,000 varieties of insects.

Some butterflies lay over 100,000 eggs.

The first paper-makers were the wasps.

The average height of the elephant is 9 feet.

Tortoises have been known to live 300 years.

Geese in migrating often travel over 6,000 miles.

The Nile has a fall of only 6 inches in 1,000 miles.

The strongest fortress in the world is Gibraltar.

There are 2,754 languages and dialects spoken.

There are forty-eight varieties of the common fly.

A single tobacco plant will produce 360,000 seeds.

The largest cave is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The largest mammoth tusk yet discovered was 16 feet.

At the equator the average annual rainfall is 100 inches.

At the equator the limit of perpetual snow is 14,700 feet.

The speed of the falcon often exceeds 150 miles an hour.

THE PRIEST THE WOMAN

THE CONFESSIONAL.

BY FATHER CHINQUY.

This is a most valuable treatise. It comes from the pen of a priest, who has been a confessor for many years, and who has seen the inner workings of the confessional. It is a book that all should read. Price 10 cents.

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