



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

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MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Its Advent in 1848.

Its Mission to Regenerate the World.

IN THE CHAOS OF A NEW CIVILIZATION—THE STRANGERS OF ROME WHO PERPETRATE INIQUITY IN THE NAME OF GOD.

A Lecture Delivered BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT Before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York.

ESPECIALLY COMMUNICATED BY TITUS MERRITT.

INTRODUCTORY.

The remarks of the control on this occasion seemed to have been inspired by a hymn entitled "Waiting," sung with fine effect by the pianist, Mrs. M. E. Morrison, of 311 West Fifty-fifth street, New York.

The control said: Life is something beside waiting. Waiting hardly expresses the attitude of a healthy mind. Life for development, and development comes from action. Waiting is the attitude of the discouraged.

The unfortunate in life, expecting to "turn up" in a wheel of circumstances rather than upon the silent, operating forces of growth. This gospel of waiting is a Dead Sea gospel. It is the gospel of defeat. It is the vanquishment of courage.

It is a soul destitute of hope, the brow encircled with misery. It is the man bereft of all high prizes in life. Waiting presents a dolorous picture of a spiritual state. It belongs to Christianity more than to Spiritualism. It belongs to the last century in its decay. It does not belong to the religion of democracy—the religion of humanity. It belongs to the religion of a tyrant and a supreme despot. It belongs to hell and everlasting punishment. Everlasting punishment belongs to theocracy. Emancipated man—emancipated humanity—belongs to the religion of democracy. Carry that thought home with you; meditate upon it. Poetry lives on after its use. Elements of worship in their decay pass into the poetical; then, out of the poetical, into nonentity. The gods are real, then, poetical, then banished into forgetfulness. The new god has come. Humanity and we are in the morning of the chaos of a new civilization. Meditate upon it. Read wisely the signs of the times. Now we are in the confluence of two streams—the old and the new—old America and new America; the old theology and the new theology. This age is in the center of that mighty conflict. It is reason against authority. It is science against assumption. Fight it out. (Applause.)

THE ADVENT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The "Advent of Modern Spiritualism" was the subject of the choice of some members of the society, submitted to the control for consideration.

Control.—Come with me, ladies and gentlemen, to the epoch year of 1848. To get back there we must get from the memoirs cultivated and realized at that time the setting for the picture we propose to draw. 1848 stands out among the years of the ages. I call it epoch year because it is one of the hilltops of time from which the mind can take a survey of the progress and triumphs of civilization; one of those milestones on the highway of history at which the historian stops and looks forward and backward and meditates. For a moment we will lean on the milestone and survey the world around. Let us see how the world of man looked forty-five years ago. In 1848, in a political sense briefly, there sat on the throne of England a queen enjoying the affection and the homage of two hundred millions of people and ruling an empire on which the sun never sets. A great nation. And this great nation, with its vast population, is a constitutional monarchy. The people—the body of the people—are outside of what may be called the pale of the political franchise. The great body of the people are not consulted as to whether or shall not, make their laws. Constitutional democracy conserved in all the legal safeguards of an ancient empire—venerable institutions growing in the direction of more popular elements and qualities of thought; a surging mass of men outside clamoring to get inside the pale of the constitution. Statesmen are wondering: What will be the outcome of popular power? Can a great population govern itself better than the king-man? Shall an expert must be made in democracy safer, better—the rule of the people better than the rule of the socially-privileged court?

A supreme and a serious problem to a

great conflict into which you have entered.

Well, now, I have only been presenting to you a very imperfect picture of the setting of modern Spiritualism. Standing by the milestone on the top of the hill of time, looking around, endeavoring to find an intellectual location—a place on which to stand—some things we see coming, and some things we see going away.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY THEY DIE.

What are the things we see going away? We see puritanical dogmatism going away; creedal beliefs fading slowly away; the old doctrinal formula going; the theology of the character of Christianity slowly vanishing. The Christ of Paul being supplanted by the French Christ of Comte. The Christ of to-day is the dedication of the grand man of humanity. In 1848 the Christ of Paul was fading, the Savior of the world was dying; the vicarious atonement going; the last relic of divine authority, going! Punishment for sins, going! Eighteen hundred and forty-eight saw a higher people than the religion they inherited. They began to make a better one. The religion that came to man and said, "Believe on the dying God, Jesus Christ, our Lord, and you shall have everlasting life; believe not, and you are damned for ever!" shall be a thing of the past. The religion of the most barbaric religion the world has ever had. A thousand times worse than Mohammedanism! It is the religion of the barbarian intellect.

BARBAROUS RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

What right has God to punish? Why, when man asserted that absolute power had the right in its sovereignty to damn finite culpability, human reason had committed suicide! An infinite God can have no right to damn a finite creature. His right is lost when his attributes are infinite.

Man was arising to these conditions in 1848. He was rebelling; but law is still there. He was a man stealing, send him to prison; punish him. Barbarism! Why did he steal? The law never puts the question. He might have been hungry. Now, if a divine right exists anywhere, he has a right to steal when he cannot get along otherwise. Society has no right to deprive the humblest of its members of the right to live. Repression by punishment under such conditions is the worst form of barbarism.

Turn around, you legislators, and ask the question, "Why do men steal?" There are many answers to that question. First, the organization they have, probably was undeveloped. Society, what right hast thou to punish that man? What right hast thou to touch him anyway? Society answers: "Self-preservation." Then, if that be thy right, self-preservation is the right of that man. And that man's rights—talk about rights, if there are rights! That man's rights are as sacred and as precious as are the rights of society. His liberty is as precious as the liberty and the rights of all. Then, society, thou canst only go to this man and say, "Thy acts are inharmonious and unfavorable to the continuance of the organization we call society. Thou art one of us, but thou art a feeble brother in the social compact. Thy nature needs cultivation. A moral and intellectual school is what thy soul needs, and thy liberty shall be given for moral and intellectual culture. We will give thee this."

In 1848 the men of the lowest moral qualities were not found in prisons. Re-creative justice was on its way, and the sail was being tacked theologically. The idea of a future punishment for a life here, or of future reward for a life on earth, the principle of it was getting weak in 1848. It is weaker now!

THE POLY OF IT.

Why, what would you think of a law that would punish a man in France, for a crime committed there? The man comes to America, and the law of this country administers punishment for the same crime. And are men to be punished in the next life for that which they do here, probably through no fault of their own? Such ideas of justice are theological.

They were dying in 1848; and they are dying, they are dying, they are dying! The sovereignty of democracy will kill them all. What being in this universe has a right to punish me? Have, then, the same right to punish you. Our rights are equal. Among equals rights are equal.

Spiritualism is democratic. I do not use the word in its vulgar political sense, but in the wide, grand, philosophical sense in which the immortal Declaration of Independence has it: "All men are created equal, and endowed with inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." No God can take that right away!

So that, ladies and gentlemen, in coming to that mile-stone year, a new departure was being made. Monarchy, theocracy and infallible bible were dying! Holy men, holy books and holy functions were dying.

THE DEATH-KNELL.

Man was beginning to demand. What a thing it was that men should live in a community with holy functions. "Come to my little box in the church, talk to me through a little hole and tell me the secrets of thy heart, and I will forgive thee thy sins." Get out, thou villain! There is no man in heaven or on earth that has a right to demand my secrets—they are mine.

Modern Spiritualism came into the world to drive out the priest, to drive out the corrupted conditions of humanity, and its dominancy is in conflict with the spirit of democracy. This is a

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A SPICY ARRAIGNMENT

A Spiritualist Autocrat Utters His Fiat.

He Gives Forth No Uncertain Sound.

Whereas, fraud and deception abound notwithstanding all the laws heretofore enacted to protect the people from being swindled and deceived:

Therefore, be it hereby known by these presents that I do decree and enact as the law the following:

Be it further made known that each and all of the clauses herein contained shall immediately become law, and shall be unreservedly enforced from this day forward:

1. That no priest be allowed to exercise power to forgive sins, or absolution. The Romish church hereby prohibited from celebrating masses for the dead. That the doctrine of transubstantiation be deemed heretical, and the church of Rome shall show that the wafer has really become possessed of the elements of human flesh. And should the bone of some sainted person be said to perform miraculous cures, this claim shall be regarded as a means of defrauding an innocent public. Should any member of the Romish faith bequest his fortune, or any portion thereof to the Church of Rome, all possible effort shall be made, through misrepresentation or otherwise, to prove the insanity of such an one, and the Church shall be held guilty of using undue influence upon a weak and foolish individual, and shall be liable to civil or criminal proceedings. And in every case where money is received by the church for the performance of its rites, the act shall be considered a misdemeanor and punished with a fine of twenty-five dollars for each offense.

2. The Episcopalian clergyman who shall teach regeneration in baptism, the efficacy of confirmation, the apostolic succession and the like, shall be denounced as a deceiver and be banished from the society of rational men and women. Any Presbyterian minister who shall have the audacity to preach the Calvinistic doctrine of election and predestination, shall be made to show reason why he should not be held for trial, for daring to presume that he knows the will and purpose of the Almighty, and thereby obtaining money under false pretenses. The Baptist who shall suggest that his ceremony is part of the plan of salvation shall be compelled to break the ice every morning during the winter and take a soul-refreshing plunge. And the Methodist who continues to preach the gospel of eternal grief shall be confined in the hot room of a Turkish bath until he is so heated that he is willing henceforth to predict a cooler futurity for poor, erring humanity. It is further enacted that all priests and clerical gentlemen shall be obliged to obey literally the command of the Lord and Master, and go forth without purse or scrip. It shall be an offense calling for immediate dismissal, if the chaplain of the Legislature shall ask Almighty God to perform an UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY, viz., "to endow our legislators with wisdom from on high."

3. Any doctor who shall fail, with his superior knowledge, to correctly diagnose the disease of any patient shall be obliged to sit until he develops clairvoyance and gives ample demonstration to a competent committee that he possesses excellent second-sight and the gift of healing. It is also enacted that any expert who shall mistake the real brain of a murdered woman for a wax model, and a miserable caricature of the real brain, shall be sent back to some primary school and made to pass rudimentary examinations in physiology. And the adept who does not know how to distinguish between the effects of morphia poison and embalming fluid, shall be locked up in a laboratory until he learns how. Any body of physicians not possessing skill enough to protect their profession without seeking legislative aid shall be compelled to reverse the present mode of compensation and submit to the law of the medical profession which is stamped the various political intrigues for money-getting and favor-seeking in which he has taken part.

4. The street commissioner who shall receive an enormous sum of money annually for keeping the streets clean, and shall require cholera, fever, small-pox, and a whole army of health-desiring people to rise in indignation before he attends to his duty, shall be metamorphosed into a swine and made to revel in the dirt he failed to remove from the haunts of men. The bribed judge and packed jury shall be expressed to Chicago and exhibited as unworthy specimens of a civilized community, during the whole term of the World's Fair.

5. The baker and grocer who adul-

terate our food, the dairyman who chalk-water's our milk, the manufacturer who labels for dry goods merchants, "warranted so many yards," when it is understood that such manufactured produce is in reality several yards less—all these workers of iniquity shall find quarters where their bread shall be given them and their water shall be sure; while their clothing shall be the stripes of dishonor.

After these forms of punishment have been duly meted out, they one and all shall be confronted by the ghosts of their dupes. The priest shall behold the sinner whom he pretended to pardon, "working out his own salvation." The clergy of other denominations will see a long procession of men and women whom they had supposed saved, among those who walk in the darkness of ignorance, while among the number of those they regarded as lost, they shall see children of light. Doctors will see the patients whom they have treated and who are now in the hands of the law, and the law is now in the hands of the law.

When the fraud and deception now rampant in the church, in the state and the community at large are removed, it will be time enough for these champions of Zion to try and remove the fraud of Spiritualism from society. We need no special legislation. The laws under which all citizens live are enough for us and to spare. Spiritualists, rise as a body of intelligent men and women and demand your religious liberty and rights as citizens of a free country! Why should our beautiful philosophy, our psychic science, and our heaven-born religion be confounded with astrology and fortune-telling, and the communion with our loved ones? Why?

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Mrs. H. S. Lake and Her Grand Work.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Cleveland Spiritual Alliance is doing eminently successful work, with Mrs. H. S. Lake as pastor. Sunday, May 24th, at Army and Navy Hall, a large and appreciative audience convened, to listen to her inspirational address on "Joan of Arc, the Medium of Orleans."

The rostrum was beautifully decorated with flowers, back of which, in pink and white silk, stood the speaker, while above her—relative to an incident with which the lecture would deal—was suspended a white dove, with a spray of myrtle in its beak.

That the freethinking part of Cleveland warm towards the newly-installed lecturer, and admire her exquisite inspirational powers, could be seen in the expression of every face.

Laughter, tears, the clapping of hands, and silence, profound, expressed, in turns, the emotions she called forth.

Several clairvoyants in the audience could discern the spirit of Joan in close proximity to Mrs. Lake.

"This date," said the speaker, "May 24th, has been chosen for the occasion of this discourse because it is the Sunday which this year most nearly approaches the anniversary of the execution of the subject of our lecture—a woman born in the northern part of France, at a period of history so dark that it is difficult to believe that such a character could have been unfolded."

"The country was rent with internecine war when our heroine appeared."

"The time will come when no man will stand behind a bayonet, and no woman will urge him to the fight. But that time was not then."

"War was considered the best method for settling disputes, and the greatest bone of contention was a throne."

"What is a throne? A superstition of the people."

"The peasantry were poor and miserable, and though the parents of Joan were moderately comfortable in their circumstances, still she was compelled to encounter about her much distress. Upon this she brooded. Her main occupations were sewing and tending sheep; the former would keep her quiet, and the latter would give her a good complexion—two essentially important things for any woman."

"Joan was sensitive to the music of both the spirit and the mundane worlds, and enjoyed the vespers which came from the church near by her father's home."

"It was in the garden which surrounded it that she first heard the 'Voices' which were to guide her in her strange career."

"It appears that as early as 1400, and previously, those 'things' which we have learned to call 'spirits' could ascend, or descend, to communicate with mortals."

"St. Margaret, St. Michael, and St. Catherine were the names given to those who interviewed Joan."

"At eight years of age she was aware of their presence, but for a long time did not dare to impart the fact, even to her mother. When, finally, it became known, both parents disapproved; but she had a kind uncle, who listened, and consented, at last, to take her to the court for an interview with Charles VII., whose right to the throne was disputed with the English, who held all the important cities of her native land. The 'Voices' told her to deliver her country from the invaders, and to crown the rightful heir. Between the Dauphine and the young medium stood the clergy, who asked her strange, theological questions in relation to her mission; to which she most earnestly replied that she was 'Sent of God to save the people and the kingdom.'"

"To prove her statements it was decided to put her to a test."

"The king, disguised, was moving amid a brilliant throng, and she was asked to select him from among the number. This she did unerringly, to the great astonishment of all."

"Her townspeople presented her with a white banner, upon which appeared the picture of Jesus. As her skirts were an incumbrance, she cast them aside for male attire. For this last act she later incurred the severe censure of the clergy and the people."

"On a black charger, with her white suit, she made a striking figure as she led the French army on to victory."

"Her enemies almost believed her to be an apparition from another world, and many fled in terror."

"Battle after battle was won at her command."

"Joan foresaw and foretold the result of an attack in which she would be wounded, yet she did not hesitate."

"What is that power which sustains sensitives in the face, perhaps, of certain death?"

"It was rumored among the English that Joan had died, but as she shortly appeared at the head of her command, they fled in consternation, as before a being of another world."

"Her mission was to conquer the invader and to crown the king, and she succeeded."

"She was now impressed to return to her father's farm and resume her former occupation, but still she lingered at the front, and again engaged in battle; but she had lost her 'voices' and her power. Disaster followed, where before success had been."

"In an attack upon Orleans, she was left outside the gates, and a band of Burgundians captured her. She was thrown into prison, where, for six long months, she languished, while the church and state wrangled as to what should be done with her. The church at last purchased her for ten thousand francs. Then began her trial. They asked if she believed in God—she answered, 'Yes.' 'Ought she not to obey the pope?'—she responded, 'When his commands do not conflict with God's.' 'Brave young woman, to deny the pope's supremacy in an age like that!'"

"They branded her a heretic, and decided that she be burned."

"Her religious views and her apparel were both the crimes of which she was accused. They gave her one alternative—if she could

deny her 'voices' it might be possible to modify her sentence. Subjected to the grossest threats and insults she at last, recanted. Returning to her cell, the 'Voices' upbraided her, and told her that when she should again be summoned to answer to the charges, she should confront the judges boldly, although she had her life. This she did, upon the day that followed, when she said, 'I have damned my soul to save my life. I did hear the voices, and they were indeed from God.'

"This sealed her doom. They built the pyre, and placed her on the fagots. One year before she had foreseen this destiny, and, like Jesus, had prayed to be relieved therefrom—but it could not be."

"Her mission cost her life, and as the flames enticed her she cried, 'My Voices did not deceive me.' The peasantry, standing by, declared they saw a white dove flitting from her mouth."

"Her work had saved the king and country, and her freed soul rose to realms above, and now inspires many another to do deeds of bravery, and defy the church."

The lecture was enthusiastically applauded at the close.

Reported.

My Little Boy with Laughing Eyes.

When the days grow drear and chill,
When my steps uncertain tread the way;
When no sunshine comes to still
The evils of the dawning day,
While heavy clouds portentous roll
Through dark-veiled, arching skies,
Then your gentle presence fills my soul,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When I sit by sorrow's troubled stream,
With its sad murmur in my ear,
With but a faint and fitful gleam
Of love's summer light and cheer,
Then through the waves of sorrow's night
There comes, with glad surprise,
Your dear, radiant face of light,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When, too, your days shall fill with care,
And youth shall chase away
The pleasures of earth's sunbeam prayer
Upon life's morning spray,
Then may God's sweet expressions fall
From out love's bending skies,
And manhood's noble presence call
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When life's morning dream shall span
You glorious as the rainbow-arch,
And lessons rich from man to man
Lead on in wisdom's march,
Then may love's golden sunshine kiss
Your life of earthly sighs,
And fill you with a heavenly bliss,
My little boy with laughing eyes.

When morning and day are nearly passed,
And shadows kiss the west,
And round your path there lingers fast
The light of angels' bliss,
Then may some loving presence cheer
Beyond earth's breaking lives,
And whisper of the best land near
My little boy with laughing eyes.

—Bishop A. Beals.

Wonderful Phenomena Through the Mediumship of Mabel Lang Aber.

I feel in duty bound, not only out of homage to Mrs. Aber, but through my devotion to the Angel-world and to this grand cause, to relate to you through the columns of this paper an occurrence which took place during a seance held at the residence of Mrs. Mabel Aber, 1415 Charlotte street, Kansas City, Mo. The circle consisted of about twenty of our most intelligent people. Upon singing the opening song as usual, the medium's ancient control, Odessa, came out into the room with us while the medium still joined hands with the circle. She was soon followed by a few other spirit forms, after which the medium was taken into the cabinet; then materialization began in deep earnest, two forms often coming together.

During the evening thirty or more spirits materialized, coming to their friends in the circle; but the most extraordinary occurrence was that of a lady crowning a gentleman, J. O., in the circle.

Little Nellie, the medium's guide, calling a gentleman up to the curtain, informed him that his guide was there. She soon made her appearance at the opening, and had in her hand what proved to be a crown, which she placed on his head with a blessing. He received many other manifestations, which he recognized beyond a doubt.

A gentleman materialized to a lady in the circle, and while his arm was about her waist he sang his favorite song in tones audible to all.

One of the principal attractions at Mrs. Aber's seances are the beautifully illuminated forms which come out in total darkness. This, I am informed, can only be accomplished by the more advanced spirits; also that of a spirit guide, Maggie, who comes out in the light, procures a handkerchief from the circle, from which she materializes yards and yards of beautiful lace of the finest texture.

To say that Mrs. Aber's seances are giving perfect satisfaction is superfluous. Mrs. Aber is doing a grand and noble work, and has accomplished more good during her short stay here in Kansas City than could ten ministers of the gospel in twice that length of time. She is a grand, good, noble woman, as all will say who have cultivated her acquaintance, and is one in whom an earnest investigator may place perfect confidence without a fear that his confidence will be abused.

To Brother Francis, who is so constant and diligent in the uplifting of humanity, let me offer a few words of thanks for those whom he may never chance to meet on this side of life, but to whom they owe their 'all' in life. I am a constant reader of your paper, and appreciate the grand work you are doing.

BLANCH C. VARNER.

Kansas City, Mo.

"SPIRIT GUIDANCE," by Miss Clara Marsh, will prove of great interest to every reflective mind. It will constitute one of our leading attractions. Call your neighbor's attention to it. The paper will be sent three months for 25 cents.

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IN THE FURNACE.

Afflictions that Are Hard to Be Borne.

TO THE EDITOR:—I do not believe it is just the thing to parade our troubles before the world. Sometimes there is a sacredness in grief that should not be desecrated; and yet, in affliction, a sympathizing word, look, act or thought is sometimes worth a great deal. "Pray for me," has become a kind of platitude, generally meaningless; yet I believe there is a grand truth in the thought which ought to be conveyed in that sentence.

Were it not for Spiritualism some of us would be consumed in the fires of our present afflictions. Though the blow has fallen very hard on myself, I do not refer to that. My sufferings are nothing compared with others.

Five months since my son-in-law, Louis Jahnke, and his wife—my baby girl—Alfina, had one of the most sunny homes in the State of Massachusetts. The home was a humble one, but it was brightened by the presence of three of the most beautiful, harmonious and intelligent children in the world—Edith, Seward and Cynthia, aged respectively six, four and two years.

Last December little Cynthia was attacked with cerebro-spinal meningitis, and after four weeks of such agony as those who witnessed it never saw before—agony which actually burst her head open—the "white angel, death," relieved her of her sufferings.

Four weeks since I received a letter from Mrs. Jahnke, asking when we would be at home, as she was going to bring her two remaining children to visit us. They started but never reached their destination. Little Edith was taken ill with an hour of the time she started from Milford, Mass. They got as far as her mother's, where the children could have good care. They telegraphed for me to come, which I did. There the boy was attacked with the same complaint.

On the last day of May Edith went to join the angels; on the third day of June we, Mattie, George and I, went there to attend her funeral. I stayed all night, and between 3 and 4 o'clock the next morning I closed the mortal eyelids of little Seward, and he went to his sisters in that "better country."

The funerals were held in the Unitarian Church, and were largely attended by as sympathetic an audience as I ever met.

Without Spiritualism it would seem impossible to endure this great affliction; but the parents of these little angels both fully believe in the angels, and that their little ones have gone to them.

Though the children were so young, Mrs. J. had instructed them so fully in Spiritualism that they seemed to know where they were going. Little Edith said: "Will you all go with me?" Her mother answered: "Yes, as far as we can." The mother then said: "Will you bring Cynthia to see mamma?" The little sufferer replied: "I'll try." The little four-year-old sufferer said: "Mamma, I'll bring Tinty to see you." The mother firmly believes Seward will keep his promise.

I know Eda, the truthful little darling, will try. We all wait, and while we wait we pray. Our prayer is that this affliction may soften, sweeten and mellow us. Heaven is better and has new attractions since the little earth-angels have gone to its portals.

The parents and grandparents of this little family of angels will strive to live so as not only to enjoy their society here, but to be prepared to meet them under the very best conditions in that home to which we are going.

MOSES HULL.

E. W. Sprague, an Efficient Worker.

TO THE EDITOR:—Perhaps it would be of interest to some of your readers to know how the cause of Spiritualism is progressing in this church-ridden city, Jamestown, N. Y. Since Bro. E. W. Sprague came among us, about eighteen months ago, and organized a society, he has almost continuously ministered to us as trance speaker, test medium and delineator of life history and character, by aid of Spirit E. V. Wilson. Results: From a membership of seventeen at starting we now number seventy-four. There have been no withdrawals, and only one has gone to the other side. Greatly increased interest in the community is manifested, which is evidenced by increasing attendance at our meetings, and the starting of several private circles for development; also by the fact that after it was announced at our last meeting that we held a vacation till after the summer camp-meetings, six new names were added to our roll of membership. On the whole our members have reason to feel encouraged to take up the work in the early autumn with renewed energy. We do not forget that we owe much, if not all, our success to the work of Bro. Sprague, who has borne the burden unflinchingly with very poor compensation financially. The following resolution was unanimously passed at our last meeting:

WHEREAS, Mr. E. W. Sprague, having occupied the platform for the Spiritualist Society of Jamestown for eighteen months last past, not only as president but also as speaker and test medium, with signal ability, be it

Resolved, That the Society unanimously endorse Bro. Sprague as a gentleman, a reliable test medium and speaker, and most heartily recommends him to the Spiritualistic public.

A. C. ADAMS,
Secretary and Treasurer.

"SPIRIT GUIDANCE" is the title of Miss Clara Marsh's production, and it will soon grace the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Our list of subscribers should double in Michigan, for all will want to read what this lady has to say. The paper will be sent three months for 25 cents.

"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.

Another Chapter on Shells.

TO THE EDITOR:—In my former article I spoke of a voice that told me to "go and see my mother," etc. That voice has been with me at times ever since I was a child. The fall when I was four years old my father took me to a hunking bee at the nearest neighbor's. Those were "New England run" days, and nearly everybody had run at a "hunking," "raising" or "piling" bee, or what in later years would be called a "dog rolling."

This neighbor, Mr. Flood, had run as usual. He also had two boys, about ten and twelve or fourteen years of age. I was at play by a big stump some little distance from the party (the corn was in the field, on newly-cleared ground) and the neighbor's two boys and another about their age came to me holding in their hands a bottle of rum and a tumbler. They were so drunk they could not walk straight, and they said to me: "You have got to take a drink of this rum or we will pour it down your throat." I was as afraid of them as I would be of a bear, and something said to me: "Pour it down your bosom, and they will think you drink it," and I did put the glass against my chin and poured the rum down my bosom; and they went off satisfied; and I ran to my older brother William and told him the whole story.

My folks when I got home would hardly believe I had done it, and cross-questioned me closely, but I stuck to the facts as they were, and as I can most vividly remember to-day. Now what "shell" was that that told me, a child, to play a trick on those boys? I declare to-day I don't believe I had the smartness to do it myself; and that was a good "shell" that would protect me, a child, from one of the worst curses that ever followed humanity. I have obeyed that voice, and never in my life have I had a glass of intoxicating liquor ever gone down my throat unless in medicine, except cider; and not a glass of that, new or old, for twenty years.

Again, while in the army, and after I realized to some extent that my friends were near me, my regiment was marching down the plank road toward the battle-ground of Chancellorsville, and all at once a battery opened upon us from an oblique, and a shot passed over the right of my company and the left of the next one in front of us. The captain of that company started to run, and the whole company started to follow, and the consequence was the whole company was in a huddle like chickens under a hen. I said to my boys: "Steady—open ranks," and this voice directed me to call on the men before me to open quick and fall back. I opened a space through that crowd of men quicker than I can write it, and there came a solid shot, striking inside the rail fence and ricocheting through that gap, not touching a man, and had I picked up the men and stood them back like nine pins I could not have done better; for if the ball had gone there a few seconds before it would have taken a dozen legs off. Now, part of that was the result of my own common-sense; but part of it was the direct work of those "shells" or Christian Science "mortal minds"—for there was not a foot space between that shot and some legs, at least, as they stood. I claim that was a good "shell," a splendid "mortal mind."

Again, after I came out of the army sick and so weak I could hardly walk, I was on Tremont street, Boston. I had been to the doctor, and was returning home; started to cross over the street by a corner, when suddenly I was struck by a force that sent me reeling to the sidewalk, just in time to escape a team that came dashing up the street at a terrible speed; the wheel just missed me by a few inches. It felt like a push of hands on my breast that sent me backwards in the direction opposite to the way I was walking. I never could tell why I did not see the team before, but I was not looking for a team's coming at that speed in the street; and I don't know to-day whether it was a runaway, or careless driving. I will give one case more and close this article.

When I lived in Iowa I was stopping with my nephew there, and his house stood on a high bank, with a cellar kitchen under the whole house. I took up a two-horse wagon-load of potatoes to put in the cellar. My nephew thought the load not near enough to the bank, and went to back them farther; something said to me, they will go over the bank, and I caught at a stick to "trig" the wheel, but as I went back of the wagon, the horses made a sudden lurch back, the wagon struck me in the breast and sent me heading down the bank. It was about three feet straight up and down for the first start; then it went down very steep for about twenty-five or thirty feet further. I struck on my head and shoulders about half way down, head down hill, feet in the air; and as I struck I saw the horses ending over, their heads straight up, the wagon and potatoes thundering down on me. I thought I would in turning try to get east as far as possible; but to my utter astonishment, I found myself standing on my feet about fifteen feet from where the horses, wagon and potatoes were all piled in a heap. It was a little dark, and I heard my nephew's wife say to him: "Uncle is under that team." But I was first to the horses. I was taken bodily from the prostrate position, and quicker than a flash—I never knew just how—I was stood on my feet at least fifteen feet from where I lay. These are facts I can prove to-day, and not go two thousand years back for my evidence. Now, Theosophical friend, was not a power that thus over and over again preserved my life—a power that was able to carry me bodily from danger and speak to me words of warning—was not such a power a very good "shell?" and does it not behoove me to cultivate the acquaintance of such "shells?" And my good "Christian Science" advocate, who is ashamed to be called a Spiritualist, don't you think such a "mortal mind" worth having for a friend? If you are a "Christian," as your name indicates, you believe an angel rolled the stone from the grave of Jesus; why, then, may my

AN AUSTRIAN LOURDES.

Strange Apparitions in a Bohemian Wood.

Austria will soon have its Lourdes, says a London Telegraph correspondent, with a church, holy well, and never ending throng of pious pilgrims from all parts of Europe. That, at least, is the firm belief of the inhabitants of the flourishing city of Trautau, in the north-eastern corner of Bohemia, and it is likewise the conclusion to which the following interesting facts very clearly point. In the village of Dorrengrund, not far from the Prussian frontier, lives a poor widow named Ringel, with her daughter Christina, who is now fifteen years old.

In late autumn this young girl took a walk in the wood (Scholzenwald) to gather mushrooms, when she suddenly had a vision. A lady dressed in black appeared to her, spoke a few words, and disappeared as suddenly as she had come. A fortnight later the same tall, slim, beautiful female form—this time dressed in robes of gray—appeared to the child again, and, calling herself "God's messenger," asked Christina to meet her five days later at the same spot in the wood. The girl faithfully kept the appointment, taking an image of a saint with her, which she hung upon a bough of one of the trees, and fearlessly greeted the mysterious lady, who was punctually in her place.

Arrangements were then made for subsequent meetings, which duly took place in the wood, the lady kneeling down with Christina and praying before a rosary, which the latter had brought with her to the trysting place. The burden of the message brought by this celestial visitor was that mankind had become so wicked, their sins had grown so numerous and heinous, that God's patience was exhausted. He is preparing to punish His children. "And I, my child," added the lady, "I am come hither to save them."

Christina received the tidings with submissive joy, and besought her heavenly friend to inaugurate her mission of love by giving health to some poor people in the village whom she named, one of whom was a smith, who was well-nigh disabled by gout. The lady smilingly promised to give ear to these requests, and, strange to say, the people interceded for, the gouty smith among them, all received health and strength. Then the messenger of God appeared in dazzling white clothes, and continued her exhortations to mankind, through the medium of the little girl, to be converted from their evil ways.

Superfluous to say that these visions and prophecies were soon bruited abroad, and received with implicit faith by thousands of the pious inhabitants of the neighborhood, and the last vision took place in the presence of a believing multitude of no less than 5,000 persons.

Christina appeared at the head of this vast procession, accompanied by gendarmes, then walked alone to a little mound, turned her eyes upward to the skies, and then seemed suddenly entranced. She spoke much, in a low tone of voice, but none of her utterances were understood by the crowd, who were profoundly thrilled by what they saw. The excitement is spreading all over the north of Bohemia. Thousands more are expected to be present at the next appearance of the mysterious messenger of God, in spite of the snow-fall, which renders travel almost impossible. The owner of the wood, Herr Hichatshek, has inclosed the spot with a railing, and the local parish priest has forwarded a detailed report of the various visions to the Roman Catholic Consistory of Koniggratz.

The above details a remarkable spirit manifestation, controlled, no doubt, by Jesuitical spirits, who wish to subvert the interests of the Catholic Church, and keep the great mass of people in ignorance.

Jus Tice.

An Old Veteran Passed On.

Edgar Manning, born near Oswego, New York, December 12, 1812; born into Spirit-life, from his late residence at Harrisburg, Ohio, on May 30, 1893. After eighty years of earth's rich experience, Brother Manning's body succumbed to the call of nature, and his spirit was ushered into his immortal home to enjoy the blessings of the immortality he had so persistently battled for in this life's experience. He had been a thorough Spiritualist for twenty-five years, and he stood up manfully as its champion, and had the full respect of the community in which he lived.

Spiritualists can feel assured that Father Manning will do a great work in Spirit-life to enlighten the world and break the chains of superstition and false teaching. At his home he had twenty acres in orchard and ornamental shrubbery, and he spent years of time and attention in cultivating the rarest fruits known to this country, and the choicest of flowers and plants known to the botanical world; this was his delight and pleasure. His grounds, flowers and shrubbery were symbolical of the teachings of true Spiritualism in its higher sense. We can say the world has been made better for his having lived in it.

Mrs. Codel delivered the funeral discourse, and the large audience that listened to her seemed to drink in the grand lecture that filled every one with hope that life was eternal.

W. S. CLEMENS.

Columbus, Ohio.

The first wooden bridge, so far as known, was the Subilican bridge at Rome, built in the seventh century.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the Custom House of Anconmarco, in Peru—16,000 feet above the sea.

The most remarkable impostor was George Palsmanazar, who invented a language and wrote a literature in it.

RELIGION AS REVEALED

By the Material and Spiritual Universe.

By EDWIN D. RABBITT,
Author of "Principles of Light and Color."

This is a most excellent work. Dr. Rabbitt has been critic, a thorough scholar and a comprehensive thinker.

CHAPTER FIRST.—The Divine Location and Mode of Working.—The Location of Deity, Can Intuition be a Guide? Does God control the Universe through Law? How does God control the Universe through Law? The Location of Deity, Can Intuition be a Guide

THE PASSAGE TO SPIRIT-LIFE MOST DELIGHTFUL.

It is Pleasant to Cast Aside the Physical Body.

The Spiritualistic View of Death is Beautiful.

BY ONE WHO IS READY TO DIE.

LET US NOT FEAR DEATH.*

It is of deep purpose—that is to say, for the preservation and perpetuity of the species—that nature inspired the heart of man with a terror of death, even as she made the desire for reproduction from the pleasure of the senses; but science and philosophy can dispel the fears which man feels at the mere idea of death.

It is an error to believe that the instant of the separation of soul and body is accompanied by acute sufferings. The anatomist Bichat, in his "Researches Concerning Life and Death," clearly establishes that at the approach of our final moment the brain is the first organ affected, and that hence the dying are spared all pain. At that supreme moment moral terror is, therefore, the only impression against which we have to contend in the dying, as there certainly is no physical pain. The bystanders and relations suffer far more than those about to expire.

The sleep which every night takes possession of our being steals over us without our being conscious of it, and the transition from a waking to a sleeping state is imperceptible to us. Here we have a faint image of death. The dying have no more sense of the passage from life to death than the living have of the passing from waking to sleeping.

It is unfortunate that painting and sculpture should represent death in the form of a hideous skeleton, armed with a scythe, mowing down mankind, or of a spectre wrapped in the melancholy winding-sheet of the tomb. They should have shown him to us with the features of a messenger of joy, who comes not to destroy, but to bear us away to another and a happier sphere. Death should be pictured as a beneficent spirit, who aids us to cross the bounds set by nature between the earthly and the celestial voyage, and who introduces us to ethereal spheres beyond which rises the mysterious throne of the God of the Universe.

Instead of adorning cemeteries as we do with dark-leaved cypress, the symbol of mourning and affliction, the Orientals were quite right to plant them with varied trees, to fill them with groves and flowers—to make them smiling gardens, places for promenade, recreation and pleasure.

Lamartine ("Death of Socrates") most perfectly expresses the idea which we should have of death in the following lines:

"To die is not to die, my friends; it is to change. While he lives burdened by his body here below, Man towards his God but languidly doth go; Forced his vile wants to feed no progress makes; Moves with a tottering step, or truth forsakes. But he who, verging on the end which he doth prize, Glimpses of the eternal day— Like sunset rays ascending towards the skies, An exile, thence, in God's own arms he lies, And quaffing eagerly life nectar which doth rapture give, That day on which he dies he first begins to live."

The Queen of England, Victoria, after the death of her husband, Prince Albert, as we all know, wrote a very eloquent book, entitled "Meditations Upon Death and Eternity." In this work filled with most profound and touching thoughts, may be found many pages which we would gladly quote, for they uphold the ideas which we developed in the "Tomorrow of Death." We will merely cite what the august writer says to dispel the terrors with which death inspires most men:

"The terrors with which we clothe death," says Queen Victoria, "come largely from the erroneous and revolting descriptions of it given to us. Thus, it is sometimes styled decomposition or corruption; but we do not, speaking exactly, fall into either one or the other of these states."

"Some say that to die is to leave the world; but we never do leave the world, that being in itself impossible."

"Others again claim that death is synonymous with destruction; but we cannot be destroyed. No; to die is to return unto our Father. Our souls merely cast off garments which do not become them, to put on others more worthy of them. The shudder caused by the usual descriptions of death is due to the fact that these descriptions are largely borrowed from the state of the inanimate body. Every false conception is justly repulsive to us. So soon as the reason is wounded everything in us is wounded, and the imagination strives in vain to make that which is irrational seem becoming. The state of the corpse in the tomb is not our state, but simply that of the covering which we have stripped off. And what is our earthly covering if it be not the worn-out or damaged garment of the immortal spirit?"

And now let us hear Young, the poet of "Night Thoughts." Says the English writer: "But were death frightful, what has age to fear? Prudent, age should meet the friendly foe, And shelter in his hospitable gloom. I scarce can meet a monument but holds My younger; every date cries, 'Come away!' And what recalls me? Look the world around, Ask tell me what? The wisest cannot tell. Should any born of woman give his thought Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field, Of things the vanity of men the flaws— Flaws in the best; the many flaws all over; As leopards spotted, or as Ethiopians dark; Vivacious ill; good dying immature (How immature, Narcissa's marble tells!) And at his death bequeathing endless pain."

* This chapter on "Let Us Not Fear Death," illustrating the beauty and ease of death, is taken from "THE JOYS BEYOND THE THRESHOLD," a sequel to "The Tomorrow of Death," by Louis Flegler. Translated by Abby Langdon Flegler. Boston: Robert Brothers, publishers. For sale at this office. Price, \$1.25. This is, in many respects, a most fascinating work, and one that will prove refreshing reading to all normal minds.

* First Meditation—Interpretation of Eternity. † Night IV.

His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight, And spend itself in sighs for future scenes."

Why cling to this rude rock, Barren to us of good and sharp with life, And hourly blackened with impending storms, And infamous for wrecks of human hope— Scared at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath."

The thought of death indulges: Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign, That kind chastiser of thy soul, in joy!

And why not think of death? Is life the theme Of every thought, and wish of every hour, And song of every joy? Surprising truth! The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange. To waive the numerous life that seize on life As their own property, their lawful prey. Ere man has measured half his weary stage, His luxuries have left him no reserve, No maiden relishes unbroached delights; On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists, And in the tasteless present chews the past— Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down."

Live ever here, Lorenzo?—shocking thought! So shocking they who wish down it, too— Disown from shame what they from folly crave."

A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust: 'He sins against this life who slight the next.' What is this life? How few their favorite know! Life has no value as an end, but means An end deplorable! means divine!"

Death, far from being a scarecrow, since we all must inevitably yield to it, should be regarded as a supreme benefactor, who comes to remove us from the misfortunes, deceptions and despair peculiar to life, to lead us to the splendor of realms above, where all is happiness, power and peace.

Queen Victoria, in the work already quoted, thus expresses herself:

"What is death? Nothing but the separation of the soul from its earthly case. What becomes of the case when it is cast aside? Does it vanish from God's creation? No; it falls to dust and ashes, and is mingled with the rest of the earth, whose nutritive elements formed it in the beginning. It does not leave creation, but remains there awaiting another destiny."

"But what becomes of the soul stripped of its veil? Does it vanish from God's creation? Oh, no! How could it be possible for the nobler element to cease to exist when the viler is imperishable?"

"Must we believe that it has been removed from the infinite multitude of created beings, because it has thrown off the veil through which alone it could reveal its presence to our senses? No, it lives; for its very dust which once served to enwrap it still exists. It lives; for God creates and does not annihilate. It lives; for in his sovereign wisdom he could not repent in any sort for the high destiny for which he gave it being."

"Is it then so painful to cast off this earthly veil? In truth, the natural love of life which the Creator has so deeply implanted within us, inspires us with fear at the idea of parting with our mortal form; but the power of the human mind can triumph over the terrors of nature. How many generous men have faced death for their God, their country, their faith, and their friends? Death had no terrors for them. How many poor, weak, degenerate beings, driven by despair, have voluntarily laid down the life which had become a burden to them?"

"Dying men do not dissimulate, and we can judge by their features what is going on in their mind. From such study it would seem almost as if the soul must experience an agreeable sensation at the moment it lays aside its mortal spoil, for it has been often observed that the features of persons dying of painful maladies assume at the final instant an expression of calm serenity, while a peaceful smile quivers on the lips of the lifeless body left there by the departing soul—a smile which seems to say, 'Ah, what relief!'"

Victor Hugo has aptly translated this idea in the following verses in his "Contemplations":

"O death! O moment grand! O mortuary rays! Has thou not turned the sheet from dear, dead face, While others wept and stood beside the bed— Friends, brothers, children, mother with down-hanging head, Distracted, sobbing, of wild grief the prey— Hast seen a smile across the dead man's features stray?"

He groaned, he choked, he died just now; And yet he smiles. Dread gulf, oh, whence and how Cometh that light seen on the face of death's unwilling slave?

What is the tomb? Whence cometh, O thinker grave, The awful calmness on each dead face we see? It is that the secret is out, it is that the spirit is free! It is that the soul, all-seeing, all-shining, all-burning so bright, Laughs aloud, and the body itself takes part in its fearful delight."

Further on the poet reflects as follows, in the cemetery of Villequier, where his daughter lies buried:

AT VILLEQUIER. Now, O my God! I have the calmer woe; Able the while I weep To see the stone where in night well I know She does forever sleep. Now that made softer by these sights divine— Plains, forest, valley, river, rocks and sky— Viewing myself by these vast works of thine, Reason returns before immensely, Father and Lord, in whom we must believe, I come, perverse no more; Shreds of the heart thy glory fills, receive, Shattered by thee of yore. I come to thee, O Lord, who art, I know, O living God! good, merciful and kind. I own that you alone know what you do, That man are reads that tremble in the wind. I say the tomb in which the dead is shut Opens the heavenly hall; And what we here for end of all things put, Is the first step of all. Now with my knees I own, O Lord august!

* Night III. * Contemplations, book vi.; On the Brink of Infinity, xlii.

My Sons (Mes Fils), p. 38. † Victor Hugo at Home, by Gustave Rivet, pp. 245, 246. ‡ Literature and Philosophy, vol. iii., p. 291.



The real, the absolute belong to thee; I own that it is good, I own it just, My heart should bleed, since such is God's decree.

What'er may happen I resist no more, But in thy will I comply. The soul from loss to loss, from shore to shore, Rolls to eternity.

We never see more than a single side; The other plunged in night's dread mystery. Man feels the yoke: thou dost the cause hide— Brief, useless, fleeting, all that meets his eye. Thou makest a perpetual solitude, Wrap all his steps around;

Thou hast not seen it fit that certitude Or joy should here be found. Whatever good he has fate takes away; Naught can he call his own in life's quick flight.

So that he here can make a home or say, 'Here is my house, my field, or my delight.' All sights he may but for a moment see, Must age unhelped alone;

Since things are thus, 'tis that they so must be; I own it—yes, I own. Dark is the world! The changeless harmony, O God, of cries as well as songs is made. Man but a speck in dread infinity; Night where the good mount up and sink in the bad.

He asserts still more clearly his belief in the resurrection of the human being, the individual, in the following passage, which we quote, concluding with them these thoughts from great authors:

"Some day, soon perhaps, the same hour which struck for the son will strike for the father. His turn will come. He will wear the look of one sleeping; he will be laid between four boards; he will be that unknown quantity called a dead man, and he will be carried to the great, gloomy opening. There the new-comer is awaited by those who went before. The new-comer is welcome. What seems the exit is to him the entrance. The eye of the flesh closes, the eye of the spirit opens, and the invisible becomes visible. While shovelful of earth fall on the dark and echoing bier, the mysterious soul forsakes that garment, the body, and rises in light from the gathering shadows. Then, for that soul those who have vanished reappear, and those truly living, whom in earthly darkness we call the dead, softly call to the new-comer, and bending over him his dazzled face, wear that radiant smile worn amid the stars. Thus shall the laborer depart, leaving, if he has played his part well, some regrets behind him, and at the same time received with joy in eternal day."

"Everything ends under six feet of earth? No; everything begins. No; everything germinates. No; everything blossoms, and grows, and springs up, and bursts forth."

"I believe in immortality—not in the immortality of the name, which is but smoke; but in the enduring life of the individual. I believe in it, I feel myself immortal."

"Yes, I believe in God and in another life. 'If I face death with a calm smile it is because I believe in a future life. And note that I am on my guard against the caresses which we bestow on our ideas to the end that they may become opinions. But here is an absolute conviction. I believe—I say more, I am sure—that we do not utterly and wholly die and that our ego survives.'"

"Yes, I believe profoundly in this better world; it is far more real to me than this wretched chimerica which we devour and which we call life. I believe in it with all the strength of my conviction; and after many struggles, much study and many trials, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul."

Therefore, let us have no fear of death. What is laid in the tomb is not ourselves, but simply the material wrapping of our souls. This wrapping perishes in obedience to the laws of chemical decomposition; but the soul, which is our true individuality, does not disappear—it goes on to pursue a fresh career in the skies. The body is the cloak of the soul; the body is changed to dust, the soul is changed to light."

Sometimes during stormy nights which cover the abode of the dead with darkness, light flames escaping from the soil flicker in the heavy air. Naturalists call them will-o'-the-wisps; chemists, carburetted hydrogen gas; spiritual philosophers and poets, as well as the common people, regard them as souls of the dead rising from the tomb."

We do not shudder when we see various parts of our bodies perish. If we cut our hair or our nails, or if we lose a limb by a surgical

operation, we do not distress ourselves about those lopped-off portions of our personality which are left to decay. Why, then, dread its total destruction?

Our bodily substance is perpetually changing; and physiologists, such as Buffon and Flourens, have ascertained that the human body is renewed in all its parts once in every seven years. These are so many bodily deaths which do not alarm us in the least."

If you dread death it is because you have, at some time, gazed on a human corpse with terror, and told yourself that you would some day enter the same state. But if your eyes had never beheld this sad sight, you would be free from the agonies that you feel at the idea of death. For, we repeat, that which is laid in the tomb is not you, but only your earthly garment; and you have too often renewed that fleshly garb, without suspecting it, to dread its final destruction."

When the worm, become a butterfly, leaves on the ground or on a branch the frail shell which once contained it, does it trouble itself about the worthless remnant which it abandons to the wind?

It is important, besides, fully to take in the idea that the instant of the separation of soul and body is inappreciable. Just as we pass from a waking to a sleeping state without any knowledge of the precise moment when the change is effected, so, too, we pass without knowing it and without pain from life to death. The sort of pleasant prostration which we feel when we fall asleep gives us some idea of the vague and happy sensation which must prevail at the supreme moment when the torch of our existence is extinguished."

Our last moments are so far from painful that many persons have been able coldly to describe the successive symptoms proclaiming their speedy death. We may quote the case of Professor Richet (of the Institute), who died in January, 1892, of an inflammation of the chest, and described to those around him with the greatest precision the successive phenomena which revealed the effusion of the lungs and the growth of the disease, and who predicted with assured and peaceful look the instant when he should draw his last breath."

Dr. Trousson's death was most singular, for up to the last he described the progressive phases of his disease, and ceased to give a sort of clinical lecture upon himself only when he ceased to live."

Haller, the famous physiologist of the eighteenth century, felt his own pulse as he lay dying, and said, quietly: 'The pulse still beats—the pulse still beats; it has ceased to beat!' and he expired without another word, without a groan."

Chirac, a physician of Montpellier, in the eighteenth century, fancying on his death-bed that he was himself called to a patient, seized his own arm, felt his pulse, and exclaimed: 'You sent for me too late! You should have bled this man; you should have purged him; now he is a dead man!' and he closed his eyes never again to open them."

Dr. Baillarger, a member of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, who died in 1891, faded away gently and almost without pain. He retained complete possession of all his faculties up to the last moment. A few moments before he died, having talked with Professor Potain, who, together with Desnos and Guyon, had charge of his case, he asked one of his daughters to read him an article from the medical dictionary upon a certain morbid symptom which he felt at the moment. The reading over, he made a brief remark about the symptom in question, and turned on his pillow. A few seconds later he was no more."

"I feel the approach of death, and I feel it with joy," said Berthollet to his friend Chaptal, who was trying to reassure him. "Why should I fear it? I have never done any evil, and in my last hour I have the comforting thought that the friendship which has united us for more than forty years, and of which you have given so many proofs to me and mine, has never been troubled for a single instant. It is given to few men to pay such homage to themselves! That is enough for me; I desire no other."

This fine funeral oration, uttered by dying lips, far outweighs the words repeated by the physiologist Claude Bernard in his last agony: 'The game's up.'"

Here is a touching anecdote of the last moments of the celebrated surgeon, Philip Ricord, who died in 1889:

Sinking beneath an inflammation of the chest, Ricord woke suddenly towards midnight, half rose in bed, and moved his hands in cadence, as if playing on the piano. The doctors, Horteloup and Pigrot, who were watching beside his bed, were greatly amazed, and took this gesture for an outbreak of delirium. Ricord, after repeating it several times without the power to pronounce a sound, fell back exhausted, the doctors being unable to divine what he wanted. Soon he died."

Next day his granddaughter, a child of ten, reached Paris with her mother, who had hastened from Algiers at the first news of his illness. "What a pity," said the child, "I could not keep the promise which I made to poor grandpapa." And she told how she had learned to play on the piano 'Mary Stuart's Farewell,' by Niedermeyer, because her grandfather had made her, and also Batta, the famous violinist, promise that they would play for him, when he came to die, this piece which he loved above all others."

This was the idea which haunted Ricord's mind at his last hour. The family obtained permission to have the much-desired melody played at his funeral."

Death may come during a fit of hilarity. We are told that the stoic philosopher, Chrysippus, died of irrepressible laughter caused by seeing a monkey eat figs."

Reydellet, in the article on 'Laughter' in the 'Great Dictionary of the Medical Science,' relates that a nun seized in the refectory with forced laughter all at once became as motionless as a statue. This was thought to be some new jest; on approaching her she was found to be dead."

Set aside, therefore, all these hideous images of death which arise solely from the sight of a motionless and icy human body. Let those who surround the dead shed no tears; for they may see on the colorless lips and in the dim eyes a vague smile at the delights perceived by those who have left them only to enter into a better world."

NO PAIN AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "Generally there is no pain at the last moment, for it seems that the body suffers in proportion to its remoteness from death. It is commonly supposed that evil men die in great horror of their doom. They don't. Wicked men usually pass out of life as tranquilly as anyone else. Tranquility is the law of decadence. Pain or exquisite pleasure at the last are only experienced in exceptional cases. Men suffer more every day of their lives than they do in dying. Every man subject to the incursions of rheumatic affections, or to the pangs of toothache, suffers a hundred times more than he will when he is on his death-bed. No death is more painless than sudden death. Livingstone records in his experience when sprung upon and struck down by a lion. The moment when the beast was on him was one of the most exquisite tranquility. No

death is too sudden for him who is doing his duty. Not the stroke of the lightning; not the fall from the precipice. Right living is the correct road to right dying, and no man need fear death."

No one could possibly have the successive stages of death, if not in perfect harmony with God's laws. When the vital forces are waging a resolute warfare, then there is sometimes great pain experienced; but when they cease their efforts death comes as peacefully and tranquilly as sleep to the infant reposing on its mother's breast."

NO CONSCIOUSNESS OF PAIN.

Dr. James M. Peebles says: "Accidental death being a shock of nature, usually commences at the heart or brain. This condition is technically called coma, and the dying first lost control of their physical sensations and volitions. The muscles lose their power of action; the heart fails to get its nervous supply from the brain; the physical contortions increase till death closes the scene. And yet in these last hours there was probably no consciousness of pain. The physical organism is so constituted that it can endure only a certain amount of pain and suffering; when these limits are reached unconsciousness mercifully ensues. There is no pain in physical death. The dread of death is educational—the fear is only comparable to the fear of the young bird to trust its wings. The spasms, throes and seeming anguish attending the last hours of earthly life are no proof of pain, but rather do they show the struggles of the spirit to release itself from the impaired, outworn body."

DROWNING DELICIOUS.

Says Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in a printed sermon on the paternal aspect of providence: "One who narrowly escaped death by drowning told me that the process of it after the first moment of agony was too delicious to describe. To die of cold," he continues, "is, when the first pangs are over, a luxury, for the senses are steeped in slumber, a soft numbness takes possession of the brain, an irresistible lethargy overpowers the will, ravishing visions float before the imagination, and in ecstasy the spirit takes its flight."

A POEM OF RESIGNATION.

In the course of a message given through Mrs. Danakin, the communicating spirit said: "Emily Ward was my name, the wife of George Ward, the daughter of Samuel Joyce. It was at Rye, New York, that I died. A beautiful poem is the resignation of death. When no clouds flit over the vision of the one to whom death comes, truly may it be called the poem of resignation. The lips may be silent when death is unclosing the prison-house, but the brain is active in thought. The freedom which is given to the spirit in the land

of no death is more beautiful than I have words to describe. Before deep consideration was mine, I thought death was terrible, but after I learned that God was love, that wisdom was His, that all His attributes were good, I then knew within myself that what He had fashioned with His own hand He could not cast wholly from Himself, and I have not been mistaken."

THE SENSATION OF FREEZING.

It is certainly painful and disagreeable to be sick, but it is an intense satisfaction to know that the final stages of death are accompanied by no pain whatever, only so far as regrets may be experienced. Even the various stages of freezing to death do not seem to cause any very uncomfortable sensations. The pleasures of freezing are set forth by a Canadian physician who at one time enjoyed them. His tongue and then his arms became stiff, sharp chills ran down his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body had congealed, causing an almost entire cessation of the heart's action. This condition of suffering speedily gave place to a grateful warmth which seemed to suffuse the system and cause an exhilarating glow. He was driving, and by this time had reached a house, but he went on, thinking that nothing was now to be feared. The sleigh appeared to him to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses seemed to fly like birds. A sense of exultation filled him, and he urged the beasts to greater speed. The woods on each side of the road were passed so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the jingle of bells sounded further and further away until they passed out of hearing in the distance. He fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near ending the sleep of death."

DEATH NOT DREADFUL.

Rev. C. Ware, in *Medium and Day-break*, England, says:

"Man dieth and wastes away, man giveth up the ghost, &c."

"This is according to appearance; the fact is that man does not give up the ghost at all—he gives up the body. Man has a threefold nature—the divine principle of life called the spirit, then the refined spiritual form consisting of subtle elements, which for want of a better name we call magnetism, called by Judge Edmonds the electrical body; lastly the gross outer physical system. The purpose of the physical body is to be a basis for the development and growth of the inner life from babyhood to manhood; it is merely the husk to protect the real being whilst it is ripening for the spiritual kingdom; and the meaning of death is that the material form has served its purpose and drops off, ushering the spiritual man into a spiritual world—opening his eyes to a world of realities which surrounded him, though unseen, whilst living the earthly life."

"Death, then, is a simple transition, taking place in the order of nature, in analogy with what we see taking place in the lower forms of organic life, such as the dropping of the husk from the ripened fruit, the liberation of the beautiful butterfly from its chrysalis form. When the person has lived rightly this

change is anything but dreadful. The change is usually accompanied with the most agreeable and delightful sensations; our information on this matter being received from spirits themselves, and this being their uniform testimony. They compare it to the passing from a dark room into a bright one; awakening from a troubled dream to the realities of life; emerging from a dark tunnel into the splendor of day. The death of the body is neither a king of terrors nor the penalty of sin; these terms are only applicable to the condition of the spirit when degraded by a coarse and vicious life. Physical dissolution is a natural event in the economy of existence, the throwing off of the outer covering, to set the spirit free to enter its own proper realm."

FREEZING DELIGHTFUL.

DELIGHTFUL SENSATION.

A woman who nearly perished in the snow-drifts of Kansas has described the sensation immediately preceding unconsciousness. A feeling of exquisite lassitude took possession of her and the air seemed like the balmy breath of spring; countless colored lights danced before her eyes, and she sank to sleep on downy pillows. She was resuscitated with great difficulty."

SUFFER NO PAIN.

Dr. Edward Clark, in "Visions," says the dying suffer no pain. "The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. To the subject of it death is no more painful than birth. Painlessly we come, painlessly we go. Nature kindly provides an anesthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accomplished by long inspiration and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble and often irregular pulse. As this progress goes on the blood is not only driven to the head with diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded more and more with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anesthetic, the same as that derived from charcoal. Subject to its influence the nerve centers lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system, then stupor and then the end."

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A DIVINE LESSON.

Every Day an Easter.

The Resurrection of the Dead Past.

THE MAN OR THE WOMAN BURIED IN YOUR YOUTH ASKS AN ACCOUNTING—ARE YOU PREPARED TO MAKE IT?—LITTLE CRIPPLE IN THE HOSPITAL—A MOTHER'S FORGIVENESS—FLOWERS AND MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am ever looking for divine lessons. They, above all others, advance your readers to a higher plane. Without them the *PROGRESSIVE THINKER* would, in a measure, be unproductive—that is, the results would not prove effective. Every day should be an Easter, wherein the past should be resurrected to teach the present a lesson. My friends, says Hob in the *Chicago Times*, it isn't only the flowers that are resurrected on Easter day, or any other day, for that matter; it is the hopes, the loves, the joys of humanity.

Suddenly there comes up before us, as if from a tomb, the ghost of the man or the woman that used to live—that ghost that has about it a hale of youth and hope, and on each side of which stands an angel—the angel of faith and the angel of love.

We time-worn pilgrims find it hard to look this ghost in the face. It is the ghost of buried ambitions, of sweet loves, and of beautiful unselfishness, and it comes forward to face you to-day when you lack belief; when you scoff at love, and when you, most of all, worship yourself. But this ghost of the past is good to meet once in a while, because sometimes he makes the man of to-day take the leaf in the book of life, that leaf on which there are so many blots, and so little that is fair and beautiful; he makes him turn it over, and, having a fresh page, teaches him to write upon it only the story of kindness and consideration.

When the sun dances on any morning it is glad because you and I have met these ghosts—it is because the old is dead and the new is alive, and the new means joy to everybody.

Did you ever meet the ghost of your past?

Did you ever meet the man you were twenty years ago?

It is 11:45 o'clock; take up the mirror and look at yourself. You see the face of a man whose eyes tell of nights spent in dissipation, the firmly-set mouth whispers of determination, of greed, and, when the lips loosen a little, of unbelief.

You see a man who has been successful, whose clothes are made by the best tailor, and whose waistcoat of the most fashionable material is over a heart that, when it beats at all because of an emotion, beats for fear stocks will go up or down, beats with delight because you have got the better of your enemy, or beats with pride because your wife or your daughter does credit to your name and your millions.

The bells are ringing at 12 o'clock as they chime out the news of the resurrection; every flower in the land joins in with the sweet chime, and into your room there comes the man you buried twenty years ago. His eyes are bright and flash with hope. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

He is at the altar of the chapel, and womanly fingers are putting lovely flowers all about it, to tell to the world at large that Christ has arisen, and one woman, as she lays the fragrant blossoms down, is careful and exact, though she looks unhappy and unforgiving, and, notwithstanding she has given much to make God's house beautiful, a loving girl doubts in her heart whether those gifts are acceptable. And the church is a bower of beauty.

The lilies of peace and purity are everywhere, and the little blue violets that blossomed as Christ went to Calvary are sending forth their fragrance, and bowing their heads like gentle nuns at prayer, and the work is all done. And everybody has knelt down to say a prayer as the announcement of Easter is made to a waiting world.

Everybody has said one woman, who stands alone and silent.

When the bells finish their chime, the great organ takes up the tune, and there goes through the church such music as the masters of old wrote when they were inspired by faith. For a minute the woman stands, then, quick as a flash, she is in the organ-loft, her arms around the neck of a man, and she is crying, as did the mothers of old: "My son, oh, my son!" And in the sight of Almighty God, all that she has given is as nothing compared to the exquisite flower of forgiveness which she has laid at the feet of her newly-risen Savior.

You want to take flowers to show your faith. You want to put on the altar of love the sweet white lilies, that you may offer a pure and unblemished sacrifice to God. You want to put on the gentle blue violets, to symbolize modesty and continual prayer.

You want to put the rich red roses, to symbolize the world of love that you gladly give.

You want to put the purple passion flowers, to symbolize what you would suffer for the sake of right.

You want to put the odoriferous orange blossoms, to show how unselfish your love can be.

You want to put the bunches of fair lilies, to symbolize the greatness of your charity.

You want to put the stately hyacinths and gorgeous tulips, to symbolize the pomp and majesty that should surround the king of kings.

You want to put the green leaves and grasses, to symbolize that, as they grow everywhere, so is the grace of God omnipresent.

You want, most of all, to put your own heart, purified by suffering, scarred, it may be, by contact with the world, but for that very reason a thousand times more valuable. Who is the soldier who will be most lauded? He who has gone through the war, has fought a close fight, and who, notwithstanding his wounds, has come out victorious? And it's the heart of a soldier that makes the best Easter present. And this is what I want to give when the bells are ringing the news all over the world—that wonderful news that "death is no more," which means that to the soldier who has faith, hope and charity, death only comes as a restful sleep, and that after it there is an awakening of love and joy and eternal happiness.

The above imparts a divine lesson; ponder it well, Spiritualists, and you will be made better thereby.

Nothing will give permanent success in any enterprise of life except native capacity, cultivated by honest and persevering effort. Genius is often but the capacity for receiving and improving by discipline.—George Eliot.

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Hon. A. B. French's Oration on Decoration Day.

Decoration Day at Clyde, Ohio, passed off with one of A. B. French's characteristic speeches. A reporter of that city says: "A. B. French, our talented townsman, then gave one of the best addresses we ever listened to, full and running over with American patriotism and words of honor for all who went forth to fight for the stars and stripes. He paid glowing tributes to Grant, Butler, Sherman, Hayes, Hookland, McPherson, Dr. John Rice, and Capt. Z. Perin, who had answered roll-call on the other side since last memorial day; told how our American soldiers had saved the American republic, and said that it was but fitting that the graves of those gone should be strewn with thousands of flowers, and that we should keep their memory fresh and green in our hearts; but that was not all; he member the living; that he was not one who believed in waiting until men were dead, and then writing grand obituaries; give them now as life is passing, our best and kindest care. But one of mine cannot do justice to half he said. I am sure in the memory of all who listened and drank in his eloquent words, they will remain as pictures on memory wall for many a day to come. 'Why,' said one old lady, he spoke as good as a Methodist preacher, and if I had no money, I should have taken him for one. If he don't believe in the Bible, I wonder how he found out about the star of Bethlehem and all of them good old things, it must be, yes, I am sure he learned them at his mother's knee, and some time he will come back and take his mother's faith for his own."

Then the little newsboy goes away, saying as a good-bye, "I hope you will have a happy Easter," and "granddaddy" sits there and smiles, and the sick boy smiles, and the perfume of the lilies is over and about everybody, and the purple of the Easter egg seems to tell of that glory which is in heaven and no place else.

It is getting very near twelve o'clock, and there is a loud ring at the door. They have put a screen around the boy's bed, but the lamp is burning bright, and granddaddy and the sister are watching.

Somebody comes and says something to the sister. She goes away, and then comes back, bringing with her in her arms a little baby, which she lays down beside the sick boy. On its gown is pinned a card, which reads: "This boy has nobody in the world to care for him!"

And the sick boy looks up and says: "He has just come in time for granddaddy. What would granddaddy do without a boy?" And he puts his poor little thin hand down beside the baby; then he looks up pitifully, but gladly, and says: "His legs are all right, granddaddy, he can run and jump when he gets old enough, and he will be my Easter present to you."

And nobody said a word, but just then the Easter bells began to ring, the sick boy raised himself a little, pointed to the door, and in a weak, quivering voice sang: "Lo! the white-robed ones stand by the door."

A minute after he was asleep, and granddaddy knelt down beside the two boys, the living one and the sleeping one, and he took the living one as a gift from the sleeping one, and because he knew he was resurrected from the tomb of vice; and he was very sure, as all the angels sang, they thought of granddaddy and both his boys.

It is at the altar of the chapel, and womanly fingers are putting lovely flowers all about it, to tell to the world at large that Christ has arisen, and one woman, as she lays the fragrant blossoms down, is careful and exact, though she looks unhappy and unforgiving, and, notwithstanding she has given much to make God's house beautiful, a loving girl doubts in her heart whether those gifts are acceptable. And the church is a bower of beauty.

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You want to put the purple passion flowers, to symbolize what you would suffer for the sake of right.

INSPIRED TO SING.

A Lady's Extraordinary Manifestations.

Beautiful Songs by One Who Claims to Be Possessed of Emma Abbott's Genius.

In a pretty cottage three blocks from the station at Lorin resides Captain and Mrs. Munroe, with their three children, says the San Francisco (Cal.) Call.

Everything about the house tells of culture and refinement. There is an immense garden, filled with the choicest of flowers.

Lorin is near Klunkerville, and is an annex of Berkeley.

A short while ago there came to Mrs. Munroe's house, her sister, Mrs. Minnie Kavanagh. The latter was a widow, and hailed from Chicago. The two sisters had not met for years. Both of them are the most devout of Roman Catholics, and far from superstitious.

Mrs. Kavanagh is a bookbinder by trade, and pursues her occupation off and on in this city. She is said to be an excellent worker, but what mystified her colleagues is that she often ceased work suddenly without any apparent cause and hastened over to her sister's home.

Shortly after her arrival Mrs. Munroe noticed that her sister acted rather queerly, as though she was frightened to be nervous.

One day Mrs. Munroe had occasion to go to Berkeley on some business. She left Mrs. Kavanagh in charge of the house and the children.

On her return home she was thunderstruck to find her sister lying back in a chair perfectly rigid, while in her hand she held a paper with some different marks and figures. Mrs. Munroe, thinking that she had fainted, applied a number of restoratives with no avail.

Finally the prostrated woman recovered, and then she informed her sister that she had been in a trance, during which time she had been under the influence of spirits of another realm, and that the writing in her hand had been done by them.

For a week after this trance Mrs. Kavanagh was very sick. Her nervous system seemed to be terribly shattered, and she would start at the least sound.

She explained that she dreamed these trances, as they left her in such a condition. It was only of late that this power had taken possession of her.

A few days ago Mrs. Munroe was astonished to hear the most delicious singing from the parlor. She knew that Mrs. Kavanagh was not a songstress by any means, and what is more, could not sing a note from any opera.

The lady of the house hastened into the room expecting to find some visitor there, but she was astonished to find her sister lying back as rigid as before, while from her lips there issued melody after melody.

Mrs. Munroe hastened to a neighbor and brought her to the house. The two listened for nearly an hour to the inspired songstress, who sang without the least signs of weariness. Selections from "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Mazurka," and the "Jocelyn Girl" followed in quick succession. Often before half a piece was finished the lady would start off on a new one. All this time not a muscle of the body was moving, and but for the music that came from her lips, she was to all appearances lifeless. Mrs. Munroe said that the voice was entirely foreign to her sister.

When at length she came to, Mrs. Kavanagh told her sister and the neighbors that she had been possessed of the spirit of Emma Abbott, and that the latter had been singing some beautiful m.

When told of her own performance she emphatically declared that it was not she, but Emma Abbott, who did all the singing. She did not know a note of the various selections her auditors had heard her give voice to.

This was the fourth time that she has been under the influence of Emma Abbott, so she claims. At one time, while in a trance, she said that the deceased appeared to her and told her where she had hidden a large amount of valuables, but on her recovery from the trance she could not remember where that place was.

Both Mrs. Munroe and her lady friend say that they never heard better singing, and Mrs. Munroe is doubly sure that her sister is far from being a mutant, and is not given to melody at all. She deny all allegiance to Spiritualism. Especially is Mrs. Kavanagh opposed to Spiritualists. She says that she has been approached by people who told her that she has great medium power, but she has always said she has no such power.

When she feels the influences working on her she immediately leaves her position and goes over to Lorin, where a little rest goes over to her. She has many writings which she claims were produced in these trances.

It was with difficulty that the writer obtained the information about Mrs. Kavanagh's queer actions, as the parties interested did not wish to have the matter made public.

Mrs. Munroe said that nothing on earth could cause her to believe that a person could be so inspired if she had not witnessed it herself, and moreover, she was certain that her sister was not deceiving her.

Mrs. Kavanagh is a young widow, short of stature, with dark hair, prepossessing face, but of rather slight build. There is no reason for disbelieving, for she and her relatives have kept the facts very secret.

San Francisco, Cal.

P. S. George writes from Dubuque, Iowa: "Despite the many churches with their tall steeples in Dubuque, many church members are investigating Spiritualism. Prof. W. S. Gray is serving counsel for the month of June. He is a powerful speaker and an excellent medium. He reads sentences which form to the atmosphere around the person for whom he reads. We are much pleased with his work."

Mrs. Ada Foye in Milwaukee, Wis.

As Mrs. Ada Foye has completed with her friends her engagement for the month of May, it may be of interest to our society and spiritual societies to learn something of her success and of the estimation in which she is held by a critical Spiritualist public. As President of the Milwaukee Progressive Society, she has been the subject of public lectures in Milwaukee. In saying that she stands at the head of those who have ministered to our people from the Spiritualist rostrum. Our society, feeling grateful for the good she has rendered by the resolutions offered her, a copy of which please find annexed. We have had very successful meetings; many attended regularly who never heard a spiritual lecture before. They supposed all our lecturers directed their time and talents in ridiculing the bible and the church members, but Mrs. Foye's guides have been happy and useful. The wheat from the tare, and feeding hungry souls upon spiritual truths, no matter where they find them. The Progressive Society has some splendid workers, and rare elements of intellectual and spiritual refinement. The number of such competent and earnest workers taking hold of the cause and carrying it forward and upward out of the old rut of personal vanity and do-nothingism seems to be rapidly increasing. With greatest pleasure I endorse Sister Foye, and recommend her to all societies.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

As the engagement of Mrs. Ada Foye with this society terminates today, we desire to express in some manner our gratitude for the valuable services we have received from this society and the public generally while with us; therefore, *Resolved*, That a rising vote of thanks be given her, it being the sentiments of those who are ready to recognize her ability as a wonderful medium and benefactor, and true exponent of Spiritualism; believing as we do that she has no peer as a test medium in the place wherein she handles it; that the good she is accomplishing by her work is of priceless value to the cause and mankind in general; by the aid of her powerful mediumship honest converts are gathered into this belief and consoled by absolute proofs found, such as no other religion can afford. Her departure is deeply regretted by us all. She has made many friends while with us. Consolation is only found in the happy anticipation of her return. She carries the best wishes for her happiness and success with her until we shall greet her again.

H. C. NICK.

Had a Startling Premonition.

PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE DEATH OF MRS. EDWIN FARWELL.

GENESEO, Ill.—The remains of Mrs. Edwin Farwell were interred in Oakwood cemetery yesterday. She was one of the early settlers of Henry county and the wife of one of the most prominent pioneers. The death of this lady was a peculiar circumstance connected with the death of this lady. She died at her home in this city at 6:30 o'clock last Wednesday morning. Her daughter, Mrs. Gates, resides at Geneseo. On the morning of Mrs. Farwell's death Mrs. Gates was up and about her home in Michigan feeling as well as usual, when suddenly she was startled by a flash of light, followed by a peculiar, indescribable sensation which prostrated her. She did not recover from the shock for fully five minutes. The sky was clear and she was unable to account for the phenomenon. This occurred precisely at 7 o'clock A. M. She was preparing to come to Geneseo to see her mother, and started on this same day, not knowing her mother was dead until she reached here. On being told that her mother died at 6:30 o'clock on Wednesday morning, her peculiar experience on that morning recurred to her and she related it to her friends. —Chicago Herald, June 4.

You will pardon me if I add a correction to the above. Mrs. Gates had been feeling depressed for over two weeks and naturally is of a joyous disposition and this spiritual manifestation came as the climax to what preceded it. In the same family a brother of the father of Mrs. Gates was so mediumistic that when a child he received revelations all over the house was feared by neighbors and regarded as a strange son by parents. At night he felt hands caressing his face, so that he had, out of fear of the phenomena and ignorance of angel presence, to sleep in bed with his mother. For the sake of truth,

"WHITE ROSE."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Excellent Results Obtained.

TO THE EDITOR:—Mr. J. R. Perkins, of Kalamazoo, Mich., made a negative of myself at my own house, using a grey shawl for a background. On the photo, by the side of my own picture, there is the picture of my husband's sister, Mrs. Alice Ann Skinner, who passed to Spirit-life May 7, 1861. The picture is plain, and recognized by my husband, myself, and by my sister, Mrs. Alonzo Haynes, living at South Haven, Mich., and by many others, relatives and friends. I wish also to state that there never was a picture taken of the deceased, of any kind whatever; so there can be no question about its being a genuine spirit picture. Mr. Perkins also made a negative of my husband a few months before he passed to Spirit-life, at our own house. On the photo, beside his picture, is the picture of a Miss Helen Jenkins, a lady whom my husband knew in the State of Virginia, forty-five years ago, and who passed to Spirit-life from there. The picture is very plain, and was instantly recognized by my husband, Thomas Athey; also his brother, Louis Athey, a devout member of the Methodist church. There is no picture of the lady in the possession of any one, nor ever has been; in fact, there is no picture of her known to be in existence.

MRS. ADALINE ATHEY.

J. Clegg Wright.

Mr. Wright passed through our city last week, on his way to the camp-meeting in Minnesota. Mr. Wright is a fearless, independent thinker and lecturer. We publish this under an excellent address from him.

REUNITED BY DEATH.

The Dead Baby Was the Peacemaker.

The baby was dead, and its poor young mother, worn out by her long watch, lay in the deep sleep of exhaustion. Every one else had expected the child's death long before, but the desolate mother-heart had hoped up to the very last gasping breath that God would work a miracle in answer to her agonized prayers, and it seemed to her that the end of all things had come.

Only a few squares away the baby's father sat in his cheerful boarding-house chamber, holding in his trembling hand the newspaper containing the only notice he had received of his child's death. His own little daughter, and yet he had never seen her.

Mainly Pratt and his wife of a month only had been lovers ever since their first term at college, and until their marriage had always been the best of friends. But it seemed as if the wedding ceremony had been the key to unlock all the bad temper both possessed; they had quarreled on their wedding night—differed as to the location of the new home, and separated because of a disagreement concerning the hanging of her great-uncle's portrait. She had gone back to her mother, and he to his bachelor ways, and after much trying, had succeeded in persuading himself that he no longer missed her. And now this little obituary notice had suddenly shown him how mistaken he was.

Presently he went out and ordered some flowers sent to the house. "What kind?" asked the florist, and after a moment's hesitation he answered: "White chrysanthemums," with a sad recollection how many times he had taken similar blossoms to Jennie in the happy days before they had married—and parted. "Poor little girl," he muttered, "how lonely she will be," and then resolving to forget her, he went to bed. All night he dreamed much of the baby, but more of Jennie, and when, next morning, he remembered that the funeral services would take place at noon, he decided to attend them.

He went to the church (the one to which they had so often gone together, and in which the unlucky wedding had been performed) early, and seating himself in a dark corner, watched her follow the little white casket in. He could not see her face through the heavy crape veil which covered it, but he remembered how he had once seen her look over the death of a pet kitten, and when, next morning, he remembered that the funeral services would take place at noon, he decided to attend them.

When the service was over he hastily left the church and stood on the pavement close to the hearse, determined to see the last of his unknown child. Suddenly he started, for there, close to his elbow, stood Jennie. As the carriage-door closed she saw him, and with a heartbroken look turned away. There were tears in his eyes as he looked after her, and not all of them were for the baby.

He seemed to pass the next few days in a mournful dream, from which he waked to find himself riding down town in the same street-car with Jennie. In a moment his mind was made up. He would speak to her, tell her how sorry he was, and ask her to make up again. He forgot her pride and his anger, he only remembered that the slender, sad-looking girl across the car was his wife. But how to get a chance to address her? If he took a seat beside her, she might refuse to listen to him, even if he could induce either of the fat old ladies who overflowed upon her to change places with him. But while he considered this question the blessed cable broke, and very soon the car was deserted by every one save Jennie and himself. He had decided that if she left the car he would follow her, and she had somehow divined his purpose, and resolved to stay where she was.

For a while he gazed sadly at her, and she looked down at the pocketbook she firmly clasped in her nervous fingers. Then he crossed the car and seated himself by her side. "Jennie," he whispered, trying to take her hand; and though she drew hastily away, and turned her head from him, he saw that a tear gathered and clung to the long eyelashes nearest him, and he took courage. "Jennie," he said again, softly. There was no answer, but the tear fell with a little splash onto the big pearl buttons of her coat, and this time she did not resist his hand. Then he boldly put his arm around her, and drawing her to him, murmured: "Jennie dear, let's be friends again." "I'm willing," she answered with a great sob.

A little later the conductor entered, and seeing their affectionate attitude, stared out of the opposite window, while remarked loudly: "Cable's joined again, sir." "All right," was the cheerful answer, "so are we," and then he blushed while the good-natured conductor smiled broadly. He had seen several such scenes in his nine years on the street railway. Now all this happened some time ago, and the first baby which followed, and was named after the little dead peacemaker, has also taken its departure, but the bereaved parents are a happy couple, in spite of their natural sorrow, and perhaps, sometime, another may take its place.

ETHEL MAUDE COLSON.

CAMP-MEETING.

The North Star Spiritualist Camp Association will hold its camp at Prospect Park, about midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, from June 11th to July 9th, inclusive. This park is at the head of Malcolm avenue, and only one block from the Interurban Line, and one fare from either city to the camp. This park is most beautifully situated, very picturesque, and has a most beautiful view of all Minneapolis—in fact is a place of beauty where one can come and bask in the sunshine and shade of quiet rest, and hear the beautiful truths of Spiritual philosophy expounded. Come and join us, and give your soul and body a rest. All kinds of refreshments can be had on the grounds. An enjoyable day of recreation and pleasure can be found here. Come one, come all! M. C. WESTERFIELD, Secretary.

J. S. Loveland.

Mr. Loveland was in the city last week, attending the World's Fair. We were glad to meet him. He is a veteran in the cause of truth, and has been instrumental in doing a grand work.

DOCTRINE AGAINST REASON.

An Address Delivered By H. S. SEED.

Before the Progressive Society of Minneapolis, Minn.

In a neat suburban residence in one of our Southern cities, surrounded by beautiful landscapes, clad in all the richness of semi-tropical vegetation, dwelt a mother and her daughter.

Possessed of a comfortable income, they were safe from the ravages of the growing wolf of misfortune and want, and free to indulge themselves in all the moderate enjoyments of earthly life. Their minds were of a cheerful and social disposition, were wont to mingle in social gatherings, and engage in church enterprises and festivals. The mother was a member of one of the leading churches of the city, and a firm believer in the doctrines of original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, and the necessity of a cheerful and social disposition, were wont to mingle in social gatherings, and engage in church enterprises and festivals. The mother was a member of one of the leading churches of the city, and a firm believer in the doctrines of original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, and the necessity of a cheerful and social disposition, were wont to mingle in social gatherings, and engage in church enterprises and festivals. 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