



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

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A CRITICAL REVIEW.

Attending Their Own Funeral.

An Address Delivered by
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To the Readers of the Progressive
Thinker.

Without casting any reflections upon the good the churches have done or are still doing, one thing is very noticeable to-day, viz., in the creedal department of the church there is a stir the like of which the world never saw before, and it is in this very department that funeral services are being held. For fifty years past this change has been slowly taking place, and even to-day thousands upon thousands do not know that a church funeral is being conducted in their very midst; only when a Briggs, an Abbott, a Canon Farrar, Washington Gladden, and a host of others who are leaders before the people the fleshless bones of a defunct skeleton and say to them: "There is something better; something higher and nobler to live for," do they realize, after the first wave of wrath is past, that they are attending post mortem services on the Dead Sea level of an effete past? It is then that they begin to realize that religion, so-called, and a Christ principle which has in it a moral sentiment which reaches higher than forms or words in a heartless theology, have nothing in common, nothing in its money with the soul-needs of to-day. The idea of the fall of man was a miserable conception, which never originated in the mind of a Supreme Intelligence, and it has drenched the world in blood over and over again. To-day the world is beginning to understand that instead of falling, man has ever been going up, gradually evolving from the lower to the higher.

At no time in the history of the world was the funeral idea more patent than now. At no time has creedalism had such an overhauling. From whom? Infidels? No! From "miserable sinners"? No! From Spiritualists? No, not altogether; for these are all taking a rest—having a vacation. The overhauling is being done right in the "houses of God," and right among his "chosen people," men rise up, great men, profound thinkers, and say to the people: "Thus and so is the truth, and thus and so is not the truth." Then a heresy hunt is instituted, and credal hounds take the track. Out they go, over hill and dale, over swamp and forest, until they run the poor heretic down. Yes, away they go, blowing out the "lights along the shore," for it matters not if "poor sinners" burst their tails back on the hidden rocks, so Higgins and a host of others are brought here Galileo was, and made to recant. Possibly these heretics have heard Galileo and his famous reply: "The earth moves for all that."

And, alas, it is utterly impossible, to a dead system which fitted into the grooves of the past; it can never be put upon the planes of a higher and rational life; just as well try to old-fashioned ox-cart on the eleventh way of New York City. Here is a figure orthodox, credal, living in the same time, in the same place, in the same world, as the "progressive" who is always getting on, and it goes butting along the ties—it is no good; push it off—let it go down into the Dead Sea of oblivion. If the church does not get rid of it herself, the Car of Progress will come thundering along one of these days and the way will of necessity be cleared. It is of no use—the age will not accept a religion which is made up largely of glacial formalism; the age cannot assimilate credal ideas which heartlessly stood up and witnessed the burnings, hangings, tortures and slow murdering of millions of human beings.

A religion which upholds the burning of a man at a slow fire simply because of a little nasty difference of opinion in the transposition of words in a sentence—is a religion which the Nazarene never taught or upheld.

I was much pleased to see the following in a recent number of the Chicago Inter Ocean:

"Many an innocent prisoner went to execution as late as the last half of the eighteenth century on the strength of false self-incrimination, extorted by torture. The abolition of this horrible practice was the crowning achievement of Voltaire. Whatever one may think of his hostility to the church, that great man deserves profound gratitude for the patience with which he labored to impress the civilized world with the inhumanity and unreasonableness of compelling suspects under torture to incriminate themselves. He succeeded, and that was, in itself, one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind."

The world's grandest thinkers are keenly alive to-day; they are out in the harvest-fields, gleaming the ripening grain for future use; they recognize in the fruit they gather factors which the world is on the eve of accepting, preparatory to the morning dawn of a dawn of heavenly light. Again let us quote—this time from that tireless and

indefatigable worker, Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"I wish I might place in the hands of every mother in the world this book of Florence Huntley's ('The Dream Child'), a book charged with the advanced religious thought of the age, and brimming with spiritual truths. I know of no church or clergyman in the land to whom I would send a bereaved mother for consolation. I know of few, if any, religious books calculated to comfort a woman in such an hour of sorrow; but it seems to me that the picture drawn by Florence Huntley of the Spirit-life into which Mrs. Varian was able to follow her child in visions, must dry the tears born of love and loss of any selfish mother. It is a picture, not of a vague paradise, where winged beings float about, with nothing to do but sing praises to an almighty being, but a world not unlike our own, where spiritualized and ennobled beings carry on the duties and employments of our next stage of existence; and here, guided and guarded by gentle and wise instructors, Mrs. Varian, through her dream trance, beholds her child grown into spiritual maturity. The book is no new philosophy of an author's brain; it is based on truth, gleams of which glorify the souls and morals of thousands of intelligent people of to-day, bringing convictions of a heaven after death much more satisfactory than the orthodox idea of the place. The world is coming to realize that every man may have revelations from on high, quite as inspired and authentic as those of Tolus, and much less confusing. The gift of clear-seeing, or seeing beyond the material, is increasing, year by year, and shall one day be universal. Creeds which satisfied crude minds a thousand years ago are as unsatisfactory to the expanding minds of the present age as would be the methods of travel and material life of the tenth century to-day. Man demands a broader and higher belief, and the demand brings the supply. Man also demands to see for himself, rather than have truths doled out to him second-hand; and that demand, too, brings its response; and the spiritual insight is granted. Books like the 'Dream Child' will spur humanity on to make more and more demands of this nature, and will open up new heights and depths of spiritual knowledge. To every man, woman and child I would say, read 'The Dream Child.'"

What about the funeral idea in the credal department of the church? Sentiments from a gifted and world-wide loved author like Ella Wheeler Wilcox? She who wrote:

"Come, kiddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
You hear like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful land of Not."

Oh! It makes orthodoxians sick, sick. The older ones say: "The world is going to the shool," the middle-aged don't know which way to jump, and the young buds are leaning up against infidel posts—while their young tendrils are reaching out for an unknown shore, as yet not accepted by the church. Never fear, ye little ones, a mighty revolution in religious ideas is now taking place, but out in the harbor, even now, are lying at anchor the white-winged ships from this same "unknown shore," even now the sweet messengers of love and everlasting truth are in your midst. Open your spiritual eyes, dears, and see the beautiful flowers from God's Summerland scattered in your pathway. Learn to do right, and fear not to tread wherever these messengers strew these sweet emblems of God's abiding love. You will not be obliged to live through and go over the dark grounds of credalism that the older and early fathers went through; the worst of these battles have been fought—only for credalists there yet remains a burial—that, you will possibly grow up to witness.

It is an age of the most intense interest, in every department there is a grand and onward movement. One has only to read the baccalaureate sermons and commencement year in the different colleges to note this; and this year of grace 1893 has not taken a back seat either, but out beyond, clear and clean cut, the letters on the banner of progression stand where all the world may read them. Some one may say: "Why, these men stand where they always have as regards church ideas," etc. No, they do not; that is an impossibility; he who reads carefully can quickly recognize this one fact; church leaders to-day are getting things in order to move, they are going into an "upper story"—onto a plane that will enable the world to recognize in a higher and more spiritualized sense the crying needs of humanity. To-day the angels—God's messengers, are putting this "upper-church" room in order, and the time is fast approaching when the gates will be thrown wide open. Then the priest, the minister and layman, the aged, the middle-aged, the youth, the king and the beggar, the president and the laborer, the millionaire and the peasant-vender, shall read over the beautiful archway, flower-entwined—these words:

"GOD'S CHILDREN ALL."

The early representations of Christ in painting were purposely devoid of all attraction; and in the eighth century Adrian I. decreed that Christ should be represented as beautiful as possible.

The finest ancient marble was that from Paros, called Parian; the next best was from Mount Pentelicon and Hymettus, near Athens. The finest modern marble is from Carrara.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

The Part They Play in History.

They Should Always Be Treated Kindly.

TO THE EDITOR:—These important facts are gleaned from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and are furnished by E. P. Powell, a versatile and accomplished writer and a comprehensive thinker. It is well to study the nature of animals, and draw them close to us, as a part of the Divine plan. Very early in his career man recognized his relation to animals in such a way as to call forth intense love and gratitude. The simpler races of to-day seem to have very similar emotions towards their animal friends. An Arab and his horse, an Esquimaux and his dog, an Indian and his pony, are inseparable. They fare alike in bed and board. Neither can well exist without the other. Homer gives us in dog Argus a splendid picture of canine fealty and high character for companionship. Theocritus speaks of the cat as the pet of the Greeks in his day. "Eunice," pick up your work, lazy girl, and take care—the cats like such soft things to sleep upon. Curiously, the Greeks made pets of insects. Meleager sings very pleasantly of caged cicadas:

Cicada! you who chase away desire;
Cicada! who beguile our sleepless hours;
You song-birds of meadows and of flowers,
Who are the natural mimic of the lyre;
Chirp a familiar melody and sweet—
My weight of sleepless care to drive away.
Your love-beguiling tune to me now play;
Striking your prattling wings with your dear feet.

In early morning I'll bring gifts to you,
Of garlic, ever fresh, and drops of dew.

Another very sweet verse comes from some unknown author:

Why, ruthless shepherds, from my dewy spray,
In my lone haunt, why tear methus away?
Me, the nymph's faithful minstrel, whose sweet notes
O'er sunny hill is heard and shady grove to float;
Lo! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host
Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost!
With just revenge those ravagers pursue;
But grudge not my small leaf and sip of morning dew.

I know of but one English poet who so sympathetically tunes his love for the insect world. John Clare has lines like these:

Tiny lotterers on the barley's beard,
And happy mites of a numerous herd,
Of playfellow the laughing sunbeams bring,
Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings.
How merrily they creep, and dance, and fly;
No kin they bear to labor's drudgery.
Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedgerose;
And when they fly for dinner no one knows.
The dewdrops feed them not, they love the shine
Of noon, whose suns may bring them golden wine.

All day they're playing in their Sunday dress;
When night repeats for them they can do less.
To the sweet heathbell's purple hood they fly,
And like to princes in their slumber lie.
Secure from rain and dripping dews, and all
In silken beds and roomy, painted hall.
Macleager, the Greek poet, tells us that the wild hare was also a pet among the Grecian maidens.

From my mother's teats they tore me,
Little, long-eared hare, and bore me,
The swift-footed, from her breast.
Phanias, soft-handed, fed me
On spring flowers, and nourished me,
Fondling in her lap to rest;

The story of Walter Scott's dogs has been told until no one thinks of the prince of novel-writers without holding in the same picture the great hounds and the silken-haired spaniels. He wrote his books with Brau Malda and Nimrod always near him. The story of "Rob and His Friends" has become a fixed classic of English literature. It is difficult, however, to find an authority of note in any age who has not in some way shown his love or else his aversion to pets. Tradition at least brings to us several charming stories of Jesus and the birds and animals. Virgil writes of the horse:

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The brightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, while eager for the promised fight.

You cannot have forgotten the noble but pathetic story of Androcles and the lion. Androcles had hid himself in a cave, when he saw a lion approaching. He feared that he should be devoured; but seeing that the animal was in pain and limping, he went up boldly and took its paw. There he found a thorn which was thrust deeply in and the wound inflamed. This he extracted, and the lion tried to express its gratitude. Afterward Androcles was taken a prisoner, and flung into the arena to the wild beasts. The lion, however, that was let loose on him refused to harm him, but fawned on him with delight. It was the lion he had helped while in the cave. Apollon declares that he saw this scene in the circus with his own eyes. Ebenezer Elliott, the corn law poet, used to say: "If it were not for my cat and dog, I think I could scarcely live."

It is not surprising that many animals became objects of worship. This is shocking to us after we have become accustomed to think of worship in relation to the infinite and supreme. But let us bear in mind that primitive worship was a wholly different and a simple affair. It expressed no reverence for the eternal sum of power and goodness, because such ideas never dawned in the brains of

man till within 5,000 years. Worship did not exist in any other respect than as an expression of love or fear for things seen and felt. It was a vast stride when the conception of a natural god was grasped, and the universal father has few worshippers, even to this day. Even universal brotherhood is beyond the practical grasp of the multitude. Animals and trees and celestial bodies, especially the sun and moon, were rivals in the honor and reverence of the children of men. Brutal and degenerate races worshiped brute force, and therefore animals, because they represented brute force. Garcilasso de Vega tells us the Peruvians worshiped the creatures they could use for food; hawks for their vision and daring, and monkeys for their almost human traits.

Very generally there was an impression that animals and men were related. The Yakuts speak of the bear as "great uncle." The Ainu first reverence and bow down to the bear before eating it. They insist that they are descendants of bears. African races reverence monkeys in much the same way as a relative. But in most cases there seems to be no more than a childish notion that some beasts have human traits of reason—or perhaps superhuman knowledge. A dog trailing, when a man is lost, would surely give the dog a high position in the wondering esteem of the master. His devotion and great sagacity in many ways would add to the honor bestowed upon him. Yet in some lands no word of contempt was greater than to liken a man to a dog. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" How natural that this astonishing mentality of animals should suggest the idea that in them are human souls—spirits of the dead. We must remember that no primitive race ever conceived of a dead person as annihilated, but only as gone out of the body. Annihilation is a metaphysical notion too hard for a simple mind to originate. In West Africa monkeys are supposed to be possessed of spirits of "gone people." The inhabitants about the Bay of Benin conceive the snake to be omniscient; and a notion not very different characterized the Shemite people who wrote the story of the garden of Eden. The very general worship of animals by the Egyptians has been explained on many grounds, chiefly that they expressed either love or fear; that is, gratitude to useful animals, and dread of the imperious; or that they worshiped them as symbols of the gods. If we bear in mind that primitive gods were as simple as primitive men we shall not be troubled for an explanation. They saw in animals human traits, and worshiped them as signifying the presence in the animals of spirits of deceased beings or friends.

There is very little difficulty, from either standpoint, of explaining the cult, but in all probability we should include both. It was certainly natural that the earliest animals to be domesticated should be held in high esteem, and honored, when dead, because of their extraordinary usefulness. Men depended on them so absolutely that they became loved like wives and children. The worship of live animals was a natural consequence. To kill one was a high social crime. The priests would soon make it a religious crime. The Egyptians carried this cult to its height, as Babylon carried the worship of the sun. "Among them," says Clemens Alexandrinus, "the temples are surrounded with groves and consecrated pastures; their walls glitter with foreign marbles and paintings of the highest art; the shrine is veiled with a curtain to behold something more excellent, a priest with a pompous air, singing a psalm, draws aside a curtain—and lo, a cat, or a crocodile, or a serpent—a beast of some sort rolling on a purple coverlet." They were fed with the choicest food, cakes of fine flour, steeped in milk and honey. They were placed in warm baths and anointed with costly perfumes. Their curators wore badges of high honor, and were received everywhere with genuflections. When a sacred animal died, it was buried with extraordinary honors. To kill a cat, an ibis or a hawk was a crime so extreme as to be rarely heard of. As late as the Roman alliance, a Roman soldier accidentally killed a cat, and not even the king could save the man's life. This spirit lives today in India, where it is as much as a man's life is worth to kill a cow. In Athens "the people," says Aelian, "condemned a man to death for killing a sparrow sacred to Esculapius." The stork today in Holland is held in reverent protection; and with us there is a curious general popular tenderness for the robin. To kill a stork among the Thessalians was punished by death or by banishment, not because it was worshiped, but because of its great usefulness in killing serpents. The Egyptians simply worked up a perfectly natural sentiment into a supernatural theology. The worship of a bull seems to us a beastly act of degradation; but the cult as wrought out was certainly very fascinating to the popular taste. The processions and processions connected with the Temple of Apis were not unlike other religious ceremonies of modern times. By that time, that is the glory of the Egyptian civilization, the lesser divinities had become absorbed in greater; and there was a dawning idea of infinite power. The bull, Apis, the most universal of the deities.

Herbert Spencer undertakes to account for animal worship by the common custom among wild races of naming individuals after animals. These names became tribe names; and thenceforth certain animals stand for the tribe. This is a possible source of some in-

stances of this cult. Among the Algonquins the name of a tribe animal is applied to a whole clan, as wolf, or tortoise; this is not an uncommon custom among all hunting races, and is called totemism. Naturally the clan animal becomes sacred. In South Africa the Bakweras are called men of the crocodile; the Bantapi, men of fish; the Botanang, men of the lion; and no one will kill or eat his clan symbol or totem. Dr. Brinon points out, with his usual perspicacity, that lower races not only have their senses more on the level of the animals, but they have a sympathetic understanding of animals. "They were to him not inferiors, but equals—even superiors. He doubted not that once upon a time he had possessed their instinct, they his language. You see this in the talking of the serpent with Eve." He points out further, that two subdivisions of the animal kingdom enter most peculiarly into divine legends: the bird and the serpent. The most civilized man can not but envy and wonder at the birds, who have their homes according to the seasons, and who soar in the face of the sun. Our idea of freedom is to fly away from our limitations. Angels are portrayed as winged. Coming and going with such unerring senses, the bird has always seemed to have superhuman sources of knowledge. Augury in Rome, in Peru and Mexico was the art of interpreting their songs and their flight. It was easy to suppose that their wisdom could be discovered by examining their entrails. The stride of imagination was not great that supposed all good people at death metamorphosed into birds of the skies. When we remember our snow birds and stormy petrels, and the relations which many other birds bear to the weather, is it any wonder that the Indians considered certain birds as storm-bringers? While savage races and clans are known by bird-totems, let us not forget the eagle is proudly claimed to be the symbol of America. We were preceded in this choice by a half-dozen nations of the red men. The Creeks had a stuffed eagle over their council lodges; only the warriors of highest rank among the Cherokees could wear its feathers; the Zunis used four of its feathers to represent the four winds, and the Natchez tribe paid it religious honors. The owl was not only sacred to Minerva in Greece, but was one of the names of the Mexican Pluto. The dove has always been, all over the world, the natural symbol of peace and love.

Serpent worship is most offensive to our sensibilities, and it never can rank high as a cult, because it is based on fear, and not on love. You can not but notice that all the universal religions combine the bird and the serpent cult in one. This is a summary of the simple faiths; that is, the dove or holy spirit stands over against Satan, "that old dragon," or serpent. The very oldest Zoroastrianism and Vedism conjoined the two forces, good and bad, and united the symbols. The aborigines of America almost exclusively feared and honored the rattlesnake. It is the very ideal of cunning and mischief. The casting of its skin annually gave to the snake a religious association as master of decay, and capable of doing what man so totally fails in doing—renewing its youth. Dr. Schwarz, the celebrated scholar of Berlin, has shown that the serpent and lightning were very often held as emblems of each other. These two alike were held to be foes of honesty and heroism, and were conjoined with all the ideas of devastation and malignity. All the fancies which our children develop concerning the sky and noises, the ruder childlike races have held to be literal truth. Lightning, said the Algonquins, is an immense serpent vomited forth by the Manitou. And, like more civilized people, they added, this is so because under trees struck by lightning we find snakes. All names of the god of the skies in Central American myth signified bird-serpent. The hurricane and elemental agitations were the bird; the lightning and thunder were the serpent. The great white-god of Mexican myth finally sailed away from that country in a boat of rattlesnake skins.

I have already suggested that it is difficult for us, with our theological views and developed spiritual philosophy, to comprehend the familiarity of simple races with the general animal world. Arabs will talk with their horses as if they were human beings; Alnora address the bear with long and complimentary speeches; Indian tribes salute the rattlesnake with polite epithets; the Kafirs assure the elephant that when he is dead they will bury his trunk with him; the Koriaks, after killing a bear, dress one of their number in his skin and dance about the carcass, chanting praises, and saying that it was not they, but a Russian, that killed him. You will find the negroes have a fixed belief that animals understand them, and in such writers as "Uncle Remus" their animal philosophy is seen to be that the highest shrewdness belongs to the beasts they have to deal with, and not with men. Schoolcraft's "Legends of the North American Indians" is replete with the idea that men and beasts often exchange forms, and that by fasting and prayer a soul may become a bird. The belief naturally followed that in a future life our faithful animals would be our companions—an opinion not at all confined to the aborigines of America. Medieval Christianity especially has the effect of so exalting the comparative importance of man that the beasts fell into relative contempt. Darwinism has not degraded man, but has exalted once more the animal. The original animal world was one of warm friendship between the lower and the higher creatures.

The most noted Athenian painters were Dionysius, a portrait painter of whom Aristotle said: "He painted men as they are"; Micon, the horse painter; Panonius, a landscape painter.

THE PACIFIC COAST CAMPS.

BRO. FRANCIS:—Our camp-meeting at Catlin, Wash., closed on the 4th of July. As before intimated it was only a local camp, and was small through the week, but quite large on Sundays. Bro. Smith is the owner of the grove, and in the sense that he runs everything as he pleases and pays all of the bills, he is the proprietor of the meeting. He declares his intention to keep the meetings up every summer while he remains in the form, and of leaving arrangements by which the meetings will continue after he "shuffles off the mortal coil." He is anxious that Mrs. Hull and myself should run his meetings next year, but I hardly think we can arrange to do so. There seems to be a dearth of good speakers on this coast. I know of but one thing to do, that is to "pray the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into the field, for the harvest truly is great and plenteous and the laborers are few."

On the 5th of July, I left the Washington camp ground and came to New Era, Oregon. I found Brother and Sister Short, and Brother and Sister Love here, hard at work getting ready for the annual outpouring of the spirit, and of the people expected to arrive in a few days. They have almost made a new hotel out of the old one, and have put on many other improvements.

On Friday, the 7th, the campers began to arrive, and by the time we got ready to open the meeting it began to look quite like a camp-meeting. We had two meetings on Friday and three on Saturday and Sunday. I will say but little about the preaching, as I do the most of that myself; if people find any fault with it they do not bother me with it. The conferences, one of which is held every day, are very interesting, nearly all take part, and the great trouble is, after they get started, to know when to quit. The fact is they are so interesting that the people forget to quit. Several of the mediums are doing well privately, but there seems, for some reason to be a hesitancy on their part about coming to the front in public.

On Sunday, notwithstanding the vast increase of our audience, it was entirely destitute of that "200 elements" which goes to make a noise and a stir. I have been informed *sub rosa* that a Methodist camp which has been turned loose on the people three miles from here, monopolizes all of that element. You have heard of the old proverb, "birds of a feather," etc.

I never in my life saw people more interested than they are all along this coast. Many have tried to persuade me not to return to my eastern appointments, or if I must go, to come back as soon as possible. "The east has speakers enough—can get along very well without you," etc., are the arguments made.

There are several good mediums on the grounds, among them Mrs. Ladd-Finniken, of Portland, a test and business medium. Mrs. Bruce, of Mount Tabor, is said to be one of the best slate-writing mediums in the state. I am to have a sitting with her to-day, and I expect a treat. Mrs. Ball, Mrs. May, Mr. Henry Pippin, and other mediums whose names I have not been able to get, are here. With all the mediums we have there has not yet been one strictly mediums' meeting. Each one seems to be waiting for others; this state of things cannot continue. We hear of several other mediums, two Mrs. Smiths, a Mrs. Cooley, Dr. Wilder, and others who are expected here this week.

Our conferences are very interesting, while Catholics, Protestants, Liberals and Spiritualists are alike interested in the lectures. The camp breaks and I turn my face eastward on the 23d. August 5th, I begin my work at Devil's Lake (Geneva, Mich.) camp-meeting. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is as popular here as it is in the east, which is saying a good deal. In fact Spiritualists are becoming a larger band and they read more than in former times, this helps all the Spiritual papers.

As ever, MOSES HULL.

Summerland Camp-Meeting.

The camp-meeting is moving along nicely and the attendance good, and the sessions interesting and instructive. Prof. Loveland outdid himself at the opening Sunday morning; his lecture was a masterpiece of oratory, logic and reason. Mrs. Stone's lecture in the afternoon and readings elicited much praise, and the well-trained choir gave the music, and inspired the audience. Your correspondent held forth in the evening and during the present week, and will speak next Sunday in conjunction with Prof. Buchanan. Other speakers are expected during the coming week, and also the excellent trumpet and materializing medium, Hugh R. Moore, of Dayton, Ohio.

The climate here is all one could desire; cool breezes from the sea, fresh and invigorating, freighted with the incense of the magnolia, oleander, orange, and the interminable bloom of the rose, intoxicate and delight the dreamy senses, and call forth words of praise from every one that visits this beautiful Summerland. BISHOP A. BEALS.

The most brilliant period of the Flemish school was in the seventeenth century, under Rubens. "A grant of execution, truth, violence of brush, brilliant color, and daring conception."

The most noted Athenian painters were Dionysius, a portrait painter of whom Aristotle said: "He painted men as they are"; Micon, the horse painter; Panonius, a landscape painter.

SPIRIT GUIDANCE

OF INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ERASTUS AND HERMOINE NOBLE

WRITTEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS CLARA MARSH BY FRANK CROW

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Grant's Convalescence—After Four Years—Mr. Grant Sails to Foreign Shores.

When Herman first came back to consciousness he was very weak; he could only whisper, "Olive." Mr. Noble, bending over him, said: "You must not talk, for you have been very sick." He did as he was bid, though there was a look of longing in his eyes, and as days went by memory came slowly back to him, and he thought he was left alone, that never more would he behold that dear form, or hear the sweet voice he loved so well.

Who can tell the painful and sad thoughts that surged through his brain as he lay so still and quiet—the quiet of despair. Contrary to the idea of friends, he slowly but steadily advanced toward convalescence.

One day he asked Mr. Noble to help him to a seat by the window. He placed him in a chair by the south window. "Not there," he said, "to the other," and he pointed to another that overlooked the cemetery. Sitting there he gazed longingly towards the place where gleamed the white stones that marked the resting-place of his ancestors. Mr. Noble sat looking sorrowfully at him.

Suddenly turning, Mr. Grant said: "Where have you laid her?"

His face was white as marble, and his hands tightly grasped the arm of his chair in his efforts at self-control. It was the first time he had enquired about his wife since his convalescence. Mr. Noble was glad to hear him speak, for he knew the first effort would be the hardest, and he hoped after that some of the bitterness of his sorrow would wear away. But Mr. Grant was a man of strong and lasting feeling; now bereft of his wife, it seemed as if all that bound him to life was gone.

"Tell me all that has happened," he said again. Mr. Noble did as he wished, relating all the incidents we have told in preceding chapters.

"Why did you save my life?" he said; "I had better be lying by the side of Olive under the willow. To think of my beautiful darling in that cold and silent grave—it nearly drives me wild. I have nothing to live for," and a look of hopeless despair settled on his face. Neither could he see the gentle spirit that hovered over him, seeking to impress her thoughts upon his mind, trying to tell him that she was not nor ever had been sleeping in that grave under the willow, but was his living, loving wife as before her transition.

"You have Hermoine," said his friend; "you must think of her. Would you have her friendless and alone, to never know a mother's love or a father's protecting care?" Wise man, Mr. Noble, to thus appeal to the affectionate part of your friend's nature.

Mr. Grant was touched. Reaching out his hand, he said: "Forgive me! I am not myself in my great sorrow. I fear I have been selfish. Dear little motherless Hermoine! I will remember my promise to your mother, and try my best to fill her place in caring for you, as well as doing my duty as a father. She must be sent for immediately; she is now my only comfort. Mr. Noble, will you see that my wish is carried out, and bring my child to me?"

"I will write at once," said his kind friend, glad to see his thoughts dwell on a different subject. He wrote, and the next day he went to meet the child, and took her to her father. Mr. Grant clasped her to his heart, and kissed again and again that baby face, that dear face the dying mother had so longed to caress again.

How bright that angel-mother's face appeared as she saw the two loved ones together once more. She hovered near them, and by her presence brought, for the time, a sense of rest.

"Where is mamma?" said Hermoine; "I have been so lonesome without papa and mamma; I did so want to come home." This question was like a stab to the heart of the father, but he tried to explain the best he could how mamma had gone away.

"But she will come back, will she not?" said the little one.

"I fear not, darling," said her father sorrowfully.

"But I want my mamma!" then the little one hid her face on her father's breast and sobbed out her childish grief and sorrow.

"Papa wants her to be my pet," said Mr. Grant, and he held her close to his heart, while tears dropped on the shining curls of his child.

"How could mamma go away and leave her and papa alone?" She could not understand this. Hermoine sobbed herself to sleep, and Herman, though yet weak, undressed her and put her in her little white bed. He determined he would take the mother's place in this duty as well as all others.

Sleep, sweet child; unknown to you there hovers over your little bed the angel form of that dear mamma your baby heart so longed to see!

Next day Hermoine came to her father, and when he had taken her on his lap, said: "Did God take my mamma away to heaven? Auntie Strieker said so, and that some day you and I will go to her. Is that so, papa?"

"Yes, I hope so," he answered, for how

could he destroy that childish happiness and hope that one day she might again behold her darling mamma? If it was a false hope, it was a happy one, he thought.

"And auntie said I must be your joy and comfort—am I, papa?"

"Yes, darling, you are now papa's only comfort, all that is left to cheer his sad and lonely heart." And the little one put her arms around his neck, pressed her soft lips to his, then, nestling in his arms, seemed to realize, in her childish way, the great sorrow that overpowered him, and anxious to be papa's little comfort—and a comfort she was in the lonely hours and days of future years.

Soon he was able to go about his duties, and though he never refused to do a kind act in relieving suffering or assisting the poor or needy, he was a changed man in many respects, and his face showed the marks of sorrow and the great unrest of his spirit. Every day he visited that silent grave under the willows, sitting for hours with his face buried in his hands, listening to the soft whispers of the waving branches over his head, thinking of happy days gone by, and of the lonely years that would be his. He erected to her memory a beautiful statue, representing Hope, and every day placed on the mound some of the beautiful flowers she loved so well. He and little Hermoine would sit in mamma's sitting-room, where so many pleasant evenings had been spent in the old happy days, and there talk of her they both loved so well. Everything was just as she left it; he would have nothing disturbed. Little Hermoine's dress, her last work, was found neatly folded where she had placed it. He put it away to keep for the little one till she grew older in years, when she would treasure it as her mother's last work.

When Hermoine was six years old he had a governess for her at "The Beeches," and four years after the transition of his wife to higher spheres, he determined to place Hermoine at school and go abroad. He arranged all his affairs for that purpose, placing everything in the care of Mr. Noble, fulfilling his promise regarding the education of Erastus by placing to the grave of his wife, and, taking little Hermoine, he went up to London. He took the child to his sister's, where he wished her to stay till the time should arrive for her to enter a seminary. Her aunt promised to undertake the care of her, and see to her wardrobe and other necessities. He placed an amount to her credit that astonished the lady. Handing her a check-book, Mr. Grant said:

"Give Hermoine all she needs, and grant her every reasonable request, and when she is sixteen years old I want her to be her own mistress, and you may then hand the check-book over to her, for I think by that time she will be competent to care for her own interests. I may never come back, for life is uncertain, and all I have will be Hermoine's, except"—and he named a sum that was to be Grant's—"providing you allow him to be a physician and surgeon, which he has set his heart upon being."

This and some minor questions they talked over, the lady promising to do all required of her, and not doubting that his sister would be kind to Hermoine, he trusted her with his darling, and engaged a passage in the steamer Lady Grace, kissed Hermoine farewell, and sailed for foreign shores.

CHAPTER X.

On the Continent—Mr. Sargeant—Sails for Australia.

Soon he was out of sight on the broad waters of the English Channel; crossing the straits, he landed at Calais. From there he took an overland route, visiting all the places of interest on the continent. How many times had he thought of taking this same trip for pleasure in company with Olive, when little Hermoine grew older! But this, alas! like all his other dreams, could never be. And viewing all the beauties and wonders of foreign lands did not give him that rest and peace his soul longed for. He received long letters from Hermoine, telling him of her school-days, and little incidents in her life at her aunt's. And he replied by telling her of all the interesting things he saw in his travels, and sent her many tokens of love in the shape of beautiful fabrics and bric-a-brac. For five years he continued his wanderings.

One evening, tired and listless, he was walking along the streets of Constantinople when he heard a cry for help. Going swiftly in the direction from whence the cry proceeded, he was in time to help a man who was being robbed. Upon looking closely at him he saw that he was an Englishman to whose assistance he had come. Glad to see one of his fellow-countrymen so far from home, they were soon conversing pleasantly together. Thanking Mr. Grant for his kindly aid, he said: "I had quite a large sum of money with me, which I would have been sorry to lose, for I intend to

tomorrow to sail for Australia, there to make some investments which, in a few years, promise to double my capital.

Mr. Grant thought: Why should he not go, too, and occupy his mind with other thoughts and scenes? So he made the proposition, and the other gentleman was delighted, and it was arranged they should meet the next morning on board the outward-bound steamer. Hiding each other good night, they separated, and going to his room Mr. Grant wrote a long letter to Hermoine, telling her of his intention to go to Australia, and for her not to write till she heard from him again. Next morning the two friends met as agreed, and soon they were out on the broad waters, going swiftly in the direction of their destination. They reached Melbourne in safety, and Mr. Sargeant invested his money as he intended. Mr. Grant becoming interested, also invested quite an amount, and if things turned out as they had every reason to believe would be the case, both men would realize a snug little fortune.

CHAPTER XI.

School-days—Claude Manning—Graduation Day.

Mr. Noble now made arrangements to send Erastus to college. He was well advanced in his studies, and was a bright, intelligent boy. It so happened he was sent to the same college as Grant Mayhew and Arthur Trent. Grant was rejoiced at this circumstance, for he and Erastus were as good friends now as in their childhood days. Grant was a jolly, good-natured boy; a favorite with all; kind to a fault. He was glad that Erastus had this chance of attending college, and he hoped he would outshine that scab Arthur Trent.

Grant liked his books, but he also loved a joke, and would enjoy an innocent lack with his companions. He never studied out of school hours, and it was a wonder how he always managed to have his lessons. He greatly enjoyed outdoor sports; he was the best kicker in a game of football, and was not behind in other games; and much to the dismay of Erastus he often smuggled in, in some unknown manner, books that were forbidden by the college professors. But Grant enjoyed a good detective story; said he admired the skill of those fellows, it showed brainwork.

"But it is only a waste of time," said Erastus; "you would do better to read something that would improve your mind."

"Well," smiled Grant, "do not tell of me, and I promise you I will pass a creditable examination, and learn enough for my business in life; and, who knows, I may be called upon to do a little detective work sometime myself—rescue some damsel in distress, perhaps—so it would be well to know how it is done."

Finding him incorrigible, Erastus said no more. Erastus studied early and late, determined to do credit to the kind friend who had given him this opportunity of obtaining a suitable education; and thinking of Hermoine—how pleased she would be to know he graduated with honor, and the dear father and mother who took so much pride in their boy, his interest in his studies never flagged, but he was nerved to greater effort. All these thoughts helped to keep up his courage; had it not been for the thought of these kind friends who took such an interest in his welfare and future good, he would have given up the idea of ever obtaining a profession, for Arthur Trent, in the meanness and littleness of his narrow soul, soon made known under what conditions Erastus was receiving an education. "A charity scholar," he called him, educated on his, Arthur's, uncle's money. Though Erastus was generally liked, Arthur had his friends and boon companions who succeeded in causing him many unhappy days. But Grant stood his friend, and he made many others during his college days—friends that could appreciate the noble qualities of his character.

Claude Manning was one of these friends. His home was about ten miles from London, the only child of wealthy parents. Erastus, Grant and Claude became inseparable companions. Claude invited the two other boys home with him to spend their first vacation, and they accepted. After returning to school again the rest of the boys treated Erastus with more respect, for to be on such intimate terms with Claude Manning they would have given much, for they all knew of the wealth of his parents, and of his beautiful home, and many would have liked the privilege accorded them that was given Grant and Erastus.

Arthur Trent was a good scholar, with a naturally bright intellect, but possessing such an envious disposition and haughty manner he was attractive to but very few. The boys intended to graduate this year, for Erastus was in his twenty-first year, Arthur twenty-three and Grant twenty-two.

Grant kept his promise, and passed a very creditable examination, and smiled in a contented way when he had answered all the necessary questions and received the approval of the teachers. He really took more interest in the success of Erastus than he did in his own, and he was among the first to congratulate him. Between Erastus and Arthur the honors were about equally divided; and with the presentation of their diplomas they received the congratulations of teachers and friends.

The boys were to return to their homes for a short vacation, then Erastus was to study the profession of law, and Grant was determined to be a physician. His mother did not like the idea very well, and tried to discourage him all she could, telling him he was too much of a harum-scarum to settle down to such a life; besides, his father had plenty of money, and he need not work for a living. But in answer to the first remark he replied that a good laugh was oftentimes better than medicine, and that he should carry that largely into his practice, and administer many doses of the same; as for money, he was not going to work for the dollars there was in the business, but for the good he could do. So, seeing his determination to have his own way, she could do nothing but consent, though reluctantly.

"I never could do anything with Grant," said his mother; "he always would manage

somehow to have his own way. But he will have a nice sum to commence life with, so that is some recompense for my disappointment," and so the matter dropped.

Arthur did not intend to follow any profession, he had plenty of money, and was too selfish to wish to do anything that would benefit others. His aunt had brought him up to think that some day, if he played his cards right, he might enjoy the wealth of the owner of "Beech Farm," and eventually be master of there, and he already looked on himself as having a claim on the estate.

As the time came for the young men to return home, Erastus invited Claude Manning to go home with him for a few days, and said he would take a carriage for "The Beeches" and drive him home after the visit. As Claude was intending to go to London on his homeward journey, he accepted the invitation of Erastus.

Mrs. Mayhew intended to give the boys a reception on their arrival home, as Hermoine and Sophia were also home on a short vacation, preparing to go to a young ladies' seminary at M—. She gave the boys the privilege of inviting a friend home with them to enjoy the festivities. Grant was divided between Erastus and Claude, but for old friendship sake he selected Erastus.

"I am sorry I cannot accept, for Claude has promised to go home with me," said Erastus.

"Good," said Grant, "just the thing; I will make that all right."

So he immediately wrote to his mother, and (wise youth) after explaining the circumstances he discussed at great length on the wealth of Claude, his beautiful home, etc., as he well knew this would take with his lady mother, and then he continued: "I cannot forget the pleasant vacation I spent at his home, and it is but right we should return the compliment."

Mrs. Mayhew was delighted to have the pleasure of entertaining Claude Manning at her reception; but knowing he would not come without Erastus being also invited, she wrote them both an invitation.

Erastus accepted this forced invitation, thinking Mrs. Mayhew unusually kind. As the time approached for the journey he was full of joyful thoughts of seeing little Hermoine again. He wondered if she still retained all the lovely innocence of her babyhood days, or if she had become tainted by her contact with the world and the selfish natures of those around her; and if she still remembered her old companion and playfellow.

Grant was as happy as the day was long in the thought of having his two chosen friends with him for several days without the restriction of the schoolroom, and away from the sharp-eyed professors. And he was so jolly and happy that even Arthur was seen to smile at his many pranks. Grant took this as a good omen, and thought: "If I can make a smile come on such a face as Arthur's, I think my success in life is assured."

Arthur was much displeased at Erastus being invited home with them. He remembered Hermoine's preference for Erastus in her baby-days, but hoped that under the influence of his aunt and Mrs. Mayhew that would never be renewed. Though years older than Hermoine he wished, for the hope of future years, to be the first to meet this little lady, and make a good impression; but he knew he would appear at his worst with that detested Erastus constantly in sight; "so foolish in his aunt to allow this invitation to be sent," he thought.

"But the deed was done, and there was nothing to do only to make the best of it, if there was any best."

His companion was George Brooks, the son of a wealthy gentleman. He had graduated in the same class as the rest of the boys. To him Arthur directed most of his conversation on their homeward journey. Soon the lights of the great city of London were seen, and they had reached their destination. A carriage was there to meet them, and they were driven swiftly in the direction of the Mayhew mansion.

CHAPTER XII.

Early Life of Hermoine Grant—Her Character.

After her father left her, Hermoine was very lonely, and all efforts to cheer or comfort her seemed in vain. But after the receipt of her first letter from her father, telling her to always be his good little girl, and other kind and loving words—for her to grow more like the dear mamma they both loved so well—she became more cheerful; it seemed to have the desired effect. She made up her little mind to be all papa wished, and all the sweet mother would have desired had she lived to advise her.

"I will study and learn, and when papa comes home I will be a big woman like mamma was, and we will live together again at 'The Beeches,' and be very happy." So thought little Hermoine.

She was to go to the same school with Sophia. Though Hermoine was two years younger than Sophia, she was as far advanced, for she liked to study, while Sophia was more interested in arraying herself in fine attire. Little Hermoine made rapid progress in her studies, and was so kind and loving to all that she was a favorite alike to teachers and scholars. She knew her papa was rich, and owned their beautiful home, "The Beeches," but that made no difference in the feelings of her kind and loving heart; and, like her father and mother, she was always kind to those whose lot in life was less fortunate than her own.

Her aunt and Mrs. Morely Grant tried to lead her mind in other directions, and impress upon her that one in her station of life ought not to associate with poorer classes of people. But the child, with her own innate qualities for good, and ever guarded by a watchful spirit-mother, was kept pure and unsullied by worldly ideas, and ever retained her childish innocence. She was a child with a tender, sensitive disposition, and was so open to the influences of the spirit spheres that she was

easily impressed for good. She was tender-hearted and quick to discern between good and evil, and conscientious to a fault. She had a will of her own, and was very original in her thoughts and ideas. Many times Mrs. Mayhew was tempted to shake her for not being guided by her wishes, but she knew that would not be policy, so forebore. If it had not been for her wealth, little Hermoine's path would not have been a thornless one.

Though Sophia was proud and fond of fine clothes and all the luxuries that money could buy, still she was tender-hearted and loved Hermoine for her own sweet self. Generous little Hermoine always divided with Sophia the treasures her father sent her from abroad, so by that means Miss Sophia was often clothed in soft, beautiful raiment that was the delight of her heart and the envy of her friends.

Hermoine was passionately fond of music, and soon learned to play very nicely. They were overjoyed at the thought of a reception for the boys, and they were also given the privilege of inviting some of their classmates, and the two girls anticipated a nice time.

Hermoine was pleased with the prospect of again meeting Erastus, and telling him how glad she was, and also how pleased her father would be that he had graduated with such honor. She was pleased also that Grant and Arthur did so well, too, because it gladdened the hearts of their friends; so she rejoiced to see them all so happy. But aside from the happiness their success gave others it had no particular interest for her; but in her kind and generous way, ever thoughtful and ever ready to contribute to the happiness of others, she purchased for each of the boys a beautiful book of poems to present to them as a token of her friendship. Everything being in readiness, there was nothing to do only to await the coming of the young men.

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It was midnight on a cold winter night, dreary and dismal, when I was watching by the bedside of a man who was slowly passing out of the flurry of this life into the future, where we are clad, not in flesh and blood, but in the garments of such thoughts as we may have woven to ourselves on earth and its in-firmities.

As I said, it was midnight, the clock had just struck twelve, and I was sitting near the head of this man who would soon bid farewell to all his earthly surroundings.

As the last peal sounded on the bell of the clock, the sick man awoke from a short, troubled slumber, opened his eyes and gazed upon me for a few moments in silence. Then he reached out in a listless way his feeble and emaciated hand, like an expiring throbbing heart, as if to call me closer to him.

The house was very still—an air of sadness and awe seemed to pervade all the surroundings. We were in a little room where the sufferer could rest free from all noise and bustle. The light was turned down low, thus giving a weird aspect to everything in the room, while the curtains were drawn closely over the little window.

The bed was rumpled and uneven, as the sick man had tumbled from side to side when racked with pain. The hall rattled outside as the wind beat in gusts against the window.

After gazing on me a few moments in silence, while holding my hand in his, in a feeble voice the poor man said: "Judge, the doctor says I cannot live much longer—there is nothing left in my system to build upon. He says my body in all its ability to resist disease is like an old garment worn out by rough usage in long-continued storms. That to make medicine hold fast to the system in its efforts to help nature rally is like driving nails into rotten timber and expecting them to hold."

"He says that I am worn out by excesses, and my system destroyed by stimulants and narcotics, and this at a time when I ought to be in the prime of life."

"Judge, I know he is right; but the world at large has no idea why it is so."

"Come very close to me. Sit close as you can to the bed and to me, for I am very weak. Let me rest my poor, weak hand in your strong one, to draw strength, life, magnetism from you to help me on with what I have to say. I have a reason for talking to you as I do now, for this will be my last talk on earth; and some time in the future, I want you to write up this death-scene, that others may know how one poor, unfortunate mortal came to a sad and gloomy ending."

"I look back over my life and can see that the world opened very fair to me. I was healthy and I think possessed a reasonable amount of common-sense. I was as ambitious as most of boys and wanted to be a man and a useful citizen. But all the influences of my home were in some way against me."

"My father was not a cruel man, but he was careless, thoughtless, and indifferent to the future. He had a violent temper and never tried to govern it. Like many others, he knew what was right and what was wrong, but never seemed to care to which side he gave his influence. He never tried to make our home a happy one, but always expected us children and poor mother to fill the house with sunshine, even when he came in and filled every room with ice. He never had time to play or talk with us children. He always acted as if it was beneath him to be natural and pleasant. I never knew how it was, but I am sure his conduct and his cross words drove us out of home to seek enjoyment elsewhere."

"He took to strong drink and a constant use of tobacco, and all of his boys followed his example. He spent most of his idle hours at saloons and whiskey-shops, leaving poor mother in sorrow and loneliness, when he should have been at home helping her bear the burdens of life, and teaching his children how to avoid the pitfalls and snares of sin, as they grew up to manhood and womanhood—teaching them how to live good, temperate and happy lives. In pursuing the unwise and ruinous course he did, he lost his influence for good over all of us. Thus it was I came to dislike home, its coldness and its restraints. I always had better times when away from my home. When thrown in with temptations, I had no sweet, sunny spot to lure me away, and I soon came to fall easier into them than I could walk away from them."

"When in my youth, my only real, kind friend was my mother, and all the good I ever had in my nature I inherited from her. She is now an angel, and oh, how beautiful! I saw her a little time ago, standing right where you are now sitting, and she looked into my eyes so sweet and lovingly, while she said: 'My son, I know all now—I know how you were tempted—I know the sad circumstances under which you were reared—I know how you were driven from your home by its coldness and its wicked allurements. Your mother knows all this. You will soon be with me to begin life anew, under better and grander conditions. Be of good cheer, for when you sleep you will awaken in a new and a better life.'"

"You will always be my son and I will be your mother and I will try to compensate you for my lack of care in earth-life."

"God bless my angel mother!"

"I know, Judge, there were years of my life that ought to have been laden with home loves, that this night I can look back upon as worse than wasted. I grew up a restless,

restless, restless man. Although I became the head of a family I was no less of a home except as a place to get away from. I saw other homes where happiness seemed to dwell, but never had a thought that my home could be a happy one."

"My mind in my later hours was taken up with drinking, smoking, attending horse-races and other scenes of gambling. I had no idea of one single moral principle, for I had never heard such principles discussed by the ones with whom I associated."

"I have lived a hard, harsh, hollow life, when I now see I might have lived a sweet, mellow, useful one."

"I have asked too much of my wife and children, just as my father did; I have had no patience, no kind words for her that was the mother of our children, and by overwork and too little care, she wore her nerves, her life, her magnetism and her elasticity all away to shreds and patches. She is no more of earth. I cannot see her, but I feel her spirit impressing me to speak before I die, and ask you, an architect of words, to use your pen for the good of those who ought to be happier than they are, and who would be so if they would only remember that Home is Heaven or Hell—a place of happiness or misery, as those who live within its walls guide their lives and plant their influences."

"My life has been wasted because I never knew, till it was too late, that home is where men should grow to stature with the angels. I wish I could plant a good, kind, loving idea in every home. I wish that I could remove the loads from the hearts of those who are prisoners where they ought to be queens and monarchs."

"I wish that I could live my life over again, but I cannot."

"Promise me, Judge, that you will do that which I ought to have done. Promise to set good examples, and not to scold, worry, or find fault with those who are trying to do the best they can. Promise to use your pen, your voice, your influence for those conditions which, had they surrounded me in my childhood, would have given me a longer, a better, a more useful life, therefore a more reward in that Land of the Dead, which in a few hours I shall enter almost a bankrupt."

"Calm, cool, with no feeling save of regret that I was raised under such examples, and have set them for others. I ask you now, at my dying hour, to think of the unhappy homes all over this land—of the children who from neglect of parents are daily forming bad habits—and as you think and reflect, try to sow with liberal hand the blessings of life into every home you can reach—let me know and feel that at last in my dying hour I am of some use and my sleep will be the sweeter for it."

"And now, Judge, dear friend, I have spoken to you for the last time through these spectral organs. I will soon close these eyes to open them no more in this world—but I hope they will be opened in a better one. May God and the good angels bless you in the noble work I have requested you to do, that of making men and women better, more kind and loving toward each other—their homes full of the happiness of the true heaven, and their children to grow up as angels on earth, and not as demons. Farewell, dear friend! If permitted, I will come to you as an angel and impress you in the work I know you will love to do, and when you shall be called upon by the grim boatman I will welcome you to your home in that world to which all are hastening."

Then with a farewell grip of the poor emaciated hand he closed his eyes in his last earthly slumber.

As I sat by his bed and watched his breath grow shorter and shorter, I could not help thinking of the thousands of boys all over the land whose fathers were setting them such bad examples to follow. And now, as I sit at my table at this solemn hour and let my mind go out to the street in my own little town, and there see the young boys with the nasty quid of tobacco or the loathsome pipe or cigar in their mouths, thus aping the style of the vagrant or dirty tramp, the scene of the death-bed on that cold, gloomy night, comes up sadly before my vision, and I can't help thinking of the homes of the future, and the deathbed regrets yet to come when these boys become men. Then, I think of how I promised that in the future I would try to be of use and ever on the alert to guide the steps of the young from lower to higher places—how I promised to live in such a manner as to develop the most of manhood, sympathy, compassion, and all of that which is a disposition to help those who need help.

The man who talked to me on that ever-memorable night, from the innermost recesses of his heart, saw how his life had been wasted away. He saw that the chilling atmosphere of a home which no one tried to make pleasant had sent him into the outer world for warmth. He realized that somebody had made a great mistake, and as he did this, he could not help pouring his troubles out into my ears, in order that the world might see what had caused them, forgive him some of his failings, and perhaps be the better after all, not for his living a wretched life, but for his telling why he had so lived.

There is little in this world to live for if home is not harmonious, for life becomes a season of trouble and jangles. Men and women fret and wear their lives away, and the world is no better for their being here. They do not realize that every moment mispent, whether in quarrels, dissipation, in making homes unhappy, the atmosphere poisonous with the foul odors from smoke, and the essence from the nastiest of all the herbs that God or the Devil ever cursed the earth with—"Tobacco," will end in sorrow and sadness, as did the moments thus spent by the man I watched over, and in regret, as he called to mind at its ending what to him seemed a mispent and useless life.

It seems as if men from their boyhood up are ever seeking for some dissipation, some chance to worry, to fret, and thus make them-

selves and all others feel dissatisfied as well as irritable towards them. They forget what a woman has to do at home to keep it and make it a place of rest.

They seek dissipation, not so much because they are bad, but because they are very weak and thoughtless, and anxious to drown trouble by killing thought by stupefying the brain with rum and tobacco, when the better way would be to lift themselves up and out of trouble by avoiding it and living for the good of the ones at home, who by love, devotion and kindness help us to be happy here and hereafter.

Oh, that my voice might reach every unhappy home tonight! Oh, that the churches all over the land might unite with me in one universal, solemn prayer to the Supreme Ruler of the Great and Mighty Universe, begging for his infinite curse on Rum and Tobacco, as well as the other member of the triad known as Gambling—that they might be wiped out of existence and buried so deep that there could not possibly be for them any resurrection; that gambling, whether in church or saloon, at horse-races, on elections or pugilistic games, may become a matter of the ignorant and barbarous past; that men may spend their idle time at home with their wives and innocent children, and not in wars and wicked oppressions, in drunken brawls or saloon quarrels. Then, and not till then, will they die happy, and approach their graves as does the one that wraps around him the drapery of his couch, and with a conscience void of remorse lies down to pleasant dreams."

What good does dreaming do? What use of telling of a crucified Savior and washing in his blood, when the audience are guilty of drunkenness on rum and tobacco, and to gratify their desire for the stimulants would even rob the dead? What use to talk of the days of our fathers in the past, when to-day the world is full of crime, and homes all over the land are unhappy, and children are frozen out from the fireside and sent out into the wide world, weak in intellect and will power, to learn to drink, to chew, to smoke, to gamble, to swear, to steal, all over the land; while the church, the saloon, the prison and the race-track are all supported and kept up out of the money of the poor ignorant dupes that patronize them?

And how many of my readers will, at the last sad hour, realize the fruits of a useless life as did the poor man I watched over in that lone room, on that solemn, cheerless, cold winter night?

And with a faint glimmer of light and hope for the future, that such sad endings may be the exception and not the rule among the ones that read these lines, I will close these sad and solemn "Musings."

M. P. ROSECRANS.

A Correction.

I see in an article in this week's PROGRESSIVE THINKER on last page, with the heading "Telepathy is a Clincher," a statement by the writer, John Osenbaugh, that is erroneous as to the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, published here. It is not orthodox, nor are the church, people and ministers it is, the organ of, orthodox. It is the organ of the Christian or "New Light" church and their publishing house is here. They are very liberal and have some very able ministers who are in sympathy with and fraternize with the Unitarians. They are non-sectarian and anti-trinitarian. Hon. Horace Mann, the great educator, was the President of their College, Antioch, at Yellow Springs, O., a few miles from Dayton, O. This college is supported and aided by the prominent and wealthy Unitarians of the East. Such men as Ed. Everett Hale and others of like calibre lecture before the students, and it is effectually under their control. So this is a good way from orthodoxy, which accounts for their liberality and agreement with our views. The fact is Unitarian and "New Light" views, or their philosophy of the other life, are like the Spiritualistic philosophy, only the former doesn't demonstrate the fact as we do. Our Rev. J. W. Weeks, of this city, is an ordained minister of the Christian (New Light) church, but he is as radical as Savage, Chadwick, Collyer and the Chicago and Western Unitarians, and admires their teachings. He is my personal friend and I know his views. He has lectured here several times for our Spiritualist Society and also for the Secular Union, and Labor Union and Trades Assembly Societies. In re telepathy, our inspirational medium, Mrs. Anna E. Thomas, has recently had several interesting experiences in thought transference or telepathy, of which I will give details some future time. Soon after this her control, Prof. Hare, gave her a fine lecture clairaudiently—which was written down by her husband—on telepathy, which she delivered to the First Society, Sunday night, June 25, and it was pronounced a grand intellectual treat.

J. C. Cox.
Dayton, O.

"Our Pastor."

There was once in the olden time a certain Scottish dominie, who, addressing his small flock, expressed himself thus:

"I am yer shepherd an ye are a' my flock, and" (pointing to his beadle sitting below), "here is Johnny Brown, my wee tike fer til keep ye."

"I yer wee tike?" exclaims Johnny, suddenly waking up, and not relishing the implied subservience, "I am na yer wee tike."

But the dominie, with great solemnity, smoothed the beadle's ruffled feelings with, "Whaht! Johnny, whaht! I spak mistikilly."

Now, when I see some of our spiritual associations so ready to follow the lead of the old churches, and place themselves in the category of a flock of sheep by speaking of the person, male or female, who occupies the platform as their "pastor," a term that only means shepherd, and which again can only mean a leader or driver of sheep, it seems to me it would be deplorable if the term, when meant by any thinking man or woman to be understood in any but a "mystical" sense.

Philadelphia, Pa. J. C.

WONDERFUL HAPPENINGS.

James G. Blaine Materializes.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of 233 W. 4th street, New York, on a recent Tuesday evening held a circle for materialization, known to spiritualists, I believe, as a "dark" circle, though the average stranger would scarcely describe it as such, owing to the light afforded by a burning gas-jet, slightly mellowed by a colored globe.

The circle was composed of about thirty persons, among them a gentleman who filled the high office of United States Senator, and another who bore an honored Napoleonic name. As if to match the intelligence and character of those "not purged from mortality," there were many spirits announced as being in the cabinet, among them Dr. Newton and Senators Conkling and Hearst.

In compliance with a request that an air familiar to all would be sung, "My Country, 'tis of Thee" was scarcely brought to the close of the first verse when there occurred a remarkable coincidence. Maybe it was "psychological influence," but as I am not capable of offering an explanation on this theory—the only correct one in all present to decide.

The coincidence was the appearance of James G. Blaine! To the writer he was known on the platform and other public places, and it did not require a second look to recognize the dignified and distinguished presence of the great statesman. But there were two in the circle who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Blaine, and who, simultaneous with his second appearance, eagerly sprang forward to greet their old friend. When the spirit first materialized, it seemed as if it must have been done by great effort. He looked around as if expecting to be recognized, and immediately the name of Blaine was uttered by all in a tone that betokened unfeigned surprise.

Mrs. — Levy, of Washington, and Senator Van Horn, also of Washington, had a cordial greeting with Mr. Blaine, and both were very much affected. Mrs. Levy frequently entertained him at her home, and the Senator was on intimate terms with him. To the others of the circle it appeared as it was, a joyful meeting.

The form of America's ideal statesman was perfect, but his articulation was convulsive. The defective vocalization was explained by Mr. Cushman.

Mr. Eugene de Beaucharnais, who has been in New York a few days, attended this seance. The medium and he are strangers to each other, and it was his first visit to her circles. But for all that he received a "test," previous to Mrs. W.'s entering the cabinet, that brought the partly action of France's great soldier and patriot to his feet in startled surprise. Mrs. W. got the name "Eugene" with little effort, she lingered on the "de" as if she was in doubt about its utility at that time, and however the name "Beaucharnais" struck on her spiritual aura, as mediums say, she seemed fairly puzzled. But true to the historic gallantry of his progenitors, the gentleman admitted his identity, and warmly grasped her hand in grateful recognition, exclaiming, "That's good! God bless you!"

The medium continued to give him some incidents in personal history, and among other little bits of information that completed the communication was that connected with a walking-cane which he carried. The medium said that it brought her into connection with St. Helena, and Mr. B. acknowledged that it was cut on that island.

During Mrs. W.'s control in the cabinet something still further was learned of this gentleman with the unpronounceable name and the remarkable stick.

Mr. Cushman (the cabinet spirit) announced that General Lee's spirit was hovering in the vicinity of Mr. Beaucharnais. The general, through the controlling spirit, said that he is "now engaged in a different battle from that which made him so prominent when in life. He is now striving against ignorance to prove the truth to men on earth." Later on Mr. Cushman said that he saw around "Eugene" many faces that were familiar to him—great spiritual leaders in the reforms now pressing on the minds of the people of the universe.

When the circle had broken up, and Mr. Beaucharnais was speaking exultingly of the surprising tests which he had received, he told of his acquaintance with General Lee when he resided in the South previous to the war of the rebellion. Mr. B. served in the war on the side of the Confederacy and bears evidence of wounds which he received.

But the most amazing scenes had yet to be enacted, scenes that thrilled the beholders and that can hardly be conceived by the reader.

Mrs. Levy and Senator Van Horn informed the other members of the circle that they had communicated to them through a medium in Washington the day previous (Monday) that if they would come on to New York the spirit of her daughter Katie would materialize at Mrs. Williams' seance. Accordingly she came on, and was present in the pursuit of that purpose. It was toward the close of the seance that this information was imparted. When the tests were being given, many messages were spoken that received immediate recognition from Mrs. Levy and the Senator. Charlie Van Horn, the son of Senator Van Horn, materialized, and if on earth excess of joy was ever known, it was experienced in that seance-room just then.

For a moment the father held the boy in a close embrace, while Mrs. Levy seemed to go into ecstasies of delight. The father brought the boy forward to the circle, gazing in his face the while with parental pride. Mrs. Levy and Charlie exchanged reminiscences of by-gone days when he was in the flesh and filled with youthful ambition and pride. Charlie, no doubt, was of a loving and lovable disposition, judging from the conversation, and Spirit-life had not detracted from the jollity of the nature of the boy, for on being introduced to a "sweet-faced girl" (as the cabinet spirit put it), he implanted a resounding kiss upon her cheek, to her pleasurable excitement and

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AGE OF REASON, BY THOMAS

WATSON JOTTINGS, ESQ.

"A CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

Poets and Poetry of Spiritualism.

ALL POETS INSPIRED MEDIUMS.

They So Testify Themselves.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

BY MR. J. C. COX, DAYTON, OHIO.

[The following extracts and poems are introduced by a series of articles.]

PARADE.

O, brave poets, keep back nothing.
Nor mix falsehood with the whole.
Look up Godward, speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty.

—Mrs. Brewster.

Let I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

—Percy.

But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

—Percy.

Some men there are, I have known such, who
think

That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,
The world of matter and the world of spirit—
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,
And touch each other only at a point.

But these two worlds are not divided thus,
Save for the purposes of common speech.
They form one globe, in which the parted seas
All flow together and are intermingled.

While the great continents remain distinct,
—Longfellow's New England Tragedies.

The belief that there is no "ground of a
voice" coming back to mortals across the
spheres, from those they love, has caused
many tears, and long days and nights of men-
tal anguish. The old traditions have made a
large army of materialists, gathered from all
shades of religious belief.

But irrefutable evidences have convinced a
still larger and equally intelligent army that
"the world of matter and the world of spirit"
flow together and are intermingled. Nearly
if not all the great poets have sung in a
similar strain what Longfellow so truthfully
portrayed in the New England Tragedies. In-
deed, a person can hardly be a poet without
first believing and having a knowledge of the
fundamental truths of the philosophy that
there is an intelligent communication between
mortals and those called dead.

Milton, Mrs. Browning, Whitman, Whittier
and others all touch the keys with skillful
hands, singing songs in unmistakable cadences
to the truths of modern Spiritualism. What
a wonderful and beautiful age this is! Yet as
we study and become more familiar with na-
ture—with cause and effect—we cease to won-
der, and what our ancestors (and many now
who are) had to do with old forms and traditions.

called laws are to us only beautiful and
simple laws, as the sun and moon and stars
each year bring us a grander and grander
and more intelligent minds in and out of
mortal life.

"No power of high rank, so far as I know,"
says George MacDonald, "ever disbelieved in
the future state. He might fear there was
none, but that very fear was faith."

So great had his ever-attendant demon,
Joan of Arc had communion with spirits.
She states that he one day saw the exact
counterpart of himself coming toward him.
Pope saw an arm apparently come through the
wall, and made inquiries after its owner. Dr.
Johnson heard his mother call his name in a
clear voice, though she was at that time in an-
other city. Baron Emanuel Swedenborg be-
lieved that he had the privilege of interview-
ing persons in the Spirit-world. Descartes
was followed by an invisible person, whose
voice he heard urging him to continue his re-
searches after truth. Loyola, lying wounded
during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the Vir-
gin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mis-
sion. Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house,
thought the lamps were trees, and the men and
women bushes, agitated by the breeze. Ravail-
lac, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De
Profundis," fondly believed that the sounds
he emitted were of the nature and had the full
effect of a trumpet. Oliver Cromwell, lying
sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open
and a gigantic woman appear, who told him
he would become the greatest man in England.
Ben Johnson spent the watches of the night
an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars,
Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and
tought around his arm-chair till sunrise. Bos-
tok, the physiologist, saw figures and faces,
and there was one human face constantly be-
fore him for twenty-four hours, the features
and behavior as distinct as those of a living
person. Resolved to free himself by self-destruction,
but was deterred by the apparition of a
young woman of wondrous beauty, whose re-
proaches turned him from his purpose. Na-
poleon once called attention to a bright star
he believed he saw shining in his room, and
said: "It has never deserted me; I see it on
every great occurrence urging me onward; it is
an unfailing omen of success." Nicolai was
alarmed by the appearance of a dead body,
which vanished and came again at intervals.
This was followed by human faces, which
came into the room, and, after gazing upon
him for awhile, departed.

The great musical composers are all in-
spired and influenced by spirits. In confirma-
tion of this thought, see the following:
That Beethoven, that masterly genius, was
one of the greatest mediums that ever lived
we have no doubt. An article in *Le Guide
Musical* lets in a little light on his mysterious
life.

"Beethoven's improvising always awakened
in the writer the liveliest musical enthusiasm.
He declares that he who has not heard him im-
provise has an incomplete conception of the
master's tremendous talent. Everything with

him was of instant inspiration. He would
seat himself at the piano, strike a couple of
chords, and say: 'Today it doesn't come.
Wait till another time.' Then they
waited in preference to all else of Shakespeare,
and all this in a language that would
have made a listener laugh, had any such been
present. Beethoven was not a brilliant man,
by brilliant he meant one who says fine
and high-sounding things. He was, by nature,
so silent for his speech to be lively or spry.
He expressed his thoughts abruptly, but they
were intelligent and noble, even if at times
not entirely just. To-day it does not
come!—meaning, of course, that his control-
ling spirit was not in rapport with him, and
that he could not create the soul-enrapturing
music without his presence. But according
to this writer in *Le Guide Musical*, when
Beethoven improvised he was incomparable—
there were revealed pure inspiration, freedom
of spirit, and untrammelled genius. In mo-
ments of such exaltation, effect needed not to
be sought for, as they were when the master
sat with pen in hand."

Hallucinations that inspire to generous mood,
And thrill enraptured statesmen with re-
verence and awe,
Leading the mind entranced with reverence
for the good,
Bearing the fruits of justice in love's right-
eous law,
May well be counted as a priceless boon from
heaven,
Albeit sages curse them with an evil name,
As gifts of God to babes in ancient wisdom
given.
Put all the splendors of the worldly courts
to shame.

Words Given Under Control of Mary
Dana.

Oh! these waves of inspiration breaking on the
shores of time.

Touching souls who are receptive with a melody
sublime,

Falling on the ears of mortals like the strain
of spirit lyre,

Gently swept by angel-fingers, quick'ning soul
with living fire;

Speaking cheer to those who falter in the
tumult and the strife,

Ever leading onward, upward, to a nobler,
purer life.

Still inspire us, God's good angels, as we
journey on our way;

Till our eyes shall catch the glory that will
usher in the day—

Day our fathers long have prayed for, seers
foretold and poets sung.

When the truth, as heaven reveals it, rests on
every heart and tongue;

When no more false creeds and systems bind
the soul in error's chain,

When the Christ shall dwell in spirit with the
sons of earth again,

When the proud and haughty tyrant shall op-
press the poor no more,

When be written words of welcome over every
temple door,

When all men shall drink of knowledge from
the fount of life above,

And earth's children find salvation through
the attribute of love.

—Through Ed. A. Sharp.

The Poets.

We blindly walk amidst the light
Of sunny days and starry skies,
Their truest beauty is revealed
But dimly to our careless eyes.

Yet they who hold with reverent hands
Of secret springs the magic keys,
And read for us the folded leaves
Of nature's hidden mysteries,

How fair they make the humble flower,
How sweet the song the wild bird sings,
What tender sacredness enfolds
The hues and tones of common things.

The air of morn, the breath of eve
That through the leafy forests stirs,
All sights and sounds of daily life
In them find true interpreters.

Theirs, too, the vision and the song,
While we in doubt and sorrow stand,
With winged feet they climb the heights,
And see beyond the promised land.

Oh, bards of old prophetic times,
Oh, poets of the passing days,
Our trodden, dusty paths of life
Grow greener, fairer, for your lays.

The coarser forms of human speech
Melt into music on the tongue
Where'er your household stories reach,
Or where familiar hymns are sung.

—L.

The Poet and His Songs.

As the birds come in the spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From the depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;

As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;

As come the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge,

So come to the poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings, and their fame
Is his and not his, and the praise
And the pride of a name,
For voices pursue him by day

And haunt him by night,
And he listens and needs must obey
When the angel says: "Write!"
—H. W. Longfellow.

The Poets.

O ye dead poets, who are living still,
Immortal in your verse though life be fled,
And ye, O living poets, who are dead,
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,

Tell me if, in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your
head,

Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the
thrang,

But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.
—H. W. Longfellow.

The poet can behold
Things manifold
That have not been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung nor said;

For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the waterdrops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,

Of lakes and rivers underground,
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven,
Climbing up once more to heaven,

Opposite the setting sun.
Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear

In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe as an immeasurable wheel,

Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of time.
—H. W. Longfellow's "Rain in Summer."

The Descent of the Muses.

Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining
heights

Of Parnassus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time
and space,

Splendor of cloudless days and starry nights
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
Proud were these sisters, but were not too
proud

To teach in schools of little country towns
Science and song, and all the arts that please;
So that while housewives span and farmers
ploughed,

Their comely daughters, clad in homespun
gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.
—H. W. Longfellow.

The above is a beautiful application in
metaphor to the influence spirits have on our
poets and mediums.

A poem of T. B. Reed's modified by my-
self so as to apply to

The Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

The air was still o'er Hydesville's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When life eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

The pagan Christian, at his midnight board,
Let fall his brimming cup of gold;
He felt the presence of his Lord
Before his birth was told.

The temples trembled to their base,
The idols shuddered as in pain;
A priesthood in its power of place
Kneel to its gods in vain.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night,
Which, pointing to the spirits' shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born light—

Light to this realm of error and grief,
Light to a world in all its needs,
The light of life, a new belief,
Rising o'er fallen creeds—

Light to the shepherds! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold,
Light to the wise men from afar,
As well to the universe, untold!

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne,
A light to guide our soul's return
In glory to their own.

"Glory, glory unto God!
Peace and good-will to men!"

Epas Sargent, in his "Cyclopaedia of
Poetry," shows that Thomas Lake Harris, who
is well-known to the earlier Spiritualists as an
inspirational speaker and poet of the highest
character, although erratic and vacillating,
wrote his magnificent poems under spirit
influence. William Howitt says of him: "He
arrives at his conclusions by flashes of intu-
ition."

He dedicated his poems a volume at a time
(and he wrote several in a state of trance as
fast as a rapid writer could pen it). S. B.
Brittan attests to the amazing celerity with
which his poems were written, and their re-
markable power, and to his extraordinary lit-
erary facility and bursts of true poetry. Harris
himself says of his poems: "They are not
mine; they are the work of mighty poets in
their glory above."

Sargent says in this he was sincere. Some
of his grand poems are: "For These Descend
the Spirit Host," "Fear Not," "The Spirit
Born" (this poem he claims he uttered under
the control of Robert Southey), and "Hymn of
the Battle." Here is a beautiful stanza from
some one of his many grand poems:

The friends we mourn as lost have not de-
parted;
They have but laid aside earth's frail dis-
guise;

On your dark way they pour, O lonely-hearted,
The light of loving eyes.
—T. L. Harris.

How truthfully can we apply the following
to the great truth of Spiritualism, also the
poems following by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

Hymn of the Battle.

Can ye lessen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?

The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven all answer, "No!"
Can ye drive young spring from the blossomed
earth?

The earthquake still in its awful birth?
Will the hand on time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the universe pause for thee?

The shaken mountains, the flowers that
blossom,
The pulse of the universe answer, "No!"

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire?
Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the soul when it soars away
In glorious life from the mouldering clay?

The truth that liveth, the thoughts that go,
The spirit ascending all answer, "No!"
O priest! O deopot! your doom they speak,
For God is mighty as ye are weak;

Your night and your winter from earth must
roll,
Your chains must melt from the limb and
soul;

Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought
us woe;
Shall ye triumph longer? We answer, "No!"

Ye have builded your temples with gems in-
pearled,
On the broken heart of a famished world;

Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
Ye have made its children a race of slaves,
O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against ye and answer, "No!"

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and
towers,
But weak are ye, for the truth is ours.

In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
But we are stronger, our strength is love.
Slay truth and love with the curse and blow?
The beautiful heavens, they answer, "No!"

The winter night of the world is past,
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets and heroes and seers arise;

Their words and deeds like the thunders go,
Can ye stifle their voices? They answer,
"No!"

It is the spirit who speaks in their words of
might;
It is the spirit who acts in their deeds of right.

Lo! Eden waits, like a radiant bride;
Humanity springeth elate to her side;
Can ye sever the twain who to oneness flow?
The voice of divinity answers, "No!"

Progress of Truth.

Let there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as truth
itself.

And high as God,
Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and
gripe

Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor of unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with golden waves of love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide-open to the light
Of reason and of knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars,
And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned
heights,

And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the
whole.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Creed to Be.

Our thoughts are moulding unseen spheres,
And, like a blessing or a curse,
They thunder down the formless years,
And ring throughout the universe.

We build our futures by the shape
Of our desires, and not by acts.
There is no pathway of escape,
No priest-made creed can alter facts.

Salvation is not begged or bought;
Too long this selfish hope sufficed;
Too long man reeked with lawless thought,
And leaned upon a tortured Christ.

Like shrouded leaves these worn-out creeds
Are dropping from religion's tree.
The world begins to know its need,
And souls are crying to be free—

Free from the load of fear and grief
Man fashioned in an ignorant age;
Free from the ache of unbelief
He fled to in rebellious rage.

No church can bind him to the things
That fed the first crude souls evolved;
But mounting up on daring wings,
He questions mysteries long unsolved.

Above the chant of priests, above
The blatant tongue of braying doubt,
He hears the still small voice of Love,
Which sends its simple message out;

And dearer, sweeter, day by day,
Its mandate echoes from the skies:
"Go roll the stone of self away,
And let the Christ within thee rise."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Arena.

The World.

The world is well-lost when the world is wrong,
No matter how men deride you;
For if you are patient and firm and strong,
You will find in time (though the time be
long),

That the world wheels 'round beside you.
If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought
track,
For awhile it will scourge and score you;
Then, coming abreast with a skillful tack,
It will cuss your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you.

Aye, many an error the old world makes,
And many a sleepy blunder,
But ever and always at last it wakes,
With pitiless scorn for another's mistakes,
And the fools who have followed go under.

The world means well, though it wanders and
stray
From the straight short-cut to duty;
So go ahead in that path, I say,
For after awhile it will come your way,
Bringing it pleasures and beauty.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Once a Week.

Life is Everywhere.

The dead are everywhere,
The mountain side, the plain, the wood pro-
found;

All the vast earth, the fertile and the fair,
Is one vast burial ground.—N. F. Tribune.

And Life is Everywhere,
The mountain side, the plain, the wood
profound,
All the wide earth, the fertile and the fair,"
Is resurrection ground.

The withered leaf that crumbles to the soil,
And lies at winter underneath the snow,
Called upward by the voice of nature's God,
For flowers shall blow.

The grass that falls beneath the mower's hand,
And lies in lifeless heaps along the way,
Shall give new life to hungry steeds that stand
Beside the fragrant hay.

The rose that blossoms for a summer day,
And withers when the evening sunset glows,
Shall see upon to-morrow's stemlet stand
Another rose.

"From death to life," the snow-bound gardens
sing,
"From death to life," the icy streams reply,
"From death to life, eternal life they ring,"
"Ye live because ye die."

The old man, stooping to lay down his load
Of pain or weariness, shall find, in truth,
Somewhere, somewhere, in some serene abode,
Eternal youth.

The poet, stammering thoughts he longs to
speak,
Or, reaching for the beautiful in vain,
Shall satisfied arise, no more to seek
His lost idea again.

The scholar, digging deep for buried lore,
The babe that knows no language, save
"Agoo,"
Shall solve life's mystery, yet evermore
Learn lessons new.

The youth that died when life had just begun,
The maid that scarcely breathed love's open-
ing song,
The hero, dying when his work was done,
Do not to death belong.

They are our own. They were, and they
shall be.
The flower of life shall find its lost perfume,
The rose of love shall bloom unfadingly
Beyond the tomb.

Yes, death is but a prophecy of life.
Interpreted, the life that is to be
Is the fulfilling of this mortal strife
In immortality.

We read it in the budding of the spray,
We feel it in the palpitating air,
Life risen from death is over everything
And everywhere.

—Julia H. May.

Inspiration.

When lost for themes a poet mused
And tried to write of thoughts unsung
By other men in song,
But naught he penned of verses grand
With his unpracticed, feeble hand,

'Twas pondered he fell long.
An angel came from heav'n—spoke kind,
Imparted to his weak, young mind,
Great thoughts with beauty in them.

"I come from God, and speak to thee,"
The angel said, "thy muse runs free:
These thoughts are God's, O pen them."
—Charles Hanson Towne.

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JAMES RILEY
The Materializing Medium.

Letter from a Prominent Physician.

TO THE EDITOR:—Up to the time my wife and I visited the wonderful, though plain and unostentatious materializing medium, Farmer James Riley, I was not satisfied on the subject of materialization, although I had witnessed a few attempts in that direction.

In the first week of last month (May) we visited Marquette, Michigan, for the purpose of further investigation of this phase of spiritualistic phenomena. The reason why so much time has elapsed since then without sending you a report of our visit must be attributed to our inability to do it justice. With the single exception that none of our former friends, and as a consequence, the scene was entirely and amazingly satisfactory.

We stopped at the Columbia Hotel in Marquette, the proprietor of which is a resident of the town, having been in charge of the hotel a few months; he had been accustomed to driving parties from a distance to Mr. Riley's country home, and of remaining throughout the season for their return with him to the hotel. On this occasion he drove us out. A Mr. C., traveling freight agent of the Chicago & Grand Trunk R. R., formed one of our party. The latter gentleman was very particular to inform us that he had no manner of confidence in these phenomena, but having nothing especially to do, and a small amount of curiosity to see and hear what might be seen and heard, was quite willing to join us.

On the way out our landlord remarked that he was perfectly satisfied with the reality and genuineness of Mr. Riley's materializations, but had never been fortunate enough to have any of his friends appear to him.

Arriving at Mr. Riley's about 5 o'clock p. m., we found him busily engaged in answering a stack of letters just received from parties who were anxious to arrange a date with him or to have him visit them at their own homes. While he was thus engaged, we with all the skepticism present, proceeded to examine the little bedroom from whence material forms which have rendered Mr. Riley's name famous as a medium.

If I have the points of the compass correctly, said bedroom is situated due east and west, the bed occupying the south west corner. At its foot was located a window which we thoroughly examined. East of this window, and extending westward, were children's clothing, every article of which we thoroughly examined. Mr. Riley's house is not large nor is his family small, and most of the clothing not in use was in this closet. We acquainted ourselves, however with every article, and utterly failed to see any one of them upon the forms that appeared.

We also examined the bed and the floor under the carpet.

The bedroom door had been removed and in its stead hung two black cambric curtains. Having satisfied ourselves that there was no living soul in the room and that none could gain an entrance from the outside without an effort that would make itself distinctly heard, we announced to Mr. Riley that the scene was ready to be commenced.

We were then instructed each to wash and dry a slate and write thereon anything desired and to place them on the bed, on which there was already placed a music-box, weighing about eight or ten pounds.

The space between the bed and the door, to the right of which Mr. Riley sits during his entrancement, with his head against the frame or jamb, his hands full of flowers and his elbows resting on his knees, is about three feet. The door opens into the bedroom upon about the middle aspect of the bed. Mr. Riley sits between the eastern or foot end of the bed and the eastern or his right side of the door.

The room in which the circle, set is situated directly north of the bedroom, and is of more than ordinary size.

Back of the circle which was composed of two rows was an organ on which was placed the lamp, the blaze of which was turned up nearly to its full height. So high was it, at least, that every person in the room could be easily recognized, every object distinctly seen; indeed, by a slight effort, ordinary newspaper print could be read.

Mr. Riley holds flour in his hands sharply as a test condition, which cannot fail to be universally satisfactory. It is very evident that if he was himself impersonating the forms that appear, he could not very successfully use his hands without dropping the flour.

Hardly had the curtains been dropped, after taking his seat, until he began to give evidence of becoming influenced by his controls. In a few minutes we could observe the bottom of the curtains moving as if swayed by a breeze, these movements finally becoming stronger and extending higher and higher until the curtains parted and there stepped forth a man as perfect and distinct, apparently, as any man I ever saw. He was an elderly, intelligent-looking man of commanding appearance, dressed in black—a well-dressed elderly man of ye olden time, with a spotless white shirt and collar (Mr. Riley, the medium, wore a colored shirt with no necktie, dressed simply as an ordinary farmer), holding in his hands the music-box. He beckoned me to come to him and, placing the instrument in my hands, he extended his right hand to shake hands with me. This was said to be Col. Benton, Mr. Riley's principal control. He said nothing, but I told he does sometimes speak for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time.

The next form that appeared was a young man with a clean-shaven face, wearing a mustache, bright, intelligent-looking, and dressed altogether differently. He advanced a few steps and beckoned me to come to him, but no persuasion on the part of the entire circle could induce said friend to stir, so completely dazed was he. This form remained a few moments and then sank, apparently, through the floor in full view; the last seen of him was his face and head resting directly on and in contact with the floor before it finally disappeared.

The next form that appeared was an elderly gentleman in light clothes, wearing a beard that was quite gray, who was immediately recognized, with an exclamation of "I never saw him," as the father of our landlord, who had departed from this life but eight months before.

"Why?" said our host, "no person under God's heaven can persuade me that that is not my father. I know it is." He went up to the form and asked him (or it) a number of questions that were promptly and satisfactorily answered by the usual silent method of nodding and shaking of the head. The form then stepped back of the curtains and picked his son's slate from the bed, returned and, standing in full view of us all and directly up to his son, wrote upon the slate quite a lengthy message, and handed it to our landlord, who stood all the while waiting for it. This message was handed only to seal the son's conviction that he was verily standing in the presence of his father. When we returned to the hotel we compared the writing on the slate with several letters written by his father not long before his death, and found them to be identical in every respect so far as writing, spelling and construction generally is concerned; not the least appreciable difference could be detected. His father appeared to him three times on this occasion, seemingly at an appearance, the first in an appearance on all the former occasions of the landlady's visit.

Altogether there were, if I remember correctly, ten manifestations of men and two of women, and under circumstances, which to my mind admitted no possibility of fraud. They all vanished in the evening. It was two o'clock in the morning before the scene ended. At the last, the control, Col. Benton, came out stronger than at first, and went to every member of the circle and shook hands and then, as before, dematerialized before reaching the curtains, in full view of the entire circle.

Our freight agent friend laid awake in bed the remainder of the night, and put in his time from breakfast to dinner in writing to his family what he had observed during the night.

And now, I cannot resist the temptation to add a further experience which to me is most remarkable.

While I was at Mr. Riley's house he handed me a letter he had just received from a gentleman from my city, Mr. John Vordermark, asking for a date for his visit. Mr. Riley said he would not answer it by letter, if I would be kind enough to tell him, on my return, that unless he could be at Mr. Riley's on Sunday evening, he could not give him a date for several months, perhaps.

This was on Wednesday evening. On the following day I concluded to write Mr. Vordermark instead of waiting to tell him, fearing I would not see him soon enough to enable him to take a Saturday's train, as there would be no trains on Sunday. I accordingly did so.

While we were anxious to stay a few days longer and witness more of these remarkable phenomena, we were obliged to return home, and did so on Thursday afternoon.

On Saturday I stepped into Mr. Vordermark's store to ascertain if he had gone, when I learned that he had left for Marquette on the morning train. In the evening Mr. Seery-Hibbitts, the noted trumpet medium now residing at Muncie, unexpectedly came to our city, and on the following Sunday morning held a seance at the hall of the Fort Wayne Occult Science Society. I was present and asked her principal control, Dr. Sharp, if he could not go up to Mr. Riley's seance that evening and materialize for Mr. Vordermark, who would be sure to be at the seance, or if he could not, to try to do so. The spirit of Mr. William Malloy, whose widow sat in the circle, spoke up, saying that he would go along with Dr. Sharp and also materialize for Mr. Vordermark, if he could possibly do so.

In the afternoon Mrs. Seery-Hibbitts held another seance, at which Dr. Sharp reminded us of his intention of going to Marquette to Mr. Riley's seance as above noted. Mr. Malloy also reassured us that he would be there also.

In the evening Mrs. Seery-Hibbitts held another (the third) seance, at which there were about eighty persons present. We waited and waited, and sang and sang, beginning to think we were not going to have any manifestations at all this evening, inasmuch as usually in these seances we do not have to wait a long time for them.

Finally, another one of Mrs. Seery's controls (Dr. Sharp, by the way, is the one who conducts or opens and closes her seances), by the name of Kate Kinsey, appeared by a voice talking through the trumpet, announcing the fact that Dr. Sharp was not here, but that she would try and do the best she could in conducting the circle.

About a dozen voices from the circle immediately answered, "We are here, where Dr. Sharp was." She replied promptly: "He's gone to Michigan to Mr. Riley's seance to materialize for Mr. Vordermark."

In the course of about an hour after this, Dr. Sharp suddenly put in an appearance; said he was up to Riley's, but failed to materialize as yet, but was going up again, when he hoped to be successful. I then asked the doctor how long it took him to go there? He replied: "Not a second; as quick as thought." He then left us and did not return again that evening.

The next day (Monday), at another trumpet seance, he informed us that he did materialize to Mr. Vordermark, whose wife and children also appeared and were recognized by him, and describing his appearance and all the particulars connected with it. He asked us to interrogate Mr. Vordermark (who was perfectly innocent of the whole matter) upon his return, if he did not see so and so etc., etc.

Dr. Sharp also informed us that Mr. Malloy failed to materialize, not being as fortunate as he was upon his second visit to Riley's.

To make a long story as short as possible, let me say that Mr. Vordermark did see such a form as Dr. Sharp described himself to be, and that Mrs. Riley, with several others who were accustomed to the forms presenting at various times, remarked that the one in question was an entirely new face and looked altogether different from the others. When Mr. Vordermark was finally shown a picture of Dr. Sharp, he exclaimed with enthusiastic emphasis: "That's him! That's him! and that settles it."

H. V. SWEARINGEN.

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Finally, another one of Mrs. Seery's controls (Dr. Sharp, by the way, is the one who conducts or opens and closes her seances), by the name of Kate Kinsey, appeared by a voice talking through the trumpet, announcing the fact that Dr. Sharp was not here, but that she would try and do the best she could in conducting the circle.

About a dozen voices from the circle immediately answered, "We are here, where Dr. Sharp was." She replied promptly: "He's gone to Michigan to Mr. Riley's seance to materialize for Mr. Vordermark."

In the course of about an hour after this, Dr. Sharp suddenly put in an appearance; said he was up to Riley's, but failed to materialize as yet, but was going up again, when he hoped to be successful. I then asked the doctor how long it took him to go there? He replied: "Not a second; as quick as thought." He then left us and did not return again that evening.

The next day (Monday), at another trumpet seance, he informed us that he did materialize to Mr. Vordermark, whose wife and children also appeared and were recognized by him, and describing his appearance and all the particulars connected with it. He asked us to interrogate Mr. Vordermark (who was perfectly innocent of the whole matter) upon his return, if he did not see so and so etc., etc.

Dr. Sharp also informed us that Mr. Malloy failed to materialize, not being as fortunate as he was upon his second visit to Riley's.

To make a long story as short as possible, let me say that Mr. Vordermark did see such a form as Dr. Sharp described himself to be, and that Mrs. Riley, with several others who were accustomed to the forms presenting at various times, remarked that the one in question was an entirely new face and looked altogether different from the others. When Mr. Vordermark was finally shown a picture of Dr. Sharp, he exclaimed with enthusiastic emphasis: "That's him! That's him! and that settles it."

H. V. SWEARINGEN.

DOING GREAT GOOD!

National Constitutional Liberty League.

Some Potent Facts Stated.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL LIBERTY LEAGUE, BOSTON, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR:—As some of even your well-informed readers may be unfamiliar with the origin, objects, principles, methods, history, labor and literature of our National League they may thank you for this introduction.

It is the natural sequence, the legitimate and inevitable outgrowth of the poisonous and necessarily unsatisfactory system, the intolerable bigotry and inquisitorial persecutions of medical practitioners.

The primary purpose of its incorporation was to restore and maintain the citizen's constitutional liberty, to employ whomsoever he wills to treat or heal him.

Its scope, activity and efficiency was fortunately stimulated by the almost incredibly inhuman attempts of doctors to fine and imprison healers "for performing the act of healing contrary to the statutes."

Its scope, dignity, wholesome influence and indefatigable exertions are reflected in its unparalleled literature, and its successes are scored by innumerable proposed medical bills that never became laws.

For over a third of a century Massachusetts has been styled the "paradise of quacks," and the experience of this most cultured commonwealth has induced our National League to recently resolve itself into a sort of public health society.

That great, eloquent and witty orator, Hon. George M. Stearns, was a member of the Legislature of 1859, and a committee which, in 1859, after months of searching investigation, recommended the repeal of all medical laws.

Thirty years after, in an argument against restoring the laws then repealed, Mr. Stearns quotes the great regular, Dr. Jarvis, President of the Statistical Society, as saying: "Life is increasing not only in duration, but in power and vigor, now more than ever." Mr. Stearns also says, "according to Shattuck's statement, the deaths from 1738 to 1752 in Boston were 85 of the population." This was before irregulars were permitted to practice. "Now," Mr. Stearns exclaims, "what do you suppose the result would be in this Eden of quacks?" and answers: "Now it is 42, so that quackery (medical liberty) has reduced the death-rate one-half."

"The other day," continues Mr. Stearns, "I asked a distinguished President of a life insurance company of this city what had been the effect of this free-lance system of quackery on the commonwealth; and he wrote me: 'Life is longer than it was 40 years ago, and no year in the last thirty has failed to show a gain on the tables of mortality.'"

This is incontestible evidence that medical liberty and reform practice have actually reduced the death-rate every year since the "regular" law was repealed.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." A comparison of the records of the "regulars" with that of the reformers reveals a startling contrast. In fever, the allopaths confess they lose 40 out of 100 patients; the homeopaths admit that they lose 7 or 8, while the hydropaths cure 91, lose 3.

Thus authentic statistics show thirty-two regularly fatal cases "irregularly" curable by homeopathy, and thirty-two by hydropathy.

If the facts are contrived the "irregulars" would be convicted of manslaughter.

While healers have no statistical records, their frequent cures of admittedly incurable diseases, and the innumerable cures effected after all medical methods and scientific skill had been ineffectually employed and exhausted, demonstrate the decided superiority of ministers of health over ministers of disease.

Thus the State statistics, admitted authorities, medically prepared mortuary tables, life insurance records, and the magnificent daily achievements of healers, confirm the claim of our National League, that medical liberty promotes public health.

It is our duty, the imperative, inextinguishable duty, of every one familiar with these facts to declare them far and wide, and encourage our National League's efforts to protect and promote public health in every possible legitimate manner.

Public sentiment is superior to laws, legislatures or courts; they are but creatures of public sentiment.

Years of experience and the expenditure of several thousand dollars annually, in creating and directing wholesome public sentiment successfully, emphasizes the transcendent importance of wielding public sentiment righteously.

It is incomparably easier and cheaper to create a public sentiment that will defy medical monopoly laws than to repeal them.

Therefore, we appeal to your readers to improve every opportunity to utilize the press and platform in popularizing medical liberty and reform practice. An inexpensive and effective agency in directing public opinion aright is our Medical Liberty literature, gladly supplied in quantities at reduced rates.

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W. D. of the College of Fine Forces, East Orange, N. J., has written various journals as follows:

"I want to speak a word in favor of the National League. It has for years done a magnificent work for humanity, and its members have left being the result of its influence."

"Those who feel