



Eight Pages of INTERESTING Reading Matter, each of which is Worthy of Careful Perusal. A Spiritualist Paper that is Sustained by HONEST INDUSTRY.

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"THE GHOST WORLD."

A Collection of the Curiosities of Ghost Lore.

The Material Drawn from a Number of Prominent Specialists.

SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATIONS OF THE PHENOMENA DESCRIBED ARE SELDOM OFFERED, BUT NEVERTHELESS THE BOOK IS ONE OF UNDOUBTED INTEREST.

An unending subject of interest to all, young and old, is that of ghosts—so-called. Something of uncanny terror is associated with the thought of ghosts, in the minds of multitudes; more especially those whose imaginations were stirred in childhood by weird stories repeated in their hearing. A book of purely dimensions has recently been published, relating to "The Ghost World." In the absence of any information as to the purpose of this book, we may assume that the author, T. F. Thistleton Dyer, intended it merely as a collection of the curiosities of ghost lore. The author, says the Chicago Tribune, has drawn his material from Tyler, Lang, Dorman, Sikes, and other specialists, as well as from old magazine articles and various minor sources. Scientific explanations of the phenomena described are seldom offered, and from a technical standpoint, the work is open to criticism on several grounds. Nevertheless, as a compilation addressed to the general reader, "The Ghost World" is undoubtedly interesting.

Properly speaking, a ghost is the spirit of a dead person. The soul's exit from the body is accordingly taken by Mr. Dyer as the starting-point of his inquiry. One must be careful, it seems, to remove all obstacles from the spirit's path. In France, Germany, Spain and England, it has long been the custom to speed the parting ghost by unfastening the locks and opening the doors of the house. The German peasant will never slam a door for fear of pinching a stray soul. Game leavers, or pigeon's feathers in the bed, will hinder the soul's departure. A Sussex nurse once told the wife of a clergyman that "never did she see any one die so hard as Master Short; and at last she thought—though his daughter said there were none—that there must be game feathers in the bed. So she tried to pull it from under him, but he was a heavy man, and she could not manage it alone, and so she got a rope and tied it round him and pulled him right on the bed, and he went off in a minute quite comfortable, just like a lamb."

Having cleared the ghost's road, however, one's duty is done, and self-interest comes into play. Precautions must be taken against the ghost's return. One need not go to the length of abandoning entirely the house in which the death occurred, as is the custom with certain savage tribes. It is only necessary to frighten the ghost thoroughly, to barricade the house against him, or to throw a basinful of water after the corpse when it is carried out, as they do in many parts of Germany. "In some parts of Russia and East Prussia an ax or a lock is laid on the coffin, and a knife is hung over the door. Among the South Slavonians and Bohemians the bereaved family, returning from the grave, pelted the ghost of their deceased relative with sticks, stones and coal. And the Tschuwache, a tribe in Finland, opened fire on it as soon as the coffin was outside the house." Sometimes the coffin was carried out of the house by a hole purposely made in the wall, which was stopped up soon as the body had passed through, that when the ghost stroked back on the grave, he found there was no roughness. "Similarly, for the purpose of misleading the dead, the Bohemians put on masks, that the dead might not know, and therefore might not follow them."

Ghosts, however, have little tact, and constantly intrude, in spite of the plainest hints. Some of their impersonations, too, are in questionable taste. Imagine a ghost of any breeding presenting himself in the guise of a huge dog, "with shaggy hair and large eyes, like saucers." Think of meeting Lady Anne Boleyn, who "rides down the avenue of Blenheim Park as a yearling, with her bloody head in her lap, sitting in a hearse-like coach, drawn by four headless horses, and attended by coachmen and attendants, who have, out of compliment to their mistress, also left their heads behind them." One naturally wants to be rid of such troublesome visitors. There are several good ways of laying a ghost, though, to be sure, St. Christopher told the African conjurers: "Misereable and woful creatures that we are, we cannot so much as expel fleas, much less devils." Here, for instance, is a well-tried method. First catch your ghost, then cork him up in a sack, and throw the bottled spirit over the key-stone of the middle arch of a bridge into the river. It is easy enough to induce him to enter the bottle. You have only to "give him the dare," by affecting to doubt his compressibility, and he will promptly put the question to the proof. As ghosts cannot go to law, you may cheat them with impunity. It is a good plan to make them promise not to return until a certain candle is burned out, whereupon you extinguish it and bury it underground. Or you may get them to consent to be laid while hollies are green, for hollies being evergreen, the ghosts can return no more. The two loggias of Chigga hall, however,

declined to accept the body of a cock and the sole of a shoe in fulfillment of a promise to sacrifice a body and soul. Care must be taken, however, not to meddle with the ghost-laying mechanism. Sir Alexander Jardine confined in the dungeon of Spedlin's tower a miller named Porteous, on suspicion of having wilfully set fire to his own premises. Being suddenly called away to Edinburgh, he forgot the existence of his captive until he had died of hunger. But no sooner was the man dead than his ghost began so persistently to disturb Spedlin's Tower that Sir Alexander Jardine summoned a whole legion of ministers to his aid, and by their efforts Porteous was at length confined to the scene of his mortal agonies, where at times he was heard screaming: "Let me out, let me out, for I'm deen' o' hunger!" The spell which compelled his spirit to remain in bondage was attached to a large, black-lettered Bible used by the exorcists, and afterwards deposited in a stone niche in the wall of the staircase. On one occasion the Bible, requiring to be rebound, was sent to Edinburgh, whereupon the ghost of Porteous recommenced its annoyances, so that the Bible was recalled before reaching Edinburgh and was replaced in its former situation.

Wraiths or fates—i. e., the apparitions or "doublers" of living persons—are treated by Mr. Dyer as denizens of the ghost world. Stories of wraiths, second sight and apparitions at the moment of death, are attested by many good witnesses. Goethe relates that as he was once riding along a footpath toward Drusenheim he saw "not with the eyes of his body, but those of his spirit, himself on horseback, coming towards him in a dress that he then did not possess. It was gray, and trimmed with gold. Eight years afterwards he found himself, quite accidentally, on that spot, on horseback, and in precisely the same attire." The Birkbeck case, again, in which the wraith of a dying man appeared to her three little children, is well authenticated. That hard-headed Scotchman, Lord Brougham, had at the University an intimate friend, with reference to whom he writes:

"We frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects, among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility—I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the life after death." Years afterwards—December 19, 1799—when Brougham had almost forgotten the existence of his friend, as he was taking a warm bath, he appeared to him, but he adds: "No doubt I had fallen asleep, and the appearance presented to my eyes was a dream. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that my friend must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of his future state." In October, 1802, Lord Brougham made a journey to Scotland, and on his way, being out from his journal the account of this strange dream—*certissima mortis inago*. And now to finish the story began about sixty years since. Soon after my return to India announcing G's death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of October."

In recent years, "one of the most interesting instances of a phantom voice occurred in connection with the death of Mr. George Smith, the well-known Assyriologist. This eminent scholar died at Aleppo Aug. 10, 1878, at about 62. The same day, and about the same time, as Dr. Delitzsch—a friend and fellow-worker of Mr. Smith—was passing within a stone's throw of the house in which he had lived when in London, he suddenly heard his name uttered aloud "in a most piercing cry," and "in a momentary record," said "thrilled him." "I have just been saying," he looked at his watch, made a note of the hour, and recorded the fact in his notebook."

All the phenomena of this class are now under investigation by trained observers. When that investigation has been completed we may perhaps agree, with Hamlet, that "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

That it is that the world is casting glances at the "unseen." Some are side glances, like most of the above; others look it squarely in the face, as in the case of Brougham, and have a dim idea of its nature; others again actually see into the "unseen," and so it goes.

Woman is like the reed, which bends in every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.—Whately.

Our prayers should be for blessings in general, for God knows best what is good for us.—Socrates.

Government is not mere advice; it is authority with power to enforce the law.—Washington.

Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.—F. W. Robertson.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to resist a temptation which is useful to praise, which deceives them.—Rochefoucauld.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

What Good Has Spiritualism Done?

BY E. W. GOULD.

This is a proper, a legitimate question, and although often asked and answered, is still repeated by those who are half convinced of the truth of its teachings, and yet would criticize the evidence and reluctantly decline to accept what their better judgment endorses.

Such is the influence of early teaching and the natural inclination to allow others, especially those who set themselves up as our spiritual advisers, to do our thinking, that without their endorsement it is difficult, often, to get the consent of our own convictions.

Hence the question: "Well, suppose Spiritualism is true, what good has it ever done?"

As that is intended as a sort of argument against the spiritual philosophy, and an excuse for rejecting its teachings, those of us who have investigated its claims, and can give a reason for the hope within us, ought to be willing to repeat the answer as often as the question is propounded, if by so doing we can remove the doubts of honest inquirers and bring happiness to the minds of those who have failed to find it in any other philosophy or religious teaching.

It is to the answer of this question I propose to address myself, although I cannot hope to add anything to what has so often been repeated from the pulpit, under spirit influence, and from the pen of many superior writers. But as it is from the constant dropping the stone is worn away, so long as the question is repeated, it is evident there are some who are looking for higher, more consistent truths, and if they can be convinced in whatever good Spiritualism has done, or may do, the answer will always be in order.

That we may talk understandingly upon this question, it is necessary we should first determine what Spiritualism is—what it teaches. And in order to say what good it has done, if any, we must agree as to what shall be admitted as good. If the enquirer does not admit that the conversion of an individual from materialism, agnosticism or atheism to Spiritualism is an act to be credited as good, it will involve another question not now under consideration. Unless such conversion results in greater happiness to the person, or to those coming within his or her influence, or that such persons are made better citizens, Spiritualism cannot properly claim credit, although in all cases of record, or coming under my observation, great admiration and gratitude have been universally expressed, where such results have been obtained.

As happiness in this, and in all future lives is the goal to which all aspire, the testimony of those who have actually abandoned the churches and their mystical and unsatisfying teachings and uniting themselves with Spiritualism, would seem to indicate that much good is resulting in that direction. But as that may be a debatable question, we will leave to those who have been the recipients of that happy change to say whether Spiritualism has done them any good. As good and evil are comparative qualities, we cannot, of course, determine exactly where to draw the line. So too, between transient or Bible Spiritualism and the Spiritualism of today. Upon that, too, we are liable to differ. The same day, and about the same time, as Dr. Delitzsch—a friend and fellow-worker of Mr. Smith—was passing within a stone's throw of the house in which he had lived when in London, he suddenly heard his name uttered aloud "in a most piercing cry," and "in a momentary record," said "thrilled him." "I have just been saying," he looked at his watch, made a note of the hour, and recorded the fact in his notebook."

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Death is the separation of the spirit, and its spiritual form from the physical body, and does not in the least affect the attainments, feelings, emotions or faculties. The next life is a continuity of this death making no more change of personality than is caused in walking from one room to another.

Man is a spirit, flesh-clad, and as such walks the courts of heaven; and stands in the presence of the universal spirit in each life, as much as he will after death. Hence the knowledge, attainments and experience in earth-life, form his character for the future existence, or give evidence of what it will be.

Man has not fallen from a state of perfection—has not been nor cannot be lost.

from God. The mediators between God and man are those mortal spirits or angels who bring his knowledge.

There is no arbitrary decree, final judgment day, or statement for wrong, or forgiveness except through the reformation of the wrongdoers, by suffering and spiritual culture, a growth.

I have quoted from this eminent author at some length, not for the purpose of showing what good Spiritualism has done, but to illustrate what good it may do, if these teachings are accepted, and the few principles here advanced carried out. It is not presumed, nor is it necessary that all Spiritualists should endorse all Mr. Tullie's claims. But it is fair to say, if the theories he advances are accepted, and are acted upon to any considerable extent, great good has resulted to those who have thus made them the rule of their faith and practice—a better understanding of these laws and conditions will continue to yield a higher and better result to all who study and practice them.

Without presuming to enumerate all the evidences of good known to have resulted from Spiritualism, I may be allowed to mention as among the most important, that of the demonstration of the fact of immortality. So universal has the belief in that great factor in the happiness of human life become, since the introduction of modern Spiritualism some capricious critics go so far as to say, there never has been any doubt of it since the history of the race was written. But the large number of materialists and church people now joining the ranks of Spiritualism, and rejoicing in their hope of immortality, through assurance of friends long since passed to what they feared to be annihilation, proves conclusively that only through the phenomena made possible in spiritual teaching, would they have seen the light or known the truth.

While most nations of the earth now claim that life is immortal, until the development of spirit presence, by the tiny raps at Hydesville, in 1843, there was no reliable evidence of it, and the corresponding fact, hardly less important—that of spirit communications—which has brought to millions of afflicted hearts the joyful intelligence that their supposed dead still live, and can communicate with them at their own houses, under suitable conditions.

Another great truth which could be placed to the credit of spiritual development, in some degree at least. Although now, except Catholics and Trinitarians, have proclaimed against the cruel and unnatural doctrine of vicarious atonement, numerous messages that are daily received from the little ones who were formerly consigned to perdition by the cruel teachings of the orthodox religion, bear testimony that great good is resulting, at least to a large class of orthodox Christians, who have so long been made miserable by the arbitrary dogmas of their church. While I am not aware that any formal declaration has been made by these churches, renouncing these relics of barbarism, ignorance and superstition, the handwriting on the wall, by Dr. Briggs and thousands of others, shows that the spirit of modern Spiritualism and free thought is abroad in the world, and is doing great good.

Modern Spiritualism is a sublime and glorious belief in the abstract, and is a revelation of the concrete. The developments in modern science, in mechanics, in electricity and in mesmerism, in clairvoyance, in clairaudience, in magnetism, etc., in the last fifty years, or since the introduction of this new theory, while there is no legal proof that any emanations direct from the spirit have been detected, there are many evidences that such is the case. And the simultaneous and rapid appearance of these many new theories, combined with what is generally admitted to be spirit phenomena, should entitle Spiritualism to the credit of being contemporary with the great discoveries of modern science. It is exclusively entitled to the credit of these discoveries and inventions—which claim to be the result of the power of the mind—being insisted upon by a large majority of Spiritualists.

Truth is what we are in pursuit of, and we seek no concessions and make no claim to divine things, that have no fixed or final shape, and never get their growth. Only that which is false will ever be disproved."

Christianity is losing its hold upon the people. The doctrine of the atonement, original sin, fall of man, and other things, are yielding to science, justice and common sense.

Those who critically ask what good Spiritualism has done, must be willfully blind to its influences upon Christianity, upon ethics and upon liberal thought, in the last forty-five years, if they do not recognize much good having been accomplished through the influence of Spiritualism. If it is not admitted that good has resulted from the knowledge daily received through mediums, that those we have lost from sight can and do return to commune with and comfort us in our affliction, with assurances of their happy surroundings and tender remembrances of those left in earth-life, in comparison with the teachings of the cold and heartless church doctrines, by which all are left in anxiety and doubt until Time, the great solace of our afflictions, shall obliterate from the mind the most poignant of our griefs; yet we may refer with pride and satisfaction to the spirit of inquiry in scientific fields, in psychological research and practical moral reforms that have been awakened in consequence and are the direct result of spiritual phenomena.

If the publication of thousands of books, magazines and newspapers, in the interest of the spiritual philosophy—

many of them by the most scientific and scholarly men and women in this country and in Europe—cover one hundred weekly newspapers, many in different languages, for one item—is admitted as evidence of education and intellectual advancement, it would seem, all evidences included, that great good has resulted from the introduction of Spiritualism.

TALMAGE TROUBLED.

The People Are Too Curious.

In the June number of the *Ladies Home Journal*, there is an article by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, entitled, "While It Rains Outside."

There are some points in the article which seem to contradict each other, and there are others which show why it is that the Christian religion is so slow in adapting itself to the advanced thought of the nineteenth century.

The article in question seems to have been suggested by an April shower that was taking place at the time when it was being written. And under the head of "Murmuring Against the Rain," Brother Talmage speaks of the complaints of those whose business or pleasure is interfered with by the storm. Concerning the percentage of the rain, he asserts that God is its father, and that it is born in the clouds, but leaves us in ignorance as to the identity of its mother. Considering the question, "If we regulated the weather?" he suggests that if we do not like the weather that God furnishes, we organize a weather company and supply weather to order. "The lesson of the raindrop," teaches the divine sonship in every drop of rain, and proves that God produces all things, great and small. Speaking of "God in our every day affairs," he asks, "If God father's a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father?" And further on he asserts that "God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all."

Discussing "the mystery of the rain," he says, "But for all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton and Laugier, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says today as He said in the time of Job: 'If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable.' Why does that man, a decripit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does not the old gossip gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian, conscious, every day a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother whom you would think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper while the man who has been giving ten per cent of all of his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves let us stop pressing this everlasting 'why.' Let us worship where we cannot understand, let a man take the things we are written, and follow it far enough, and I shh, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points." What a confession of weakness! Such thoughts accord well with the past policy of the orthodox churches; but, thanks to the irrepressible "why" in the mind of man, a new era of thought is dawning upon us.

Does it ever occur to the reverend brother that, if it be true that "God is the father of the raindrop," and that His hand may be continually seen in the workings of man's everyday life; it must be equally true that, as God supplies man with reasoning powers, He must also be the father of the "why" that is so distressing to the worthy brother of the present day church, as it has been since the church was first organized? Brother Talmage may say that the Devil is responsible for the "why," but if so, is it not quite as reasonable to suppose that he is the father of the rain? For has not the infinitesimal raindrop, in times past, created quite as much havoc in the destruction of mortal life and of nature's beauty, as has the pernicious "why?"

It is true that the raindrop has done an incalculable amount of good as well as a vast amount of damage, but the author of the beneficent showers was also the originator of those that were disastrous. It is also true, that "why" has

sometimes proved distressing when it has led to the investigation of wasps' nests or dynamite bombs; but has it not produced the printing press, the steam engine, and all of the million devices for supplying the needs of man and making his labors lighter? Had it not been for the "why," we should have no church, no devil, no hell, and if God were the father of the "why" that brought forth the church, the Devil and Hell, was not He also the father of the "why" that incited investigation of the wasps' nest and the bomb?

It is probable that Brother Talmage would not condemn the "why" that first produced the many material comforts and mental pleasures, which he, no doubt, enjoys; but he, like his predecessors from the time that the church began, has no patience with the "why" that seeks to reconcile the myths and fables of the Holy Book with facts that have been scientifically demonstrated.

The Roman Catholic church does not permit its laity to study the Bible. Why? Because it is presumed that they cannot understand it. Because it requires a mind specially trained for the priesthood, to read it understandingly. Because the more there are who read and study it without the special training of a priest, the more there are who are able to see the teachings of the priests with the teachings of the book.

The Protestant churches do not withhold the Bible from their members; but the members must read it through the glasses of the church, and interpret its meaning according to the church doctrines. And, if there be certain parts of the Bible which seem to contain something which might enlighten us, and thus prove harmful to the interests of our would-be masters.

No wonder that Brother Talmage is exercised over the omnipresent "why" that is existent in the mind of man at his birth, and remains there all through eternity. That "why" meets him in his bed, in his every hour. No matter what way he turns, no matter what field he enters, "why" is ever present. Recognizing in that short word the power that forces up the theological pill (which is sugar-coated with faith), after he has crammed it down the throats of the people, it is not at all strange that he should seek to destroy the principal agent that is working in the mind of man, that must eventually take away the occupation by which such as he gain a livelihood.

Brother Talmage's comparisons are peculiarly ill-fitted to entice people into the fold, of which he is a self-constituted shepherd. It would appear from what he says, that the so-called children of God, though he cannot understand how it is that all are not His children—are not specially favored in this life. The selfish, grasping man bends his energies toward pleasing himself, while the God-fearing and God-serving man, divides—as he supposes—his substance with the Lord. The selfish man succeeds in his endeavors, and the man of God becomes bankrupt. The reverend brother says that "Earth is the place for trust." But, judging from the preceding comparison it was, in all probability, too much trust on earth that bankrupted the man of God.

Now, while I do not for a moment uphold the course of the selfish man; I must say that I believe it was his persistent effort, dependent upon his own energy, that brought him success. And if we work for the good of humanity, with the same determined reliance upon our own resources that is exhibited in the selfish man, we shall be successful. What a confession of weakness! What a confession of things as they are, and how they should be! We are to understand God's dealings? Why question everything Divine? The very fact that a matter is of Divine origin puts it beyond human conception. It was not intended that we should understand it; if it were, God would have furnished a key to it and supplied us with the necessary intellect."

Had the words of Brother Talmage been written a few hundred years ago, before mankind had begun to be led into the light, they would have seemed more appropriate to the age in which they were written. But to send such a message out to the people of the present day, seems like a weak effort to keep them from going about with open eyes. "We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points." What a confession of weakness! Such thoughts accord well with the past policy of the orthodox churches; but, thanks to the irrepressible "why" in the mind of man, a new era of thought is dawning upon us.

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SPIRIT PAINTINGS.

Spirit Artists Are Hovering Near the Earth.

They Come with Love and Tokens of Affection.

TO THE EDITOR.—Allow me to add my tribute with many others to the heaven-sent gifts of Mr. Campbell. When at Lily Dale last summer I heard of him, and was anxious to obtain a state-painting. One afternoon in company with Mrs. G., of Buffalo, N. Y., I called at his cottage, in hopes to engage an opportunity for us both to realize our wishes for a picture. We found there Dr. Prentiss of Pittsburgh, Pa. He was sitting with Mr. Campbell in the parlor. Dr. Prentiss looked up, saw me standing on the veranda, and said to Mr. Campbell: "There is another medium." After a few moments Mr. Campbell told him to call me in to sit with them. To my great surprise Mr. Campbell arose and went to the next room, but we could see him from where we sat, holding the slates. He soon returned and announced that the painting was finished, telling us to go out on the porch and see what was on the slates. On one of the slates, next to lower one, was a lovely painting, a large cluster of red roses, and some white flowers, a medicinal plant, the name Dr. Prentiss called it by has escaped my memory. There were seven faces surrounding the flowers; one Dr. Prentiss distinctly recognized as his daughter in spirit-life, who invariably brings to him a bunch of red roses, when described by clairvoyants.

That evening at seven o'clock Mrs. G. was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement, as Mr. Campbell was kept very busy by the throng of applicants. After thoroughly cleaning and oiling three—yes—four slates, Mr. Campbell gave one to Mrs. G., one to me, and holding one himself, came and sat in a chair facing us; a fourth chair held a satchel, open, and containing tubes of paint, and I think brushes, but am not positive as to those. After we had held the slates with the corners of the three lapsing one over the other, Mr. Campbell placed Mrs. G.'s upon mine, his upon that, and while I held the three together in my hands he turned and, taking the fourth slate from the table near by, held that with which Mrs. G. was working, and after placing it upon the top of all, told us to repeat the Lord's prayer with him to concentrate our thoughts, at the same time having Mrs. G. place one hand in the satchel with the other hand still holding on to the slates. One of his hands was also placed in the satchel, but the other clung to the slates, and both of them clung to the slates, and both of those who did the painting. There was one man, an artist, I should say, so refined and ethereal was his appearance. He seemed to direct the work, taking care of the brushes, and after a very young girl had begun the painting, he seemed to give it the finishing, perfect strokes. The picture was an exact one, a large purple and white pansy "Hearts Ease." It was especially appropriate as Mrs. G. was mourning the loss of a loved husband, for whom she refused to be consoled, although receiving many fine tests of his spirit presence, and among the seven or more faces her slate, she was quite positive one was his.

I observed in the three sittings with Mr. Campbell, that the paintings were not upon the slate which he held, nor upon the fourth one I held from the table, but invariably appeared upon the one next to lowest one, in answer to the query if by myself or the other person sitting.

Mr. Campbell became too ill to say more sittings for a few days, owing to the terrible strain upon his meditative powers, and the injurious effects some foolish adverse criticisms, feared his hopes were blasted. At I obtained the coveted and highly-prized engagement for my painting. G. Campbell and I again sate the circle. I was under the control of my little guide, "Bright Eyes," a time, who asked questions, the answering fast in raps on the under in answer to the query if the "man,"—my husband, Dr. W. D. who passed to spirit-life in Me Tonn, eleven years ago, was given his favorite flower on those the three raps came before the question, I left my lips, being anti-by him.

On examining my slates I lighted to find a lovely painting, of lilac blossoms, wet as thou the dew of spirit-love and p. Now comes the significance of the picture.

About four years ago my mother and I had roots from her white, one purple, to plant in yard. They grew finely, but blossomed until last year just went to Lily Dale, one cluster of each bush. I prized the purple bush, and was very indignant to both gone one morning. On purple bush is a pink rose bud also bloomed for the first time, and I named it "Pinkie." Nettie Maynard's little guide, said lilac bush are "liger," painting on slates is one white, one purple lilac, and from the side of it is a stem green rose leaves, and some leaves; one of the latter leaves with the pollen from the lilac, as I have seen it in the

CONTINUED ON 5TH P.

LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE, IT IS
tensely interesting. Price \$1.00.

FULLY CONVINCED.

Experiences at Merrimac Island Camp Meeting, Held in July, 1893.

Mr. Editor.—I went to the camp meeting at Merrimac Island a believer in Spiritualism, so far as existence beyond this life is concerned, and that the spirits of our departed friends can and do come around us and influence us and that we sense their presence and feel their influence, and that they can communicate with us through certain mediums and under certain conditions, but very much of a skeptic as to materialization. I have, however, become convinced that materialization is a real, genuine, tangible truth, and the manner in which I became convinced is what I shall try to briefly relate.

On Sunday, July 24, we attended a physical manifestation in the daylight given by Mr. C. E. Winans, of Edenburg, Ind., who is a very successful materializing medium. This seance, and in fact all the seances held on the grounds, was held in a little building about 16x20 feet, erected by the association, and in which there was no possibility of trap-doors, secret doors or passages or paraphernalia of any kind, and none of the mediums had anything to do with the construction of the seance rooms in any way, except that Mr. Winans oversaw the putting of a partition across the corner of the room for a cabinet.

At this seance a wire was stretched across one corner of the room from one studding to another, about shoulder high to an ordinary man, from which was suspended a common drapery curtain, of a reddish color, thus partitioning off a small apartment from the room. In this apartment was a small, low table or light stand, made out of rough boards, and on which was placed a couple of tambourine rims, a couple of small tea bells, a black sleeve and a large tin horn.

These were all the articles in sight, and I took particular pains to closely examine the cabinet before the curtain was drawn, and after it was drawn I could see over the top, and I know that there was no other paraphernalia there.

The medium then placed three chairs in front of and very close to the curtain, and seated himself in the one on the extreme left. My wife took the chair next to the medium, and a gentleman who was a stranger to at least my wife and myself took the third chair on the extreme right. A common, rough, woolen blanket was then thrown over the three, with holes cut through for their heads, merely covering up the hands, bodies and feet of the sitters. The medium took hold of my wife's left arm below the elbow, with both his hands. My wife took hold of the gentleman's left hand with her right—his right with her right—and his right hand was placed in his lap, out of the curtain or blanket, in full view of the spectators, so that the hands were all occupied or in sight, and all this in broad daylight.

Immediately the tambourines began to rattle, the bells to ring, and pandemonium reigned. The bells were thrown over the curtain on to the floor, the tambourines appeared above the curtains supported by a visible hand. The hand also appeared between the curtain and the blanket and patted my wife on the cheek, first as a child's hand, then as a larger one, like a man's hand. Then it reached over to the man on the right and took a cob pipe from out of his pocket.

The hand then encased itself in the sleeve and a slate pencil was handed it by the assistant, who, by the way, was outside in the circle with the rest of us, all through the seance. The pencil was stuck in the lady's hair, and then the hand motioned for the slate which was lying on a bench, some feet from the medium, in plain sight.

The slate was handed up and rested on my wife's head, where the hand wrote names known only to my wife and to myself. The same performance was repeated with all present, some dozen or fifteen. Each lady declared that the medium did not let go their arm with either of his two hands during the whole performance.

The last lady to sit in the middle chair was a German girl who could not speak English, and who got messages in her own language, and as a last test she was lifted three or four times from the floor—chair and all. I should judge that she would weigh at least 175 lbs. During all this time the medium sat bolt upright, only moving his head from side to side.

The first materializing seance we ever saw was given by this same medium, who went under test conditions, sitting in an ordinary arm rocking chair, his bare feet placed in a receptacle filled with common wheat flour, his legs bound to the chair by strong cords, his coat being sewn tightly around his throat, the sleeves of his coat sewn tightly around his wrists, the sleeves sewn to the legs of his trousers, and his hands filled with bran.

Under these conditions and in a cabinet which I explored carefully—and I know that there was no trap door or other paraphernalia possible—he materialized and impersonated as many as twenty-five or thirty different spirit forms.

The cabinet control, Jim Bundle, as he calls himself, came out first and passed around the circle of twenty or more people, shaking hands with us and having a pleasant word for all, placing his hands on our faces, "to get strength," as he put it. He then went down on his knees in front of the circle and, passing his hands over a lady's dress skirt and a gentleman's pants legs, began to gather material upon the floor, saying that he would make something pretty. He manufactured, apparently out of nothing, a most beautiful shawl, of a drab color, about five feet square, and then a smaller one in black about two feet square, and passed them around the circle, allowing each one of us to feel of them, and placing them over the ladies' heads.

They were real, tangible material. How he made them, or where he got the material, I do not pretend to know; but he made them just

as I have tried to describe, and that is all I know about it. The medium's control is little Maude, apparently a child of 12 or 14 years of age, who came out and talked to us right out loud, as any child in the flesh would do, and also played several airs on a jew's harp, in a very childish manner. She announced that it was her business to look after the medium and "keep him straight."

At one of the seances, when Mr. Winans had been entranced for over three hours, she suddenly said, "There's something the matter with this medium in here," and called Mr. Cravens, the spirit photographer, into the cabinet to help him. What was done in there no one knows.

Jim, the cabinet control, took charge of the seance, coming out into the circle for whoever was wanted, hunting them up in the twilight, he took them by the hand and led them to the cabinet door, never making a mistake in the person wanted. The spirit forms came thick and fast and were all recognized.

My wife and myself were called up to the cabinet and a very beautiful spirit of a young lady, with a shining golden crown in her hair, a golden chain about her neck, and bracelets on her wrists, came out and said she was my wife's sister Ada, who passed over in infancy, and would be about 26 years of age now, had she lived here. She kissed us both, took hold of our hands, and I placed my arm around her waist. She was very strong and beautiful, and talked with my wife about their father, mother, brother and family matters. Then my grandfather on my mother's side came to me. He was over 93 when he passed over, and during the last years of his life used a great deal of camphor about him, and I at once recognized the smell of camphor, even before I knew who he was. His head and face were very natural, but his body was too slim. He talked with us both for a few minutes and then disappeared. I remarked to my wife that I was not satisfied. Quick as a flash Ada came out, took me by the wrists, led me inside the cabinet and placed my hands three times over the face of the medium to show me that he was sitting in the same position we had placed him in; took me by the left arm, going behind me, and gently pushed me out. I am almost certain there were two persons besides myself in the cabinet, but am not absolutely sure of it.

The spirit of a lady then came out, who was entirely unknown to either of us, but who claimed to be an aunt of mine on my father's side, who said her name was Mary Elizabeth. I do not know whether I ever had such an aunt, as I know very little of my father's family. She told her name of her own volition. It was not in any way suggested by any one.

Then a very tall, stately old gentleman appeared and said to my wife, "I am grandpa, too." My wife inquired, "Grandpa who?" Grandpa Bosworth?" He replied, "No, Sarah's father," and began stroking his cravat and beard in a peculiar manner. Sarah is the name of my wife's mother, and the cravat stroking was a peculiarity of my wife's grandfather Newell, when in this life, and was used by him on this occasion as a sign by which to be recognized.

I judge that twenty-five or thirty forms appeared at this seance (I did not count them), all of whom were recognized by some one in the circle, and all seemed anxious to be recognized and to be introduced to the audience and have us see them plainly.

One old couple, who live some three hundred miles from the island, in Iowa, had a very dear daughter appear to them, who sat on her father's knee, kissed them and talked to them for several minutes, and then went all around the circle with her parents holding up her veil, turning her face to the light and saying to us: "Look at my face; can you see me plainly?"

A man also came to this old couple dressed in a soldier's uniform, the brass buttons and gold braid plainly visible, who was immediately recognized by them; in fact told his own name and then taking chairs the three sat down together and chatted, laughed, and joked just as any old neighbors and friends would do who had not met for a long time, appearing to enjoy themselves very much.

We attended three more seances and saw probably a hundred forms all told. It would take too long to describe it all in detail.

Two of the seances were given by Mr. Winans, and two by Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall, of Minneapolis.

The convincing test was at the last one that we attended, as it was there that our dear boy, 12 years of age, who passed over December 29th, 1892, materialized and talked with us for more than five minutes. He was just as natural as in life, and made use of many little expressions that he was wont to use, so that his mother and myself would recognize him. I was not fully satisfied until I saw him. Friends who had come to us had said that our boy was there, but too weak to materialize, but if we would be patient and keep on coming he would soon get strong enough to come to us.

I might have been mistaken as to the identity of the others who came to me, and might possibly have been fooled or humbugged, but when my own favorite child came to me, looked up and said: "Hello, papa! Hello, mamma! I cannot come very good to night, but I did the very best I could," (his motto in life) I knew him, and all the arguments the whole world can bring forth cannot convince me that I did not see him face to face, and just as natural as in life.

This was on Friday night. On the next Sunday night my three daughters, aged respectively seventeen, fifteen and ten years, attended a seance and he came to them and was so anxious to be recognized that he called his sisters' attention to his clothes—a new suit I had purchased for him a short time before he died, and in which he was buried—and also to a pair of white slippers which he wore in his coffin.

Verily I know now not "that my Redeemer liveth," but that my boy liveth; that he is not

dead, but has simply passed into another existence, higher, purer and more beautiful than this.

He has recently controlled a medium and given me a childish description of his home over there, which I may try to describe at some future time.

Yours truly, W. A. PETERSON.
St. Paul, Minn., July 29th, 1893.

J. B. Johnson.

TO THE EDITOR.—J. B. Johnson, of Toledo, Ohio, the grand physical and trumpet medium, and an old-time friend of my husband, has been at Frankfort, Ind., the last two weeks, and has given some of the most convincing evidences of spirit power which it has ever been our lot to witness.

Everything is conducted under the strictest test conditions. Mr. Johnson insists upon this in self-defense, as also do his controls, they failing to give any demonstrations when, as has happened a couple of times, Mr. Johnson has been persuaded by his friends to make himself comfortable, without being tied or sewed up, or sitting with corn-meal in his hands (the latter is chosen because it cannot possibly be seized up and laid down again).

In the light seances the zither, tambourine, music-box, bones and bells are used, often held in sight by a large white hand; handkerchiefs laid upon the heads of those sitting in front of the curtain (three are used to form a battery, the medium being one, and he sits with both hands upon another person's arms) are tied in knots and thrown back, the trumpet raised in mid-air; questions answered by calling the alphabet, and names given which turn out to be wonderful tests. An umbrella was also raised and held over the heads of the "battery." Large hands and small hands are shown under good conditions, and various trades and occupations surprisingly imitated upon the zither, and then the names spelled out, producing a "wonder-where-I-am" feeling among the skeptics and investigators, and nearly every night Poncho, the control for the light seances, throws papers, which hang on a file back of the curtain and are well covered by the black cloth, over the curtain and out in front, generally serving the bells, etc., in the same way.

The dark seance is in charge of a witty Irishman named Jerry, whose immense hand must be felt to be appreciated. One night he surprised an investigator by saying: "Well, Mr. Baker, why don't ye put up the other foot also against the medium?" Mr. B. had made up his mind to ascertain for certain if the medium was helping things along illegitimately, and held his foot against the chair. Needless to say he was more than satisfied.

A word right here: Mr. Johnson is a man who never takes offense because persons wish to absolutely satisfy themselves, and requests to put one's foot on his chair or touch knees with him as he sits in the center of the circle with his hands full of corn-meal, are always met with a "certainly, certainly; just any way you choose," from him, for that is his mission—to prove, not to make people simply believe.

The voices come very strongly through the trumpet. I have heard both my brother and father talk in their natural voice, as also have others heard their own. Jerry sings and talks very loud, and has been heard and understood clear across the street.

Generally many hands come in the dark circle and pat us, pull whiskers, fan us, answer questions by taps, play the tambourine, and sometimes have bells, zither, music-box and tambourine going all at once, making a deafening clatter.

Among many other things, they also scrape the ceiling with the trumpet and other instruments, thus showing how utterly impossible it would be for the medium to be doing the work should investigators imagine it possible.

If there is any one thing in which Mr. Smith and myself are intensely particular, it is whom we take in our home or introduce to our fellowtownsmen as being a good medium. We would not uphold or allow to go unnoticed as much as one tiny rap produced fraudulently, and in this, I think, we are only doing as the great majority of earnest Spiritualists are to-day, for we all expect mediums of honest, upright characters, and look to such for the class of manifestations which convinces skeptics and charms Spiritualists; as such we can recommend Mr. Johnson. He is a man unflinching in his integrity, as well as a jovial and agreeable gentleman, and years of friendship only confirms this opinion more strongly. He will be at Chesterfield camp.

MRS. CARRIE M. SMITH.
Frankfort, Ind.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

FALSE REASONING.

There is a figure of speech and often a fling of the pen that is to the point, and apt enough in itself whenever it is true; but it is used so much oftener in instances where it is not true, that the figure becomes a very common fallacy, and the logic resting thereon becomes false reasoning. The figure is this: "The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain or its source."

This statement is true only in the sphere of hydraulics, a very limited field of common study. It is false in philosophy, morals, psychic science, intellect, theology, evolution and others.

The doctrine of evolution shows that the superior springs from the inferior, which contradicts the above wet assertion. Every son who excels and surpasses his father confutes it. The improved plants, all these double flowers, stand opposed to it. The several grains, as wheat, barley, oats, rye, are but the higher development of the common grasses.

These controvert the fountain figure, for the outcome of them do rise higher and superior to their source. Therefore, this figure of speech is false in so many forms of argument, and fails in so many lines of thinking, as to become a frequent fallacy, so that a careful reasoner will avoid it.

A. S. H.

SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.

America Was First Discovered by Northmen.

It should be kept prominently before the American people in the year of the Columbian Exposition that this continent was first made known to the civilized world A. D. 981, by Bjorn, son of Helof, and a few years later by Lief Erickson, of Iceland. They made a settlement at Davis' Straits, where "vestiges still remain of houses, paths, walls, churches, tombstones and inscriptions." They planted colonies on the coast of Labrador, and as far south as Rhode Island.

Lord Dufferin, former Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, and now English minister to France, in June, 1856, left Glasgow on a tour among the "high latitudes of the north," in his own vessel, manned by officers and seamen in his special service. He visited Iceland, Spitzbergen, Greenland, etc., and wrote a series of letters—probably to his mother, the name is not given—describing his adventures. These, highly instructive, were published in a neat volume, before us as we write. In his sixth letter, dated Reykjavik, June 28, 1856, he tells us of Columbus' visit to Iceland, where the "great discoverer" had gone to gain inspiration relative to his contemplated western trip—not to discover a western continent, but to reach India by sailing westward. We quote:

"In the month of February, 1447, there arrived at Reykjavik, in a barque belonging to the port of Bristol, a certain long-visaged, grey-eyed Genoese mariner, who was observed to take an amazing interest in hunting up whatever was known on the subject (of this western discovery). Whether Columbus—for it was no less a personage than he—really learned anything to confirm him in his noble resolution is still uncertain, but we have still extant an historical manuscript, written at all events before 1395, that is to say, one hundred years prior to Columbus' voyage, which contains a minute account of how a certain person named Lief, while sailing over to Greenland, was driven out of his course by contrary winds, until he found himself off an extensive and unknown coast, which increased in beauty and fertility as he descended south, and how in consequence of the representation Lief made, on his return, successive expeditions were undertaken in the same direction. On two occasions their wives seem to have accompanied the adventurers; of one ship's company the skipper (master) was a lady, while two parties even wintered in the new land, built houses and prepared to colonize. For some reason, however, the intention was abandoned, and in process of time these early voyagers came to be considered as apocryphal as the Phœnician circumnavigation of Africa in the time of Pharaoh Necho.

"It is quite uncertain how low a latitude in America the Northmen ever reached, but from the description given of the scenery, products and inhabitants, from the mildness of the weather, and from the length of the day on the 21st of December, it is conjectured they could not have descended much further than Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, or, at most, the coast of Massachusetts."

That Columbus, near the close of the fifteenth century, aroused great interest in new explorations, and finally revealed to modern Europe the fact of a great western continent, cannot be dispelled, yet his purpose lay in another direction, and that was to reach the gold-fields of the Indies by a shorter route, and to amass fortune and fame for himself and his royal patrons, Ferdinand and Isabella. His discovery of America was an accident for which we are all grateful, but in itself it was no more meritorious than were the earlier accidental discoveries of the Northmen.

Rockford, Ill. G. W. BROWN, M. D.

Haslett Park Camp-Meeting.

TO THE EDITOR.—The eleventh annual camp-meeting of Spiritualists at Haslett Park opened formally July 31st. James H. White, of Port Huron, president of the association, in a few well-chosen words briefly stated the objects of the association and its past usefulness paying a fine tribute to those who started the camp, and assuring us of the pleasing outlook for its future success.

Mr. Brooks, chairman, followed with an address of welcome to the campers, who are many, and in his usual happy vein made all feel that this was but the beginning of a season of joy and great profit.

Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, of Port Huron, formerly of Lockport, N. Y., gave a brief address, followed by many convincing tests and personations from the beautiful spirit named Alice, who, in a charming manner, won the admiration of all.

At 2 p. m., Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, Mich., was introduced, and heartily welcomed home from an eastern trip. Mrs. Sheets was made the bearer of greetings from Cassadaga camp, also Lake Brady, which she delivered beautifully, accompanied by kind words of cheer and encouragement to western workers, making us feel that though a little farther from the "rising sun" of spiritual camps than our eastern sisters, we might well hope and know that the star of our State, "Haslett Park," was gaining in its ascendancy, and assuring us that at the setting of the sun our labors would not have been in vain.

Mrs. Robinson gave the address of the afternoon, taking for her subject "Concentration of Thought and Forces, and Spiritual Development," followed by a number of fine tests from the rostrum.

The evening was wholly given up to a conference, led by Mrs. Mattie Hall, the subject being "Our Attitude Toward the Spirit-world and Toward Mediums." Mrs. Hall, as usual, held her audience in rapt attention, giving much food for thought. Others followed, making the first day one of interest.

Haslett Park, Mich. MARY MCLEIN.

Be Thorough.

In lawful pursuit, whatever you do—Building a mansion or mending a shoe—Be honestly earnest in all of your work. Never attempting plain duty to shirk. Whether you climb, dig, delve or burrow, Do each thing completely; always be thorough. Slipshod expedients avoid as a snare; Perform every task with painstaking care. Negligent methods won't bear the world's test; Give it, unflinching, always your best. Whether you labor with head or with hand—Writing a book or tilling the land—Do everything well—as well as you can. No more is expected by God or by man. No less will suffice for your own self-respect. Or save you from sting of willful neglect. The pursuit of pleasure can only be found in virtuous effort, faithful and sound. This trust of maxims cherish and nurse: "Work is blessing, and ease but a curse."

—W. Thompson, in Inter Ocean.

The Poor Man's Prayer to the Christian's God.

Our Father, who art in heaven above, Whom Christians call a Father of love, Who sent thine only begotten son To earth that thine own will be done, And who did bid us seek and receive thee, Let all thine sons to thee believe, We have looked about us on every hand, At the plenitude throughout the land; We see that the beasts of the forest feed, The strong upon the weak, with greed; The small for the large are always prey, And since thy son has passed away, Just as before, to take thy word, Thy savage children can be heard, And seen, the strong upon the weak, And no one dare to act or speak. Let the sword or go of thy "chosen few" Pierce or shoot them through and through. Thou didst send a "Jesus" for our sake, A man our burdens all to take; An agent to atone for sin, To open thy gates and let us in; To see we act as loving brothers, And feed and grow and then feed others; To teach "his right to heal the sick, With naked hands cast out 'Old Nick'; Reach out the hand and give the poor That stand in latens at our door. To teach that heaven is for the good, Nor rich can enter if they would; To teach the miser to dig his gold, And give to the poor, the sick, the old. He built no costly church for thee, Nor rented pews for heavy fee; No synagogue in costly style, All gilded o'er the rich to gild; He made no effort to enlist "First families;" did not persist In gaining that "four hundred" squad, The money sharks, to please his God. His love and justice thou was shown, When he made the "Jew" cast the stone. He did not teach to spit nor frown Upon a woman that is down; He did not pull his skirts aside For fear of spots he could not hide. Hallowed be thy name forever, For sending a son so mighty clever. May thy kingdom come on earth Again, as at thy daughter's birth Of "thine only begotten son," And "thine own will be ever done" On earth as 'tis in heaven, and we, Thy remaining sons and daughters, be Allowed along thy precious law With which to live and learn to draw Our share, or part, as we may merit, If thou hast left from streets of gold A part remaining there unsold. We fear to ask too much of thee, In asking little, when we see Such men as Gould, in special car, Pass beyond the mystic bar So far ahead, to water all Of heaven's stock and let it fall; But thou, loving, faithful God, See where alone thy building feet have trod To work so hard for nothing more Than keeps the wolf outside our door. Dost see our ragged clothes through eyes Of pity? Hear our weary sighs? Dost thou, so good and just and true, But hear the cries of a "chosen few?" Admit those only in thy fold Who buy their way for loved ones gold? Dost have no heart for yellow ones poor That plead in hunger at thy door? Oh! hast thou changed thy laws, indeed, To satisfy the rich man's greed? Hast thou enlarged the "needle's eye?" Or squeezed "camel" through, to try And let the rich as well poor Go through thy great, forbidden door? Hast thou not changed thy cruel plan Of "burning children but a span In length" before a mother's view, And burning her for weeping, too? Oh, poor God! oh, bigot's friend! Oh, money God's tyrant without end! Hast thou no love nor sympathy For ignorance or poverty? Or art thou lured by tallest steeple, By tolling bells and stylish people, Away from all but gaudy show? Away from shadows and from woe? Away from those who need thee aid, By colored glass in figures laid? By churches built from roof to earth Of labor's blood, the poor man's worth, Is this thy pleasure? This thy will? Thy law, thy cruel temper still? Then we prefer to ever be En rapport with his majesty—Forbidden fruit to eat, and see Our brothers all unblinded free; Reasoning for themselves; each one Depending on himself to run His own life's boat; seek his level; Get his own, if from the devil.

—Dr. T. Wilkins.

From Mantua, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR.—I have listened to two masterly discourses to-day, by D. A. Herrie and Hon. O. P. Kellogg. Such, indeed, are enough to inspire the minds of our greatest thinkers to look up and investigate this grand philosophy of Spiritualism. This day, Sunday, there are several hundred people on the grounds, and the camp at this place seems to have opened with a spirit of determination, with the people coming in and investigating and learning the truth, that is in store for all men and women. This morning the beautiful ceremony of ordaining our sister and co-worker who is well-known in the Spiritual field throughout the world, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, as minister of the Spiritual Philosophy, took place, under the law of the great State of Ohio, giving her the legal right vouchsafed to all ministers. So you see the cause is taking lawful steps for material protection for its mediums and speakers. So may the good work go on until our cause is in the front ranks, leading the people on to truth and knowledge. Myself and wife are here for this camp till it closes.

W. S. CLEMENS.

THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN

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SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1933

WHITE CITY SKETCHES

In the rear of the Administration building are twenty acres of Machinery hall and its annexes. It is really a menagerie, in which are exhibited the cages and harnesses of the geni and elephants, who have been entangled in the subtleties of man's brain, and are henceforth compelled to serve him as slaves. We often speak of tireless arms of steel and unwearying sinews of brass. But who knows how much the force which permeates them, in the performance of their round of action, takes on the burden of the ever-sorrowing world. We do know that delicate machines respond curiously to the humors of their operators.

But let us go in. Motion and sound rule the whole. Amidst the jargon of noise can be discerned the clank of the loom, the rattle of the printing press, the click and hum of wheels revolving, hundreds of times a minute, the measured beat of levers and cams falling methodically into place, and the growling of the slow push moving steadily on to accomplishment.

Here are the ponderous arms and the massive rests, supporting the jaws which bite chunks of iron and steel in two, as readily as the school girl bites candy. The more intense the power the slower the motion, and the heavier the harness the geni wears. Is it not always so, everywhere?

In the annex to the annex we discern the largest boiler ever built up to date. From its capacious maw is sent forth the life-force moving a larger part of the machinery in the hall. The balance is moved by transmission through dynamo, that run not only their share of the exhibits, but also light the building and a large part of the grounds.

Everybody does not know that the gimlet-pointed screw of to-day was the result of a seeming accident. The screw machine making the old-fashioned flat points happened to be out of order, produced a few samples of the gimlet-points. Result, the machine was permanently put out of order in the same way. The palpable suggestion of the imprisoned elemental was accepted by his master. The best screws are carved out of cold wire, and headed by two parts of the same machine; the essential supplies for the manufacture are wire and oil in about equal parts, for the friction is something almost terrific.

Close by this exhibit are the looms that weave cotton, linen and woolen fabrics, but the most startling result is the weaving of colored silks, plain and figured, and ribbons with pictures, letters and figures in colors. Nothing so closely assimilates voluntary human thought and action as the Jacquard looms, whose long beams admit the weaving of ten or a dozen ribbons at once, and whose half-dozen shuttles to each ribbon, the size of a child's hand, filled with colored silks, by a little turn, accomplish all that could be banded out of a shuttle going the whole length of the beam, under the old method. The carpet looms are now all built on this principle, and are wonderfully fascinating in their operation.

The improvement of laundry machinery has been carried to wonderful precision. The old-fashioned method of rubbing holes in one's linen and ironing all the buttons off has a fair chance of becoming obsolete.

Truly this great building covers a section of the Enchanted Isle, where a wave of the hand on a lever, or the push of a button by a finger, starts some newer and stranger miracle.

Among the wonderful processes are the making and setting of type; printing in colors by a single impression; paper folding; paper box-making; changing poplar wood into quarter-split oak; making of pottery by the hand and wheel, as did the old Egyptians; box-making machines, where half-a-dozen nails are driven at once; a wood-carving machine, in which a pattern, no matter how delicate or intricate, is transferred

THE CINCINNATI GANG.

to four duplicates at once. Nor can we leave out the wonderful pumps, and the engines. There are engines that look like pieces of parlor furniture, and others that don't. Then there is the great Allis-Corliss engine, constantly converting steam into motion. Don't forget to see the match factory.

As we are straying hither and thither, there comes trotting along the aisle a dwarf about thirty inches high. It really seems as if he must be one of the "kobolds" escaped from his harness. He does not seem particularly interested in anything, but to get out of the building, and his face wears a half-scared expression.

THE CINCINNATI GANG.

Facts, Figures, Data, Letters and Circulars will be Published, Showing that Our Expose Came None Too Soon.

Business duties away from our office during the past week has prevented us from replying to the numerous falsehoods published in last *Light of Truth*. We shall show that Youmans, who wants to act as trustee for \$25,000, is a self-confessed liar, and irresponsible, and that the gang is much lower in the scale of honesty than we at first supposed. Undisputable data will be given that will satisfy every reflective mind, and place the gang before the world in a true light. As unpleasant as this exposure is, it will show to the outside world, that Spiritualists are in earnest in trying to purify their own ranks, and it will result in great good to the cause.

Transferred to Earlier Periods.

Word comes from Vienna, Austria, that great interest has been aroused there by some remarkable experiments in hypnosis and suggestion, which a Vienna professor of psychology, Prof. Kraft Ebing, carried out before a meeting of psychological experts, with the object of showing that it is possible by hypnotic suggestion to transfer persons into former period of their lives, their mental condition at the same time undergoing a corresponding change, and that while in this state nothing is lost to their memories which cannot, by suitable influence, be recalled. The subject of the experiments was a woman 33 years of age. Baron Kraft Ebing hypnotized her, and transferred her successively back to the ages of 7, 15 and 19, restoring her after each experiment to her normal condition. In every case she behaved, spoke and wrote in a way corresponding to the age which she imagined herself to be. The experiments were received by the other doctors with much skepticism. They did not consider that Baron Ebing's theory had been proved, and thought that the experiments shown did not exclude the possibility of deception.

PROMINENT WORKERS.

They Voice the Sentiments of Thousands.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your article in a late PROGRESSIVE THINKER, regarding the schemes of the *Light of Truth*, is timely and just to the great body of Spiritualists.

If Spiritualists are anybody, if they are as a body worthy of your efforts as an editor of a reform journal, then it becomes your duty to do just what you have so fearlessly and frankly done. As I said in one of my articles in your paper, I am an aggressive and progressive Spiritualist; therefore I see your position to be the correct one, the one you must as a man of character take. It may cost you some subscribers on one hand, but it will add to your list on the other; but no matter what the result may be as regards dollars and cents, you must be a man.

We well know that much pruning is a necessity. Strike off the masks, and a skeleton will be found in many high places.

You have won the confidence and trust of many strong men and women, because of the character of your paper—go on, nail your banner high, and lead the best up to a noble standard. Your remark that you and your wife were early and late at work, and that you were not beggars, or words to that import, are timely, and have the hearty approval of your sincere friends.

M. E. and ROSA C. CONGER.

THE CINCINNATI GANG.

1. A reply to the Cincinnati gang's columns of low and vulgar abuse.
2. It will appear next week.
3. It will contain undisputable evidence, showing the methods of the gang in deceiving the people.
4. Youmans' reply composed of glaring falsehoods from beginning to end.
5. He is totally unfit to manage other people's business.
6. Facts, figures and documents showing attempts of the gang to deceive advertisers and others.
7. A delegation from the spirit side of life demand honesty in all business transactions.
8. They declare that this probing business will result in great good to the cause.
9. As a storm in nature purifies the atmosphere, so will this convulsion tend to purify the spiritual atmosphere and elevate our cause.
10. Resulting in bringing to the front men of unquestionable integrity, while disreputable schemers will, in time, retire.
11. They say that no probing can injure the truth, and that advance has always been along the line of cyclonic convulsion, even the freeing of the slaves requiring a bloody war.
12. Facts and figures will be given showing a lamentable state of affairs in connection with the Cincinnati gang.
13. Spiritualists, you are the jury!

SEMI-FETICHISM.

Primitive Ideas in Modern Creed.

"So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown."—Job 1:7.

It is an interesting study to observe how the primitive ideas of primitive peoples become solidified and imbedded in the thoughts and beliefs of succeeding ages. Particles of sand incoherent in themselves, may, by processes of nature, be solidified and hardened into veritable rock that will withstand the buffeting of the storms of centuries and ages of time. So the crude and inchoate naturalistic ideas of undeveloped primitive races, incoherent and tenuous, may, by accretion and the compressing power of a priesthood, aided by the principle of conservatism, be hardened and baked into a solid that will withstand the assaults of centuries of science and enlightenment, and the fierce onslaughts of destructive radicalism.

Among these primitive ideas may be reckoned the notion that sickness, disease, accidents, destructive convulsions of nature, storms, cyclones, earthquakes, etc., are the work of evil spirits.

According to the account as given in King James' version and others, the ancient Jewish writers were badly mixed in their theological ideas in these matters. For instance, the same evil occurrence is said to have been the work of God and of Satan. II. Samuel xlv: 1, says: "Again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say: Go, number Israel and Judah," while I. Chron. xxi: 1, speaking of the same occurrence, says: "And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel."

Great pestilences are constantly described in the Old Testament as the acts of angels; and it has been universally taught by the orthodox guardians of the spiritual culture of man that innumerable evil spirits were constantly ranging over the world, seeking the present unhappiness and the future ruin of mankind. Thomas Aquinas, the great Catholic theologian and writer of the thirteenth century, assures us that diseases and tempests are the direct acts of the Devil.

The Levitical law placed the ban of condemnation on witches. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" for many ages taken as the divine warrant for the slaughter of one who was supposed to be in collusion with the Devil or with evil spirits to injure people. The fact that the world translated "witch" in the Levitical condemnation may also be translated "poisoner," did not hinder the execution of so-called witches.

It is quite natural that a people living in a state of uncivilized nature, with no knowledge of the laws of nature as discovered and formulated by men of science of later days, childish in their thoughts and conceptions, should attribute unusual occurrences to the acts of invisible beings. Only force could produce material effects. When the wind stirred the leaves and branches overhead, there was an unseen force acting—a something—to their minds, a being. When the winds howled with fierceness, that being spoke with an audible voice; and the thunder's roll and the lurid lightning's stroke were his voice and his strong hand manifesting his anger. Thus might arise worship, having its source in fear. Animals slain by lightning might lay the foundation for the idea of propitiatory offerings and burnt sacrifice.

The religious cult of the civilized world today is largely grounded upon the crude primitive notions of those primal religious conceptions of the peoples of prehistoric ages. Modified, toned down, revamped, rounded off in some degree by the long attrition of ages and superior knowledge—sublimated in some respects—yet retaining the impress of the primitive mind, whose thought, solidified and conserved from age to age, and from sect to sect, still lives in the popular creeds of Christendom.

The power of conservatism is seen in the tenacity with which men cling to the old and horrible theological monstrosities that grew out of and had their inception in the early times of men's ignorance and mental, moral and spiritual darkness. So strong is this power that even when a faith and a religion that is full of brightness and hope for humanity is set before them for consideration and acceptance, they turn away from it and hug to their hearts the putrid corpse of a dead past, embalmed in the popular church creeds of the present day.

Not all of the effete notions still extant in the domain of churchly thought are found explicitly stated in the creeds, but are manifest in sermons and essays of ministers and writers, and among these notions is that of the direct interference of a great personal devil, tempting men to evil, and bringing evil in various forms upon mankind. In their minds the Satan who smote Job with sore boils, still goeth about—a veritable, intelligent personality—a semi-inquiet being—seeking whom he may devour. And so they live, in a fear that is akin to fetichism.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

At her home, in Oak Park, Ill., July 31st, Dr. Lillie Alma passed to the higher life, aged 53 years. She was a most lovable woman, a good physician, and a true Spiritualist. The remains were taken to Grand Rapids, Mich., for interment.

Passed to Spirit-life, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Della A. Corbin, Angola, Indiana, July 21, 1893, Mrs. Helena G. Littlefield, after a residence in earth-life of 72 years. She had been a confirmed Spiritualist for forty years. She has now passed on to the Summerland to meet the companion of her youth, who preceded her there fourteen years ago, and who died in the same faith.

Mrs. D. A. CORBIN.

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.—Young.

A fig for your bill of fare; show me your bill of company.—Swift.

Priestly Usurpations.

The clergy have gained their control over the persons, the purses and the passions of man by practices and vices which would be considered highly criminal if repeated today; and yet everything they acquired by usurpation they cling to with the tenacity of vipers until it is wrested from them by force. After assuming, during the Middle Ages, to exercise jurisdiction over all questions referred to them by either party, and the right conceded, they next claimed absolute exemption from the judicial authority of civil magistrates. Under Charlemagne, in the eighth century, they gained the enactment of laws which strictly prohibited the temporal magistrates from entertaining complaints against the children of the church. "One of the most arbitrary kings of France did not venture to charge some of the bishops with treason, except before a council of their brethren." Says Hallam, p. 262:

"As they (the bishops) alone were acquainted with the art of writing, they were naturally entrusted with political correspondence, and with the framing of the laws."

Passing to p. 269: "The clergy, by their exclusive knowledge of Latin, had it in their power to mold the language of public documents for their own purposes."

The result of all such power in the clergy was the entire exemption of the persons of clergymen from criminal process before a secular judge. They became entitled to "the benefit of clergy," a law absolutely in force with various modifications in England, until 1827. If a priest or clerk was imprisoned on a criminal charge, or even capital felony, on the bishop's demand he was instantly delivered up without any further inquiry to be let loose upon the country, or held at the will of the church authorities.

And, worse than all, they found holy scripture, and quoted it as authority why they should be exempt from the operations of secular law.—"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."—Psalms 105: 15.

It was by such gross usurpations of secular authority the priesthood have attained their present eminence. It was gained by their learning over the ignorance of the age in which they lived. They see their power departing through the action of general education, and now they are combining and employing every instrumentality in their power to arrest the tendency to wrest from them their stolen gains. The Protestant churches, in common with the Catholic, have inherited the stolen plunder, and are as reluctant to surrender their accretions as are the priests themselves. Look at the zeal they are employing in retaining one-seventh of all the days in the year, when only education is to be advanced by the surrender, as in the case of the World's Fair.

A VANISHED PEOPLE.

How Did They Transport Mammoth Rocks to Build a Mysterious Cavern?

On the shores of Brittany there is a mysterious relic of forgotten ages which escapes the notice of most travelers, says the *Million*.

Far out in the Morbihan sea—across which legend tells us Arthur sailed with his knights in pursuit of the dragon—rises a little island. It can be reached in a boat from the coast only in a calm sea. A Breton shepherd has a solitary hut upon it and feeds a few sheep.

Crossing the grassy slope off which they browse the traveler finds himself at the foot of a hill, in the face of which has been excavated a great tunnel or cave, floored, walled, and roofed by huge flat rocks.

Some archaeologists say that this cavern was the work of the worshippers of the serpent god or Hoa—a race that has passed into oblivion.

The unlearned traveler knows only that the mysterious cavern antedates all history; that the rocks of which it is built come from the mainland, at a distance of more than 100 miles inland. No rocks like them make any part of the geological formation of the island.

Even with our modern engineering knowledge and machinery it would require vast labor and skill to bring these enormous blocks of stone and place them so securely as to defy the wear and friction of ages.

How were they brought here by men who had, perhaps, few mechanical appliances—nothing but the strength of their bodies and their faith in a strange god?

The race who built the temple are dust. Even their names ages ago perished from the earth. Their religion is vanished. These stones are the monuments of their indomitable resolution that defies the flight of years.

In Deep Affliction.

Deep affliction has lately visited the home of Hon. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, in the death of an only son, just in the prime of manhood. Mr. French fully realizes that Spiritualism is true, and he knows that his son has only stepped into another department of life, one grander and more beautiful, and where, relieved of the temptations and allurements of earth-life, he will unfold his true manhood, and become in turn an angel visitant to earth, where he can be instrumental in doing a grand work.

Judge M. P. Rosecrans.

In another column will be found one of his inimitable "Musings." This is no sketch of the imagination, we having seen the original letter to which he refers. Angels bless Judge Rosecrans for his tender appeal, and may they, as well as the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, bless the "poor woman to whom he refers."

THOU ONLY CANST JUDGE.

An Impressive Sketch from Real Life.

BY ADELAIDE LUND, BOSTON.

I am a helpless invalid, and being unable to go about or scarcely move, perhaps more closely observe my fellow mortals than do most of my sister women. I had been left by kindly attendants in the crowded waiting-room of the station which adjoins the pier where the great steamers drop their passengers. On account of the cholera scare every vessel had been or was in quarantine. Since morning emigrants had been steadily pouring in, and passing through the station, and every available chair and settee was filled with the wretched creatures. With a heart overflowing with pity for them in their helpless and almost hopeless condition, I had watched them until, worn out with the heat and the weariness of it all, I had fallen asleep.

Suddenly I was awakened by the sound of a voice so different from those I had been compelled to hear, that instantly I opened my eyes, and beheld sitting close beside me, one of a position far removed from the general throng who frequent a city railway station in midsummer. Her dress and haughty bearing bespoke her to be of that much envied set who constitute the so-called aristocracy. Her cultivated voice would have been music itself but that it contained a hint of hardness, and was pitched just a note too high. I found this was occasioned by a woman who had taken a seat a trifle in front; in fact very close to my lady's silken gown. I watched the new-comer, wondering if she would move; but although the color flamed deeper in her painted cheeks, she evidently had no thought of giving up her seat. She was scarcely more than a child in years, but dissipation had so nearly wiped all innocence from her eyes, and the little face had taken on such a defiant, bold expression, which fitted the delicately moulded body, that it was not hard to see that many years had been crowded into each of the few that had passed over her head.

Oh, little woman with your painted cheeks and face from which all innocence is gone, would to God I could reach out tonight and gather you and all your sisters to my fireside, to my heart, and hold and shelter you so closely and warmly that you would have no wish but to nestle there!

She of the silken gown, with her features, continued to declaim upon the rude coarseness of the creatures of which the intruder was a type, in a tone just high enough to reach the object's ears. The cutting allusions seemed to call to life all the sleeping devils in her nature, and, leaning back in her chair with impudent, half-closed eyes, she would shamelessly accuse even the colored porter with jocular remarks regarding an affidavit on her virtue and respectability. As I could see that she narrowly watched the effect of her words upon my lady I knew that the fiends of her nature were gnawing her to doubly mortal all that could be said. After a little she was joined by several friends, and then the sport ran high; and although it is ever a losing battle to the uneducated, who war as with pebbles against the keen shafts which shoot from lips cruelly adept in the art, yet she did bravely, and perhaps none but myself saw how truly each polished arrow pierced its mark.

My lady with her friends was evidently awaiting the arrival of some one, and as the train thundered into the station I saw the expected friend had arrived, proving to be Mrs. H.—so well-known in the society world that even I recognized her the original of many portraits, figuring in as many magazines as "The Ideal Hostess," "Newport's Society Light," etc., etc.

Ah, my lady of the silken gown, how different now your tone; how easily you can make room for her; how changed and sweetened your face. I cannot recognize you as the same. No seat can be found comfortable enough for your friend. Why, you even pull your own traveling cushion from behind your luxury-loving head. Do you love her so fondly? As I look into your coldly beautiful eyes I can scarcely believe it.

They are discussing the "Working Woman's Club," plans for the new "Children's Hospital," "Helps for Humanity," "The Shut-In Society," and the low hum of their voices, together with the intense heat, lulls me again to sleep.

Again I am awakened; this time by the trample and rush of hurrying feet, and am almost torn from my chair by the excited and frightened crowd. I am horrified to hear, from dozens of white lips, that a case of cholera has broken out; and on turning my eyes I see the stricken woman writhing in the death agony of the dread disease, not a dozen feet from my chair. The attendants and porters at the station are the first to flee, and all with one accord have seemingly gone mad with fear. The unfortunate creature had fallen in a miserable heap at the very feet of my lady, who now stands with ashen face not daring to move, for to reach the door, she must step over the prostrate woman. "My God!" she whispers, "is there no escape?" Not a human being comes to the aid of the suffering woman. The great purple knots upon the neck and forehead tell that death is near. Suddenly I hear the sweep of a woman's garments. She of the painted cheeks has torn herself from the detaining hands of her friends. "You coward!" she cries, "I'll go to her if I die for it!" and with a great wave of pity passing over her face, which almost redeems it, she kneels beside the dying woman. Then, gathering the senseless form close in her arms, she carries it to one of the now vacant settees, but a few feet distant.

Great tears are rolling down her cheeks. Gazing down at the face, which has suddenly grown tense and quiet, she glances furtively around and, with a look of reverence, stoops over and kisses it. Then, with a shy, half-ashamed look upon her face, she turns toward my lady, and, in a voice from which all anger has vanished, she says: "I guess you can't catch it now; hadn't you better go?"

THE BEST SIDE OF IT.

As Illustrated in Various Ways.

Everything has at least a good side to it (says the *Globe-Democrat*), and sooner or later some one will be able to see it. It is a happy fortune to be able easily to see what is good, though I am not sure in shutting our eyes to the evil. I have a friend who never sees the evil until it overwhelms her. She considers all things to be well enough at least, and so has no foreboding to ward off disaster. This is certainly a curious disposition, and not a good one for those who have the care of families. What I do mean is, that it is a capital thing to see the good that really is in all things.

I said to my neighbor, who is deaf in one ear: "It is a pity, my dear; is there no remedy?" "I don't think there is," she said, "but then there is a great blessing in it, for I have learned to sleep with my good ear to the pillow, and so no noise can disturb me." It was a curious illustration of how one may use a deprivation and make of it a real advantage. It is a great art to find out all the good there is in life. Emerson says: "Do not dilate on your private wrongs and personal ills." But no one ever becomes tedious by dilating on her privileges and joys. The longer I live the more I find that most of our troubles are imaginary.

There are half a dozen things we have to learn, and many never do learn them. One of these is that we have will-power to control a vast deal that we sit down underneath. Life has no blessing greater than its antagonisms. Differ as we may from professional faith-curers, they have a great truth in store, and I wish they may have vast influence in reconstructing sentiment. There is no such thing as being an extremist in belief, yet it is a fact that we have cultivated a kind of moral cowardice about our diseases. I believe they are right that we are vastly more powerful than we have supposed ourselves to be. But I am a broader believer than they, for I am confident we can not only cry "down and out" to half our physical ills, but to a large proportion of our troubles, and what we call our bothers. And that is just the message of life: it is a series of defeats or of victories over small affairs. The habit of making much of petty evils indicates defeat. Many a woman is thoroughly whipped by her ordinary household duties, as many a man is whipped out by weeds and thistles. She never can face a day with as much a strong will. She does her duty as a woman, and never as a job. This helps our duties down: the opposite way lightens them.

I believe our very first duty as mothers is to teach our children to do all that ought to be done cheerfully. There are, of course, two sorts of children; some find fun in all they do; others wish to see the end of a job as soon as it is touched. Find the good there is in the work we have on hand, and teach the children to be interested as they go on with their work. All the way along a child should be never allowed to think of work as a task, but to find what there is interesting in it. Study, in the same way, need never be a task, but a running joy. A teacher who cannot lead pupils along a road that is intensely interesting is not yet educated herself. But the trouble rarely begins with the schools; it begins at home as soon as the children can talk and understand. They find grumbling, discontented parents, who cannot face life with a smiling face. They are bred to cowardice. The word work conveys to them a positive misery. It means that the world is all wrong, and we must give up pleasure or starve. This is a false conception of pleasure. Life does not involve so much self-sacrifice as we imagine.

Life everywhere has a better side to it than we are always willing to confess, or able often to see. Our choicest gifts and blessings lie just the other side of our saddest moments. It seems like mountain climbing to get a view of a sunrise; but we are willing to toil hard to get to the mountain top. It pays not only at the top, but all the way up. I have a delicious fern-bordered glen, that every summer I visit, and do not mind the bushes that tear, nor the extremely hard climbing to get in and to get out. Ah! I have a brook at the bottom, and the pebbles along in that brook are all smooth-covered beech logs, and the banks of "creeping hemlock." It pays; every step pays. I come back full of rest, not of weariness, of joys that sparkle and run like the brook itself. Last summer I took with me an enthusiastic lover of nature into my pet ravine, and she, being a good scientist, found in an hour's search five sorts of salamanders. If we live widely, and think nobly and study what the world is, we find that the cheapest and roughest conceals grand facts that make character and joy for us. The world is a ready-spread feast for our senses and intellect; but there are races that will not eat eggs, and there are others that will not use milk; so there is a possibility of not seeing the best things about us, and in having the first hand on them. The best question one can ask of herself is: Are you getting the best of the world about you? I have heard the narrowest kind of men preaching on the Parable of the Prodigal Son, not knowing that they were themselves feeding on husks—the poorest husks of thought and manhood.

You remember, perhaps, the story of a Greek philosopher who had his boy every morning awakened from sleep by soft, sweet music. His purpose was that the boy might begin each day with thoughts of beauty and goodness. The idea was admirable. It is a glorious power we have to set the thoughts and feelings of our children for the days. It is so easy to make a bad start, and so hard to get reset before we have lost the light of three or four hours. It is no light thing to have lived a half day meanly. Then we have to take account of the fact that a great many influences are capable of setting the day badly. The weather affects our boys and girls as it does us; and they are not experienced in a way to give them power by reason to rise over antagonism.

Franklin tells a story of a man whose two legs were very unlike: one handsome, one deformed. The other deformed. When any one who visited him looked at the ugly leg and commented on it he held the man to be looking for the bad side of things and folk. But if the visitor saw his handsome limb and commented on its beauty he held the fellow to be worth esteem; for he looked at the

good side of things, and probably would see the best in his neighbors and friends. It is easier to see other people's virtues than their faults? I have at last seen get credit for being. When Carlyle and Emerson walked London and saw the poverty of gin palaces and the misery of the hovel, the former said: "What do you think now of the Saxon stock?" Emerson answered: "The more I see of the English people the more I admire their power, and wonder at their progress."

A story is told of Jesus that he was walking with some of his friends when they came on the carcass of a dog. They turned up their noses in horror, but Jesus stooped down, and looking, said: "But behold what beautiful teeth he has."

I suppose, in fact, there is a good side to everything, only I am not able to see it on the occasion. The best effect of studying history is to teach us to look back at events some time after their occurrence, when we are almost surely struck by the real advantage that comes out of what at the time seemed totally evil. There is no question but that American character has been made stronger by the great fight with and victory over slavery. There is just as much good accumulating from the fact that intemperance is so hard an evil to eradicate. Harriet Martineau says: "The greatest advantage of long life, at least to those who know how and wherefore to live, is the opportunity which it gives of seeing moral experiments worked out, of being present at the fruiting of social causes, and of thus gaining a kind of wisdom which is on many occasions reserved for a future life." This is fairly what anyone may reap from life: that apparent evil is or may be made to be a good good.

MARY E. SPENCER.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

That first impressions are generally correct is no doubt true. But there are notable exceptions to this rule.

As a Sunday-school scholar, a boy of ten to a dozen years of age, the Methodist catechism in many respects, and the Adam and Eve story, with many other Bible yarns, impressed very forcibly my young and tender mentality as being supremely ridiculous, and I often wondered how my parents and teachers could believe them. The doctrines of an eternal brimstone hell, of infant damnation, predestination, transubstantiation, etc., were indelibly, horribly, unreasonable and foolishly barbarous.

Let an orthodox Christian or a skeptic or an agnostic, atheist or infidel, visit for the first time a spiritualistic seance or circle, however, and unless the conditions are just so, complete, auspicious, perfect, and the medium's mental development is in keeping with his or her most successful physical manifestations, a partial or complete failure of the seance creates upon unfavorable impression, and the chances are that their so-called investigation will at once cease with the conviction that "there is nothing in it."

Fortunately for me, the very first circle I attended was a most amazing success, precluding all possibility of fraud, pre-eminently satisfactory in every respect, save a scientific explanation of the miraculous phenomena produced. My first impression was, therefore, permanently fixed and decided in regard to their reality.

My experience with occasional seances attended since then, in charge of indifferent, crude mediums, either fraudulent or undeveloped, has forcibly suggested to my mind how prone such are to impress unfavorably the uninitiated investigator.

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