

THE STRENGTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

That Christianity has strength no one will deny. A system that has lasted many centuries and still flourishes in undiminished splendor; that survives with persistent energy notwithstanding the blazing light of science has scorched and shriveled its myths and crudities like gnats in a flame; that builds innumerable temples of worship for its votaries, many of them exceedingly grand and costly; which pays millions of dollars annually to ministers and priests for performing its rites and expounding its mysteries; which gathers into its ample fold a heterogeneous army of wise men and fools, rich and poor, all held together by the same mystic thrall; such a system has its strength.

Now, what is that strength? It is not ethics. I believe that the ethical teaching of the New Testament, culled from the Sermon on the Mount, and from the finest of Paul's writings, is the grandest body of moral teaching and ethical precepts to be found in all literature. But that does not explain the growth of the church nor the strange, powerful grip of Christianity. Unitarians cling almost pathetically to the ethics of Jesus and the moral sublimity of his life and teaching, but in spite of this they make no progress hardly when compared to the so-called orthodox churches. I myself, in the last few years, have preached simply morality, a kind of an emasculated gospel, and the result is that I have had fewer additions to the church in five years than I formerly obtained in the same number of weeks.

No; I say most emphatically that ethics is not the secret of Christianity's strength, nor of any other organization either. No church or society, in any land beneath the shining sun, can be run successfully and maintain a vigorous growth on a basis of morality alone. Abstract morality is about as good a foundation for a society as quicksand would be for a business house in Chicago. This may horrify some austere Puritan who reads but it is the truth all the same.

Morality, or ethics, is not the strength of Christianity. Neither is it a cunningly presented scheme of rewards and punishment. Most especially is it not any theory of punishment. There may have been a time when people were scared into the church; it is not now. Hell has been as cold as an iceberg for years and yet people join the churches. No preacher would dare to go into the most primitive and unprogressive community anywhere and give them "hell and damnation." Not one church member out of a hundred believes in a literal hell. Hell and the devil have vanished in the same way that fairies and witches departed. But minus hell and the devil, the church is still able to do a very respectable amount of business at the same old stand. Whence, then, hath it the power?

I answer: It is the idea of atonement. Without any doubt it may be said that the theory of an atonement is the very heart of the Christian system. Christianity offers a Mediator, a go-between, a Great High Priest. Jesus is presented as pre-eminently a sacrifice, a Sin-Bearer. He enters into the sinner's lot, takes a place by him, and actually takes up as his own burden the sinner's load of sin, grief and shame. And this is exactly the secret of Christianity's perennial strength and attractiveness.

For this is just what the world wants. It is a universal need, felt wherever human hearts beat and thrill with passion, wherever human souls are conscious of the fact that their lives are not just as good and beautiful as they might be. The Atonement—in some form, fact or fiction—will last just as long as there is a soul who is conscious of sin or hopeful of a better life. The atonement, some sacrificial offering, is a necessary corollary of sin, shame, and repentance. Voltaire said: "If there was no God men would have to invent one." Similarly we say, in view of life's trials and tragedies, "If there was no atonement, no great High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, we would have to invent one."

We touch here a need born of sin, a demand created by failure, a want arising out of conscious imperfection. Moreover, it is universal. Like some mystic hunger the sense of this need is felt in every normal human bosom. It is an instinct of the race, an intuition of the soul.

"The heaven itself points out a hereafter, And intimates eternity to man."—Addison.

Let us get at the gist of the matter. Sin creates the necessity for a mediator and a sacrifice. On one side is the sinner; on the other is God; the government, public opinion, anything in fact which has been outraged and offended. Now, a mediator must be sinless, or at the least not guilty of the particular sin for which he makes atonement. He must stand between the sinner and the offended one. He must take the sinner's guilt upon himself in such a way that he will have to bear at least some punishment for the sinner's sake. He must thus turn away or mollify the wrath of the offended one, and make peace between the two parties. And last, but not least, he must redeem and save the sinner in the operation.

Now Paul: "For he was made to be sin (sin offering) for us, who knew no sin, that we through him might be made righteous." No finer statement is possible. One who is sinless voluntarily makes himself a sin-offering, or sin-bearer, that the sinner through him, or by his help, may be made righteous again, saved, restored. That was Paul's idea of the atonement. It is my idea of it.

To illustrate: In one field of my work, where I preached for years, a young girl went wrong, the old story of woman's trust and man's betrayal. The usual social ostracism followed. Her own sex discarded her utterly, or else wounded her already broken spirit with a scanty recognition in which was worse than none. At this juncture Sister W. took her. She walked to church with her arm in arm. Side by side Lizzie, shrinking but grateful, and Sister W. sat near the pulpit. Many a Sunday I have preached the duty of raising the fallen while those two sat there, one strong, the other weak, one sinless, the other sinful, one of them reaching down, the other reaching up. It was an object lesson not soon forgotten. It was a visible realization of the sweet gospel message of Him who said: "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." It was an actual atonement, a positive sin-bearing, a real sacrifice.

For observe: Sister W. was made to be sin, or bear sin. She was criticised sharply by some, and a few times absolutely overlooked, refused recognition, because she had Lizzie with her. You see people punished her, but the sinner's burden on her because she was the sinner's friend.

But Paul says, "we through him become righteous." Exactly: That is the object of every sacrifice, of every atonement. So it happened to Lizzie. Sister W. was strong, and by her sacrifice, her disinterested nobility, she conquered opposition, controlled public sentiment, and made friends between the sinner and an offended people. Recognition came much sooner than it would if the poor girl had been compelled to fight her battle alone. In fact without the mediator, or sin-bearer, she might have been goaded to the life of shame, but as it was she became righteous, was saved.

Now, we are all sinners. We "come short of the glory of God," or of our highest ideals. None of us are perfect. There is a higher life above us, possibly among men but surely among the angels. We feel our unworthiness, our lack of spiritual development, in the presence of that higher life, whether of men or angels. We want the recognition of, and fellowship with, those pure ones, and as Lizzie needed a mediator so we all need a mediator, or many of them. Naturally as a vine seeks a tree by which to lift up its foliage to the heights above it, so do the lost and the impure seek the friendly office of the intercessor, the loving sin-bearer, the helping, healing sacrifice.

Sin is a fact. Mediation is a fact. Sacrifice, or sin-bearing, is not only a fact but an absolute necessity to meet one of the deepest of the soul's needs. We need it in

this life so long as there is purity above us and good men and women of whom we are not worthy.

And if there be another life, a realm of free and advanced spirits, a society for which our undeveloped spirits are as yet unprepared, we need friendly helpers over there to whom we may turn. Aye! let us feel that those who have trod upon the self-same pathway we now walk, met our trials, been "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," are yet lovingly interested in us. They are our apologists when we fail, our sin-bearers when we stray, our helpers when we struggle to be better.

To multitudes of people Jesus is all of this, and herein is the strength of Christianity. I do not know whether Jesus lived on earth as reported, but if he did he still lives, and was and is a sin-bearer, a sacrifice, a helper of the fallen and needy.

I have had on earth many mediators, good men and women who tenderly covered my faults, patiently bore with my weaknesses, helped my infirmities. I needed them often, and I still need them. So when I pass "over the river" may I find Jesus, or my dear daughter, or some beloved spirit who shall stand between me and the higher life; pitying my weaknesses and helping to lift me to that which is better.

A good man said to me: "When I pray I somehow find God and Jesus slip out of my mind and I am talking to my mother whom I believe to be in heaven." Why not? This is the genuinely human feeling out of which grew the Catholic dogma of the "Intercession of the saints." It is pertinent to remark also that every dogma of the church, no difference how grotesque and wildly improbable it is, has beneath it somewhere a palpable truth, and it is the part of wisdom to inquire for that truth. If a human need has been fed upon a myth let us not forget or ignore that need when we explode the myth, but rather attempt to satisfy it with something rational, natural and attractive.

So of the atonement and a mediatorial sacrifice. As long as there is sin man will need an atonement and there will be a demand for sacrifice. This is not a theological problem but a human nature problem. We may reject the orthodox theory of the atonement, with its "precious blood," but the demand of the sinful and sorrowful soul still and will remain.

"As long as the heart hath sorrow,
As long as the heart hath woes."

The strength of Christianity is that it offers a Sin-Bearer, and that an imperfect world has need of one. The strength of my life, or of yours, if we save men, is because we become sin-bearers, enter into the lives of the needy with our love, and purity, and hope, and so make a sacrifice for them, an atonement that will uplift and save.

Gentryville, Mo. ELD. H. W. B. MYRICK.

THE SOUL VICTORIOUS.

I stand in the great forever,
I live in the Ocean of Truth,
And bask in the golden sunshine,
Of endless love and of youth.

And God is within and around me,
All good is forever mine,
To all who seek it is given,
And it comes by a law divine.

In the deathless glory of spirit,
That knows no destruction or fall,
From the immortal fiefs of heaven,
To the planes of earth I call.

Who is this "I," that is speaking,
This being so wondrous in might?
'Tis part of the primitive essence,
A spark of the Infinite Light.

Blasphemous and vain they may call me,
What matters it all to me,
Side by side we are marching onward,
And in time we will all agree.

Oh, I stand in the great forever,
All things to me are divine,
I eat of the heavenly manna,
I drink of the heavenly wine.

In the gleam of shining rainbow,
The Father's face I behold,
As I gaze at its radiant splendor,
Of crimson and blue and gold.

In all the bright birds that are singing,
In all the fair flowers that bloom,
Whose welcome aromas are bringing,
Their blessing of sweet perfume.

In the glorious tint of the morning,
In the glorious sheen of the night,
Oh, my soul is lost in rapture,
My senses are lost in the sight.

Come back, O, my soul in thy straying,
Let thy wandering pinions be furled,
Oh, speed through the heavenly ether,
To this prosy and sense-bound world.

They say I am mortal like others,
And like others, am born to die;
In the mighty will of the Spirit,
I am living, and death I defy.

And I feel a power uprising,
Like the power of an embryo god,
With a glorious wall it surrounds me,
And lifts me up from the sod.

Am I born to die? Oh, never!
This spirit is all of me,
I stand in the great forever,
Oh, God, I am one with Thee.

I think of this birthright immortal
And my being expands like the rose,
As an odorous cloud of incense,
Around and about me it flows.

A glorious song of rejoicing,
In an innermost spirit I hear,
And it sounds like heavenly voices,
In a chorus-divine and clear.

I gaze through the dawn of the morning,
And I dream 'neath the stars of the night,
And I bow down in adoration
Of this wonderful gift of light.

Oh, God, I am one forever
With Thee by the glory of birth,
The celestial powers proclaim it,
To the uttermost bounds of the earth.

Ye pilgrims of varied probations,
Ye teachers and saviors of men,
To your heaven-born revelations,
My spirit shall answer, Amen!

With you in the great forever,
With the children of earth I stand,
And this light flowing out like a river,
Shall bless and redeem the land.

Oh, the glory and joy of living,
One with God while eternities roll,
'Tis an armor of might to the spirit,
'Tis a blossom that crowns the soul.

Thus I stand in the great forever,
With Thee as eternities roll,
Thy spirit forsake I never,
Thy love is the home of my soul.

—From the Orient.

IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

HARBINGER OF LIGHT, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

ABOUT EVIL SPIRITS.

It has often been argued that evil spirits have no power over mortals. It is evident that evil influence each other for good or evil, and though no spirit, either good or evil, is permitted to force us, yet they can draw much influence from our own parts of the body, and in this way have great influence over our body: good spirits for good, evil ones for evil. But our spirit they cannot compel. Evil spirits may ignore, may overrule or set aside the will of another spirit who is yet in the body; they may get hold of that connecting link which connects spirit and body and thus play great mischief with the body, while the right owner protests, however feeble such protest may be, but another spirit they cannot compel. Such at least is my experience.

A few years ago I noticed that a particularly bad influence was brought to bear upon me, urging me on towards unspeakable vices. My spirit was not entranced, and I consider it nonsense for various reasons when G. Dawbarn tells us of "Ego entranced." In this case it was a fight for the possession of the body. When my temptation was overcome, the temptation was gone, but the moment the mind was at ease, the evil one seemed to work mind and imagination at pleasure. All my will force was but of little use, earnest prayers of temporary avail only; it was a terrible time of struggle, of watchfulness, of resolution to be master of myself. This most unhappy state came gradually over me, while the desperate, THE TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

lasted for about a month; when one night I rose in the double or abnormal state, went into the front room where I found two ugly repulsive men sitting. The one tall, stout, with bright glittering eyes seemed to be the leader, while the other smaller, stature was inquiringly looking at the other. To me, he spoke in a friendly way, but did not, but he definitely looked at me; then my ire rose, I got very angry and commanded them to go! They heaved a deep sigh, slowly rose from their seat, and went. Then I noticed that they were almost naked, the only thing they wore seemed to me like an old wool pack or chuff, bale that had been lying in the gutter for months, and yet they seemed to be anxious not to lose that. Had my eyes upon them as they went, I could have sworn that they should be no returning nor wavering. When they had gone about half a mile, saw something I do not understand. It seemed to me as if the earth had opened, as if a great fire leaped up just at that place where the two evil ones would be. Thanked God that the earth was relieved of their presence, and went inside. Since that very night no more temptation of that kind. This, to me, real occurrence, contains a terrible lesson.

One night, as is sometimes the case, was in front of my hut in the spirit. The hut was there as usual, but the country in front was unlike its normal state. Noticed a number of persons walking past me within some slight distance, when one of them, a girl, intently looked at me. After a while noticed that she lingered behind as if she would separate from the rest, when the latest number had gone, I saw her, she came to me, spoke to me and then certain proposals. Told her to go away as I would have nothing to do with her, but she remained. Suddenly,

TWO LITTLE CHILDREN came running up to me, twining their little arms around my legs, as little children will do. I bent down and spoke to them as if I like little children, and he then often with me. The girl remained standing there all the time. The next time when I looked up, noticed two stately ladies standing by me; they seemed to be the guardians of the little ones; they had their faces averted, they seemed to look at something; I could not recognize them. When the girl saw them, she ran away, and I saw her here.

This occurrence shows that our friends in the spirit world

LIKE TO PROTECT US from temptation and the gentle way they are using. There is no doubt in my mind that in the previous case they also tried to send away the evil ones, but that was a more dangerous work. Let the thoughtful reader ponder over these facts, and let him remember the words of Jesus of Nazareth: Offence there must be, but type to him by whom it is given.

EARTH BOUND SPIRITS. For many years I had two Germans as neighbors. As they could neither read nor write in the English language, I did that for them. When one of the "old Fred," got over 70 years old and became tottery, spoke to him about the future life as revealed to us by Spiritualism. But old Fred only laughed, saying that no one could possibly know anything of that. As he was not what is understood as "intellectual," I said no more. Old Fred was not a bad man, though worldly, he was not what people generally understand by the word "religious." In due time he died. About 18 months later, one night was in front of my hut in the spirit-body. It was broad daylight, the country in front was similar to its normal state except dead leaves and dead timber was absent. When walking in front of my hut heard a noise from behind it. The eyes looked towards it, when someone of the hut was within the straight line of vision vanished. I was like a hole in the hut while above and on both sides the hut was standing. Generally when in the spirit body will walk around such like objects, but when in a hurry they vanish for the spirit body to pass through it. Suddenly, old Fred appeared upon the scene. There was great astonishment on my part, and I asked him, "What might I have thought of him here. Knew him to be not sympathetic man who would come to me at any one else out of friendship, so I asked him if he had anything against me. Wonderingly he looked at me, saying, "No, George, have nothing against you." "Have nothing against you either?" was my reply. "And when I can be of any help to you shall be only too glad to do so." Again he looked at me, the answer seemed to be strange to him. His face bore traces of suffering; his eyes were more intelligent than they used to be, while his general appearance was just as I saw it a few hours before his death. He wore the same clothes, was barefooted—they had taken a pair of new boots from off his feet when in the coffin, though the spirit, as a pair of new boots had been put on his feet. We walked away together, when we came presently to a place where bushes had been laid on the ground, as bushes are wont to do when sleeping out without a tent, asked old Fred if this was where he was living now. "Where else could I go?" was his reply. Upon my question, "Do you pray sometimes?" the

rejoinder was, "Prayer will do me no good." Then I understood the case, saw what was wanted of me. Told him he was in the wrong place altogether, that he ought to be with his friends and relations, with his brothers and sisters and friends, and he would be very soon one would come and show him the road. Offered up a supplication on his behalf and awoke. Will Mr. Dawbarn kindly show me where his favorite theory of sub-consciousness comes in here; according to my reason, all the cases cited bear strong evidence of normal consciousness on my part, although being for the time in the spirit body.

TRAVELING IN SPIRIT BODY.

At another time with my consciousness fully awake, found myself in a village near my birthplace in Germany, a village associated with very dear memories. After having assured myself that I was there in the spirit body and not in the physical (always a difficult process because things are so real) went along the street to visit the house and, if possible, the house where I was once very dear to me. While I was in search of these, became aware that my body had moved. Quick, like thought, was back in Australia in my hut and stood beside my body. Found that my right hand had been lying above my head; that position had become inconvenient and the hand had been moved. Everything seemed to be right and safe, as while I stood beside my body, resolved to deepen the state abnormal by will, and to return to the village in Germany I had just left. No sooner was the will formed, when I was again in the village in Germany. As I had not been there for over twenty years, the place looked somewhat different so that I could not find my way; it seemed after some reflection that two worlds were overlapping each other. As there were plenty of people about, asked a little boy to show me to a house bearing a given name. He did so; found two of my friends, who seemed to be yet in the body, they moved and acted quite normal, but when I spoke to them received answers as if they came from persons sound asleep. When, finding that I could get no intelligent replies, left them after a while and awoke. Here indeed was "fogland," but it must be admitted that this was an altogether abnormal case. I intended to relate only those cases where I have been actually and physically in the spirit body and verified the fact with my eyes, leaving all others out.

A VISION.

Once found myself climbing a staircase that had its lower end resting upon the earth, while its upper end was to my vision unattainable high up in the sky. It was very steep, almost vertical, so that I found it impossible to ascend in the usual way. Had to climb with the assistance of my hands, feet and knees; was high above the earth, and when once looking down, found the head to commence to whirl round, and the thought struck me that when I should fall now, there would be no stopping until the ground was reached and then the limbs would be broken, so that future rising would be impossible. A look to the sides showed me that the stairs were but a few yards wide, while upwards nothing but steps were visible. The steps themselves were made out of some white transparent material. There I was suspended between heaven and earth. Having come to a knowledge of my position, resolved that there was nothing else to be done but to pay strict attention upon the work immediately before me. When after a while I looked up, saw that someone was descending this very staircase. His step was light and sure; there was no fear in him of falling. When he had descended so far that his feet stood upon that step I was on, he halted, turned towards me and asked me to stand erect. Did so, and all fear of falling was immediately gone. We looked at each other. I took in face and person. It was a masculine face in the prime of manhood, with strong chin, strongly shaven face, very expressive, with the imprint of sorrow, or pity, or compassion; no head dress. His body was covered by a kind of toga, which left his ankles and lower part of arms free; he had a glittering girdle about his waist, while his feet were bare. He looked at me and patiently waited until I had finished my observations, when he directed me to look downwards; I did so, and beheld a most wonderful phenomenon. At the foot of the stairs was an immense plain, with a large multitude of men and women. When looking closer I found each and all engaged in a strange way. They were all in a feverish excitement, running to and fro, a few paces in one direction, then suddenly turning round they went over the same ground again. Perhaps they would turn to the right or left and run a few paces, when they would certainly turn back and walk over the same ground again, and always in a feverish excitement. Each one was in a stooping position, the eyes intently fixed upon the ground as if looking for something very small like pins. Men and women were both alike. My companion had watched my face; he must have read my thoughts, for without a word of mine he directed me to look for those that were following a different occupation. My eyes ran over the multitude and I found one here, one there, who walked calmly erect, with the face turned upwards. But these people continually turned their head from one side to the other, and I could clearly perceive that they saw nothing but looked for something, while a very few stood at the foot of the staircase; they saw the way upwards and seemed to consider the possibility of ascending. Looked long at that strange phenomenon, when it gradually vanished. I take it to be a view a spirit receives when he descends from the higher planes and observes the doings of humanity. Let our worldly-wise people take a lesson of this.

I have a friend residing not far from me with whom I converse about these abstruse questions. Once we were both

IN THE SPIRIT BODY conversing with my friend, being a man with a grown-up family, commenced telling me about his family affairs. No sooner had I noticed the trend the conversation had taken, when I said to myself, "You ought not to hear that." The thought was hardly formed when my friend's speech, or what seemed to be his speech, got faster and faster and became presently headlong. I laughed heartily at this and said him good-bye. Let me state here in passing that the phenomenon of the double is believed, but to be fully conscious when in the double is but seldom. Of course we must always remember that spiritual things cannot be seen by physical eyes.

And what is my idea after all these experiences, the reader may well ask? It is this.

That the continuity of life is an undoubted certainty; a fact that we need not fall back upon the Bible or other old books to demonstrate this. Goethe tells us: "The spirit world was never

yet closed, nor our heart is cold; our senses dull." That the change called death makes no difference in our real self is true generally speaking, though when closer examined it will be found that many people while here on earth would fain like to lead better lives if but the conditions, the environments, were more favorable. Death removes many unfavorable conditions, and these people immediately expand spiritually. The opposite class, people who are faithless, who on account of life without restraint placed upon their will, while here in the body, find themselves freer, less restrained over here, and when evil at heart, when the goodness was only the veiler of civilization, when they like darkness more than light will get rapidly worse. That we must work out our own salvation, often amidst fear and trembling. That sometimes we are called to use every ounce of effort, of determination, but we may be quite sure that when weary and exhausted from strife we can always appeal to our friends in the spirit world for a respite. But it can be a respite only, for we must finish our work ourselves; we must manfully carry our burden, knowing that no one's shoulders will have a heavier load to carry than he is able to. Do we do that? Does not everyone believe that his particular burden is the heaviest? The community of life without restraint would be a phantom, a illusion, a something without reality. If there should be a power that could take memory away from us, would it not take away every idea, every consciousness of our past existence, every lesson we have learned, every experience we have gained with much suffering. What good would be a past life if everything that makes that past life valuable would be lost. Science gives us a correct explanation of memory when it tells us that memory is the ability of the spirit or mind to reproduce the same sensations, the same vibrations of the molecules of the brain it experienced when the occurrence first happened. Does it not seem that the more the spirit gets control over matter the more the spirit becomes absolute master in his own dwelling, the body, the easier it would be for the spirit to remember the spirit world is, for those that live there as real as the physical world is for its inhabitants; that the spirits wear clothes according to disposition or fancy, just as we do; that they live in houses, villages, towns, just as we; but whether their clothes are worn into rags as ours are wont to be, whether their houses, built out of wood, sand, stone, or marble, will crumble into dust as ours do, whether soap is needed to remove that dust or dirt, I do not know; nor do I particularly interested in such questions that have a downward tendency. But this I do know, that we live here in this world, that a great many things, laws of nature, bearing upon this world are as yet unknown to us; that while yet here in the body every one has his or her duty to perform here in the present, and upon the doing or neglecting of such duties the state of our future both here and in the spirit world will largely depend, and as everyone is practical, and do that first which lies nearest to us. When we have finally entered the spirit world we have ample opportunity to study its conditions and laws. During the last fifty years we have scientifically established the immortality of the soul. This is more than humanity has been able to do during its entire previous history. Is this not cause enough for rejoicing and thankfulness? I do not say contentedness, because discontent, moderately used, is a divine gift, like everything else of mind and body; for even earth bound spirits, though being in a pitiable state, cannot be helped so long as they are contented, perhaps happy, in their way. Let us give therefore to each world its due—its proper due.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Vicksburg Camp, Mich.

A lively interest is manifested at Vicksburg Camp this week. Visitors continued to arrive till Saturday night, when every room and tent was taxed to its utmost capacity to provide for its guests.

While we were regretting the departure of Mrs. Carrie Twing, Dr. Emma Nickerson Warner came to our rescue, and she has been here long spiritual feast since her arrival.

Notwithstanding Sunday was a showery day, a large crowd entered the gate. Mr. Sprague delivered a very able discourse in the forenoon, drawing a comparison between the spiritual manifestations of past ages, as recorded in the Bible, and the spiritual manifestations of the present day as viewed from the standpoint of modern Spiritualism.

The rostrum was occupied in the afternoon by Dr. Emma Warner, whose forcible manner and practical discourse was appreciated by the large audience. She was shown by the one maintained throughout the session, while many could not find standing room inside the auditorium.

Mr. Sprague delivered his farewell address Sunday evening.

Rev. B. F. Austin, of Toronto, has come into our midst and delivered his opening address, which was a masterly effort. Mr. Austin will remain through the week and will lecture on Friday and Saturday afternoons and Sunday afternoon and evening.

Dr. Emma Warner's class in self-growth, aspiration, and soul-illumination is well attended; and her earnest effort is highly appreciated by all. Children's Day was given wholly to the entertainment of the children, under the direction of Mrs. Emma Abbott, of Alliance, Ohio. After the luncheon exercises, all adjourned to the lawn, where a picnic dinner was prepared for them.

Next in order was Woman's Day and a jolly time for everybody. The decorations of yellow bunting and flowers, both indoors and out, contrasting with the green foliage above and the grassy carpet beneath with mother nature and spread for us, made a very pretty picture by day and night, and as evening shadows fell the ladies came in holiday attire accompanied by their "choice" to a Ladies' Choice Ball, and all went merrily as a marriage bell.

The literary and musical event of the season will take place next Saturday evening, when a program of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, attitudes, and pantomime will be given. Rev. B. F. Austin's name will appear on the program in his philosophy of "Wit and Humor."

CORA FULLER.

"Reading the Veil." This volume is a compilation by J. W. Nixon, of psychic literature, most given by spirits through and by means of full form visible materializations, at seances of a certain "Psychic Research Society," known as the Aber Intellectual Circle, the medium being William W. Aber, 507 Pine Avenue, New York City. Price \$2.00. The Progressive Thinker, Price \$2.00.

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