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EXISTENCE IS ALL THERE IS

It Includes the Was, the Is, the Will Be; Everything in the Whole.

Ignorance is the father of conservatism, limitation, mystery, superstition, faith, belief and guesses formulated into creeds by Jesuitical priests—devils of all lies, sin and iniquity. In this case, what every Spiritualist, every Christian, every nation needs most is emancipation from the slavery of opinions and the worship of human authority. Old and new idolatry will then pass away, and a new science of existence, and of life and intelligence will be substituted.

All through the ages the human will has been the slave of animal passions; a servant of feeling, of emotion, of desires, and the cravings of an empty stomach which seeks to be filled with food for millions of consuming animalcules which are real cause of feeling, hunger, desire and the automatic flow of blood throughout the system. At every breath we help them to thousands of life entities, in turn they help us (soul and spirit) to construct our bodies.

Like animalcules, men and women, to-day, are striving for better conditions, asking for spiritual food to take the place of rejected debris of past lives. To-day spirits are serving their larva children with the science of life beyond the grave.

Man is a vortex, a cyclonic being whose environment is ever bombarding his spiritual fort.

Involution like gravitation or a centripetal force is a central organizing power causing an inflow of thought and life atoms adding growth and power to interpret our being. This inflow is the cause of a centralizing phenomenon, evolution which disorganizes and distributes the debris as food for the lower orders of life. In this case evolution is only the reaction or the sequence of involution and not the creator of existence.

How can it create before it exists? destroy before there is something to demolish?

Involution is the mother of the in-born, the preserver, the automatic soul of things. Evolution is the outbirth of the in-born, the cause of phenomenal nature. Thus by interchangeable relations of cause and effect, action and reaction and the polarity of attraction and repulsion the universe is kept in equilibrium by cosmical intelligence.

A mutual exchange of ideas, thoughts and relations, from every source, is a wise provision. It provides new means of happiness, new food physically and mentally, and a happy recreation for all. Constant change is all the creation there is, all that is necessary—all rests on the self-evidence of conscious existence.

Existence is all there is. It embraces the eternal, the uncreated, the uncaused, the unchangeable, the will be, the past, the present, the future; birth, life and death through every transformation of every grade of being from the lowest to the highest, onward and upward to the higher realms of self-existence founded on the power of rest, for there is no active cause behind the uncaused. Every creative act cannot create itself, all the act can do is to change the conditions of what already exists; we repeat it is but the sequence of existence.

In this case why talk about an origin? When existence is prior to all assumption. Why voluntarily undertake to prove an axiom when the involuntary proves it for you. Every denial is only a counterfeit of the genuine, for it presupposes a knowledge of what you deny, otherwise what are you denying? Nothing! Ah?

Again, infinite existence is all the Supreme cause there is. This cosmical cause includes many minor causes such as life, energy, force, attraction, repulsion, mind, will, thought, ad infinitum—verbs, all manifesting existence, and all differentiated and mutually related from eternity. This great cause and its verb exponents exists by the power of rest eternally uncaused. For this reason the delivery, the sequence, the manifestation of anything but proves the pre-existence of the natural, the innate, the in-born, atomic souls and spirits, and the out-birth of these active verbs (men and women) endeavor to explain the how, the why, the wherefore of all things. But you can't; for ignorance or conservation limits knowledge to the succession of events within certain cycles of time.

Beyond the reach and research of thought the work of sameness offers no external ideas to cloth and give form to your expression of thought. Here in the absence of definite relations the outlook becomes an involuntary sense where mystery and the unconditioned reside. Mind, like air, has no definite form of its own; it needs a mould, a receptacle to give it a definite form, or an ideal object (symbol) to direct and give expression to thought. Environ the mind with external impressions and ideas and you put it in connection with the outer world where the mind is ever ready to express itself. Mystery, like ignorance, will ever lend capacity to know more.

Herbert Spencer is a scientific reasoner; but even he ran into a dense fog—mystery—where he could not distinguish religion from science. Giving conditions, and conditions, two are identical. To illustrate. Here is a patch of ground included between the boundaries of two cross streets. This ground represents religion and science as a unit common to either street or to religion and science. There is no contention over the mystery involved in this problem—all admit there is a great mystery—but the question is how shall it be interpreted? This unit of mystery is made the common starting point for discussion and differentiation. The reader, the Christian, the heathen, the agnostic, the Spiritualist, the materialist, all are at liberty to interpret the all of existence to suit themselves. But in the absence of knowledge we advise you not to quarrel over things you do not understand. Here we might drop the subject as agnostics do not care to know. But the materialist says: Give

HYPNOTIC CURES.

Result of Experiments in a Swiss Insane Asylum.

In a lecture delivered before the King's College Medical Society, Dr. Milne Bramwell gave an interesting sketch of the subject of hypnotism. Describing the experiments of Foral, who till recently was medical director of the cantonal or state asylum at Burg-holzli, and one of the professors of the University of Zurich, Switzerland, he said that he succeeded in hypnotizing nearly all his asylum attendants, both male and female, a large proportion of them becoming profound somnambulists. For ten years experiments were made in regard to the use of hypnotism in the night watching of dangerous lunatics. Warders were hypnotized and trained to sleep by the bedside of those patients and to awake the instant they heard them attempt to get out of bed, the hypnotic suggestion being made use of to inhibit all sounds, which had no reference to the duty laid upon them, and it was found that warders so hypnotized could perform night duty for six months and work hard all day without showing signs of fatigue. The results of these experiments were, it is said, uniformly successful and no accident of any kind occurred.

In regard to this and other applications of hypnotism, Dr. Bramwell refers to the method of Wetterstrand, who, instead of restricting himself to suggestions made in the course of a short hypnotic trance, advocated the use of the curative effect of prolonged hypnotic sleep. Wetterstrand treated epilepsy and grave forms of nervous disorder by keeping the patients in the hypnotic trance for three or four weeks. Without rousing them the patients were fed at stated intervals, and the actions of the bowels and bladder were regulated by suggestions, and thus mental as well as physical rest was given, in addition to such therapeutic advantages as might be gained by aid of suggestion.

Dr. Milne Bramwell says that, although not everyone can be deeply hypnotized, profound states are not necessary for the successful employment of suggestion, and the number of persons susceptible to some degree of hypnotic influence is extremely small. Among other diseases he gives as follows as those in which hypnotism has had good results: "Hysteria, neurasthenia, dipsomania and other drug habits; obsessions, moral perversities and nervous tricks in children."

We may add that, as far as the treatment of dipsomania is concerned, it seems not entirely impossible that some of the startling results which are said to have been obtained at certain institutions of the treatment of this condition may have been the outcome of an unacknowledged, but none the less, effective application of hypnotic suggestions.—London Hospital.

me matter in motion and I will produce through change, the phases of existence. So he can matter contains everything known and unknown. But matter can be formulated in terms of force, and this force is the result of life and intelligence put into matter as a common receptacle. These give form, motion and order to the movement of matter. The common jump of clay at the cross roads, or Mother Earth must contain all the roots, seeds, factors, verbs, exponents, and thought axioms in order to produce what the materialist claims. The vast variety the earth presents proves that she (earth) contains all these which solve the problem of differentiation and heterogeneity for you. Yea, the pre-existence of your ancestors, the Avatars, the descent of the gods (spirits) into matter also solves the problem for you by giving a new and active birth to the natural, the innate, the in-born.

Everything has its periods of rest and activity. Hence during a cycle of eternity all existed by the Power of Rest eternally uncaused, all, or nothing, anything until the latent experienced something; that is, during another cycle of Mother Time all is active existence. Another turn of the wheel of fortune and all is conscious existence. The latter may be your God who being eternal and all-wise has nothing to learn. His omniscience can neither be increased nor decreased. While in this condition he has no use for new thoughts, new inventions, new designs.

all is reflected from the mirror of cosmical consciousness without effort. The three phases of existence, viz., the state of rest, the condition of activity, and conscious relations persist in man and in all nature at one and the same time. All three phases are reciprocal. There is no recuperation of life without rest, no knowledge without effort. In other words ignorance (conservation) represents the state of rest or inactive existence; life, energy, force represent active existence, and the aggregation of axiomatic thought atoms with their psychometrical history constitutes the ultimate of conscious existence.

Again, every part of the stupendous whole persists and subsists mechanically, chemically, and intentionally off of every part, each atom and molecule is identical. How can it be otherwise when there is no eternal supply outside of infinity. All is within the cranium of boundless space which contains many universes "much larger than the one you now inhabit. As a man thinks so is he. Whatever you sow that shall ye reap; for every act must return directly or indirectly through the reaction of others in order to know the effect of your own act. Thus the law of continuity makes man responsible else he is not his own savior. It teaches justice to all.

F. R. LOCKING.

Frutdale, Ala.

Poor is the friendless master of a world.—Young.

Irresolution is a heavy stone rolled up a hill by a weak child, and moved a little up just to fall back.—W. Rider.

THE POWER OF HEALING.

Extract From Rev. A. Lundberg's Lecture Before the First Progressive Church of Christ.

It is generally believed that physical ailments should be treated by physical means, either medicine or exercise, diet, etc. This method is commonly accepted and practiced by our physicians and taught in our institutions. It is old and sanctioned by the almost common consent of most men, as also guarded and protected by laws and statutes. It is to many of us almost as sacred as our religious belief, for our doctors are the custodians of the lives of our nearest and dearest ones, and in their hands are the keys of death and life. But side by side of this materialistic view goes another one, just as old and venerable as the former, though not so commonly accepted, and not enjoying the protection of the laws or of the authorities of our communities. It is founded on absolutely different principles and proceeds along lines entirely opposite to old established rules. Its advocates do not think that sickness and disease should be treated and cured by medicines. They claim that spirit is all, matter nothing; that spirit is perfect and therefore cannot suffer from any imperfection or sickness. They maintain that accordingly sickness and disease are nothing but an illusion, that they have no real existence, that they are an error, a false or wrong belief. The way cure them, therefore, is not to admit their reality and treat them by drugs as if they really existed, but rather to deal with them as non-existent—to deny their existence and to treat them as if they were nothing but illusions or shadows.

The adherents of this belief refuse to be treated by drugs or medicines, and say faith alone can cure.

Before we proceed to examine the claims of this school it would be well to remind ourselves of a few facts, the truth of which is generally admitted by both sides.

Some time ago a young lady called on a physician to be treated for a certain complaint, from which she said she was suffering. The doctor examined her, but could find no symptoms of any ailment; but the lady still insisted upon being treated as she well knew she was sick and the doctor was mistaken. He saw she was suffering from an illusion or imaginary disease, and as he could not give her any medicine she did not need, and could not convince her that she was not ill, he gave her a small bottle of water dyed by cranberry juice, and told her to take a teaspoonful three times a day, and again after a week. She did so, and after the lapse of a few days declared herself perfectly well. In this case the disease was entirely imaginary and not located in the body at all. The only way to cure it, therefore, was to remove the illusion, which was done by substituting for it the strong faith in an imaginary drug. The patient consequently was not cured by medicines but by faith.

Another well known fact goes to prove the same healing power of faith. We all know and also might have experienced the curing qualities of our numerous patent medicines. Physicians tell us that this power to cure generally lasts for three or four years and then gradually decreases until the drug is at the same all the time. The explanation is a very simple one. A new patent medicine is extensively advertised in papers and by books. Its value as a curative agent is forcibly impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity. Some remarkable cures are related and dramatically described and illustrated, and thus the public is hypnotized into the belief that this medicine really is what it promises to be and can accomplish all it claims to do. They use it and get cured; and they continue to get cured as long as their experience has not killed their faith. In this case, too, people are not cured by drugs but by faith.

Another instance where it hardly can be denied that faith cures, we will briefly relate: A celebrated physician, who was reputed to be able to cure every disease, no matter of how long standing or severity, had gained much world-wide reputation and fame that he became the center of attraction among the sufferers within a radius of thousands of miles from his abode. A man who for years had suffered from a severe case of nervous disease and in vain consulted the best specialists in the world, heard of this wonderful doctor, and called on him. The doctor was so besieged by patients that our man had to wait till the next day before he could see him. He was given a prescription and was told he would be well within a certain time—which also came true. And still it was the same prescription he had got before from other physicians, and which for years had proved a failure.

Was not this case, too, a faith cure? But there are other cases claimed to be faith cures, where it is not so easy to decide whether it is so or not. The speaker cited a number of cases where patients were said to have been cured from erysipelas, phlegm, medicines; sore throat, etc., without medicines; and then continued: Now, if we look at these cases we will find that they have these cases in common—they are all depending on the faith of the patient and his faith-cure. But they did not all have the same faith. Some were cured by faith in a drug, other by faith in a doctor, others by faith in prayer, and other by faith in God. It, therefore, would seem as if it would make no difference what the patient believed to be the healing agent. The main thing seems to be his faith or belief that he will be cured; or rather he is cured not by an outside agency, but by a curative power within himself. This opinion is corroborated by the following well known incident. The speaker now related how, during the Middle Ages, thousands of believers made pilgrimages to the shrine of a saint, and though from all kinds of ailments, and though it later was proved that the bones of the Saint had been stolen from the

A FEW NUTS CRACKED

And the Meat Extracted Therefrom.

As winter is approaching, I thought a few nuts to crack these long winter evenings would not come amiss. I do not write "Prof." before my name; neither do I claim to be very learned; all I claim is a fair share of common sense. With the hammer of truth I am going to try to crack these nuts in as few words as possible.

Nut No. 1.—No beginning. Some may think that is strange. Is no beginning any more strange than no ending. We hear our orthodox friends tell about a never-ending eternity. Matter always existed and always will exist in some form. You can change matter, but you cannot annihilate it; neither can you make something out of nothing.

Nut No. 2.—Is there a personal God in the form of man? What arrogance to suppose the great intelligence is in the form of puny man. I do not like the name God. I sound too much like idolatry. The heathen had their gods of wood and stone. I much prefer the name, Nature. All things are governed by natural law. Take the tiny rosebud, what power but nature can fold it so tightly, and then unfold the beautiful flower; or take the mighty ocean, what power but nature can build continents? Nature is perfect in all her works.

Nut No. 3.—Is the Bible true and infallible? No, it is full of errors from beginning to end; it is not only absurd but obscene—not fit to put before the young. What is good and true in the Bible was spoken ages before the Bible was written. The story of creation, the deluge, the fish story, immaculate conception, and other absurd stories are mere fiction; no truth in them, and yet intelligent people will call this old book holy, the word of God. In truth it is the word of man.

Nut No. 4.—Is Jesus (if there ever was such a person) the offspring of a shadow? No, he had an earthly father and was born like other children. However, then, can he be a savior, only by his example? We must be our own saviors. Every tub must stand on its own bottom.

Nut No. 5.—If Jesus was human does not the Bible plan of salvation fall flat? Yes.

Nut No. 6.—Is the resurrection of the body true? No. If the spirit can exist for ages without the body, it can for all time. Nothing could be more absurd than the Bible's statement that every bone shall come to its home. What a rattling among the dry bones!

Nut No. 7.—Is the philosophy and teachings of Spiritualism true? Yes, there is evidence enough in the world to convince any reasonable person that it is true.

Now I have tried to crack these nuts in my own way. Let others crack them in their way. WM. F. HUNT.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

KIND WORDS.

If kind words for unkindness were given

To those who harbor ill-will and hate,

When mortals shipwrecked and driven

On the barren shoals of life,

We would go to them with kindness to lighten

Their sad hearts of burdens and care,

Our glorious sky with sunshine would brighten

And our hearts grow happy and fair.

And when our spirits ragged with bitter re-

tor,

To give back anger for anger again,

We would but on our higher self resort,

'Twould lessen life's sorrow and pain;

And the angel of Love in our hearts

would sway

To minister the richest of store,

And our lives uplifted grow brighter

each day.

For the burdens of others we bore.

Where'er we may be, or where'er we

may dwell,

This lesson in-shines from above;

God weaves o'er our way his wondrous

spell

In the beautiful mission of love;

Though our morning may break in sad-

ness,

Our course is onward guided still

To Love's haven of beauty and gladness

As we lean on the Infinite will.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Summerland, Cal.

shrine and the skeleton of an ass put in its place, still the pilgrims were cured all the same.

With so many facts before our eyes it does not seem just to deny that God has implanted in us a power to cure our ailments; and does it not seem natural enough that it should be so? For do we not find traces of the same healing power in all creation, even in unconscious nature and among plants and animals? Why, then, should man be deprived of this precious gift? But if self-healing is a fact, how and by what means is it effected? It is advocated by some to be brought about by the power. In support of this explanation the speaker quoted several authorities on "New Thought," and also Scripture references, and illustrated his remarks by many examples from his own experience.

In conclusion, he said: "How should a Spiritualist look upon such things? Is mental healing possible from a Spiritualistic view? If Spiritualism can communicate with us and assist us in worldly affairs, it certainly would not be impossible for them to help us in disease and suffering. Some of our spirit friends are of a high order; they know a great deal more than we do; is it not, then, very likely that many of them are better and more skilled physicians than those we can procure here? It is, therefore, not inconsistent with our belief or knowledge to admit that they use their superior skill in our favor and perhaps often interfere to save our lives, when all earthly aid would be in vain."

The owner ought to be more honorable than the estate.—Xenophon.

FORCEFUL THOUGHTS

About Spiritualism—Two Lectures by Rev. Dr. Austin, of Toronto—Why He is a Spiritualist.

Rev. Dr. F. Austin, B. A., D. D., of Toronto, Canada, author, educator, and lecturer and incidentally an ex-president of Alma College, addressed a meeting of Spiritualists at Pythian Castle, Toledo, Ohio. As set forth in the Daily Times, he took for his theme, "The Mission of Spiritualism," and his words painting was forceful, convincing and in well chosen language. He spoke in a parable, assuming that a heavenly visitor appeared to him and answered questions. This vision was in the form of a most beautiful young woman. She was the daughter of God and her mission was to speak of all things in the past. She said the mission of Spiritualism was to make all men nobler and more self-reliant. The teachings made him more happier, which was the fundamental principle of all good, but four walls and a marriage certificate fell short of making a home. In answer to a charge that Spiritualism meant immorality she said nature was its own reward and the reward was in deeds. The future depends on the present and the creed developed higher things. The Bible contains many good things, but it is largely legendary and its teachings were known 500 years before the Christian era.

Perhaps the most startling declaration made was in the church of the future. The speaker declared that there would be great changes. Houses of worship would be erected in parks where the birds sang and the air was pure. The cupolas of the edifices would not tower high but would contain powerful telescopes for sweeping the heavens and would be presided over by learned men, and the knowledge obtained would be imparted to the congregation. Instead of one clerically-garbed individual as teacher there would be a multitude of anxious faces on the rostrum, all eager to learn the truth. Instead of a pulpit and sermons there would be scientific instruments on the platform and lectures given. The influence of good and bad on the human blood would be shown on a screen by a powerful instrument. People would learn how the blood was poisoned by anger and how it was benefited by kind acts and thoughts. In connection there would be a science room, where the wisest of the new way could communicate with their spirit friends and where the agnostic, the skeptic and the infidel could be convinced and converted to the faith and they would be brought face to face with the spirit world. The speaker referred to the schools and the orthodox religions at some length and made the startling declaration that the teachings in the theological seminaries were the direct means so much heresy for the reason that thought was very much in advance of the teachings which had not been changed since the Bible was accepted as authority. He said men were thinking in an advanced way and were breaking away from the doctrines that had been accepted as infallible so long.

Why He Became Spiritualist.

In the evening Rev. Austin delivered one of the most interesting lectures in his repertoire, the subject being, "Why I Became a Spiritualist." The learned divine stated in the beginning that he was brought up a strict Methodist and that it was only in very recent years that he became an ardent student of Spiritual philosophy. According to Rev. Austin's statements, after graduating from various schools and universities he became a regularly ordained Methodist minister and for twenty years officiated in such capacity. For sixteen years he was the president of Alma College and during this time became widely and profoundly known as a student and author. He said that even in his early life as a minister he could not altogether satisfy himself with all of the doctrines of theology as taught by the church with which he was connected. For example, said he, "some of the phases I received with a mental reserve and could never satisfy my mind that they were just the thing. I could not gladly accept the doctrine of eternal punishment, and it is a terrible punishment to me. I was a student of the Bible in this belief. When I was a young minister the first sermon I preached was on the text, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell,' etc. I never tackled it after that first time. On the contrary I took delight in such subjects as the Sermon on the Mount and in all of those Biblical stories which dealt with the intercourse of men with the angels. I never reached a point about the devil but confined myself more to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. In college I was a teacher of mental and moral science and in pursuing investigations of dreams, telepathy, apparitions, clairvoyance and the like found illustrations without number which harmonized with no laws in psychology. I studied the work of mind-readers and year by year gradually learned that there was really something to be believed in spiritual philosophy."

And so the doctor went on to tell of his experiences. He met and interviewed many prominent Spiritualists and finally received messages himself and was convinced that men can and have conversed with the spirits who have passed to the life beyond? Why can you not believe the statements of honest and true men whose statements would be accepted by any jury on earth? I have stood beside the arisen form of John Wesley and have conversed with him the same as I am talking to you to-night and by him was truly ordained."

Throughout his lengthy address his hearers could not help being impressed with the sincerity and honesty of the man who only accepted Spiritualism after many years of study and investigation. "Spiritualism," he maintained, "is to be the religion of the future, a religion based on scientific principles which can be demonstrated in such a manner as to convince the most skeptical."

meeting of St. Paul with the spirit of Jesus Christ over 2,000 years ago, a story written ages ago and by whom we know not, why is it not equally possible to believe to-day that men can and have conversed with the spirits who have passed to the life beyond? Why can you not believe the statements of honest and true men whose statements would be accepted by any jury on earth? I have stood beside the arisen form of John Wesley and have conversed with him the same as I am talking to you to-night and by him was truly ordained."

Dr. Austin advised the congregation to study books less and men more. He advised the reading of biographies in particular. Said he in conclusion: "If we accept the story in the Bible of the

ALONE IN DEATH.

As Portrayed by Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

I wrote a short time ago about a pleasant week. I told you how Mr. Alfred B. Giles whose grandfather, his mother's father, is in the historical painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and is painted near General Washington, who stands in the center of the boat as it ploughs its way through the ice, invited us to his lovely home in Hyde Park, Mass. I mention the painting again because I made a mistake in my first letter, by saying it was his great-grandfather. I unwittingly put Mr. Giles a generation out of place, and I love justice, so I correct.

Well, we did have a happy week. But how soon changes come. We said our adieus, hurried home and the first word we received from our dear friend was a copy of a song sung at the funeral of his beloved wife, whom we left well, and full of plans for the future. It seemed as if the heavens had fallen. Mrs. Giles was a very talented, accomplished, and lovely woman, but she was thoroughly orthodox, never changing in the least her religious convictions which she received in her youth. Mr. Giles is a Spiritualist and thorough Liberal. But they loved each other fondly and were happy. The song was this, the last verse of which was written by Mrs. Giles herself:

Alone in Death.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To other scenes, to other worlds
That mortal hath not known.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale;
But He whose word is sure hath said
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God alone;
But shrink not—He hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.

His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

Accepted in the Christ, my soul,
Thy end, it shall be peace,
And in that name shall entrance gain
Where earthly sorrows cease.

Mrs. Giles has received many "tender and true" obituary notices in various journals. We condense a few facts therefrom:

She was the daughter of Melvin Lord, of the ancient firm of Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, booksellers and publishers, Boston.

She early made a profession of religion, and continued a member of the Clarendon Street Baptist church to the end of her days.

In 1853 she was married to Alfred E. Giles, Esq., a graduate of Brown University and of the Harvard Law School. Mrs. Giles was for many years a member of the Boston Children's Friend Society and of the Boston Fatherless and Widows' Society, was secretary of both, and an honorary member as long as she lived.

When attention was turned toward public improvements in Hyde Park she organized the Neponset Green Association to improve and beautify the town. She was the friend of the poor and ministered to their necessities.

In countenance, address and manners Mrs. Giles was distinguished for sweetness and grace. She had about her an atmosphere of power. She seemed immortally young. She was a lover of art, a poet, a musician and an active worker for all things promoting the well-being of man. She was one of the rare women whose departure seems to impoverish the world.

Heavily falls the absence on her husband, Mr. Giles. Only her spirit return can comfort him, and knowing this, will she not come soon?

Yes, but we offer a few lines just to fill the waiting time.

Left in the Lowlands.

Thou must go on alone, oh, soul,
Thou must go on alone—
The future—what it holds for thee
Is kindly yet unknown.

Thou knowest all things end, oh, soul,
The evil and the good;
The way results will come about
Is not yet understood.

Thou canst but do thy best, oh, soul,
Thy best and nothing more.
The things thou fallest to do, oh, soul,
Thy useless to deplore!

Thou must drift on alone, oh, soul,
No anchorage for thee;
Thou sailst soundless seas, oh, soul,
Through all eternity.

Not evermore alone, oh, soul,
Not evermore alone!
Thou'lt be rejoined unto thine own
In regions yet unknown.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, O.

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Directions.

You are to sit quietly for twenty minutes each day any time between the hours of 8 p. m. and 11 p. m. during this period the time is convenient for you to sit, do so, but sit consecutively at the same time each evening. The circle will be in session for these three hours each day. You may enter and apply yourself to the thought work for twenty minutes, then retire, or you may stay longer—just as you please. It does not matter where your body is—just be quiet—and shut your eyes or at least partly close them and hold in your mind the thoughts given below. Stick to these sentences for the full twenty minutes and hold them firmly in your mind. If there is any one of the qualities embodied in the sentences that you think you do not need drop it, but hold fast to the others.

While sitting in the circle, slowly, carefully, and silently, yet distinctly repeat over in your mind the following sentences:

I am one with Infinite Life.
I am health, for the indwelling Life is Health itself.

I am strength, for the Eternal Good within me is strength itself.
I am harmony, for the Divine Mind is harmony itself.

I am love, for the Infinite is love itself.
I am riches, for "I realize that God is boundless omnipresent."

I am love, for I know that God is wisdom itself.
I am truth, for the truth is law of being.

I am now realizing the Eternal Good of being.
In affirming the foregoing sentences, you are to imagine you see a great white light and as you look into it and say the words, those qualities and things, for which the words stand, flow from it to you.

DOUBT & MYSTERY

OGGULT MYSTERIES.

SPIRIT WARNINGS.

An Authentic Narrative as Told by a Materialist.

If there is any one thing in which humanity manifests a deep and lasting interest it is that which affects the question of "the hereafter," the realm "from whose bourne no traveler returns." When the worldly man, the materialist, hears through some believing friend of the doling of some society for psychic research he is apt to say of their alleged achievements: "That is all well enough, but you will have a hard time convincing others that what you say is true until you can bring forward some unbelieving person like myself, who has actually seen a spirit, or cite me to some well authenticated ghost story in serious and materialistic literature."

Such is the feeling of the materialist in the matter. He is every bit as anxious to learn all that is to be learned of the "unknown country," as the member of the society for psychic research, the only difference being that it takes very little to convince the latter, and something more than mere assertion to convert the former.

The serious man, "the man of little faith," is well aware of the existence of a vast sea of psychological, religious, spiritualistic, and society literature in which the life after death, spirits, in short, everything pertaining to the unknown world is asserted and reiterated again and again in every imaginable form and in the most positive manner, but this does not interest him. If such things have happened and do happen, why, then, is it that he never encounters anything concerning ghosts in works such as Darwin's "Descent of Man," Winchell's "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," Froude's "History of England," "Bismarck's Memoirs," etc., works covering a wide field and treating a vast number of subjects, but alike in one respect that they were all written in the same spirit of modern skepticism and disbelief in all that passed current for facts in the Middle Ages, says the Cincinnati Tribune.

A Book for Supernaturalists. Yet in one—only one—work of modern skeptical literature are spirits described, stated as facts, and otherwise treated as though they were as actual and real as rocks, trees or animals. That work is "Savage Africa," written by Mr. Winwood Reade, and believers in the supernatural may take all the more comfort to themselves when they come to reflect that Reade was the same school of skeptical and calculating materialists as Darwin, Huxley and Lyell. Nor is the matter in question something concerning the beliefs of certain African tribes. It is a thing affecting a number of white men, educated in the same school of thought as Reade and Darwin, and who were witnesses of the phenomena which Reade not only relates, but upon which he comments in the greatest seriousness. The case referred to, which occupies an entire chapter in Mr. Reade's work, is as follows:

Sierra Leone is the name of one of the British possessions on the most unhealthy section of the globe, the west coast of Africa. On a certain very marvellous part of the coast of Sierra Leone is situated MacCarthy's Island, which for many years, up until about 1870 was the seat of a very important English trading post. About the beginning of the year 1860 a certain Dr. Beale, the post physician and surgeon stationed at this point, fell ill of malarial fever. Realizing that he could not recover he notified Mr. Savage, the trader at the post, of his condition, whereupon the latter wrote a letter to the firm in Bristol, England, owning and operating the factories on the island, stating the doctor's condition and requesting that another physician be sent out to relieve him. The firm responded, sending a certain Dr. Campbell, who arrived on the island on the ship Dover on the day Beale died.

Saw the Dead Man. Dr. Beale had an assistant, a young physician named Trestrail, who on the day of his superior's death set about writing an official report of the case. This he never finished. He was suddenly overcome by a virulent attack of malaria and died, declaring he had seen Beale before he could finish the official statement. Reade saw the account of Beale's death that Trestrail tried to write and describes it as running along smoothly enough for several pages, until finally serious omissions began to occur and the writing grows fainter and fainter, until it stops altogether. Moreover, the handwriting of the last four pages of the account were so jagged and irregular that it was easy to see that the writer had been seized by a chill or sudden palsy while writing it.

This was the beginning. Three days later Dr. Campbell came to Mr. Savage and asked that his quarters be changed, he having until then occupied the house formerly tenanted by Beale and Trestrail, in which both had died. At the same time Savage saw that Campbell was looking unusually pale and unwell; far different in fact from the condition in which he appeared the day he arrived, and asking him if anything was wrong, Campbell replied:

"I have seen Beale and he told me that I could never see my wife and children again." Campbell was so positive in all that he said that Savage, who was very much puzzled over his strange assertions, could not talk him out of the notion that he, too, was soon to die. Campbell sat down that day to write the official report of the death of Trestrail, and, like the former, died before he had finished it.

With the passing of Campbell, the company sent to the island two physicians instead of one, so that if one fell ill the other could take his place. These were Drs. Bradshaw and Hinds, who, on moving into the house formerly occupied by Beale, Trestrail and Campbell, were not troubled with anything supernatural for several months after their arrival. Suddenly one night while they were sitting talking with Savage, one of the soldiers doing picket duty along that part of the house in which Beale had died, ran to them fainting with fright.

Ghost Scared Sentry.

When he came to his senses he stated that a stranger had approached him from the woods near the house; that he challenged the intruder four times; that the latter gave back no answer; when he ran it through with his bayonet the weapon passed through his brain, and that the figure turning at the same

time, he recognized the livid features of Dr. Beale, who went into his former bed-chamber. An examination of the room failed to verify the soldier's statement, and the two physicians were for locking him up for drunkenness until Savage related the circumstances of the illness and death of Campbell and Trestrail, and how the former had firmly maintained that he had seen Beale, all of which they had never heard before, and which caused them to treat the soldier far different from what they had at first intended. This sentry died the day following of the effects of fright, such being the diagnosis of both Bradshaw and Hinds.

Following this the two physicians began to be troubled by strange noises and curious phenomena all during the night, and Dr. Bradshaw's little son finally refused to sleep in the room where he had been assigned because he said a man who answered perfectly the description of Beale came to him in the night and pulled his ears, saying, "Wake, wake." The lad died the next day.

Doctors' Experiences.

In place of these two came Drs. MacCarthy and Fox, the former a relative of the head of the firm, and both acquaintances of Mr. Reade. They remained on the island until, owing to the unhealthy climate, the post was moved elsewhere to a more salubrious locality. For the short time, therefore, that Drs. MacCarthy and Fox remained on the island and sleeping in the quarters where so many had died, they, too, were annoyed by phenomena which neither of them was able to fathom or explain, try as they would.

MacCarthy and Fox were friends and schoolmates of Reade, and all three materialists of the first water, and in closing his account of the MacCarthy's island phenomena Reade enters at length on a discussion of the unknown and unseen realm, stating his belief that all of the occurrences above described were actual and real—related to him in good faith by Savage, Fox and MacCarthy, men who were not in the least superstitious.—Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch.

APPEAL TO SPIRITUALISTS

The Mediums' Home at Lansing, Mich.

To the Spiritualists of the State of Michigan:

This beautiful property is located on Cedar street south, within twenty rods of the center of the city of Lansing, and is only three blocks from State Capitol building; two blocks from M. C. & P. M. depot. Street car line within one-half block.

Description. The lot is five rods on Cedar street and fourteen rods deep, with this beautiful house on it. Also a vacant lot next to the left of the building, five rods on Cedar street and ten rods deep, making ten rods front on Cedar street. The building stands on the middle of the south lot and is forty by forty-two on the ground. It has a finished basement under the entire building and two stories high with six large rooms upstairs, each separate opening into a large hall. Seven rooms on the lower floor.

It is heated with a large furnace in basement. It is piped for gas with chandeliers or jets in every room. City water, bath room and water closet on each floor. This property was sold for \$10,000 a few years ago, but the bank of Mt. Clemens taking the property on a mortgage, and not wishing to rent so fine a house, sold it for less than its value—about one-half. The Michigan State Association have availed themselves of this opportunity and have purchased the same for \$4,750, to be paid for in one year from date of sale. Mr. John F. Coff, of Wakley, Mich., has given \$1,200 in cash and the State Society and other societies have raised over \$900 more, and have paid \$1,500 on this beautiful home.

Besides this magnificent home we have a fine lot and location for to build a college and temple.

It is proposed to establish under the laws of the state, a school for the education and preparation of our magnetic healers and medical clairvoyants, granting to its graduates diplomas that they may do better work, and be protected in their work, instead of being persecuted as now is often the case, and that the Spiritualists and liberal public may have opportunity to employ competent and thoroughly prepared spiritual healers, to treat their sick and suffering ones by natural and spiritual methods.

It is also proposed to establish a home in this beautiful place for indigent and worn-out mediums where they may spend their last days in comfort. All know how much such a home is needed. We should each be willing to extend a helping hand to carry this laudable work forward.

In connection with this movement it is proposed to establish a school or college for the education and preparation of our speakers, and mediums, in such lines as are needed. We all need to learn the beautiful laws governing mediumship, and our teachers should be instructed in these laws, and how best to teach them.

It is the desire of the founders of this movement to institute a school for the young, a place where they may be educated in the teachings and principles of our beautiful philosophy. "Where are our educational and charitable institutions?" This question is often asked in a spirit of derision and now is our opportunity to establish one more at least in the capital city of the state, where our State Association is domiciled.

Dear friend, will you help this good cause along by subscribing liberally yourself and then taking the subscription list to each one of the friends in your neighborhood and solicit their subscription great or small, and mail the same in postal order to:

MISS RENA D. CHAPMAN, Secretary of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association, Marcellus, Mich.

This property will be known as the Michigan State Spiritualists' Temple, and used for scientific, spiritual and liberal religious culture, under the direction of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association.

"Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A compact and comprehensive view of the subject; philosophic, historic, analytical and critical; facts and data needed by every student and especially by every Spiritualist. One of the very best books on the subject. Price, paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Her Sad Fate, With Some Account of Her Life.

You have probably been already apprised of the fate of Miss Abby A. Judson, and the distressing circumstances which attended. I will, however, recapitulate the occurrences.

On Sunday evening, December 7, Miss Judson was at her home, No. 420 Davis avenue, Arlington, N. J., and reclining on her bed, reading. Her yet dog jumped upon the table on which her lamp was set, overturning it upon the bed, which caught fire at once. Her clothing also blazed up, and she in alarm rushed out the door into the back yard, screaming with pain and alarm. A neighbor, Mrs. Bruckner, saw the condition and called her husband to go to Miss Judson's assistance. He, however, not understanding what had happened, went into the house first to see if it was afire. By this time Miss Judson, unable to tear off her burning clothes, fell to the ground exhausted. He now came to her relief, wrapped her in a quilt and carried her into the house. A physician came, but it was too late. Not only was she burned badly, but she had inhaled the flame. She lingered during the night, expiring at eight in the morning.

Miss Judson was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Adoniram Judson, missionary to Burmah, and was born at Maulmain, October 1, 1835. She was educated, however, in this country, and at the age of 21 entered upon the vocation of teaching. She was employed in various good schools, finally establishing the Judson Female Institute in Milwaukee, and serving as its principal for eleven years. Her eyes became weak and she was compelled to give time to their care.

In 1890 she disposed of her school and became a writer and lecturer on Spiritualism. She visited many of the principal towns and cities and aroused much interest in the subject.

Several years past she was a resident in Arlington, on the eastern bank of the Passaic, and became a stated contributor to the Banner of Light. Her letters, duly numbered, were a conspicuous feature in that journal.

If it is fortunate to be well descended, then Miss Judson was fortunate. Her father, Dr. Judson, was himself the son of a Congregational minister of some ability, and was born at Malden, Mass., in 1788. He was distinguished for precocity, being able to read the Bible at three years old, and making an interpretation of the Apocalypse at twelve. He seems to have been virtually the pioneer of the missionary movement in America. When in the theological seminary, he was elected the pastor of a New England church, and was organized a missionary society. It was his purpose to go to Burmah. The pressure which they put forth resulted in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In 1810, and Judson was sent to England to enlist the power of the London Missionary Society. He succeeded but still the board hesitated, till he threatened to go under the authority of the men in London. He set sail for India, with Samuel Newell, Mrs. Harriet Newell and Luther Rice in 1812.

This was not sufficient. While on the voyage, Mr. Judson embraced Baptist sentiments, and on arriving at Calcutta, was baptised by immersion. This change imparted new life to the Baptist denomination in America. Before that they had a social position not superior to that now held by the Salvation Army. Now they held the position of equality in their fellow men of vast energy and perseverance, they were led to renewed effort. A separate missionary society was formed, the necessary revenues levied upon the laity, and Baptist missionaries placed in the field.

Nevertheless, the service was not a sinecure or attraction for enthusiasts. The mission was begun in Burmah under a jealous imperial government. In 1817 the cholera began its grand march over the nation and Farther India was devastated. While Mr. Judson was away, all his colleagues left the country. Only Mrs. Judson stayed behind, remaining until new recruits came from America. Afterward she went home and brought on others. Thus the mission was saved—dux foemina facti.

Next came war between Burmah and Great Britain. All foreigners in Ava were thrown into prison. Fearful were their privations. Mrs. Judson, now becoming a mother of an infant and herself suffering from fatigue and weakness, busied herself for weeks with the effort to alleviate their condition. They were sent away to be put to death, but she followed them and obtained a reprieve. Words are weak to describe the endeavors which she made, the humiliations to which she submitted, the privations which she encountered, the exultations of her sufferings. When deliverance came to the prisoners, she was utterly worn out. The British officers lived with her and she nursed them. But disease and privation did their work. Her child was already dead, and now she followed.

Mr. Judson became another man. He stopped work, retired into a jungle, built himself an abode and devoted himself to mystic contemplation. He burned all his letters and manuscripts, as if to sever all communication with the past. He even dug a grave and sat for hours gazing into it in silent meditation. He studied the writings of Paul, of Templeton, of Madame Guyon. He was evidently seeking and perhaps enjoying that spiritual communion, which in later years came to light in more auspicious times, in the daughter.

In April 1834, he married Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman. She was the widow of a missionary, and is described as possessing rare talent, a thorough knowledge of the native languages, and a devotedness worthy the successor of Ann Haseltine Judson. Her husband failed some years later, and her husband embarked with her and three of their children, for the United States. She died, however, at St. Helena. Dr. Judson brought the children with him, and they were educated in America. He married the celebrated author, Miss Emily Chubbuck, and returned with her to Burmah. He lived but a few years longer. The end came when he was on his way to Mauritius, and his body was buried in the ocean.

He followed his convictions at the sacrifice of ambitions, for he had keen literary tastes as well as exquisite sense of enjoyment, and he was open to intuitions. It is easy to see that his oldest child inherited many of his characteristics. I have doubted whether she ever got quite clear of the earlier impressions for the former faith. But she was sufficiently emancipated to become an eloquent witness for the advanced thought of our more modern time. What was great in Adoniram Judson was repeated in her, and the something greater was also reached.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

"The Kingdom of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crimes of the tongue, the dead tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Spiritual Prayer.

A few of the profoundest acts and emotions of life seem unsuitable for analysis and discussion. One of these is prayer. He who has to be convinced of the duty of prayer before he prays will probably never really pray. A child might just as well wait to be instructed as to the duty of kissing its mother, before throwing around her dear neck its eager arms.

Prayer is an emotion, a longing, a clinging of the soul to that which lies beyond sense, and it need not have words at all—though words, for the majority at least greatly help. In its true spiritual essence, prayer is, in very deed, like the loving child's kiss of affection. It is not begging; it is offering; it does not so much ask as offer; its perfect expression is, "Father, not my will but Thine be done!"

Thus regarded, much of what Christendom (to say nothing of heathendom) has known as prayer has been a painful version of it. What are we to say of prayers for success in war? of prayers for rain or sunshine or the mitigation of an epidemic? We may often judge of what is prayed for by what thanks are offered for. Even our late good Queen recorded in her diary ardent thanks to God for the successful slaughter, and the very easy slaughter, at Tel-el-Kheir. "Felt unbounded joy and gratitude for God's great goodness and mercy," wrote the exultant Queen. What did the Egyptians feel?

One of the greatest writers of the hymns of Christendom said, in one of them,—

Diseases are Thy servants, Lord; They come at Thy command— believing that, it was of course natural to pray to the Great Contagion Distributor to be merciful. But what a distance is such a prayer from the ideal of simple trust and love!

All these prayers, in truth, turn upon utterly false or inadequate notions of God, and grow out of the essentially heathenish idea that He is but an exalted man, arbitrary, strong, and intensely personal, as one who is open to influence and change. But how inconsistent that is with the fundamental hypothesis of omnipotence! A being like ourselves, however extended, cannot possibly be omnipresent. The personification of an omnipresent God and His will, as He is, is the only true basis of the personality of a man. And yet God is the most real Being in the Universe because He is the one all-pervading cause of the Universe, as its inmost secret life. Prayer, then, is an appeal to that life—to the law and tendency and intent of it. It is an appeal to the inmost; and that appeal may take endless forms, as of wish, will, imagination, study, wonder, admiration, submission, effort, from an experiment in a laboratory to a death-cry on a cross.

From this point of view, prayer may be regarded as the natural and universal, for the sense of dependence is natural and universal; and the consciousness of defect or deficiency, inseparable from the restless outreaching after the higher or the unknown, is natural and well-nigh universal; and the persistence of desire and effort is natural and universal; and the observation of man and the gradual nature of his growth in the great scheme of things are, in varying degrees, natural and universal; and all this is rudimentary or developed prayer. In a sense, the animals pray; and again in a sense the soil prays; and the whole of Nature, as that which is being born, may be regarded as a vast product of prayer to the all-pervading, all evolving Power.

We are told that "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," and so it is; but, on lower planes, it is bare wishing or bald receptivity. Even the praying-wheel may not be more absurd than the formal gabbled prayers, or the prettily warbled prayers, of many a great Christian fane. Here, as everywhere else in the spiritual world, there are uncountable grades of advance; and there is probably no place where one can stop and say with certainty, "There is no life, no prayer, here."

Prayer, then, may most assuredly be efficient, though not as moving a huge giant-God to interfere with our affairs, or with the effort in praying right conditions for desirable changes; it can intensify responsiveness and receptivity; it can confirm the mind, the will and the affections in a given course; it can, in all probability, attract helpful powers—both conscious and unconscious powers—by a law of spirit life as natural as any law the chemist knows. Why should not prayer attract persons? We are rapidly learning that it will do so, and there is no doubt, no gloom, no murky dark for foreboding. It was all daylight. At nighttime, when the shadow was least, when the heart like the day was still aglow, radiating affections as pure as those which were reflected toward it—at nighttime, in the half hush of the busy day, her pure soul found its own meridian.

Consciousness and the Soul.

We lately referred, with pleasure, to Dr. Eob and his blithe teaching. We have just come across him again, in discourse on "Life," and especially on the Immortal Life. He is as buoyant as ever; has no patience with the people who want to know all about it; and simply soars and sings. The emotion, the consciousness, of the abiding life is all that he wants.

When that consciousness kindles my soul, all interest in golden streets and harps and vestments drops into comparative insignificance. In fact, they seem to me as childish things which the spirit in its dignity and strength has put away. In this final and complete revelation of life all the conditions and accessories of that life are included. We need not press any questions of cloistery or of longing. "Will our consciousness carry its treasures safely through the ordeal of death?" "Will we have and know our beloved who have gone from us? What occupations will fill and dignify and ennoble mind?" These, and all kindred questions, will bud and blossom into answers when that life breaks upon us, just as the earth puts forth ten thousand rare and beautiful things above all that we ask or think when spring in its fullness breaks in revelation upon the world.

PLEASE TRY NOW To Extend the Circulation of The Progressive Thinker.

Now is the time to do it. We are now running a series of lectures by that remarkable English psychic, C. W. Leadbeater. They alone will be worth more than the price of a subscription, saving nothing of other equally important features of the paper. Induce your Spiritualist friends to send in a dollar for the paper.

able to remember the simplest things, and the names of people he had known all his life. My agitation, however, was always equalled by his own, and his constant earnest prayer would be to "have patience with him, and he would in time remember all." He explained constantly that many on the other side do not even recollect their earth names, who they were, nor a single incident of their lives. In many cases no happiness would be possible (he tells me) if all could remember their earth lives and those they have left behind, and a merciful Father thus arranges it, restoring their memory when re-union takes place, or when communication with the loved ones here is established.

My little son tells me that had I not established communication with him, the same thing would have happened to him, for that he grieved much at my "taking no notice of him." Alas, for a year I never knew that I even could!

Again, even when communication occurs, it is evident, from all he tells me, that their memories of earth life are much fogged for a time. He one day drew a copy on the paper, with the letters of the alphabet caught in its meshes, and explained to me that "some days his memory of earth was like that—all in a tangle."

I find, even now, that he remembers his extreme babyhood and early childhood better than the events immediately preceding his passing over. He constantly starts me by sudden unexpected allusions to long-past events of his early childhood which in earth life he never alluded to, and which I had forgotten. In addition to all this tangle of memory, he has, of course, given me such long-continued and overwhelming proofs of his identity, and his very remarkable individuality, that I would soon doubt that it is my child as I would doubt his letters, were he in Australia instead of in the spirit world. His memory, I may mention, gets better every day.

I think people do not realize that the action of so-called death is really merely the waking from what suddenly appears a tangled, troubled dream—viz., the earth life. As Mr. Colville so truly said, we go nowhere—and they come back from now—where we are, all in spirit life, the only difference being that our eyes and senses are veiled, and their are unveiled. Nothing will surprise us on that side, neither faces nor surroundings, any more than we are surprised when we wake from sleep and find ourselves in our bedrooms.

The only thing which surprises those who have passed over is that we suddenly have ceased to take notice of that. That life is the reality! The earth life is the tangled dream! While we sleep and dream now at night, how real it all seems! What anguish, and joy, suspense, and terror, a dreamer can experience! But the moment we awake, where is it all gone? It has suddenly become a foolish tangle, and the very people we talked to in that dream have faded into unrealities, and we cannot often recall their names or faces!

If everyone would realize that exactly the same thing often happens at death, except where the link of love is all powerful (such as between parent and child, husband and wife, lovers, etc.), this very puzzling subject would, I think, be better understood; and much heartache be saved.

I was deeply struck by Mr. Colville's address. Many things he said had been written for me by my boy over a year ago.

I trust this may meet the eye of many to whom this explanation may prove a comfort.

E. M.

A Sweet Soul.

We have just been reminded of an exquisite description of the passing on of a sweet soul who got rid of all the muffled fears, and all artificial grounds of trust, and simply shut her eyes and drifted into the "everlasting arms."

No priest was at her bedside. None was needed. To such a soul, the gates of heaven swing easily on their hinges. The church has no charter to heavenly mansions which the individual soul does not carry in its own right and title. What need of a doorkeeper on this side or the other, when a soul moves as naturally toward heaven as the body gravitates toward earth? Companionship she could not lack. There is no lonely road to heaven. The highway is thronged with innumerable presences. What need of charm, or creed, or ritual, or intercession of saints or official mediators on earth or above? Who shall come between the Eternal Love and His beloved offspring?

There is no portal to heaven more ample or beautiful than the portal of the home wreathed with smiles of affection and opening from sacred joys here to sacred joys which are beyond. It is all of us that there is no cloud, no gloom, no murky dark for foreboding. It was all daylight. At nighttime, when the shadow was least, when the heart like the day was still aglow, radiating affections as pure as those which were reflected toward it—at nighttime, in the half hush of the busy day, her pure soul found its own meridian.

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RENDING THE VAIL

A Most Remarkable Book Concerning the Existence of Man, and All Things, and All Being

It Was Written by Materialized Forms at the House of J. H. Pratt, Spring Hill, Kansas, William W. Aber Being the Medium.

"Rending the Vail" is pronounced by Col. R. T. Van Horn, of Kansas City, Mo., as a most remarkable work. That Col. Van Horn is fully competent to judge, we will say that he has been a member of congress for four sessions, an editor of a leading daily, and a profound thinker along scientific lines. He says:

"The principal contributors to the book are four in number: Dr. W. H. Reed, who is called the chemical control of the medium; William Denton, Thomas Paine and Michael Faraday. There are numerous others giving a few incidental and mostly personal messages or dissertations on scientific, philosophical, religious, theologic and occult topics—from world-building, the origin of life, or religions, of scientific discovery, and the laws of cosmos or nature—in fact the entire field of human thought. The limitation seemed to be only that of the spectators to ask questions."

"In addition to this mass of messages, there are in the book about sixty illustrations—drawn by a form standing out in the room at a desk, the form or person to be sketched at the doorway of the cabinet and the finished picture handed to one of the circle and filed away by the secretary."

"What will attract the attention of even the non-Spiritualist reader is that the topics treated by Prof. Denton, Thomas Paine and Prof. Faraday, are in kind in thought and style with those to which their active lives in this world were devoted—in literary character as different here as in their works extant on our book-shelves."

"The Spiritualist press and its contributors are just now discussing a number of questions as to the nature of spirit, of spirit return; the want of agreement between the various returning as to conditions in their present world; the limitations—that the organism of the medium imposes upon communication."

"The book is a record of practically obtained facts demonstrating the claims of Modern Spiritualism as to post mortal survival, are unique and overwhelming. Every communication is from a full materialized spirit form, in good light, and either spoken audibly or written in full view by the form. There is not an automatic or trance message in the book."

It is illustrated by several engravings, the originals of which were drawn in the presence of the circle by a full form materialized spirit artist.

BEYOND THE VAIL is, as a rule,

and various kindred questions. All these are treated, some of them very fully, but all rationally understandable. Also phenomena, inspiration and such, to many, knotty subjects, are freely and fully discussed.

"The work is not written by the medium nor by any one connected with the society or circle. All was delivered by personalities distinct from either, written down by the secretary as spoken, or in writing, filed away. At the next meeting the minutes in full were read, corrected, or criticised by those present and by the authors, and when approved by both laid away for the book."

"The work is unique in the history of spirit communication. Swedenborg, Andrew Jackson Davis, and Maria King wrote under inspiration. Newbrough wrote Oahspe automatically by type-writing. 'Rending the Vail' was written and spoken by full-form personalities and is printed as given. One remarkable thing about the writing may not be amiss here. As high as 1,200 words a minute were written by actual typing by the watch."

"It is but just to the secretary to say that his work has been admirably done—not only faithfully and efficiently, but with excellent taste. There are no dogmatic parentheses, no interpolations or slips of the scribe. He simply states that 'a form purporting to be' So-and-so, 'appeared and delivered the following'—stating whether it was oral or in writing."

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

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All books advertised in the columns of *The Progressive Thinker* are for sale at this office. Bear this in mind.

Heroism in Everyday Life—The Higher Spirituality.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has made a curious and interesting study of the results of which he presents in the December Century. The matter grew out of a discussion some years ago as to whether the civilized world was improving in altruism. The talk at last narrowed to the question whether the modern man and woman are any more altruistic in their tendencies than they of a past century—the seventeenth, for example.

Most of those engaged in the friendly discussion believed that self-sacrificing heroism was on the increase, but agreed about the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory proof. This prompted Dr. Mitchell to secure some statistical relation of the amount of heroic conduct in everyday life, and for this purpose he engaged the services of a clipping bureau. In ten months he received 1,163 records. This he knows by no means a complete list. It did not cover nearly all of the 20,000 odd newspapers printed in this country, and naturally left out those numerous examples of heroic endeavor which occur in private life and never get within reach of the reporter.

His final list excluded the splendid roll of coast guard rescues, work of sailors and soldiers and the action of men working in masses. It included only records of what unaided individuals had done when face to face with emergencies where to act was dangerous. His conclusions left him with 717 acts of children, women and children who took grave risks to save persons in peril.

Of these 258 were attempts to save the drowning; 194 were efforts to save from fire; 61 were acts of self-devoted courage on the part of railway engineers, brakemen, switch-tenders or others employed on railways; 48 were the efforts of persons not connected with railways to save the lives of children, women or drunken men from the swift approach of trains; 53 related to heroic acts of children, and there was a miscellaneous collection of 150.

Men, women and children of all classes are represented, although the majority of rescues seem to have fallen in the way of and been accepted by laboring men, mechanics and others, to whom personal injury means what it does not to an easier class. Dr. Mitchell was surprised to discover how many heroic acts of children remained among his credible examples, the ages of the little heroes ranging all the way from 6 to 16.

One whole 717 one in every eleven lost his life in trying to save that of another, and usually that of one stranger to him, and the list of injuries sustained by the rescuers makes an appalling catalogue. Dr. Mitchell takes pleasure in adding here that he had records of twelve attempts to save the lives of dogs or cats or birds, not to mention more valuable animals.

The investigator readily saw the impossibility of settling the point originally under discussion by comparing statistically his records with the conduct of individuals during, say, the seventeenth century. But he observed that at any period the general feeling, and the legal and other relations of man to man, are probably fair representations of what individual action will be at that day, in circumstances involving the need for self-devoting courage.

He follows by tracing the growing regard of mankind for the rights and needs of others which has been so marked during the last century. He believes that the vast changes thus wrought show an ever-enlarging conscience as to the duty man owes to man. It should not surprise us, therefore, that by degrees this has come to affect the actions of the individual.

As an example of what the absence of this regard means he cites conditions in China, where there is a general expression of callousness and selfishness. "The Oriental man does not risk his life for others in houses afire or to save the drowning. In other words, the individual is as the race."

Dr. Mitchell concludes that undoubtedly civilized man is acquiring something valuably efficient which urges him to take for others risks which he probably would not have taken in former days.

The above sentiments from the Chicago Daily Post show under certain aspects the bright side of human life. The worst of mortals will sometimes undergo great perils to save a person from sudden danger—from fire, from drowning, from a dangerous situation, etc.

There is a divine spark in every human soul, and at times it will assert itself and manifest its supremacy; but the incidents given above are very few in number compared with our millions of population, and should be more frequent.

The higher spirituality aims at a broader more comprehensive work than that manifested by a single impulse, set

An Interview with

Dr. J. M. Peebles.

At Home Again.

The Pilgrim's Work in Australia, Tasmania, South Africa and England. India. New Zealand. Theosophy, Etc.

Something like a passing meteor, Dr. Peebles dropped into our office the other day, hale, healthy, smiling-faced, and seemingly as vigorous and enthusiastic as ever, though in advance-counting years he has passed four score and more milestones along the rugged journey of mortal existence. He is in appearance as active and supple in movement now, as when we first met him, a halcyon youth, pampered in the white-neck attire of a liberal parson.

Sovering the shackling creeds that cramp, he has been in the Spiritualist seed-sowing field over fifty years, and done an immense amount of good, facing the narrow-minded orthodox foe at every turn. He has made his mark on the period in overthrowing superstition, and building up the free-thought principles of a rational Spiritualism. He has also wrought in the temperance, the anti-slavery, and the peace and arbitration reforms of the last century.

But how does he keep so well, and robust? Upon what food does he feed? How can he defy the torrid heats of the equatorial regions, and the ocean storms, inclined to circumnavigate the globe? Is his life a charmed one? Four times has he encircled the globe, doing missionary work in nearly all civilized lands. How many times more does he intend to see the north star a portion of a year, and the southern cross another portion? Will he tell us the secret of longevity—the secret of the hygienic laws so he enable him to triumph over the fleeting, cankerous years of time? EDITOR.

THE INTERVIEW.

"How long were you absent this time, Doctor, from America?"

"Something over one year, and the world is continually seeming smaller and smaller to me. All nations, races and tribes constitute one brotherhood, and I minister, so far as I can, to them while I am traveling. I make it a point to lecture more or less on every steamer that bears me across the waters. You know I have often said that truth is my authority, and the world my parish."

"Then you do not take these long journeys in different lands for mere pleasure?"

"Emphatically, never. I feel impressed, inspired, to go and teach, and as I go, to heal. I gave the first course of lectures in Australia and New Zealand upon Spiritualism ever there delivered, and I had been anxious for two or three years to see if the seed had fallen on good ground. And what progress had been made!"

"And then, as a further reason for taking this last round-the-world voyage, I had worked for the past two or three years very diligently in getting out my last two books, 'Vaccination a Curse and a Menace to Personal Liberty,' and 'Death Defeated, or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young,' which, with diagnosing and prescribing in and out of my medical office, together with Sunday lectures, had induced insomnia, and a threatening kind of nervous exhaustion. And so I resolved upon this last voyage. The ocean rests and rocks me to sleep in her maternal arms."

"Are you ever sea-sick?"

"Never! The ocean gets sea-sick and rough when I am on it at times, but I am never sea-sick. Is not the spirit superior to the matter of rolling waters? Sea-sickness, like growing old, is a foolish habit."

"Have you regained your strength, and did you do much lecturing and literary work in those far-off lands?"

"Never was I stronger, healthier, and never could I do so much mental work as now. Physically, I can run a foot race, bat a ball, dance a Highland fling, etc. As to mental work, I wrote and published while in those countries, three pamphlets, entitled 'General Teachings of Spiritualism,' 'Spiritualism Commanded of God,' a scathing review of Seventh-day Adventists' attacks upon Spiritualism, and a 'Plea for Justice to Mediums.' I also published a leaflet scathing the cynical, narrow-minded Melbourne daily 'Argus.' The newspapers of Melbourne, a city of 500,000, are conservative and dominated by Roman Catholics and Scotch Presbyterians. While in the Commonwealth of Australia, I lectured every Sunday but one or two, and sometimes during weekdays. All summed up, I delivered eighty public lectures."

"Were your lectures all upon Spiritualism?"

"Far from it; and yet, carefully, critically analyzed, the most of them were, and all of them were indirectly, for Spiritualism, grounded in God, who is Spirit, and rooted in the moral and spiritual constitution of man, overshadows and enmeshes all the reforms of the age. In Melbourne, I lectured several times in the Unitarian church, lectured for the Vegetarian Society, and in the Friends' church upon Peace and Arbitration. In Sydney, I spoke for the Spiritualist society, and for the Metaphysical Society, which was instrumental in taking Mr. Colville from England to that country; and for four Sunday mornings and one evening I spoke in the Australian (Unitarian) church, the Rev. George Walters being the pastor. During the Sunday evenings for four months, I lectured under the auspices of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists in the great Masonic Hall, Mr. W. H. Terry, of the Harbinger of Light, being the president. While filling this four months' engagement in Melbourne, I frequently gave parlor lectures at social evening gatherings."

"I infer, then, that the people of those far-off countries are

more liberal than they are in at least some portions of our own country?"

"They certainly are, especially in New Zealand. Here, the most prominent Congregational clergyman of the city of Wellington came to hear me lecture upon Spiritualism, and a little later, invited me with several preachers to his library, where we had a most interesting afternoon's conversation. It was not so much controversial, as it was a candid expression of opinions. It was a symposium conference, and gave me an excellent opportunity of preaching Spiritualism to preachers."

"Which countries during your journeys around the world, did you find to be the most prosperous, and the one poorest?"

"The poorest and most superstitious country that I ever visited is India. I am speaking now of the masses; not of a few English-educated Hindus residing in Madras, Calcutta, Benares or Bombay. While in the interior towns and cities, I saw the people at work, saw them in their temples, saw them dragging their 'cars,' as they do the 'Car of Juggernaut.' It is the land of 'thirty thousand gods,' of child marriage, of some sixty different sects, and instead of there being four, there are nearly forty castes and sub-castes. The Brahmin does not eat with his wife. It is a wonder to me that the 'Masters' and the few educated Hindus do not confine their missionary labors to poor, stupid, dull, superstitious India, rather than to the stirring, progressive English-speaking people of the Occident."

"Which is the most prosperous country that you visited?"

"Decidedly, New Zealand. This lovely group of isles that dot the southern seas has been called the 'laborer's paradise.' This government would, if possible just suit the moderate Socialist party of our country. No employer is allowed to work his men over eight hours a day. The government owns the railroads, the telegraph system, telephone system, all the street cars, all the water systems, lighting systems, and there is a government insurance company. The government holds a remote claim on almost all the land of the colony, as it is only let out on 999-year leases. If a man does not use his land to its best advantage, but allows it to decline, the government pays him for what it is worth and sells it off to other parties. Like France, this is a country of small farms."

"New Zealand has no strikes, no great syndicates, but does have woman's suffrage. It has no compulsory vaccination law. Vaccination here is optional with the people as in England, and they have three natives (Maoris) in their parliament. One of these is in the Ministry. The president of the Spiritualist society in Wellington is an ex-member of parliament, and his good wife, the organist. The Spiritualists of this city own a beautiful temple or hall, in which they hold their services. While in the capital, Wellington, Sir Robert Stout, the Lord Chief-Justice, called to see me, and in turn, with my secretary and stenographer, I dined with him on a Sunday. He is a cultured, broad-minded, far-seeing jurist. Lecturing at Masterton, a lawyer, the mayor of the city, and a devout Methodist, took the chair, introducing me to the sea of faces that filled the opera house. At the close he commended my discourse, because it went to confirm 'faith in immortality.' In Invercargill I lectured in the Y. M. C. A. hall, and the lecture, with the answering of questions, occupied just two hours. I was forced to admit a little fatigue at the close."

"The Scotch element of the New Zealand isles charmed me. It is literary and solid, bordering somewhat upon the staid. Our Spiritualist balladist-singer, the late James G. Clark, had been heard in these far-away islands. The following words of his are often there sung:

"O, Scotland, I love thee! I turn to thy shore
With a song for each scene of my childhood,
As a bird o'er the billow where rough waters roar
Will turn to her nest in the wildwood;
Then give me the storm-braving headlands that stand
Like sentinels guarding the sea,
The homes and the hearts of my dear native land,
O, Scotland! I'm dreaming of thee."

"Did you, in sailing among the Pacific isles, and the southern seas, visit Tasmania?"

"Yes, and I was very greatly pleased with the country. How little the most of us Americans know of it. The scenery is so magnificent, and the climate so equable, and the rivers so abundant for manufacturing purposes, that this island has been termed the 'pearl of the southern ocean.' It is reported to have the largest tin mine in the world. It ships each year large quantities of apples to England. The last native Tasmanian is dead. Tobacco, whiskey, competition, and churchianity have civilized them to death. I lectured in Launceston, and was invited to occupy the Presbyterian church the next Sunday by the city missionary. A fine railway stretches from Launceston, to Hobart, the capital. Here I lectured in Masonic hall on an overflowing audience. Surely, in these regions, the harvest is plentiful but the laborers are few. Cape Town, South Africa, now contains nearly a hundred thousand people. It is rapidly improving. Here is a most inviting field for genuine mediums, and earnest, substantial lecturers. I was urged to remain

here for months, devoting my time to lecturing upon the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, but I could not so do."

"From what sources did Spiritualism in these countries you visited, receive the most opposition?"

"Emphatically, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Seventh-day Adventists and Theosophists. The latter, of whom so many good things might be expected; especially in Australia, take unwearied pains to frighten young mediums about being influenced by 'elementals,' 'spooks,' and 'disintegrating astral shells.' Saying nothing of the Theosophical seceders, and the seceders from the seceders, there are about as many kinds of Theosophy as there were colors in the old patriarch's flock of sheep. In these countries, Theosophists stand upon stilts, and looking down upon Spiritualists, smile with heartless ingratitude the maternal breast that gave them life; for modern Theosophy was born in the house of Henry Newton, a wealthy New York Spiritualist. He was its first treasurer, and many of its first supporters, such as Emma Hardinge Britten, were Spiritualists; but when the cult moved to India, and began to weave into its mystic incense the weird superstitions of Hinduism and Buddhism, talking more of 'mahatmas,' 'reincarnation,' 'karma,' and 'astral shells,' than they did of that much extolled nucleus, brotherhood, Spiritualists began to leave, such as Dr. Wyld, of London, Prof. Coues, of Washington, D. C., and scores of other distinguished thinkers, preferring western science, genius and enterprise to Hindu caste, shiftlessness and musty superstition. Spiritualists demonstrate; Theosophists speculate. Spiritualists live in the grand present; Theosophists in the dim, dust-buried, mythological past. There are over forty 'dormant branches' in India. There are twice that in America, dating from the painted days of W. Q. Judge."

"The Tingley Point Loma Brotherhood of Theosophists profess to be the genuine, wearing the Blavatsky cloak of succession. They are certainly lively, for they have recently purchased the San Diego Fisher Opera House (\$100,000), and there hold crowded meetings every Sunday evening. And yet, under the banner of brotherhood, the Jewish Theosophists of the Occident, and the Samaritan Theosophists of the Orient, have no dealings, one with the other. Alexander Fullerton, in the 'Theosophist,' of last July, page 604, says: 'Col. Otlet has demonstrated that Madame Blavatsky knew nothing of reincarnation during her years in America, and that neither of them (Blavatsky and Otlet) ever heard of it until they learned it in India, and yet, it is the vital doctrine of the Theosophical philosophy, etc.'"

"I take it then, Doctor, that you do not believe in reincarnation?"

"After all my reading of the Hindu sacred books, and hearing them interpreted—after all my psychic researches in the occult fields of thought, I have no proof—not a scintilla of positive evidence in demonstration of the Hindu dogma of reincarnation. The words, metempsychosis, transmigration, re-embodiment and re-birth, whether rightly or wrongly, are used synonymously by a majority of writers. I would suggest a better word for them than any of these, ego-rotationists. Hindu and Buddhist Theosophists understand by reincarnation the transmigration of some of the lower classes back into jackals and other animals. To this end, the Colombo 'Buddhist,' of September, 1892, criticizing Annie Besant, has the following: 'One who has any knowledge of Buddhism will not accept her theory as consistent with Buddhist ideas. The impressions of one's former life, or the accumulated experiences, are regarded as potent factors in the determination of one's re-birth. For instance, if a man persistently desires to eat animal food like a tiger, and longs to have the appetite and strength of that animal, it is possible that he may be re-born as a tiger; but, from that circumstance, it should not be inferred that the nature of the tiger on this account will improve. Again, the tiger, at the termination of the term for which his metempsychosis was determined by his karma, may be released by death to be re-embodied in some other way.'"

"The 'Indian Harbinger,' of Dec. 16, 1898, treating of the subject of reincarnation, says: 'The wicked actions of men tend to degrade them, and they pass on in a re-birth to the sub-human plane, which is occupied by the lower animals. They will then appear in animal form. The animal plane is divided into many regions, or species of animals, according to the degrees of mental development.' Miss Catherine Christy, an excellent Dunedin Theosophist, said in a lecture, which I had the pleasure of hearing, that some of the ancient Atlanteans were re-born, or transmigrated at death into animals—but enough of this upon the hazy subject of reincarnation."

The Puzzle That Ever Puzzles Me.

"Reincarnation and pre-existence should never be confounded. They are not synonyms. Many profound western scholars have believed all along the centuries that the soul, rather than the conscious spirit, as a potentialized portion of the Infinite Consciousness and Life of the universe, existed through all the unmeasured past. I am of this opinion myself; but, as before said, I have not a scintilla of proof that I have been reincarnated and re-reincarnated into babyhood, and growing up later into manhood."

The bird never returns to the shell from which it hatched. No boyhood again for me!

"You would be astonished, friend Francis, if you really knew who I am, according to the statements of a few spiritualists, and several clairvoyant Theosophists. Let me tell you: Many thousands of years ago I was a Brahmin, living on Ganges' banks, and an excellent lady writer and author, in Illinois, insists that she was my natural child, and she always writes me commencing, 'My dear papa.' Later, I was reincarnated into an Egyptian priest, serving at the altar of Osiris in Egypt during the building of the Great Pyramid. Later still, I was reincarnated into Herodotus, the ancient Grecian traveler and writer. My fourth incarnation was the Old Testament prophet Habakkuk. Existing as him, I thundered against the heathen and prophesied of terrible desolations. My fifth and last reincarnation before this present one, was in Peter the Hermit. Then I led vast armies under the cross to rescue the tomb of the martyred man of Nazareth from the unholy hands of infidel Turks. And now, in this age of evolution, with the past crowning wisdom of many incarnations leading me down, I am but plain J. M. Peebles—and I am puzzled. Perhaps some Theosophist can help me at this crisis, lifting me out of this bewildering mental maelstrom. If I lived in and through all those great past characters, I have not a glimmer of it at present—and therefore, what the good? This is a universe of uses."

"Do not infer from this that I am antagonizing Theosophy. I am only antagonizing the knotty theories that have been thrust into it, and these Hindu tags that have been hitched on to it. Theosophists would do well to read the works of Prof. Hare, Judge Edmunds, Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, William Denton, Stanton Moses, S. B. Brittan, Henry Kiddle, Emma Hardinge Britten, Dr. E. D. Babbitt, Prof. J. S. Loveland, Prof. Lockwood, and a score of other giant-minded authors who have written upon the phenomena and the philosophy of Spiritualism. Personally, I have many warm friends among Theosophists, and I am a great admirer of the writings of Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Meade, of the London Theosophists and others. These, and their best thinkers are gradually approaching Spiritualism. May they soon drink deeply at its divine fountain, for it demonstrates a future existence, wipes the tear from the mourner's eye, and spans all the great reforms of the day and age. I hold the olive branch of peace out to Theosophists and seceders also, inviting them to come with us, and we will do them good."

"It has been said and written in various journals that Spiritualism was on the decline. What is your opinion upon this point?"

"It is not—emphatically not on the decline! The wish was doubtless father to the statement. A few spiritistic societies may have disintegrated, while in other localities ten new ones doubtless sprang into existence. Spiritualism must be differentiated from spiritism. The latter, relating largely to mere phenomena for selfish ends, or for curiosity, or hunting lost property, may 'decline'; but Spiritualism, being rooted in God, who is Spirit, and being a positive truth, can never decline. It is making rapid progress in all enlightened lands. Its worst enemies are ignorance and superstition. It is diffusing itself through all the social and religious organizations, of our time; and it literally floods the literature of this age. It is working mightily as an educative force in the Orient. I have recently had three letters from different cities in India begging me to come there and lecture upon the grand principles of Spiritualism. This gospel of demonstrated truth permeates the very core of Christianity, and its widening principles of liberality and fraternity, are everywhere manifest, causing the revision of creeds, and the growth of toleration. It is, in fact, leaving the whole ecclesiastical lump of the religious world. It richly abounds in the utilities of art, of invention, and in all sanitary enterprises. It inspires the sublimest discoveries of science, explorations; the broadest researches of history, archeology, ethnology, philosophy and all scientific research. It is a science, a philosophy, and an all-comprehensive religion, the wisdom religion of the ages. It can never decline."

"How long did you remain in London?"

"Only a few weeks, but while there I lectured every Sunday, and several times during week-day evenings. There are some twenty societies in London. While there I dedicated a hall for a newly-organized society. Since I was last in London, I see wonderful progress, not only in this great city, but in Manchester and other cities. In Belper, where I spent a Sunday, the Spiritualists own a magnificent temple, have a fine pipe organ, an excellent choir and a very flourishing children's progressive lyceum. The call of the hour is for genuine mediums (rather intermediaries or sensitives), the better name is sensitive—enthusiastic and cultured lecturers, neat and commodious edifices, excellent music, consecrated sanctuaries for meditation, for the silence, for messages from the invisible helpers, for brotherhood, and spiritual socialism, whose other name is altruism."

"Finally, permit me to say that I have in press a new book of 150 pages, entitled 'What is Spiritualism—Who Are These Spiritualists, and What Has Spiritualism Done for the World?' It will be elegantly bound in both paper and cloth, and sell for thirty-five and seventy-five cents. It will be for sale by the first of January at the office of *The Progressive Thinker*."

FROM AN ARISEN SPIRIT.

Explanation:—When the following poem began coming to me I sensed the presence of Dr. Emma Nickerson Warner so strongly I seemed to see her at my side, her eyes resting upon me, apparently in an effort to impress me with her thoughts, and although I have read the poem over and over, it is never done without feeling her presence, and although I sign my name, I most gladly dedicate this poem to the arisen spirit of Dr. Emma Nickerson Warner.

I feel like telling my friends on the earth
What a beautiful land is this;
I feel like calling the change just a birth
From pain unto a life of bliss.
I feel like letting my old friends all know
The distance is not very great—
Like stepping across the border to go
From one to another earth state.
I feel like calling my friends all around
And trying my flight to portray;
I feel like telling them what I have found
In spirit since passing away.
I feel like saying to friends that I live,
That I move and see just the same;
I hope and receive, I love and forgive,
Have wants as I had ere I came.
I feel like standing before the great throng
Of the earth that is coming this way,
And singing along that beautiful song—
'There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day.'
I feel like saying the land is not fair
To the souls that see but the vile;
That life is as real over here as 'tis
there,
With the spirit no freer from guile.
I feel like repeating what oft I have said:
'Like passing from room into room,
Or on some morning arising from bed
And from sleep beyond the cold tomb.'
I feel like taking the thought from all minds,
That spirits escape their just dues—

For this is the place where spirit but finds
Each error its victim pursues.
I feel like impressing all friends to do right,
As sisters and brothers to live,
Unfold toward the soul's beacon light,
And friendship for hatred to give.
DR. T. WILKINS.

Miss Judson Dies of Burns.
Miss Abby A. Judson, the Spiritualist author and lecturer, and sister of the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, pastor of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church of New York City, died at her home, 420 Davis avenue, Arlington, N. J., Dec. 8, from the result of burns received by a fire at her home the night previous.

Miss Judson was engaged in reading a book while lying in her bed, and a pet fox terrier dog upset the lamp which was on a small table adjoining the bed. She ran into her back yard, where she was found by neighbors a few minutes later. She was badly burned about the face, body and hands, and suffered great agony.

Miss Judson came from a family well known in the religious world. Her father was Dr. Asenir Judson, the pioneer Protestant missionary of the Burmese Empire. She was born in Maulmain, Burmah, Oct. 1, 1835. Her early life was devoted to teaching, she receiving her education at Bedford, Academy, Mass., and at the private schools in Hanover, N. H.; Providence, Philadelphia, and New York. After a year's travel abroad she resumed teaching at College Hill, Ohio. She went later to Minneapolis, where she founded the Judson Female Institute. She became a Spiritualist in 1887 and three years later disposed of the seminary, since which time she has devoted her life to spiritual work.

Miss Judson was an ardent and efficient worker in all reforms, and her death will be deeply regretted.

'Longley's Beautiful Songs,' Vol. 2. Sweet songs and music for home and social meetings. For sale at this office. Price 15 cents.

to work under extraordinary circumstances.

The one who would spring forward to release a person from danger, would hesitate, perhaps, to take into his house a dirty, uncouth, miserable, beggar, and assist in renovating or cleansing him, giving him a foretaste of the ordinary comforts of life.

The higher spirituality is perennial in its manifestations—it is a beautiful, every-day product of human life, and carries sunshine wherever it goes. The savage has the heroism to save from impending danger a comrade, but that kind of heroism is not in the least akin to the higher spirituality which would unite the world in one common brotherhood.

The robber exhibits a brutal kind of heroism whenever he springs to the assistance of one of his helpers in crime when assailed, but he knows absolutely nothing of that higher spirituality which works all the time to raise the masses to a higher plane. His heroism is of the fiendish kind; it is steeped in crime and cradled in iniquity.

The world needs more of that kind of heroism which is clothed in the garb of the higher spirituality, and which is anxious to elevate to a higher plane of life the lowly and debased of every clime. The one who does no good in life is void of the higher spirituality, and if he does a heroic act, it is generally of the selfish kind.

The higher spirituality has its basis in unselfishness. It does nothing to secure praise or self-aggrandizement. It responds to the cry of distress as readily as the morning dew ascends upward when kissed by the genial rays of the morning sun. It lives in an exalted atmosphere where refined influences vibrate in union with angelic minds, and where the whole world is recognized as one common brotherhood, regardless of nationalities. That the world is advancing in some respects at least in cultivating the higher spirituality, is evident from the following editorial in the

New York World, "On the Upward Plane."

"A young millionaire who says he wants to 'quit being selfish' has determined to make his home in the University Settlement in Eldridge and Rivington streets."

"There never was a time in the world's history when so many young men of wealth and social position set themselves resolutely at work to better the condition of their fellow-men as there are now."

"This is a fact well to remember when the pessimist tells us the world is growing worse. It is not growing worse. It is on the upward plane and moving every day more and more into the light of freedom, justice and humanity."

The Real Causes of Hallucinations.
The Society for Psychical Research has been actively engaged of late collecting statistics regarding hallucinations from members of the society and others who actually believed they had had experiences with immaterial beings in various forms. The publication of these statistics suggested a highly interesting article on the subject of hallucinations and their causes by P. Legge, in the current number of *The Academy* and Literature. Mr. Legge believes that all hallucinations may best be defined as deceptions of the senses.

"The only difference that has yet been discovered between true and false perceptions or the normal exercise of the senses and hallucinations is that in the first case the object seen, heard, or felt actually exists; while, in the other, it does not. So, to put a fairly familiar case, the sufferer from alcoholic delirium sees rats, dogs and snakes all around him, although there is nothing there. Yet in this case there can be no effect immediately produced on the retina, and the brain must therefore be influenced in some other way, than in the normal manner through the optic nerve. It should be noted also that exactly the same thing takes place in dreams. How this can be a really the problem to solve."

The statistics collected by the Society for Psychical Research are based on a series of questions issued by the society

to a great many people asking whether the questioned had ever when completely awake had "a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being, or of inanimate object or of hearing a voice which impression was not due to any external physical cause." To this inquiry they received some twenty-four thousand answers saying that the questioned had never had such a vivid impression, and only three thousand from people who admitted that they had.

Mr. Legge says regarding this:

"Of the three thousand cases thus reported, by far the greater number were visions of the tactile sensations, or deceptions of the sense of touch. It follows, therefore, that while only about eleven per cent of the questioned confessed to hallucinations of any kind, more than one-half of the hallucinated saw, or thought that they saw, things which were not actually there. Of these visual hallucinations about one-third concerned themselves with apparitions of living persons known to the hallucinated, about half that number with visions of dead acquaintances, and only a very small proportion—something like twelve in a thousand—with apparitions of a religious kind. After making every allowance for the unwillingness of persons to speak of the illusory visions they have experienced, it seems that the subject of an hallucination is more often than not the apparition of a person well known to the observer."

"This seems to me an extremely significant fact, when we consider what it is that takes place in our consciousness when we, as we say, recognize any one. The act is, in the majority of cases, not an act of perception, but of memory. The first time that we meet again a person whom we have met but once before, but who has made no very deep impression upon us, most of us go through a more or less prolonged period of hesitation until some hitherto unnoticed feature or some trick of gesture gives us the clue to the identification we are seeking. But the process is in any ordinary case unconscious, because we

have not on the first occasion of meeting the stranger expected to come across him again, and have therefore not closely noted his peculiarities of form or manner."

But what of the dreams that are prophetic? What of the dreams that bring the beautiful poems? What of the dreams that give to the world great inventions and the highest accomplishments of art and the sciences?

Are they hallucinations, deceptions of the senses? or are they the impressions from minds more highly developed, more advanced, in or out of the body, that have the gift of peering into the great sea of future events and conveying those impressions to others, in this semi-conscious condition, between sleep and normal consciousness?

That dreams are often hallucinations there is no doubt, but it has been repeatedly proven that they are foresights of coming events and that makes the solution of the problem by science all the more complicated and uncertain.

It is evident that the consciousness of man goes perambulating about in what we call space and finds many of the coming events, when he is supposed to be asleep and gaining a peaceful rest.

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