

YOU CANNOT AFFORD to miss an issue of this paper, with its wealth of SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

The Progressive Thinker.

SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION in at once, and keep pace with all that is transpiring in the ranks.

VOL. 30

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPT. 17, 1904.

NO. 773

SPIRITUALISM IS A TRUTH.

"One truth is clear--whatever is, is at by a legitimate deduction from all the right." Pope.
"I long to know the truth hereof at large." Shakespeare.
"Let us make truth catching instead of falsehood and disease." Ingersoll.
"Truth depends on, or is only arrived for truth." Lucretius.

Let us love our cause and dare to advocate its truth and defy fraud. If we have the pure it cannot be destroyed in the crucible of reason and fair discussion. It will only thrive, and expand more rapidly.

TRUTH IS IMPERISHABLE.

"My mouth shall speak the truth." Prov. viii, 7.
"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." William Cullen Bryant.
"To have truth and not live it is like having lungs and refusing to breathe." "However unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that however true it may be, if it is not fully frequently, and fearlessly discussed it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth." John Stuart Mill.

EXPLORING UNKNOWN LANDS.

Do Dogs "Telepath" Messages of Forthcoming Events?

The recent dog spirit incident, in which the famous novelist, Rider Haggard, claims to have been told, or "telepathed," of the death of his pet dog, etc., arouses the question as to whether dogs and other animals, birds, fish, bugs, etc., have individual spirits or not. An incident in the life of the well-known Boston artist, Mrs. A. C. Littlefield, would tend to throw a ray of light upon this much disputed subject.

Some years ago she had a valuable Mexican poodle which had been presented to her by some southern friends. It was, I believe, during the Cleveland presidency, and the Southerners, being warm Democrats, christened the dog "Grover Cleveland." Some of the distinguished spiritualists, researchers and occult students in the North were great admirers of the pup and called him "Grover" for short. He was a typical aristocratic dog and was held in such high esteem that a very valuable oil painting was made of him by the artist and framed in a costly, specially designed, hand-carved frame. The dog was a high liver, and his death was predicted by an Indian spirit, but at the time the prediction was not believed, although later the dog croaked on time as the dead Indian had foretold. Did the spirit read the dog's mind or was it a case of subconscious ego of the subliminal telepathy of the constitution? The psychologists are now up against the real thing hard, and we will leave the puzzle for the Harvard professors to analyze. The dog died. At the same time a well-known special correspondent of western newspapers happened to be present with an Eastern school-teacher.

They both were "in at the death" of the dog, and when they supposed the dog was merely sleeping, saw the artist break out crying, saying she "had just seen the dog's spirit taking his body," etc. The newspaper man said, "Oh, no, the dog didn't die yet." But he was dead, as dead as a door-nail.

A Harvard University graduate also saw the death scene, and the facts of the case are capable of scientific proof--if such were needed. We may say that spirits in the next world claim that all forms of life have a spirit of some kind as an animating principle.

Exploring Unknown Lands.

It is famous explorations of Stanley at Livingstonia and others in "Darkest Africa" are eclipsed to-day by the startling discoveries made by many advanced travelers, going far out into the once unknown lands beyond the grave. It has been proved by thousands of reliable people that the air, the ether, the whole universe is densely populated by almost invisible spirit life, vegetation, trees, grass, animals, people, angels, etc. Some explorers say there are seven spheres around this earth, each one inhabited by spirits of different density, weight or specific gravity; that is to say, the heavy spirits walk on the earth like ghosts; then they shake off their material density by degrees and are advanced from one sphere to another much as children are from one school to another. What was once thought to be cold air in the higher regions where balloons froze to death while in material bodies, is now known to be thickly populated by various forms of spirit life. Besides the millions of other worlds, stars, planets, etc., which anyone can see at night, it is claimed that this whole universe is crowded with spirit life.

The lower spheres or earth-bound spheres, are apt to be an ignorant, degraded lot of beings not much better than the rank and file of the rabble on earth, of whom they come. These spheres, instead of being happy, are poor, wretched, and they are full of pain, or when they can obtain, or drink, or eat, or gratify their low, sensual appetite. They often control the hum of cells of mediums, and, as they were on earth, like to get their victims into trouble only to laugh at them.

The higher spheres come down to teach these spheres, and the lower spheres are often unable to go above their own spheres until they have outgrown their earth attractions.

Boston, Mass. ROXBURY.

THE MODERN SAINT.

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immured in walls remote from strife;
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells,
He looks humanely forth on human life.
In place of missals or of altar deeds,
He owns the passion book of dream and day;
Striving to cast the comforting, sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.
Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scared and weak,
Liberal and wise his gifts; he goes to school
To justice; and he turns the other cheek.
He looks not holy; simple is his belief;
His creed for mystic visions do not reach;
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

No medieval mystery, no crowned,
Dim figure, halo-ringed, uncanny bright,
A modern saint; a man who treads
Earth's roundness, and who ministers to all his might.
Sorrow is a kind of rust of soul which
Every new idea contributes in its passage
To scour away.--Johnson.
Ovid finely compares a man of broken
fortune to a falling column; the lower
it sinks the greater weight it is
obliged to sustain.--Goldsmith.

COGENT THOUGHTS.

Cause and Effect Are Inseparable.

In comprehending and illustrating this divine law we are entering a realm which has been considered too sacred for man, if we are to judge by the methods of procedure by which he has dealt with the momentous questions pertaining to his life and destiny. But to deny that there is a realm forbidden him to explore is only proclaiming a truth known to illumined minds of all ages. He has been barred only by his inability to understand the facts pertaining to those questions, which will be removed as he develops his capacity for their comprehension.

The laws of heredity and climatic influences are as operative with nations and races as with individual entities; they bring some of the prominent causes which have produced the diversified lines of thought manifest in the different races. The effects produced are largely shown in their religious beliefs and with that hold upon the intellect and conscience which makes the efforts to turn the current of national thought into a false channel an almost hopeless task. In the efforts to Christianize the old religious beliefs of India which date back long anterior to the foundation of our religious cycle, and rejecting the causes by which they were produced, and ignoring the universal truth which underlies the foundation of all religious beliefs, and trying to place them upon false premises, has produced the effects which are apparent at the present time.

Assertions that they do not sympathize with modern thought, and are holding back the car of progress that to outward appearances is moving forward with increasing speed, are not satisfactory, for while accepting the belief of religious systems in the universal destiny of the race, may they not find acceptable reasons for rejecting that which to those who are looking into the interior life is moving on a line which unless changed will culminate in results as disastrous as those which overthrew the nations of antiquity. "All is not gold that glitters, nor wealth that shines," and in our own country the efforts made to alleviate the unfortunate in life's battle by building asylums where they can find relief, and places of refuge where the criminally inclined can be incarcerated and society protected from their depredations is without doubt prompted by feelings of kindness; but it is only dealing with the effects as they are made apparent, and neglecting the causes which are producing the trouble.

When through gigantic combinations of wealth the necessities of life can be advanced in price beyond the limit which the laws of trade demand and the rights of the people rejected to the extent of robbing them of millions and placing it to the credit of the combination that manipulates the deal, where is the time to be placed, and how can those poverty-producing forces be brought under the control of the higher law of love to our fellow-man? By donating a few thousand to the founding of asylums or to prosecute those unfortunate doomed to desperation by want, they may think to quiet their conscience and be represented before the world as her benefactors.

When the blood of my brother crieth unto me from the ground" is the voice of the divine spirit, and never before has it been with such distinctness as at the present time. We are not sounding the note of an alarmist who believes that the efforts that are being made for improvement are futile to stem the revolutionary tendencies, but whether the transmission from the convulsive period of the present to live more perfect one of the coming time shall be through a peaceful educational development of an understanding and acceptance of the Divine law which says that while one being created in the image of the heavenly father and mother suffers hunger or cold, or has not the means placed within its reach that it can use for its material and spiritual improvement society has a great preparatory work to do and is on dangerous ground until it is accomplished. Or will it be as has been the changes which were wrought in the past through clashing of interests culminating in the arbitrament of war?

The divine law is to direct human life out of the almost interminable labyrinth into which it has plunged largely through ignorance of the laws governing its life, is the divine law which says that every effect is the result of a corresponding cause which clears away the mystification that has to the external mind clouded the truth and in the form of creeds and senseless ceremonies made it difficult to understand when "the wayfarer too a fool need not err" in his comprehension if presented unmasked.

Geology tells us that the present forms of life retain faint traces of workings by which they can be traced back to the more primitive forms from whence they came, and placed in their true order of the divine law of evolution, it is as if it were the material world. So in the realm of the spiritual the forms of thought which are the effects of a past barbaric age have left their impress upon the present, but which is passing away through the ability of the soul to more perfectly understand the truth, enabling it to discriminate between the forces that are only transitory in their operation and those that are eternal.

While in the darkness of night, two hope for and have confidence in the coming of the morning; so in the present blindness, measures that at best are only temporary in their operation will give place to that knowledge which will go to the foundation of the social structure, placing the temple that will be reared on a basis that is enduring, proving the truth of the words of the Divine Teacher, "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

HAMILTON DE GRAW.

West Troy, N. Y.

We must not let go manifest truths because we cannot answer all questions about them.--Jeremy Collier.

SEEKING THE LIGHT.

All progressive minds are constantly seeking the light along spiritualistic and occult lines. No two can see exactly alike on any important subject. There will be a divergence somewhere, hence the spirit of toleration should exist on all sides in reference to the opinions of others. Mr. Ward of New Canton, Ill., is being developed along new lines, and the results thus far have been very remarkable. At some of his circles entrancingly beautiful music has been heard on the piano, when no material instrument of the kind was at hand. The music could be heard as plainly as if emanating from an earth-made piano instead of one invisible to the naked eye--perfectly distinct to all present. Some of the statements made in the following communication diverge from the commonly accepted opinions of Spiritualists, and we hope for more light thereon at no distant day.

To the Editor:--As to the development we are pleased to say, that we are told by the unseen forces that it has reached that point where connection between this and the spirit world exists independent of mortal force. That for the first time in the history of the world, spirits are able to demonstrate the underlying principles of spirit manifestations, and the laws that govern them, and prove where the dividing line lies between mortal spirit manifestation and immortal spirit manifestation. How many do you think are ready for spirit teaching not blended with mortal force?

How many are ready to learn the limitation of mortal spirit power?

Until mortal spirit power has been demonstrated, and its limit of action, independent of the body, reached, no mediums should think they have connection with spirits out of the body. This is done, however, because the governing power between the mind and the spirit is undeveloped, and consequently all manifestation, be it good or bad, has been charged to spirits out of the body, when the truth of the matter is, there is absolutely no true spirit power there, no connection whatever.

Now, Brother Francis, spirits are able to prove that all spirit manifestation is done through vibratory force, and "development" is merely teaching the mortal spirit how this force acts and how the mortal spirit shall gain the heights where it can act as an earthly receiver.

You will probably doubt my sincerity when I tell you that independent slate-writing, one of the highest phases recognized, can be done by the mortal spirit, independent of the physical body, and without any connection with outside spirit force. This can be done, as can all other phases of so-called spirit manifestation, independent of true spirit power. But mortal spirit power cannot prove spirit communication out of the body. That must be accomplished by the spirits who have shed their earthly raiment. They can do so now, because mortal spirit has reached out and gained heights sublime, and through vibratory laws can act as a perfect receiver for manifestation of true spirit power.

We know, and spirits can prove through every law of nature and reason, that no spirit ever returned to earth; that the space through which they manifest is unmeasured, and that spirit manifestation is a governing of the forces that exist throughout space.

Will Spiritualists with their theories of obsession and earth-bound spirits, and their utter ignorance of mortal spirit manifestation, be ready for the overthrow of their beliefs?

Will they accept proven facts concerning spirit power?

When spirit power begins to operate, frauds must cease, as it cannot be imitated.

We do not care to say what is to be done, as we know the spirits do not need us as a mouthpiece, but notwithstanding this, we are glad that we are to be lifted above present-day Spiritualism. That is ridiculed because of its inability to clear the mists away.

We are glad to know that spirit power can at last lead us out of the mists of ignorance, can demonstrate scientifically that we live again, and the purpose for which we are living. We are being guided by this spirit power, and as we have been guided by it these

MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT POWER

Spirits Light the Gas and Cause Trouble in a House.

A most remarkable demonstration of spirit power was witnessed by several gentlemen a few evenings ago at the home of Mrs. Clara U. Myers. On Sunday evening she remarked to her husband how remarkably strong she felt, as she with a number of persons belonging to her class, had been away for a little outing together. She retired about 9:30 p. m., and at 2:30 in the morning, she was taken with violent pain in her body, and for nineteen hours suffered the most excruciating pain that I ever witnessed. Once in a while, her little guide Rosie would control her and ease her suffering. We were powerless to help her in any way, as her guides would not allow anything to be given her, stating that they were removing the old and injecting new chemicals into her body. Every part of her body underwent a change, in order that the guides could have more power for the development of those in her classes. I will say right here that I have never seen so self-sacrificing for others as this dead soul is.

We were told by the guides to gather around her bed at 9 o'clock, and the following gentlemen did so: Mr. Myers, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, the Messrs. Lelek and myself. The guides explained to us the nature of the treatment, then told us to feel the flesh of the body. It was just as though she had been dipped in water. The guides then left her and when she came to, she did not have a particle of pain, and on the following day was up and about the house.

While this was going on and the

guides were working with her, an evil spirit got into the next room and turned on the gas, lit it, and burnt a towel that was hanging on the wall. Her spirit mother came and put the fire out (so we were told afterwards by her guides). The door of the room was closed. Several of us smelled the smoke, which had penetrated to the upper floors and a search was instituted, the cause being found as already stated. All the persons whose names I have previously given, will testify to the truth of what I have written.

I have been investigating this truth for ten years or more, but have never witnessed any grander demonstration than this during all that time. "King," her guide, is one of the grandest spirits it has ever been my privilege to come in touch with, working faithfully to help humanity.

Her many friends in Boston, New York and Chicago will be glad to know that Mrs. Myers is at the present very well and faithfully working for the cause of truth. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space in your valuable paper.

DR. J. W. COWAN.

San Francisco, Cal.

We are accustomed to judge others by ourselves, and thought we graciously absolve them from faults which are like our own, we condemn them with severity if they have not our virtues.

The Prodigal.

No, my son, it isn't that the world has grown hard-hearted; it isn't that we aren't just as glad to-day to see the prodigal come back, and just as lovingly anxious to welcome him home as ever was anybody in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. It is the manner in which the prodigal of to-day frantically returns that throws a wet blanket over the festivities of the welcome. When he comes down the road with his hat hanging on his ear and his hands in his pockets; when he kicks the faithful old house dog as he lounges in at the gate; when he calls his father "guy," and the servant girl "livery," when he wants to know "what's for dinner?" before he has been in the house fifteen minutes; when he gives his elder brother two fingers to shake, and advises him to comb the hayseed out of his hair; when he throws himself into the easiest chair in the house, and announces that he'll "take a tub before dinner," when he comes back with a generally forgiving air of good fellowship about him, and tries to make all the family feel very easy and reassured, then it is, my son, that father longs to run and meet you while you are yet a great way off and fall upon your neck with a plough-line and welt you into a state of becoming humility and penitence by the time you are ready to take off your hat to the bound boy and crawl up the front steps to ask your brother to shake hands with you. Good people are just as glad to-day as we were, my son, to see the prodigal come home, but it does rattle them a little to see him come in a back and ask them to pay the driver and send for his baggage.--A. V. in Agnostic Journal.

The Race Question.

Never in the known history of the world has there been such an object lesson brought before the public, illustrating the unity of life, as is now being enacted here at the World's Fair.

Alnus, Igorrotes, Pigmees, Patagonian giants, people representing every spot on the earth are here in a mosaic of color, type, and idiosyncrasy. Black, white, red, yellow and brown, mingle together like the colors in a kaleidoscope.

The saw-toothed cannibal from the South Sea Islands loses the exclusive Hindoo Javan jungle vegetable religion, and will permit him to eat an egg, because it contains the germ of life.

In strolling among them we notice how unlike, and yet how alike they are, their difference being exoteric, and their similarity esoteric.

They all smile when pleased, frown when angry, look sad or gay, as the mood takes them; they love, they hate, they are good and bad, with all intermediate degrees of both.

Their religions, promising rewards and punishments, are all based upon the one central truth, though the religion of one may seem the superstition of others.

All this points to a beautiful, magnificent truth, viz.: there is no race question, except a geographical one. There is no doubt all have the same source and the same destiny; the same hopes and fears, the same needs and interests.

Heredity and chosen rulers, for their own selfish ends, have fostered race hatred in their ignorant subjects, religious bigotry has done the rest to make this old world weep tears of blood through its known history.

Come to the World's Fair if you want to solve the race question or rather see it solve itself.

We were just talking with a fire worshiper, who spoke very good English, being an interpreter for his tribe. His voice was soft, low, melodious. Said he: "Madam, you bring me a book; it is your religion, you say, it contains all the truth of truth. To-morrow some one else brings me a book--his religion. He says it is all there is of truth. Some more people bring me some more books--each all there is of truth. Madam, I read the books. I have my own. It is written here. (Laying his hand on his heart.) To me it is all there is of truth. I love my people. I do no harm. I worship the Sun. It speaks of power to destroy, that it may create again. It is Spirit, it is God."

He lifted his beautiful black eyes heavenward, a pink flush dyed his brown cheeks, and I knew God was speaking to him in words he could understand, better than any that might come from my stumbling tongue. So I turned away in reverential silence.

At the societies here, notwithstanding the extreme hot weather have received fair patronage, though not what had been hoped for. The Cottage Tent City Annex to the World's Fair should receive better patronage from Spiritualists and New Thought people visiting the fair.

It is well equipped for meetings, rest and recreation and affords a delightful opportunity for getting together under the very shadow of the World's Fair buildings, with the privilege of searchlights from the Ferris wheel and other eminences to chase away the spooks.

The Ladies' Society meeting at the Odium Thursday afternoon bids fair to develop some splendid speakers and mediums. The cause here can safely report progress.

St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. M. McCASLIN.

Have Animals Souls?

Again and again this question is asked, and arguments pro and con are offered in proof. I have been feeling much attached to their living or departed pets, take affirmation for granted; while others, and fine logicians among them, deny such possibility, and find the idea ludicrous, that we should share our future blessed homes with creatures so far below us, "for," they argue, "where shall we draw the line? cats, dogs, horses, are admitted the law must apply to the rest of creation, even to the insect pest; and we must expect to have nine-tenths of our future happiness absorbed by mosquitoes, flies, fleas, bugs, spiders, snakes, scorpions, etc."

Sad logical outlook indeed! To think of all the tiny tormentors we savagely dispatched on earth, turning up again on the other side and taking sweet revenge in all eternity! To think of all the hosts of the same ilk, too numerous to count to an honest biographer during their short earth-life, and now awaiting compensation in a new life, where we all expect a chance to work out our possibilities.

Alas! what a prospect for arisen humanity! But, seriously. We should never draw extreme conclusions, for none of us possesses wisdom enough to offer any infallible dictum. The best equipped scientist, the best developed medium, can only give to us part of the truth we crave; others must add, must supplement, stone by stone the grand structure advances, and even a fraction of a stone will count.

But shall the mighty temple ever be finished? A faint voice within me answers, "Never! It is the endless work of endless generations, throughout eternity."

May I be pardoned for this digression from my subject proper? The convenient term "instinct" for any demonstration of animal intelligence is now considered obsolete by up-to-date scientists; the word "intellect" has taken its place, and even a psychic undercurrent is not any more out of the question.

From here to "soul" is only a short step, which I would not hesitate to venture, considering the many phenomena that have been reported from different persons. If only one of them can be authenticated beyond the shadow of a doubt, then the question is settled. Since the truth of the existence and persistence of the soul of man is established, psychic kinship with men en-

THE STORY OF SHUNGOPAVI.

The Wonder-working "Medicine Man" Among the Cliff Dwellers at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says that an institution is only the elongated shadow of one man. The World's Fair at St. Louis, now the greatest exhibition of human progress the world has ever seen, or is likely to see again in a century, is also the index of its organization, and by the same token it may be said that the several exhibits, large and small of whatever they tell are the visible duplication of the ambitions of the men that brought them into being.

The World's Fair at St. Louis is particularly rich in the displays of the peoples of strange and out-of-the-way regions. This social anthropological department shows excellence in variety as well as in extent. For Americans none of these divisions has more interest than the one in which the modes of life of the American Indians are exhibited by a collection of the leading groups of human beings that originally occupied the soil of what is now the United States. The Indians as they are familiarly known exist in the public mind largely in the guise of savages or semi-savages. When we speak of Indians we conjure up visions of atrocities of the Apaches, the Sioux, the Comanches, the Nez Percés and the like and the deadly struggles in which these

until very recently engaged with the white settlers of the West. Tradition, romance and history are full of deeds the most daring regarding the encounters, awful and sanguinary that preceded the now no longer disputed occupancy of the North American territory by the white men.

But the World's Fair now teaches another lesson and it gives us in the person of one strange man another record. Hundreds of years ago before the time when came long ago, to the time that Anglo-Saxon land-hunger showed "self on this continent, there lived in the Canyons of the Colorado river, in what is now Arizona and New Mexico, a rare race of people known as the Cliff Dwellers. Whence they came no man can tell. Only their descendants to-day, the Mohits, Zunis and Pueblos have tradition of their forefathers, and they tell us at the World's Fair in the department devoted to the Cliff Dwellers, that their ancestors were a peaceful race, that they worshiped the sun and that their priests claimed miraculous knowledge concerning the powers of the earth, and the air. They tell us further that that power is transmitted by their priests, or medicine men, as we call them, from one to the other, and that has been handed down unimpaired from earliest times. The Cliff Dwellers have among them a wonder-worker, named Shungopavi, a mysterious man, now in the prime of life, who possesses occult powers that defy explanation by any American or foreign scholar who, so far, has been privileged to witness his marvelous performances.

Shungopavi duplicates many of the miraculous things spoken of in Scripture. He seems to have solved the mysteries of space and time. His feats of legerdemain are the talk of World's Fair visitors. He works entirely without apparatus. His person is engaging. The blood of his ancestors shows itself in him by degrees of demeanor before the mixed audiences that daily see him. He is truly a wonder-worker, the like of which no World's Fair has ever before presented.

It is the higher animal to the same claim.

The chain of evolution drawn by scientists, the tree of life, with man as its crowning point, is an admirable working hypothesis (though already on the point of being supplanted by others); but cannot claim infallibility.

Nature's so-called laws, probably formed by necessity in the course of eons, do not always work machine-fashion, or we could not speak of her "whims" and "tricks," that are observed in the mineral as well as the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Man, the "crowning point of creation," often makes a very poor show, and would sometimes do well to change places with some well trained monkey.

It will not do to simply speak of man, genus man, as the "non plus ultra" of creatures, unless we have in mind the ideal man, or rather ideal mankind--men and women capable of forming high ideals to cherish and to follow, capable of highest mental and moral development, towering above the level of average mankind.

If I were a good, faithful dog, I would not desire to change places with some brute of a master, called man; if I happened to be an intelligent horse, (for instance the one mentioned above), I would not exchange my place for life against that of the average negro; still less of the Jew one; the yet existing savage tribes being entirely out of the question.

The soul-principle is evidently a matter of degree and develops on different scales in different individuals, animals not excluded. In some human beings it is scarcely perceptible, justifying us to doubt its final unfoldment, while some animals show too much of the principle to justify doubt about future persistency. With the majority of creatures, however, it may not be strong enough to persist, but return to what might be termed a common source; in this case we need not fear mosquitoes, etc.

But we might do well to discard some of our human conceits, and prepare to meet on the other shore animals exhibiting better soul-elements than many of our human kith and kin.

MRS. HENRIETTA STRAUB.

Port Orange, Fla.

Great mischiefs happen more often from folly, meanness and vanity than from the greater sins of avarice and ambition.--Burke.
The worst enemies of law are those who would perpetuate injustice under the name of law.--Sentinel of Christian Liberty.

A VIVID PICTURE.

Illustrating Mental Laws and the Judgment Day.

We are looking into future relations of life with each other, and the conditions governing those relations. Vast as the subject is, I may be permitted to give a word in relation to the laws governing that condition. No one can learn all, and as each gains a little light, it seems to me that it will benefit the conditions of the human race. If each will give his or her best of truth, kindly and fully to all as far as it will, to bring progress on earth, higher spiritual and moral unfoldment. If one has found a diamond, another a pearl, it is unnecessary to say the pearl is valueless because it is not a diamond, or claim the diamond's flashing light is darkness because it is not a pearl.

I believe all mediums are being taught by spirit teachers; one may learn one lesson; another a very different lesson on the same subject; lessons in between, which would blend the whole as one, may be learned by a third, but the third needs to give his lesson and let the chain be completed, and not quarrel because the others have their link, for the three links must be brought into relation and give brotherly love and fraternal friendship to the whole Spiritualist world.

Why need we quarrel with those who lay the Bible aside, because they have found God speaks to them, as well as to the prophets of old, and they read in the laws of cause and effect in nature's demonstration on the written law of divine command.

If another still finds in the Bible that which relates to higher truths, proving that the mediums of old were also taught by those passed into the spirit world, and the laws governing their condition of life illustrated in the teachings given, may we break the circle and exclude half the family?

Would it not be well for us as Spiritualists to study the law as we are able to do, and see how they relate to the illustrations given by Christ and other Bible mediums.

In my early life I studied the Bible to learn spiritual truths. As I grew older I studied nature to learn spiritual truths. When I developed my mediumship I studied the spirits. I sought proof of higher laws to learn spiritual truths. I felt it important to me to learn what kind of a country each year of mortal life was hastening me towards.

There are so many different planes and grades of conditions in this world of mental conditions governed by scientific laws, that there is no wonder that so many different stories are given explaining what we all seek to unravel, the great hereafter.

I have tested mental laws, gained the proof that persons at a distance in mortal condition, can send their thoughts to you as to build on the atmosphere before a developed sensitive a picture of themselves. I have proved the condition by seeing faces appear before me, noting the time and learning after that the person was thinking of me at the time I saw the face in my room.

Mental laws are so forceful that they carry feelings of love or hate, illness or happiness, to the sensitized person. The mind produces a picture on the atmosphere of any material thing it thinks of intently, so that a sensitized plate produces a picture of that which was thought of as well as the sensitized person sees it.

A man who comes to my meetings often, had a picture taken to obtain spirit photographs. It was taken on Sunday. When developed, not only a face, but a face supposed to be spirit was beside him in the picture, but his son, not in spirit life, with a wheel, was also there as plain as he himself.

This boy was in a distant town, and had never ridden a wheel that he knew of. But Thursday he received a letter telling him that the boy was learning to ride a wheel, and that Sunday he had taken a long ride. Knowing his father's interest in all that he did, he could not help thinking of him, and thus the picture was procured by mental laws. I have found many proofs of these laws, or my spirit teachers have given them to me, proving that they are more forceful in their condition of life than even with a sensitized medium.

Thoughts of past acts produce a picture of all relating to them, as real as if they were acted over again. The soul in eternity starts back from his own thoughts, for all that he has done was evil presents itself to him. They chase him, the phantoms of the past, also the thoughts of those he has injured appear before him, and add to his condemnation by making him see his acts as they see them.

An illustration was given me clairvoyantly of a special case. A negro had committed several murders, but the last crime which led to his capture and confession was, torturing a mother and babe to learn where money was kept. The mother, tied in a chair witnessed the burning of her baby's feet by the colored fiend. When on the scaffold the man ended his life as a mortal, a Catholic priest stood beside him who had led him to confess his crimes and seek salvation through the teachings of his creed.

I wondered what the man's condition could be when he awoke to the fact that Christ's blood had not washed his soul from its stains, and as I thought of his sin and wondered the voice of one of my guides said, "Go into the mental realms, and find the man; see for yourself what mental law gives to him. God is law, mental law; it judges, condemns, punishes and rewards."

In a moment I saw the man. He seemed to be hastening away from all human habitation, fleeing through forests, hiding in caves, crouching behind great rocks; a terrible look of fear was on his face, for ever as he looked or paused in his flight, he saw the thought forms of those he had harmed as if pursuing him. Their thoughts as well as those of others who loved them, came after him like phantoms, to escape which he sought to hide in places, hastening to one place to place, but could not escape the unchangeable law.

My guide's voice again said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth. In that day they shall call on the rocks to hide them." The true meaning of the Bible judgment day was illustrated in the short lesson.

Thus my guides show me how much there is to learn of spiritual conditions from the Bible, but which cannot be understood save as psychic powers are developed, the philosophy as well as the phenomena of spirit life proved, and a knowledge of mental science gained. The more we learn as truth the more we are able to see that Christ and other Bible mediums were far ahead of us in this age of advanced thought, and understood well the higher lessons we are just learning.

MRS. MAY A. PRICE.
Washington, D. C.

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crimes of the tongue, the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents.

SOUL AND SPIRIT.

So much has been said in regard to the soul and spirit, and so many conflicting ideas presented, that one becomes confused and hardly knows what to think.

If we believe the teachings of the orthodox church, also those of many of our Spiritualist and New Thought lecturers and writers, we must conclude that man is a triune being—three individuals in one, or that he is a physical being possessing a spirit and soul, and in accord with such teaching we often hear the expression—my soul or my spirit.

The orthodox minister warns us to be very careful lest we lost our souls. He does not attempt to explain what the soul is but leaves all such abstruse questions with God. Just as the preachers and the church have always wanted to do with all questions; but the scientist takes great pains to tell us what the soul is and its relation to the body and spirit, yet often when he gets through his explanations are about as clear as mud.

A few advocates of re-embodiment teach that the soul is afar off, does not descend into matter but projects a part or power of itself into the material world in the form of the physical body. This body they call the child of the soul. But this is so vague, we want to ask where is the soul and what is it? How did it have its beginning and where? What is the purpose of its existence?

I do not pretend to know nor do I insist that my knowledge along these lines is absolute or my conclusions past controversy, but I have like a good many others a few ideas I am willing to inflict upon the public.

I believe that instead of having souls we are souls, and that the soul and spirit are one. Hence I may say I am a soul or I am a spirit.

Some of the ancients said spirit meant breath. Others called that part of the individual which survived death of the body and could be sensed or seen the spirit.

Most people to-day talk of the dead as spirits, never having thought of their being spirits while in the mortal body.

So we can plainly see that all this talk about spirits has arisen from the fact that man has persisted in putting in an appearance now and then after his so-called death, and the people have named him a spirit.

It does away with a great deal of perplexity when we come to consider man as an individual—we may call him a soul, who is seeking to express himself on the different planes of life through bodies corresponding to the planes upon which he desires to operate.

For instance he builds for himself a physical body with organs and faculties adapted to his purpose of coming in contact with physical environments. While manifesting through this body here he may have many bodies, as many as he has planes of consciousness.

It is a well established fact that there is a body similar to the physical called by some the astral body—by Paul the spiritual body.

This body or temple, as some have poetically called it, exists during the life of the physical and the soul employs it for its expression the same as it does the physical body.

No one ever sees the soul, the real man or woman, but only a manifestation of same by and through a body.

Clairvoyants see the spirit, they say, of someone still in the earth life. They see but an expression of the individual, viz., one of his bodies, and when a incarnate person is seen it is a material body (much attenuated) and not the soul.

The idea has prevailed that there can be no freedom of the soul from physical conditions until the death of the body, but we hold that the soul in the ultimate is free and that its range of operations, planes of consciousness and grasp of knowledge far transcend anything thought of by man in his cramped physical expression.

This is partially proven by hypnotism. When the subject is free to a certain extent and he begins to be lifted out of his prison house, so to speak, something of the scope and grandeur of life flashes upon him. He seems to know the mysteries of being, to remember the past and be able to read the future. No wonder he is so sometimes to descend again to the narrow limits of life in the physical.

Then how much we feel that never finds expression here. Every man, woman and child carries within songs sweeter far than any they can sing, and we are all poets, painters, musicians, orators, philosophers, philanthropists and lovers, yet we let the world know but little about it.

And sometimes we forget the fine emotions that lie buried within the depths of our being until perchance we listen to a grand lecture, a song or sweet symphony from some great soul, then we are stirred, lifted, rejoiced, baptized with light from the eternal worlds, and we are amazed at ourselves.

The greatest writer has said but a small part of what was in him, and the famous productions of the master musicians are but fragments from the infinite depths of song.

Victor Hugo after having written for more than fifty years in every style imaginable and upon every subject that claims the attention of the human mind, declared that he had not said a thousandth part of what was in him.

Life is a unit. One life, but different expressions of individual entities on the different planes of consciousness; and we are really never separated from our dead, for while we sleep or even while awake we may be with them on the plane of vibration they occupy in the body corresponding to their "spiritual bodies."

"That we are not conscious of this while conscious to physical life does not disprove it. The soul knows whether it consciously knows or not.

We may remember a part an experience and call it a dream or we may not remember at all.

A man was thrown from a vehicle and his skull crushed in on the brain. After his recovery he could remember nothing that occurred prior to the accident, although he learned readily and was otherwise normal.

After twenty years he had an operation performed and the piece of skull raised from off the brain. He immediately remembered all he had known before the accident but knew nothing of what had taken place since.

This proves that a person may be in possession of knowledge and have experiences of which he is not cognizant.

I am often asked if insane people will be sane after the death of the physical body? Naturally, yes, as the loss of the mind as it is termed, is but a derangement of some part of the mechanism of the body through which the soul is trying to express. The soul or real self remains intact, and unhurt, and when freed from the imperfect body will go on its way rejoicing.

Looking at it in this way life does not seem such a hideous nightmare, such a grand farce, for where a soul fails to accomplish its purpose in any embodiment and its bark goes down in the dark waters of its earthly existence.

It cannot be lost nor injured,
For the Father's hand will guide,
And within the love unfailing
It must evermore abide.

I was, I am, and ever shall be. This every soul can truthfully exclaim. I am not caring about trying to save my soul from destruction, for I know that I am and shall ever be, and that all the forces in the universe cannot destroy me. From the eternal past I have come, no matter how, but judging from what I know of life in this expression it has been through persistent effort to adjust myself to my surroundings, to overcome obstacles and master my every situation.

"No man-made laws can alter facts" and all the creeds in Christendom cannot damn me, for I am a law unto myself, and above, beyond, and superior to any law except that written on the tablets of my being by the hand that brought me into existence.

The idea that a soul has its beginning with the physical body gives one a very narrow, contracted view of life, and it is not strange that confusion arises in the mind when we undertake to deal with the problem of life from this standpoint.

I have no way of proving that the soul has had an existence prior to this, but it seems reasonable to me that it is so. I cannot think that within the short space of a human life-time the soul can acquire all its wonderful knowledge and power. I believe that not only man but every form of life expresses itself continually in one way or another through matter. The beautiful rose we admire to-day is but the expression of the soul back of it.

All creatures on the lower planes of animal life are souls and in a way immortal.

I do not hold that the rose always remains a rose, but in accordance with its nature it will seek higher, better conditions for its expression.

The animal seeks, though unconsciously, higher and more complicated forms of development, and thus comes on up the scale of being.

Some of our Spiritualists claim that animals hold a body and an existence for a time after death. May it not be possible that they soon find expression in some form of physical life again? Naturally that most needful for them.

If as scientists declare, man is the product of evolution, is it not possible that the process of evolution may be some such as suggested above? And the soul continues to clothe itself again and again in materiality until it has had every experience and advantage earth life can afford it. When such time comes it will go on into higher expressions of life, free from and master of all earthly conditions.

Many Spiritualists argue that re-embodiment is unnecessary since the soul can go on obtaining all that is necessary for its further growth and unfoldment in the spirit world. At the same time they will tell you we are now in the spirit world the same as the dead except that we have our physical bodies. This I believe is true. Now if the so-called dead do not have need of this life, why do they linger here seeking to get control of the physical bodies of mediums?

Some will say for the good of humanity, for the development of the medium, etc., but we know that the person controlled is not always benefited and often the guides as they are called, will tell us they remain with us for our mutual good. Thousands are controlling mediumistic people because they need earthly experiences and must have a form of expression.

So I have come to the conclusion consciously here, the same no doubt I have many times before, that if it is necessary for me to operate on the physical plane through a physical body, it is infinitely better that I build one of my own. It will serve my purpose better and will not be an imposition on another.

What is this for? For the individualization and unfoldment of the soul.

What is unfoldment of soul? In my opinion it means the development of faculties corresponding to every branch of knowledge. These to be so strong and so perfect that in every possible condition or environment of life we shall know without the effort of acquiring knowledge. For instance every faculty must be as perfect as was Handel's for music or as is the natural mathematician's for numbers and calculation. Also that the soul may become calm and self-possessed, fearless and free, and master in the realm of its being, perfect in knowledge and perfect in love.

The Christs have been souls thus unfolded who have come to earth with a mission, knowing from whence they came and whither they were going.

It may seem like a slow and tedious process, this being born again, but we have all the time there is, and if we have infinite possibilities we also have endless life in which to unfold them.

So let us not be discouraged even though, like Helen Keller, we lack the most important avenues of communication with this world. Let us not be in a hurry, nor worry and fret, but rest in the sweet assurance that all is well with the soul.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what awaits this eager pace;
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face."

That a soul can be lost is a most absurd idea, since the very aim and object of life is individualization. Everything is exclaiming I am, I am, I am! If not in the musical tones of the present day New Thought, then by its everlasting persistence in self-development, its determination to be.

There is no sin except the transgression of some law of our being, and no hell except the punishment that follows as a natural consequence. Neither is eternal, for the soul shall eventually triumph over all error, make reparation for every mistake or wrong and obtain complete happiness by attuning itself to the rhythmic vibrations of the universal life. In the very nature of things this is so.

Do not imagine, then, that when you lie down in the cold embrace of death your spirit, as you call it, will be floating about without form, an intangible, elusive indefinable something; for you cannot die, and the death of your body does not change you.

You are a centralization of nature's forces. For countless ages you have been rising to higher and higher states of being, pushing on up the spiral stairway of knowledge and love.

Contesting every inch of the way, you have with dogged persistence and from stern necessity brought yourself to where you are.

Now what are you going to do? Go out into nothingness? Lose your identity? No! You are and ever shall be, nor ever will you be a disembodied spirit, but always a conscious, loving, aspiring soul, clothed upon with a body adapted to your new condition of life.

There is no mistaking the grandly unfolded souls. Majestic in bearing, broad-minded, tolerant and progressive, they are the beacon lights along the shore of earthly existence, and the very highest indication of a great soul is its tender sympathy and loving consideration for all creatures that like itself are struggling upward towards the light.

San Antonio, Texas, LAURA B. PAYNE.

A PLEA FOR PURITY.

ITS BEAUTY, GRANDEUR AND UPLIFTING QUALITIES ARE POINTED OUT.

"There is a Well-Defined Conviction in the Minds of Many That There is a Certain Sacredness Involved in Conversing With Departed Friends."

In all lines of human endeavor those best fitted to endure the various vicissitudes incident to their particular work survive longest. The survival of the fittest is merely the triumph of purity. The pure, therefore, realize a greater degree of comfort and profit from their endeavors.

The average employee must be free from health-wrecking and bankrupt-making habits, for the modern employer cannot afford to employ any one who is known to be a victim to habits which will eventually dim the mind and destroy the body.

The cigarette-smoking youth is not wanted in business. The beer-drinking man finds, sooner or later, in his pay envelope, the eloquent words, "Your services are no longer needed."

The public is a kind and generous employer, in a way, and is slow to wrath, forgiving much and hoping for better things of its employees.

The medium is an employee—a trusted one—of an employing public. It therefore behooves the medium to be above reproach with regard to habits and personal cleanliness.

There is a well-defined conviction in the minds of many that there is a certain sacredness involved in conversing with departed friends, in spirit life. It is quite shocking to their finer sensibilities to detect the odor of whisky or tobacco upon the medium. The idea of absolute purity is inseparably associated in their minds with that of spirit communication. This is natural, and it should be encouraged by the purity of the medium's thoughts, deeds and daily life.

The writer well remembers a certain medium who was in the habit of puffing clouds of smoke from a cigarette while on the street and even while in the seance room. He said the smoking of a cigarette "steadied" his nerves, and forgot that nothing is better for the nerves than an abstemious life.

The writer has carefully observed the countenances of those present at the seances of this man, and almost without exception surprise and disgust were found to be depicted there. Although this medium was well developed in both the inspirational and materializing phases, and in charge of a flourishing church, his downfall was gradual and certain.

No one can wreck a body and benumb a spirit with impunity, expecting to escape the results of a violation of natural laws. We must merit reward in order to receive reward, and a medium cannot hope to report to the public for duty with a tainted breath and a clouded soul and expect continued employment at a high wage.

A discerning public places the seal of its approval only upon those who live purely—for the others it has only tolerance. Competition in this age of the world's history has fixed a standard of competency, and absence of injurious and offensive habits is an important factor therein; for virtue has become more than its own reward.

Modern commercialism recognizes a department of sentiment, and it employs mediums in that department, for without sentiment we are stoics; and stoics have no need of industry as we, to-day, understand the term. When departed relatives are mentioned, the active element of sentiment possessed by that great mass of people called "the public," is at once aroused. It is the first step for many on that never-ending path of knowledge which Spiritualism has helped many timid feet to tread.

On this initial tour of investigation must the conceptions of purity and of spirituality be shocked and the inquirer turned backward by hypocrisy.

Mediums who mirror in their daily life the truths of Spiritualism are moderately well paid, experience no ill effects through the exercise of their psychic powers, are surrounded by friends, and are happy; but mediums who are victims of alcohol, tobacco, morphine, cocaine, immorality and insincerity, usually perish miserably.

Let the fact that purity and true mediumship are inseparable. Too often truth is not made superior to all else, and the mad desire to gain money overbalances the desire to be a real force for good in the world. It is then that the mercenary medium seeks to give only such facts and results which will "please the customer," and the first step toward the ruin of that medium's psychic powers is made.

The writer has always contended that mediumship should not be depended upon as a sole means of gaining a livelihood. A trade, or a profession enables the medium to remove mediumship from the corrupting influence of money and creates an independence in which the desire to help humanity, to uplift mankind and to remove error and superstition shines forth as the most important motive. The necessity of an independent means of support is particularly applicable in the case of the inspirational psychic; for the advice given by a great medium to his pupils, whom he sought to develop, should be remembered: "Take heed to how you shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit which speaketh in you."

In this connection the writer would give it as his opinion that a calm, clear, dispassionate statement of spiritual truths is desired by the truly intelligent audience in preference to the most elaborate embellishments consisting of windmill-like swingings of arms and stamping of feet that can be devised by the most athletic or inventive lecturer. The day of the gymnastic lecture is past. It has gone the way of live sermon that was accompanied by the stamping of as many horses, and the pounding on the stout oaken reading desk like unto the noise caused by a full dozen pile-drivers. The proper place for the control that seeks to substitute muscularity for intelligence is in a boiler factory. All things have their time and place, but the forum is certainly not the place for monkey-like contortions and skyscraper gestures.

Truth is naked, but she requires neither the arts of Delaarte nor the strength of Vulcan to make her more beautiful.

Let us have more facts and less fuss; more purity and less putridity; more reason and less rapacity.

Let us encourage the "higher criticism" if it tends to eliminate the non-essentials. That impure habits and personal uncleanness are non-essentials to the well-ordered life is quite well recognized.

This trio you should cherish: Knowledge, Reason and Purity. The greatest of these is Purity, for it is a crown of blessing upon the possessor of the two others—Reason and Knowledge.

The writer has often pondered upon

AN IMPORTANT VISION.

With the Spiritual Lesson Derived Therefrom.

Last night, or rather this morning, I had a very clear vision on the vibratory system in nature and man.

I have had many visions in the years past, on these lines of the science of nature and man, but this time another view was presented to me and I could not only see man's powerful action in all of these operations, but I could understand rightly while seeing. As a result, the following was penned by spirit aid after I awoke.

It is with a sense of pleasure that we announce that you have gained another true idea concerning universal operations, viz., that really the electrical workings combine the full science of man and nature. Thus, man's commitments and his rescue therefrom comes, just come through that system wisely governed for purposes results.

Therefore, to write and to talk on this, the true science of life, is in order, for the time is come when it can be not only comprehended by the studios of earth, but also demonstrated. Man has learned that connections can be made formed between the earth and elemental electricities and magnetisms, that there is this radiant power of life flame in nature, also in man, and which, in man, is nourished from and active in these natural force and substance activities; that man being the conscious entity in the employ of Supreme Wisdom, is rated as the governing power on his planes of expression and has these rights of rule supremely vested in him.

But thus far he has viewed things wrongly, and has aimed to dominate his weaker brother man whom it is his duty to aid in performing his parts in these associated labors of force and substance regenerations, and thus in the general progress of man and things. Had these simple and self-evident truths been held and adhered to by man, the appointed Master in creation's scheme, he would now be on the lofty planes marked for this cycle and world age. Alas! he is found far below required vibratory average, hence the necessity of these heaven-enforced helps during the crisis through which all things are passing at the present time.

Therefore it is not a thing to be wondered at that the immoral and deficient in true soul development now found on earth and those sent out from Earth in such deficient form, should bring for undesirable results. It is done to bring the mass of humanity to their senses and to recognize the true status of the race in the conscious life of divided planes of life's expression, and so take steps to educate all classes of so-called criminals, insane, feeble-minded and generally deformed. Thus alone are these wrongs righted and a redemption wrought from these states of mind and soul slavery to ill forces, and their compulsions to acts of harm to the perpetrators and their intended victims.

This vibratory system in man and nature is for regenerative purposes changing crude into refined substances, but man being wrongly active in desire, thoughts and deeds, becomes a debtor thus to others whose conduct is thus affected and universal rules then, must, in the name of justice and equity punish all such offenders.

From such righteous punishments, for effecting self-restoration to true usefulness, none can be relieved, only as they are capable of seeing their true condition and undoing the wrongs, first by a true desire to aid where before they hindered pursuits of others in common welfare, then by active thought and labor to help in such ways. This at first sight seems like an unassuming, almost task to an enfeebled soul in any form, but when it is considered that as they thus try to undo the wrongs they have done, help is given them in due proportion, so it is not of themselves alone that this redeeming task is accomplished, but at the same time it cannot be done for them unless they are the principal actors in true, honest efforts as indicated.

This is the foundation of the true plan of man's redemption and thought thereon is invited.

Psychical and Physical.

Among such experiences, one a few years ago impressed me greatly. It was about nine o'clock one evening, I was sitting in my room, when I felt a peculiar sensation of joy and sadness pass over me. At once I was clairvoyant and saw in the street before the house a company of heavenly Sir Knights mounted on white horses and in full regalia.

They passed on, keeping the middle of the street until they reached the home of a prominent physician, a Sir Knight also, who was sick at the time. There they halted, made a salute, then turned and marched out to the cemetery, still keeping the middle of the street.

One week later the doctor's funeral occurred, which I attended. The Sir Knights Templar had charge of the service, and lo! they marched in the street as I had seen the heavenly ones doing. It was an impressive ceremony for the reason that more than earthly interest was manifested therein.

I have often wondered why it is, but I see the higher order of Masons or Sir Knights frequently attend the last rites of their earthly brethren. I see also others receiving such attentions, but not to such a marked degree.

This is evidence that the Mason's creed to assist one another, etc., is acceptable in heaven's sight? Or is it merely the difference between the order? At any rate it is a mark of honor.

Van Wert, Ohio. MRS. M. KLEIN.

SUNSHINE THOUGHTS.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it."
There's warmth in every wintry soul,
If you can only wake it.
A word of cheer, dispelling fear
From sad hearts in sorrow,
Sets notes athrill in heart and will—
God's promise for to-morrow.

In every weary soul we meet,
Their lives to rosy sunshine sweet,
By just one word to be brighten.
So as we go, let each bestow
A friendly word of cheer,
That dewy flowers of love may grow
In by-ways far and near.

This old world would brighter be,
If each would do his part
To shed on all a genial smile,
And kindness impart;
And hearts bowed low in deepest woe
Would find joy's richest treasure,
By just one little word of cheer,
To make their lives a pleasure.

BISHOP A. BEALS.
Summerland, Cal.

the saying of the ancient warrior above quoted, and his found a world of meaning in it. Study it well, and you will find the truth of a thousand years of experience, upon the following words.

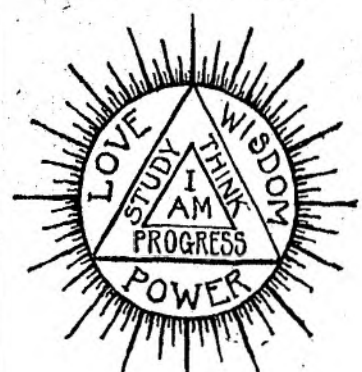
F. M. SNARRENDERGER.
Columbus, Ohio.

HEALING CURRENTS

FROM THE

BATTERY OF LIFE,

BY WALTER DE VOE.



A Book That Awakens the
Healing Power in the Soul
It Teaches the Glorious Truth that Frees
From Sin, Sickness, Poverty and Pain.
PRICE, \$1.00.
For Sale by
COLLEGE OF FREEDOM,
Woodlawn, Chicago.

PUBLICATIONS

OF

Hudson Tuttle.

Library of Spiritual Literature.

STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS
OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

This work essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research by referring them to a common cause, and from them arise to the laws and conditions of Man's spiritual being. Third edition. Price 75 cents.

LIFE IN TWO SPHERES.

In this story the scenes are laid on earth, and in the spirit world, presenting the spiritual philosophy and the real life of spiritual beings. All questions which arise on that subject are answered. Price, 60 cents.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT AND THE SPIRIT WORLD.
English edition. Price, \$1.

Life In the Spirit Realms.

Letter From Abby A. Judson, Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea.

My Dear Friends and Readers of The Progressive Thinker:—I feel sure that you will all be glad to hear from me, although I was not accustomed to write for this particular paper. But all papers that give forth great truths to the people are very dear to me.

The old Banner of Light was and still is exceedingly dear to me; but The Progressive Thinker is a young giant, and really I would like to stand in the shadow of its mighty arm.

I occasionally control another medium when writing for the dear old Banner; but why not write for both papers, now that my powers are increased an hundred fold? While I was still with you in the form I read with a great deal of interest books written by the spirit Franz Petersilea, also the one written by the lovely and progressed spirit, Mary Ann Carey, former wife of Franz and mother of Carlyle. These books seemed to turn for me the key that unlocked the secrets of creation.

I had read and thought most deeply of evolution; but the more I traced it up and thought of it, the more bewildered I became. It seemed to lead upward to a dreary waste, simply peopled by men, women and children. According to the law of evolution not a thing could be immortal but mankind.

I often expressed my thoughts to friends, telling them that the theory of evolution did not satisfy the indwelling spirit and soul, and I thought there must be a lack, for my soul reached out after something more, and I was sure that if the soul craved something more there must be something more to complete its joy and satisfaction.

A friend advised me to read the books of Carlyle Petersilea, written by the spirit of his father, and others. I obtained and read them, and was perfectly delighted. Here was the food that my soul had longed for. I had all along felt that there must be truth in evolution, and could not give it up entirely, but like my own being, there seemed to be an incompleteness about it, and these books gave me that which I sought: Involvement and Evolution. Hand in hand they must go. Evolution led to dreary wastes, but hand in hand with Involvement led to all that was most lovely and satisfying—that all life whatever was first involved from the spiritual germ, where evolution took it up and carried it into the spirit realms. Thus the spirit realms held all life and beauty that the earth produced, intact; and I could not disbelieve it if I would. It satisfied my soul and made me happy; and I know it was the truth.

Yes, all life was immortal! and now I am here in the spiritual realm and know it to be correct, for I am surrounded by the flora and fauna that the dear old earth has sent hither. She nourished all life close to her breast, for a season, and then sent it hither to make glad the spirits of men, women and children.

I had never met Carlyle Petersilea, nor his revered father, face to face when in the material form; and when I heard that Carlyle also had come to this life, I longed to see and talk with him. I found him engaged in his legitimate business, that of instructing the young. Already a beautiful conservatory of music was in full swing. I think swing is a very good word to use here, although the medium somewhat objected to it, but if you could hear the rhythmic swing of the volumes of harmony that are sent forth into the sublime ether, you would think the word quite appropriate.

I found Mr. Petersilea a genial, polite, noble-hearted gentleman, very glad to see me indeed.

"Ah! Miss Judson," he said, "how glad I am to think that you feel interest enough in me to seek me out. You are just the lady I want to meet. One in whom I have always felt the deepest interest. — My dear wife has talked of you to me for many years, and now I am sure you will be one to aid me in controlling her to write, that we may together hold up the Banner of Truth."

Now, this was the very opportunity that I was seeking, and I said:

"Mr. Petersilea, you make me very happy. This life is an exceedingly beautiful one, but I want to do more for the world we have both so lately left. I have found it rather hard, thus far, to find mediums who are willing to give me their time free—mediums who will write for me hours at a time without expecting or looking for reward. Is your wife one who will give me her time and attention?"

"My wife is one who would give her time to anyone whom she thought good and worthy, and if, thereby, it would please me."

"You and your wife were very happy and truly united?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "We sincerely believe that we, together, form the perfect whole. She is now in deep grief, but I hope soon to be able to soothe and comfort her more than I have yet been able to do, and you will help me, I know, Miss Judson!"

"I surely will, and make myself happier by doing so."

"Miss Judson, I think my wife is about the only medium through whom you can give the true and perfect law of evolution and evolution, and so let us clasp hands in unity and friendship, and aid each other all we possibly can. You have not started another Seminary for young ladies?"

"No. I do not think that is now my particular work and mission—for, Mr. Petersilea, I am not now alone as formerly, but have found one as dear to me as your wife is to you; and we also think that we form the perfect whole; and we are exceedingly happy in our union. Old maids do not forever remain old maids," I continued, laughing.

"So it would seem," he replied. "I congratulate you with all my soul; and have you formed a home here?"

"Oh, yes; a very beautiful home, and you must visit us there."

"I shall certainly do so," he replied. And he has kept his word, and we have entertained him as well as we were able, but I think that we have to thank him, for his exquisite music entertained us far more, and carried our souls up into loftier regions of bliss, if that were possible.

No, my work does not lie within the walls of a seminary, but it is with and for humanity in general. To together with my beloved I join with others to do all the good possible, and give truth, as I find it, down to earth.

"Your home is yet with your wife on earth?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "and will be until she too leaves the body of flesh, and then, like yourself, we will form a home to suit her taste, and whatever suits her will be to my taste also. This is as it should be."

"Yes; and those pseudo-philosophers of earth must and ought to learn that true marriage answers more purposes than one or two; that it not only answers the purposes of earth, but those of heaven."

"It is supposed by some of those who think themselves very wise, that marriage cannot enter into the heavens because, forsooth, marriage does not bring forth children; as though that were the only end and aim of the marriage relation; whereas, the truth is, that true marriage answers very many different purposes. In fact, there is no purpose whatever, either

on the earth or in the heavens, that true marriage does not answer. One might fill a large volume with the purposes of the marriage relation. It develops life itself, and then responds to every known purpose in life, both on earth and throughout the heavens.

"Miss Judson," said Mr. Petersilea, "you have expressed the very truths that my wife and myself labored to make the world understand because we lived it."

"And I never fully comprehended it until after I had read your books; and you may perhaps, never quite know the comfort and joy they gave me. You wish me to control your wife to write up the fauna and flora of this beautiful world?"

"Yes," he replied; "for my own mind and time are so much taken up with music that I do not feel competent to write about them. I see these things all about me, to be sure, just as I did on earth; but when in the material I had no time to study them, and all that was written about them in my books was written under strict spirit control."

"I was deeply interested in all this for many, many years before leaving the body, and studied them carefully, and since coming to this life I am more deeply interested still, and have spent a large portion of my time in the study of them. I have also attended many lectures, given by most eminent men and women here, and it is a never failing source of interest and pleasure to me."

"Have you your little dog, still?" asked Mr. Petersilea.

"Certainly," I answered. "My little Daisy is with me as of yore. I noticed, as I entered here, a large, beautifully spotted coach dog lying near the door; to whom does it belong?"

"Thereby hangs a tale," answered Mr. Petersilea. "He belongs to me, however, but I left him in his material body with my wife. A cruel-hearted man poisoned him shortly after my so-called death, and my poor, grief-stricken wife was obliged to witness his agonies for a number of days, until the end came; and here he is with me as you see. Coupled with her great sorrow it nearly drove her to despair; and, really, I wonder her brain is not turned, for she is a woman of strong, deep feelings and emotions. Now, dear Miss Judson, allow me to take you to my wife."

"Nothing could delight me more," I replied; and we started; and now, friends, in controlling Mrs. Petersilea to write, I shall endeavor to give you nothing but the truth; but I will say that by a natural law, which is well understood here, that the man who poisoned that beautiful dog, thereby doubly rending the heart of an already broken-hearted wife, will, through a just law of recompense and strict justice, suffer all the agonies himself that the dog did, and the cruel act will follow him throughout eternity. Does this sound strange to you? It would not if you were here and understood all about the ether. An act of any kind is like a pebble dropped into the placid waters of a lake or pond; the act vibrates throughout the ether forever, and as the guilty one goes on he meets it at all times and places; it is also plainly discerned by all other spiritual beings; he cannot wipe it out if he would; and so of all other acts, be they good or bad, as he goes on he meets the good acts everywhere, and they return to him goodness and happiness; the bad, as he meets it, returns to him evil and woe.

So be very careful, my dear friends, and do only that which is good, merciful and just, if you desire to be happy, for this is the only way, and all desire to be happy.

Now, dear friends, all life is immortal; and animals here are exquisitely beautiful. They are very beautiful even on earth, but here, like man, they are far more perfect still. No life of any kind is propagated within the spheres. All life is propagated upon the earth, and at so-called death rises up into the spiritual realms to fill those realms and make them exceedingly beautiful. No creature here is able to slay another and has no desire, for material hunger has ceased with it. All reptiles that on earth are poisonous are not so here, for they do not need this power as a defense as they cannot be injured or killed. Man also cannot slay his brother man as he does on earth, neither can he slay an animal, bird, or fish. All exist in their beautiful, perfect, spiritual forms within the spheres which surround the earth for millions upon millions of miles, until a point is reached where the earth no longer holds any attraction for them, and then they exist as perfected entities within the all-pervading ether. Farther than this I am not able to tell you, but thus far I can and do tell you the truth; yet eons of ages pass before this exalted state is reached. As it is with animal life so it is with vegetable and floral life. All rise up to their proper altitude, one year after another, in their lovely, spiritual forms and condition, to surround us with beauty and brightness.

I felt sure after reading Mr. Petersilea's books that this must be true—that it was the natural resultant and sequence of all life, and how gloriously happy I felt when I found that he and I were right. One can reason on no other premises and come out right. If one reasons on evolution alone one comes out all wrong. That brings the spirit of man into a spiritual life where nothing exists but himself—that is, he, as a spiritual entity, would roam through the boundless ether surrounded by nothing but ether and other spiritual beings. What a dreary thing to think about. Never a tree, shrub, flower, bird, fish, or animal. No water, no land, nothing but boundless ether. What object could man have to live at all? He might rest within the ether and exchange thoughts with other spirits, but what would they think about?

I often sat in my own little home on earth and thought deeply about it. What an awful, dreary waste it must be, simply to look for all eternity into the ether and see nothing else; and this is what it must be if one follows out evolution alone and nothing immortal but the spirits of mankind. What would or could there be to interest babes, children, youths, and young maidens, simply to roam around and look forever into the dreary ether. O, my dear friends, this is not so; but the spiritual world is filled with all the forms that exist on earth, in their spiritual state. Everything that grows, or has life, develops within the material, and after throwing it off, just as man does, rises up, just as he does, into the spirit realm, that man may be surrounded by all that he has loved and admired on earth.

O, my dear friends. I really shouted and clapped my hands for joy when I found that these things were true. I wish that every man, woman and child on earth could read the book entitled Mary Ann Carey, for it shows up, in detail, all the beautiful things that are here, shows just how children are cared for and taught. The book was written by the spirit of Carlyle Petersilea's mother, and is true in all its details.

Now would not some of you like to know about my own particular life here in the spiritual world? That I joined my parents directly after coming here is true; but I did not remain with them after my loved one was brought by them to me. Dear friends, I failed to be united to that dear one on earth. The joy and completeness still remained in store for me. I could write out all the sweet details of our courtship, but perhaps the editor of The Progressive Think-

er would not care to publish them, enough to say, that I missed, as a young girl on earth, the delightful life with parents, and the sweet joy of being a wife and mother. I was deprived of all the little details that go toward making the life of a young girl happy. Now, shortly after I had entered the spiritual home of my father, and had stated that of my mother, for I must tell you that my father and mother are not united here in this life, as you all must be aware that my father, when on the earth, was married to three different ladies, and my own mother was united, not very long after coming here, to one whom she loved; and that union still holds good; but, in the home of my mother, all that had passed on earth was here righted, and I lived out the joys that I had lost there. I was once more, in spirit, a sweet young girl, playing with my little dog and gathering flowers. My hair was long and thick, my eyes large and bright, my skin clear and white, my form perfect, supple and graceful, and if you will believe me, I had an organ, which seemed to be a counterpart of the one I so much loved on earth. I glided in and out of my mother's home, happy as the lark that met me in the dewy morning; and I visited much back and forth between my father's and my mother's homes; and, then, my love came and courted me, and we married as they marry here in the spirit world; not just as you do on earth, for we do not unite ourselves here unless we are sure that we belong to each other right of natural law, and, by natural law we are united.

As there is no propagation within the spirit realms, in order to be a mother, I must take to my breast some little dead born baby of earth, or one who had lived but a short time within the material body. And this I did, so that I might know the joys of a mother, for my soul cannot be rounded out until I go through all the natural experiences that belong to the first plane of life.

Yes, I have now a number of dear little children in my home, little ones of earth that left their natural bodies behind. So, now, I have a lovely home, overlooking a beautiful, winding river, whereon little boats are dancing, going and coming, filled by happy children. My home is on a slight elevation, with a wide veranda running the whole length of that side of the house overlooking the river; and within my home I have all things that are beautiful and useful. Near my home are many stately elms and oaks, green lawns, beautiful shrubbery; and the whole bright with parterres of flowers; and I want you all to understand that I have my dogs, all of them, and my cats. I mean all that have left the body of flesh; and, now, laugh, ye who may; but when you get here the laugh will be on our side. I have a large number of horses, not wild ones. They are as beautiful and perfect as horses can be, and as happy as they can be also; their eyes bright, their necks beautifully arched. They gallop and canter and trot over my green lawns and out among my trees, and I watch their beautiful motions with delight. They all love me and will come when I call, and their great lovely eyes thank me for all I did for them when I was down below; and they know, as well as I do, that I tried to save them from being tortured when there. A number of these horses had been used for the purpose of vivisection; slowly and miserably tortured to death, or until their unhappy spirits left their bodies. Others of these horses were poor, miserable creatures, that had been starved, overloaded and beaten to death. Yes; I took the most miserable and unhappy ones that I could find, and, behold, they are recompensed. But what shall be said of those who committed these crimes against them?

Well, I had a goodly number of dogs playing about and gambling with my little children, and they are as happy and beautiful as spiritual dogs can be. Many of these were, on earth, deserted, starved, or kicked and beaten to death. O, yes, I am gathering up stray waifs now just as then; and, remember, all of you who read this on earth, that when an animal, or child, or bird, or even a man or woman is extremely unhappy, starved, beaten, or abused, that Abby A. Judson will be there in spirit, for her spiritual ears are ever open to the cries of distress and misery, and she will help them, and if she cannot do this she will take their suffering spirits, as they leave their bodies, and bring them to her beautiful, spiritual home, and care for them until they can be made happier and better somewhere else.

Mr. Petersilea says, that I must add a piano to my home, and he will come and occasionally give me a lesson. Thanks to his great, noble, generous heart and I shall surely avail myself of his kindness. I play some, but not as well as I might and ought, and I would like to perfect myself in all branches of art and music as well as take care of all miserable cats, dogs, and other animals, together with wretched men, women, and children.

O, there is enough to do here, you may be sure, and you who have known me on earth must know me well enough to know that I shall never sit down in a lovely home of any kind and enjoy myself, for I could never be happy unless I were doing good and relieving those who suffer.

The world is anxious to know some of the details that go to make up the life within the spiritual realms, and this medium is one through whom we are able to give those details, and in giving the details truth will be made manifest. Spirits, who control most mediums, have not, thus far, been able to give the details concerning this life; and the reason has been prejudices and preconceived ideas that the lower world is slow to give up; and many Spiritualists are just as bad; but there are some who wonder that long lectures can be given, and thousands of them, for years, that deal simply with the abstract and philosophical, ignoring all details whatever, and thousands of spirits, when questioned as to their life in this world, have not, thus far, been able through their mediums to say much more than that they are very happy; that this life is very beautiful, and so on; but, when questioned as to the details, it seems to many that they are wholly unable to tell anything; and it has come to be said: 'If the spirits can give long lectures, and thousands of them, why in the name of all that is good and true cannot they tell us something of their lives there?'

Well, friends, the great reason has been, that if these same spirits were to tell about this life as it really is, very few would hear them at all. Knowing this, they have avoided doing so until the time should come when one or two, more advanced, bolder and more courageous than others, could be used for the purpose. One great obstacle that has stood in the way, has been acceptance of evolution standing by itself alone. This gives no immortality to any other than mankind; whereas, nothing can be more erroneous. So, when spirits try to tell of this life as it really is, thus far, very few would hear or believe them.

When an evolutionist undertakes to say that all possibilities are latent, or exist hidden within the lowest forms in nature, he is at sea, and will never be able to land anywhere; but, when he once understands that the germs of all life whatever exist within the ether, and evolution is taking place at all times and with all things in nature, then he will arrive upon firm and reasonable ground; and, when he once can be made to understand that if a germ first exists within the ether in an undeveloped state, after development it can also exist within the ether as a developed entity, and when once this great truth is accepted, then the spirits will have no difficulty in describing this life as it really is, and giving all the details concerning it. But when

you are told by the evolutionist, that animals have no existence after the death of the body, then of course nothing below the animal can; and it lands one into a great void, where nothing exists but mankind; and, of course, spirits could do nothing else except to roam about within this boundless ether without aim or object. Yet it is said by these same ones, that man progresses eternally—that is, he is continually being wiser and happier. But if there is nothing for him to observe except ether, how is it possible for him to do so?

Now, is it not reasonable to suppose that we have far more here in the spiritual realm than you do on earth instead of less? and that we must necessarily have all that you do there in a higher, more subtle and refined condition? and all life whatever has traveled onward and upward to a more perfect state.

Well, all that I, Abby A. Judson, can tell you, is that it is so—it is true; and, consequently, that we have all that you of earth do in a more refined condition, more perfect and beautiful.

"The lamb skips and plays; the horse, with arched neck and beaming eye, trots and gallops about; and thus of all life whatever, ethereal, perfect and beautiful."

You mourn because the earth and its products are not perfect, forgetting that they are simply developing up to perfection. Now, if all life is not immortal, then man is not immortal. It is a great mistake to think and teach that man alone has an immortal spirit. It is spirit alone that gives life and shape to anything, and all spirit is immortal, and all entities that have form and shape are immortal. Matter is also immortal, but not intelligent, and exists, simply, to clothe the immortal spiritual entities.

Very few can realize what a satisfaction it was to me to find that I had been right in my ideas of the persistence of animal life after the dissolution of the material covering.

Many of you say that even if the life of an animal persists after the disintegration of the material, it does not prove that animals are immortal—that their life soon fades away and is merged into the universal ether. Well, how do you know this? If the life of the animal fades and merges into the ether, then man's must do the same; for if one single entity is lost, then all are; for no great universal law ever breaks. The breaking of a law would render that law imperfect; and there are no imperfections in the laws of nature. There are no imperfections in the laws of attraction, repulsion, or gravitation, neither in the electrical law; if there were, then all things would go to smash—worlds would collide and chaos reign generally; therefore I am sure that the identity of all entities persists throughout eternity; and why should I not feel this sure? I am here, surrounded by the identical creatures that I loved. I have not faded in the least, but quite the contrary, and if possible, I am more identical than ever before. My identity has become larger, grander, broader; and so of all the creatures below me in the scale of being.

Oh, how I do wish you all could see them. My horses are more gracefully, grandly beautiful, without imperfections or blemish, and so of every other creature here, and so of all other life. The grass is greener without an imperfect blade anywhere to be seen; the trees the same; the flowers more brilliant, showing no sign of decay; the singing birds lit in ecstatic joy; the shining fish leap from the waters, glistening with lovely coloring in the sparkling light of this glorious world.

Now, this is either myself, Abby A. Judson, who is writing this through the medium of Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea, or it is the reflex action of her own mind, or the subconscious self of the lady who is acting as my amanuensis. Now I assert that it is myself, Abby A. Judson, who is doing this writing and not the reflex action of the mind of the lady or her subconscious self. Dear reader, which would you prefer to have it? Would you like to think that it is reflex action or subconsciousness? If so, you can think so. No one can take that right away from you; but that will not alter the truth of the matter one iota.

I have taken particular pains to seek out, and make myself known to Dr. Hudson. He was glad to see me, but looked a little crest-fallen.

"I want you to come with me," I said, "and see the harm that you have done to the world through your writings; and after that, I want you to make amends by controlling a lady—Mrs. Petersilea—to write. You are an honorable gentleman, and I know you will do this."

"I will do what I can, madam," he replied. "I certainly do not wish to remain in error of any kind, and I will try to undo the wrong which I unwittingly did." And so Mr. Hudson himself will control the medium to write, one letter at least, and he may like it so well that he will gladly control the writing of more.

Now if you wise men and philosophers of earth want to roam around in the limitless ether, without homes or even bodies, where there is nothing, not even a green tree, shrub, or flower, no water, no life of any kind except that of the spirits of mankind—they may be able to do so. I cannot say; but the women, girls, little babes and small children, of which there are vast numbers here, are not able to do this. They must have homes. They must be surrounded by sweet, natural objects, such as pet animals, birds, flowers, trees, and shrubs, and water they must have or perish and go into oblivion. If water, then little fairy boats and so forth. As for being broken up into many personalities, I, for one, beg to be excused. Thus far I have never been, to my knowledge, other than Abby A. Judson. That I was once in the form of an undeveloped, spiritual germ is also true; but that I can ever return again into an undeveloped spiritual germ is not true; my development must continue on forever, as far as I now know, and if one can find an end to forever, let one try it; or if one can find an end to limitless space and ether, let one try it, and if one finds it, then let one jump off into—where? what? Why, space, filled by ether.

Now if you want to know where the germs come from, first find out where the ether came from, for germinal points are co-existent with the ether. The ancients called the ether God, for within it all things exist that ever were or ever shall be; and if you want to know—like the little child when told that God made her, asked, "Who made God?"—who made the ether? why, answer that question as the teacher did the child: "God never was made. He existed always." The possibilities within it never were made. It has always existed and always will exist.

ABBY A. JUDSON.
Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea, Medium, Garvanza Station,
No. 1, R. F. D., Los Angeles, Cal.

The custom and fashion of to-day will be the awkwardness and outrage of to-morrow. So arbitrary are these transient laws.—Dumas

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Thomas Scott.

Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it dispels it.—Bacon.

Can it be true, as is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls? I doubt it exceedingly.—Coleridge.

To dally much with subjects mean and low, proves that the mind is weak or makes it so.—Cower.

DEAFNESS CURED

By No Means Until "ACTINA" Was Discovered.

Ninety-five per cent of all cases of deafness brought to your attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed a cure is impossible. The inventor can be reached by writing or speaking, hence the facility of cure. Ear drums are worse than useless. That there is a scientific cure for deafness and that it can be traced out every day by the use of Actina. The vapor current generated in the Actina passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions as it passes through the tubes, and loosens up the bones (hairs, malleus and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the slightest vibration of sound. Actina has never failed to cure ringing noises in the head. We have known people troubled with this distressing symptom for years to be completely cured in only three weeks' use of Actina. Actina also cures asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches; all of which are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina is not on trial, postage paid. Write us about your case. We give advice free, and guarantee a cure. A valuable book—Professor Wilson's 400-page Dictionary of Diseases, Free. Address New York & London Electric Association, Dep. 11 229 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Many of you say that even if the life of an animal persists after the disintegration of the material, it does not prove that animals are immortal—that their life soon fades away and is merged into the universal ether. Well, how do you know this? If the life of the animal fades and merges into the ether, then man's must do the same; for if one single entity is lost, then all are; for no great universal law ever breaks. The breaking of a law would render that law imperfect; and there are no imperfections in the laws of nature. There are no imperfections in the laws of attraction, repulsion, or gravitation, neither in the electrical law; if there were, then all things would go to smash—worlds would collide and chaos reign generally; therefore I am sure that the identity of all entities persists throughout eternity; and why should I not feel this sure? I am here, surrounded by the identical creatures that I loved. I have not faded in the least, but quite the contrary, and if possible, I am more identical than ever before. My identity has become larger, grander, broader; and so of all the creatures below me in the scale of being.

Oh, how I do wish you all could see them. My horses are more gracefully, grandly beautiful, without imperfections or blemish, and so of every other creature here, and so of all other life. The grass is greener without an imperfect blade anywhere to be seen; the trees the same; the flowers more brilliant, showing no sign of decay; the singing birds lit in ecstatic joy; the shining fish leap from the waters, glistening with lovely coloring in the sparkling light of this glorious world.

Now, this is either myself, Abby A. Judson, who is writing this through the medium of Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea, or it is the reflex action of her own mind, or the subconscious self of the lady who is acting as my amanuensis. Now I assert that it is myself, Abby A. Judson, who is doing this writing and not the reflex action of the mind of the lady or her subconscious self. Dear reader, which would you prefer to have it? Would you like to think that it is reflex action or subconsciousness? If so, you can think so. No one can take that right away from you; but that will not alter the truth of the matter one iota.

I have taken particular pains to seek out, and make myself known to Dr. Hudson. He was glad to see me, but looked a little crest-fallen.

"I want you to come with me," I said, "and see the harm that you have done to the world through your writings; and after that, I want you to make amends by controlling a lady—Mrs. Petersilea—to write. You are an honorable gentleman, and I know you will do this."

"I will do what I can, madam," he replied. "I certainly do not wish to remain in error of any kind, and I will try to undo the wrong which I unwittingly did." And so Mr. Hudson himself will control the medium to write, one letter at least, and he may like it so well that he will gladly control the writing of more.

Now if you wise men and philosophers of earth want to roam around in the limitless ether, without homes or even bodies, where there is nothing, not even a green tree, shrub, or flower, no water, no life of any kind except that of the spirits of mankind—they may be able to do so. I cannot say; but the women, girls, little babes and small children, of which there are vast numbers here, are not able to do this. They must have homes. They must be surrounded by sweet, natural objects, such as pet animals, birds, flowers, trees, and shrubs, and water they must have or perish and go into oblivion. If water, then little fairy boats and so forth. As for being broken up into many personalities, I, for one, beg to be excused. Thus far I have never been, to my knowledge, other than Abby A. Judson. That I was once in the form of an undeveloped, spiritual germ is also true; but that I can ever return again into an undeveloped spiritual germ is not true; my development must continue on forever, as far as I now know, and if one can find an end to forever, let one try it; or if one can find an end to limitless space and ether, let one try it, and if one finds it, then let one jump off into—where? what? Why, space, filled by ether.

Now if you want to know where the germs come from, first find out where the ether came from, for germinal points are co-existent with the ether. The ancients called the ether God, for within it all things exist that ever were or ever shall be; and if you want to know—like the little child when told that God made her, asked, "Who made God?"—who made the ether? why, answer that question as the teacher did the child: "God never was made. He existed always." The possibilities within it never were made. It has always existed and always will exist.

ABBY A. JUDSON.
Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea, Medium, Garvanza Station,
No. 1, R. F. D., Los Angeles, Cal.

The custom and fashion of to-day will be the awkwardness and outrage of to-morrow. So arbitrary are these transient laws.—Dumas

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Thomas Scott.

Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it dispels it.—Bacon.

Can it be true, as is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls? I doubt it exceedingly.—Coleridge.

To dally much with subjects mean and low, proves that the mind is weak or makes it so.—Cower.

THE LIFE RADIANT.

By WILLIAM WYLLIE. In this book Miss Wyllie aims to portray a practical ideal for daily living that shall embody the sweetness and exaltation and faith that lead on to the human mind, which will radiate a thousand truths and difficulties, make geology plain as day, and throw light on all subjects that obscure by their darkness. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

THE SOUL OF THINGS.

By Wm. and Elizabeth M. Dutton. A marvelous work, though concise as a text book it is as fascinating as a work of fiction. The reader will be amazed to see the curious facts here combined in support of this power of the human mind, which will radiate a thousand truths and difficulties, make geology plain as day, and throw light on all subjects that obscure by their darkness. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

OUR ELEVEN PREMIUM BOOKS.

They are our own publications. They are neatly and substantially bound in cloth.

No other publishing house in the United States excels them in the mechanical work—binding, printing and paper.

The three volumes of the "Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World," contain more valuable data on Death and Spirit Life than can be dug up in all the libraries of the world.

Then comes the valuable work by Hudson Tuttle, "The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science."

Then the excellent work by Dr. J. M. Peebles, "The Seers of the Ages."

Then comes the "Great Debate Between Moses Hull and W. F. Jameson. It will fill an important niche in your library.

Then follows "Ghost Land," "Art Magic," "The Next World Interviewed," and "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," and the "Occult Life of Jesus."

All these ELEVEN PREMIUM BOOKS are furnished to our subscribers for \$3.35 (postage prepaid)—a price never before known in ancient or modern times. Read over our premium list and then send for them. They will delight you. They will constitute a personal fountain of knowledge for you and your family. After paying postage about all we realize for these eleven books is \$2.22—an achievement only accomplished by The Progressive Thinker—miracle in modern business enterprise!

Founded by Morris Pratt. Chartered in 1902. A school under the

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby terse, which of all readers is to be deplored. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTE—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the recipient of the name will be published, the correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Student: Q. What book is best for understanding of the Bible?

A. Probably for the student and general reader, there is no book better than Moses Halls' recent publication, "Our Bible, Who Wrote It, When, Where and How?" It is an impartial, common-sense view and that of one who has made a life study of the Bible. The author began by accepting the scriptures as the sacred, inspired word of God, and by the critical study of the text itself, evolved to the point of view of free thought. In this respect his work differs from that of those who, equipped with scientific learning, approach from without, and attack with the forces of destructive criticism. He works from within, outward, and if he shows partiality, the reader is conscious that he inclines to the old belief, and would have it true were it possible to sustain it. He only discards it because he finds it insupportable. The book gives the results of "higher criticism," and the voluminous investigations of German scholars, without the tedious prolixity, which almost debars the public from reading their works.

R. D. Bradley: Q. What is the organic strength of Spiritualism?

A. In reply to the following editorial from a leading daily, is presented, not only for its completeness, but as showing the tone of the secular press.

"Is Spiritualism on the increase in this country? It would seem so from the annual report of the National Spiritualists' Association, recently issued. This association was incorporated in 1893 and has its permanent headquarters in Washington. Its objects are 'the organization of the various Spiritualist societies of the United States and Canada into one general association, for the purpose of mutual aid and co-operation in benevolent, educational, religious, literary, scientific, religious and missionary purposes, and to encourage the study of the phenomena, science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.'

According to the annual report of this association, there are at the present time 650 local associations in the United States and Canada, 16 state associations and 52 camping-camp associations, devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. A bona fide membership of 150,000 is claimed for these associations. The report further shows that 350 lecturers, ministers and platform mediums are now engaged in promulgating the doctrines of Spiritualism, and that 'the number of psychic and other manifestations before the public for various phases of phenomenal manifestations is 1,500, while some 10,000 persons utilize their mediumistic gifts in their homes.' The Spiritualists have 82 churches in the United States and value their public buildings, camp-meeting property and real estate at \$1,250,000.

"The foregoing figures would seem to indicate that the things considered, Spiritualism, notwithstanding the furious attacks that have been made upon it, is not only holding its own, but gaining ground."

Mrs. McArthur: Q. Can thoughts be photographed?

What influence has the mind over the body?

Jacob Fulmer: Q. What are the "N"-rays?

A. It has been claimed that thoughts may be indicated on the sensitized film, but the results said to have been obtained have not been readily reproduced. It may be possible, but it is by no means proven. At the surface of the photograph film is prepared for the reception of the actinic rays only, it is not probable that they are affected by the "N"-rays, a name given to unknown vibrations, beyond the "X"-rays.

The influence of mind over the body is exceedingly great, but not as much as is taught in a certain school. The true statement is that during earthly life, the spirit and physical body are mutually related, and so perfectly interdependent that they appear inseparable. Sometimes the body dominates the spirit, and again the spirit is in the ascendency. If there are instances where the spirit triumphs over physical conditions of pain and disorganizing disease, there is constantly presented cases where by disease or age the spirit is depressed, and almost completely obscured.

Everham: Q. What is distinctive of the Spiritualist?

A. The basic principles of what may be called the New Spiritualism, Modern Spiritualism, as distinguished from the old, may be thus presented:

That beneath all the fleeting phenomena of the world is the realm of pure spiritual energy, out of which and by force of which all existence flows; that the body may be likened to a fragment broken from the world of matter, so his spirit is a fragment

broken from the realm of spiritual force, and enabled to sustain its identity. It is not from matter and its attributes, but from the infinite spiritual energy that creation flows as an outward expression of an inward conception.

Modern Spiritualism is distinguished from that of the past by its acceptance of the doctrine of law; that the spiritual realm is governed by laws as fixed and determinable as those which rule physical matter. The spiritual manifestations of the past were regarded as fortuitous or dependent on the wishes of irresponsible agents and varied in degree of presentation from Divine Inspiration to witchcraft and voodooism. Modern Spiritualism recognizes all these varied and often conflicting manifestations by reference to common and fundamental principles and laws, thereby eliminating miracle, and furnishing data by which judgment may be formed. From a vast number of observations made by competent and impartial investigators, which may be verified, it is accepted as a statement as fully demonstrated that the intelligences which control mediums are departed friends, as they claim; spirits who once lived on earth, and who return because held by the strength of their love, or desires.

The methods of communication vary, the physical manifestations being quite different in each. In order to have such manifestations, a medium, or sensitive, has always been held necessary. In preceding ages the seer, priest, prophet and magician stood between the spirit world and man, and religious systems were based upon their utterances, or thereby supported. There is no evidence that the greatest of these mediums, the modern medium, but there is abundant proof that the present phase, by its clear and comprehensive grasp of the whole, exceeds the past as much as chemistry does alchemy, or astronomy, astrology. A better understanding of these laws and conditions has yielded, and will continue to yield a higher, better and more trustworthy order of sensitivities.

If death makes no change except of condition, the individuality being perfectly preserved, communications must be like their source, good or bad according to the moral status of the controlling spirit.

Man is a spirit, flesh-clad, and as such walks the courts of Heaven, and stands in the presence of the Universal Spirit, in earth-life, as much as he will after death. Hence the knowledge, attainment and experience of that earth-life, form his character for the future existence. As a spirit the powers of a spirit are his, implicit, but when he acquires the knowledge, capable of wonderful achievement.

The individualized spirit is the reality and highest type of creative energy. It is divine, is endowed with infinite capabilities, and thereby all mankind are united in brotherhood with a common destiny. The object of Spiritualism is the complete cultivation of man, physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually.

Woman's Influence.

Louisiana has been having a local option contest and the Courier-Journal says:

"One of the most unusual features of the day was the presence of a corps of women workers at Frankfort avenue and the railroad crossing. The women wore American flags pinned in their belts and buttonholed the voters as they appeared. The women worked valiantly all day and were greatly disappointed when they learned the election in their precincts had gone against them."

The presence of women on such occasions is a feature that is growing less and less "unusual." Women realize that every political question at stake in an election concerns them more or less vitally, and if they cannot influence an election directly, they will do so indirectly.

The women who stood all day at that voting precinct are to be commended for their patriotism and good citizenship. But I wonder if they did not feel the degradation of disfranchisement as they "buttonholed the voters," and begged them to vote for the interests of the home, which is "woman's sphere."

Some day women will learn that the easiest, the most dignified and the most effective way of influencing politics is through the casting of a ballot, and when she once performs this act—she will wonder that she ever opposed suffrage for women.

LIDA C. OBENBERG.

"IN THE WORLD CELESTIAL."

"In the World Celestial" by Dr. T. A. Blain is a valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. It reads like a beautiful romance, and skeptics will so regard it, but the author says that it is a true record of the actual and most wonderful experiences of a well-known literary man for whose veracity he personally vouches. Accepting it as true, it verifies the proverb, "truth is stranger than fiction," and the love romances of earth are tame as compared to those enjoyed in the celestial world.

The heroine of the book, Pearl, passes from earth while yet a girl, leaving her sweetheart, Paul, to mourn her as dead. Many years pass. Paul becomes a scientist and literary man, and he is by no means a stranger to the occult. He investigates spirit phenomena. Pearl appears to him. He goes and talks with her. His skepticism gives way, and his psychic powers unfold. Pearl now has him entranced by spirit chemists, and leaving his physical body he visits her in the celestial world, returning after ten days with perfect memory of all that he saw and heard in that realm of the immortal. With Pearl as his guide he visits great cities, attends grand receptions and listens to lectures, sermons and speeches by famous men of the past. After an extended tour through the heavens they visit and inspect the hells or purgatories. His descriptions of heaven are transcendently beautiful, and those of the hells are realistic and thrilling to the last degree.

With Pearl still as his guide, he spends the tenth day in a visit to earth, as a spirit. He attends two seances, witnessing trance control and also materialization from the spirit viewpoint. This is very interesting.

Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., the world-famous liberal preacher, has a brilliant introduction in the book, in which he says, "That the beautiful story given in this book is in substance true, the author believes, and those who have known him longest and best esteem him most for his high intellectuality, integrity and nobility of purpose."

The book is printed in fine style, bound in best cloth. Price, \$1.

LILY DALE.

Notes of the City of Light Assembly.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen's discourse on Thursday, Sept. 1, was based on "The Signs of the Times," given by her audience.

In the evening the Willing Workers held their last social and sale of articles remaining from previous exhibits. Pyrometris and mediums gave voluntary readings of ten minutes each, and were all crowded with eager applicants anxious to invest a dime for what they might receive.

Sales proceeded slowly, as it was understood that everything would be "sacrificed" a little later by a celebrated auctioneer. Chairman Little took the new role with the same genius and aptitude with which he does everything else and the rare combination of business tact with his usual joviality of good spirits produced a vast amount of merit as one by one the curious wares passed under his dexterous hammer, carrying promised luck to the purchaser and the coveted coin in unexpected measure to the coffers of the Willing Workers. Mrs. Cadwallader, president protem, read a most flattering report of the session's work.

On Friday evening at six o'clock they served an old-fashioned New England dinner, which was generously patronized by the hungry multitude and pronounced a decided success in as much as everything in the line of eatables was disposed of.

Friday was Grand Lyceum Day, and gave scope to the talents of the children. Mrs. Reynolds, state superintendent, Mrs. Cadwallader of Philadelphia, together with Mrs. Peterson and Miss Green of the City of Light, conducted the exercises.

Mr. Barber of Titusville and Mrs. Moore of Buffalo, made stirring speeches in behalf of the children. Mrs. Reynolds should be interested. Miss Green talked of the need of co-operation on the part of parents and the encouraging success that had attended the efforts of Mrs. Peterson and herself during the summer season here. Conneaut and East Aurora were also represented.

Mrs. Cadwallader and Fannie Allen spoke on the part of the children. An interesting letter from John W. Ring of Galveston, Texas, was read, full of valuable suggestions and a desire to co-operate in the most effectual way and by the adoption of wisest methods for carrying forward the lyceum work, and the education of the children.

Mr. Ring is a postmaster of National Superintendent and editor of The Progressive Lyceum, a bright little paper which was liberally distributed among the children and read with interest by the older ones. Thanks to Mr. Ring.

The march of the children and teachers around the grounds, carrying beautiful flags and banners, and led by the brass band, was a pleasing feature of the occasion. It is hoped that another year arrangements will be made at an early date for a grand convention of lyceums from different cities—a demonstration that will not only afford encouragement to present workers, but exert an influence in favor of greater effort on the part of those where lyceums do not already exist.

An entertainment was given by the children in the evening, under the direction of Mrs. Cadwallader and Mrs. Allen, and the little folks astonished and delighted their audience by the quality and variety of their remarkable productions. Money was contributed to give the treat of ice cream and cake on the following day, which was greatly enjoyed and duly appreciated.

Saturday Mrs. Reynolds gave her last lecture to an interested congregation. The dance in the evening, the last of the season, under the auspices of Prof. Little and Zebby, was a joyful occasion, and was attended by people from the outside.

On Sunday morning a beautiful revolutionary picture of Betsy Ross making the first American flag, daintily framed by President Pettengill, was presented to the lyceum by Mrs. Cadwallader, and formally received by Miss Green, our lyceum teacher, who invited Mrs. Allen to voice her acceptance. An American flag was used for veiling the picture, and after it was removed, an old soldier in the front row, asked the people to rise and salute the flag, and every heart responded with the stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" from the orchestra, floated out on the still morning.

Miss Edna Grant, who has been very generous with her songs, and who has a voice of exquisite sweetness, favored us with two solos.

Subjects presented for Mrs. Allen's lecture were "Reincarnation," "The Origin of the Soul," "The Aura Which Surrounds the Body," "The Linking Between Mortals and Spirits," and "The poetical invocation she handled the different subjects in a manner surprising and satisfactory, with great versatility of thought along the varying lines. Her subjects for improvisation were "Red, White and Blue," "Betsy Ross," "The Newsboys," and "Patriotism," all of which were dexterously combined and rhymed in magical fashion to the great delight of her listeners.

Sunday afternoon a flute solo was the prelude to Mr. Wright's lecture and the sweet bird-like notes will echo long in our memory. The speaker dealt with "The Value of Phenomena in Spiritualism."

On Sunday night the crowd of people who went to the station to say good-bye to the outgoing multitude, mingled, glad anticipation of reunion, another year with their farewells and robbed them of their sadness. Returning at the sound of the auditorium bell, a goodly congregation gathered for the final love feast.

Mr. Little was dexterously combined and rhymed in magical fashion to the great delight of her listeners. Sunday afternoon a flute solo was the prelude to Mr. Wright's lecture and the sweet bird-like notes will echo long in our memory. The speaker dealt with "The Value of Phenomena in Spiritualism."

On Sunday night the crowd of people who went to the station to say good-bye to the outgoing multitude, mingled, glad anticipation of reunion, another year with their farewells and robbed them of their sadness. Returning at the sound of the auditorium bell, a goodly congregation gathered for the final love feast.

Mr. Little was dexterously combined and rhymed in magical fashion to the great delight of her listeners. Sunday afternoon a flute solo was the prelude to Mr. Wright's lecture and the sweet bird-like notes will echo long in our memory. The speaker dealt with "The Value of Phenomena in Spiritualism."

On Sunday night the crowd of people who went to the station to say good-bye to the outgoing multitude, mingled, glad anticipation of reunion, another year with their farewells and robbed them of their sadness. Returning at the sound of the auditorium bell, a goodly congregation gathered for the final love feast.

Chesterfield Camp.

On the morning of August 5 my son Byron, daughter Lily Dale, and myself boarded the train for Camp, and after a four-hour ride through beautiful country scenery arrived at the camp and after locating in a cozy two-room cottage in a quiet but convenient location, took in the situation.

The grounds are spacious, about 40 acres of finely wooded rolling land, the large trees afford ample shade. It has been ten years since we occupied the platform, the new marvelous changes had taken place. A large, finely-ventilated auditorium had been built, with good acoustic qualities and seating an immense crowd; and on Sundays it was more than filled with people from far and near. On one Sunday I was informed twenty-seven hundred people had been present, and many jumped the fence at various points.

The big crowds were perfectly orderly and I was told that without a policeman or watchman no theft had ever been committed there, showing that as you trust men they become trustworthy.

The president everyone looked up to—Judge Moch—was six feet and a half tall. Judge Moch was dignified when presiding, but a jolly good fellow when off the platform or "fiddling" for an impromptu dance. He said he was not a violinist, but "simply a fiddler." They had an orchestra play for the regular dances, camp dance Tuesday evening, public dance on Thursday evening, which were largely attended.

The secretary, Mrs. Jessup, was a worker, superintending nearly everything in a pleasing manner. The boarding-house was well kept. Mrs. Gillespie was an all-around worker and the society showed wisdom in engaging her for the season. Beside her duties, she took charge of the lyceum and conducted it on new lines, teaching physical culture, facial and voice expression and general deportment, as well as intellectual cultivation. There were over sixty children enrolled, I was told. It met every morning at nine o'clock.

She also had charge of the weekly entertainment, which were good, especially the "old-time concert," in costume, which was most excellent, ending with the Virginia reel.

The conferences were held at 10:30, at which were discussed the various practical questions of the day. Father Mendenhall was usually present, and added much to the interest of the discussions.

There were a greater number of mediums on the ground that I ever knew at any one camp, and a most unusual and delightful harmony seemed to prevail among them. I heard good reports of their work.

I only had one sitting which was with a trance medium. I had never attended a trumpet session as all I had been cognizant of required darkness and I disliked dark spaces; but Maggie Vestal gave them in the night. I engaged a family sitting; we had perfect daylight. Maggie held the large end of the trumpet on the palm of her hand, the small end was at her ear. The first one coming was a woman who was president of the Onondaga camp. She many years I spoke there. He talked of the old days of our work and on occasions would laugh a loud ha ha! My daughter having heard some claim it was ventriloquism, closely watching her lips which did not move, remarked, "I can laugh like that without opening my mouth."

After the sitting, the mother and I asked her, "Who has told you, recently?" She replied, "Able, and she wishes to talk to you." Able was a sister of whose transition I had received news only the day previous. She then spoke in a weak voice—the others could be heard in any part of the room. I said to her, "I am surprised at your coming so soon, not believing these things possible." She replied, "Mother told me and helped me come. I want my jewelry divided between Mary and Eliza." Her daughter and niece who had been her companion from childhood. She continued, "Poor James, he said there so lonely." This was her aged and feeble husband. I thought the matter to no end. I might write much of this truly wonderful seance.

The platform tests were good, given by Marian Carpenter, and her lectures pleasing. Maggie White is well known and always does good work. Frank Ripley gave a fervent but more terse and active address. The absence of good acceptance and was a very useful all around man on the platform. "Of it he was a big, not 'old boy.' Moses and Mattie Hull spent a day there working for the Pratt Institute. Of their success I did not learn. I also listened to lectures of H. J. Moore and was delighted to observe his growing radiance. His lectures evinced study, sincerity and a braver spirit than many possess. He is a growing young man with a pleasing personality. Mr. Colville spoke the last day of our sojourn, but I need not speak of him. All Spiritualists know him. He is himself a spiritual phenomenon.

I was employed to fill a vacancy on the platform and also held a reception in the auditorium which the campers seemed to enjoy. I answered questions from the audience after they had listened to songs by Lily Dale and Byron's recitation of some of the poems both spiritual and comic selected from his book "The Fun of the Spirit World in Verse," which created a big demand for it.

We left camp with regret at leaving friends both old and new, having had over two weeks of unbroken pleasant fellowship with congenial spirits.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.
Chicago, Ill.

position he fills with so much credit to himself and to the association. The Monday morning train for Buffalo was late and the happy throng gathered at the station, approved the delay with an ovation, a general expression of popular homage to C. Fannie Allen, who had suddenly become a public favorite following her short week of activity at the City of Light.

The season of 1904 has ended. The great heat of our summer bloom just as brilliantly, the autumn leaves rich profusion send out their colorful and fill the atmosphere with a delightful fragrance; the mammoth yard-dragons are at the meridian of their perfect beauty; the birds sing in the branches overhead, the sun shines and the air is soft and balmy, but the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only the memories remain. Blessed memories of the truths to which we have listened, of the great heart of teaching, have vanished the auditorium is empty, the musicians and children have gone. The rustic seats are vacant, the grounds are deserted, and a sense of solitude and loneliness broods over the place. Only

