

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS AN ISSUE OF THIS PAPER, WITH ITS WEALTH OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

# The Progressive Thinker.

Do you know Spiritualism is supported by Truth? Then are you aiding in its advancement???

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

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## Suggestive Experiences

An Open Letter From Dr. I. K. Funk to Hudson Tuttle.

The truth is what every Spiritualist desires, and in seeking it he frequently is brought in contact with unpleasant incidents. Such has been the case with Dr. I. K. Funk, a prominent investigator, who narrates his experiences in the investigation of Spiritualism, resulting in disagreeable contradictions by different mediums. The lesson imparted by Dr. Funk is one every Spiritualist should calmly consider. His experience is that of hundreds, and should set our people to thinking.

My Dear Mr. Tuttle:—I have read with interest your reply in "The Progressive Thinker," January 6th, to the question as to whether I am a Spiritualist.

Now permit me, with equal candor and friendliness, to reply to your reply. I should despise myself if I for the reasons you apologetically suggest, or for any other reasons, pretended falsely to hold a belief or a lack of a belief. Sincerely to my mind is the spiritual column of character.

Christ when he sought to give his disciples the supreme comfort said that he would pray the Father to send them another comforter that He might abide with them forever, even the SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

No man has the right to hide what he has under a pint cup or a bushel. We are to speak the truth as we understand it, though the heavens fall, but the heavens have never fallen for that reason, and it is quite certain that they never will. Five men of truth under Sodom and Gomorrah would have been sufficient to have kept that whole region from sinking; yes, an entire continent, for truth is belted to the engine of omnipotence. No, friend Tuttle, I won't think or act as I like to please my old associates in the church or out of it. True enough, much of what passes for church beliefs are ossified "have-beens."

As to your parable of the farmer and the field of corn, let me put it differently. If you and I were neighbor farmers and we both planted corn each year, and the first year we gathered corn, but the second year we gathered oats, and the third year we gathered wheat, now if the fourth year some one would ask what we expected the best to be and you should say "Corn," and I should say "I don't know," would I not have as good right to doubt your "sanity" as you to doubt mine?

You have been candid and friendly. Let me be equally candid and friendly in telling you some things that keep me from becoming what is usually understood to be a Spiritualist.

FIRST CLASS OF HINDRANCES: Through one of the best mediums I ever met I was told that the spirit of Theodore Parker had described with a certain thing. This was explicit; it seemed to be a harvest of corn from corn seed. Three days after I was with another equally famous medium whom I believed, and still do believe to be honest. Theodore Parker reported himself as present, but denied all knowledge of the previous interview, saying that he was not there, and he said nothing of the kind. Since then I have had "Theodore Parker" at a dozen sances through different mediums, and have not yet been able to get him to recognize any previous interview that I have had with him. What are we to do when what seems to be the same seed corn produces oats and rye and wheat?

This is not exceptional, but is typical of a multitude of experiences that I have had. Will you, friend Tuttle, give me a satisfactory explanation on which I can build a sure logical faith? Never once in a clearly marked way—wholly free from the possibility of collusion—have I in an interview with a third medium had described with anything approaching accuracy, a previous interview. Either these intelligences are not what they claim to be, or there are on the spirit side some tremendous inhibitions or elements of confusion which we do not understand—as is quite believable—or mediums in the present state of imperfect mediumistic development make scientific certainty exceedingly difficult.

SECOND CLASS OF HINDRANCES: I have sought in many ways and very often in vain to bring harmony out of the personal experiences of spirits in the spirit land. I do not think that I have been unreasonably exacting. I have been willing to admit much to personal equation on both sides of the death line to the "laws" governing communication between the two worlds.

Now an illustration or two: Through one medium of remarkable power and, to my mind of unqualified honesty, a spirit described to me with great particularity his trip to the planet Mars. He described the inhabitants, their civilization, far in advance of ours; the fauna, the flora with great particularity all this from personal observation. Some time afterwards, through another medium equally credible, another spirit told me of his trip to Mars, telling me that he found it wholly UNINHABITED AND PRACTICALLY DESERTED OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

His reply was: "I cannot help what he said. I am telling you what I know." Some spirits assure me that there are an abundance of animals and flowers and trees galore on all the spirit planets connected with the earth; others tell me there are none. Some tell me they have there hospitals, and schools, and churches, and others the reverse. Some say no one in the spirit realm believes in what we here call God; others that He is preached in and believed in far more there than here. The following is a case that is illustrative of many other experiences which I have had. I inquired of both the spirit Mr. S., a friend from whom I had heard and I knew well, but from whom I had not heard for years. He assured me not heard "passed over," and that the man had "passed over," and

### CRIME TO PASS AWAY.

A Remarkable Article From an Eminent Italian Professor—Thoughts Worthwhile of the Careful Consideration of Spiritualists.

It is most difficult to prophesy of the future, particularly on a matter which is near to one; for the prophet is not known in his own country. I certainly never would have assumed the responsibility of delineating the outline of the future criminal world even in the broadest lines had not the ideas of my school been accepted in various parts of the civilized world, such as Australia and England, where a number of my suggestions have inaugurated striking reforms. The indications from these are clear and strong, and I am indebted to them, particularly to Dr. Coghlan, who has made the criminology of Australia especially meritorious. Thanks to him and the Australian government, which does not have the narrowness of many European governments, I could get a copy of the Australian criminal portfolio and in this way make a study of criminology in every period.

From the material submitted to me came the evidence that crimes in Australia are diminishing both in number and in gravity. How can this marked decrease of crime be explained, with all the statistics elsewhere being in contradiction? For even in Germany, one of the most advanced of European nations, the number of crimes steadily increasing, sees the number of reformed criminals nearly doubled.

The signal diminution in Australia may be explained on the ground of its social reforms, for even the proletarian there stands better economically than an official in Europe. Another reason lies in the scattering of the people in isolated villages, and the consequent pastoral life, which is little predisposed to crime; and, finally, is the continual, uninterrupted warfare that was waged against the corruption of the young.

In 1898, 12,964 children were admitted into houses of correction, and all destitute or orphaned children were given over to private families at the expense of the government over \$5,000,000. This is, about twenty times more than is expended for the same purpose in Italy, which has seven times the population of Australia. The same zeal and the same fiery war is now being engaged against alcoholism, which explains for us the significant decrease in the number of criminal classes, especially the opportunistic criminal types, which are created out of conditions, would speedily diminish in numbers.

Similar measures are being adopted in London and in Genoa, where the Salvation army, the child colonies, Dr. Barnardo's houses, ragged schools, etc., have worked real wonders in protecting children from being involved in lives of crime.

I believe now that, without self-exaltation, I may venture to state that if the ideas of my school were adopted and the social and economical reforms simultaneously accepted—which modern societies can no longer repudiate—the number of criminal classes, especially the opportunistic criminal types, which are created out of conditions, would speedily diminish in numbers. Also the congenital criminals, whose nature impels them to transgression, would be reduced.

Civilization every day creates new stimuli or instruments which impel to crime, or at least lead to it. The bicycle, the automobile, the telegraph, the telephone, the press; all advances in culture, but all also progenitors of fresh evil-doing. I recall now only the bicycle, which became an epidemic; the kidnapping of minors by the auto; the betrayals and deceptions carried out by the telegraph and telephone; the extortions and calumnies of the press; the prostitution of photography, which in its latest form in the kinetoscope seduces to crime through a refinement of deception and falsification. All new acquisitions of technique are new forms of intoxication which are no less perilous than alcohol. But an enlightening governing law look in the instruments of crime for the means also of its destruction and will find them. The bicycle, the telegraph, the telephone, and the photography can be most useful in the detection of the criminal. Finally, anthropology and anthropometry in their revelations on criminal features furnish new instruments in fighting the army of criminals.

All cannot be done in a day. A series of reforms is needed, and the penal system and the administration of justice must have a fresh coinage. Homes for destitute and orphaned children, which are now the exception, must be made the rule. Reform houses must be installed, and side by side with these will come the reformation of prisons proper. There must be sweeping reforms in the jury systems, so that there will be at least a partially technical jury. For a long time the punishment and trial of criminals were a species of entertainment to which the people were bidden. These customs have been much mollified to-day, but certain sensational cases still remain for a sort of show which interests the people without awakening in general the slightest feeling of pity. This in its essence is not much different from the attitude of the middle ages, and the danger remains that this sensationalism may spur on the degenerate to win notoriety through crime. When all opportunity for satisfying lust for sensation shall have been abolished much will have been gained for humanity and good. Further than this, many judges and attorneys, who now feel themselves pledged to inflict some punishment for the crime, will find another way, and transform the social revenge into a healing process which will be far more efficacious than punishment.

CESARE LOMBROSO.

SOME ONE.

Some one to love and be kind to, Some one whose faults you'd be blind to, Some one in trouble to fly to, Some one you'd love and not try to, Some one to struggle and strive for, Some one you'd glad you're alive for, Some one you'd not ask for, Some one you'd give and not ask for, Some one to climb earth's heights with, Some one you never would part with, But dwell in the land of the heart with, That's love. —J. M. Whitson.

The world has little use for the man who is fighting straw devils in January. Usually he gets the other fellow pay for them.—The Pall Mall.

## Some Plain Truths.

As Presented by Harrison D. Barrett, Relative to Important Matters.

The N. S. A. as an organization does not require either apology or defense from its friends. Some of the acts of its officials are open to criticism, and certain views may occasionally require definition. Whenever information is sought every member of the N. S. A. board of trustees is perfectly willing to explain his every honest conviction, to defend every seeming incongruity, and to give logical reasons for the proposals he sets forth. No man is infallible. Mistakes are often made in perfect sincerity of purpose and purity of motive by the most intelligent men and women on earth. Every honest man, however, should be willing to correct his mistake, when it is pointed out to him, and ought to be broad enough in his thought to be grateful for the criticism that revealed to him his error.

I am quite sure that every official of the N. S. A. has shaped his course, both as an officer and as an individual Spiritualist in harmony with the idea expressed in the preceding sentence.

Holding this thought in mind, I come before the readers of The Progressive Thinker, not to defend any member of the present board of trustees, nor to apologize for my brothers and sisters in office for what they have done or left undone. They have, one and all, acted according to the dictates of their consciences in their endeavors to promote the welfare of our cause, and have labored with singleness of heart for its advancement. They believe in brotherhood, and are faithfully endeavoring to do all in their power to bring about a higher, better and truer religion.

They do not expect that their convictions, however deep and sincere, will escape criticism, or that all Spiritualists will agree with their views. As officials representing a great movement, as individuals unselfishly seeking the good of their religion, they are entitled to courteous consideration on the part of their opponents, and should not be made the targets for falsehood, vilification and abuse on the part of those who occupy our platforms, or have the opportunity of reaching the public in other ways.

The foregoing paragraphs have been called forth by the repeated attacks that have been made upon the members of the board of trustees of the N. S. A. by certain speakers, also by the violence with which those self-same speakers have assailed our noblest and best ministers and mediums now before the public. One of these—a man—at least he uses a man's body—has said repeatedly of late:

"Three-fourths of the speakers and mediums on the Spiritualist platform to-day are absolutely devoid of principle, and should be 'doing time' in the penitentiary!"

This man has attained some prominence in our ranks and has repeatedly sought recognition at the hands of the very people whom he so cruelly and wantonly assails. MEASURED MAN FOR MAN, WOMAN FOR WOMAN, SPEAKER FOR SPEAKER, THE WORKERS UPON THE ROSTRUM OF SPIRITUALISM ARE AS MORAL, AS CLEAN, AS SPIRITUAL, AS TRUE, AS PROGRESSIVE, AND AS HONEST AS ANY OTHER CLASS UPON THE FACE OF THIS EARTH. THEY ARE THE PEERS OF ANY SIMILAR BODY OF RELIGIONISTS OR REFORMERS IN AMERICA OR IN EUROPE.

I denounce this wicked attack upon my brethren as the basest of calumnies, worthy only of a mental perversity and moral degeneracy!

Again I quote from this most "spiritual (?) speaker:

"The officers of the N. S. A. go about the country, clad in fine broadcloth, costly gloves and elegant patent leathers, yet do nothing for Spiritualism, and their expenses are always paid out of the treasury of the N. S. A."

Let me say here that the above quotation may not be verbatim. It conveys the idea I wish to present to your readers. Every word of this man's statement is MALICIOUSLY FALSE. The officers of the N. S. A. are not now, nor have they ever been, traveling about the country at the expense of the association. None of them can afford broadcloth, kid gloves, and patent leathers, because fake mediums often indulge in these luxuries, and frequently add a setting of diamonds to further dazzle the eyes of those who behold them.

At the present time, not a member of the board of trustees is traveling over the country either as a speaker or as a missionary. The president, having no lecture engagements, has been doing ordinary manual labor at his home. The vice-president is attending to his duties as an instructor in a medical college. The secretary is at her official desk in Washington, D. C. The treasurer is hard at work in behalf of the great business he has established by years of industry. One trustee is an overworked clerk in the Agricultural Department in the same city. Another is at work for his church in St. Louis, of which he has been pastor for seven or eight years. Another is as busy as a man can be with his manufacturing plant, while the other member of the board is spending the winter quietly in Florida.

There would be no necessity for referring to these outrageous remarks in your columns, if only the well-informed

Spiritualists heard them. All intelligent, spiritual minded people will at once put the stamp of their disapproval upon these villainous attacks. There are many, however, who may not know the facts in the case, and may, therefore, be led by these vilifiers of their peers, to believe that there may be some truth in them. For the benefit of such as these, I have ventured to offer these paragraphs to your readers. Some great writer once said that even the Devil refused to receive a slanderer in hell! He had to stay outside of both the abode of bliss and that of torture. The "old Adam" in me almost inclines me to feel that such a fate for the slanderers of our worthy speakers, our honest mediums, and the officials of the N. S. A. would be only just. Our platform is a broad one, and honest men and women who have a worthy thought for their fellow-men are always welcome there. It is too much to hope that some day the renegade, the apostate, the criminal, the counterfeit mediums, and the slanderer will not be invited to represent our cause? Let all people remember that the views of all of our workers are open to criticism; but let them also remember that there is a hiatus as wide as the universe between honest criticism and falsehood; between a frank comparison of ideas and downright mendacity, and between decency and indecency.

Yours for Truth and Justice,  
HARRISON D. BARRETT.

### OBSTRUCTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM.

Much Good Budding Has Been Done in the Spiritual Orchard.

Reading The Progressive Thinker No. 839, the article headed, Obstructions to Spiritualism, was of a character to interest me greatly. The writer states that "he has learned by first learning, that the greater part of what passes under the name of Spiritualism is error."

It is generally conceded that there is much of error presented under that name, just as there is by all organizations of whatever name, Christian or secular.

Now, I ask, is this error all produced by frauds? Are not honest mediums presenting error, exactly as they receive it from the spirit world? Spirits are not all perfect. We are, as human beings, all imperfect, full of error. When a spirit leaves the form, these errors and imperfections are retained, not left with the form vacated. They are not made perfect or honest in the twinkling of an eye, by the change. As well might all criminals be looked upon as honest men as soon as released from prison.

It would seem by the reading of this article that the writer has in mind the teachings and philosophy as well as the phenomena of Spiritualism. As to frauds practiced in the presentation of the phenomena, I consider them as imposture and deceit rather than error.

Now I will speak of the illustration presented, which appears to have reference more to the teachings, than the phenomena.

He says, "In a cluster of cherry trees of seventy or eighty that grew up hit or miss as seedlings, there were found only two or three of any practical value, while all the others were worthless."

He continues, "In an orchard where all the trees had been budded with choice varieties every tree was of great value," and asks, "Why this difference?"

If a horticulturist takes those worthless trees in hand, buds them all from those found valuable, they will in time all prove valuable.

"They are all good people," speaking of Spiritualists in general, I suppose, "yet very few are they which produce good fruit."

It is then asked, "Whose fault is this?" His answer is, "Those who are at the head of the national organizations, and have charge in the management of the cause of Spiritualism."

I ask: Have not these heads of the national and state organizations done all that could be asked of them, working early and late, so far as finances would admit to buy this vast orchard, Spiritualism, using their own best fruit to be obtained, largely from the "spirit realms," and the great increase in valuable fruit, now produced in all parts of the country can be shown as results of their work? It is true there is a great amount of budding yet to be done, but it cannot all be accomplished at once. A cherry tree, after being budded, requires two or three years to produce any but the natural fruit.

The spiritual orchard is producing much valuable fruit from the budding which has already matured, and the buds set later, will also if not killed by drought.

This Spiritualist Orchard covers an immense area, and a large number are employed (more needed), some planting the seed, others budding as needed. I here refer to the missionaries sent out by both National and State Associations. The Progressive Thinker is also unceasing in its labors in this orchard, visiting every part of it weekly, placing buds where most good can be attained, trimming off the sprouts and dead limbs, collecting the most desirable buds for the workers' use.

This process is working wonders, and must result sooner or later in an increase of quality, and a great improvement in the quality of that produced.

D. B. YOUNGS.

### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Spiritualists, Apply Auto-Suggestion Freely and Daily, and Aspire to Reach a Higher Spiritual Plane

To those who have already broken their New Year (as set forth in the Chicago Daily Journal) resolutions; to those who have not; to those who have no faith in resolutions and consequently never make them; to all who are conscious of faults they desire to correct; to those who are struggling to overcome conditions of life they long to change, these words are addressed.

NEVER DOUBT THE EFFICACY OF A DEFINITE DETERMINATION TO IMPROVE. NO GOOD RESOLVE HAS EVER GONE FOR NAUGHT—OR EVER WILL. NO STRIVING FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF SELF, NO EXERCISE OF THE WILL, NO DIRECTION OF ADVANCEMENT, CAN BE LOST.

There is a potency in such action of the mind so marvelous that when, some day, we realize the law back of it all our keenest regret will be that we were so slow in appropriating our good; that our efforts were so scattered—so few and far between. For this is the chief reason our excellent resolutions fail, or seem to fail, of their purpose.

The New Year resolution is uncertain in effect because it is a New Year resolution; because it is made every year instead of every day. There can be no doubt that if such exertion of the will were made daily instead of yearly, and if it were made with full understanding, the results would be immediate and indisputable.

This is a subject concerning which I have the most intense convictions. It is clear to me that there is no factor more potent in the evolution of the race than that the conscious action of the human mind should be directed to better its present conditions.

In the light of latter day scientific knowledge concerning the power of thought, the New Year resolution, or the daily resolution, assumes a new and striking significance.

We see such endeavor of the mind not merely as an indefinite action which may or may not have effect, but as the working of human will with divine law in such harmonious relation that the result is absolutely certain.

For there is a divine law back of our human striving for betterment, and when we recognize this law, intelligently co-operating with the forces of evolution, we can not help improving and growing.

The trouble with so many of our fine intentions is our hap-hazard fashion of sending them forth. We are uncertain whether they will bear fruit or not. We doubt our own ability to be true to them. Underneath all our strivings there is this doubt of ourselves—this fear that we are not strong enough to reach such high ideals.

THIS IS OUR GREAT ERROR. WE ARE STRONG IF WE WOULD ONLY APPROPRIATE OUR STRENGTH. IT IS FOLLY TO DEGRADE WE ARE UNABLE TO OVERCOME OUR FAULTS.

It is ignorance to go on, day after day, year after year, permitting ourselves to be handicapped by numerous deficiencies, when, by the right sort of effort—concentrated effort, made daily instead of yearly—we could rid ourselves of such incumbrance and be free to live a happier, stronger, more useful life.

The soul has within it the power to conquer and to progress. Man has the strength, if he would only use it. The soul is not made for indifference and failure.

Now that the enlightened world understands the power of suggestion, it is more and more clearly seen that there is no limit to what man may accomplish if he will.

In the significance of the new psychology a good reason is an auto-suggestion for improvement. In other words, it is an impression made voluntarily upon his own mind by the individual desiring to better his character or his life conditions. Such suggestion, if repeatedly given, cannot fail to have effect. It is a law.

When human beings intelligently recognize this law, there will be no longer any futile strivings for self-development. All efforts will be made with understandings and will bear abundant fruit. To those who are inclined to be discouraged in their struggle to advance, let me say this:

Do not make negative resolutions or suggestions. Be positive. Be assured of success. Say, "I am able to conquer. I am strong." I have within me the power to be what I will to be. This year, this day, I shall be braver, kinder, more controlled, more loving, more generous, more charitable. I am in the way of happiness and success."

Make these statements every day. Let every morning be your time for the renewing of your purposes, the asserting of higher estimates and standards.

Resolutions? They are your salvation. Persist in them and you will conquer.

ANGELA MORGAN.

### GRUMBAGH WILL CASE.

It Will Be Contested by the Heirs.

Formal contest of the will of the late James T. Grumbagh, of Leroy, has begun in the courts of McLean county, Ill., at Bloomington. The decedent was a successful banker and pronounced Spiritualist. A legal battle royal will undoubtedly result. Ex-Governor Fifer and other able attorneys will defend the provisions of the will. Local sentiment among the testator's old neighbors and friends is reported hostile to this attack upon his last testament. Spiritualists everywhere will be interested in the outcome. The benefits can only directly accrue to our cause in Leroy but the attack is based upon the theory that a Spiritualist is disqualified by his faith from making a legal disposition of his property after death.

A Bloomington paper says: "The 1100 acres of land, Leroy property and personal effects after providing for the life sentence of the widow and the payment of the small bequests, the largest of which was \$41,000 was left in trust to Owen, Coffey, Horne, Bonnett and West, for the founding of a Spiritualist church and a public library."

Was Not Competent.

The following clause is a direct charge made in the bill as to the mental condition of James T. Grumbagh: "Four complainants further represent that the said James T. Grumbagh at the time of executing the said instrument in writing purporting to be his last will and testament, was of advanced age, past seventy years, afflicted

### WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

A Young Man Relates His Experience in Spiritualism.

For several years my grandmother was interested in Spiritualism and nearly every night would go to one of our near neighbors who was also a Spiritualist, for the purpose of talking over some of the wonderful things that they had seen and read concerning the phenomena.

Scarcely a day passed without a word from her to my parents among these lines. Naturally we ridiculed and tried to make her see that she was wrong, but she would always say that before our death we all would be strong believers in the phenomena called Spiritualism.

Time went on and we paid no attention to her arguments and beliefs. Last year my grandmother passed to spirit life. We all took it very hard and became anxious, so near from her, if it was a possible thing.

She was taken away in June and in the following August my father was persuaded to go to Lily Dale to obtain slates, writing.

He brought the slates in this town and went there to Mr. Keeler's. After sitting with him a few moments the medium told him that the friends asked for in the questions were there and ready to write.

Great was his surprise to hear the pencil moving between the slates which he held, and greater yet was it on opening them to find the handwriting, to find a letter from his mother, grandfather and great uncle.

We compared the handwriting with some that was done in this life, and anyone could readily see that it was identical.

My father's uncle that wrote was not asked for, nor thought of, but nevertheless his message was there written in red across the other writing so as not to interfere. No red pencil was placed by human hands between the slates, to his knowledge, and he was not there to be humbugged.

In one of the three letters we received from our spirit friends was a request that we come home and see the slates that they might try to communicate with us there.

This we did and after sitting a few minutes we discovered that I had mediumistic power that wanted development. After sitting this way a while I got so I could write automatically and beautiful were the messages we got.

One of our family was still skeptical, but soon became a thorough convert owing to the following incident: A stand belonging to us became missing and none of us could find where our deceased friends had taken it. After consulting them at a sitting we learned that while on earth one of our spirit friends had loaned it to a neighbor over six years ago. We went to this neighbor and found it just as they had said. This strengthened the belief of all of us, and we were progressing nicely, when some evil spirits rushed in and changed everything about.

This we could not understand and it annoyed us very much; practically it turned us away from the right path for several weeks. Finally I decided to go to Lily Dale to see if I could get some advice that would help me to free myself of these earth-bound spirits.

I received some advice that helped me very much, and manifestations came easier and more satisfactory.

Our belief aroused much curiosity in the minds of others, and a cross interest came to us to hear from their departed friends.

Those who came in faith received beautiful results, but some came for the purpose of amusement and to have something to sneer at afterwards.

One night I asked my Sunday-school teacher to come and sit with us. She did so and became so interested that the following night she came again with her husband.

After sitting several times with these people I became strong enough to materialize their little boy, and he was able to write to them through me. Some of us could see much plainer than others, and while some of us saw faces and figures, others could only see forms, but I am still striving to develop sufficiently so that we all can see plainly.

I am only in my eighteenth year, so you see that I haven't had sufficient time to develop owing to my schooling. But now that I have graduated and have more time to devote to this cause, I trust the readers will wish me success in developing a good gift.

GROVER PURSELL.

Wayland, N. Y.

with disease and was not of sound mind and memory, and the contrary was at the time wholly incapable of understanding the nature and effect of the business in which he was engaged; that at the time of making the said will, the said James T. Grumbagh was possessed of an insane delusion as to the natural objects of his bounty and the object upon which he attempted by the said alleged will to confer his bounty; that he was insane upon certain religious subjects; and that this insanity, delusion and unsoundness of mind directly affected and controlled the distribution of his property and rendered him wholly incapable of making any just and proper division or distribution of his estate, and that such insanity, delusion and unsoundness of mind continued until the time of his death.

Your complainants further represent that owing to his impaired mind, and also to his highly excited feelings in matters pertaining to Spiritualism, the said James T. Grumbagh was very liable to be unduly influenced by designing persons, to make such a disposition of his property as he actually did in the said instrument in writing, so that although his mind had become so impaired as to incapacitate him to make a will, this idea of making these bequests to build and maintain a Spiritualist church and library and leaving his nearest kin unprotected for, remained fixed in his mind; and that the said James T. Grumbagh was at the time of the execution of said instrument of writing under improper restraint and undue influence from the undue acts and fraudulent practices of these designing persons.

He has oratory who ravishes his hearers while he forgets himself.—Lavater. He who is plentifully provided for within needs but little from without.—Goethe.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—Voltaire.

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.—Cicero.



# A Story of Kisses.

Illustrating the Brotherhood of Man.

The merit of Christianity as a system, and the value of "bellef," as a factor, and not in any creed or in any ritual, equivalent for feeling, but in the feeling itself.

"Faith" is either a function of fact, or it is of folly, when manifestly it is not faith at all, but credulity—a vastly different matter.

The real faith is not dependent at all upon any symbol or form of statement which produces it. The value of the message has no necessary connection with the moral merit of the messenger.

Christianity is the power it is, and has been, and will continue to be, because it more nearly expresses abstract truth than any other expression known to mankind. It is capable, by the beauty and action of its sublime myths, of attracting more minds than the myths of all other religions combined.

It may not be literally true, but so marvelous is the fascination of the story that even those who might be disposed to discredit it, if they allowed themselves to think, will deliberately decline investigation, fearful that their ideal might be shattered.

The ideal may be a mirage in life's desert; but never yet was there a mirage without a reality somewhere beyond the visible horizon.

Faith is feeling focused. It is a complete subordination of sense to a higher, completed, universal sentiment, in whose actual presence emotion becomes the equivalent of knowledge, where all things are made new.

This, in substance, was what I had to say in reply to a request for my opinion as to the truth of the Christian religion.

A large party, chiefly composed of young people, had gathered in the library at Stone, a country seat on the Hudson, for the holidays, and, as such matters happen, the conversation had taken an unexpected turn; it came about naturally enough, though in a rather peculiar way. One of the guests was a Captain Clay Havisham, recently retired on account of wounds received in action with the Indians. Mrs. Andros' cook was a colored woman, and in her younger days had been a slave in the Havisham family, somewhere in Kentucky. When "Auntie" found that her "young man" was in the house, she, of course, wanted to see him.

The Captain's recollections of the old woman, who had been his nurse in childhood, were very vivid. He begged that she might be sent for. Mrs. Andros called a servant, and a few moments after Chloe appeared in the great front hall, shaking all over "like a bowl full of jelly," and her broad black face beaming with joy.

Whether the Captain's unfeigned affection for her, or that he, too, was too proud to seem to hide his real feelings, at all events he left the sliding doors wide open, and in full view of us all he threw his arms around Aunt Chloe, and kissed her on the cheek.

That was all we witnessed of the interview. Mrs. Andros rose and softly closed the doors; but what we had seen was quite enough for comment of our sort or another. The guests, however, they were too high bred to make these things offensive or very openly, but I overheard one young woman—a Miss Rotherlyte, from Boston—remark in a whisper: "Strange, what an effect heredity and early education have upon certain minds!" while my cousin, Manny, Augustus, said, in plain terms and a trifle louder, that "it was just disgusting."

My aunt, Mrs. Andros, tactfully and quietly turned the current of thought into a different channel, and, so diverted, the stream broadened out into the full tide of discussion.

Among so large a number, of course, there were many shades of opinion. One of the men was a "gentle," another a "strong," and a third a "strong" Miss Rotherlyte, with a free flow of language and not a little ability, upheld the cause of what she considered "orthodoxy," or what she called the brotherhood of man.

This sort of thing is amusing to me and yet there is a sadness about it. Inquiry and argument and opinion are all so entirely futile on the lines that the whole world seems united in holding as the only possible method of approaching truth.

Almost all had something to say; but Maggie Chalmers, a sweet, pretty girl, daughter, by the way, of an agnostic gentleman, sat quietly, with her little sister Mary in her arms, both listening, but never saying a word.

"Come now, Maggie," said Cousin Nan, vivaciously, "you are such a pious little thing, you ought to know more than the rest of us; haven't you anything to say?"

Miss Chalmers smiled and shook her head. "No," she answered, "I have nothing to say. I have no views at all, only—I try always to receive Christ as a little child."

In the silence that followed the door opened, Captain Havisham came in, and in a moment the library "buzzed and banged and clacked" again.

It was at this point that I was challenged, with the result I have given, — a result which gave rise to not a little further discussion. Mr. Chalmers, by the way, drew me into an argument, while Miss Rotherlyte was very severe in her condemnation of my use of the word "myth," which she characterized as "positively infidel."

I hardly like to use the expression, "nearly as swine," or to seem to say, "Stand aside! I am a human being," but I must confess I was soley with a feeling of the hopelessness of words in such a company that I said no more.

Finding that I refused to "give up my fort of silence to a woman," Miss Rotherlyte turned her attention to Captain Havisham.

"What do I think? Well I can hardly say that I have thought much on the subject either way." Was he a Christian? Well, yes, he thought he was; not a member of any church, but he attended services, "more," said he frankly, "because my mother likes to have me than for any special fancy of my own. I think religion is, well just love; that's about it."

The Captain spoke hesitatingly and with sort of indifference, as if the subject were either beyond him, or had little interest to him. He seemed to be almost dumb. But a remark of Mr. Chalmers drew him out.

"What do I think?" said he, brightening instantly. "What do I think of the doctrine that all things are made new? Why, that's true. I know it's true because something happens to me once."

The Captain stopped suddenly, blushing like a girl.

"Oh! you must tell us what it was." "A story! Is it a story?" "No," said the Captain. "I won't call it a story, and it isn't a story. This is how it was. I was in the Indian country when the Nez Percés went off the reservation, on the war path as they say."

waters of Little Butte river, a couple of hundred miles off. My chief could spare him one squadron. When we started there were just thirty-two—all told. I was the only commissioned officer along; but O'Tool, my first sergeant, was an old Indian fighter. Besides, we didn't expect to run across any hostiles; we felt sure they were further down the valley. We did run across them, for all that—hundreds on their ponies, armed out in feathers and war paint, yelling and whooping. There was only one thing to do. We rode for the timber, and there made a stand—cut trees and piled rocks. This made a fair enough fort; but, to show how hot the firing was, by night they had killed the last of the horses, though this didn't matter so much—we used their bodies to help make a breastwork.

"They kept us there for two whole days, charging up the hill every now and then, and we firing back with our repeating carbines."

"This was my first brush with the reds," I asked O'Tool what he thought; whether we were likely to pull through, and when he said we'd be in kingdom come inside of forty-eight hours, and Gray Wolf, the Arapahoe scout, thought so too, I may as well own up to being scared. Being scared or not, I loaded and emptied my Remington just the same. That's one merit to West Point: it makes a man not to feel afraid, or if he is afraid, not to show it. It comes to about the same thing.

"Well, so it went. Two whole days those red devils kept it up. By the second night hardly one wasn't hit, some badly, and a dozen either killed or out of the fight."

"The worst of it was our canteens were empty. We had enough to eat, but for nearly two whole days not a drop of water. Besides, that, hardly one of us had any sleep. The first night we had a little rest now and then, but this second the reds kept it right along."

"They knew we must be getting short of ammunition and pretty well used up. It was nearly full moon, and the moon was nearly full when they charged it again. This time Gray Wolf gave up. It wouldn't touch his place, but sat on the ground—wrapped his blanket about him, and sat there, rocking back and forth, and singing his death song."

"I kicked and cursed him for a coward; but he wouldn't budge. The sav- ings, I thought, were enough, but time had come, when you begin to think about keeping a charge of your revolver for your own brains."

"That was what we did—O'Tool and I agreed to shoot one another rather than fall alive into the hands of the reds. The last survivors did that in the Potomac affair, why not we?"

"But, when we had given up all hope, not a hundred rounds left just before morning the firing and yells let up for a minute, and then, way down off the valley, we heard a bugle, only two or three notes, but that was enough."

"Every man went wild at once and shouted, 'hurrah hurrah!' with all their might."

"I know your horn, blow!" said I to our little Dutch bugler. "Went all your worth. Let 'em know we're alive." "The little chap had been shot in the thigh, so he couldn't get on his feet, but he was plucky clear through. He grabbed his bugle, puffed his cheeks and rolled over on his back. My! how he did blow!"

"Back came 'oot, toot, toot to toot," and a minute or two after we caught sight of a guidon fluttering, and the sun, just creeping up, on the sabres."

"The reds were quick, Jove, but it was fun to see the devils scrambling for their ponies. We laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks—laughed and cried together."

"Swigert's troops charged the reds, but I don't know Scott's troop of the 12th Colorado Cavalry, rode right up the slope. Glad to talk about being glad. By Jove, if you ever saw glad men we were that."

"O'Tool, who always said he hated niggers, just made for the first trooper that climbed over—a big, black, grimy, grinning Congo buck, and hugged and kissed him, blubbering like a baby. The rest all did the same—among 'em. There was Scott Moran, classmate of mine at the academy; why, when he took a commission in a black regiment I thought he'd disgraced himself."

"I didn't think so when he rode up the hill that morning, and I never have thought so since. I tell you there's nothing but a thing of that kind to knock prejudice out of a man."

"That's what I mean by all things being made new. I've heard people talk about the brotherhood of man, but I've felt it."—Hudson Genone, in The Open Court.

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## UNCLE SAM'S FREE SCHOOL.

Some Pertinent Reflections in Regard to the Same.

The public free school, by our dear Uncle Sam—

The one institution devoid of all sham, With praiseworthy public over its door, Is servant alike to the rich and the poor!

The great foster father of every born race, And guardian mother, of broadest free grace;

I gathers the children (whatever their lot) And rears them together, with parental thought;

No social distinctions prevail—as a rule,— The high-born and lowly touch elbows at school;

The president's son, and the common bootblack, The clopshopper's boy and the swartly "Polack."

Are on the same plane—as a fraternal band, And taught to obey every law of our land;

With temperance instruction, the mothers have brought; While mercy, and purity, likewise are taught;

To which every pupil is carefully trained: An ethical standard is thereby maintained

For citizenship, that is clean, through and through;— That builds a Republic, both loyal and true;

With reverence awe for our banner unfurled, The symbol of freedom, flung out to the world!

The public free school is the hope of our race, No other provision can fill its high place;

The growth of our country depends on its sway;— Defend it we must, from invaders to-day.

Who seek to supplant it, by fraudulent ways, While secretly holding sectarian aims:—

With hope of obtaining the future control By pow'r they may gain, through parochial school!

Arouse, then, ye freemen, and straightaway proceed To ward off the foe from unworthy greed;

Remember that vigilance ever will be the price we must pay for our true liberty!

That strong declaration our fathers proclaimed, Is still our protection, if strictly maintained:

No sect of religion shall congress promote With appropriations of money—by vote;

Hence, adding a sect, in its church, or its school, Is open transgression of government rules!

And favors to any, then all could demand, And where would our public school system then stand?

Our proud old Republic will soon cease to be, If cults of religion are perfectly free To use their great liberty here as a tool

To back and demolish dear Uncle Sam's school! That system, so wise, and so broad in its scope, Must grant no exemptions (?) from priest, king, or pope!

A. HARTER REYNOLDS. Auburn, N. Y.

INTELLIGENCE THE GOAL OF DREAM.

'Twas many, many years ago, We found ourselves one day, to be Aboard the tug of Know-It-All, And sailing on the Great Smart Sea.

Our noble tug sailed grandly on, She had an ever gallant crew. No breaker dared to show its head Along our stately line of view.

Smart Sea kept calm from day to day, And seemed to wear a placid face; Our tug of Know-It-All steamed on, To find for us a landing place.

At last a craft came in our view, By name, just dim Uncertainty, That led into the Sea of Doubt, Where many, many seemed to be.

Our tug now needing some repairs, We anchored 'long the shore, We thought while waiting there, for her,

We might as well explore, And sail the wondrous Sea of Doubt, With surging billows, mountain high, Ensuring to its bosom cold.

Wherein it seemed that all must die. But in the face of all these woes, Our wonder pressed us ever on;

What cared we for those angry waves? Our fears, it seemed, were now all gone.

But ere this voyage we could take, Now fraught with new and strange suspense, The Know-It-All we had to leave, And board the boat of Common Sense.

This boat it took us far away, 'Mid waters stern and ever cold, It seemed this voyage ne'er would cease,

No part of truth we'd e'er behold. But when our hopes were well nigh gone, There came one day in view, The Sea of Truth, whose shores of Peace,

Stretched out toward heaven's blue. This Sea of Truth, with sparkling waves, Lashed back from shore to shore, Had just one ship of stately mien, Intelligence—the name it bore.

And on its sides, in words of gold, "Bound for the Port of Facts, Where Reason rules, and Right is king, And proved by human acts."

"So get aboard," the captain said, "And loiter not away your time, The way is free, we sail to-day, The Sea of Truth, for lands sublime."

And all who sail those wondrous seas, In search of truth and light, Must bear old Error's fearful brunt, 'Twill guide them through the night

Of darkest hours and deep despair, Before the light they'll see, That beckons on with pleasing gleam Across to Truth's deep sea.

EMMA M. WARD.

## APPARITIONS AND OTHER PHANTASMS.

These Read by L. W. Billingsley, Attorney to New Psychology Club of Lincoln, Nebraska.

In recent years investigations in the psychical have been more difficult to give to the public, satisfactory demonstrations and proofs of theories and truths than in the material world. We know that if you add two apples to two apples you have four apples—not six apples; that if you add 1 part of oxygen to 2 parts of hydrogen we ever have 3 parts of water.

This astronomer can demonstrate that the world is really round, completely round, and yearly passes in an orbit around the sun, and so on as to other truths as to concrete things. In these matters we use one or more of our sensory faculties, with our reasoning faculties, through and by the objective world.

But even as to matters relating to the physical world, we find the minds of some in what we call a high state of development—while others are dull, stupid and obtuse, but little above brutes.

A fisherman seeing a red, glowing sun, may only have a vision in him and not a fact. He may see a condition of coming day, and its effect on the mind, while in the mind of a poet or philosopher, indefinable beauties would be unfolded and profound truths would be manifested. Lord Bacon truly said: "Nothing can be known with certainty without appeal to facts." In appealing to facts we make use of inductive reasoning, from particular to general, that is, from many facts we may draw certain conclusions; frame certain hypotheses, postulate theories, in appealing to facts.

Reason Finds Three or More Great Pitfalls

In arriving at the truth. First is inaccurate observation. Second, insufficient verification. Third, the tendency of the human mind to generalize and conclude from an insufficient number of facts.

Now when we consider this subject of phantasms we enter a field for wide speculation and conjecture, in assigning causes for apparitions from different points of view. The conclusions arrived at are chiefly from three points of view.

One given by psychologists is that apparitions and other phantasms are illusions and delusions arising out of man's subjective or subconscious mind. A second view is given by a school of philosophers is that they are materialized thought forms, made up of man's mental and astral bodies intermingled with etheric matter. A third view is that apparitions are spirits of the dead, or even living—materialized with some substance so, as to be visible to sensitive sight, or to clairvoyant sight—and termed by some as spirit sight. This latter view is held by the cult called "Spiritualism" is held by some of the cult called "Theosophists."

As to the first theory, Thomson Jay Hudson is probably one of the ablest exponents. Yet he considers the subject with much caution.

Apparitions or ghost stories, have terrified third people in all ages, and have led to a vast amount of speculation.

The London Society for Psychical Research.

has patiently investigated the subject in a scientific way, and has collected many facts, but has not classified them as to any definite hypotheses or theory, save in a tentative way. At any rate, they do not dogmatize—only grant no exemptions (?) from priest, king, or pope!

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"Right Living" By Susan H. Wixon. The author shows a wise practicality in her method of teaching the principle of "Right Living." She illustrates her subject with many brief narratives and anecdotes, which render the book more interesting and more easily comprehensible. It is especially adapted for use in Children's Lyceum. In the hands of mothers and teachers it may be made very useful. Young and old will be benefited by it. Price, 25c.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. This book is a long and interesting one of the most recent in the spiritualist rostrum. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature; and presents his views as demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is recommended by a host of spiritualists. Price, 25c.

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personal predilections, and remains deaf to every question outside the limits it has proscribed for itself." Hamlet's father's ghost is a case in point—his taking off in the garden by wife and brother.

Ghosts never reappear at the place where a building that has been haunted is destroyed. Theosophy claims that spirits are simply astral bodies of the departed. This they endeavor to verify by a vast record of facts, also by clairvoyant sight, and by the teachings and affirmations of their mahatmas and adepts. All of which, outside of the domain of facts, does not admit of scientific demonstration, and hence has little value outside of that cult.

Spiritualists of course believe that ghosts, apparitions and phantasms of all kinds are caused by the spirits generally of the departed—materialized or clothed in vestment of astral and etheric matter, appearing much like the persons did before they passed out. These phantasms readily dissolve their vestments with the spirits remaining intact.

Spiritualists Have a Vast Record of Phenomena

to sustain their theory—and then, too, they have phenomena theorems of daily occurrence over the world. Their phenomena at many scenes, divested of all theory—of the workings of either the forces of nature or of the human mind, such as levitation, moving ponderable bodies without contact, improvised loud audible speech, music, poetry, singing, by three and four entities at the same time, questions by spectators with prompt intelligent answers from invisible entities—and giving correct intelligence in the dealings of those far away, and premonitory warnings of future events—are certainly hard to account for save on theory of Spiritualists.

Even Mr. Hudson, though denying the theory of Spiritualists, admits that phenomena in these words "The man who denies the phenomena of Spiritualism to-day, is not entitled to be called a skeptic, he is simply ignorant; and it would be hopeless task to attempt to enlighten him." Some people deny spirit phenomena and refuse to investigate.

One other matter I here desire to speak of while on the subject of ghosts or apparitions, though hardly germane to the subject of this evening's discussion—that is, the

Thought Atmosphere

that invests habitations. In moving into a strange house or room, some sensitive persons are apparently influenced by the mental make-up of those who previously occupied the premises. If the former resided with a cheerful, a great sorrow or affliction, a depressed, sad feeling would unusually come upon the later occupant, so strong that relief could only come by moving out of the habitation—no ghost would be seen, but the depressing mental state would be felt all the same. Of all knowledge, the new occupant had no knowledge of the former occupancy, and yet would have the mental affliction akin to that borne by the former occupant.

If the former occupants were merry, or optimistic, or artistic, or of strong mentality, or had any other strong characteristic, their character atmosphere would remain and affect later sensitive occupants. The character of the former occupants of habitations probably affects more or less, either perceptibly or unnoticeably, all who afterwards dwell there—of course often by suggestion—and of course only slightly affect the dull and obtuse minds.

Thought essence, thought elements, and thought forms infect all habitations, all assemblies of



# A Little Pilgrim.

This is a charming narrative illustrating the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the spirit side of life, the realms of souls, the immortal spheres of existence. Margaret O. W. Oliphant is the author. And while it has been read by millions in the past, it will prove refreshing and soul-inspiring to our readers to again peruse it and feel its thrills of inspiration, and enjoy its uplifting influence.

## CHAPTER I.

### In the Unseen.

She had been talking of dying only the evening before, with a friend, and had described her own sensations after a long illness when she had been at the point of death. "I suppose," she said, "that I was as nearly gone as any one ever was to come back again. There was no pain in it, only a sense of sinking down, down—through the bed as if nothing could hold me or give me support enough—but no pain."

And then they had spoken of another friend in the same circumstances, who also had come back from the very verge, and who described her sensations as those of one floating upon a summer sea without pain or suffering, in a lovely nook of the Mediterranean, blue as the sky. These soft and soothing images of the passage which all men dread had been talked over with low voices, yet with smiles and a grateful sense that "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" were once more familiar to both. And very cheerfully she went to rest that night, talking of what was to be done on the morrow, and fell asleep sweetly in her little room, with its shaded light and curtained window, and little pictures on the dim walls. All was quiet in the house; soft breathing of the sleepers, soft murmuring of the spring wind outside, a wintry moon very clear and full in the skies, a little town all hushed and quiet, everything lying defenseless, unconscious, in the safe keeping of God.

How soon she woke no one can tell. She woke and lay quite still, half roused, half hushed, in that soft languor that attends a happy waking. She was happy always, in the peace of a heart that was humble and faithful and pure, but yet had been used to wake to a consciousness of little pains and troubles, such as even to her meekness were sometimes hard to bear. But on this morning there were none of these. She lay in a kind of hush of happiness and ease, not caring to make any further movement, lingering over the sweet sensation of that waking. She had no desire to move nor to break the spell of the silence and peace. It was still very early, she supposed, and it might be hours yet before the dawn came to call her. It might be that she should sleep again. She had no wish to move, she lay at such luxurious ease and calm.

But by and by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her, the soft dawn of a summer morning, the lovely blueness of the first opening of daylight before the sun. It could not be the light of the moon, which she had seen before she went to bed; and all was so still, that it could not be the bustling, wintry day which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light growing every moment. And by and by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof, her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at her window.

The discovery gave her no uneasiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room, she was in no scene she knew. Indeed it was scarcely a scene at all, nothing but light, so soft and lovely, that it soothed and caressed her eyes.

She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child, when she had woken in the deep night which yet was day, early, so early that the birds were scarcely astir, and had risen up with a delicious sense of dawning and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as if she were Eve just entering upon Eden. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her as she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she moved to rise and look a little more closely about her, and see where she was.

When I call her a little Pilgrim, I do not mean that she was a child; on the contrary, she was not even young. She was little by nature, with as little flesh and blood as was consistent with mortal life; and she was one of those who are always little for love. The tongue found diminutives for her, the heart kept her in a perpetual youth: She was so modest and so gentle, that she always came last, so long as there was anyone whom she could put before her. But this little body, and the soul which was not little, and the heart which was big and great, had known all the round of sorrows that fill a woman's life, with-

out knowing any of its warmer blessings. She had nursed the sick, she had entertained the weary, she had consoled the dying. She had gone about the world, which had no prize or recompense for her, with a smile. Her little presence had been always bright. She was not clever; you might have said she had no mind at all; but so wise and right and tender a heart, that it was as good as genius. This is to let you know what this little Pilgrim had been.

She rose up, and it was strange how like she felt to the child she remembered in that still summer morning so many years ago. Her little body, which had been worn and racked with pain, felt as light and unobscured of itself as then. She took her first step forward with the same sense of pleasure, yet of awe, suppressed delight and daring and wild adventure, yet perfect safety. But then the recollection of the little room in which she had fallen asleep came quickly, strangely over her, confusing her mind. "I must be dreaming, I suppose," she said to herself, regretfully; for it was all so sweet that she wished it to be true.

Her movement called her attention to herself, and she found that she was dressed, not in her night-dress, as she had lain down, but in a dress she did not know. She paused for a moment to look at it, and wonder. She had never seen it before; she did not make out how it was made, or what stuff it was, but it felt so pleasantly about her, it was so soft and light, that in her confused state she abandoned that subject with only an additional sense of pleasure. And now the atmosphere became more distinct to her. She saw that under her feet was a greenness as of close velvet turf, both cool and warm, cool and soft to touch, but with no damp in it, as might have been at that early hour, and with flowers showing here and there.

She stood looking round her, not able to identify the landscape because she was still confused a little, and then walked softly on, all the time afraid lest she should awake and lose the sweetness of it all, and the sense of rest and happiness. She felt so light, so airy, as if she could skim across the field like any child: it was bliss enough to breathe and move, with every organ so free. After more than fifty years of hard service in the world, to feel like this, even in a dream! She smiled to herself at her own pleasure; and then once more, yet more potently, there came back upon her the appearance of her room in which she had fallen asleep.

How had she got from there to here? Had she been carried away in her sleep, or was it only a dream, and would she by and by find herself between the four dim walls again? Then this shadow of recollection faded away once more, and she moved forward, walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf. Presently she came to a little mound, upon which she paused to look about her. Every moment she saw a little farther; blue hills far away, extending in long, sweet distance, an indefinite landscape, but fair and vast, so that there could be seen no end to it, not even the line of the horizon—save at one side, where there seemed to be a great shadowy gateway, and something dim beyond.

She turned from the brightness to look at this, and when she had looked for some time, she saw, what pleased her still more, though she had been so happy before, people coming in. They were too far off for her to see clearly, but many came, each apart, one figure only at a time. To watch them amused her in the delightful leisure of her mind. Who were they? She wondered; but no doubt soon some of them would come this way, and she would see. Then suddenly she seemed to hear, as if in answer to her question, some one say, "Those who are coming in are the people who have died on earth."

"Died!" she said to herself aloud, with a wondering sense of the inappropriateness of the word which almost came the length of laughter. In this sweet air, with such a sense of life about, to suggest such an idea was almost ludicrous. She was so occupied with this, that she did not look round to see who the speaker might be. She thought it over, amused, but with some new confusion of the mind. Then she said, "Perhaps I have died too!" with a laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"Yes," said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, "you have died too."

ment, so that her whole soul was in a confusion. And as this vision slowly faded away (though she could not tell which was the vision, the darkened room or this lovely light), her attention came back to the words at which she had laughed, and at which the other had laughed as she repeated them. "Died?"—was it possible that this could be the meaning of it all?

"Died?" she said, looking with wonder in her companion's face, who smiled back to her. "But do you mean—You cannot mean—I have never been so well; I am so strong; I have no trouble—anywhere; I am full of life."

The other nodded her beautiful head with a more beautiful smile, and the little Pilgrim burst out in a great cry of joy, and said:

"Is this all? Is it over?—Is it all over? Is it possible that this can be all?"

"Were you afraid of it?" the other said.

There was a little agitation for the moment in her heart. She was so glad, so relieved and thankful, that it took away her breath. She could not get over the wonder of it.

"To think one should look forward to it so long, and wonder, and be even unhappy trying to divine what it will be—and this all!"

"Ah, but the angel was very gentle with you," said the young woman; "you were so tender and worn, that he only smiled and took you sleeping. There are other ways. But it is always wonderful to think it is over, as you say."

The little Pilgrim could do nothing but talk of it, as one does after a very great event. "Are you sure, quite sure, it is so?" she said. "It would be dreadful to find it only a dream, to go to sleep again, and wake up there—"

This thought troubled her for a moment. The vision of the bedchamber came back; but this time she felt it was only a vision. "Were you afraid, too?" she said, in a low voice.

"I never thought of it at all," the beautiful stranger said; "I did not think it would come to me. But I was very sorry for the others to whom it came, and grumbled that they should lose the beautiful earth, and life, and all that was so sweet."

"My dear!" cried the Pilgrim, as if she had never died, "oh, but this is far sweeter! And the heart is so light, and it is happiness only to breathe, it is heaven here! It must be heaven."

"I do not know it is heaven. We have so many things to learn. They cannot tell you everything at once," said the beautiful lady. I have seen some of the people I was sorry for, and when I told them, we laughed—as you and I laughed just now—for pleasure."

"That makes me think," said the little Pilgrim; "if I have died, as you say—which is so strange, and me so living—if I have died, they will have found it out. The house will be all dark, and they will be breaking their hearts. Oh, how could I forget them in my selfishness, and be happy! I so light-hearted, while they—"

She sat down hastily, and covered her face with her hands and wept. The other looked at her for a moment, then kissed her for comfort, and cried too. The two happy creatures sat there weeping together, thinking of those they had left behind, with an exquisite grief which was not unwholesome, which was sweet with love and pity. "And, oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what can we do to tell them not to grieve? Can we not send? cannot you speak? cannot one go to tell them?"

The heavenly stranger shook her head.

"It is not well, they all say. Sometimes one has been permitted; but they do not know you," she said, with a pitiful look in her sweet eyes. "My mother told me that her heart was so sick for me, she was allowed to go; and she went and stood by me, and spoke to me, and I did not know her. She came back so sad and sorry, that I took her at once to our Father; and there, you know, she found that it was all well. All is well when you are there."

"Ah," said the little Pilgrim, "I have been thinking of other things. Of how happy I was, and of them; but never of the Father, just as if I had not died." The other smiled upon her with a wonderful smile.

"Do you think he will be offended—our Father—as if he were one of us?" she said.

And then the little Pilgrim, in her sudden grief to have forgotten him, became conscious of a new rapture unobtainable in words. She felt his understanding to envelop her little spirit with a soft and clear penetration, and that nothing she did or said could ever be misconceived more. "Will you take me to him?" she said, trembling yet glad, clasping her hands. And once again the other shook her head.

"They will take us both when it is time," she said; "we do not go at our own will. But I have seen our Brother—"

"Oh, take me to him!" the little Pilgrim cried. "Let me see his face! I have so many things to say to him. I want to ask him—Oh, take me to where I can see his face!"

And then once again the heavenly lady smiled.

"I have seen him," she said. "He is always about—now here, now there. He will come and see you, perhaps when you are not thinking. But when he pleases. We do not think here of what we will—"

(To be continued.)



## SPECIAL THOUGHT CHANNEL. SYMPOSIUM.

The Question Before Spiritualists is this: Can a Spirit dematerialize a white dress, a white hat, a pair of white stockings, a scarf, fan and doll, and convey them to her home in spirit life, and then at will materialize them, and bring them back to earth?

### Letter From a Washington Spiritualist.

To the Editor:—A fine demonstration of spirit power took place at Mrs. M. A. Keeler's some time ago. A short time before Christmas Clara Collingwood, Mrs. Keeler's cabinet messenger, expanded a wish for a full outfit of earthly clothing. ONE LADY GOT HER A NICE WHITE HAT, ANOTHER MADE HER A WHITE DRESS, ANOTHER PROVIDED HER WITH A PAIR OF WHITE STOCKINGS, ANOTHER WITH A PAIR OF WHITE SOCKS, AND OTHERS WITH SCARF, FAN AND DOLL. These articles were presented to her for a Christmas present, and were taken away somewhere by the spirit messenger, not one of them being left in the seance room. When inquiry was made, Clara said she took them to her spirit home.

A few weeks after Christmas, Mrs. Keeler, who is a materializing medium, requested her husband, Dr. Wm. Keeler, who is a spirit photographer, to take her photograph while entranced in the cabinet in the dark. She seated herself in the cabinet, the curtain pulled to one side, the camera placed in position, the room made dark, and the photograph was taken. To one side, and in front of Mrs. Keeler, stands Clara Collingwood, the spirit messenger, clothed in her Christmas presents of earthly clothing. I send you the photograph; also a photograph of myself and spirit wife and son, and also one of myself and Spirit Dr. Holland, who controls the materializations, and the face and head of Clara and others supposed to be relatives, and whom I do not recognize.

This demonstration proves to me that spirits can be photographed and that they can take solids to their spirit homes. RUFUS SUMERLIN, Washington, D. C.

THE ABOVE LETTER SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. WHETHER THE MATERIAL GARMENTS OF EARTH CAN BE TRANSPORTED TO SPIRIT CITY OF A PURE HOME AND DELIVERED, AND THEN BE REMATERIALIZED, AND WORN BY A MORTAL, IS A QUESTION THAT THOSE ONLY WHO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS SYMPOSIUM, MUST DECIDE. HOWEVER, WE DESIRE TO SPEAK OF THE GROSS DECEPTION, PRACTICED IN THIS CITY, CARRIED ON BY MATERIALIZING MEDIUMS. THE DECEPTION HAS BEEN MOUNTAIN HIGH. THE FRAUD PRACTICED HAS BEEN OF THE MOST CRUEL, HEARTLESS KIND. THE ACTORS MUST BE CLASSED WITH THE THIEF, WITH THE HOLD-UP MAN, WITH THE VILLAIN

photographed and standing beside her was the control, clothed in the same white articles of raiment." Stupendous! Marvelous! I believed at one time that there might be some thing in spirit photography; but at Onset Bay one day I saw a crowd of people in front of Carr's, the photographer. I stepped up to look at the photographs in the windows and one of my friends said to me: "Just look here—here is your figure, natural as can be, posing as a spirit beside this lady who has been photographed." Sure enough, it was I beyond doubt, and not only I but other people at Onset who were at that moment alive—pictured as "spirits" beside the persons photographed.

I rushed into Carr's studio. He smiled at my excitement, saying, "I mean to expose these bogus spirit photographers as it is a trick; so I took your photograph and some other ladies' photographs and transferred them to plates which I later used in taking some person's pictures, with the result that I have produced the same spirit pictures 'materialized' by these fraudulent gentry. It is easily done." Sure enough, when he showed me the modus operandi I saw that it was a PALPABLE TRICK, and I went to say to the credulous, when you go to get a spirit picture taken, take your own plate along and get your chum to keep an eye on it; then you will see how many spirit faces will appear on the picture. I doubt if there is such a thing as genuine spirit photography. Anyhow, it did not take the "spirit artists" long to decide which was their best mode, after Carr had filled his windows with 'spirit' photographs. They stole silently from the Onset precincts and deemed it mighty 'bad medicine' in future to invade its domain.

How we laughed as we saw them disappear one by one. "This demonstrates to me that the spirits can take solids to the spirit world," says this much-beggared teller of great stories. But facts would not bear out his statement. DOES HE PRETEND TO SAY THAT HIS MORTAL BODY COULD BE CARRIED INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD? IT IS SOLID MATTER, LIKE HATS, DOLLS AND DRESSES, AND IF THE LATTER IS TAKEN THERE, SO ALSO MAY MORTAL BODIES. White hats, stockings and white shoes—yes, and white elephants, too—one is as feasible as the other!

From all life's grapes I press sweet wine.—Henry Harrison Brown.

Spiritualists believe that there are no literal fires (solid) in the spiritual world, but only their counterpart. Hell is a condemning conscience and heaven a state of harmony surrounding the soul—all these psychic qualities, together with spirit, are ethereal and some might say, ghostly, effervescent; they belong to the spiritual world, essentially, and naught but psychic qualities of a like nature can exist there. Hats, shoes and dolls are too grossly organized to be taken to the spiritual realm: Their spiritual counterpart might exist there, in ghostly, effervescent state, but as for the solid, material objects themselves—impossible.

Matter belongs to the earth; it can EXIST NOWHERE ELSE. Spiritual law in the spiritual world utterly repudiates the statement that earthly tatters may exist there—THIS PSYCHIC LAW FORBIDS IT. The law of correspondence, effectually relegates every form of matter to the earthly plane where it belongs and affirms that SPIRITUAL QUALITIES ONLY, SHALL EXIST IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Vain are assertions of the hoodwinked to the contrary—eternal principles of the psychic domain have settled the subject for all time. Any so-called deviation from this rule is the result of deception and trickery, and any person who believes it has closed the avenues of his being to COMMON SENSE AND REASON, AND MUST PRACTICALLY BELIEVE THAT IF HATS, DRESSES AND DOLLS CAN BE TAKEN TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, SO ALSO CAN STOVES, FURNITURE, HOUSES, WHOLE VILLAGES IN FACT—AND THE EARTH ITSELF. FOR THAT MATTER, THUS SETTING ASIDE HIS IMMUTABLE LAWS WHICH GOVERN IT.

EVA A. CASSELL.

The Mediums' Home School and "Silver Chain" Developing Circle.

To the Editor:—Permit us to state to your many readers that it is now nearly ten years since the angel world first communicated to us their plan and scope for a Mediums' Home School, and "Silver Chain" Developing Circle (a circle-at-large). During these ten years many obstacles have retarded the more complete materialization of the plan and scope suggested, yet we are glad to announce that these obstacles are now successfully overcome, and the work is happily going forward.

The object of this Home School and circle-at-large is to promote spiritual, intellectual, physical and social welfare and progress of the students and members, and others whom its influence may be able to reach, giving spiritual culture and mediumistic unfoldment and special prominence, with a view to a more complete elucidation of the grand truths of our philosophy, science and religion, thus building up and cultivating better mediumistic conditions and encouraging mutual helpfulness in the spirit of fraternal kindness. The present status of the cause demands earnest effort along these lines.

We must raise our standard, and qualify our spiritual representatives in the field (those who may need our aid) to more properly represent our cause in the arena of public thought and advancement, to present our claims logically and forcefully before the contending armies of organized superstition, intolerance and oppression. Our "foes" must be met on the battlefield of the mind, and our "army" must be equipped with pure and irresistible logic and demonstration, if the battle is won.

In the establishment of a mediums' home and school we shall secure conditions by means of which we can extend the hand of helpfulness to those struggling for the attainments that shall fit them for service in the great field of progress.

A vast deal of mediumistic aptitude goes to waste all over the land for want of a little guidance and co-operation. In supplying this guidance and in kindly co-operating with those who are aspiring to advance in mediumship and spiritual culture, the cause would avail itself of many great and fertile opportunities to advance its claims.

True education in spiritual science breathes a higher significance into the experiences of life, and furnishes the mind with nobler reflections and purer aims. Every sincere and progressive medium and co-operator into the spirit world, in advancing the spiritual welfare of mankind, becomes, in time, a radiating energy, and beneficent light, spreading its countless rays in all directions. His (or her) enlightened thought, touching some congenial mind in his associations at home or abroad, is woven telegraphically into the very substance of that kindred soul, and affects, more or less permanently, his course in life—changing the less spiritual ideas and purposes to those of greater spiritual power and usefulness to mankind. And this individual may, in turn, help scores of others out of their limitations of thought and mental bondage, up to a higher and broader plane, where life's shadows are beneath their feet, instead of above and around them, and where the dignity of human nature can assert itself in every relation of life.

It will be the intellectual and spiritual heaven of its work; thus may we enable the angel world to express itself more fully and more truly in its communications to mortals, and practically establish, by mutual co-operation, the gospel of Peace on Earth!

To carry forward this work as it deserves, and as the angel world designed in its message to us ten years ago, requires more co-operation and support from the general Spiritualist public than we have had in the past. Nevertheless we have confidence in those advanced minds in spirit life, who originated this movement, that they will find ways and means to sustain and advance it as time passes. We would be glad, however, to hear from all who feel an interest, either as students or benefactors. Address, with stamp for reply: Mediums' Home School, 651 South Grant street, Springfield, Mo.

J. M. AND M. T. ALLEN.

### THE DAYLIGHT DIES.

A fading gleam of color shines—  
Between the dull cloud's broken gray,  
A purple pall, in misty lines  
Shrouds the soft passing of the day;  
A single star blooms in the West,  
Pale blossoms of those garden skies,  
And with this flower upon her breast  
The Daylight dies.

Brief day! And yet thy fleeting hours  
Seemed an eternity to one,  
While still another sighed to see  
The last rays of thy setting sun;  
Souls have been born and Death hath  
reaped—  
Oh, union sweet! Oh, broken ties!  
The page is turned, the clock is closed,  
The daylight dies.

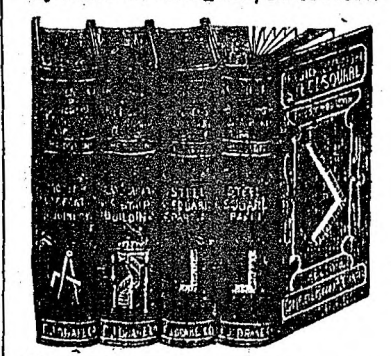
—Gertrude Theresa Clark.

From all life's grapes I press sweet wine.—Henry Harrison Brown.

Spiritualists believe that there are

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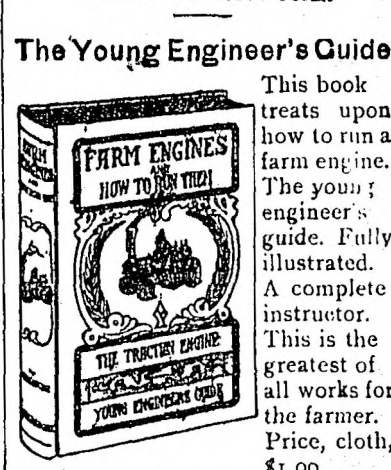
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# Our Relations to Mars

Why Can We Not Talk With

the People on Other Planets?

A Discourse Given Through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.

"The inhabitants of the planet Mars have already achieved that which you are hoping to achieve. Your highest achievements here equal the lowest achievements there, and so on. The inhabitants and spiritual life of Mars constitute the Prophecy and the Nemesis of Earth."

In ancient astrology was this saying: "When Mars is dominant there is strife, man with man. But when Jupiter and Saturn are in the House of Light together there is justice, born of righteous wars."

The subject to-day, "Our Relations to Mars and Why Can We Not Talk to the Inhabitants of Other Planets," was suggested by, or asked by one who is interested in the progress that material science and occult thought are making toward the solution of the problem of the inhabitants of other planets.

Of course, we have always been talking and teaching about those inhabitants, and of the degrees of unfoldment in the different planets from the spiritual standpoint. We have said that in the inverse to their distance from the sun the planets are advanced and their inhabitants highly unfolded. Mars, therefore, would be the next in advance of the Earth; Jupiter, the reigning planet of the heavens in your solar system, would be next, then Saturn (the limit of ancient knowledge), and beyond that the degrees of unfoldment would be beyond the limit of your possibilities to follow.

When you consider that the distances of the outermost planets from the sun are beyond human comprehension, billions and trillions of miles, and when you consider that light traveling at such a distance requires thousands and thousands of years to reach the earth, so if the outermost planets were dropped out of existence it would be many thousands and thousands of years before the people on the Earth would know it. If it takes the eye, or anything that requires the light the sixtieth part of a second to notice anything or receive the impress, it takes just as long to forget it or for it to pass. That is why when a lighted stick is swung in a circle it looks like a circle of light; you do not have time to forget the points of light before the light has returned to those points. So it would take these many, many thousands of years for your accustomed ways of observation to forget the light of a distant planet that had passed away and to know that it had disappeared. Things are recorded in this way.

In our teaching, there must have been something that has struck the astronomers; they must have realized, read it from "The Soul" book, or somewhere, because they say much less positively than formerly that the planets are uninhabited; that they are not inhabited because their atmospheres (or lack of atmosphere as determined by the astronomers) are not capable of sustaining life. And since Flammarion, who is also a Spiritualist and an astronomer, announces that he believes in successive embodiments on the earth and other planets, he knows—as we have taught—that whatever the density of the atmosphere of a planet may be, its inhabitants may be adapted to the atmosphere of that planet. Since every astronomical observation must be taken through the earth's atmosphere, not independently of it, human astronomers can not know anything about it. They are wisely thinking, may be, that there are those who know that they have some knowledge in advance of others. Nevertheless we fully expect that before the next Dispensation is fully inaugurated, some sort of a wizard—like Edison—will have recognized what Mars and the inhabitants of Mars are doing to make you know that they are alive and know of you. Of course, the inhabitants of Mars cannot see you on this little speck of dust (although the Earth and Mars are the nearest in size, the Earth a little larger, according to astronomical calculations), nearly the smallest of any of the planets in the solar system, and as far as atmosphere goes, as near as can be judged by observations here, the atmosphere of Mars is very much like that of the Earth, though much less dense.

We have said that the inhabitants of the planet Mars have already achieved that which you are hoping to achieve. That your highest achievements here equal the lowest achievements there, and so on. That the inhabitants and spiritual life of Mars constitute the prophecy and the Nemesis of Earth.

What the ancients believed concerning the "influence of the planets," modern people have materialized, have made less spiritual. Astrology was not a science that dealt merely with the constellations of stars and the planets in their physical relations. Ancient astrology included the occult and the spiritual. While the planets have a physical influence more or less, according to their magnetic and electrical relations, upon each other, that which really was meant by the influence of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn was the deity or spiritual influence. "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the belt of Orion?" Sages and seers in the highest states of inspiration, as well as recluses and those who pursued science in monastic institutions of the East, understood the spiritual value of these relations.

Modern science claims that the physical universe is governed by "law," but law is governed by intelligence. Therefore, it was known that those whom they called gods, or "divas" of the Orient were in reality souls, and that these souls exercised interchangeable influence over the planets to which they had been attached as you are attached to this earth. In other words, souls who are now expressing themselves upon the Earth in human garb would be related, if set free, to the planet Venus about as the souls of Mars are related to the Earth. When a spirit, having left the human form, has a mission to perform on some other planet, the planet would be Venus; because that is the next planet beneath the Earth in unfoldment. No inhabitant belonging to the Earth would have knowledge enough to go on a mission to Mars, because there has not been sufficient conquest. That would be the next step of obtaining knowledge.

It is sometimes true that when disembodied spirits have a work to do on another planet there is an interval in their expressions upon the Earth, and they do visit Venus as messengers. Certainly here, prophets, seers, leaders and even warriors in a just cause, visit this Earth from the planet Mars. When there is a particular Nemesis, you may know that that life is not an earth-bound life, is not fulfilling his or her routine expression, but is sent here for an especial mission. Sometimes it is a mission of peace; sometimes, where there is great injustice to overcome, it is a mission of war. You cannot determine what things make for peace. We have seen states of human existence where there was not war actively that were in states of greater war than when the revolutions came. Slavery, military bondage, oppression, Siberia, these are states of war in so-called times of peace. When the Nemesis comes you call it revolution.

Now there are lives in history that one, versed in such matters, could trace as distinctly a being from the planet Mars as you could trace the nationality of one walking through the streets (a Chinaman here,

or a Hebrew there, or a Hindoo there), they bear the Martian stamp: they are strong without bravado; they are courageous without self-conceit; they have immobile faces, almost free from human passion. They come to do their work, and they make their stamp on human life.

All the striving from the human side of life will not make the initiative in holding converse with the inhabitants of the planets beyond the Earth in expression. The advances have already been made upon Mars. If you had as perfect control of the elements of the Earth as the inhabitants of Mars have of the elements surrounding Mars, there would be immediate response; just as there is response when a message is sent by wireless telegraphy, if the receiver is in perfect accord. But because of the conditions in substance and atmosphere, and density surrounding this planet—more probably because of the density of the human intellect—you have not yet grown to understand those signs and tokens that you are but dimly beginning to appreciate may be in existence, but which you have not yet reached the height to perceive. So the inhabitant of Mars turns to his fellow and says: "They have not grown to it yet; they have not reached the degree of understanding; they perceive somewhat; they desire to know." Even they see your growth.

Time was when no one wished to think of other planets having inhabitants. Time has been in Christian history when it was heresy to talk about inhabitants of other worlds. Time was when people would have been put to death who would have suggested it. Even in the times of the great altitude of Egyptian and Grecian learning; even in the seat of all learning, ancient Babylon, there was only knowledge among the few; the schools of the cloisters and sanctuaries held all the secrets of astronomy and astrology as well as chemical knowledge; the people knew nothing. What the school-boy can now calculate with his mathematical tables would then have been certain death had it been attempted outside of the cloister. Thus the external knowledge of the world has increased, and the spiritual knowledge also has increased; but the two have not yet reached the point of union as they had in ancient time. The Earth's inhabitants will attain gradually with the aid of the spiral pathway to the height of the learning of the cloisters, to the height of the inspiration of the recluses, to the degree of combining the spiritual with the physical. When this is done Edison, or some one like him, will be able to receive at this end of the line that which Mars is sending out at stated intervals, hoping the message may reach the inhabitants of the Earth.

Another thing is probably true: that when this is done upon the Earth, it will be by an inhabitant of Mars who will be embodied here to receive the message, and send the answer. When you are putting down telegraph poles and sending telegraph wires and apparatus into the wilderness you do not call in the farmers and pioneer people and tell them to receive the messages; you send telegraphers and they prepare the way for the messages. When you build railroads you do not call up the masses of the people and say "build us a railroad." Of course you get the land, buy it or steal it, or take possession of it if you can. But whatever you do in that direction, you send out men who know how to survey, civil engineers and men schooled in the methods of building railroads. You know, it is so amusing when people talk about building spiritually and intellectually in any other way than the right way to one who knows. The "Voice crying in the wilderness" is just as true of everything you do as it is of the spirit. When the voice comes from another world or another planet, from spirit, angel, or messenger it is the "Voice crying in the wilderness. Prepare ye the way of the Lord and make his paths straight." But people, busy with human, material enterprises never recognize it.

In the spiritual universe souls are preparing the way, as down there in Greece and Egypt: Memnon "blazing the trees" of ignorance with the first letters of language. Later, in Greece, Cadmus seeking other knowledge of language and blazing the wilderness of human ignorance with loftier terms of speech. Later Solon, giving new laws unto the people that they might be wiser and better. Lycurgus, expatriating himself from his country that they might not worship gold; still, like the children of Israel in the wilderness, they returned to the golden calf, or to whatever gold stands for. Did not science prepare the way for the pioneers of truth? Mathematics, building the pathway that you now have to the stars, but known to the Egyptians by the very signs of the ancient astronomes, buried it is true in what was called the "dark ages." There have been no darker ages than those of the Christian civilization that has tried to wipe out the civilization of the Orient or completely eclipse it, yet it has come up to you with renewed life.

Now the messenger is preparing the way for greater spiritual light, is preparing the way for greater freedom, is preparing the way that the children of earth shall not worship gold. Who was Lycurgus, but a perfected life who saw that the love of gold was the cause of all the misery of his people? But he forgot that the love of gold is a state, not an arbitrary condition. That you cannot wipe out human cupidity by abolishing gold. Ah! they will buy and sell each other if they have not gold. Human lives are not too precious. In what claims to be a Republic votes are not altogether sacred. Who but a messenger from Mars could light the way to that wonderful thing that is going on in the East? Who but a messenger from Mars shall prepare the day of reckoning for the massacres of the Jews?

Talk with the planet Mars! Ay! Over and over again messengers from there have been here and the Earth was not ready to receive them. Do they pine? are they sad? do they turn away, these scientists and prophets that have been put to death? What is there, more or less, of the bodily form upon the Earth that is especially valuable to an inhabitant of the planet Mars who wears shining raiments when at home all the time? Do not flatter yourselves that these feeble human lives count for much in the light of such prophets, such teachers as come to do you good, knowing what you will do to them. Even the Messiahs know, and the Martians are not Messiahs. They are swift-winged messengers—Boanerges—who come to do the work that is needed; and these take away no credit from those on earth who have attained their growth here. But for the possibility of growth no teacher would be sent here; if there were nothing in human life worth saving there would be no saviors; if the prophets did not know that these events and

people will ultimately take those steps of which the prophecy is made there would be no prophets.

But we are trying to do intellectually that for which the Earth, spiritually, is not prepared. This is the age of intellect; the age of physical and intellectual triumph; the age of discovery and invention. We think we are going to take the "kingdom of heaven" by force with the pride of intellect; and the "Social Scientists" and those who are seeking for the highest "physical culture" think they are going to make angels of people by cultivating their bodies. The bodies will keep pace with the spiritual growth. Spirit is first, then the body. Bear it in mind; you will never have the perfect accomplishment of the perfected human race until you have perfect human thoughts and aspirations spiritually. Do not make the mistake, you cannot begin at the other end than that which creation itself has pointed out; the unfolding of that which is from within. Every germ of every seed, every life of every living thing illustrates that nothing can be brought forth that is not contained within.

Life to reach its full blossoming here must include that which the spirit has received, and then will express it through this unfolding process that is going on. We know Edison himself has declared that his choicest and best inventions came to him from that inner and higher realm; usually when his body is asleep. But he is not the Messenger that will place you in communication with Mars. But the time will come when the Messenger will be here, and will say: "These are the signs; this is the meaning of all those signs that you think are canals, ditches or dykes, not having any better names to call them."

You do not know how the whole atmosphere surrounding Mars is filled with signals that are mathematical, that you know little about mathematics, but the signals which will come to you will be in numbers, for they will mean something to you. Of course they are obliged to teach you as you teach children. They say they will attract the attention of the babes that are upon the Earth, struggling through the dense maze of materiality and spiritual blindness. Thus the time will come, the day and the hour, when with larger telescopic range, with greater knowledge of what these signs may mean, the vibrations will be: One, two, three, and you will respond, one, two, three; and that will mean that, mathematically, you are in sympathy with the intelligences upon Mars.

The time will come when the vibrations will take the forms of squares and circles, for they are geometrical figures, and you will reply in that which you do here on the Fourth of July when the noise and shooting is over, in fireworks, but the pyrotechnics will be more a million times until the Earth is a great pyrotechnical display which the inhabitants of Mars will understand when they give and receive the signals.

There is another method that has already taken place upon the Earth, but owing to lack of news from the other end of the line, you do not wholly rely upon it. Yet it is common, you acknowledge that it is in the world to-day; that astronomical writers are governed by it. You will notice, they modify their utterances. They say the inhabitants of Mars may be like those of Earth but they are in advance of us. They never said it twenty-five years ago, nor fifteen years ago; they never said it until Camille Flammarion and other lives among you were spiritually inspired with this knowledge, that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are more advanced than you. So with Jupiter, so with Saturn.

Human scientists think there is no standard of existence that is not dependent upon or similar to the earthly standards. This is not all there is of life; this feeble struggling up through the line of mammalia for human existence and dependent upon that for the little immortality possible is spirit states. Still do you think the highest form of life in the universe is the highest you know here. Oh! but even as John upon the Isle of Patmos bowed down before the humblest living of one of those Martians. Then what would it be of the inhabitants of Jupiter and Saturn; so transcendently beautiful, so glowing and glorious with no trace of that which we call earthliness, and yet as possible there as you are here.

And so you will grope on until your standards of life are enlarged; until the "molecules" and "differentiated protoplasm" are not all you know of the beginnings of life; until you know that the time, and the place, and the conditions are shaped to that which is intended to be performed, and that the rings of Saturn and the moons of Jupiter shine upon such beings that if the inhabitants of Earth could behold them they would be awed into absolute silence.

Meanwhile Earth's children will struggle here; these imperfections will go on, and you will kindle your little electric specks of light and call them great. They are all in the hands of the syndicates, so you will not have very much light. You have not much to-day. There will be, perhaps, an attempt to light up and vitalize these buildings with the sun's rays and fresh air, and this before you have finished.

By and by, through the clouds that eclipse it, the brightness of this immortal soul will be revealed in an interstellar language. What a wonderful thing it was when England and America were united by the Atlantic cable; what a wonderful thing it was when the prophecy of Puck was fulfilled, of putting a girdle around the Earth in (less than) forty minutes. What a wonderful thing it will be when interstellar signs and language are flashed through the spaces between you and Mars and the greater spaces between other worlds. These signs will be known and understood, and you will be ready to receive them, and realize the smallness of the Earth!

Of all your inventions, steam and electricity have done the most to bring the Orient and Occident together. Now you are in danger of discovering the North Pole, but the great caps of ice and snow are coming down over all the earth in a stupendous glacial period. When the people rise from that destructive cataclysm, more mighty than the Noachian deluge, there will be a new dawn of intelligence; new perceptions of the forces of the Earth and air. Then spiritual things will not be gauged by the standard of man's senses.

Consider, if you please, the state of a human life, or of the average human life that wants to measure the spirit world by the standard of the dull five human senses; that wants to live in a house to scrub, and wash, and bake, and dig, and work in the fields, and do all the things in spirit life that men do here. The spirit is alive here; it urges you to do these things here because you must. You must plant and reap and dig and delve and build because you are here. But thoughts, aspirations, feelings, emotions and desires that are beyond the dust, these are what this life is intended to encourage and foster. As the lily grows from beneath the slimy pool to blossom in the light. It would be nothing whatever but for the germ, that is shadowed and darkened, which holds that secret of purity and whiteness. So this life of yours, in the shadow time on Earth, in the darkness of the pools of crime and misery, and pain, and poverty, and want, at last reveals what is hidden there in the pure whiteness of the mind and spirit. In the immortal soul!

Aye! you will talk with them by and by. There

will be one in your midst from that planet who will interpret to you the signs and meaning. Whose telescope will discover the symbols that they are striving to show you, who will know that those mathematical signs and symbols mean certain things; and these signs will be exchanged across the belt of space that divides you. You will come to know of the Martians' language and intelligence, and you will find that they have aspirations, desires and hopes, that they live where your prophecies are, that their fulfillment is what you hope to attain. That gold is not the standard of life on the planet Mars. That the standard of life is spiritual intelligence, justice and love. And one day you will understand from them these truths as their highest and most sacred intelligence.

The flaming light is in your midst that bears the promise of these things. Do not vainly strive to seize this thought. I understand; perhaps you will put him to death; that you will not know him when he comes; perhaps the message will not be liked, but that which he does will be to interpret to you the meaning of that more advanced world. Then you will be able to talk with Mars.

At the conclusion of the discourse, Mr. Jules G. Lombard—that wonderful singer—sang one of his favorite songs:

## "The Rose Bush."

A child sleeps under a rose-bush fair;  
The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies  
To play with the angels in Paradise.  
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair;  
The dew blossoms perfume the air;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast  
With Love's first wonderful rapture blest,  
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair;  
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.  
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair;  
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air;  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound.  
And the years glide by.

Then Mrs. Richmond arose, and the following impromptu poem was spoken through her lips:

We take up the theme of the poet's song.  
But for the soul, what life would e'er long  
Consent to wrap itself in the house of clay,  
Pass birth from death, from the earth away  
When the years glide by?

Who would enter to an infant's breath?  
Who would be a maiden with love sweet as death?  
Who would bear the burden of the mother's sigh?  
For those who have floated from sight, for aye—  
As the years glide by?

But for the soul, this dreary house of clay  
Would be fitting and fleeting, there'd be naught to say;  
But, behold! as fair as life may be,  
It is fitting, fading as the rose on the tree;—  
As the years glide by?

The life that unto each childhood must come,  
Each beautiful thought in the earthly home,  
Each deed of kindness along life's way  
Abide forever in the starry day;  
As the years glide by.

You build your "house not made with hands";  
You scatter the blossoms in the heavenly lands;  
And when, at last, the fresh mound is laid,  
"Over there" is a garden with blossoms you've made;—  
As the years glide by.

At last, when you reach the final goal  
Of the earthly state; the realm of the soul  
Is as near and bright as life can be;  
You awaken,—and sing of eternity;—  
As the years glide by.

Of the ages and ages of love and truth;  
No vanishing years, no fading youth,  
No withering roses upon life's tree,  
But the blossoms of love eternally;—  
As the ages glide by.

## A CONVENTION OF LIBERAL DOCTORS.

Its Scope and Work Presented Dr. T. A. Bland.

To the Editor:—Spiritualists are progressive people, and they know that liberty is essential to progress. Your readers being either Spiritualists or investigators of spiritual phenomena, I am sure they will be glad to have a brief report of the recent convention in Chicago, of the American Medical Union, an organization of physicians of all schools, which stands for the absolute freedom of the practice of medicine, whether the agency used be drugs, magnetism, manipulation, mental science or any other means, and the right of the people to employ whosoever they please to cure them of their bodily ills.

That is precisely what the American Medical Union stands for. It was organized in Chicago, 1899, and this was its seventh annual convention. Its growth in membership has been steady from the first and it now has members in every state and territory, and auxiliary Unions in many of the states. Its object is the repeal of the medical restrictive laws in the various states and the restoration to the physician and to the people of that freedom which they both enjoyed during the early years of our republic. The recent convention was largely attended by delegates from the various sections of the country.

The sessions were characterized by earnestness and enthusiasm, and much substantial work was done. The president, C. S. Carr, M. D., editor of Medical Talk, was re-elected, as were all the other officers except the third vice-president, Dr. H. H. Fryette, who declined in favor of Dr. J. Martin Littlejohn, president of the American College of Osteopathy.

I will send my report of this convention free to any who may write for it.

I deem it proper to say that the membership of the Union is not limited to physicians, but the people at large are invited to become associate members, and thus throw their influence on the side of freedom and progress.

T. A. BLAND, M. D., Secretary.

231 Hoyne Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.—Shakespeare.

Bad habits are as infectious by example as the plague itself is by contact.—Fielding.

As soon as we have discovered the needs for our joy or sorrow we are no longer its self, but its lords.—Lowell.

When men first take up an opinion, and then seek for reason for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity will afford.—South.

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# 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 the brevity of the answers. It is to be regretted that the style is necessarily terse, and that the style is necessarily terse, and that the style is necessarily terse.

**NOTE.**—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. The request is made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give what information I can, I cannot give the necessary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

A. C. MacQuarrie: Q. Will you please inform me at what stage the marvelous gifts manifested through Andrew Jackson Davis had ceased to be as prominent as they were in his younger days, and does he still operate his medical practice through the power of hypnotism, as I understand he is practicing medicine in Boston?

A. It cannot be correctly said that "the marvelous gifts" of A. J. Davis have "ceased," although they excite less attention. In his "Magic Staff," or autobiography, he relates how when entering his 18th year, he met Mr. Livingston who first magnetized him. Almost immediately the "gift" was used in diagnosing diseases and prescribing remedies. At the end of a year he found that he made no further progress, and as instructed while in the "superior" state he exchanged for Dr. Lyons. Soon after he began giving the "lectures" which form the first and at the time most noteworthy of all his voluminous writings. This book was his "Divine Revelations," was spoken while the youth was in a superior condition induced by Dr. Lyons' magnetism. The lectures were reported by a scribe—Wm. Fishbough. As there were no funds for the support, prescription for the sick was continued of necessity. After the book was printed the young subject became "independent," and the presence of an operator was not required to induce the magnetic sleep. He could bring it by force of his own will. His other volumes were written by him while in the "superior condition," and the operator and scribe dispensing with him.

During all these years he has practiced medicine with success, following his clairvoyantly received directions. He took a complete course at a medical college, graduating with honors. He did not attend this institution expecting to improve his gift, or because he could be taught, but to give his practice legal sanction, and his self professional standing. His practice at present, as it has always been, is entirely at his office, and is highly successful. It is not, however, through "hypnotism."

The state into which he passes, according to his statement, is by self-inducement means, and not from an external source. This he calls the "superior state," and is scarcely to be distinguished from "independent clairvoyance." It has this advantage over clairvoyance induced by an operator, that the thoughts are not influenced by the magnetizer. It is a state wherein the spirit is so far freed from the limitations of physical conditions that it is able to exercise its spirit faculties. The last and highest stage of this independence is complete separation, and it enters into spirit life. As spirits uniformly teach that no great advance in knowledge is gained by this transition, only a keener perception, and his cult to understand why it is that while a wholly freed spirit does not become illuminated with a flood of knowledge, there should be a half-way state, where it would have such exceeding capabilities. We can explain it satisfactorily only by supposing that this superior or independent state is one of receptivity to the thoughts of spirit intelligences. The subject then becomes a receptive instrument for guiding and illuminating spirits. As such his knowledge and insight into the arcana of physical and spiritual things is commensurate with that of the intelligences with whom he is in rapport.

Although this state may be entered by the recipient complying with the conditions it imposes, it cannot be correctly called "independent." It is a superior state and the most desirable of all phases of mediumship. It is in itself educational, by uplifting its subject to the high plane of the mentality of those whose thoughts are thus received.

God Bless the Girl Who Works.

God bless the girl who works. She is brave and true and noble. She is not too proud to earn her own living or not ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She smiles at you from behind the desk or counter or printer's case. There is a memory served up in a silent gaze. She is like the brave mountaineer already far up the precipice, climbing, struggling, rejoicing. The sun should honor to know the girl and be worthy of her esteem. Lift your hat to her, young man, as you pass by her. Her hand may be stained by dish-washing, sweeping, factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune, it is an invalid loved one maybe; it supports a patient shield that protects a family from the alms house. All honor to the brave girl. God bless and protect the girl who works.—Medford (Old.) Patriot.

# She Has Arisen.

A Pathetic Review of the Life, Death and Ascension to Spirit Life of Rose Bonheur Tuttle Staley, of Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Rosa Bonheur Tuttle Staley entered the higher life, Dec. 30, 1905. "Is death the final sleep? No, it is the last awakening."

To us the old year went out in darkness and the new year dawned with sky overcast with clouds. After months of suffering the inevitable had come. Our daughter had borne all patiently, hopelessly bravely, for she wanted to live, for her own sake, and those dear to her. No one ever enjoyed life more. She loved its strenuous duties, and never shrank from or added to its obligations. As friend, wife, mother, she gave her best with self-sacrifice and devotion, and with a care for others more than for herself. In the evening, her sister, who all the weary time had been her constant attendant, asked: "Are you in pain?" "No, dear," she whispered, "I am going home to rest." After a while she said, "I am happy, but I hate to go!" As the midnight hour approached, her dear ones gathered around, saw the unmistakable shadow of the messenger whose task it is to break asunder the cord of life. The lines of pain disappeared; her eyes looked out from the veil; questioning, and then into the void; she was seeking through the veil, what mortal eyes have never seen. A smile came over her face, from her lips a whisper not audible, and her spirit escaped the bars of its bondage and left with us only the broken case.

And she passed through the gateway of the resurrection into the angel land. Did you ever hope against hope, hope with your heart when reason all the time told you it was folly? Have you had a dear one bound to the torturing rack of disease, and prayed with shifting prayer that the inevitable would be turned aside? So had we prayed, and with our prayers went every effort that skill and love could suggest. Her room was decked with flowers sent by thoughtful friends; her whimsical appetite noted that the inevitable would be turned aside. Had her disease not been mortal, her tenacious vitality would have been victorious. She fought a brave battle against fate. When she returned from the hospital, she thought the operation had been successful, and always buoyed up by hope, she expected to be soon well. We dared not deceive her, and while she planned pleasures for the coming season—visits to friends, receptions for them, outings here and there, what she would do for her children, and ornamentation of the home and grounds, we knew all to be a dream that never would be realized.

And so she drifted on till Christmas time. There was a slight improvement, so much, her brother, her physician, said there would be hope, did we not absolutely know the incurable cause. She gained in strength to walk around the room, and take her place at the table. On that blessed Christmas day she was bright and cheerful. How many kind and thoughtful friends she had! A table was placed in view of her easy chair, on which was placed her favorite books, and far remembered her. The morning mail brought many tokens with accompanying notes. Some of the writers, not knowing her condition, wished a Merry Christmas, which sounded like mockery. Others expressed prayers for her speedy recovery, which she enjoyed these symbols of regard. There never lived one who more devotedly loved her friends, or more appreciated their kindness.

Nor had she been forgetful with all her suffering, and unable to do anything for herself. She sent souvenirs to all members of her family and nearest friends—last tribute of friendship already laid transplanted to the realm of souls!

Oh! that Christmas day! We all made merry for her sake, and she comforted her mortal hurt with smiles and bantering words. You come to-day to pay your last tribute; you who always met the glad smile, the lovable recognition, the heartfelt voice of welcome, find no greeting. The mistress who loved home more than any place on earth, in every sense was a home-maker, greets you not. The room is silent. Her favorite pictures on the walls are dumb. The body she possessed while here, lies on a couch in unyielding mockery of life. The departing spirit left a smile on her dead face when it caught a glimpse of the heavenly glories.

It is human to regret and weep; not one who has not felt the shaft of bereavement strike deeply into his heart. The happiest lives are prolonged to see the nearest and dearest depart. The grand majority are on the other side of the river.

Can we weep across to the other side? Shrouded with dense clouds and brooded over by darkness? When we sit down by the ashes of our hopes, our heart bleeding with wounds and every sense benumbed, justice, affection, mercy, pity, fade from view, and the God of the living seems afar off! A wall yawns between us and heaven.

And yet we know the sun is shining above the murky clouds, shining serene, bright and beautiful as on creation's morn. Through the darkness and doubt of the senses, shines the glory of the future life. We may not comprehend it, but we know its sublime possibilities; we must be content!

Must we be content? Nay, we have knowledge! We may have visions of the glories of the Spiritual Kingdom!

Our dear one believed this with a knowledge that bridged the gulf between the life and death, and made it a triumphal pathway for her disincarnate spirit. From her childhood she had never doubted. She constantly saw spirit friends and conversed with them. Her daughter, Emma Clair, who died in infancy, was constantly present. "To-day," she said, "I am with you, and now I am going to visit Emma Clair, who has come for me." Was this a delirious dream of fever, or a ministering spirit? Can there be doubt?

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Letter From Seattle, Wash.

Although it is some time since a communication was sent from the Ladies' Auxiliary, we are still in the field and working for our Temple. Since the camp there has not been quite so much work done on account of many of our workers being ill. We are looking forward, however, to renewed efforts on the part of all in this new year. Our president, Mrs. G. W. Stetson, has been seriously ill during the past two months. She is at present at the Green River Hot Springs and on the road to recovery. She has been greatly missed, as she is a host in herself.

On November 18, Mr. F. P. Welch and Miss Sophia Pederson, both of Anacortes, Wash., were married at the home of, and by, F. P. Welch. Only a few personal friends were in attendance.

On January 1, at the home of Rev. Ervin M. Chassee, Mr. Tony Roetger and Miss Olive McMillan, of Puyallup, were married in the presence of a few intimate friends. Rev. Ervin M. Chassee officiated. The house was tastefully decorated in green and white. The bride looked very sweet in a traveling costume. After the ceremony dinner was served to the company. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Kenton, parents of the bride, from Puyallup, Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, Mrs. E. L. Pomeroy, Mr. Chassee, and the happy couple will enjoy a short trip after which they will be at home to their friends in Puyallup.

REV. EVELYN L. POMEROY.

# The Spirit World Limitless.

Declaration of Rev. W. F. Peck, President of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association.

The Rev. W. F. Peck of St. Louis, president of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' association, spoke Sunday, January 14, at St. Joseph, Mo., both morning and evening at King Hill Hall, 9th and Frederick ave. "Life has been engaged by the local society of Spiritualists for every Sunday this month."

The subject last night was "The Spirit World—What and Where is It?" In part he said:

Although the belief in immortality and a future life is almost universal among mankind, yet there are few questions upon which men have agreed so widely as they have upon the character, conditions and location of the spirit world.

It must be evident that these differences have resulted from a lack of reliable information upon the subject. Men always differ when they know the least, and differ least about the things of which they know the most.

The chemist never quarrels with his brother chemist as to the proportion of oxygen and hydrogen contained in water, nor as to the chemical elements of common salt. But when men begin to speculate upon those things of which they have little or no scientific data, the way is opened for a vast diversity of opinions.

**BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY.**

While the majority of mankind believe in immortality there is a large and respectable minority who doubt and even disbelieve it. It must be admitted that the skeptics are, for the most part, among the most intelligent of the race. To convince such will require the presentation of the soundest logic backed by scientific facts. To that class we wish particularly to appeal.

The difficulty of conceiving of a realm or state fitted for the existence of the disembodied spirit after it has done with earth is a natural and a stumbling block in the way of the thinker. Hence the question they have always propounded to the priest has been: "If there is a spirit world, where is it located? Where is heaven? where is hell?" Before the birth of science the mind was not able to grasp the idea of a disembodied spirit. The idea of a disembodied spirit was a sort of three-story affair. The sky was solid, the ceiling of the earth, the floor of heaven. God and the angels dwelt there. While hell was immediately beneath the surface of the earth, heaven was above because the sunshine, the light, the warmth and all the joys of earth. Hell was beneath as it was the place of darkness, cold, and suffering. But when science was born these theories were dispelled. Astronomy, with her telescope swept away the sky and found no heaven. Geology delved the earth with pick and spade and found no hell, and so the question still demands an answer.

**WHERE DOES SPIRIT GO?**

Some have surmised that at death the spirit goes to inhabit, other planets, or other worlds, or other spheres. But the scientific evidence has refuted this. It is impossible for the spirit to leave the earth, for the spirit is constituted of the same elements as the earth and so are no better fitted for the abode of spirits than the earth.

Some metaphysicians maintain that the spirit is subjective and not objective reality. They say that the spirit is merely conditions, states, consciousness. This in a sense is true, but these states of consciousness must exist in space, somewhere, hence they must have locality, but where?

**SOME STARTLING FACTS.**

Before attempting to locate the spirit world let me call your attention to a few startling facts.

In the opinion of scientific authorities the trend of events, past and present, point to the extinction of life in the visible universe, not by fire, but by cold. The sun and planets are constantly cooling off, their motion is growing less rapid, the celestial clock work is running down. In the course of time—too great for figures to measure—the visible universe of suns and planets will be cold, dead, even as the moon is supposed to be. But will that be the end of conscious existence? Will nature conclude her marvelous work by such a miscarriage as that? I cannot believe it.

The conservation of energy is no longer at issue. It is a demonstrated fact. As matter is indestructible, so is force. Force may change its mode, or mode of motion, but it cannot be destroyed. Where, then, have these wonderful forces gone that manifested themselves in a thousand ways in the living universe? There is no empty space in all the universe. Science is universally agreed upon this. Filling all the space between the suns and worlds, pervading and permeating the universe to its remotest bounds, is a subtle form of matter or substance, or energy, independent of the laws which govern all other forms of matter. For want of a more specific term it is designated "ether." All scientists agree that it exists. In no other way can they account for the phenomena of light, electricity, gravity, etc., but none of them can tell what it is.

May I venture to apply the information I have just given to the question, we call spirit, or spirit-matter; it is the universal substance of which all forms of visible matter are temporary expressions. It is the substance of which the spirit world is composed.

**NOT BARREN WASTE.**

Can anyone believe that this mighty limitless matter is a lifeless, barren waste? And that brings us back to the question: What have become of the millions of spirits which have escaped from the dead world? Back into the mighty field of "ether." Back to the source from whence they were derived. Out into the mighty ether filled with spirit substance developing and revealing a living universe as immense in extent, so wondrous in beauty and grandeur that it eclipses all that mortal eyes have ever beheld.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the wonderful seer, and other clairvoyants, have seen and described scenes of surpassing beauty spread throughout space, landscapes, mountains, rivers, lakes, woods and plains fairer than a poet's dream.

There are many who will sneer and say "moonshine," and declare all this impossible. Softly, my skeptical friend, a noted scientist has said that he would not venture to pronounce anything impossible outside the realm of mathematics.

**CONDITIONS RELATIVE.**

Remember that all conditions are relative. If you had never seen a fish living beneath the water or a bird flying in the sky, you could pronounce both impossible because you could neither. You think the ether of space

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