

The Progressive Thinker.

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

VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 9, 1906.

NO. 863

Whence Comes the Power?

"A full-form figure of my arisen son, encircled in a halo of light crossed my room in midnight darkness, while I was fully awake."

Doubtless it is a truly spiritual, poetical mind that shines through an article of Dr. Morrison (see The Progressive Thinker No. 859); but in spite of sincere admiration I must beg permission to venture a few remarks for general consideration, in the interest of truth, based on facts and logic; truth, always blazing so boldly from the banner of The Progressive Thinker.

I fully endorse the Doctor's views and advice in regard to materialization, since it evidently offers the strongest temptations for fraudulent performances. I never attended any; my spiritual knowledge rests on personal experience and the study of Spiritualistic literature. The Progressive Thinker leading always. "Only one phenomenon ever came to me that resembled materialization," but was called "etherization" by the late Dr. Hodgson with whom I corresponded, being at the time an associated member of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research.

Said phenomenon consisted in the full-form figure of my arisen son, encircled by a halo of light, crossing my room in midnight darkness while I was fully awake.

But to the principal question. Dr. Morrison says: "The more thoroughly we examine occult power, the less we are convinced of its spiritual origin."

Strange! The majority of investigators reach the opposite conclusion. Dr. Morrison points to the mysterious cosmic forces that "run out in physical and mental channels." This, he concludes, after saying that we "absolutely know nothing about these forces."

Sure enough, we do not; neither can we fathom occult powers, but we find distinctions that must lead us to different conclusions.

The power that moves the universe is to all appearance a forever acting mechanical power, calculable, but unchangeable. Occult power defies mathematics, and acts according to the wish and whim of some intelligence commanding the power.

To the question, "Whence the power?" we must add another one, "Who wields the power?" Is the medium entranced, or sitting quietly near the moving material objects? Then it could, indeed, be only his or her subconscious self, as some wise scientists proclaim, while plain, common sense wonders at the assertion, and laughs.

Is it not astonishing what a circuitous road some scientists describe in occult research, to arrive at conclusions a thousand times more miraculous than the simple belief in spirit power?

To make an unknown psychic quantity, termed subconscious mind, responsible for any kind of phenomena, seems downright preposterous.

A PROPHETIC VISION.

Rancher Foresaw Death in Well—Wrote Letter to County Clerk Stating Fears—Four Days Later He Was Killed by Blast and Body Found by Neighbors.

Coulee City, Wash.—Four days before death overtook him, Ben Smith foresaw his end and committed his fears to paper. Smith was a homesteader, eighteen miles north of Coulee. On May 11 he addressed a letter to the county clerk of Douglas county stating he feared his end would come before he was through with a well he was digging. The note left directions for the disposition of his effects and was left in his cabin.

On Tuesday the violent death that Smith foresaw overtook him. Two heavy blasts were heard from the well he was sinking and, as the settler was not seen about the place for some days, neighbors investigated the matter. The well was partly full of water and this being drawn out Smith's dismembered remains were found at the bottom. Both legs and an arm were torn off by the explosion.

A broken ladder gave the clew to the man's death. It was evident that after lighting the fuses he started for the surface, only to be precipitated to the bottom of the shaft by the collapse of the ladder.

SLEEPING, NOT DEAD.

Ye silent men, who to the country gave
The last full measure of devotion—
Life—
Ye fell asleep with the tumultuous strife
Around you swelled in fury, like the wave
Which breaks upon the rocks which prove its grave.
Today, around you all the air is rife
With wailing cries from bugle and from rifle—
The voice of that dear land you died to save;
Nay, you have never died—ye live today
In every soul which joys that it is free,
In that fair flag with which the breezes play
With every flashing star undimmed, unlost;
In all our hearts, which clay like yours shall be
Before our land forgets what freedom cost.
—Ninette M. Lowater in N. Y. Sun.

THE PERILOUS ROAD.

"You Must Pay in Coin You Have Given to Him."

The highway to wealth is a perilous road,
All paved with the skulls and the bones
Of victims who fell by the tyrant's sharp goad,
And lo! there their murmurs and groans
To tell of their sufferings day by day,
That plied their vigor and life away.
The pathway that leads to the "million" stake,
Is haunted at every turn
By echoes from myriad hearts that break
Because of the mandates stern
That fetter them fast from first to last,
A miserable pittance to earn!
The greed of the monster who enters that race
And strives for the coveted goal
Will hesitate not, nor slacken the pace
That threatens the peace of his soul,
But rush straight ahead with a menacing tread,
Regardless of cries from the "quick" or the dead.

Oh! inhuman monster, your brother to crush
By weight of your strong iron rod;
And out of the mortal his spirit to push
By dint of your merciless prod!
Stern justice will say, for this you must pay.
In coin you have given to him—
The groans and the tears, and the howling fears.
Will fill your sad cup to the brim.
A. H. REYNOLDS.

GOOD ADVICE.

"There's a right way and a wrong way
Our lives to live,
There's a short way and a long way
Our help to give.
There's a good way and a bad way
For everything.
A merry way and a sad way
Don't sigh, but sing."
Truth itself, according to Locke's fine saying, will not profit us so long as she is held in the hand and taken upon trust from other minds, not woe and won and wedded by our own.—George Elliot.

A GREAT MOVEMENT.

The American Institute for Scientific Research—Its Field of Labor.

If you have the means at your command contribute to this Great Movement now being inaugurated by Prof. Hyslop. It will lead you into new fields of thought. It will be a potent agent in establishing in every nation, and among eminent literary men, and leading Divines and Statesmen, the Grand Truths of Spirit Return. Join it! Contribute your spare dollar, and thus aid in disseminating a fuller knowledge of Spirit Return than at present exists. The world needs The American Institute for Scientific Research.

The American Institute for Scientific Research now succeeds to the work of the Society for Psychical Research in this country and means to extend the field of investigation into Abnormal Psychology. This latter field, however, will represent an independent section of the Institute. The immediate work to be effected is the reorganization of the investigations in psychic research in the United States. The American Branch of the London Society was dissolved a few days ago in deference to plans formulated by the American Institute for Scientific Research. The Section of the Institute which is to take the place of the body just dissolved will go under the name of the American Society for Psychical Research. The Institute itself is merely a board of trustees which shall serve as custodian and disburser of endowment funds to be used as subsidies for the different Sections of the Institute and such individuals engaged in similar investigations as this board thinks qualified for the work. The American Society for Psychical Research will have its own independent council.

The American Institute for Scientific Research has been granted a perpetual charter by the State of New York. Its primary aim is to organize and subsidize investigations in Psychical Research and Abnormal Psychology or Psychopathology. The Institute proper will consist merely of a board of trustees, who shall act as custodians and disbursers of the endowment funds. They will not directly supervise investigations of any kind. They will only see to it that individual men or bodies of men shall be qualified to receive such aid as the Institute shall see fit to grant in behalf of work under its protection. The American Society for Psychical Research, which will be a section of the Institute, will be organized as an independent body, with a separate council which will have power to direct its affairs. The reason for the independent organization of the society in this manner is that it is most desirable to have the work of psychic research and psychopathology conducted wholly apart from each other, as the fields are more or less distinct.

SAVED FROM THE DISASTER.

Letter From Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell-Donnelly.

To the Editor:—The three books I ordered have reached me safely. "Abnormal Psychology" came last. I have read it both night and day. It is one of the most intensely interesting books that has been my pleasure to read for many years. You, I am sure, will realize a very large sale from it. Our city of seven hills is struggling to rise from the ashes. We are the losers of about \$25,000. My own individual property was not touched by fire, but the quake did some damage to it. I have been looking for this disaster for over two years. At last my mother in spirit life said: "My dear child, go South." My health was not good at that time, so it seemed the proper thing to do. I went, and then business called us back for a few weeks, and we had but just arrived home two days before the shock came that devastated our proud city. I felt all the time while there, that I must hurry away. It seemed as we boarded the car that the hurry was not so great. My husband had just shipped his valuable horse, my own carriage-horse also, in time to save the rig. Oh! I can never tell you fully of the dreadful calamity; the sorrow and the want it is responsible for. I ask those who believe in certain things, "Why their God was so unmerciful to his own?" I was fearful that the precious Progressive Thinker would not be able to reach us through all the dreadful surroundings, but it came promptly! Angels bless it! More than ever am I sure that San Francisco will yet go down. I will never trust it, as dearly as I love the sweet memories that cluster around my soul while I sojourned there. The precious dust of my darlings rest there in their golden niche, and flowers are blooming over the spot where once we rambled in the sweet days of their companion's life; but I can never see the same again till I am at home "over there."

Rose L. Bushnell-Donnelly.

FOREST WAYS.

I wandered down a forest path
With arching branches over me.
My soul within me burned with wrath
And, blind with hate, I could not see.
From scenes of strife I went that day,
From turmoil and from heavy care,
And sought the quiet forest way
And tried to nurse my anger there.
But all my comrade trees were calm,
The flowers and ferns spoke of peace,
And o'er my soul there fell a balm
That bade the angry tumult cease.
And, wearied with my walk, at last
I flung myself upon the ground;
My bitter thoughts away I cast;
My fettered soul grew free, unbound.
The leaves were whispering to me,
Sweet birds were singing in the boughs;
The demurest began to meet me
As sun and shadow kissed my brows.
Full length upon the earth I lay
And through green branches saw blue skies;
So all my hatred passed away,
While tears bedewed my desert eyes.
I put a flower in my breast
When I went back to town once more,
And peace has been my constant guest
Here in the mighty tumult's roar.
Here pent within the earth's town
Through all the hot and sultry days,
Beyond these walls that grimly frown,
I see those quiet forest ways.
I hear the bluebird and the thrush,
I see the cool green branches wave
And in my soul there comes a hush
As sweet and soothing as the grave.
—Will Ried Dunroy.

We often have to pay the penalty, in our own persons, of what we call others to account for.—Anon.
Nurture your thing with great thought; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.—Distrell.
Within one's self must be the source of strength, the basis of consolation.—Marcus Aurelius.

Dr. James H. Hyslop has been appointed secretary and treasurer.

Applicants in special cases may be asked to give references, and shall then be expected to supply the names and addresses of two persons of good standing in the community.

A comprehensive scheme of membership has been adopted which is designed to encourage and even aid in the endowment of the Institute. Persons will be members of the Sections, and not of the Institute proper. The following are the five types of privileged members: Founders, Patrons, Fellows, Members and Associates.

Founders shall have all the privileges of Patrons, Fellows, Members, and Associates, and shall have their names published in perpetuity, if so desired, in the Proceedings of the Institute in all its Sections. A person may become a Founder upon the payment of \$5,000.

Patrons shall have the privileges of Fellows, Members, and Associates, and shall have their names published during their lives, if so desired, in the Proceedings of the Institute in all its Sections. A person may become a Patron upon the payment of \$1,000.

Fellows shall have the privilege of being enrolled in all Sections of the Institute; of receiving the publications of the same; of the use of the rooms and library, and shall pay an annual fee of \$25. A person may become a Life Fellow upon the payment of \$500.

Members shall have the privilege of being enrolled in one Section of the Institute; of receiving all the publications of that Section, and shall pay an annual fee of \$10. A person may become a Life Member upon the payment of \$200.

Associates shall have the privilege of being enrolled in one Section of the Institute; of receiving only the Journal published in that Section, and shall pay an annual fee of \$5. A person may become a Life Associate upon the payment of \$100.

The funds contributed by Founders, Patrons, Life Fellows, Life Members, and Life Associates will be investigated, and only the incomes thereof used in the work of the Institute.

It is intended that each Section shall have its own publications. There will be an annual volume of Proceedings and a Journal for each Section, as formed. The Proceedings will consist of detailed reports and discussions connected with the work of the officers and Councils. The Journal will consist of matter which may be considered as the "raw material" for investigation, and will be issued only to members of the Sections.

All communications and inquiries regarding the Institute and the American Society of Psychical Research should be addressed to Dr. James H. Hyslop, 519 West 149th street, New York.

JAMES H. HYSLOP,
Secretary.

FREED FROM FATE.

As a feather from the wings of Fate,
Every changing breeze beguiled me.
I ran the scale from earth to heaven
And the pace from peace to exile me.
A raging hailstorm beat me down,
And slimes of despond defiled me;
Dame Despair now lent her filthy hand
Till the weight of doom assailed me.
All down this course on the wings of Fate
Beast of prey and leeches fought me,
And beat me back from the ray of hope,
The hand of Hope would allot me.
But Love, from her throne, in mercy looked
On the wreck King Fate had wrought me;
And in her radiant, gentle way
The folly of drifting taught me.
She uprighted the waterlogged ship
And on Life's deep sea embarked me.
"Faith With Knowledge" in shining letters
Upon my brow then remarked me;
And thus from the spirit power of God,
With a new born hope ensparred me.
So one by one from the hands of Fate,
Love, Hope and Faith inarched me.
Now with Soul's hand at the helm
The Fates I over whelm
As proudly I glide over the sea,
Though adverse winds may belie,
The rocks I can defy
When Love's bright beacon guides me.
—O. V. LABOYTEAUX.
Reading, Mich.

Theology is no longer a question of the skies. If God is anywhere He is here, and the way to honor him is to work for his children, work for humanity. And no preacher, no matter how orthodox, now dare dissent from this proposition, simply because the best intelligence in the pew believes it. It is the paw leads, not the pulpit. The preacher always preaches the gospel the people want. The people who get the goods they demand.—Elbert Hubbard.
To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—Washington.

Really a Modern Miracle.

Spontaneous Phenomena the most convincing—No Fake Work about the same—She was painfully sick, dangerously so, and the Spirit Came and Cured Her, Really a Modern Miracle, one that in ancient times would have been Ascribed to the "Lord."

To the Editor.—The following account of a remarkable cure is taken from the Springfield, Mass., Republican of May 22;

I believe this is a case of direct spirit guidance and spirit aid. You will note that Miss Tahse declares "some unseen spirit visited" her, and instructed her exactly what to do, further, that through following this advice to the letter she was speedily restored to health. At the same time Miss Tahse gives the credit for her recovery "to the Lord alone," without as much as "I thank you" to the kind and watchful spirit friends who were, at least, the instruments through which the cure was performed.

The fact that one limb had become shortened naturally leads to the conclusion that some displacement of bone resulted from the accident, while local paralysis of the member would indicate this displacement caused unnatural pressure upon the motor nerve at, or near the spine.

While the spirit friends of Miss Tahse must have fully understood from the start the nature of her case they were powerless, under ordinary physical and psychical conditions, to aid her.

Some peculiarity in her environment at the time, coupled with temporary increase in the vibrations of her spirit aura, from causes not mentioned, presented the "opening" which her spirit friends had long awaited.

She was at once put under spirit control and "COMPELLED TO ACT AGAINST HER WILL." She "was ordered to take an ice-cold bath," made to exercise her arms and hands strangely and "to go through contortions that were extremely painful to her."

Without doubt the strange motions and contortions of limbs and body were especially favorable to a reduction of the displacement, and consequent relief from the undue pressure on the motor nerve of the affected limb.

While the "spirit was still upon her" it was possible for this power to also correct the functional impairment of the young woman's vision.

Had some physician performed a cure one-half as remarkable, or had the afflicted party received equal benefit in apparent answer to fervent prayer, it would have been deemed of sufficient importance to warrant extended editorial comment; but being a DEMONSTRATION OF SPIRIT HEALING, the editor of the Springfield liberal and progressive Republican makes no mention of it.

WM. VAN WATERS.
Springfield, Mass.

REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING.
Miss Tahse's Amazing Cure—Cincinnati Woman Visiting in Springfield, Mass., Throws Away Her Crutches and Glasses After Six Years of Paralysis.

A remarkable case of restoration to perfect health from what seemed like permanent invalidism has occurred this week to Miss Louise Tahse of Cincinnati, O., who has for the past year been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Sherwin of 441 Summer avenue.

The case bears a close resemblance to the healing miracles and had it occurred 1800 years ago would undoubtedly have been generally regarded as such, but medical science attributes a logical reason for the sudden transformation. For some six years Miss Tahse has been an invalid, and physicians have given her little hope that she would ever regain the use of her left leg, it having been thought that the limb was paralyzed from the hip down.

The marvelous healing occurred Sunday night and Monday, the use of the limb having been restored almost in an instant and with it unpaired sight, although the eyes had been affected since Miss Tahse was 12 years old. Miss Tahse credits her sudden recovery to health to the Lord alone and says that the suffering which she endured while the change was being wrought in her was most excruciating.

Miss Tahse was until six years ago in charge of one of the largest candy stores in Cincinnati, but met with an accident which left her in such a condition that no less than 25 doctors of all schools and healers of all cults declared her incurable.

While about to cross one of the principal streets in the city she stepped into a noose in a rope which was being dragged behind a truck team. The noose closed up on her leg and she was dragged several hundred feet before the team was stopped. For some time afterward a fatal result was anticipated, but her remarkable constitution pulled her through. For more than eight months she was in a hospital in Cincinnati. It was early seen that her left side was paralyzed from the hip down and it had been generally supposed by the many physicians who visited her in the course of a suit brought against the truck

alinity and telepathy. And it has shown that the prodigies, diabolic and divine, recorded in all early religions were not so fabulous as the critics fancied. At all events science admits that there is a force—call it psychic as Crookes does, neuric with Baretz, vital with Baraduc or the odd force of Reichenbach—a force which can be measured and described, which leaves its mark on the photographic plate, which emanates from every living being, which acts at a distance, which saves or destroys. Plato knew it. Great wizards like Cardan made use of it. The charlatans like Capogastro blundered upon it. The scientists have the last word.—Everybody's Magazine.

Do not confine your children to your own learning. They were born in another time.—Talmud.

company that the spinal cord was affected.

Among Cincinnati physicians who pronounced her case one of paralysis induced by affection of the spinal cord were Drs. Blower, Freeman, Dandridge, Catterhorn, and Langdon, several of whom are said to be well-known specialists on nerve diseases. Miss Tahse recovered \$10,000 for her injuries.

For five years after the accident Miss Tahse took but two steps, and spent most of her time in a wheel chair. By remarkable force of will she kept house for her brother in Cincinnati until about a year ago, getting about the rooms in her chair. She had been for many years an intimate friend of Mrs. Sherwin, who is the wife of the roadmaster of the Boston and Maine railroad. About a year ago she came to this city to visit Mrs. Sherwin, and has since remained here. She was unable to sleep when she came here, but she has gradually improved so that she has gotten about considerably with the aid of crutches and her chair. She has never been free from pain, however, since the accident, and has been under the constant care of Dr. Charles F. Lynch. She has also consulted the local oculists regarding her eyes, which were said to be affected with a nervous trouble.

Visited by a Spirit.

Her sudden recovery had its beginning Sunday night, when she was taken ill. Miss Tahse claims that she was then visited by some unseen spirit which seemed to compel her to act against her will. Her hands were made to move in queer fashion and she was forced to go through contortions which were extremely painful to her. The spirit ordered her to take an ice-cold bath and then to don an immaculate gown. After this she was ordered by the spirit to go through further motions with her hands and body, and then rest for a time. At midnight Sunday she awoke and the spirit was still upon her and ordered her to exercise further with her hands.

After another rest she awoke about 3 o'clock, and was then told by the spirit that Jacob's ladder awaited her on the roof of the piazza just outside of her window. She stood out on the roof for several minutes and waved her hands on high, feeling that Christ was to walk up the ladder with her. She awoke from this delusion and returned to her room and slept until morning. She was apparently in the same condition in which she had been for the past two years when she awoke. During the morning, however, she became delirious, and it required the combined effort of Dr. Lynch and Mrs. Sherwin to control her.

During one of these delirious moments she rushed from her bed and, hurled her crutches from her, saying that never again should she use them. At the same time she threw off her glasses and declared that those were hereafter superfluous.

The amazed onlookers allowed her to walk about for a time and go down stairs. The delirium continued at intervals during the day, although Miss Tahse can now remember many incidents that happened during the day.

Monday night she slept soundly and when she awoke yesterday morning she was perfectly lucid and without an ache or pain. She can walk up and down stairs and run about the yard almost as actively as before she was injured.

In the transformation the crippled leg seemed to have been stretched, as it was formerly shorter than the right limb, but is now exactly the same length. Miss Tahse said last night that she never had any expectation of recovering the complete use of her leg and she is firm in the belief that she was suffering from paralysis.

Naturally she was most happy over her regeneration, as she called it, and she received congratulations from a large number of friends yesterday.

Dr. Lynch does not, however, believe that there was anything miraculous about the healing. He is inclined to believe that there was never any affection of the spinal cord. There had been, he said, nothing short of a miracle could have accomplished the restoration. He regarded it as a type of hysteria, but said he had never seen or heard of a case which had been suddenly restored to health, or of a case where health had been regained after such a long period. He had known two or three other local cases in which recovery had been made after what appeared to be paralysis. One of these was of a man named Coughlin, who was injured in Tait's coal yard in 1899 by a fall. He was in the hospital for a long time, and the evidence of paralysis was strongly confirmed by the fact that a nail could be driven up to its head into the paralyzed part without feeling. In about two years he regained the use of his limb, and is now as well as ever. He lives on Cass street.

Written Through the Mediumship of
Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea.

when his every secret act will be revealed, every motive of his mind laid bare? What man will care to be a priest, when all that he has believed to be true will vanish away like smoke before the wind; as the light of truth will penetrate every nook and corner of the earth?

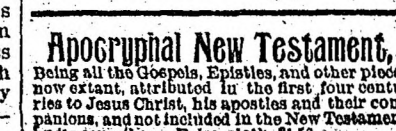
"The Light of Egypt." Volumes 1 and 2. An occult library in itself, a text-book of esoteric knowledge as taught by Adepts of Hermetic Philosophy. Price \$2 per volume.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." A new edition comprising in one volume the four parts heretofore published to which is added part five, also a number of the author's most popular

had gone into the house well knowing that there were ugly stories about it. "He said, smiling, "I'm not the face of heaven," and he never yet feared of any man, and I didn't look to be scared out of my senses by a banging door or a creaking wainscot." "I was scared as the gates of hell," said the hangings and the creakings began with disagreeable iteration. "The

ment to-day after a period of agnosticism, will revive. Again and again it will surge into the soul and demand its satisfaction. It belongs to the eternal verities. Science has its phases, society its upheavals, art and literature their revolutions; but through all the changes of this mortal life men lay their children in the dust and women stand at the grave weep-

sister in her coffin? She was sitting at his side; she was dressed in even detail; her arm was resting on the table. Could the mother—however earnestly she was reflecting on that memory—fling so natural an image over all those miles? Further, let us remember that the son was not in France, not even in a mood of idleness favorable to the reception of such



by its compilers. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice at the following rates, in advance: One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, \$0.60; Three Months, \$0.35; Single Copy, \$0.10.

REMITTANCES: Remit by Postoffice Money order, Registered Letter or Draft on Chicago or New York. If costs from 10 to 15 cents to get checks cashed on local banks, so do not send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Address all letters to J. R. FRANCIS, 40 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.

TAKEN NOTICE: At the expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers. If you do not receive your paper promptly write us, and any errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis. Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it has been going or the change cannot be made.

TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES: The price of The Progressive Thinker per year to foreign countries is \$2.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1906.

WORDS OF CAUTION: You should not send money in a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HAVE: It Will Only Cost You Four Cents.

Reports in pamphlet form of the last N. S. A. Convention are for sale at 600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C., at four cents each, postpaid, or thirty-five cents per dozen. Every Spiritualist should send for one. Address Mary T. Longley, Secretary.

TAKE NOTICE: All books advertised in The Progressive Thinker can be obtained at this office. Express charges or postage prepaid at the price named unless otherwise stated.

Historic Reminders.

Rev. Ezra Stiles, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, and president of Yale College, who died in 1795, thus eulogizes one of his parishioners who was captain of a Guinea slave ship, spending his life in buying negroes in Africa, transporting them to America, and selling them in the open market, a crime against humanity which was not closed in this country until 1808, when it was prohibited by our national Constitution.

Think of it, Christians engaged in the slave trade until less than one hundred years ago, and eulogized by the clergy. Now Rev. Stiles tells of the captain of a slave ship, with probably 1,000 slaves stifled for breath in the hold of his ship:

"God had blessed him with a good estate and he and his family have been eminent for Hospitality to all and Charity to the poor and afflicted. At his death he recommended Religion to his Children and told them that the world was nothing. The only external blessing on his character was that he was a little addicted to the marvelous in stories of what he had seen in his Voyages and Travels. But in his Dealings he was punctual, upright and honest, and (except as to the File in the Oymment, the disposition to tell marvelous Stories of Dangers, Travels, etc.), in all other Things he was of a sober and good moral character, aggregation in story-telling."

The only blemish on this stealer and trafficker in human flesh was "exaggeration in story-telling."

How was it possible this Christian man, preacher and teacher, could declare this sea captain engaged in such a nefarious pursuit "a good moral man"? Open to Genesis 10, and read from verse 18 to and inclusive of 25. In short:

Noah drank of wine and was drunken. His son Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of the old man, and told his brothers about it. The ancient wine-bibber, whom the Lord had made captain of the ark, arousing from his deadly slumber, said: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."

Christians interpreted Ham, and of course his posterity, as black, and Shem was white, therefore the black man was decreed by Capt. Noah to perpetual servitude.

The Pope, the great head of the Christian church, issued a bull authorizing the enslavement of these black heathen; so good moral and God-loving Christian men invaded Africa with cargoes of whiskey and New England rum, involved tribes in war, and bought the captives made by each party, paying for them in distilled damnation; the products of the good deacons at home, and thus our loved America was peopled with stolen blacks deprived of every natural right, their posterity having increased to now full ten millions.

And who were they led in making war upon this infernal system inaugurated by a drunken patriarch, confirmed by God, not denounced by Jesus, but affirmed by all Christendom? Why Thomas Paine, first by an article in the Pennsylvania Magazine, and again in 1780 in drafting the emancipation act of Pennsylvania, while he was clerk of the Legislature, strengthened by the influence of Benjamin Franklin, and later by Thomas Jefferson, all Deists whom the church denounced in the bitterest terms.

Slavery, the slave trade, and the inciting of wars in Africa for the capture of negroes, originated with, and were productions of Christian Wickedness, and as such they should be held up to public execration for those acts. The Deistic leaders in the Revolution as Washington, Jefferson, etc., emancipated their slaves at death, but Christians clung to the cursed institution until the emancipation proclamation of a Spiritualist president. And Spiritualists were haters of slavery from the beginning.

Enthusiasm is to man what steam is to a locomotive.—Chicago News.

New Zealand.

One of Our Illustrations Over There "Sowing the Seeds of Truth."

Items of Interest From Mrs. Lolo F. Prior.

How strange are the changes that come into the lives of many.

"This over a year since I spoke to my friends in the dear old United States, through the columns of The Progressive Thinker; a year so full of labor and changing scenes, that the days, weeks and months have gone by with such rapidity, that I was not conscious of their passing until the appalling disaster of San Francisco reminded me that I was far, far away from the land of my birth, and those who are akin by blood, my family, and that my native state, my people, were passing through a night of darkness."

How little we know of the laws that rule this universe. Man builds solidly, firmly, permanently, or so he thinks, but in the Great Silence is a power, a will, whose laws he is only dimly conscious of, and which with one breath turns into confusion and chaos all that were to man things of beauty and admiration. How soon have they been destroyed! How quickly has come death and desolation!

The poet says: "Back to earth again flee ancient and holy things." Back into the elements go all that man constructs upon this mundane sphere.

How much better if he would learn to build for eternity, where earthquakes come not, where fire cannot enter!

Were it not for the dim but pure light that comes from the land of souls, we would seek to lay the burden of mortal existence down. In that light we learn the need of keeping on, no matter how chaotic, how dark or how depressing may be the conditions of earth life (all are necessary experiences); we must, as Walt Whitman has written, "Ever in darkness marching, on in the ranks, the unknown road still marching." Marching, some of us think the road familiar, but when a calamity confronts us, we realize how little is our wisdom, how small are we, how great is God and God's laws!

In learning how to live, how much of life is missed! How often the emotions of the human heart sweep in torrents waves the banks of mortal consciousness, while the warring waters carry away all that are sacred and holy in our temporal existence. If we have commenced to learn the true lesson of life as shown in the light of the soul, we go bravely on, feeling that all is well and not one grain of mustard seed is lost.

Blanco White's sonnet becomes an inspiration to higher living and nobler being:

"Mysterious night, when our first parent knew These from report divine, and heard thy name. Did he not tremble for this lovely flame. This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet with the curtain of translucent dew. Bathed in the rays of the great setting fame. Hesperia with the host of heaven came. And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed Within thy beams, O sun! Or who could find While by leaf and insect lay revealed. That such countless orbs thou madest us blind? Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife? If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

And thus is the deeply thoughtful man and woman made strong for the work of mortal life, knowing "what is, is best," recognizing that all is law, hoping that all might be love also, finding that what takes place is for the good of the larger number, and that no life is taken in vain.

I am back in Wellington, N. Z., after an absence of eight months. My travels took me to Sydney and Melbourne (Australia), Hobart (Tasmania), and Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington (N. Z.), and I may well feel that I have visited most places of interest in this part of the globe.

In Melbourne Spiritualism is making rapid advancement, and has been greatly aided by Mr. T. W. Stanford, brother of the late Senator Leland Stanford, of California. The position he has taken and the published results of his seances with Mr. Chas. Bailey,

Not a Creditable Example.

King David is presented to us as a man after God's own heart. Pupils in Sunday-schools are expected to take him for an exemplar. The Lord was displeased with him for virtually murdering Uriah to get his wife, but in all else he had the approval of that heavenly functionary.

II Samuel 12:29 tells us David gathered all the people together, and went against Rabbah, and fought against it and took it; then he took their king's crown from off his head, and put it on his own, and brought forth the spoils of the city in great abundance, but, note, verse 31:

"And he brought forth the people that were therein, and put them under saws and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick kiln; and thus he did to all the cities of the children of Ammon."

He who should lead in battle in our day, and should copy David's acts would be universally execrated. It was the cruelty of a barbarian people, whose savage acts should be forgotten, and the Bible abounds with equally abhorrent acts, Sunday-school children are asked to contribute pennies to place in the hands of heathen copies of this infernal record, and it is claimed millions of copies are sent out annually.

The influence must be to instruct the reader to follow the example of these terrible atrocities, instead of cultivating the nobler virtues. How can we hope to see humanity at its best when such soul crushing acts are blazoned on nearly every page of a book claimed to be inerrant which is in everybody's hand?

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or, rather, we read it are no longer the same interpreters.—George Elliot.

one of the best physical and trance mediums it has ever been my privilege to meet.

Mr. Stanford is doing all that a man of wealth can do to give to the world the knowledge which he possesses of Spiritualism, after an investigation and belief in Spiritualism of forty years. Would that we had a few more like him! It is his greatest desire to endow a Chair of Psychology at the Leland Stanford University, so that the phenomena of Spiritualism will have a fair and unbiased investigation at that seat of learning. I find myself hoping that the late disaster to the beautiful buildings at Palo Alto will not interfere with his plans. My reference to Melbourne compels me to speak of a few of the noble workers in that city.

Mr. W. H. Terry, former editor of the Harbinger of Light, is still the same staunch and faithful worker that he was when at the head of that valuable paper, and is doing much to aid in the work of truth. I spent many happy hours at his beautiful mountain home some miles out of Melbourne, at Fern Tree Gully, where the tall gum trees sing one to sweet repose.

Mr. Otto Waschatz, the president of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, is a tower of strength and faithfulness, whose every effort is to place our teachings upon the highest plane. He is ably supported by his good wife, who finds no task too hard that will help the cause they both love.

Mr. M. Bloomfield, the hard-working secretary of the V. A. S., to whom I owe much for the earnest and conscientious manner in which he made all arrangements for the debate which was held in Melbourne, and the constant attention which he gave to every detail when we visited Sydney, and Mrs. M. Redfern, editor of the Messenger, an up-to-date Spiritual paper, and a public speaker, is working nobly against many odds, and her faithfulness will bring its own reward.

Mrs. Annie Bright, the energetic editor of the Harbinger of Light, is putting before the reading public the best that is in Spiritualist literature. Mrs. R. King, Melbourne's oldest and most faithful medium. When it meant more to be a Spiritualist medium in that city than it does to-day, it was her proud privilege to uphold this banner.

Miss E. Ninge's "Progressive Book Shop" is well known throughout the colonies. I might name others prominent in the work—in fact, I feel that were I to go on enumerating the faithful and true in Melbourne, so much space would be required in your paper that more interesting matter might be crowded out.

The five months I spent in Melbourne, were, without question, the happiest I have ever spent as a public worker.

Three weeks in Sydney, and here I met noble men and women laboring for the upbuilding of Spiritualism.

I was two months in Christchurch where the Spiritualists have a nice meeting-place, at one time the German church. They are led by Mr. Fabling, a young man whose heart is in the work, and a worthy number of assistants.

I am now serving the Wellington society for four months. From here I shall go to Gisborne, and then to Auckland.

In looking over the past year's work I trust it will not seem like the utterances of an egotist if I say, "I have served my master faithfully, and trust that my itinerancy will be fruitful of much good!"

Mr. McLean, president of the society in Wellington, is anxious to test the "settled speaker" plan, and hopes that in the very near future such method can be carried out. His idea is to pay a speaker and medium about \$1,500 per year, and place him (the speaker) upon the same footing as a minister of orthodox religion. The system, we hope, can be adopted ere long, for when COMMERCIALISM is once taken out of Spiritualism, and our teachers paid a living wage, there will no longer be an incentive to produce fraudulent manifestations.

In the past we have avoided a paid ministry, but I feel the time has come when to keep our phenomena pure and our philosophy and religion upon a high plane, we must recognize the need of paying, educating, and guarding out teachers and mediums; THEN WE CAN UNTIL NOW WILL BE ABLE TO PLACE SPIRITUALISM BEFORE THE WORLD, CLEANED OF ALL THE FILTH THAT IT HAS BEEN DRAGGING WITH IT.

LOIE F. PRIOR.

The Tyrant Still Active.

Bigotry never slumbers, but is ever laboring to maintain and advance its empire. It grasps every opportunity to invade the rights of others. Failing in its attacks to-day it renews its assaults to-morrow with renewed energy. No human right is free from its touch. Its principle ambition is to gain control of childhood and youth, and mold them to its will, thus enslaving mind in its very inception, making it ever after its co-laborer to tyrannize over those who will not willingly submit to its unreasonable decrees.

A conference of Bigotry's votaries, usually known as clergymen, recently assembled in New York, to plan a new campaign. For years; ever since our free public school system was inaugurated, preachers have sought, under the pretext of teaching good morals, to secure control of those stepping-stones to the future, and make them serve as highways into the church. Plan after plan failed, but government with a heavy hand barred success.

The new proposition is for all schools to suspend afternoon sessions on Wednesday of each week, and require the pupils to assemble in the churches, such as the parents shall direct, and there be taught religious truth, otherwise pernicious bigotry, under the direction of the pastor.

A Boston Journal says: "The scheme has this in its favor: It is cordially approved as an experiment by most of all faiths." If that statement is true, then we have fallen into evil times; but it is not a scheme, it is a project of designing religious demagogues, and it cannot succeed.

Consult the criminal statistics of this country. To do so visit the pen-

The Destruction of San Francisco Foretold by Mrs. Maud Lord Drake.

The spirit of prophecy has not died out of the universe.

Some may contend that no prophetic utterance, disclosing events of the future, has ever been delivered to man. Others truly contend that in primeval days God, through personal interviews through priests and prophets, communed with man and revealed to him things that should transpire on earth in other days, or distant years. But these regard as miracles, and claim that the days of miracles have long since passed; and now they contend that the work of miracle, having passed, no prophetic declaration is given. But from the standpoint of science we may safely conclude that whatever transpires in the universe occurs pursuant to the eternal and unending laws of nature. Therefore, if prophetic declarations were given in the past they may recur in the present. But whenever they are given they recur pursuant to natural and eternal law.

The declaration of the astronomer that an eclipse of the sun, or a transit of Mercury will occur at such and such times, and in such and such places, is a prophecy in accordance with natural law, calculated and determined by the laws of science.

Such a prediction is a miracle to the uninformed, and a prophetic declaration.

Some of my readers are able to place a column of figures upon the blackboard and instantaneously write down the aggregate sum of all the figures. I have seen men who could stand by one while he was writing a column of six or ten figures from top to bottom of the blackboard, and as soon as the last figures were written, he would tell the party what figures he wrote down as the total sum of the whole column.

This was not a special providence. The trained intellect of such a mathematician was able to group and comprehend the facts and laws of nature so as to give an instantaneous result; while the great majority were obliged to plod over the addition, figure by figure, the result was obtained.

Now, there is no phenomena in nature, physical or psychical, but that occurs pursuant to the laws of nature, and while there is such a wide margin of difference between an occasional skilled mathematician and the majority of those as above described, may it not be possible there are exalted spirits in the realms spiritual who are also far advanced that they can grasp and comprehend the facts and laws of nature—that from the causes of future events—they can instantaneously see the result that may happen in distant days and years to come?

The writer believes it to be possible, and believes also that in these facts a solution of the problem of prophecy may be found. But be that as it may, be your beliefs or disbelief as to the question of prophecy or not, I have a few stubborn facts to relate and each reader may account for them as best he can.

We see from the columns of The Progressive Thinker that all over the country there have been prophetic utterances given foretelling to a greater or less extent the awful destruction of San Francisco.

But the facts to which I would especially call your attention are as follows:

In the month of March, Mrs. Drake, while under control, repeated the prediction in my own home; also in the month of March, in the rooms of Dr. Park, at 1200 Market street, while under control, she again foretold the destruction of San Francisco by seismic shock and fiery flames.

On the 11th of March, 1906, Mr. and Mrs. Drake were in San Francisco on business. Mr. Drake had an appointment to meet Mr. Bonebrake, of El Reno, Oklahoma, but as Mrs. Drake saw the destruction of San Francisco so imminent and near, she could neither rest by day or night, that Mr. Drake was obliged to leave before concluding his business, or awaiting his appointment with Mr. Bonebrake.

While some of our good ministers have said that the destruction of San Francisco was an expression of God's wrath on account of its sins, I believe that God works through cause and effect, through natural and universal law.

No scientist, no human being is able as yet, to discover the cause of earthquakes. Hypotheses are to be found in an abundance, but these are one and all, the merest suppositions and guesses; but depend upon it, whatever the cause is, it is scientific, and in full accord with the eternal facts and laws of the universe. If man could only collect sufficient data pertaining thereto, he could readily compute the time and place of an earthquake as can the astronomer the time and place of an eclipse.

GEO. W. LEWIS, A. M.

1519 Broadway, Alameda, Cal.

Echoes from the Quake.

A Letter From George F. Perkins.

To the Editor:—Things are getting rather monotonous again. We have not felt an earthquake shock since last Saturday, and hence must turn our attention to the already approaching mercurial changes of weather, the participants in the recent catastrophe; and the distribution of money, land titles, etc., and finally I begin to appear that this is a good country to migrate from.

The festive real estate agent is in evidence conspicuously in the unlimited rates of house rents and forcing of payments on mortgages and notes until it will soon be positively unbearable.

There is a tremendous army of homeless families camped in the available parks in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and inland towns, that is being fed from the generous eastern contributions.

Just what they are going to do when the fund is exhausted, and while they are rebuilding the "San Francisco Beautiful," is an open question.

It is an overwhelming proposition, and the omniscient optimist will have his mind taxed somewhat to adjust things, I am thinking.

Acres and acres of ashes, bricks, stones, twisted steel and iron confront us when we stand on any street of the burnt district.

There is no way of ascertaining how many people were caught in the collapsing of the large tenement buildings that could not withstand the shock, nor the quickly following fire flood. The "Brunswick" was only one of many similar houses. It was supposed to have contained over 200 people, among them some ten mediums. Only three or four out of the lot have been heard from.

However brave we may try to be, or scientific in our philosophizing, the awful calamity is past description, and man's vocabulary too limited to portray it.

After noting the sudden annihilation of hundreds of millions of dollars of property, it brings to our mind very forcibly the folly of living entirely for the sole purpose of acquiring money and property.

This affair has leveled things in a few hours more effectively than a century of anarchism or other reformatory movements, lessons of life given to us in a ghastly manner, and horribly realistic. Shall we perk it?

Oakland, Cal. G. F. PERKINS.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"Handy Electrical Dictionary." A practical handbook of reference, containing definitions of every used electrical term or phrase. Price 25cts.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Professor Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. 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 to all who love to study and think. Price, 25 cents.

"The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features. The Cultivation of Personal Beauty, Based on Hygiene and Health Culture." By twenty physicians and specialists. Edited by Albert Turner. Of special interest and value. Price \$1.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

PROPHECY.

By What Law Is the Future Foretold?—A Few Thoughts Upon the Subject.

On Sunday evening, February 4, 1906, Dr. York, the well-known agnostic and eloquent lecturer, Mrs. Lewis and myself, with several others from San Francisco, attended a public meeting in Oakland at which MRS. MAUD LORD DRAKE was the speaker.

Mrs. Drake gave one of her most eloquent addresses upon spirit control. During the course of her remarks a change came over her countenance. A slight tremor seemed to thrill every fiber of her body. She seemed to be standing in the presence of some overshadowing, some imminent danger, and pausing a moment said:

"I see a great, a most terrible calamity overshadowing San Francisco and the Pacific coast. I see the buildings in San Francisco wrecked, and falling in all directions, and hundreds of human beings are crushed in that dire, that most terrible disaster. Now, I see the smoke arising here and there amidst the ruins. Volumes of smoke arise. The flames are arising. They increase! They spread with curling, lashing tongues of livid fire! They leap from building to building! Now it is a vast ocean of flashing flames of fire! The force cannot be stayed till that fair city is reduced to ruins, to ashes and desolation. It is now an utter desolation that defies all human description."

It was hard to believe, I must confess, that such a calamity should so soon befall that fair city, the Queen of the Pacific. As the prediction was out of the ordinary, I made notes of it, but did not believe it would occur in my day, or in this generation.

The time of the disaster was not mentioned, and I felt that it might be possible at some time in the far distant future; but the prophecy was given no more than two months before its fulfillment.

The facts are before you, and now my friends, solve the problem as best you can.

In the month of March, Mrs. Drake, while under control, repeated the prediction in my own home; also in the month of March, in the rooms of Dr. Park, at 1200 Market street, while under control, she again foretold the destruction of San Francisco by seismic shock and fiery flames.

On the 11th of March, 1906, Mr. and Mrs. Drake were in San Francisco on business. Mr. Drake had an appointment to meet Mr. Bonebrake, of El Reno, Oklahoma, but as Mrs. Drake saw the destruction of San Francisco so imminent and near, she could neither rest by day or night, that Mr. Drake was obliged to leave before concluding his business, or awaiting his appointment with Mr. Bonebrake.

While some of our good ministers have said that the destruction of San Francisco was an expression of God's wrath on account of its sins, I believe that God works through cause and effect, through natural and universal law.

No scientist, no human being is able as yet, to discover the cause of earthquakes. Hypotheses are to be found in an abundance, but these are one and all, the merest suppositions and guesses; but depend upon it, whatever the cause is, it is scientific, and in full accord with the eternal facts and laws of the universe. If man could only collect sufficient data pertaining thereto, he could readily compute the time and place of an earthquake as can the astronomer the time and place of an eclipse.

GEO. W. LEWIS, A. M.

1519 Broadway, Alameda, Cal.

Echoes from the Quake.

A Letter From George F. Perkins.

To the Editor:—Things are getting rather monotonous again. We have not felt an earthquake shock since last Saturday, and hence must turn our attention to the already approaching mercurial changes of weather, the participants in the recent catastrophe; and the distribution of money, land titles, etc., and finally I begin to appear that this is a good country to migrate from.

The festive real estate agent is in evidence conspicuously in the unlimited rates of house rents and forcing of payments on mortgages and notes until it will soon be positively unbearable.

There is a tremendous army of homeless families camped in the available parks in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and inland towns, that is being fed from the generous eastern contributions.

Just what they are going to do when the fund is exhausted, and while they are rebuilding the "San Francisco Beautiful," is an open question.

It is an overwhelming proposition, and the omniscient optimist will have his mind taxed somewhat to adjust things, I am thinking.

Acres and acres of ashes, bricks, stones, twisted steel and iron confront us when we stand on any street of the burnt district.

There is no way of ascertaining how many people were caught in the collapsing of the large tenement buildings that could not withstand the shock, nor the quickly following fire flood. The "Brunswick" was only one of many similar houses. It was supposed to have contained over 200 people, among them some ten mediums. Only three or four out of the lot have been heard from.

However brave we may try to be, or scientific in our philosophizing, the awful calamity is past description, and man's vocabulary too limited to portray it.

After noting the sudden annihilation of hundreds of millions of dollars of property, it brings to our mind very forcibly the folly of living entirely for the sole purpose of acquiring money and property.

This affair has leveled things in a few hours more effectively than a century of anarchism or other reformatory movements, lessons of life given to us in a ghastly manner, and horribly realistic. Shall we perk it?

Oakland, Cal. G. F. PERKINS.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 250 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the

SCINTILLATIONS

From the Pen of Henry Morrison Tefft, Norwich, New York.

"What an Enigma! What a Strange, Chaotic and Contradictory Being! Judge of All Things, Feeble, Earth-Worm! Depository of Truth! Mass of Uncertainty! Glory and Butt of the Universe!"

In each life is a mixture of virtue and vice. There is no one person that is all good, nor all bad. The richest ore is mixed with more or less slag. We condemn men's doctrine, as we do their lives, without knowing their true value. A brilliant man once said, "Some people would destroy the sun to prevent the growth of weeds." Goodness carried to excess becomes weakness. It takes brawn and muscle as well as intellect to make a full grown man. A slang word sometimes expresses a deeper truth than the most classic sentence. There is more virtue in some persons' profanity than there is in the prayer of others.

I pity the individual who has never shed a tear, never felt a deep sorrow, never sinned and repented—never committed an act worthy of being repented of.

Life when viewed in all of its terrible realities, its tragic and fearful experiences, is really more to be dreaded than death. There may be more tragedy, more grief, more real experience wrapped up in a single tear, than in the whole history of many an individual soul. Our deepest thoughts are the saddest. Primitive people who live near to nature are more serious in their manner and life than civilized races. "The solitary wild state is always a serious one. . . . the savage American tribes have been noted by travelers for their gravity and taciturnity." The mountain seems solemn and the hills look sad. All the grand, the beautiful, the inspiring manifestations of nature, whether in landscape, mountain, waterfall, cloud or sky, ever speak to us in the minor key—never with joyful note.

It requires no priestly voice or intervention to make a place holy. The soul's purest worship needs neither temple nor altar. The touch of a hand, the imprint of a foot, the sound of a voice, may be a more sacred dedication of a place to the human heart, than prayers, hymns, and ritual. The immanent God manifests Himself in all the glory of this world, in every physical beauty seen, and in every mental thought and truth expressed. "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;— A motion and a spirit, which impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things."

No man is so low or degraded but somewhere in his heart lies hidden a desire for nobler ends, a kinship with the divine purpose. Food, shelter and clothing are all that is necessary for animal happiness. Man's capabilities of happiness, of enjoyment, are balanced by his capabilities of misery and unhappiness. The language has not been invented, the words have not been forged, capable of expressing either the gladness or the sorrow, the darkness or the light, which the human heart can endure.

There are certain select souls who never have any commonplace experiences, but grand; events are not dreadful, but grand; events are not useful, but tragic; with them it is never merely excitement, passion, emotion, but their minds are always stirred as a tempest. Yet the vast majority are incapable of deep feeling on any subject—either of joy or sorrow, love or hate, disappointment or fruition. They could never become martyrs for a cause, a principle or a person.

The man that knows little is happier than the man that knows much. Poverty and wealth, want and satiety, live side by side. Great accumulations cannot exist in one person's hands without a corresponding deficit in a thousand others; but riches breed as much discontent as poverty. No condition in life is satisfactory. Our hopes all center in the future, the present is uninteresting. "The promised land lies before us like the mirage. The fruits of the tree of knowledge turn as we grasp them to apples of Sodom that crumble at the touch."

The past has a glory all its own. Everything is beautiful in retrospect. The most trivial things in our lives become interesting as we recede from them. Even our sorrows become sacred, and we would as soon drop from memory our joys as our griefs. Many of our experiences, as we look back upon them, seem more ideal than real, more like dreams than realities. Events in life are interpreted according to the standpoint from which they are viewed. If a person's fancy runs different from ours in style or dress, we call him vain or eccentric; if his logic does not correspond to our opinions, we say his reasoning is unsound; if he is extraordinary adept on some lines, we accuse him of being one-sided and unbalanced. A great man is first a crank, then a genius. But the highest philosophy accounts things healthy, normal, and beneficial. There is nothing abnormal, ugly or defective in nature. From the vantage

ground of science each separate fact stands in its true relation to all others. "Robert G. Ingersoll liked to think and say that evil is more or less accidental, and has an imaginary, rather than a real existence; that only when at bay and in the midst of hostile circumstances is human nature inclined toward what is actually criminal and vicious."

Everything moves upward. The most filthy substance may in time become purified, glorified into the flavor of the fruit, or unto the bloom and fragrance of the flower. Science changes, theories change, divinities change. Doctrines that are fit and proper and satisfying to one age and people are entirely unfit for another age and another people. Formerly a God of vengeance, a God of rewards and punishments was held up before the world, but now it is a God of love.

Some one has said of a well-known author that in his work on dogmatic theology "Two pages are given to heaven and eighty-eight to hell." The old-time preaching was very harsh, commendatory and inflammatory, so was the religious literature; but all that has been modified, and the way to heaven has been smoothed and made suitable to a more educated and intelligent condition of society.

What is truth to one man is error to another. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." It all depends upon our faith, our belief in the doctrine, in the form, in the symbol by which the desires and aspirations of the heart are fed. The heathen, prostrate before his idol, receives the same answer to prayer, as the Christian bowing before his spiritual God. The answer comes from within and not from without. "The kingdom of God is within you," and it is nowhere else located. "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not."

The matter of faith is more or less a natural endowment. Some people are naturally credulous; they easily take all statements at their face value, while others analyze, question and dispute every point in the proposition. It is a queer notion many have, that while science changes, society changes, philosophies change, religious doctrines, creeds and formulas must always remain the same; that centuries ago, God revealed Himself fully, completely, and finally into the world and that He had no further revelations to make known to man. The same religious formulas exist now that have been stated for hundreds of years; men believe them no more, but the rules are unchanged.

All rules are arbitrary and artificial except what nature furnishes. Too much learning deadens the imagination. The fear of violating some rule, custom or habit, laid down by the critics, is a check on originality. A genius must have a free rein or his work is dwarfed. Truth cannot be too closely defined. Questions answered by yes or no often convey as much error as fact.

A certain writer speaking of the doctrine of transcendentalism says: "The principles of transcendentalism are to be felt as religious emotions, or grasped by the imagination as a poetic whole. They are not to be proved, neither are they to be set down in propositions as the articles of a creed. The truth comes to us not when we are critical, not when we are working, but when we are receptive and passive."

Definitions are misleading. We cannot define beauty, poetry, oratory, inspiration, genius, nor religion.

Great stress is laid on finalities. The world is always looking for authoritative statements. There can be no shadow without substance.

Whether Christ is a historical figure or a fiction; whether his life is false or fact; it makes no difference; the character portrayed is divine, the words said to have been spoken by him are true and the teachings set forth are the highest that the mind of man can conceive.

Fiction must appeal to our experience, otherwise we "ignore it. The novelist does not create the men and women he depicts—he finds them in actual life. Shakespeare created no characters; he painted in words that which he saw and heard. He made no originals, he merely shows us those already in existence.

Whatever addresses itself to the universal heart is eternal. "There is only one kind of blood, only one kind of water, only one kind of air, only one kind of matter; everything we see is but different manifestations of the same primal element.

All events come and go in regular order. First the egg, then the worm, then the butterfly. Man is nature's finest and last expression. Everything else was made subordinate to this final act in the order of creation; yet man is only an animal. All his religion, morals and refinements are veneering—easily thrown off. When conditions are right, an individual or a people, move backward with more alacrity than they ever move forward.

Decay is a swifter agent than growth. We profane ourselves by small talk, by gossip, by inferior associations and by weak and unprofitable thoughts. There is no form of vice, no form of corruption, no condition of degradation but what constant association will make it common place and it will cease to be a matter of either aversion or reprobation. When we realize how little people know individually, it is a wonder they act so wisely collectively. The crowd of fawning sycophants, paying humiliating deference to power and authority is every year growing larger. Wealth, not genius will soon be crowned king. Where the fountain is corrupt the whole stream is impure. The heritage of a people stamps itself upon the mind and body of a race the same as it does on a family. A nation of slaves can never become a nation of freemen only in name; obsequiousness, obedience, servility, become a part of the individual nature which nothing but death can wipe out.

Men and women in the higher walks are responsible for the sins of society. If those in authority, if the people of wealth and position, would set the example of temperance, economy and honesty, these virtues would become popularized among the mass and be as common as vice, dishonesty and intemperance are now. Wealth to-day stands defiant, it defies justice, laughs at right, and scorns the feeble efforts that are being put forth to make it observe the law, obey the statutes, and conform to the good order and well-being of society.

"The aristocracy of the priesthood is broken; the aristocracy of birth is dead; but the aristocracy of the dollar is in its meridian."

No man whose life is dominated by the philosophy and teachings of Christ can ever become a millionaire; to make any such claim shows either dense ignorance or flagrant hypocrisy. The system of weights and measures, which God uses in weighing and measuring the moral and spiritual qualities of men are entirely different from ours. Goodness is not practical. The ideal life and the practical life never agree. The mind formulates plans, conditions, institutions and societies, that look righteous and beautiful, but they are never realized. The model seems perfect but there is always trouble with the machine.

Man, both beautifies and deforms this world; he builds up and he tears down. The laws of growth and decay hold equal power and balance each other. Strange as it may appear, with the increase of knowledge, refinement, and civilization, vice increases, disease increases, and poverty increases. It is only one step from poverty to crime. Sin lives upon squalor, wretchedness and unrest. Prosperity dries up the springs of iniquity. Doctors cannot diminish disease, priests cannot wipe out evil, neither can courts and statutes prevent crime.

It is not the anarchist, nor the highwayman that the people need stand in fear of, but it is the men holding high business, social, legislative and judicial positions—men clothed with authority in their chosen walks of life. It is the gentleman, not the loafer, that from a menace to good government and to civilization. As long as the results of successful villainy are more applauded than the smaller accumulations of honesty and frugality there can be no reformation in the morals of the people. A false man, whether in word, thought, or deed, is a blight on community, a hindrance to reform, and a block to progress. But falsehood shows just as well in print as truth. The old cry "Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits," still goes up. The majority of mankind prefer fable to fact, show to substance.

"Good God!" said Napoleon, "how rare men are! there are eighteen million in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two." "All things are shows, And vain the knowledge of their vanity; Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself! Rise and go hence; there is no better way Than patient scorn;—nor any help for man!" HENRY MORRISON TEFFT, Norwich, N. Y.

"I HAVE DONE MY BEST."

As Vividly Portrayed by WILL F. GRIFFIN in His "Creed."

I believe the life that we lead to-day is the life that was all decreed and planned— That the blooms and thorns along the way were meant for us by the Master's Hand.

I believe the casework stones that bruise and the grief that follows the wrongs that burn Were meant for us—that we might know that we might understand and learn.

I believe the storms of life's great sea, that sometimes send frail souls afar, Are sent to us that we may see how very weak we mortals are.

I believe that every sin-stained soul has in its depths the seed of right— And that some day, tho' far away, 'twill see and recognize the light.

I count no creed; but I believe that when the worldly race is run, When all the task, the joy and pain, the strife and sorrowing are done, That man shall come into his own and find the long-sought, cherished rest.

If he can say, all truthfully, when all is o'er, "I've done my best."

"Death Defeated; or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young." By J. M. Peebles, M. D., M. A., Ph. D. Price \$1.

A Remarkable Experience.

Converted From Methodism to Spiritualism—A Soul Divinely Illuminated.

Later in my evangelistic tours of the soft ethereal light above me! The preaching I came to Bardwell, Ky., where Brother J. B. Crisney kindly and patiently tried to explain to me the philosophy of Spiritualism. No! I was too set in my ways. I told him that he undoubtedly meant well, but his spirits were "imps and devils personifying his dead friends," and saying beautiful things only to lure "the soul deeper into the quagmires of religious error."

Invited, I went to his house, and in his room several of us bowed down in prayer, and my prayer was for "the devils to be cast out." While thus on my knees in earnest prayer, the heavens were opened to me, and I saw the hosts celestial—myriads!—floating in the soft ethereal light above me! The whole heaven was illumined—was full of divine glory! O, the grandeur, the beauty of that scene! No pen can describe it. I shall never forget it, it seems to linger with me like a sweet, perpetual perfume, possessing my soul forever. I arose from my knees convinced. I was converted, and never so realized before the dignity and wondrous power of the human spirit and the glories of the spiritual world. The words impressed upon me were: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for those that love him, but He hath revealed these to us by His spirit."

To the Editor:—For several months I have felt a desire to give some account of my conversion to Spiritualism, and the reason for it. I was brought up a Methodist and became a preacher in their conference, thinking that it was the most liberal, and in brief far more broad than any Calvinistic form of theology. I received my appointments year by year, emphasizing in my public ministrations a spiritual religion.

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children; how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him."

I must not forget here to mention that when a child I heard while in the South of the "spirit rappings," and heard also how they spread over the country, and for a time our neighbors would meet at night from house to house, trying to "raise the spirit rappers," but this work was not then brought to any perfection, being only the initial stage of Spiritualism.

At my father's house I could occasionally hear at night-time, rappings in my room overhead. Then the sounds would come down the stairs about as fast as a person would naturally walk, and would rap all along the way to the foot of my bed. These phenomena produced very funny feelings in my heart, and many times I covered my head with the bedclothes taking a thorough sweat-bath to avoid hearing these strange sounds.

Several years passed, and we had ceased "raising the spirits," but in the meantime I read a book by Robert Dale Owen entitled, "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World." One night after this as I lay upon my pillow thinking of what I had read, all at once the wind rapped, and blew a gust I could hear it strike and whistle. Then all was still, and at the next moment I SAW A FORM FLOATING IN THE AIR ABOVE ME. I could only see it from the waist upward. It glided along with the face turned toward me, grave, sedate—a real spook. No word it gave, nor sign, but soon faded or vanished into the air. It startled me! I was thoroughly awake, and I shall never forget that face! That large forehead and flowing white beard caused me to think of a dignified Roman senator. Since that time I have met many persons in the body, but none to duplicate that picture so well as Dr. J. M. Peebles, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Litchfield camp-meeting.

I wonder if the Doctor ever leaves his body and appears to sensitive, as is reported of many mediums. Time passed, and I read, thought, prayed, and finally settled down in the belief of angelic ministry, but believed this to be open to us especially only at the moment of our passing from this world to the great unseen; then our spiritual eyes would be opened, but otherwise angelic visions were, I supposed, few and far between. As for Spiritualism, at this crisis, what was not fraud or evil spirits I supposed might be genuine, and it looked to me more and more reasonable as I pondered upon the subject more deeply. I prayed earnestly for light, more light! I was at that time preaching in the South, and one day I passed through Memphis, Tenn., then the home of Dr. Samuel Watson, author of "When the Clock Struck One," and I heard a man prominent in Sunday-school work relating an exposure of Spiritualism which took place in the city the evening previous.

"And what did Dr. Watson think of it?" I inquired.

"Oh," said the Sunday-school teacher, "he is prepared to believe everything connected with Spiritualism, no matter how many exposures should be made." I did not quite fancy his method of treating the subject.

Later in my evangelistic tours of preaching I came to Bardwell, Ky., where Brother J. B. Crisney kindly and patiently tried to explain to me the philosophy of Spiritualism. No! I was too set in my ways. I told him that he undoubtedly meant well, but his spirits were "imps and devils personifying his dead friends," and saying beautiful things only to lure "the soul deeper into the quagmires of religious error."

Invited, I went to his house, and in his room several of us bowed down in prayer, and my prayer was for "the devils to be cast out." While thus on my knees in earnest prayer, the heavens were opened to me, and I saw the hosts celestial—myriads!—floating in the soft ethereal light above me! The whole heaven was illumined—was full of divine glory! O, the grandeur, the beauty of that scene! No pen can describe it. I shall never forget it, it seems to linger with me like a sweet, perpetual perfume, possessing my soul forever. I arose from my knees convinced. I was converted, and never so realized before the dignity and wondrous power of the human spirit and the glories of the spiritual world. The words impressed upon me were: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for those that love him, but He hath revealed these to us by His spirit."

Since that time my horizon has been widening and I have progressed from faith to knowledge—a knowledge of a future immortal life; of progress over there, and of a more glorious brotherhood here in this present world.

There are none of the churches that seem broad enough to satisfy me. My soul has drunk deep from the fountain of life. My nature is eclectic and naturally now takes in the best things of the Methodist, the Universalist, the Unitarian, the Swedenborgian, the Quaker, the Shaker and the Salvation Army. They are doing their noble work in their way. I can be bound by no sect, nor can my nature be crushed again by any creed. Though I have peace and hope will to all men, I like best the keynote in the temple, and that keynote is Spirit. I seem to fit nowhere else. Now, to me inspiration is not confined to what was written two or three thousand years ago—a small pond, dammed up and stagnant. No! No! Give me the fresh flowing stream, a present inspiration embodying the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the present ministry of spirits and a good, pure life, and then with the Apostle I can rejoice "with joy unspeakable."

Now brothers, I want work. I have been an evangelistic preacher for years, but I have grown up into the broad, liberal truth of Spiritualism, and I want work in the field. My good wife is as zealous as I am and has spiritual gifts, and my daughter is quite proficient at music. Give me calls—give me work, for I long to be breaking the bread of life to those who doubt the future existence or are starving in trying to digest old orthodox theology.

J. H. COLLINS.

Bardwell, Ky.

Accompanying this letter from the Rev. Mr. Collins are a few lines from Dr. Peebles stating that he heard Mr. Collins speak several times last summer at the Litchfield camp-meeting, and he is an enthusiastic speaker, and himself and family are singers and real workers. Mr. Crisney, a banker in Crisney, and others, informed the Doctor that he was a man of strict moral integrity and highly esteemed by all who personally knew him.

We trust that he will find work in this great whitening field of Spiritualism.—[Editor.]

AN ETHEREAL BODY.

"They Say They Have Seen the Ethereal Body, One of Man's Subtler Bodies Interpenetrating the Dense Physical Body."

The Orientals have long claimed to have seen it with a high vision, and the Occidentals are now seeing it by the aid of instruments. In being able to see the skeleton of a live person by Roentgen rays we have gone far to surmount difficulties in making out the shadow of the ethereal body. A hazy, semi-transparent mass surrounds the bones in a skiagraph which seems to invite definition by simple methods of research requiring little more than a better understanding of the offices of the different rays of light to give us a glimpse of the man that survives the mortal casement.

The ethereal body, erroneously termed the soul, seems to be a compound of those electric corpuscles of which matter is supposed to consist, with the unknown principle of animal life, and it is obviously a connecting link between mind and matter. A discovery of this sort is calculated to revolutionize the mental sciences and correct many erroneous ideas. It is particularly important to ascertain how the ethereal body acts during life. Many doubt the existence of any inner form of this kind. But it is an established belief in the east, especially in India, handed down from ancient days. It is difficult to see how their knowledge could have been so complete, even including the fact that the ethereal body never grew old after attaining maturity, unless they had been able to catch sight of the inner form.—Chicago Tribune.

You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it.—Trowbridge.

AN IMPRESSIVE EXPERIENCE.

Carlyle Petersilea Manifests to His Wife—He Comes Fully Materialized and Affectionately Greets Her.

To the Editor:—Feeling that I am in duty bound to give to the world that which I know to be strictly true in regard to the spiritual manifestations of my dear departed husband, is the cause of my writing this article.

Mr. Petersilea, shortly before his departure to the spirit life, said to me many times in the most solemn manner, that if materialization was true, if he should depart first, he would certainly "come to me in a materialized form."

We together had attended from time to time a number of materializing seances while he was still in the body; but unfortunately all that we attended were surely fraudulent. I became very much discouraged and finally came to the conclusion that there was no truth in materialization; not so, my dear husband. He said that he believed all things were possible to spirit, and although he never witnessed a genuine materialization, nevertheless he firmly believed that materialization was possible, and then he added: "If I go first, and it is possible, I will surely materialize to convince you of the truth." Do not go to any seance. I will come to you when you are alone by yourself; and promise me now that if these things happen, that you will give that which occurs to the world."

I most solemnly promised; yet I did not think my husband would go to the spirit life first.

Well, I waited for many weeks after he departed, but nothing occurred like materialization. He was controlling me to write nearly every day, but nothing like a tangible form appeared.

I became more deeply discouraged than ever about materialization being true, but at last something has occurred.

I was alone when two tangible hands were placed within my own. A thrilling shock ran through me. "I did not see the hands, for I happened to be in the dark, but they were the hands of my husband as real as they ever were in life. I pressed them hard, to assure myself that I had not fallen asleep, and was dreaming. They were soft, and gave slightly under my fierce squeezing as though they had no bones within them."

I still held his hands within my own, but did not press them quite so hard, and he pulled me with his hands just as he would pull something that resisted, and as he pulled gently, but firmly, I felt that all the living principle within me was being drawn forth from my body. At last I was entirely out of my body about three feet away from it. He still drew me toward him, took me in his arms and kissed me again and again. He then, with a sorrowful look, let go my hands and I sank back into my body; but my body was cold and stiff as though dead, yet soon it was all right once more.

Now, this I most solemnly affirm to be true, and I would willingly swear to the truth of it in any court of justice. Of course I cannot prove it to the Psychological Research Society, for I was alone at the time it occurred; but my oath is as good as that of another, and my most solemn oath I give.

MRS. CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

Garvanza Station, No. 1, R. F. D., Los Angeles, Cal.

IN BEAUTIFUL CRYSTOLA.

Mr. John W. Ring Sojourning in Colorado—He Expresses His Great Admiration for the Humanitarian Spiritualist, Henry Clay Childs, and Crystola the Beautiful.

To the Editor and Readers of The Progressive Thinker:—As I had long promised myself the recreation of a summer in Colorado, I grew anxious, with the first indications of summer in Galveston, and here I am at Crystola, the Beautiful, where as yet we are.

We intend to make this the ideal spot for the summer, and for the entire year as far as that goes, where our people, and all people who love truth, can come and enjoy the grandeur of mountain nature, the climate, the scenery, the water and the birds, and all this the property of a devoted Spiritualist, Henry Clay Childs, formerly of Illinois.

This wonderful estate, Crystola, is on the Colorado Midland railroad, up the east, eleven miles from Manitou. All these acres and properties have been accumulated by this veteran Spiritualist, and now that the lights upon the other shore grow brighter to his sight, he looks around to his own, the Spiritualists, to possess that which he has gathered.

There is a depot on the estate as the railroad runs for several miles through it.

We have a hotel, printing plant, store, in fact every necessary convenience for modern living.

The fertile valleys are being converted into gardens, and the breasts of the mighty mountains are being torn open to give forth their rich deposits of various minerals, principally among them, gold, as Crystola is but eighteen miles from the far famed Cripple Creek gold fields.

Here will be found a fine camping ground, free water and fuel and congenial association. Where can another such opportunity be found?

I avail myself of this opportunity to let The Progressive Thinker readers know of the ideal camping place for the summer.

Bring your tents and come for a stay in the Rockies in sight of mighty Pike's Peak and the wonderful and majestic beauties of mountains.

The first Sunday I was here the college of inhabitants organized a Lyceum. The following officers were elected, and each Sunday afternoon in God's own cathedral we will hold a session of Lyceum: Conductor, Mr. John W. Ring, formerly of Galveston, Texas, and National Superintendent of Lyceum work appointed by the National Spiritualist Association; Guardian, Miss Sarah Ann Parr of the Home Lyceum, Galveston, Texas; Watchman, Joseph Parr, of the Lyceum, Galveston, Texas; Treasurer, Mr. Auer Green; Secretary, Mrs. George B. Lang, whose husband is manager of the Crystola Publishing Company; Librarian, Mrs. John Petersen of Home Lyceum; Guards, Misses Lina Grace North, and Ethel Farr, and Messrs. Milo Lang and Moral Peterson.

I want those who are coming this way to know of this resort where they can spend a day or longer amid magnificent natural scenery and pleasant company just outside the whirl of the city, yet not far enough removed to be deprived of the conveniences of the city.

Mr. Childs tells me that he wants the attention of all Spiritualists for these possessions are to be the gifts to humanity; so come, my dear friends, and possess your own.

JOHN W. RING.

Green Mountain Falls, Col.

Remarkable Invention.

AN INSTRUMENT THAT RESTORES EYESIGHT.

Spectacles Can Be Abandoned.

This instrument, which the inventors have patented, is called "Actina"—a trademark word.

In the treatment of eye diseases the inventors of "Actina" claim there is no need for cutting or dragging the eye for most forms of disease. Cataracts, pterygia, and other abnormal growths can be removed and weakened vision improved or restored by the new and more humane method. If this is true there will be no need to go blind or to wear spectacles.

"Actina" has been tested in hundreds of cases and has affected marvelous cures. So confident are the inventors that this device is an article of great merit that they give absolutely a free thorough investigation and a personal test of "Actina." One will send on trial postpaid: They issue a book of 100 pages—a complete dictionary of disease—which tells all about "Actina," the diseases it will cure, what others think of it, what marvelous cures it has effected, and all about the responsibility of its own use. It is sent absolutely free upon request. This book should be in the library of every family. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 342R, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Eczema and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Address: DR. BYE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

863

The above is the number of the present issue of The Progressive Thinker, printed at the top of the first page, as hand corner. If this number corner, responds with the figures on your wrapper, then the time you have paid for has expired, and you are requested to renew your subscription. This number at the right hand corner of the first page is advanced each week, showing the number of Progressive Thinkers issued up to date. Keep watch of the number on the tag of your wrapper.

The Poetical and Prose Works

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mrs. Wilcox's writings have been the inspiration of many young men and women. Her hopeful, practical, masterful view of life give the reader new courage in the very reading and are a wholesome spur to better effort. Words of truth so vital that they live in the reader's memory and cause him to think—to his own betterment and the lasting improvement of his own work in the world, in whatever line it lies—flow from this talented woman's pen.

POEMS OF PASSION. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Many thousands of this book have been issued, showing the estimation in which it is held. Presentation edition, with author's portrait. Price \$1.

POEMS OF POWER. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New and revised edition, containing more than one hundred new poems, displaying the author's fine taste, cultivation and originality. With portrait. Price \$1.

POEMS OF PLEASURE. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. This charming collection comprises many of the best poetic creations of the author. Embellished with portrait. Presentation edition. Price \$1.

MAURINE AND OTHER POEMS. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. An ideal poem about as true and lovable a woman as ever poet created. With portrait of author. Price \$1.

AROUND THE YEAR WITH ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A birthday book compiled by Ella Giles Ruddy, from the poetical and prose writings of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It epitomizes her inspiring optimism philosophy with an apposita quotation for each day in the year. With author's portrait, and half-tone illustrations prefacing each month. Cloth, price, \$1.

KINGDOM OF LOVE AND OTHER POEMS.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. A magnificent collection of poems suitable for recitations and readings, true to the very best there is in human nature. Presentation edition, dark red cloth, \$1.

STARTLING FACTS, OR

Deeds of Darkness Disclosed

This work devotes special attention to Auricular Confession and its relations to sacerdotal celibacy, covetousness, monasteries, morality and civil and religious liberty. It is intended to be an embodiment of facts and documentary evidence of the pernicious influence of the confessional; a trenchant showing up of Romanism, based upon standard Catholic authorities, an eye-opener concerning the method and spirit, the moral turpitude and evil works of Romanism. Cloth, 75 cents.

AFTER HER DEATH.

The Story of a Summer. By Lillian Whiting. Permeated with pure and beautiful spirituality of thought. Instructive and helpful to all who love and seek the higher and finer ways of spiritual experience. Price \$1.00.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

Series one, two and three. By Lillian Whiting. Three choice volumes, each, let in itself, in which spirituality

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

NOTE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be 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 I can, I am unable to do so, for the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Charles L. Waffers: Q. What was the language used by the Egyptians during the six hundred years the children of Israel lived in that country? and did that people use the same language during any part or all of the time they remained in that country?

A. The ancient Egyptians were of the same race as the Jews, belonging to the Semitic family. This is proven by the sculptures on the walls of their temples and the features of the monuments. Their language was a dialect of the Hamitic, really another name for Semitic. The Copts of Egypt, descendants of the lower classes, spoke this language until about two hundred years ago, when it was superseded by Arabic.

I do not mean that they spoke the ancient language, but in the same modified form, that the Italian is a descendant of Latin. The ancient language died with the overthrow of the Egyptian empire. Writing was the sacred prerogative of the priesthood—too holy for common people. The written word was alive, had a spirit that could talk; and here in this belief, inculcated by the priesthood, is a full explanation of the wonderful and divine power given to writing. A book was a living entity, and when imparted by a god, it became a part of that God, and hence the word—the Logos—became a part of the Trinity.

The ancient Egyptians labored under great disadvantages in writing, as their method was the hieroglyphic, and more suggestive than accurate. The language spoken by the priestly ruling class was the sacred tongue preserved in its purity, and in the legends, doctrines, and ritual, were like the "unwritten word" of our secret societies, handed down by memory from generation to generation. The lower classes spoke the same language, but in a degraded form, for they had no written forms as a guide or to insure permanency.

The children of Israel, according to the custom of those times, were kept isolated, and their arrogant pride of race would have prevented mixture to any great extent, but that their leaders, mingling with the Egyptian ruling class, should absorb their beliefs and customs, and the lower class yet more be influenced by their neighbors, would be impossible. In fact so much was absorbed that the "Books of Moses" are indebted for their cosmology, their theology, and the deologic and connected myth, to the Sacred Book of the Dead, the oldest scripture preserved. All the wonder-works and necromancy of the Egyptian priests, Moses had studied, and on trial surpassed them as an expert.

The Jews spoke another branch of this great language, and had the advantage of having early adopted phonetic characters, instead of picture writing. Hence the sacred tongue was preserved in the writings, although the people spoke a degraded language with a large mixture of words from surrounding tribes.

The glamor cast over the Jewish nation by the reverence for the Bible, has caused the greatest misunderstanding as to the character and civilization of this people. They were not least removed above the present wild Bedouin clans of the desert. They were wandering shepherds, and delighted by pillage and plunder. Their compulsory residence in Egypt tended to soften and modify their character, and they became settled and agricultural. They absorbed a share of the splendid civilization of Egypt, but were incapable of being influenced by its refinements for its social life. Their tribal god represents the cruel, relentless tyranny of their character.

J. J. Hollingsworth, M. D.: Q. Having read your reply to the question about Symmes, of "Symmes' Hole" notoriety, was he not impressed by spirit control with this insane idea? The question is, does the responsibility rest with him and thousands of other cranks for the wild theories they advance, or does it rest with obsessing spirits?

A. It is obvious that spirits might impress the wildest ideas, for there are "cranks," ignorant and unreliable spirits on the other side as well as on this. There is, however, no necessity of calling in their aid to explain the freaks of cranks and fakirs. It is not necessary because they produce nothing beyond their own narrow and intensely egotistical minds. There is nothing in the "hollow globe" theory, which conflicts with every known example and law, in space, requiring operation from a higher source. It is not desirable to escape the consequences of our own acts. If interference be granted in cases like this, where the line between the ideas of the individual and those received from without? Ideas can be originated in this mortal life as well as in the next.

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

NOTE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be 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 I can, I am unable to do so, for the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Charles L. Waffers: Q. What was the language used by the Egyptians during the six hundred years the children of Israel lived in that country? and did that people use the same language during any part or all of the time they remained in that country?

A. The ancient Egyptians were of the same race as the Jews, belonging to the Semitic family. This is proven by the sculptures on the walls of their temples and the features of the monuments. Their language was a dialect of the Hamitic, really another name for Semitic. The Copts of Egypt, descendants of the lower classes, spoke this language until about two hundred years ago, when it was superseded by Arabic.

It must be remembered that the cranks in spirit life were first cranks in this.

Harvey Brown: Q. The Presbyterian minister here says that the doctrine of total depravity does not mean that the whole human race is to be considered as totally depraved, but the total of humanity is depraved. How is this new interpretation to be met?

A. What does the "total of humanity" mean? Total includes the whole; every man, woman and child existing, ever having existed or to exist. All without exception are depraved but not "totally." We are glad to hear of an orthodox preacher, gladdeningly offering an apology for this horrible libel on humanity and insult to his God.

A. A. Hodge, an authority on this subject in Johnson's Cyclopaedia, in his interpretation of the Calvinistic creed, says: "This involves corruption of the whole nature" [the fall of Adam and results] "and absolute impotency of the will to good, is humanity speaking without remedy, and necessarily tends to the increase of depravity and guilt. It is therefore said to be total."

The doctrine is, not that all the human race have some degree of depravity, but that all are totally depraved, and that this awful condition was brought about by the sin of Adam and Eve. So infinitely heinous is this sin, that man has no hope in his own efforts to extricate himself. The justice and mercy of God is not sufficient, only his grace, which means that he pardons sins just because he has a mind to do so, not from any merit of the sinner!

The preacher who has sought to evade this horrible dogma, is as heterodox as Ingersoll, but does not apparently sense his heresy.

Granting the premises of Calvinism, the conclusions to which its great thinkers have arrived have the slightest force of mathematics. There is no example of the force of argument and keen discriminations of logic comparable to the working out of this scheme by its master minds. It is pitiable that such intellectual effort should have been expended on assumptions which have not a shadow of support. Cumulative science has proven beyond dispute that man was not created, but evolved; that the story of Adam and Eve is a myth, that by no possibility could they have existed, and hence the fall of man is a fancy of the childhood of mankind. Hence all the vast fabric of theology built thereon is a baseless fabrication. The scheme of theology is a monstrous sham and false from foundation to topmost spire.

Alaskan Miner's Dream.

My husband, Albert Sunderland, went from Seattle, Wash., to Alaska, in the great rush of 1898. He landed at Nome June 5 with but little more than one hundred dollars in his pocket. He purchased a few of the commonest articles for housekeeping in order to lessen his expenses as much as possible. He had a small tent he set down near the beach and on the 10th of June began to prospect for gold.

He worked faithfully until the 18th of July of the same year, together with his partner, Mr. Link Wain, without realizing much more than enough to defray expenses. On the night of the 18th of July he retired to his tent quite early very tired and discouraged. During a restless sleep he dreamed that he was walking with him and he and I together walked slowly along the beach toward the south, looking carefully at the earth as we moved on. When we came to a point about three hundred feet from the camp we saw upon the sands a board probably two feet long and six inches wide, upon which was rudely scratched the figures 8981.

The dream so impressed itself upon his mind that in company with Mr. Wain he related to the spot early next morning, and could hardly believe his own eyes when he saw the board of his dream with the identical figures upon it. Immediately they began to dig and pan and found they had struck it rich. A claim was staked off and before the season was over they had cleared \$17,962.

When my husband wrote me relating his remarkable dream and good fortune I was amazed to find that I had dreamed the same dream at the same time, seeing the same kind of board with the figures 8981 upon it.

The strangest feature of this strange dream is that my husband's share of the clean-up was \$8,981, which, reversed, is 1898.

We have no way of accounting for this dream, but that it is true many people in Seattle, Wash., will vouch, and our own people in this city have heard us relate it many times.

MARY A. SUNDERLAND.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

MARY.

Clear as the azure of bright sunny skies
Flashes the love light in Mary's blue eyes;
Golden the sheen of her brown silken hair,
Crowning in beauty her brow, wondrous fair;
Her coral red lips are sweet as the rose;

Her musical voice in melody flows;
The spirit of love illumines her face,
And her form divine has angelic grace.
Deep in my heart her sweet face I enshrine;
Awake and asleep our lives intertwine;
Her earth form lies deep below the green,
Where violets bloom and chaste daisies nod;

When in the blossom where spirits abide
I sense her dear spirit close at my side;
Awake and in dreams, on land and on sea,
Mary's sweet spirit abides still with me.

H. M. EDMISTON.

"Success and How To Win It." A lecture and course of twenty-four success lessons by Dr. B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D. The titles of some of the lectures are as follows: Self Help; Planning; Success; Ideals; Economy; Planning; Attraction; Courtesy; Kindness and Tact; Angel Help. Price 25 cents.

Review of Passing Events.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE, EDITOR-AT-LARGE, N. S. A.

"The Rockefeller Institute Begins Its Great Work."

The millions of Rockefeller were gathered by cruelty, they increase by cruelty, and it is fitting that they should be devoted to cruelty.

How a portion given to the University of Chicago was employed in the pursuit of science, meaning the vivisection of monkeys in lieu of human beings, has been already mentioned. It would seem that the heartless cruelty of that school could have no parallel and yet another started out in New York City, with public laudation. It is the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, formally opened May 11, with éclat. It represents an outlay of three millions of dollars; is five stories high; built "for business"; has a staff of fourteen professors, and an accommodation for fifty students. A reporter says:

"The equipment of the institute is said to be perfect. Every detail for a scientific investigation, from a large gathering of live dogs—cats, guinea pigs, rabbits and monkeys, to the most delicate instruments, have been provided. On the roof of the building, in a series of well ventilated and well kept inclosures, are the cells of many dogs which have been gathered for the first experiments. During the inspection of the building yesterday, they eagerly leaped toward the glass upper panels of the doors, giving wild greeting to those who had visited them. One fox-terrier bounded up and down like a rubber ball, even neglecting his food, preferring a kindly and friendly glance of a human eye. In an adjoining room was a lot of monkeys. One of them had been already injected with the virus of so many diseases that he enjoys the term 'immune.' The rest of his life is practically assured to him. He has had in a mild form about everything worth having."

In his address on the occasion, President Elliott of Harvard, said that although the work of the school might entail pain to the lower animals, it was the most humane work that could be done.

In the days of the Inquisition, dungeons were prepared in connection with the torture chambers, where men and women were kept until the time came for them to be brought forth to torture. It was to gratify hate and love of pain in the name of religion. Religion, in thy name what suffering has been borne!

In the day of the great universities rooms are furnished for the multitudes of animals kept in store, to be brought forth before gaping students by red-handed professors, to torture such as no kind of the Inquisition ever devised, in the name of science. Science that is the type and symbol of all that is noble, pure and truthful, which seeks to blend all phenomena in harmony as expressions of one beneficent cause. Science that in its inner courts culminated righteousness of human character, pure and magnanimous as the conception of God; Science, in thy name altars are made racks of torture, thy courts shambles, and the floor of thy temple flows with blood of the innocents.

"Medical" science has become a synonym of remorseless torture, and its now most lauded remedies are products extracted from the blood of animals made putrid by fever produced by injections of toxins.

Equipped for Business.

What is the business? The vivisection of animals; experimentation with the toxins and anti-toxins, according to the freak or whim of professor or student. "Most delicate instruments!" There are the racks to which animals may be bound so firmly they cannot move; gags to force into their mouths that they cannot cry out; electric coils to apply to the nerves, and forceps, hooks, and scalpels to tear and cut.

The "material" was stored in liberal supply, to be constantly renewed as used up.

What Is the Method of Study?

It is illustrated by the monkey "that has had about everything worth having," that has been inoculated with every disease germ and toxin and has not been able to escape. He is a herald of what is to come to all his unfortunate tribe who fall into the hands of the men sent to the tropics to secure them for these musk-scented professors. He was inoculated with one disease, and after death sickness recovered. Then he was given another and another. Recovering, he had diphtheria serum injected into his blood, and after the fever of that corruption had subsided, was given tetanus and constantly to test his anti-toxins, etc., etc.

This merciless process was continued until there was no reaction against the injected poison. What was it for? What was discovered. Of what benefit to man are these experiments on monkeys?

Again what will come to the fox-terrier so delighted with "a kindly and friendly glance of the human eye?" He was, as his actions proved, a pet accustomed to loving caresses. He probably was stolen and sold to the manager of this department of the Institute. He had longed for the company of his friends, as a prisoner longs for freedom. His release will come when he is dragged to the dissecting table. There a "wonderfully delicate instrument" is prepared to receive him. Clasp his neck, a gag is thrust into his mouth. He cannot move or flinch. The fifty students gather around in the seats, while the dapper professor neatly removes the skin from leg or side, showing the muscles, lifting the arteries and veins with hooks; cutting through the ribs to show the action of the heart; removing portions of the skull to show the brain; or inserting an electric wire to give illustration of the spasms produced by electric currents.

"Horrible!" Yes, horrible! "Too shocking to write or to read!" True, but how can such an accursed thing be exposed without shocking words? If so shocking to speak of, what must it be in reality? And for what is it done? What is gained by a mob of students seeing a professor cut a living dog into shreds?

Not one dog, but scores and hundreds of dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rabbits and monkeys! Every day, for it is a college for "work," not for learning from books. There is to be a constant experimentation. Hundreds of animals will be constantly kept subject to some form of disease, and toxins. Every student can have "material" for "study," that is, experimentation. When one crop of students are graduated, another takes its place and the work goes on and in its infernal cruelty.

Do they not give anesthetics? So

they pretend; but first of the experiments do not allow of no in none of the inoculations can it be practiced. In other experiments, the value, prolongation of the animal's suffering.

What Good?

The most eminent physiologists, pathologists, surgeons, and physicians, have given their evidence of the worthlessness of such experimentation. Lawson Tait, spent the last years of his life in repudiation of the conclusions to which he had arrived by vivisection. Surgeon-General Gordon, Sir B. W. Richardson, Sir Charles Bell, Sir Thomas Watson, Sir William Ferguson, who stated before the Royal Commission that he did not know of any advance in surgery from vivisection of lower animals; Dr. Edward Berdieu, who said that he knew of no advance in medicine from experiments on animals, but of many mistakes, are impartial witnesses.

"Is an Apology Needed?"

because this subject is brought before the spiritual public? It appears that no other class of people are alive to the great moral issue involved. There is not a leading secular journal in this country that will admit an article reflecting on these institutes. They have only fulsome praise. The professors fill the ears of reporters and editors, and the most wonderful things are promised. The college doors are closed against the public and no inarticulate cry of pain can reach the outer world through the deadened walls of the dissecting rooms. Medical journals publish detailed accounts of revolting experiments without comment or disapproval, or rank the red-handed torturer among the foremost scientists. When Senator Gallinger introduced a bill in Congress, asking the government inspection of the laboratories, he met a storm of opposition. All he asked was publicity—that the people might know what was done in the dissecting room.

The Humane Association desired room at the St. Louis Exposition to exhibit some of the "delicate instruments," and other object lessons, but President Harper succeeded in making the board rescind this privilege, already granted, and confine the exhibit to a narrow book stall. The humane people wanted to show the public the appliances of this modern inquisition, and if they could not, if nothing could be shown, why was such effort put forth by the vivisection professors to prevent them?

It is this experimentation that President Elliott, head of one of the foremost institutions of learning in this country, calls "most humane!" If it is humane, what is cruelty? How can the human mind be dwarfed and distorted as to take such a view? Only by believing as taught by the Bible, that man is given dominion over the animal world; that animals are inferior beings, without rights, and not demanding mercy or attention from him.

Spiritualists as a class believe in evolution and the corollary of the solidarity and unity of all living beings. They are humane and believe in absolute and impartial justice, in pity, mercy, and that wrong done to the least, is nevertheless a wrong. They believe that needless suffering inflicted on the lower creation, is as reprehensible as though on human beings. The infliction of cruelty, makes cruel men and women, an unfeeling, debased and brutal people.

Its Influence on the Students.

We may deplore the suffering of the animal victims, but the influence on the students is as deplorable. The most feeling and sympathetic will under the influence of the pervading spirit, grow unfeeling and hardened. After gaining a diploma, will the fledged doctor have the sympathy for his patients that he should? Will he not have desire to seize opportunities and proceed with his experimentation on human "material"? Will he have acquired a correct knowledge of disease and its cure? Will he not trust largely in the innumerable toxins and anti-toxins strained from fever putrid blood? Who would dare trust the life of one they loved to the mercy or skill of such a doctor? Yet these are the men who have made the "medical" the most grasping and tyrannous of all sciences, and constantly allege legislatures for laws to make them more secure in their position.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large N. S. A.

THE VILLAGE STREET.

Illustrating Life in Various Phases.

I hear the sound of childish feet
Come patter down the village street,
And while the lightsome echoes fly,
Fair little ones come dancing by,
And rosy light, and pleasures meet,
To guide them down the village street.

I sigh to think of coming years,
I sigh to think of coming years,
The first light footstep, was grown,
That walk the paths of life alone,
Oh! sorrow of and pain will meet
Those footstep dancing down the street.

I see a youth and maiden fair,
The roses bind her shining hair,
With smile and pout and airy play,
And life, and love, and merriment,
And life, and love, and merriment,
While loitering down the village street.

But, O, too surely pain and care
Will dim the brow so glowing fair,
Death will divide and life may seem
To them like some dreary nightmare dream.
O, heaven! what trials sharp may meet
Those dreamers on the village street.

I see with footstep soft and slow,
An aged pair with locks of snow;
Withered the rose-cheek and the brow,
Where life has been and love shall grow,
Yet happy are the pilgrim feet
That falter down the village street.

For soon, O, soon, the enfolding clay
Shall drop from their tired souls away,
All the long toilsome journey o'er,
What joy to tread the immortal shore;
They rest, they undying love shall greet
Those footstep on the golden street.
MRS. S. E. MACKLEY.

Ferndale, Cal.

Report of Editor-at-Large.

To the Executive Board of the N. S. A.—Respected Sirs:

I have the pleasure of reporting the work done in this office for the last three months, by way of contributions to the press:

"Evolution of the God Idea,"—The God of Spiritualism," Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

Reply to Rev. Knowlton's attack on Spiritualism, St. James' Gazette, St. James, Minn.

The Rev. McFarlane came to the assistance of his brother preacher, and this called forth a rejoinder in the same paper. The editor demanded pay for such lengthy discussions, and the Spiritualists quickly raised a fund to pay for all the space I wanted to use. Both ministers came back with more hate and anger than argument, and received a final reply—final because they retired from the discussion.

"Dr. Randall on Evolution and the Bible," Port Huron Times.

"Review of Passing Events, Our Anniversary," The Progressive Lyceum, Banner, The Progressive Thinker, and Sunflower.

"Straws Show the Drift of Public Opinion Regarding Spiritualism, Spiritualism and Marriage," Banner of Light and The Progressive Thinker.

"Revival of the Torture Chamber, Vivisection in the Chicago University," Banner of Light and The Progressive Thinker.

"The Only Guide," Reply in Times-Union, Albany, N. Y.

"Is Spiritualism a Fraud or Truth?" Providence Journal.

"Review of Passing Events, The Proof of Immortality, Eater and the Resurrection of Jesus," Response to Bishop Courtland Whitehead, Meadville, Pa.

"Ghosts to the Front,"—Prof. Sessions on Ghosts, The Regular Press Yields to the Inevitable," Banner, The Progressive Thinker and the Sunflower.

"Father Sherman as a Revelator, The Velvet Claws of Theocratic Despotism," Banner and The Progressive Thinker.

"Modern Spiritualism," reply to correspondent in Milwaukee Free Press.

"The San Francisco Disaster, What Is It For?" Norwalk (Ohio) Reflector and Chronicle.

"Lesson of the Great Disaster," Banner of Light. In a changing form this was sent to the Harbinger of Light.

"The Crapsey Heresy Trial," Banner, The Progressive Thinker and the Sunflower.

"Exploiting Ghost Stories," The Argus, Albany, N. Y.

I wish to express my appreciation of the interest of the friends who have sent marked copies and clippings, and earnestly request them to continue this essential helpfulness.

I am respectfully,

HUDSON TUTTLE.

THOROUGHLY ANALYZED.

The Miraculous Cures at Lourdes, as Analyzed by Goldwin Smith.

A copy of "Les Grandes Guerisons de Lourdes" has been very kindly sent me by an upholder of the miracles, whose courtesy I welcome as a proof that we are different without hostility. The work is elegant, and even sumptuous, giving full accounts of the cases, with photographs of the patients. Such a work is in itself a tremendous pledge of sincerity on the part of those by whom it is put before the world. For what disaster could befall their church greater than conviction of a series of false miracles?

Of cases of disease I am no judge; but what strikes me is that these are all cases of disease, and therefore at least open to skeptical investigation. Why has there been no raising of the dead to life? Why has there been no restoration of an amputated limb? If the Almighty had thought fit to interpose by miracle, would not the miracle have been of a character past doubt?

I am not skeptical by nature, nor do I put limits to omnipotence. Let me see or be assured that medical experts have seen a raising to life or an amputated limb restored and I shall be convinced.

Of the maladies of which the Lourdes votaries are cured many seem to belong to the neurotic type, affording room, as I suppose, for the play of diseased fancy. Lourdes, we are here told, "offers a vast field for the study of nervous maladies." It is well known to what lengths diseased fancy will go in the land of a nervous temperament. In a neighborhood where I once lived was possessed with the belief that she was dumb, and could be induced to speak even on her deathbed, though she talked in her sleep. I had this from the physician who attended her.

In telepathic stories the retractive imagination, dressing up the incident, seems to play a great part. May it not be the same in stories of miraculous cures? The cure of a mortal disease by dipping in the pool of Lourdes would no doubt be as real a miracle as a raising from the dead or the restoration of a limb; but can we be sure that the disease was really mortal and that it had not been invested with that character by the delight and plety of the person cured?

To medical evidence, which is given in some cases, I should of course defer if I were assured that the medical man was unbiased and that his opinion was confirmed by the profession. This seems not too much to ask when we are called upon to believe a miracle.

I of course cannot with justice deny that I am biased against belief in miracles, which, if genuine, would confirm a religious faith at variance with my own convictions, and in the form from which I most recoil, that of ultramontaniam. With its Syllabus claiming for the Church temporal as well as spiritual power; asserting her right to the use of force, that is, of persecution, and launching defiance against the leading principles of modern civilization.

"Bernadette, an ignorant peasant girl of fourteen, had, as she said, and no doubt believed, a vision of the Virgin Mary, who in a series of interviews, inspired her with beliefs of the ultramontane type and launched her on a religious mission. This was the origin and is the support of Lourdes. If the female figure which Bernadette saw and with which she conversed was not the Mother of God, Lourdes falls, and great will be the fall thereof."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

"Immortality, Its Naturalness, Its Possibilities and Proofs," By J. M. Peebles, M. A., M. D., Ph. D. Contains the address rejected by the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, with Introduction and Explanatory Letter. Price 10 cents.

"Spiritual Fire Crackers, Bible Chest-nut and Political Pin Points," By J. S. Harrington. A pamphlet containing 79 pages of racy reading. Price 25 cts.

VALUABLE LIBRARY

OF...
SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE.

BOOKS FOR ALL SPIRITUALISTS TO PERUSE.

From Soul to Soul. This beautiful book of beautiful poems is all that the title indicates—profound, sublime and tuncfully poetic and restful in its variation. By Emma Reed Tuttle. Price, cloth, \$1.

Gems of Mind in Plants, by R. H. France, Translated by A. M. Simons, Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents.

Gospel of Buddha. According to old records. A translation from Japanese, made under the auspices of the Rev. Shaku Soyen, delegate to the Parliament of Religions. By Dr. Paul Carus. Price, \$1.

Gospel of Nature. A book filled from beginning to end with spiritual truth of the most sublime and soul-stirring character. In touch with all life. By M. L. Sherman and Wm. F. Lyon. Price, \$1.

Great Roman Anacanda, or Thirty-seven and a half years in the Church of Rome. A 32-page pamphlet. By Prof. George P. Rudolph, Ph. D. Price, 15 cents.

Happiness and Marriage. By Elizabeth Towne. Price 50 cents.

How to Grow Successful. By Elizabeth Towne. Price 50 cents.

Harmonics of Evolution. A valuable work by Florence Huntley. Cloth, Price, \$2.

Health and Power. A handbook of cure and human upbuilding by aid of new, refined and powerful methods of nature. By E. D. Babbitt, M. D. Cloth cover. Price, 35 cents.

Helio-centric Astrology and Solar Mentality, with illustrations and ephemeris. By Verno Vedra. Cloth, Price, \$1.50.

Heresy, or Led to the Light. By the well known writer, Hudson Tuttle. Paper cover only. Price 30 cents.

Heroes and Hero Worship. By Thomas Carlyle. Price 50 cents.

History of Atharal. Life in the Stone Age. The history of Atharal, chief priest of Al Aryans, Written through U. G. Flegly. It is very interesting. Price 30 cents.

History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200. By Chas. B. Waite, A. M. Cloth bound. Price \$2.25.

History of the Inquisition. Just the book for those seeking information concerning that most damnable institution known in history—the Roman Catholic Inquisition. By Cyrus Mason, M. D. Price 25 cents.

How the Bible was Invented. By M. M. Mangasarian. Price, 10 cts.

How to Train Children and Parents. By Elizabeth Towne. Price 25 cents.

