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## THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Abstract of Lecture by Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly, Delivered Before the Worcester Association of Spiritualists, Sunday, June 9, 1907—Subject, "The Future of Spiritualism."

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Once again we are glad to find the requisite conditions whereby we can express, in a brief address, fragments of our independent thought. While a dweller in the earth world, he who speaks to you to-day was forty years a Presbyterian minister, and to-day for the first time in all my public work, I am called upon to speak upon a subject selected and presented by one of my listeners, a subject which was not familiar with while dwelling in your midst, and one which at that time I would have refused to consider, as I believed it to be my duty to reject any innovation which was not in strict accordance with the tenets of my faith. This is a new departure, and the Spiritualists are the first to introduce it, however, I believe it to be the right one. In the past you all know there was a great distance between the man in the pulpit and the man in the pew. In those days the minister went to his house and delivered a sermon and his listeners were supposed to sit like a young robin and accept anything that was offered them without argument, questioning, or antagonism on their part would have been considered an "anathema" of the church, and possibly excommunication. To-day, in the twentieth century of the world's progress, no man in the pulpit or on the rostrum has the right to claim he is greater than his listeners.

My friends, the brother has asked us to consider the future of Spiritualism. First, I would give my own definition of the word Spiritualism, which is Naturalism. While living in the material world, I labored for forty years, as I believed, to save the souls of men. I was sincere in my belief. I firmly believed that salvation through Christ was the only way, and when after forty years of faithful service I passed out of the material life, I had no reason to expect I would be among the saved. I expected to hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and to the lost, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment."

But my expectations were not realized. As a devout spirit dwelling in the realm of souls, I have seen thousands of spirits enter the spirit world disappointed, unhappy, and I believe it devolves upon the Spiritualists to instruct the people, to prepare them for what is to follow in the next stage of existence, that their expectations may be fully realized.

At times, from the present outlook, it may seem as if Spiritualism was waning, but not so; there never was a time in the history of the movement when Spiritualism was so common as it is to-day. The minds of the world's greatest thinkers as at the present. If we go back fifty years or more we will find that greater progress along all lines has been given to the world since the inception of modern Spiritualism. We see progress in the trial and sentence of our so-called criminal classes; we see progress in the care and treatment of our insane, in the beautiful parks which are laid out in all our large cities—those veritable breathing-places for the oppressed and the enemy districts and those who are confined during the hours of the day in the factories of your large cities; we see progress in the religious thought of the world to-day, in the various cults which are springing up all over the world—"Christian Science," "Theosophy," "Mental Science," "New Thought"—all a part of Spiritualism; while to-day seemingly they do not affiliate with each other, and their paths seem to diverge, they are all but one amalgamated whole. To-day we see churches with their spires pointing heavenward armed with a cross, the symbol of a bygone age, colored glass windows with pictures representing the myths, the fables, the errors of the past. The meeting-house of the future will be erected on the grounds of your beautiful parks.

You ask, what is to be the future of Spiritualism? My friends, before me is a mental picture. I see a building, a temple, a house, a place adorned with a cross. We enter the building. Here we find the observatory of the astronomer, furnished and equipped with telescope and spectroscopic, where we may gaze out into the abyssal domains of space and behold the planetary system and view the very genesis of all world-building in the starry heavens above. We find the laboratory of the chemist, the physicist, the X-ray, the seance room of the Spiritualist. Now a large audience is present to my view. Here by my side stands a living man; now the room is in darkness; on the other the X-ray focused upon him. It has been said of old, "Man, know thyself," and yet to-day in the twentieth century of civilization the masses are still in ignorance. We look at the man by my side; we see the red blood coursing through the veins and arteries, we see the wonderful mechanism of the human form in action, we see the brain in its functioning, we watch the thought waves from the brain, the soul and its relation to the physical body is revealed to our gaze, and here we learn more in twenty minutes than we have learned in two thousand years through the teachings of Christianity.

"Man, know thyself." When this time shall come, then conditions shall be right, and the materialized spirit form will stand upon your rostrum and deliver a lecture; then will you receive these truths direct, and not strained through the borrowed mentality of the medium. Such is the future of Spiritualism or Universal Naturalism which shall be known and accepted by the masses of the world's people.

Reported by M. LIZZIE BEAS.

## The Red Bird.

### A Curious Phenomenon at Kansas City, Mo.

Eljah Cooper, Teller of Messages from His Son, Who's Dead—The Red Bird Has Quit Coming Now, but Cooper Explains That Its Mission Was Fulfilled When He Was Converted to Spiritualism.

"Yes, I believe that communication between the living and the spirits of the dead is possible," said Eljah L. Cooper, of Thirty-eighth and Cherry streets last night. "And I'm willing to tell of my experience with spirits, and make oath that it is true, to anyone who is honestly interested in the subject."

"Through the redbird," the reporter asked.

"Yes, through the redbird," Mr. Cooper replied.

Mr. Cooper's case is to be studied by Prof. James H. Hyslop, late of the faculty of Columbia University, while in the city. The substance of Mr. Cooper's story as he gave it last night is as follows:

On April 30, 1904, Willie Cooper, 20 years old, son of Mr. Cooper, died of typhoid fever. The family noticed that on the morning of his death a number of birds hovered about the window sill near the sick boy's bed. Conspicuous among them was a red bird. None of the birds seemed in the least afraid of persons in the room. Mr. Cooper, affected by the scene, stepped into the yard. After a few minutes he said everything about him seemed to suddenly glow with a very bright light. He said he felt strange and turned to go into the house. Mrs. Cooper met him in the hall and told him that Willie was dead.

The Knockings of the Bird.

One night about a week after the son's death Mr. Cooper's daughter and a friend visiting her were disturbed by repeated knockings in the folding bed in which they were sleeping. These girls were frightened and called Mr. Cooper. He says he laughed at them but investigated to please them. He took everything off the bed, leaving the bare springs. Then, he declares, all present heard the knockings again. Three distinct knockings in succession seemed to come from the interior of the bed, he says. After that they heard no more knockings from the bed for four months.

After the son's death a red bird came every morning and chirped, whistled and pecked on the glass of Mr. Cooper's room just as he was getting up.

Just as soon as my foot would hit the floor," Mr. Cooper said, "the bird would be at my window. It seemed to come from a grape vine that hung on the side of the house near the window. We could not understand the bird's actions, but grew accustomed to its visits after a while."

At 5 o'clock, Mr. Cooper was going to the barn as usual to milk the cows. He carried a pail in his left hand and lantern in his right.

About ten feet from the stable door," Mr. Cooper said, "the form of a man rose suddenly from the earth right in front of me. I jumped back and drew back my lantern to hit him with it. Then I recognized Willie. He had disappeared in an instant before I could open my mouth to speak. The form disappeared exactly as he did in life. The corner of his handkerchief was sticking out of his pocket just as it is in a picture we have of him."

Then He Consulted a "Medium."

This incident continued on Mr. Cooper's mind until some time in the following March, hearing that a "trumpet" medium was conducting a circle, he decided to go.

There for the first time I had a conversation with Willie's spirit," said Mr. Cooper. "I asked him if he was happy and he said 'yes.' I was so excited that I could not ask him questions very well, but he talked anyway. He told me that happiness in the spirit world depended upon the conduct of our life here, and said that I should mend my ways."

In the spring the red bird made daily calls again.

"What does the red bird mean," Mr. Cooper asked the spirit.

"That is my emblem, father," the spirit replied. "It will answer your questions. One knock means 'no,' two mean 'don't know,' three mean 'yes.'"

"You'll Get a Letter To-day."

The next morning when the red bird came they asked it questions. Miss Cooper asked if she would get a letter that day. The bird pecked on the glass three times. A letter came that day.

"We had a frequent conversation with the bird and always spoke of it as Willie," said Mr. Cooper. "It never answered incorrectly, but sometimes pecked twice, meaning 'don't know.'"

The bird has continued to come occasionally up to the present time, said Mr. Cooper, "but does not come regularly any more."

Mr. Cooper is an ardent Bible student and believes that Spiritualism is the explanation of all its wonders.

"Peter communed with spirits on the housetop," he said. "So did John on the Isle of Patmos, and Paul on the way to Damascus. The mind must be in just the proper state before we can commune with spirits. It must be full of good. Christ held more communication with the spirit world than any other man."

That was because his mind contained more good than that of any other man."

To Study Cooper's Case.

Prof. James H. Hyslop, the leader of the American Society for Psychical Research, who is in Kansas City, has not yet seen Eljah L. Cooper, the man who says he has received messages by means of a red bird's tapings on his window pane, from his son who is dead. Prof. Hyslop expects to interview Cooper to-day with a view to studying and classifying the case.

Hyslop Once a Skeptic.

A crowd, in which there was a majority of women, filed to standing room in the Unity chapel, 911 Tracy avenue, last night to hear Prof. James

H. Hyslop, head of the American Society for Psychical Research, speak on the principles of the society. The lecture was followed by an hour of questions and answers.

"I put no faith in supernatural physical occurrences," said Prof. Hyslop. "If a table moves in a seance, it is the result of physical energy, either conscious or sub-conscious. My point is that all communication from spirits must be through natural agencies. I say this as a scientific man, because I have in my records no definite proof of anything further."

"Up to the late '90s I was a thorough materialist and at this time I do not believe in a conscious existence after death, except as I have seen perfectly authenticated messages from persons who have passed over."

Prof. Hyslop says that he has received messages from his father and many other persons, who are dead, through various mediums. "The medium," he said, "goes voluntarily into a trance and sits perfectly unconscious of her surroundings, holding a pencil over a writing pad. The subject, whose identity she has no means of knowing, enters and summons through her the spirit he desires. He asks questions aloud and the hand writes the answer on the pad. It even happens sometimes that the answer is written in a language which the medium herself does not know. My father once gave me a pass sentence whereby I might allow myself to know this, yet he has introduced himself to me by means of it. There don't seem to be any mediums. I do not think these psychic phenomena are inconsistent with Christianity. I am inclined rather to believe that future developments will bring the two beliefs very close together."—Kansas City (Mo.) Citizen, July 9, 1907.

Lecture on Spiritualism.

Interesting Talk by Dr. B. F. Austin—The Speaker Related a Number of Interesting Psychic Experiences—The Lecture Was Followed by Spirit Messages Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Steele—Another Lecture To-night.

Dr. B. F. Austin, of Rochester, lectured before the Spiritualist society last evening on the importance and the reliability of the truths advanced by modern Spiritualists. The speaker related a number of interesting psychic experiences, and said in part, that "Spiritualism, if true, is one of the most important truths that has been revealed to man. It is even of greater importance than any of the wonders of physical science; for, let a man once become firmly convinced that his spirit survives bodily death and that man's character is strengthened. He gets at once a new force for more than the things of this life. He begins to live for spiritual things."

Though Spiritualism may not be able to demonstrate the immortality of the soul by establishing the fact that the personality of man survives the death change, nevertheless it gives the strongest presumptive evidence obtainable in favor of this doctrine. If the spirit can survive bodily death, the presumption in favor of immortality is greatly strengthened.

Spiritualism is the only religion that claims to demonstrate the truth that has been taught by the church for centuries. And in these days of higher criticism, when the old foundations of belief in the Bible are shaken, the church should embrace Spiritualism as a new basis for the miracles that are occurring to-day substantiating the reality of the miracles occurring in ancient times.

This movement is not the product of man's power of organization, but has arisen naturally in many places. In the Methodist church, in the Catholic church, in out-of-the-way places, as well as with the professional and private mediums, Spiritualism springs up here and there spontaneously.

The question is often asked, "admitting that the phenomena is real, how do you know that it is produced by spirits, and may it not be the working of the sub-conscious mind?" This sub-conscious mind is sometimes called the divine part of man. Now, how does it happen, that instead of this mind affirming that it is the operation of one's own sub-conscious mental powers, it almost invariably affirms that it is some spirit that is communicating? Thus it turns out, if this theory is true, that the divine in man becomes one of the greatest of false gods.

The lecture was followed by spirit messages through the mediumship of Mrs. Steele.

The second lecture will be held this evening at the Odd Fellows temple. Subject: Strange Experiences and Psychic Research. The address will be followed by spirit messages. No admission will be charged.—Meadville (Pa.) Messenger.

A HERETICAL CREED.

Whoever was begotten of pure love, And came desired and welcomed into life,

Is of immaculate conception. He Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,

Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,

And cannot find room in his heart for hate,

May be another Christ. We all may be The saviors of the world if we believe In the divinity which dwells in us And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,

Our temples, creeds, and our unworthy aims Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,

Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,

And lends new courage to each fainting heart,

And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,

He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The idea man is the devil's cushion. Bishop Hall.

## A BRIDGED GULF BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL

"I Do Not See How the Old Notions About Salvation and Character Can Long Be Maintained With Their Arbitrary Division Between Good and Bad, Therefore I Look for a World-Wide Modification of the Old Conceptions of Heaven and Hell That Will in Large Measure Conform to the Ideas Taught by Modern Spiritualism."

Long have the old theological systems taught that there were but two places in the future life; a hell to be shunned, and a heaven to be gained. And one of the chief of people were supposed to inhabit this other world, the good and the wicked, the saved and the lost. Between these two people a great gulf was fixed, and once in hell, always in hell, and once in heaven, always in heaven, was the hard and fast rule. While others who do not profess salvation seem to have it.

These notions reflect faithfully the compound ideas that were taught with regard to character. A man was either saved or in his sins; either entirely good or entirely bad. No gradations existed in degrees of honor or of punishment. Those who were supposed to inhabit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world, and those who were to inhabit the kingdom of eternal torment prepared for the Devil and his angels.

But these old conceptions of character are breaking up. They are not found to be true to life. Many of those who profess salvation do not seem to have it. While others who do not profess salvation seem to have it.

All degrees of goodness and iniquity are discoverable in every-day life. From the lowest levels we ascend into the higher by a series of fine gradations; and man is beginning to be regarded as a creature of degrees, and as being just where he leaves off and the good begins. An evidence accumulates, showing the influence of heredity and environment upon character, man sees the futility of declaring this person to be wholly good or this person wholly bad.

As ideas of religion, education or spiritual nurture gain ground, we see less insistence on some "catastrophic religious experience," by means of which man must necessarily acquire character.

As the idea becomes prominent that both character and destiny are to be considered as one's safety in the future life, depend upon the normal unfoldment of all the gifts or talents with which we are endowed, and that the line of progress is in the direction of the ideal, the old distinctions fall, and a new heaven and a new hell are named where the new life is now estimated placed upon character.

More humane and just notions of life require a bridging of the gulf between heaven and hell, over which bridge both the good may pass to redeem the fallen, and the fallen may pass to the good. An evidence accumulates, showing the influence of heredity and environment upon character, man sees the futility of declaring this person to be wholly good or this person wholly bad.

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## Pen Pictures at The Hague.

Count Neldoff, President of the Peace Congress.

During our interview with and while Count Neldoff was carefully perusing the address that I handed him as representing the sentiments of the Societies from which I bore credentials, there was an opportunity to study the man.

Past middle life, bald on the top of his head and with gray hair and long flowing side-whiskers, also, aquiline nose and sensitive, refined face, in any other time and place the president of the Peace Congress might be taken for an artist, a poet, or a litterateur. He possesses the charmingly simple manner and gracious presence of the real nobility, and when he spoke it was like an echo of our own thoughts: of the "ideals" of peace, of the great influence and moral effect of the opinions of the people upon the subject of Peace and Arbitration. And after receiving and retaining all the credentials and the address, he seemed to wish to converse longer, and in closing the interview said: "America belongs to the future; here, unfortunately, we are living in the past."

He is intuitive and perceptive, seeming to realize in a subtle way the atmosphere that accompanied us.

Certainly he seemed to us to be the right man in the right place.

His great simplicity of manner and dress (a morning business suit of gray) impressed us as conveying the idea that his rank and position as president of the Peace Congress made no barrier between him and us. Whatever the Congress may do or leave undone, we feel that M. Neldoff, in his innermost heart, desires peace.

Mr. Stead.

The chairman of the other Conference (International) is too well known to require a description, yet he has revealed a breadth of thought and moderation of views since we came in contact with him here, that show results of discipline and experience, not only as a writer and editor, but as a reformer. He publishes the Courier de Conference every day, containing the exact proceedings of the Peace Congress, borne by some little bird—for the Congress sits with closed doors. In treating of the subject, "Should the Congress sit with closed doors, excluding the Press," Mr. Stead presented many reasons why, upon delicate international subjects, there should be secrecy until results are arrived at, and he deplored, as we all do, the unbridled license of the press. Sometimes in England, more frequently in America.

Mr. Stead is rather more impressive than eloquent, and talks in a pleasing, conversational style. When off duty at social functions, he is almost boyish in his good-nature, and manifest enjoyment.

Dr. Eykman and Mr. Pinter.

Through the kindness of these two gentlemen of The Hague, Dr. Eykman and Mr. Pinter, the "International Circle," or place of re-union and conversation—and of lectures and conferences—is made possible. The International Magazine is published by Dr. Eykman, and the true Internationalists recognize these gentlemen as their friends. Dr. Eykman has a most commanding and charming presence, with iron-gray hair and flowing beard. His wife is a slender, pleasant woman, who believes in her husband and appreciates all that is going on.

Mr. Pinter is a man of affairs and seems to be a strong bulwark to Internationalism here. He is rather short and stout, with close-cut hair and beard, and a very pleasant, appreciative countenance. These gentlemen have arranged with Mr. Stead for the carrying out of these conferences—who knows but they are more important than the Congress of Governments.

The Hague.

Is enchanting. A town of 200,000 inhabitants, close to the sea, with a fashionable watering-place (Schiedamschen) as one of its suburbs, it reminds one of both New York and London, and at the same time, of Hartford and Venice. Canals lined on either side by fine residences, and sometimes by long rows of elms and beautiful promenades—canals in which are boats laden with flowers, fruits and other products, and sold to vendors and dealers, from the boats. Canals in which are reflected official buildings and beautiful gardens, wide streets with modern electric cars ("tram" cars) and in a step or two narrow, winding streets, crowded with people down which dash bicycles, automobiles and tram cars at a rate that would cause the death of a hundred or two a day in Chicago—but here no one seems to be hurt.

The happy population going to and from their pleasure or work. And the Hotels (not 20 stories, like New York and Chicago) two and three stories high, stretching along the sides of parks shaded by trees with the flags of many nations fluttering from them, and a hotel or suite of

rooms is occupied by English, American, Russian or other delegation.

Certainly The Hague is a most charming place. But when do they have summer? Every day it is cold. We are told that it may be this way all summer (?) and it may be warm and pleasant in July and August. Verdure flourishes here as in England, and in the country crossed and marked with canals and ditches that look like a chess-board, the grass flourishes and the herds of cattle look fat and happy. Gardens and beautiful fields of grain and flowers are everywhere. Everything reminds one of a dream.

On the streets we are in Paris or London, or Chicago, until suddenly we encounter a woman or group of women dressed in the Ancient Hollandese costume and caps or bonnets, which certainly are unique, but when surrounded by a modern togue or hat the effect is irresistible. The Dutch language seems to me a combination of German and Norwegian or Swedish; there are many consonants, yet most of the educated people here speak French fluently and not infrequently a little or more English.

The sea is so near—and the winds from the "Nordzee" and the Zuyder-Zee are so cold one wonders at the quantities of delicious strawberries sold everywhere.

Of the dykes and canals cleansed by the great tides of the sea, and regulated by locks at important points—in fact the whole drainage system of Holland is a wonderful study. We who have mountains, valleys, rivers and plains unparalleled in the whole world, cannot realize at what labor and cost this land has been redeemed from the clutches of the water and made one of the most fertile and productive on the earth.

CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

The Hague, June 26, 1907.

HELL-FIRE—BRIMSTONE.

The Part They Have Played in the Churches.

There is a burning hell, a located place of eternal torment to the doomed and damned. Read your Bible. Continue as you are, and you will soon be there. Your unbettered will not check the current of that swiftly flowing stream that is carrying you on. The boiling, hurling, foaming, seething, angry waves are irresistible, and you are going down, down, DOWN. There will be awful screaming, howling, gnashing of teeth, torture and torment indescribable, undefinable. This is the sinner's doom! Sinners will make more noise in hell-fire than they ever did on earth. They will long desparingly, for something to soothe their pain and ease their awful suffering. They will writhe in fearful contortions and gnash their teeth through infinite ages. These things will take place in the lake of fire and brimstone. This will be the fiery burning. Everyone who does not repent of his sins and get fully saved will go into the lake of fire and brimstone that burneth eternally. Let this be a timely warning to all.

The above is taken from the "Rocky Mountain Pillar of Fire," published at Denver, Colorado, June 5, 1907. It is just such dogmatic doctrines as the above, hurled from the Christian pulpits, written and published and spread abroad, that are undermining the churches of to-day.

"Hell-fire and brimstone"—superstitions long-buried of antiquity.

Even our children are taught thus, and in fear and trembling they try to honor and obey that mighty supernatural God, who will cast into everlasting fire and brimstone poor, weak, struggling mortals who do not bow down in worship before him and call him repeatedly that a good and generous Father he is.

Perchance my Christian father, you have a weak and erring child; perchance a daughter.

From your happy home in heaven you look down upon that child. You call the wife of your son to the altar and can look with you upon the offspring of your mutual love.

Together you watch those loved limbs twisted in torture; those eyes aflame with the everlasting fires of hell; those hands uplifted, begging, pleading for one drop of water—only one little drop of water, but across that gulf that yawns between, you cannot pass; no not for one moment over there.

Then, my orthodox father and mother, go back to your God, and as you sing his praise, tell him of his mighty love to save his wondrous goodness to all mankind. Say to Him: "Not my will, but thine, O Lord!" and be happy if you can.

The Spiritualist's God is one who loves all—not a chosen few, and is the most beautiful thing in all the world.

God of Love does not keep us down in the dust upon our faces, begging Him to be merciful to us poor sinners; but through his divine wisdom permits us to know beyond a doubt that we are loved, and that our loved ones are waiting just over the line.

Does not such knowledge help us over the thorny path of life? What a boon to our weaknesses, our shortcomings, our failures.

How it throws the pure, delicate mantle of charity over our faults, and covers our human defects and imperfections.

Like the Rev. Minot J. Savage, I say, "I would go to hell, if there were such a place, with any friend of mine, and would want no heaven of which I have ever read, if any friend of mine were in the outer darkness."

MRS. JESSIE MILEN.

Pueblo, Colorado.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.—Froide.

## AN IMPRESSIVE TEST.

A Spirit, at the Request of Those in Attendance, Imitates a Clog Dance With the Raps.

Reading of the wonderful musical exploits of "Ikey" a few weeks ago, in The Progressive Thinker, recalls to my mind a similar occurrence.

The incident I am about to relate was produced through the mediumship of a young lady who never sat for development or tried in any way to unfold her psychic powers, in fact, I believe her to be unconscious of her own great possibilities. She has only to sit down at a table and lay her hands upon it when the raps come, loudly and distinctly, and in a perfectly intelligent manner, so that any person may converse with them. Sometimes they follow her around the house, rapping on the floor and on the different articles of furniture as she passes by.

One evening some of her friends called and asked her to sit with them. They had brought out one or two novelties whom they wished to convince of the truth of spirit return. They formed a circle around the table with the usual result. After some conversation in the language of the raps, the young medium said to her guide:



## PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUALISTS.

The Old First Association Has an Enjoyable Occasion.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia (the oldest one in the world), which has been making such marked strides in the past six months toward a permanent flourishing condition, arousing the interest of Philadelphia's "lethargic populace" (?), has oftentimes had pleasant fetes, in the past, but the climax was reached in a sociable and entertaining given under the supervision of the directors on Tuesday evening, June 18.

Captain Keffer, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Morrill occupied the rostrum. After singing America, Capt. Keffer (an honored Union veteran of our Civil War, as well as a veteran of the Mexican war), the present president of our association, the ideal member and lifelong worker in the cause of Spiritualism, who is well known both to Spiritualists throughout the country and many of our nation's honored men) was introduced by the chairman for the evening (Rev. Mr. Thompson) to give us a short address.

Very truly, indeed, he spoke to us in his familiar style, and most pleasantly, deserving the hearty applause he received.

Following this the members and friends in attendance from the right and from the left, beginning at the rear, sat on the front of the rostrum, and were warmly welcomed by the president, pastor and secretary, to whom they were presented by Mr. Lawrence.

The Rev. G. Taber-Thompson (who has been doing such a noble work toward Spiritualism's advance in our city since his renunciation two years ago, of the Baptist faith and ministry after twenty years in it—who has been the steady speaker for the Temple since the first of the year, and is chosen as the pastor from September first next) then took the rostrum, and in his inimitable manner spoke on "The Coming Year," presiding to us that the membership, the financial support, the work of the whole church, including the Lyceum and various societies connected with the association, would far exceed the quarter-century just past, if we would only be diligent in our work, and all work with him in harmony and sympathy, said he. "It will come about this we will make a name for Spiritualism in the community, spreading the cause of Truth to limits which have been hitherto unthought of; attracting from the various Christian denominations an influx of new blood. In the coming year we will have, in addition to the two Sunday meetings, a midweek service for the Philosophy, at which meeting an opportunity will be given our young mediums (those who are just developing) to enlarge their psychic abilities, and do away with our old form of having a hired and single medium. On Sundays we will have the best mediums obtainable, even if we have to import them, in order positively to prove to some skeptical attendants the continuity of life. We want to have a training school for those of our young people who are developing in mediumship, in public speaking and singing. The fact is this, we want to have our association deserving of the title THE OLDEST."

Alluding to our library, he continued: "The books have been recently reclassified and arranged, and since there is so much information on our Philosophy to be obtained from the numerous fine works conveniently accessible and which can be borrowed from our library, we hope those interested will avail themselves of an opportunity, such as this, to be acquainted with the classics of our truth. Somehow, by innuendo, he led us to believe all through his remarks there are many surprises for the good of the cause, and of us collectively and individually, which could only be known as they materialized."

Mr. Thompson is the most able man who has been on the local rostrum for a long time, and it is devoutly to be wished that we will avail ourselves of his ability. We expect to read to The Progressive Thinker some interesting extracts from his discourses, for publication, in the near future.

I would insert here that during the month of August (while our services are discontinued) Mr. Thompson will be available for camp meetings.

Mr. Lawrence (our vice-president since December, 1906, a fine character of the first committee, and who, in the interval which has elapsed since that date, has been an untiring worker day and night, weekday and Sunday, to get the society rejuvenated in the lines of work of which he is in charge) was presented and spoke on the "Financial Outlook for the Coming Year." He outlined the development in the mode of procedure for collection of revenue since his accession to the chair, and told us the proceeds had served to increase our income considerably.

"That we have acquired a guaranteed income from the introduction of the Friendly Contributor envelope system of \$50 a month, in addition to the regular collections through offerings at the door and membership dues," that "we intend by means of this voluntary contribution to obtain a stipend of \$150 per month, which would make a guaranteed income beyond the ordinary cash receipts, thus relieving our secretary, Brother Morrill, from the necessity of financing our deficit when receipts are inadequate, as has been the case for some years past." Our vice-president made the remark respecting the suggestion of a member to the effect that all could not afford to pay the small sum of 25 cents per month, that "almost anyone could make this contribution by laying aside one cent per day, and he would then have five cents per month in excess which would pay his toll fare to the park; however, if he cared to ride back, by saving two cents a day and paying fifty cents a month to the cause he would have remaining the requisite funds to ride back. We have 335 members enrolled on our old books of which number we are able to locate 103. Of these 36 contribute toward the \$50 while 18 of our friends help to make up this sum. How about the remaining members contributing? How about the contributing friends becoming members?" He advised "if one begins in a small way the larger will open as it ripens; starting to lay aside will cultivate the ability to save more to devote to the worthy purpose, and what we want is the willing and abundant heart to advertise us. We want to make our 'Little Church Around the Corner' known broadcast. Almost everyone who has any idea of our city's geography knows the location of Twelfth and Thompson streets, but what we want is for everyone to know it not only is where the Temple is, but what the Temple of Spiritualism

## What True Religion Is.

From Ingersoll's Address Before a Unitarian Club in New York, Jan. 15, 1892.

Now, then, what is religion? I say, religion is all here in this world—right here—and that all our duties are right here to our fellow-men; that the man that builds a home; marries the girl that he loves; takes good care of her; likes the family; stays home nights, as a general thing; pays his debts; tries to find out what he can; gets all the ideas and beautiful things that his mind will hold; turns a part of his brain into a gallery of fine arts; has a host of paintings and statues there; then has another niche devoted to music—a magnificent dome, filled with winged notes that rise to glory—now, the man who does that gets all he can from the great ones dead; swaps all thoughts he can with the ones that are alive; true to the ideal that he has here in his brain—he is what I call a religious man, because he makes the world better, happier; he puts the dimples of joy in the cheeks of the ones he loves, and he lets the gods run heaven to suit themselves. And I am not saying that he is right; I do not know.

That is all the religion that I have; to make somebody else happier if I can.

I divide this world into two classes—the cruel and the kind; and I think a thousand times more of a kind man than I do of an intelligent man. I think more of kindness than I do of genius; I think more of real, good, human nature in that way—of one who is willing to lend a helping hand and who goes through the world with a face that looks as if its owner were willing to answer a decent question—I think a thousand times more of that man than I do of being theologically right; because I do not care whether I am theologically right or not. It is something that I am not worth talking about, because it is something that I never, never shall understand, and every one of you will die and won't understand it either—until after you die, at any rate. I do not know what will happen then.

I am not denying anything. There is another ideal, and it is a beautiful ideal. It is the greatest dream that ever entered the heart of brain of man—the Dream of Immortality. It was born of human affection. It did not come to us from heaven. It was born of the human heart. And when he who loved kissed the lips of her who was dead, there came into his heart the dream: We may meet again. And, let me tell you, that hope of immortality never came from any religion. That hope of immortality has helped make religion. It has been the great oak around which have climbed the poisonous vines of superstition—that hope of immortality is the great oak.

And yet the moment a man expresses a doubt about the truth of Joshua or Jotham or the other three fellows in a furnace, up hops some poor little wretch and says, "Why, he doesn't want to live any more; he wants to die and go down like a dog, and that is the end of him and his wife and children." They really come to think that the moment a man is that they call an infidel he has no affections, no heart, no feeling, no hope—nothing. Just anxious to be annihilated! But, if the orthodox creed be true, I make my choice tonight. I take hell. And if it is between hell and annihilation, I take annihilation.

I will tell you why I take hell in making the first choice. We have heard from both of those places—heaven and hell. According to the New Testament there was a rich man in hell, and a poor man, Lazarus, in heaven. And there was another gentleman by the name of Abraham. The rich man in hell was in flames, and he called for water, and they told him they couldn't give him any. No bridge! But they did not express the slightest regret that they couldn't give him any water. Mr. Abraham was not decent enough to say he would if he could; no, sir; nothing. It did not make any difference to him. But this rich man in hell—in torment—his heart was all right, for he remembered his brothers; and he said to this Abraham, "If you cannot go, why, send a man to my five brethren, so that they will

be situated here." (Applause.)

Interpersed among the above were periods when we were held spellbound (as usual) by the fine voice of our soloist, Miss Margaret Teale, who in exquisite tones sang "Sing, Sweet Bird," "Come, Through the Eye," "Angus MacDonald," and also, in a duet with Mr. Stretton (our organist, who had in charge the arranging of the entire function of the evening), her voice blended with his most harmoniously in "Larboard Watch." To Brother Stretton's accompaniment, we listened to the band by Brother Ogden, who had been conductor of our Lyceum a portion of the past season.

When the time for "conversation" arrived, the Captain arose and, complimented us, remarking: "In times of war the opposing army seeks to capture the enemy and glorifies in it. We glory in having captured, for another year, one who is a friend—some of you may have thought he was an enemy—we know he is a friend. I mean Mr. Thompson, our pastor." (Applause.) The latter, in recognition of this, came forward and, after a few appropriate remarks, gave us his subjects for next Sunday's discourses.

The round of enjoyment was brought to a finish by a liberal supply of ice cream and cake, served by our good ladies and their helpers, thus ending in a really good time, to the great satisfaction of the inner man. Of that which remained enough was sold to defray the entire expenses incidental to the time.

We hope to have many good things to tell you of the Grandparent Association in time to come.

RALPH C. STOVER, JR., Librarian.

## THE SORROWING.

Hard is his lot who has sorrows to bear,  
That must daily be done,  
And sad is his lot who is broken by care.

Here the price of his tolling is done,  
Hard is his lot who proceeds with a groan  
To the task he must daily pursue,  
But pity him most who sits weeping alone.

And in sorrow has nothing to do,  
S. E. KISER.

**WOMAN—A Lecture** Delivered to Ladies Only. By Mrs. Dr. Hulbert. On the present status of woman physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. The divine law of true harmonious marriage, etc. Price, 10 cents.

**How to Wake the Solar Plexus.** By Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price, 25 cents.

not come to this place!" Good fellow to think of his five brothers when he was burning up. Good fellow. Best fellow we ever heard from on the other side—in either world.

So, I say, there is my place! And, incidentally, Abraham at that time gave his judgment as to the value of miracles. He said, "Though one should rise from the dead he would not help your five brethren!" "There are Moses and the prophets." No need of raising people from the dead.

That is my idea, in a general way, about religion; and I want the imagination to go to work upon it, taking the perfections of one church, of one school, of one system, and putting them together, just as a sculptor makes a great statue by taking the eyes from one, the nose from another, the limbs from another, and so on; just as they make a great painting from a landscape by putting a river in this place, instead of over there, changing the location of a tree and improving on what they call nature—that is to say, simply by adding to, taking from; that is all we can do. But let us go on doing that until there shall be a church in sympathy with the best human heart and in harmony with the best human brain.

And, what is more, let us have that religion for the world we live in. Right here! Let us have that religion until it cannot be said that they who do the most work have the least to eat. Let us have that religion here until hundreds and thousands of women are not compelled to make a living with a needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor," and to live in tenements, in filth, where modesty is impossible.

I say, let us preach that religion here until men will be ashamed to have forty or fifty millions, or any more than they need, while their brethren lack bread—while their sisters die from want. Let us preach that religion here until man will have more ambition to become wise and good than to become rich and powerful. Let us preach that religion here among ourselves until there are no abused and beaten wives. Let us preach that religion until children are no longer afraid of their own parents and until there is no back of a child bearing the scars of a father's lash. Let us preach it, I say, until we understand and know that every man, does as he must, and that, if we want better men and women, we must have better conditions.

Let us preach this grand religion until everywhere, the world over, men are just and kind to each other. And then, if there be another world, we shall be prepared for it. And if I can come into the presence of an infinite, good, and wise being, he will say, "Well, you did the best you could. You did the best you could. You did very well, indeed. There is plenty of work for you to do here. Try and get a little higher than you were before." Let us preach that one drop of restitution is worth an ocean of repentance.

And if there is a life of eternal progress before us, I shall be as glad as any other angel to find it out.

But I will not sacrifice the world I have for one I know not of. I will not live in fear when I do not know that which I fear.

I am going to live a perfectly free man. I am going to reap the harvest of my mind, no matter how poor it is, whether it is wheat or corn or worthless weeds. And I am going to scatter it. Some may fall on stony ground. But I think I have struck good soil to-night.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you a thousand times for your attention. I beg that you will forgive the time that I have taken and allow me to say, once more, that this event marks an epoch in Religious Liberty in the United States.

## Charity.

I gave a beggar from my little store  
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining store  
And came, again, and yet again, still cold  
And hungry as before.

I gave a thought, and, through that thought of mine,  
He found himself the man, supreme divine,  
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,  
And now he begs no more.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## MONUMENTAL HYPOCRISY.

Harry Orchard and the Preachers—  
Infernal Façade in Christian Guise.

Harry Orchard confessed that he murdered some eighteen persons, and that he is a bigamist, burglar, incendiary, forger, sheep-thief, gambler, and habitual liar. He says he killed Ex-Governor Steiensenburg and had to run rapidly to get away. He says he rested soon thereafter, and the plot was so strong against him he thought he would better confess. There is evidence to show that his motive for confessing was the hope of escaping the gallows. By asserting that he was not the deed by Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone, he would divert attention from himself and center it upon these Labor Union leaders. As the officers of the Union and the mine owners were at serious odds, Orchard evidently reasoned that by making the criminal charge against the labor leaders he would win in his defense the mine owners' favor.

He had, he says, an interview with detective McPartland, who told him that King David was a liar, an adulterer and a murderer, and he repented, and he then became a man after God's own heart, and has been honest ever since. He said he went upon "confessed," but said he was not so much to blame as Haywood and Moyer, who paid him a regular salary to go out and kill enemies of the "Miners' Union." Since his confession he reads the Bible every day, and says he has a clear conscience, and knows that he is a good Christian man, and is assured that he will in the hereafter go straight to heaven, and be seated at the right hand of God.

A number of clergymen in different parts of the country also found that Orchard is a good Christian man, because God, for Christ's sake, through the shed blood of the Savior, has blotted out all the sin-stains from Orchard's soul, and that Saint Orchard now holds a through ticket to a high seat in heaven. There will be no sin-stains on that. The preachers said about the same thing about Theodore Durrant, of San Francisco, who brutally outraged two young girls and then murdered them, and who was executed for the crime. Several years ago, in Iowa, a man kidnapped a young girl, and kept her closely confined in his hotel four days, repeatedly assaulted her, and then stamped out her brains with his heavy boot-heels. He was arrested, and, falling to escape, he sent for a clergyman and confessed. The "man of God" sprinkled water on the girl's forehead, and some paragraphs

printed in a book, and assured the prisoner that he would go straight to heaven through the merits of the "atonement made by the Lord Jesus Christ." Many similar instances might be given.

Now here let me remark, that a sincere confession from unselfish motives, and an honest desire to cease to do evil and to learn to do well, is commendable; but such confession must have no taint of selfishness, and must be followed by good works, and the undoing of the wrongs committed; or when that is not possible, that which is equivalent thereto must be rendered, either in this or the next state of existence.

Is it not about time for the press and all intelligent people to vigorously protest against the paganism which teaches that criminals can dodge all the consequences of their actions by loading all their sins on "Jesus"? May we not be naturally inclined that they may shift their meanness on the Savior, and when arrested for crimes committed, can "confess" and sign their names to a church creed, and then with one bound go to eternal glory, are unquestionably doing exactly the opposite of their duty? The doctrine is a most prolific promoter of wickedness and crime. It is paganism or worse. Much that claims to be Christianity to-day is paganism. Jesus is reported as saying, "He that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

R. A. DAGUE.

Tacoma, Wash.

"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.

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"New Testament Stories Comically Illustrated." Drawings by Watson Heston. With critical and humorous comments on the Texts. Heston's drawings are incomparable, and extraordinarily funny. Price, in boards, \$1.00.

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## Irrefutable Evidence

That Spirits From the Celestial Spheres Do Return to Earth.

Spirits—meaning both those that haunt and those that newly show a desire to have received (says the Chicago Inter Ocean) a new convert in no less a person than Lombroso, the famous Italian psychologist. And his admission that he has experienced certain spirit manifestations adds another name to the list of people who have been investigating psychic phenomena from an unbiased standpoint. The Rev. Dr. Isaac K. Funk, writer and publisher, after eliminating factors and charlatans who have tried to delude him, has announced his belief that there is a spirit world. He goes further than most of the other converts and sets up the theory that vibrations cause these strange phenomena to be seen by earthly eyes and to be heard by earthly ears. He believes that the entire universe is made up of vibration.

"For fourteen years," writes Lombroso, "I have believed in psychic phenomena, and I have witnessed many wonderful things under satisfactory conditions—among these have been cases of genuine materialization."

Dr. Funk adds: "These psychic phenomena, if they are real facts, we may rest assured will fall into their proper relations, and will be found to be natural—not unnatural nor slavery—will seem a matter of course when once they are assimilated by our sensory and social and intellectual consciousness, and will belong to the science of living as much as do eating, the making of money, music, pictures."

And so the question naturally arises: "Are we knocking at the door of the unknown?"

The most ardent converts to the belief in spirit life—that there are what we call ghosts—frankly admit that there is much that is fraudulent, and many of the fruits of ignorance, instead, that it is the result of the experiences and observations and reasonings of such trained scientists as Lombroso, of Italy; Richet, Flammarion, and Maxwell, of France; Crookes, Lodge and Waite, of England; and Hyatt, James and—until his recent death—Hodgson, of America.

## Can the Dead Live Again?

This is their chief problem: "Do the dead live and, if they commune with those who are of the flesh, in a manner that makes possible their identification? And if this be so, can the fact be scientifically demonstrated?"

"It is impossible," say many of the scientists, "that the dead can live again."

And then those who have investigated innumerable instances in which there could have been no fraud or no coincidence, and in which life after death is proved—to their satisfaction, at least. Here is a typical instance, as related by Dr. Funk:

"The mother of a public man of some professional fame, who lives not far distant from my home in Brooklyn, told me a few days before this writing that one morning a valued servant who had a great affection for her was severely burned and was taken to the hospital."

"She says: 'On the evening of that day I went to bed leaving the light in my room dimly burning. I was suddenly aroused from sleep by a noise as of the falling of a weight in the room. As I opened my eyes I saw standing in front of my bed the servant whom I had seen that day taken to the hospital. I sprang immediately from the bed, but the form had disappeared.'

"I fell into a swoon, and when I awoke, I found myself in the room except myself. Looking at the time, I saw that it was 11:30 o'clock."

"Next morning as quickly as I had breakfasted I started for the hospital, but was met by one of the doctors, who was coming to tell me that the woman had died during the night, and upon inquiry I found that she had died at 11:30 o'clock."

And then Dr. Funk recalls the fact that Columbus was laughed out of court; that scientists scoffed at Jenner, who introduced vaccination; that Professor Magendie poo-pooed the idea that anesthetics could make painless the amputation of a leg or an arm; that Bouillaud, of the French academy, said that the phonograph was only a trick of ventriloquism; that the eminent Lavoisier proved to his own satisfaction that there were no such things as meteors because he had never seen one actually fall from the sky, and that Lord Bacon thought the magnet a trick and a fraud.

## Stead Knows 'Em, Too.

On the other hand, William T. Stead, editor of the London Review of Reviews, who has recently been attending the peace conference, frankly says that many times when the conditions are favorable he sits at his desk and writes down the thoughts of friends hundreds of miles distant.

Is it reasonable to attribute to coincidence the many cases reported like that of the mother in New York who was awakened from sleep by the cry of her son, a housewife away: "Mother, mother, the doctor says I have typhoid!"

## Some New Ghost Stories.

There isn't a day that some new and apparently authentic story of spirits is not told by a person of undoubted credibility. One of the latest is by Sir George Cooper, who married the sister of the late Sir John Lubbock, the multi-millionaire.

Sir George exiled himself from his beautiful country place at Hursley, England, because of the ghosts there, he frankly admits. He grew morbidly nervous because of the apparitions he had seen, which he declared constantly haunted him. He could not sleep and his nerves were completely unstrung. Finally Lady Cooper took him off to Egypt and gave orders that during their absence the house should be redecorated and largely rebuilt. Then the apparitions disappeared and Sir George recovered his health.

From Fairmount, N. Y., comes another ghost story, which is vouched for by all concerned. Mrs. Henrietta Hemmings begged her husband, Charles Hemmings, to bury her beside her second husband, Oliver Colburn.

"If you don't, I'll haunt you!" declared Mrs. Hemmings before her death.

But Hemmings buried her beside his first wife at Onondaga House cemetery. Now the family say that her ghost has reappeared and they want to reinter the body in accordance with the late Mrs. Hemmings's wishes.

"My wife's spirit," says Hemmings, a man of unchallenged veracity, "has often appeared to me. I have frequently seen and heard her moving about the room in which she died. No less a personage than King Edward of England vouches for the existence of at least one of the four ghosts which are believed to haunt Burford abbey. His majesty visited the abbey last autumn for the Doncaster races, and he was accompanied by a number of his friends as to who were it, some thought that no mind of his age could describe the possibilities of these carefully guarded secrets of an old-world saga and selective psychic adepts in such simple language and wonderful photographs."

"It looked like an old monk," said the King most seriously.

And in the courtyard is the tombstone of a man who died of fright after seeing the Burford ghost. All Morgan county (Virginia) is excited over certain strange manifestations in the house of Emory Lopp, across the Potomac river from Hancock. Spirit pictures have suddenly appeared all over the walls.

"No human hand," said Mr. Lopp, "could have painted the pictures on the walls that appear in outline representing angels and devils, snakes and other weird creatures that crawl and fly. There are beautiful vistas and pits of flaming fires in such strong and striking contrast that the observer is awed by the seeming presence of some unseen power, and its work."

Dreams That Have Come True.

"I am at a loss to account for the mysterious affair. I first noticed the pictures about a month ago. At first the wall appeared to be discolored, as by smoke, and gradually the scenes began to take shape and the outlines became clearer and I called some neighbors in to inspect the scenes. They, too, were struck by the weird shapes and scenes upon which they looked with wondering eyes. The news went abroad until everybody in this part of the country became interested in the matter."

Closely associated with spirits are dreams that come true. The latest comes from Lakeview, N. J. At St. James hospital Jack L. Chamberlain, an artist suffering with heart trouble, the sisters tried to cheer him up, but he waved them aside. He knew better. Some unseen power had told him. He said:

"I have only three days more to live, Sister Josephine, so it is useless to hold out hope to me. But, nevertheless, I am very grateful for your words of encouragement."

In just three days to the hour he died.

"Timothy Carey, fourteen years old, of Bayonne, N. J., had a death dream that nearly came true. He dreamed that he had been killed while stealing a ride on the New York and New Jersey Railroad. When the boys asked him the next day to come along and steal a few rides he tried to back out.

"Mamma's boy!" sneered his chums. That piqued him; he took the dare and jumped on the first train that came along. When he jumped off, just as the train was starting, he found it was one of his arms was broken in four places and his head was gashed.

Oscar L. Austin and Lewis D. Austin were two brothers who lived in separate houses in Yonkers. The other night Oscar dreamed that he had seen Lewis lying dead on the floor. The horror of the dream awoke him. He put on his clothes and went around to his brother's house to find the dead body lying in the hallway just as he had seen it in his dream.

Who can explain this?

And here is a strange incident, narrated by Dr. Funk, which he vouches for absolutely:

"The wife of Judge A. H. Dalley, of Brooklyn, is a sensitive. One of her controls is a man who claims to have been a sea captain when on earth, declaring that he passed out of life during the war was. To identify himself he described his early home in a small town in Massachusetts, where, he said, his mother's grave could be seen in the old graveyard, the tombstone having on it her name, which name he gave to Judge Dalley."

The Judge determined to visit the town and to see whether or not his wife had ever previously visited, nor had they ever heard of this sea captain or of any members of his family, knowing nothing, in fact, about him. He and his wife went to the town, found the gravesite in the old graveyard, and the name inscribed as told by the spirit. This was a trivial fact, but to Judge Dalley it was conclusive."

"The Infidelity of Ecclesiasticism. A Menace to American Civilization." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Lecturer upon physical, physiological and psychical science. Demonstrator of the Metaphysical or Spiritual Hypothesis of Nature. Scholarly, masterly, trenchant. Price 25 cents.

"How to Train Children and Parents." Mrs. Elizabeth Towne takes the position that in many cases it is the parents that need the training, more than the children, and advises parents to look to themselves. Twenty-five cents could not be better spent than in buying this little book. Anyone that has the care of children should read it. Price 25 cents.

(Advertisement.)

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Why Some Succeed Where Others Fail.

Peculiar Arrangement by Which 100,000 Copies Are to Be Given Away by Mail—Absolutely Free.

A room filled with copies of a strange and mysterious book that contains startling and almost unbelievable evidence of psychic achievements is on exhibition at an institution in New York City. Copies of it have been read with amazement; speculation is rife among the authors' friends as to who wrote it; some contend that no mind of his age could describe the possibilities of these carefully guarded secrets of an old-world saga and selective psychic adepts in such simple language and wonderful photographs.

Professor Frederick T. McIntyre, who claims authorship of the work, offers to send a copy free to any person who will in his own handwriting, send the following peculiar lines to him:

"I want power, and using to aid me in my writing is satisfactory."

Force and strength in look, if my writing is satisfactory."

Professor McIntyre says that he can tell by examining the specimens of handwriting he receives just what the one who penned them is best fitted for in life; what the writer's strong and weak characteristics are, and whether the writer will succeed in his chosen vantage the many powerful systems of personal influence and healing described in the book. Should the writer be sick or run down physically or mentally, and give the particulars of his or her condition, Professor McIntyre can tell what to do to get well quickly. He does not want to send his book to any person who would use the system of personal control for any other than honorable purposes. Like Andrew Carnegie, he believes in the distribution of valuable books.

This book is full of startling explanations and strange pictures proving that anyone can master, in a short time, the power to control the mind, the mind of others. It describes the strange phenomena of psychic and typographic influence; Mystic Healing; Psychic and Suggestive Therapeutics; Personal magnetism; and a combined simple system of reading the characters of others, though thousands of miles away. It gives you the key to the development of the inner or dormant forces of concentration, force of character, will power, memory, determination, ambition, enthusiasm, inspiration, continuity of thought and the ability to throw off the evil effects of diseases and habits through the use of subjective power, as the Hindus banish disease and dependency.

It is indeed one of the most amazing, interesting books of the age, bearing all the interest of the most thrilling of all works. It points out the road to financial success, and the way to the astonishing facts that have been eagerly sought by the public for many years; the road to the attainment of the days of great miracles.

If you wish a free copy of this wonderful book, send the following lines above and send it to Professor F. T. McIntyre, Dept. 1608, No. 125 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, N. Y.

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WORLD MAKING A scientific



# "I AM GOD!"

## The Superlative Ignorance of Mahatma Agumya Guru Paramahansa.

### "THE WISE ONE."

Some Particulars in Reference to the Noted Hindoo, Mahatma Agumya Guru Paramahansa—His Pretended Wisdom a Sham and Delusion—He Claims to be God, and Says that Spirits Do Not Return to Earth and Communicate.

In the course of this Hindoo's interview with William E. Curtis he said: I asked the Mahatma's opinion of Jesus and His teachings.

He replied: "He was a pure soul and a sincere teacher of good, but his qualities of mind and his intellect corresponded to the people. He was sent to teach humble folk. He was not a great thinker or a great metaphysician. He had the power to work miracles," said the Hindoo, "which is given only to those teachers who go among the ignorant masses that cannot be convinced in any other way. And Jesus was only the Son of God, WHILE I AM GOD. I am the incarnation of Krishna, the god from the Himalayas. This body that you see is temporary. It is like the clothing that I wear, and has nothing to do with the soul any more than this house has to do with my existence. I leave this house and pass into another at will. The body may be discarded and the soul may pass into another."

"If you wise men of India have the light and know the way so much better than those of the western world, how do you account for the fact that the people of Christian nations are so much better off than the people of India?"

"Through all ages," said the Great Teacher, "India has preserved the philosophy which is the source of all the happiness, and all the religion, in the world. The people of India have such high philosophy unfortunately are few in number. Precious things are always rare. Spiritually India is very much in advance of the western world, but in the past India has been very much corrupted by the influence of the Mohammedans. Part of that corruption is to be ruled by an alien conqueror. But pain, misery and suffering are good for the soul, and to-day there is more real happiness in India than in the United States, because the people of India have the light and know the way. The naked peasant of India, sleeping on the ground, is nearer happiness than the millionaires of the United States, because true happiness comes only from within, and is not found in material things."

The Mahatma never leaves his room. He has not been outside the house in which he is stopping since his arrival, and probably will not leave it until he leaves New York. He visits no one he goes where; those who come to see him must come where he is, and visitors are always welcome. But, at the same time, they must observe certain conditions which are explained upon a slip of paper handed me as follows: "Visitors to the Mahatma should bear in mind that he answers no questions relating to material things and does not care for conventional remarks about anything."

"He never voluntarily offers anyone a lesson. He never seeks a disciple. He is the source of all wisdom. To those who ask in all sincerity he always gives."

"If one wishes to become a disciple of truth and learn the method of mind control and happiness, then one must ask to be taught and he will teach him. The three conditions necessary to become a disciple are: 1. Faith in the Mahatma. 2. Absolute secrecy regarding the lesson. It cannot be mentioned even to another disciple. 3. Absolute loyalty to the Mahatma in defending his name against any attack or criticism."

"Failure in any of the above conditions will deprive the lesson of all benefit and only result in injury."

I was permitted, however, to ask him why he did not go out into the world and teach the common people. He replied that he taught only the intelligent few. He has no time to enlighten the ignorant. That would be a task that he could not undertake, and so he remains in semi-seclusion communing with disciples and explaining the Truth to them daily. He has no connection with theosophists, with the theosophists of this country or Europe. He says that they misrepresent the philosophy of India; that they know nothing about it; that they are silly, arrogant humbugs and impostors and are either passing money or deluging their own people with supposed attempts to delude and mislead the public.

"They say in their books," he said, "that Mahatmas are mysterious, invisible beings who are never seen and communicate with the chosen few on the astral plane, which is all humbug, and either dishonest or ignorant misrepresentation. Spiritism is humbuggery. No spirit ever returns to the world except as the soul of a newborn child. The clairvoyants are humbugs who make money deluding and deceiving people, principally women and young boys."

I asked the Mahatma about the famous Fakirs of India, those yellow-robed ascetics, who do such wonderful and mysterious things that you have heard about in the tales of travelers. He replied that he was not interested in the occult, but said that anyone who cares to spend the time and make the effort can acquire similar miraculous powers by going into the forests of the Himalayas, sitting naked for three years under the trees, eating the roots and berries that grow there and concentrating his mind upon the subject. But while such miraculous powers are genuine, he said, they are not to be encouraged. They distract the minds of the people from the Truth; they do not contribute to enlightenment and are a detriment to those who acquire them.

"Where did you acquire your wisdom?" I asked.

"I am wisdom," replied the Great Master, with dignity.

"How long did it take you to acquire your knowledge?"

"Countless ages. I have existed from the beginning of things. Each individual reaps the crop that is sown by him in one life in the next. If good predominates, he is born in a better condition. If evil predominates he goes down to an inferior position. That is the law, and it

explains the apparent injustice in some lives where good men are overtaken with misfortune."

"How do you know that yours is the true philosophy of life?"

"It is hard to teach ows, even when the sun's rays are shining on their backs. How can I explain to an ignorant man the subtleties of actual knowledge? Suppose you were living in a dark room and found your way into another room that was ablaze with light. Would you have any trouble to distinguish between the light and the darkness? I am the Light. Therefore I know," said the Mahatma impressively.

I asked if he had found any wise men in America, and he replied sadly that he had sought for them in vain. I asked the Mahatma if enlightenment contributed to the material prosperity of the individual.

"Everything is possible to attain if the proper efforts are used, but without such efforts all claims to Higher Things are the works of defective egotism and are most harmful to the state of the mind. I see you western land that everyone wants to perform miracles without doing anything to deserve such power. But you must bear in mind that, although you perform penance for the attainment of magical power, which will meet you according to the degree of your penance, it is a waste of time. In the garden of illusions all things are arranged to ensnare visitors. You must soar above these illusions and the illusions of the material world, when you will be so prosperous that you will bestow prosperity. If you will accept the help of High Thinking you will overcome all impossibilities. Think what was with you when you came into the world and what will accompany you when you depart from it. See how the mischievous forces of riches and fame often compel people to do things against their will. It makes them slaves and entangles them like miserable birds in the net of the Great Illusion. When I see these things I am disgusted in this net and I want to release them."

"Ask the business men who are occupied with art, science and invention; ask the rich people who are eating at decorated tables, and those sleeping on silken beds, if they have happiness. They are sometimes contented with what they have because they cannot see beyond, but in their hearts they know that they are quite miserable. Riches, fame and the prosperity of the world will never satisfy you. No shadow ever satisfies the purpose because the shadow is his own. Stand firmly and ignore the shadow. The cause of all ignorance and distress is the Ego in you. If this Ego is swept away you are in peace. The Ego is yours; you are the owner, and if you will change it to the side of Ultimate Source it will be your slave and show you the Way, carrying the torch in his hand."

These words of the Great Master mean that all the sorrows of men, the troubles and misfortunes we encounter, are purely mental, and are the creations of an untrained mind. "Sit down and close your eyes," he said, "and notice how your mind wanders and where it goes. It can rush to India in an instant, or to Paris or around the world, and in its incessant changings you can realize what a restless thing it is. Now if the mind can be controlled, which is the object of Yoga, it can be placed in accord with the high super-consciousness, which knows no anxiety and all happiness."

"How is that power acquired?" I asked.

"How can the vibrations of the mind be controlled?"

"That is a secret which varies with the individual seeking The Light. It cannot be learned from books; only from a true teacher like Mahatma Agumya Guru Paramahansa."

The above constitutes the views of the celebrated Mahatma Agumya Guru Paramahansa. He exposes his extreme ignorance when he declares himself to be God, and that no spirit ever returns to earth except as the soul of a newborn child. The fact that he is a delusional person, that he cannot impart anything of real value except what is already known here. Spiritism is known in India to be a grand truth as well as here, and those who seek "light" from this new comer will receive a great deal of "darkness" instead. Give such teachers a wide berth.

### A BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

An Angel Came With a Crown to Bestow Upon the Dying Woman.

To the Editor:—Our meetings have closed for the summer. I hope greater interest will be taken in true Spiritism, and not so much attention, time and money given to phenomena (the genuine) of which is questioned even by those who attend) when our meetings start again in the fall.

As May brought a marriage, June with her roses brought a beautiful resurrection. Sarah J. Stiles, 82 years of age, passed to the spirit life June 20. She had been a true Spiritist for thirty years, and "the change" was welcome to her.

It was truly a spiritual feast to sit by her bedside and watch the dear departed spirit forms come and go, and it was soul-inspiring to hear their beautiful messages. Three sons, husband, father, mother, brother, sister and sister-in-law, all came and gave her greetings, singing songs of love and home, and often among the roses were two little babies and two or three grandchildren. One granddaughter, a beautiful young spirit, spoke lovingly to "grandmother," everyone knew her by that name, and gave her a hearty "welcome home."

The most beautiful thing, however, was the crowning of grandmother. For several hours she had not moved her head, when suddenly an angel appeared with a crown. Grandmother raised her head, the angel placed the crown on her. She smiled, and then she had her head more steady, as if to preserve the crown, and never moved again.

She had truly won her crown by good deeds and thoughts for every one. Her mansion, not made with hands, was indeed a large and beautiful. A few days before her passing on, she smiled sweetly and said: "I have not an ill feeling toward any human being." We can all learn a lesson here, and it would be well for

## INTERESTING PARTICULARS

About Animals and Their Psychic Perception.

"Die Uebernatürliche Welt," for June issues Light of London contains a lecture delivered by Colonel Joseph Peters before the Society for Scientific Psychology at Munich, in which he gives several instances in which animals have been seen by clairvoyants; many of these narratives have already appeared in "Light" and other English publications. He says that the country people in Denmark and Scotland have the same belief in the "second sight" of animals, and that Homer and other ancient authors speak of it; and attribute to animals a prescience of disasters about to happen, as appears to have been exhibited by the birds and animals in the West Indies before the volcanic outbreak of Martinique in 1902. He also speaks of Leibnitz, considered that animals had a soul similar to the human one, but of coarser material. This soul possesses sensations, but not intelligence in the higher sense.

If we suppose that the "soul," or psychic body, is the intermediary between the conscious spirit and the physical body, and that this spirit body is the true seat of sensations, which are transmitted to it by the physical brain, the center to which sense-impressions are sent by the senses, it is not surprising that we cannot deny that animals must have such a psychic body, seeing that they, too, are conscious of sensations. In many respects the senses of animals are keener than our own, and therefore it is not surprising that they are sensitive to psychic impressions taking the form of sight and sound, for these are more nearly allied to objective sense impressions than to the purely intellectual or intuitional impressions which are received by mediums for mental phenomena. Every logical consideration points to the possession by animals of a psychic body with its proper faculties, though we may not credit them with mental and spiritual characteristics.

The same periodical contains a letter headed "Telepathy Between Human and Animal," from a source which we think relates to another class of experience, either genuine spirit action, or perception "while out of the body." While the lady who narrates the occurrence was very ill, a favorite dog was sent to another house, and some days afterward brought back again. The dog was accustomed to lie on a rug in the hall, but on the first night after its return the rug was not given to it. In the morning the nurse said she had heard her mistress call to her during the night to go to the kitchen, and find the key to open the door, and the dog, and give it to the dog. She went and found everything just as described; the singular thing was that the key and rug were not in their usual places, and that her mistress could not have known normally where they were. The dog was confined to her bed for several days; the lady was unaware that the dog had been brought back to the house, or that she had given these orders during the night.

My sister and for a few years a little sky-terrier, the pet of the house, which died of the distemper. We all mourned for "Toby," as she was called, and when my sister was taken from us, two years later, I wondered if she would ever meet her little loving favorite. Some years passed, and I learned of the death of Spiritism, and was asked to meet a private medium, Mrs. S., at a house which I had never been in before. The medium saw and described my sister standing with her hand on my shoulder and gave me several clear visions of her. It was impossible to doubt. After the séance Mrs. S. went upstairs to put on her hat and we other visitors waited to say good-night in the hall. Our hostess called over the stairs to me: "Had your sister a little gray dog?" Mrs. S. says words to the effect: "Dear little doggie jumping up on her, so full of loving attention." "Yes," I cried, "it will be Toby." "Oh yes," was the response, "she is so pleased to be recognized, and seems to be much with your sister. Now that we are all together after Toby, can we not be a family?"

May it not be that with all animals, human and sub-human, the duration of life will depend on the "power of love"? What we require to complete our happiness may be just the presence of these loving creatures who are so often called "pets." It is a curious coincidence that they return a measure of love, and so are linked onto our humanity. Will it be possible, will it be desirable, for anyone to persist after love is exhausted? We may exist for a time after we leave this body of death, but our life in the spirit, or psychic, world may be only for a time, and if we have not built up a spirit body for our soul life, we may find ourselves unable, and even unwilling, to remain. As on earth, even there the company and affection of a favorite animal may be helpful to develop a tendency to some lonely souls. An old maiden lady apologized to me, one day, for making so much of her little lap-dog; "You see, my dear," she explained, "you think I should adopt some neglected child and give it my affection, but I don't, the responsibility, and I must have something to love."

I assured my friend that she was wiser than she knew; she might spoil the little dog with over much care, but less harm would be done than with a child, and she was certainly better to love her dog than to shut up and wither the plant of love in her heart!

If there are any horses and birds in heaven, or the spirit-world, why not dogs and cats? Yet all animals and all men and women may remain but for a time. Someone says that a man may lose his soul—but this does not mean that the man is lost; he may evolve another soul and take on a new life and attain, even late, to the true humanity.

us to be able to say the same every hour of our lives.

The writer preached the funeral sermon from Spirit Science's beautiful thought, "The death sleep of earth is but the waking life of eternity."

More than one was made to know that our loved ones, passed on, do return and commune with us, in that beautiful "death chamber" of our arisen Grandmother Stiles.

MRS. JENNIE FRENCH.

Spokane, Wash.

Electricity the Universal Force. By Daniel K. Tenney. A valuable book of 105 pages. Published by Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritism.

## Under Spirit Control.

### Youngest Candidate for Ministry—Remarkable Three-Year-Old Chicago Boy Evangelist, Whose Great Memory Astounds Eminent Theologians—This Boy Is Undoubtedly Controlled by Spirits Interested in the Spread of Orthodox Teachings.

There is a story somewhere of a strange lost chord of music that when struck by chance one day, shattered an ancient jeweled vase into a million fragments. In the same mysterious way a single note from a violin has been known to break a champagne glass into a heap of sparkling dust.

Legends, too, have come from Thibet, where the holy men of India gather in their hillside temples, of an astral bell, the single ring of which wakes into understanding the elusive human soul, teaching the secrets of the unknown God and the meaning of life itself.

Down in the Pacific Garden Mission on Van Buren street the other night an incident occurred which strikes at that strange relation between music and the strings which make up the first Broadway is more than proud of her boy. She worships him, and never tires telling of his marvelous ways.

Prefers Hymns to Mother Goose.

"I first discovered his tendency for religious things, especially sacred music, last summer," she said, "when I took him down to my mother's farm in Maryland. His uncle began to teach him the ancient Mother Goose rhymes and he learned them so quickly that he never was in order to teach him something it would be good for him to know. So I began telling him bible verses and selections from revival hymns. It was wonderful the way he picked them up and the passion he displayed for them. I never could teach him enough."

In his home at 11 Locust street, a flat in a street of flats, the boy is sweet and natural.

"Has no sound key for me car engine?" he asked a visitor the other day as he appeared romping in the park dragging a broken toy engine with him.

Before this question was answered he had taken the visitor's hat and was in the act of crushing it over his own golden curls.

The hair is the boy's chief glory. It hangs down to his shoulders in soft curls that never are in order. The sun shines lovingly on his head wherever he walks. His eyes are a deep, wonderful blue, soft and clear, and subject to sudden storms of tears like the blue sea of the tropics. His mouth is like a rosebud, and the rest of his features soft and vague and childish.

"Will you repeat verses for the visitor?" asked his mother. But the boy preferred playing with his engine. No amount of persuasion could conquer his shyness at that moment. Finally he was induced to sing. His face flushed with joy.

Keeps Time Like a Choir Leader.

He ran to a corner and fished out a stick such as choir leaders use. Then planting his sturdy little feet squarely together he waved it in signal for his mother to proceed.

"What shall I play, dear?" she asked, seating herself at the piano.

"Prowling," answered the boy.

"Prowling? Prowling? No, try 'Step by Step,'" said Mrs. Bromley. The boy nodded, raised his baton, and began:

"I need not ask what time will bring, While to my Savior's hand I cling, A song of trust my soul can sing, For step by step he will lead me."

Chorus:—(Boy waving stick in ecstasy.)

"Step by step to the glory land, My Savior guides with a loving hand; I go to dwell with the blood-washed band."

And step by step he will lead me. Other songs were called for. The boy seemed to have the book of Moody hymns on the tip of his tongue. His eyes were raised to heaven and a rapt expression crossed his face. Finally he asked in the most natural manner in the world:

"The visitor nodded and the boy knelt at his mother's knee and began: "Our Father, who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread. He won't let his father go to work in the morning without praying," said Mrs. Bromley.

When the visitor came to go he offered John Frederick a dime. "Buy some peanuts," said the visitor grandly.

"No; we take Sunday school," said John Frederick.—Chicago Tribune.

### PRODIGALS.

I. How strangely prodigal we are Who have so short a while to stay! We fear to die, but journey far For help to pass our time away; Because the moments drag we fret, Yet dread the end to which we haste;

We view the past with keen regret, And still the precious present waste.

II. We sigh at night for day to dawn, Tho' we may never, all our lives, Bring back a moment that is gone. Impatiently we watch and wait For pleasure that shall briefly last, And, having won them, add the great Day of their coming to the past.

III. We sigh for manhood when the ways Are strange and long and stretch ahead, And sit regretting wasted days When youth and youth's fond hopes are fled; Yet, even as we voice regret For those glad seasons, hurried through, We nurse impatience and we fret For next year and for something new.

IV. How strangely prodigal we are Of that which we should dearly prize! We scheme and plan and journey far To pass the time that quickly flies! We dread the silent end we know That each of us must find somewhere;

But great and sure as high and low, Through all our hurrying, KISER.

"When all my labors and trials are over, And I am safe on that beautiful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I adore, Will through ages be glory for me."

And the chorus, with the wand going up and down and the fascinated students joining in a rush of devotion:

"O that will be glory for me, Glory for mine, glory for me, When by his grace I shall look in his face, That will be glory, be glory for me."

The eyes of the boy glowed with a divine enthusiasm as the last words fell from his lips. The students crowded around him and wondered how quickly that boy is more than proud of her boy. She worships him, and never tires telling of his marvelous ways.

Before this question was answered he had taken the visitor's hat and was in the act of crushing it over his own golden curls.

The hair is the boy's chief glory. It hangs down to his shoulders in soft curls that never are in order. The sun shines lovingly on his head wherever he walks. His eyes are a deep, wonderful blue, soft and clear, and subject to sudden storms of tears like the blue sea of the tropics. His mouth is like a rosebud, and the rest of his features soft and vague and childish.

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"No; we take Sunday school," said John Frederick.—Chicago Tribune.

### IN MEMORY

Of Our Beloved Friend, Mr. Jas R. Little.

In life you seldom find a friend, That understands your every mood, He comforts you and helps you so, You cannot stop to sigh or brood.

You never had to tell him why You came, because "he always knew." You sat and rested by his side, And felt he loved and trusted you.

And when you left his side you felt God's mercy, grace and goodness, Lived in his heart to cheer each life, To comfort those in deep distress.

In leaving us to soar above, In realms of thought so sweet to cheer, Each heart he helped when here be-  
Will wish in spirit he was near.

MRS. R. D. STEELE.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

"Materialization." By Mrs. B. d-Exasperate and Rev. B. F. Austin. Excellent. Price 10 cents.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong, logical thinker, on a deep important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

How strangely prodigal we are Of that which we should dearly prize! We scheme and plan and journey far To pass the time that quickly flies! We dread the silent end we know That each of us must find somewhere;

But great and sure as high and low, Through all our hurrying, KISER.

Other songs sprang to the child's lips. The wand now faster was raised and fell to the correct, infectious of the church music.

"Now sing the Glory Song," said the boy. The mother played the opening chords and this came in the sweet, pliant baby voice:

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## MARRIED BY THE SPIRIT OF JULIUS CAESAR, SHE SAYS.

Thinks Ghostly Manipulations are Responsible for the Coffee Color of Her Baby, but Physicians Scoff at the Idea as Ridiculous.

New York, June 8.—Mrs. Annie Layman, a white woman, 30 years old, held a coffee-colored baby in her arms when she appeared before Magistrate Whitman in the Yorkville police court. She explained to the court that she had gone through the spiritualistic form of marriage and she believed that, despite the fact that she was responsible for the African lineage that showed in the baby's complexion.

"Julius Caesar performed the marriage through Mamma Mysteria, the Medium," she went on. "The spirits must work through a material body in this world. That body is named the medium. I was employed by Mrs. Payne, of 215 West Thirty-fourth street, and that is how I became a Spiritualist and got to know Mamma Mysteria."

"I would go to her séances in West Twenty-fifth street. When I had been married the medium informed me that it was the spirit of Julius Caesar that was performing the ceremony." Several other spirits from the other world came to take part in the wedding, and manifested themselves through the medium, she said. These spirits guests told that they would act the part of guardian over whatever children came to her, and she thought it likely that they had designated the color of the baby for some good purpose known only to themselves.

In Bellevue hospital, where the baby was born, two weeks ago, the physicians and nurses scoffed at the spiritualistic explanation of the baby's appearance, but then they were unbelievers, and could not understand. They asked her if she had recently undergone a fright, and she replied that she had been greatly shocked by seeing two negro women fighting with knives. The physicians told her that the incident fully explained the matter, but she did not look at it in that way.

## PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Man Buried Alive Gets Help by Waving Hand Above Grave—Remarkable Story of Resurrection After One Week of Suspended Animation Is Reported from Chinese City.

The Chicago Inter Ocean of late date has the following special dispatch from Hong Kong:

"A 'ghost' that eats has thrown the towns of Slang-fu district into a commotion. The facts are remarkable. The 30-year-old son of Tzi Lung, a school teacher, was thought to have died of typhus fever. His family being very poor, the body was placed in a frail wooden coffin and buried only a few inches under the soil outside the western gate of the town of Slangyang."

A week later a man put his horse to graze upon the spot. The beast dug good ground near the grave and brought his foot down on the soil above the coffin, the lid of which was broken. In a little while the owner of the horse saw a gaunt white arm thrust up through the hole made by the horse's hoof.

Thinking the dead man's 'ghost' was about to rise to avenge the insult offered in the breaking of the coffin, the watcher hurried up and began shoveling earth into the hole to keep the 'ghost' down. A muffled voice expostulated and begged to be freed, claiming to be the living son of Tzi Lung. The watcher fled in terror to the town, where he told every one he met of what had happened. The 'ghost's' father urged that the 'ghost' be left alone and not further disturbed.

A large crowd, however, went out of the city to view the wonder. The 'ghost' kept begging most piteously to be let out. One man had courage enough to unearth the cover of the coffin completely, and open it, allowing the 'resurrected' man to sit up. Rice soup and wine were brought and ravenously devoured by the 'ghost,' still sitting upright in his coffin, embedded in the earth.

Finally the unhappy 'ghost' was released and confined in a temple until he could prove himself to be a living man.

## SIX HISTORIC AMERICANS.

A Book That Every American Free-thinker Will Delight to Own.

By John E. Remsburg.

The work consists of two parts, "The Saviors of Our Republic," and "The Saviors of Our Religion." In regard to the first, Mr. Remsburg establishes the negative of the following (1) Was Paine an Atheist? (2) Was he a Christian? (3) Did he recant? Page after page of the most radical freethought sentiments are culled from the writings of Paine and other writers of Franklin and Jefferson, which show that these men were as pronounced in the rejection of Christianity as Paine and Ingalls.

That Washington was not a Christian nor a believer in Christianity, in support of Lincoln's infidelity he has collected the testimony of more than one hundred witnesses.

The book is handsomely bound in cloth, giving fine portraits of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant; also portrait of the author.

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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907.

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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.

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEAL.

The POSTAGE on papers has been increased to all the British possessions on this continent. On a single paper we are compelled to pay ONE CENT each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid the postage rates on news.

Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

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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.

THE N. S. A. CONVENTION.

Full reports of the proceedings of the late N. S. A. convention in Chicago can be obtained by addressing: Mrs. Mary T. Longley, 600 Pennsylvania avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

Jonah is Ruled Out of Court.

Jonah and the whale have been thrown out of the Circuit Court of St. Louis County. Judge McElhinney in a decision to-day declared himself unwilling to listen to arguments along the line of biblical questions. He does not wish to go on record, either, as having determined whether the Garden of Eden was a myth or a reality. He says all this has nothing to do with the points of law at issue in the case of the Bible College of Missouri against Rev. George W. Hoffman.

Mr. Hoffman subscribed \$5,000 to the college some time ago, and then refused to pay it because he said the institution was not orthodox. He says the college teaches its students that the miracles related in the Bible are myths.

The college sued for payment of the subscription.

By the decision to-day the case will be tried merely on the points of law, the attempt to bring in Jonah, Lazarus and other biblical characters being ruled out of order.

The Products of the Holy Book.

Churchmen want us to omit the past and write of the now and the future. "It is unpleasant," they say, "to have the crimes of our Christian ancestors continually ringing in our ears." Here is a single paragraph from that learned author, Ernest Lecky. Read it, dear good Christian friend:

"Of the sufferings of those who were condemned for wickedness—300 being sentenced to death by one Judge Remy, of Nancy; 400 perishing at a single execution at Douay, and 7,000 being burned at Treves—Lecky says: 'Not for them the wild fanaticism that nerves the soul against danger and steels the body against torments; not for them the assurance of a glorious eternity that has made the martyr look with exultation on the rising flame; not for them the solace of lamenting friends or the consciousness that their memories would be cherished and honored by posterity. They died alone, hated and unloved. They were deemed by all mankind the worst of criminals. Their very kinsmen shrunk from them as tainted and accursed.'

And why the worst of criminals? Because the Lord said:

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

So through all the Middle Ages their slaughter went on, and there is that infernal old Jew book, with that damnable command from a pretended god, still warring us in the face, and Christians idolizing that product of barbarism wish the world to forget the crimes it has caused.

If those same Christians were governed by that book the slaughter would still go on. It is no wonder they are ashamed of its bloody teaching.

If all the Bibles in the wide world were gathered in one huge mass and burned, and their contents were forgotten, the world would be the gain because of their destruction.

The Right Was Victor.

No more disturbance of general tranquility by the ringing of church bells at Clear Lake, Iowa, is the outcome of a bitter contest which has been waged against the nuisance for a long time, during which much bad blood has been engendered. The people have finally triumphed, and bigot moun.

## A New Location Found.

Rev. Zed H. Copp, of the Presbyterian Church, of Bethany, Va., has made one of the most important discoveries of the age, which has just gained publicity. He says: "Hell is in the sun."

He discovered the fact eight years ago. The Bible, that inspired volume, the source of all truth, was the telescope through which he gained this important information. The tortures of the damned, he says, just fits the hell theory in the sun. Perhaps he will find in due time that our excessive hot days in summer come from renewing the infernal fires when some arch sinner arrives from earth who has had the audacity to look upon hell as a priestly invention to gain control over their victims.

Modern scientific thought inclines to the belief that the temperature of the sun is no greater than that of our earth; that for all we know to the contrary, it may be the abode of animal life; that the light and heat imparted by the sun to planets probably comes from the friction of electricity in its rapid flight through the atmosphere, being cold at its entrance.

But science is never consulted in the location of the infernal regions. The volcanic fires of Aetna, of Stromboli, or of Vesuvius, were evidently the parent of the priestly idea, and its location has shifted from time to time to accommodate churchly needs.

Out of Date and Worthless.

That was a bold statement of Rev. Dr. Johnston Myers, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, of Chicago, when he declared "sermons are out of date."

The church Dr. Myers represents was founded by the late Dr. Lorimer, said to be one of the strongest churches in the city.

Half a century ago two sermons were preached, with one in the evening, was the common practice with all the orthodox churches. The sermons were generally reshapes which came down from a former generation. The horrors of a burning hell, the terrible scenes of a general judgment, the separation of loved ones when the final doom was pronounced, were themes most generally dwelt upon in such sermons, a distorted text from the Bible was employed.

A vacation for the preacher was never dreamed of, for the Devil was abroad, and there was danger in case of relaxation that "old split-foot" would steal away members if the preaching did not go on.

Good morals would not suffer if all sermons, which the masses scarcely comprehend, were eliminated from church service. And may not the same be said in truth of prayers, addressed to the people over God's shoulders?

Modern Science Bible's Aid.

Modern science has disproved the miraculous element of biblical narrative and furnished a more rational viewpoint for theology, according to Professor Herbert A. Youtz, of the Congregational College of Canada, Montreal. Flaws in orthodox religious views are pointed out in an article on "Three Conceptions of God" in the American Journal of Theology, issued from the University of Chicago press.

"This is a transition period, in thought," Professor Youtz declares. "We are outgrowing our old conceptions of God's relationship to His world. Supernaturalism as a philosophy no longer satisfies thinking men, and we are all engaged in achieving a better philosophy, and in adjusting ourselves to a new view of the facts. Scientific thinkers have discovered a new world, and we are trying to find an explanation to fit the facts."

"Modern science, in the name of astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry and other accredited branches, has been discovering and verifying the laws of reality."

Paganism Versus Christianity.

There is nothing better in life than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude. Never value anything as profitable to yourself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to HATE ANY MAN, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains. While thou livest be good and do good.—Marcus Aurelius.

If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yet his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.—Jesus Christ. Luke 14:26.

And such, in many respects, is Christianity in practical life. The contrast between Paganism, as promulgated by the old philosophers, and Christianity, as we meet it in daily experience, is very marked.

Dear, Dear! Very Sad.

The announcement is made by the railroads which observe recent legal enactments reducing fares to 2 cents a mile that "all half-fare concessions will be discontinued forthwith." This means preachers will no longer travel over the country at children rates. And, O, dear, what will become of our spiritual Reverends, who embraced the title that they could travel cheaply?

REFUSED A LICENSE.

The "Rev. Dr." Hugh R. Moore has been refused a license in Los Angeles, Cal., because his "spirit" manifestations are not regarded as genuine productions.

## Sees His Father Die.

Preacher's Vision Tells Him of Death Across the Ocean.

The Rev. Henry Rollings, who is now taking a special course as a medical missionary in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, has had an experience which may result in the postponement of his actual labors after graduation until he can be induced by several psychical societies in the larger cities to describe the remarkable mental condition into which he fell when he saw, as in a vision, his father at the point of death when his father was 3,000 miles away. The death bed scene was corroborated two weeks later in every detail in a letter from England.

Dr. Rollings received his theological education in England and was ordained in the established church. He came to America with Bishop Sullivan, colonial bishop of the Church of England. He had no superstitions and did not believe in hallucinations except those that came from impaired digestion.

Dr. Rollings said:

"My father was Geoffrey Rollings, of Bedfordshire, England, and between us the tie of consanguinity was strong. After a particularly arduous day I threw myself on my bed, exhausted, and fell into a slumber from which I was awakened by a vivid picture. I sat up and saw my father as distinctly as I ever saw him in my life, and heard him call out: 'My boy, my boy, I am dying.'"

"The picture that was presented to me was that my father was lying on a bed in a room I did not recognize. I could tell by the general furnishings that it was English. I saw my father sink back on the pillows and knew that he was dead."

"Then my second self, or whatever you see fit to call it, seemed to resolve itself back into my material body, and I cried out that my father was dead. I was told that I was suffering from nervous prostration and should return to bed. I obeyed and slept for about eight hours."

LETTERS PROVE VISION WAS TRUE.

"Two weeks later a letter from England told me of the death of my father at the exact hour when I had seen him, and added that just before he died he had seen me at his bedside."

"The letter told me that the family had removed from the old homestead to another house in Bedfordshire, which I never had seen."

## The Gods of the Bible.

Prof. W. M. Lockwood, the erudite scientist and deliverer into the secrets of Nature, as well as student of history and what pretends to be history, has published a list of "The Forty-seven Gods of the Bible," several of whom were worshipped by the patriarchs.

It is a helpful adjunct to one who wishes to acquaint himself with the Bible gods, their character and tribal relationships, by a study of those portions of the Bible in which they are severally mentioned.

Taking the Bible for it, certainly some of them were hard old cases, and not such as an enlightened, thoroughly civilized and humanitarian people would ever worship, except under the dominant stress of fear—a worship having its source in fear, and not in love.

For instance, there was Moloch, the god of the Ammonites, to whom human sacrifices were offered in the valley of Tophet. Was there any lovable quality in such a god?

And viewed from the standpoint of modern humanitarian ethics, how much superior to the Ammonite Moloch was the Hebrew Jehovah who required wholesale sacrifices of innocent domestic animals, the best of their kind selected from their herds, the aroma from the burning flesh being a sweet smelling savor in the nostrils of this smelly deity? How abhorrent—and yet he was worshipped—in fear of his wrath.

How many of these "Gods of the Bible" were regarded by their worshippers as Infinite? Were they not in general regarded in that limited, class aspect, as "OUR GOD"—the god of OUR family, OUR tribe, OUR people, OUR nation, and reverence as such only? If they gained a victory over another tribe or nation—to God—their God—they ascribed their successes. If they were defeated in war, their God was angry, and had inflicted punishment on them for some dereliction or disobedience. Whatever befall them, be it good or ill, was their God's work—and he was always right. If he sent refreshing showers he was good—if famine came for want of rain, God did it—and their suffering was just.

However, we have read of an African tribe that was more sensible. If their god failed to answer their prayers for rain, after due time, they attached a rope to his neck and dragged him in disgrace through their village—and finally as much as said: Now will you be good? Now will you give us rain?

If we could only have a catalogue of all the gods that have been manufactured by the fertile imaginations of men—during all the ages past, and up to and including the present—but it would require volumes upon volumes to contain the list. But what a study it would afford, of the vagaries, the vain imaginations, the wild, weird and fantastic capers of the mentality of man under the influence of the "God Idea."

And, by the way, as an aid to the comprehensive study of the God Idea as it shows in the history of the race from the earliest known ages, there is no better, more instructive and satisfactory work than Hudson Tuttle's book "The God and Christ Ideas."

That old philosopher known as St. Paul wrote (1 Cor. viii: 5, 6): "For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many and lords many), but to US there is but one God."

It seems a trait of human nature for each individual to think, as one in the Old Testament expresses it, "THEIR GOD is not as OUR GOD," etc.

The God question has been discussed and literally fought over for ages and seems likely to continue an endless subject for man's mental exploitation. It would be a good mental exercise, to sit down "in the Silence," and just take an inward mental view of infinity of being—and think: God is just as much HERE as he is ANYWHERE; if we can't find God HERE, we can't find him ANYWHERE.

This is not saying there is no God.

## ANOTHER VICTORY.

Another legal victory has been won for Spiritualism. The long-awaited decision of the Michigan Supreme Court in the John Goff will case has been rendered, as evidenced by the following telegram from the leading attorney in the case:

"George B. Warner, Lily Dale, N. Y.:

"Goff case reversed! Victory is ours! Will write. A. LYNN FREE."

Had the opinion been of a different nature the Goff bequest of \$20,000 would have been irretrievably lost to Spiritualism; but now another chance is given to fight for it in the lower courts. Wake up, Michigan Spiritualists!

PROF. LEWIS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Communication from President Barrett in Explanation.

It is with real pleasure that I read Prof. H. Spencer Lewis' disclaimer in the last issue of The Progressive Thinker, as to the authorship of the article published under his name in the Washington Post of January 11, 1907. I was in Seattle, Wash., at the time, and did not see the article till some time after it had appeared in the Post. Through the Clipping Bureau, to which I am a subscriber, I received exact duplicates of that article from not less than three different papers. One of them was published in Toronto, Canada, the second in Leavenworth, Kansas, and the third in St. Louis, Mo. As they were identical with the article that appeared in the Post, I concluded that the essay bearing Prof. Lewis' name had been syndicated and was being published at will in all sections of the country. No two of the papers in question published the article at the same time.

I wrote my reply to the alleged Lewis article, in Seattle, and sent a copy of it to the Leavenworth, Kan., Times, and later to the Canadian Journal in which the other had appeared. The Post was fair, and published my article in full. I have nothing to regret from what I said in the Post, yet I am more than pleased to know that Prof. Lewis is not the man at whom my words were directed. I was after the one who said that there had never been an authentic message received from the world of souls, therefore my sharp criticism did not apply to him. I could not make the syndicated article agree with what I knew of Prof. Lewis as a scientist, nor yet with what he had written in favor of Spiritualism in The Progressive Thinker and other journals.

His outspoken acknowledgment of the genuineness of the spirit message appeared in the Spiritualist papers the very same month the denunciation of it saw the light in the Washington Post. My work as editor-at-large is only a small portion of the duties now devolving upon me. I only wrote thirty-one articles in defense of Spiritualism in the month of May. The duties of the president of the N. S. A. are manifold, and one of them now happens to be the work of the editor-at-large. The president of the N. S. A. was situated so that he could do it. I happen to know that he would not accept one dollar of salary for the position, and that he was not an able to live upon air, nor can we all forego all income. Lucky he who can do so, when he uses his time and splendid mental forces so wisely as does Prof. Lewis.

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

"THE THEORY OF SPIRITUALISM."

A New Book by Charles M. Lane.

This is a volume of nearly 400 pages, abounding in matter worthy of being written and published. It treats comprehensively of Spiritualism and its teachings, in plain language, easy to be understood by all readers. The chapters are usually short, not fatiguing the mind, yet clear and concise. There are also a number of brief essays by noted spirit thinkers, that add to the value of the book as an exposition of Spiritualism.

It is published and for sale by the Evergreen Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.50.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the midst of poverty, but not a whole nation.—Isaac Iselin.

Success is all of promises till men get it; and then it is last year's nest from which the bird has flown.—H. W. Beecher.

## A MURDER ATTEMPTED.

The Fakes Trying to Kill Robert T. Miale.

We learn from a late number of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald that on the night of July 2 when the victim calls a premeditated and deliberate attempt was made to murder Robert T. Miale, senior member of the real estate firm of Hale &amp; Co., of 505 1/2 South Main street, and president of the Anti-Fakes society of Southern California, as he was walking from the Spiritualist camp near Edendale, at the city limits, to the car line which was to bring him into town.

Mr. Hale declares three shots, evidently from an automatic pistol or rapier-fire gun, were fired at him, and only the fact that the weapon of the man who held the weapon is responsible for the fact that he is alive and was able to report the outrage last night.

Mr. Hale tells the following story: "At an early hour yesterday afternoon I received a telephone message from my friend, Prof. John McLane, who is a member of the recognized Spiritualist colony of this community, to call on him at the summer camp of the Spiritualists, which is being conducted near Edendale. Prof. McLane is building on the grounds a bungalow, and when I arrived we engaged ourselves most of the afternoon in work about the new house. After afternoon we cheerfully worked, doing such jobs as we found about the place, and at the close of the day left the camp to catch the 8:30 o'clock car into town."

The road from the camp to the car line runs through a small stretch of woods which lines the sides of the walk. As I reached the far end of the woods a report rang out and a bullet sang uncomfortably near my ear. That I was startled goes without saying, but for the moment I had no idea that it was the object of the shot. The next instant undecided as to this report, I found a second shot rang out and the bullet came much closer than the first.

"In an instant I remembered several warnings that I had received that my life was to be attempted and also many threats that had been sent through the mails."

"As the second shot sounded on the air I ducked for cover, and as I did so a third report sounded. The bullet winged its way close to my dodging figure and left no doubt but that I was the objective point of the missile."

"I ran for the car line to get away from what to me was plainly an attempt at assassination. The shots were heard in the Spiritualist camp which I had just left, and a number of people ran from there down the road and soon joined me. Under the escort of these friends I continued on my way until I arrived at the car line, where the matter was reported to the police and sheriff's departments."

"There is no doubt but what a deliberate attempt was made to kill me, and that the people who made the attempt chose the time with knowledge of my movements."

"While never before has an attempt been made upon my life, I have received numerous and threatening letters that I would be killed unless I let up in my campaign against the fraudulent mediums, spookologists and other fakers of like ilk in this city and vicinity, and I have been warned again and again to look out for myself or I would lose my life."

"In the battle which has been conducted against the faking and unbecomingly class of mediums in Los Angeles and vicinity no one has been more energetic than myself. I have exposed and driven out of the business scores of fakers and earned the undying enmity of the whole class of fakes in God and men."

"But his great army of toadying officers, who had vied with each other for the grace of their deluded master, and were forever scheming for favors and promotions, if not to down a dangerous rival by any and all means, have split in many factions and scattered broadcast, except a small group who, having lost their former jobs and prestige, are scheming again for another chance of an income without labor."

It is wonderful to what means these holy men will resort to gain their point and the people's confidence and money, and looking at the effects of their flexible conscience, one is involuntarily reminded of the lamenting Kozebu when he exclaimed: "O men, O men, ye false and hypocritical brood of earth with eyes as soft as water, with hearts as hard as steel, with kisses on your lips and daggers in your bosom."

At a recent visit to Zion City the writer had the pleasure to converse a few minutes with both of the gentlemen who contend for the leadership as General Overseers. When Mr. Voliva claims the title as God's chosen leader, Mr. Lewis, his opponent, claims the same on the lawful bequest from Dr. Dowile. There are other factions with would-be leaders, and all of them claim to work for the glory of God, and the love of men, but all of them refuse compensation except Mr. Lewis alone: he pays his expenses out of his own pocket. He has done so for over two years, and intends to continue to do so in future, and while not questioning their claim, nor anything, it seems that providence itself has assigned Mr. Voliva to rid the people of a horde of insatiable and greedy monsters, the office-holders "for revenue only," who unblushingly drew unearned salaries—one of them over \$338 per month, living, as it were, not on the fat of the land, because starvation was blighting the town for many months, but on the sweat of the brow from the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, who were contented with a dry crust that their leader might have plenty and to waste."

Whatever fate may have in store for Voliva, he acted a little Napoleon in routing the grand-stand clique of ecclesiastical leeches, and is deserving of credit, even though doomed for his Waterloo in the end.

It is but natural that under the prevailing conditions some discouraged people wish to dispose of their holdings to move elsewhere; and no sooner were such intentions circulated when some super-smooth ones among the holy-brethren were ready to "do them," as a land agent from Chicago, by offering to exchange their property for town lots in the fever swamps of New Mexico, which are said to be more valuable than those at the north pole.

Mr. Brasefeld, their former professor of theology, once made the emphatic assertion that one can prove and disprove anything, and anything by the Bible, and it really astounding with what readiness some of those sanctimonious sharks, full of impious

KYMRO.

Who plays for more than he can lose with pleasure shakes his heart.—Herbert.

## A Pen Picture of Zion.

Zion as It Was and Now Is—Dowie at First a Great Healing Medium, Performing Cures Almost Miraculous—The "Gift of Tongues" Manifested May Be the Result of Spirit Control.

With the recent closing of Dr. Dowile's eventful career, history will have to record an epoch of divine healing through the prayer of faith, the like of which the world has never seen before and may never see again. Hundreds of thousands of people were restored by its subtle power, and marvelous cures were wrought in many, and equal to any as recorded of Jesus in the Bible, about which only the ignorant delight to scoff and ridicule.

After suffering for many days intense pain from a complication of sciatic and lumbago, and instantly healed at the prayer of faith, for prayer, the writer sought and found many a chance to witness the often wonderful effect of faith upon others, in cases of cancer, epilepsy, palsy, blindness, deafness, tuberculosis, gangrene of the bones, and also of the bowels.

This last case was that of a young man, the son of a New York lawyer, whose emaciated condition prevented the knife wounds of the surgeon to close again, so that the perforated bowels disclosed the contents of the contents within, and yet when dying on a stretcher he was prayed for. The young man obeying the command to arise, did so, and walked arm in arm with Dr. Dowile to the dining room, and there partook of a heavy meal, including sour pickles, and has been hale and hardy ever since.

But the mysterious handwriting has appeared on Zion's wall; its glory has departed, and the outward "Peace to thee" is often but a cloak to conceal the inner war-cry.

Though there are many healing mediums, yet none of them, nor all combined, can equal the cures made by Dr. Dowile. What pity that his usefulness was cut short in such an inglorious way, and what a commentary on a great but lip-sided intellect to conceive of an omnipotent and omniscient Being as a Loving Father, who so abundantly made the world a monster of a Devil, and endow him with power greater than his own, and being now too impotent to subdue the wily fellow, on a compromise engages him as the hired man, to torment and tempt the children of earth so that most of them may land in hell. What a consistency!

Little children believe in Santa Claus until knowledge dispels their fond illusion; not so with adults though. When preconceived ideas and notions are stronger than their capacity to reason, they will tenaciously cling to the most unsensical absurdities. They cannot be torn by observation, logic and reason; but they will and must learn eventually in the dear school of bitter experience.

When Dr. Dowile once said that if Zion is not of God, it should be smashed, and the sooner the better, little did he realize that the time was so close at hand that even himself, as a mental and physical wreck, should be buried so soon amid the ruins of his once proud, famous and powerful organization, and its founder, once the most hated, loved and feared by different factions, lies now, what is left of his mortal coil, in an obscure grave in Zion City, with nothing to mark its resting place save a psychologic mountain of broken hopes, of tears, of suffering, and grim despair, as contributed by his numerous disappointed followers, many of whom had lost their faith in him, and in God and men."

But his great army of toadying officers, who had vied with each other for the grace of their deluded master, and were forever scheming for favors and promotions, if not to down a dangerous rival by any and all means, have split in many factions and scattered broadcast, except a small group who, having lost their former jobs and prestige, are scheming again for another chance of an income without labor."

It is wonderful to what means these holy men will resort to gain their point and the people's confidence and money, and looking at the effects of their flexible conscience, one is involuntarily reminded of the lamenting Kozebu when he exclaimed: "O men, O men, ye false and hypocritical brood of earth with eyes as soft as water, with hearts as hard as steel, with kisses on your lips and daggers in your bosom."

At a recent visit to Zion City the writer had the pleasure to converse a few minutes with both of the gentlemen who contend for the leadership as General Overseers. When Mr. Voliva claims the title as God's chosen leader, Mr. Lewis, his opponent, claims the same on the lawful bequest from Dr. Dowile. There are other factions with would-be leaders, and all of them claim to work for the glory of God, and the love of men, but all of them refuse compensation except Mr. Lewis alone: he pays his expenses out of his own pocket. He has done so for over two years, and intends to continue to do so in future, and while not questioning their claim, nor anything, it seems that providence itself has assigned Mr. Voliva to rid the people of a horde of insatiable and greedy monsters, the office-holders "for revenue only," who unblushingly drew unearned salaries—one of them over \$338 per month, living, as it were, not on the fat of the land, because starvation was blighting the town for many months, but on the sweat of the brow from the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, who were contented with a dry crust that their leader might have plenty and to waste."

Whatever fate may have in store for Voliva, he acted a little Napoleon in routing the grand-stand clique of ecclesiastical leeches, and is deserving of credit, even though doomed for his Waterloo in the end.

It is but natural that under the prevailing conditions some discouraged people wish to dispose of their holdings to move elsewhere; and no sooner were such intentions circulated when some super-smooth ones among the holy-brethren were ready to "do them," as a land agent from Chicago, by offering to exchange their property for town lots in the fever swamps of New Mexico, which are said to be more valuable than those at the north pole.

Mr. Brasefeld, their former professor of theology, once made the emphatic assertion that one can prove and disprove anything, and anything by the Bible, and it really astounding with what readiness some of those sanctimonious sharks, full of impious

piety, can quote scripture to suit the occasion.

Mr. Parham, who had started the New Tongue fad in Zion, has proved himself altogether too tame for his cult and followers, and was lately displaced by one Brother Tom, with the additional gift of Free Love, with signs following, which may earn for him and a few other sanctified brethren a coat of tar and feathers and a free ride on a fence rail.

This gift of tongues may be very fascinating to those who cannot grasp its cause and consequence, but for young girls under its hypnotic spell to mope about on dark nights in the prairie, in the company of old reprobates, is not conducive to lighten the standard of morals, nor is it any credit to their blindfolded parents.

The writer made a few visits to their public shows in the large and spacious tabernacle, the outhouses of which cry to heaven for vengeance over their pestilential condition. But in the temple itself the enthusiasm of the spirit worshippers runs high, many striving hard for what they call the baptism of the Holy Ghost and his seal of sanctification by the gift of tongues.

They are hilarious with joy over any manifestations of spirits when they shout praises to God, to Jesus and the Holy Ghost, in a peculiar gibberish which is readily translated by a few who claim that gift. But the stereotyped nature of both tongues and interpretation is very apparent, and indicates a lack of intellect and a surplus of fanaticism, by the spirits as well as their ecstatic mortals.

Here is a sample and extract of a sermon delivered by one of the holy brethren:

"I tell you, friends, we have been getting hot air long enough. We must discard Lutheranism and Wesleyism, or any other kind of religion they live up to the law and obey those who assume to rule over them. They have suffered in silence and hope now for relief from the tyrannical regime of hypocrites whose cloven foot is stamped on all private and business and social relations, as well as on the freedom of conscience, and was it him who dares to look about for the light of understanding outside of prescribed limits. Judge Landis and Mr. Hately may dissipate the incubus and infuse new life into the beautiful city. 'In the future to be.'"

Chicago, Ill. G. A. WOLTER.

NOTICE.

Owing to the fact of my being out of the United States for a time as we will be located in Summerland, British Columbia, I have deemed it my duty to send my resignation as National Superintendent of the World's All-Illuminations Contesting Prize to send further reports to Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Secretary N. S. A., 600 Penn. Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

To all Iycumeus I send a tender greeting and loving wishes for future success, and desire to assist at any and all times you may need me though not in official way. Work hard for your banner or prize and rest assured it will be placed justly and wisely. Yours with love and regret.

ANNA L. GILLESPIE.

\$10.00 BOOK for \$1.00.

E. HAECKEL'S



# Mr. T. W. Stanford's Seances at Melbourne, Australia.

Many letters come from friends both far and near, while expressing great interest in the proceedings of the circle, suggest "tests" that, if successful, would compel the attention of thousands who now scoff at every manifestation of occult power and convert straight away, so our friends maintain, half the world to Spiritualism. As it is manifestly impossible to answer these letters in detail it is well to state that such suggestions are carefully considered and the wide-spread interest displayed in the sittings is cordially welcomed. It must be remembered, however, that the development of the manifestations obtained through the mediumship of Charles Bailey has proceeded on lines indicated by scientific investigators all the world over and that any thing like dictation of what should be brought would inevitably result in the disturbance of "conditions," while the vibrations, through whose perfection all true Spiritualistic manifestations proceed, would become "like sweet bells, jangled out of tune." Men like Dr. Hodgson and Professor Hyslop, with strong positive temperaments and a desire to obtain scientific proof of the truth of spirit intercourse, acknowledge that they could not obtain the best results until their minds had become passive. Very little is known of what actually goes on behind the scenes. It stands to reason and common sense, however, that in such highly attuned vibrations of the ether as are needed to produce phenomena of a reliable kind that another set of vibrations emanating from the sitters would be as disastrous as the crossing of the telephone lines when we desire to give a message to a friend. Everything, both in the material and spiritual world, is subject to a natural law. These wonderful "apparitions," that are a constant marvel to the most experienced sitters, are brought by some law not yet understood, but which is indeed no more miraculous than that by which we can send a message all over the world by wireless telegraphy—a feat which a century ago would have been scouted as impossible. But it is the constant aim of Mr. Stanford to do as friends desire so strongly, namely, to have something brought that would confound the critics. This can only be accomplished by patience and the co-operation of the spiritual entities who control the medium. It is quite possible for certain things to be obtained if all work for the same object, and even now Dr. Whitcomb, who in earth life was a Melbourne doctor, and now conducts a "circle," is endeavoring to obtain Abdul and Selim's co-operation in bringing an "apport" that would "speak for itself" as it were, and be simply unanswerable.

It is not, however, merely to astonish people that the circle is conducted, and although the "apparitions" are valuable evidence of occult power, the spiritual teaching contained in the addresses is of the highest order, thus making the circle a unique one in the history of psychical research. One of the most remarkable occurrences during the month was the bringing of a bird in the light. Abdul walked to the other end of the circle, close to Mr. Stanford, raised his hand and brought down a bird from Malaya, a native also of China, India and other warm climates. A most noticeable thing occurred in the bringing of this apport. When the arm of the medium was uplifted, the hand for a moment disappeared entirely—coming into view a moment afterward with a flash of light and the bird in hand. A similar incident occurred in Sydney. A brief record of the sittings held since April 12th gives further details of what we would fain let all the world know about. The large piece of seaweed in Supplement was brought on April 12th.

The following is a brief record of sittings held since April 6th—

36th Seance. April 12th. Address by J. B. Gough on "The Evils of Intemperance." Phenomena. Chalcedon Tablet. Nest with two eggs; the latter were taken back to the sitting bird at request of Dr. Whitcomb. Large heap of seaweed dripping with sea water photographed in supplement.

37th Seance. April 19th. Address by Dr. W. Ellery Channing on "The Beulah Land." Two Babylonian Tablets to be explained by Dr. Robinson in promised lecture on Chaldean Magic. Flying fish entangled in piece of net and seaweed, not to be obtained in these seas. Manuscript from Thibet.

38th Seance. April 26th. Address by Dr. Channing. Continuation of "The Beulah Land" given previous sitting. Phenomena. Lump of clay with spear heads embedded from Central America. Bird's nest. While light was up Abdul moved around the table to Mr. Stanford and caught bird in the air as described above. Two prayer manuscripts from Thibet written on bark of tree.

39th Seance. May 3d. Address by Dr. Withrow on "The Catacombs at Rome," given in this issue. Phenomena. Lump of clay from Central America with fragments of mosaic pavement. Set of carved ivory beads, of exquisite workmanship, interspersed with shells and carved seeds from Indian Temple threaded on a piece of skin; said to be of Chinese or Japanese workmanship. Devil Dancer's sticks made of ebony. Clusters of berry seeds for planting.

Address by Dr. Withrow, on "Catacombs at Rome."

[Specially reported by Miss M. Wilson, shorthand writer and typist, Premier Buildings, Collins street, Melbourne.]

I must first give a brief description of the Catacombs, the burial places of the early Christians. There cannot be any doubt that they had their origin in sand pits—places where they dug the sand to make the famous Roman cement with. After a time these pits were enlarged and the ashes of deceased persons were placed in the caverns that had been dug. When persecution came they were still further enlarged, and so we find that there are galleries innumerable. De Rossi estimates that they cover fully 600 acres of ground underneath the surface, and these galleries run in all directions. There are over forty acres of these catacombs. The early Christians called their burial place a Cimetarium, but the heathen, the Roman pagans, always buried their dead and placed the ashes in urns (Cineraria) and these were placed in niches in the tombs—like pigeon holes, whence comes the word Columbarium. There are three tiers of these galleries—the first is about 25 of 30 feet under the ground and the lowest 60 feet. The graves were cut in the sides of the walls of the passage and the mouth of them was closed by a slab of marble or stone rudely engraved with the name of the deceased persons, and sometimes another inscription. It is about those names and inscriptions and some of the pictures on the walls of the catacombs that I am going to speak to-night. We know that the earliest inscriptions are mostly in Greek, while the more recent

are Latin, showing the change that Christianity worked in the great Roman empire. In the days of persecution under the Roman emperors, Christians hid in these dark galleries, lighted at intervals with a small terra cotta lamp, and in time they got to know every passage so well that they were able to make their escape when pursued by the Roman soldiery. In some places they have enlarged the galleries and made a basilica, a place to worship in, and you may to-day see the remains of the frescoes in the ceiling.

There are a few pagan inscriptions in the catacombs as well as Christian. In the early days of Christianity, when the Church had peace, before the persecutions commenced, the openings to the catacombs were wide. There was no secrecy, but when the sword of persecution was unsheathed they covered up these openings and made others which were hidden by a bush or stone, and inside the opening was a flight of stairs. In the eighth century after Christ the catacombs fell into disuse and oblivion, and it was not until the sixteenth century that they were re-discovered, and the Popes were very assiduous and entered into the spirit of the work of excavating and renovating the passages as they were opened.

## Primitive Christianity and Spiritualism. Identical.

I wish to say to those of you who believe that primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism are identical, that we cannot find in the catacombs any inscriptions that support that Dantean horror—hell or purgatory. These galleries have been excavated for a considerable distance—there are miles of passages yet unexplored—but up to the present no inscriptions have been found supporting these abominable doctrines. The testimony of the catacombs, taken as a whole, breathe forth a religion pure and undefiled, allied with the certain hope that after life's fitful fever there remains a rest for the people of God. Ascending the steps leading to the passage one needs to be accompanied by a guide bearing tapers, for there is stygian darkness. As you walk through the narrow passages and view the graves on either side you will see in some crumbling bones and the broken slabs that covered the mouth of the grave. A keen observer in the catacombs will gather from the inscriptions that what Paul said concerning the members of the early Church was true, namely, "not many mighty, not many noble," or learned were among the first adherents. It is very evident that many of them could not read. On some of the slabs you find a rudely drawn representation of a ship, a pig, a dove. We will take the Latin one with the ship—"Here rests Navira, in peace." A ship is engraved underneath the inscription and when the relatives and friends of that girl came to visit her tomb, being unable to read, they just had to look and find the slab with the ship Navira engraved to know that Navira rested there. Human nature is the same in all ages, and in some of these graves have been found the toys that the Roman children played with. The little child died and its sorrowing mother placed in the grave its little toys, which are very much like the toys that your children play with—little wooden dolls with jointed legs and arms, sometimes children's rattles made of bronze. When I view these mementoes of that grand time when Christianity took possession of this world, I fancy that I can hear the sobs of the broken-hearted Roman matron as she lays to rest her only child and places in the tomb its little toys. There comes to me upon the night breeze the sobs of the mother, broken but distinctly intelligible—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

## Officers in the Primitive Church.

What do the inscriptions teach as regard the officers connected with the primitive Church? Most of the inscriptions that have been found are now in the Museum of St. John's Lateran, or in the Lepidarian Gallery of the Vatican. Hundreds of these inscriptions have been removed to protect them from relic hunters, and they are ranged in order. "Here lies Danes, a bishop. He gave his life for the truth." Quite a number of inscriptions of bishops have been found, with inscriptions: "Here lies Pastulus, a bishop. He dwells with God." The next office we find in the inscriptions is that of presbyter. "Here lies buried before the Ides of March John the presbyter—in peace and in Christ." In the fourth century we come across inscriptions or slabs bearing the inscriptions with the monogram of Constantine—a cross and a P. After the bishops and presbyters we come to the deacons. "Here lies Damasus, a deacon, a holy man in Christ." Again, "Here lies buried Cyrinus, a deacon. He lived 55 years and two months." In some cases you find the number of days also. "Here lies Menia, a little child who lived one year, two months, and five days. At peace and in God." Hundreds of them finish "in God." Then there are Readers—men that used to read the Epistles or letters written by the bishops to the various congregations—Exorcists—"Here lies Gorontus, an exorcist." "Here lies Johannes, an exorcist." In the early Christian Church connected with every congregation there was an exorcist, and when a pagan became converted to God and to truth, before the baptismal waters were sprinkled on his head, he laid aside very often the name he bore as pagan, or perhaps had another name added to it. The exorcists then laid their hands on him and in the name of God and His Christ they abjured all evil influences—they believed that the pagan gods were no other than demons—they abjured these demons to depart and leave this man who was now a Christian. "Then there were others who became obsessed, and the exorcists proceeded in the name of God and the Christ to cast-out the evil influences. Where are the exorcists to-day in the Church? Are there no demons? Have they suffered a second death? When Christianity in the fifth and sixth centuries and upward became worldly powerful and weak in faith they added to this ritual a pagan mummery, and gradually, with the decay of faith, the exorcist was not needed and his office fell into disuse. Do you know why the Churches to-day do not cast out evil influences? Because they are worldly and have no power. It is necessary to have faith to cast out demons. Another order in the primitive Church was that of Elders. We read:—"Maximinius, an elder lies buried here. He was a faithful soul, a good husband." "He lived 67 years and two months." We do not find any inscriptions to Popes—Years of Christ upon earth. We do not find anything giving them authority to lord it over God's heritage; but we do find that the teachers, the bishops, the deacons, the elders, the readers, the Presbyters, and the exorcists, were one with the brethren, in spirit and in truth. They followed in the footsteps of the Lowly One.

ren, in spirit and in truth. They followed in the footsteps of the Lowly One.

Martyrs and the Love Feast.

After the re-discovery of the catacombs in the sixteenth century, great zeal was shown by Popes and the other ecclesiastics, and they brought out of the catacombs cartloads of bones of the martyrs and placed them in the Churches. A great many cartloads of human bones were placed under the floor of the Pantheon, which was built by Marcus Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. They did not stop to inquire whose bones they were and pagan and Christian went down together. There are, however, a few genuine martyr inscriptions. It was thought at one time that the peculiar signs on many of the slabs were placed there to indicate that the dead person had suffered martyrdom, but when Northcote and others investigated they found that these were emblems of the man's occupation and not representations of the instruments with which he was killed. One inscription has been found which reads thus:—"Ravius, in the days of Marcus Aurelius, who gave up his life for the faith." And then follows the lament, "Oh sad times in which one cannot worship openly, but must hide in fear and trembling." In examining the whole of the inscriptions we cannot find any that support the impossible doctrine of the Romish Church—transubstantiation. We do not find the nimbus—the aureole of glory round the head of the mother of Christ—in the first two centuries, but in the third and fourth we find someone has added the nimbus. The nimbus may be seen around the heads of some of the Hindu gods. One scene depicted shows the Christian Love Feast. There is a table and on it are the little round loaves and the cups for the wine, and the inscription over the sitters reads something like this—"Take, mix and drink wine and water." It was over this Love Feast that the early Christians comforted each other. They told their sorrows and trials; they sympathized with each other, and there was a concentration of their thoughts upon the Unseen, which was beautiful in its simplicity and mighty in its influence. At this Love Feast a man who had come into the fold from paganism was taken by the hand and welcomed. We find a few inscriptions that tell us that even in Caesar's household the wonderful life and the teaching of the Nazarene had taken hold. Inscriptions "Master of the house," "Keeper of the robes in the Imperial house," are found. Every trade and occupation is represented—"Marius, keeper of the clothes at the baths," "a worker in wood," "an inn-keeper," "a dyer," "a seller of wine," even a fruit seller who "used to sell fruit and flowers in the New Street." The long winding passages of the catacombs are the whispering galleries of the by-gone ages, and right down to the present time these whispers still breathe hope and comfort to the soul. One inscription, that you would think belonged to a modern Spiritualist, reads thus:—"Narcissus weeps for her son, Marcellus. Oh that his spirit and the spirits of the good will come to her in the evening hours!" Another one:—"Berchie lies buried here." This was erected by her mother—"A sweet soul, a soul as sweet as honey. I listen and wait for her sweet spirit," showing that these early Christians believed that the spirit could return upon them again. How different from the pagan inscriptions, of which I shall quote a few. Just listen to the following:—"Alexander Decimus lies buried here. While I lived I lived well. Hail and farewell." Another one:—"Negidus lies buried here. This was set up by his freed man Gallus." Underneath is found this peculiar inscription:—"Wine, women and baths destroy our constitution, but it makes life what it is. Farewell eternum." In conclusion we gather from the inscriptions and paintings that the primitive Christians lived simply. They did not take part in any of the profane ceremonies of the heathen. They were separated from the world. They were inoffensive and when chased by the Roman soldiers they did not turn around to defend themselves. It is true they hid in the dens and caves of the earth, but they tried to overcome evil with good. "Resist not evil." There are a few inscriptions relating to officers in the army of Caesar, and I believe that when they became converted they resigned. I cannot understand a true Christian being a soldier. They may be necessary, but to imbue your hand in your brother's blood is against the teaching of Christ, and if you do not the things he says, then you are not a Christian. The inscriptions show us that they met together in times of peace in their houses as you meet here. They sang hymns, they exhorted each other, and

## RIGHT THOUGHTS.

Rev. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Pastor of the Church of Divine Paternity, New York City, Says They are Vital to the Welfare of Man.—A Divine Who Has Been Thinking Right.

(Think on these things—Philippians IV. 8.)

What things? Things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, attractive, virtuous, honorable. Upon these things, says Paul, "Let your thoughts dwell."

Thoughts are things as much as brick walls and paved streets are. There is such a thing as insatiable thinking as surely as there is such a thing as insatiable plumbing. There is a mental atmosphere conducive to health as much as sunshine and fresh air, and there is a miasma of the soul which is as deadly as the malaria of Dismal Swamp.

To select a spiritual dwelling place where the atmosphere is heavy with hate and poisonous with passion; to pull up the shutters of despair and exclude the sunshine of hope; to close the windows of the heart and exclude the light of faith; and the warmth of love, is as deadly as it would be to build one's house in a stagnant marsh or to live in a dark, unventilated cellar.

Notice that Paul writes: "If men had the power to select their own intellectual dwelling places? So they have. Physically most men must dwell where circumstances ordain. But the poorest man, may, have a dwelling place for his mind more desirable than the region in which many a millionaire is content to reside, in an atmosphere of the soul filled with unclean odors."

Every man has within himself the power to change his mental dwelling place. The normal man has power to direct his thoughts as he has power to direct his hand. By the exercise of such power he may win success, character, righteousness.

The mind is master of the body. Experiment demonstrates that thought pumps the blood into the head or directs the mind, and that emotions, controllable by the will, may refresh or poison the physical system as they are good or bad.

Paul has given us not only the secret of health, but the secret of happiness. Not the dwelling place of the body, but the dwelling place of the thoughts, determines whether one's life shall be filled with joy or with misery. Sound the most miserable people live in mansions, dense sumptuously and dress luxuriously. Some of the happiest people live in very lowly circumstances. The difference is entirely mental.

One man is miserable in spite of his fine physical circumstances; another is happy in poverty because of his mental dwelling place. Moreover, Paul indicates here the road to success. More people fail to achieve their worthy ambitions because they cultivate wrong mental habits than for any other cause whatever.

Life is full of splendid opportunities for the man who will seize them, and all the forces of the universe help on the man whose mind dwells in faith and courage and confidence and indomitable hope; and all the forces of the universe set against the man who dwells in mental atmosphere of doubt and despondency, suspicion of himself and his fellowmen.

Finally, thought means conduct. What you do depends on what you think. Conduct is first in the mind, afterwards in the body. Beware of wrong thinking. Beware of holding evil pictures before the imagination. Do not play with evil even in your thoughts, for what you think will register itself ultimately and inevitably in what you do.

On the other hand, one can overcome all evils with which his inner life is beset by exercising the will in the direction of right thinking. If you would do the things you ought to do and leave undone the things you ought not to do, then look to your thoughts and in whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, attractive, virtuous, honorable, let your thoughts dwell.

FRANK OLIVER HALL.

The above from the Sunday Record-Herald illustrates the fact that truth is making great strides, even among the ministers. Only a few years ago we were not allowed to think. We need only have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and let the preacher do our thinking.

How many men in olden times were put to death because they dared to think. Verily, "the world do move." It is indeed a pleasure to live in these times, when the customary fir-

the bishop or the deacon or the presbyter read the letters from the other assemblies. Sometimes they had the Love Feast, in which all joined, and then they took up a collection, not to pay the deacon or the presbyter or the bishop \$20 or \$30 a week, but for the poor members of the community. Each one contributed according to his status and his riches. They prophesied at these meetings and they saw visions. Origen, one of the Christian fathers, replying to a heretic says, "Our holy women see visions and our men prophesy and cast out demons." They laid hands on the sick folk. A few of the inscriptions record the fact that a surgeon, a doctor, a mender of bones, "lies buried here." It was not the custom to send for the physician when they were sick; they followed the command in the New Testament:—"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church," and they shall lay hands on him, and if he have committed sin it shall be forgiven him. The record tells us that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." These elders were just healing mediums. The healing power which comes from the spirit world, which is health flowing from the true source, comes through the channel of the man's body, and the disease departs. The elders laid hands on the sick folk and they were healed. The exorcists cast out demons. Where are the elders of the church to-day that lay hands on the sick? If the presbyter or the bishop himself gets sick he sends his servant for the doctor—and he calls himself a Christian! The time is coming when the church will return to her primitive simplicity, and will re-establish the office of elder and exorcist. An elder in the church to-day is usually the man who takes up the collection. An elder in the primitive church was consecrated and set apart to deliver people from disease, and to pray and sympathize with those who were left desolate. When death stepped in and a loved one was removed, the elder went to the house and exhorted the mourner to be of good comfort—"Your son, your daughter is with God. His spirit will draw nigh unto you; he is not lost; there is nothing lost." Oh, for a revival of Primitive Christianity!

## The World Must Return to Primitive Christianity.

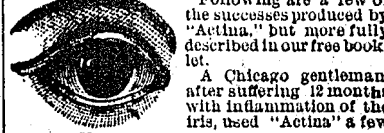
Modern Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity are at one in their teaching. I do not say that primitive Christianity is faithfully lived or carried out in the lives of modern Spiritualists. With Paul I say it to your shame that it is not so; "there are divisions among you." But primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism are identical in their teaching. The early Christians regarded Christ as the divine man. There is a difference between Deity and Divinity—very few people seem to know that—but it is true. Christ was Divine because He came forth from the Father, but He was not Deity. He was "a man approved of God."

Primitive Christianity taught there is no death. It also taught the Brotherhood of Humanity. No matter if it were Caesar on the Imperial throne or one of the vile gladiators—in the Christian assembly they were equal if they followed in the Master's footsteps. Did He not wash the feet of one of His disciples? I think I see a bishop at the present day washing one of his parishioners' feet! Primitive Christianity taught that we should exercise spiritual gifts. It also taught that men should live pure lives, not for the sake of reward or in fear. There were no pictures of the damned in tortures; no frescoes showing a man in purgatory being liberated by his friends on earth through paying for Masses. There were no inscriptions to support such terrible teaching. But they did teach that man should live a good and pure life because it is right to do so, and that perfect happiness is only compatible with right living. Any number of inscriptions speak of the holy soul abounding in works of charity—"while she lived she ministered unto the poor." If there is one good that you perform that is blessed above another, it is the ministering unto those who are poor and needy. "I was in prison and ye visited me; I was hungry and ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me." It doesn't matter so much about doctrines such as the five points of Calvinism—let them go. Never mind about predestination and election—let them go. Don't worry about baptisms, about ordinances, forms and ceremonies—let them all go. Attend to the poor and the needy; become a Christian in truth and in deed, and you will be at last blessed in the knowledge and in the company of those whom you have helped. "They that be wise shall shine as the stars forever, and to him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, saith the Holy One."

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## 922

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# General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

KEEP COPIES of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

The Song Cards for sale at this office at \$4 per hundred, by mail \$4.50, are the help you need in society work.

Sarah S. Rockhill writes: "Every number of The Progressive Thinker I think is as valuable to me as a new book. I have had many back numbers. I also have old magazines, The Pilgrim, New Thought, Now, Nautilus, To-Morrow, and ever so many sample copies of other magazines and papers, too numerous to mention, all first-class productions, valuable as thought-inspirers. Someone should have them for a circulating library, or have them on reading-room tables, or get them to the people they would benefit. They are waiting here for an order from those most interested in using them for good. Address me at Alliance, Ohio."

H. E. Martin, 49 Dudley Place, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "If your friends want a good, sympathetic, and inspiring address, Mrs. Jennie Martin, an inspirational and conscious trance speaker, and an ordained minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, will officiate at any funeral. Telephone to her husband and he will answer if she can go. Bell phone 77; Citizens' phone 7249. Send for her picture, put it on your album for reference. She has a beautiful voice for outdoor speaking, she can also speak at grove meetings. If you cannot go to a camp meeting, get up a Sunday grove meeting and write to us about the terms. Address as above."

Mrs. J. G. Paddock writes from Harbor Beach, Mich.: "I find that my subscription expires with No. 321 of The Progressive Thinker. Therefore, you will find P. O. Order for one dollar (\$1.00) herewith to renew my subscription to the best Spiritualistic weekly paper in the world. No true Spiritualist can afford to do without it."

Correspondent writes: "Wenow Camp Meeting commenced July 14, many being present from the surrounding cities. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley and Mr. Ripley, lectured and gave messages. George T. Leford, known as the Drummer Medium, was initiated into the order of The Guardian Angel. He took the first degree finely. Mrs. Cooley, who is an officer in the order, led in the Japanese prayer, after which she initiated new members, all of whom were deeply impressed with the work of the order."

Mrs. E. H. Thompson writes: "The Fraternal Daughters held their semi-regular social at the home of Sister Gilmore, 217 North Central Park avenue. The afternoon was given over to readings, after which a supper was served. I am sure it was a credit to those who had it in charge; a better supper could not be served for 15 cents than that which the daughters give at their semi-weekly meetings. Then the evening was given over to the purchase of packages at 10 cents each, which contained prizes and readings. It took the following mediums, Sisters Dr. Caird, Adams, Lichtig, Bloom, Hilbert, Switzer, Ingram, and Bro. Thompson, from 8 p. m. to 11 p. m. to read for all the hungry souls that were waiting to hear from the loved ones. The writer has a Gipsy guide, who gave a very good account of her ability as a comforter from the spirit side, and the conditions in the home of the sister who entertained us were everything that could be desired. Sisters Lichtig and Bloom entertained us with a waltz, two-step, and a waltz, which was pleasing to all. Our next meeting will be held at the home of Sister Mrs. Rickert, 117 Rice street, August 7 at 2:30 p. m. Take Chicago Avenue or Robey street cars and get off at Chicago Avenue and Robey streets. All are cordially invited. Don't forget to tell your friends to come and hear that talented lady, Sister Adams, lecture, August 28 at 8 p. m., 406 Ogden Avenue, top floor. Watch The Progressive Thinker for our future notices."

N. H. Briggs, attorney-at-law, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "I assure you I should certainly feel as something very substantial had gone out of my life were I deprived of the profitable pleasure of perusing each and every issue of the Progressive Thinker, that able defender of right and justice; that undaunted denouncer of wrong and fraud; that peerless champion of humanity." The Progressive Thinker.

Mrs. A. A. Averill writes from Lynn, Mass.: "The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will hold its annual bazaar at Unity Camp, Saugus, July 25, 26 and 27, afternoon and evening. The usual useful and fancy articles will be on sale. The event of the affair will be a test seance on Saturday afternoon by the wonderful medium, Mrs. Vanderbilt, formerly Mrs. May S. Pepper. There will be dancing on Friday evening."

Will M. Kellogg, a prominent Spiritualist of New Boston, Ill., is now at the Clinton camp, and will act as agent for The Progressive Thinker.

Rev. Mrs. Vanderbilt, formerly May S. Pepper, will be at Unity Camp, Saugus, Mass., on Sunday, July 25, and will lecture and give messages at 2 and 4:30. Conference is held at 11, with a large number of mediums. Refreshments can be procured in the grove.

Georgia Gladys Cooley having received a call from Bro. H. H. Wilson, held three meetings there. The audiences increased each evening, the large opera house being fairly packed the last evening. Another large and attentive audience greeted her at Alliance, Ohio. She is now serving the people at Wenow camp, which opened Sunday, July 14, with a good attendance, and the camp is assured of a fine attendance all through the season."

BEAR IN MIND that the editor of The Progressive Thinker is in no way responsible for the views expressed by contributors. He may or may not, agree with their respective views.

H. L. Tobben writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "This society, started by a few earnest women, bought out a defunct Baptist church in the far south end of our city, incurring a debt of over two thousand dollars. This was about three years ago, and at the present time this little society has reduced this debt to a few hundred dollars. It has a good building capable of seating about three hundred, well lighted and equipped with a large work and dining room and kitchen, which the society will soon be able to call its own. There have been, and are now, quite a number of men-managed Spiritual societies in this city, which have failed to do what these women have done to promote the cause of Spiritualism. I wish to emphasize this to their credit. Here, at this Temple, have been engaged some of the best speakers in the field, such as Del Herrick, I. Ropes, for a circulating library, or have them on reading-room tables, or get them to the people they would benefit. They are waiting here for an order from those most interested in using them for good. Address me at Alliance, Ohio."

H. E. Baker writes from Malden, Mass.: "We hope you and The Progressive Thinker will live many years. The paper is a Bible. H. D. Barrett is an able writer, and I am with the movement to tax church property. It should have been taxed years ago. I listened to Miss Harlow at Unity Camp to her lecture was grand. Voltaire was the commencement, and so along the line of free thought up to Sir R. Wallace, Paine, and Robert Ingersoll, that grand man. The lecture was simply immense."

Mrs. Sarah Jane Grubb writes from Carbondale, Col.: "What would I do without your blessed paper? I look forward every Thursday for its arrival with the greatest pleasure, and what I would do without it, I earnestly hope you may live many long years to publish it for the good of humanity."

Mrs. S. E. Mackley writes from Ferndale, Cal.: "Mrs. Tuttle's lecture in The Progressive Thinker is more than fine; it is noble, fearless, and straight to the point. If only our law-makers dared to tell the truth like that, and work for it, how much happiness it would create."

C. A. Sollinger writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "The season of 1906 was just closed. The First Spiritualists' Temple, Cleveland, Ohio, has been very successful financially as well as spiritually. All our small debts have been paid, leaving only a \$1,200 mortgage, which we hope to reduce next year. Mrs. Annette J. Pettigill, of Malden, Mass., our speaker for the month of June, so endeared herself to our people that she was valued upon to stay one Sunday longer than her agreement; also engaged two months for next year. Her lectures and messages are excellent. In arranging successful entertainments she is hard to beat. The entertainment held at the Temple last week in June was financially and otherwise a complete success. The ladies' Spiritual Temple Fund Society decided not to close during July and August. We are not antagonistic to the summer camps, but there are many people here who cannot go away, and who made request to hold service here. There will be conference meeting every Sunday afternoon during the months of July and August. Regular service at 7:30 o'clock p. m. The following speakers will serve the society: John A. Wagoner, C. A. Sollinger, George McNeely, Fred Hays, H. Bloomfield, F. W. Martin and John Jacobs. Sunday, July 21, we will have Rev. B. F. Austin, of Rochester, N. Y., with us. He will hold two services, afternoon and evening, at the Temple. Thursday, July 25, at 8 o'clock, Mr. John Jacobs will give a full explanation of Dr. Newcomer's picture, 'The Evolution of Man.'"

The Illinois Sunflower Club holds its next tea-party on Tuesday, July 23, at Lincoln Hall, Fraternity Building, 70 East Adams street, from two to five o'clock. The mediums will read the cups.

The Spiritualists of Clark County, Washington, will hold their annual Camp Meeting at Etna, Wash., commencing Saturday, August 24. For particulars address H. B. Allen, Etna, Clark County, Wash.

John W. Clay writes: "I desire to call attention, through The Progressive Thinker, of all those intending to visit Sunapee Lake Camp Meeting, to the fact that tickets can be procured at different stations at reduced rates during camp meeting time. We have a good array of able, talented speakers on our list, and assure all who come of a happy, profitable time and a cordial welcome."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and husband started homeward on the Northern, July 17. They have made an excellent impression among the noted men and women at the Hague. We will publish Mrs. Richmond's address, delivered there, next week.

Georgia Gladys Cooley will be at home this week for a short rest from her labors at Bro. H. H. Wilson, Wis.

Dr. W. O. Knowles, Chairman at Lake Brady Camp, will receive subscriptions for The Progressive Thinker.

"Life and Moral Attributes of Confucius" is the title of a 62 page pamphlet, which contains many of the moral aphorisms and terseological teachings of the sage of Confucius, who lived 551 years before the Christian Era, and whose wise precepts have left a lasting impression on all subsequent nations. By Marcus R. K. Wright. Price 25c.

"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 songs, including "Only a Thin Veil Between Us" and its "Companion Piece." Cloth, 25 cents. Boards, 50 cents.

TAKE NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested when writing for this paper to use either a typewriter or a pen, with black ink. Write on only one side of the paper, and in a plain, legible hand, and thus avoid the necessity of preparing your copy for the printer. Please bear this in mind.

Lake Brady Camp, O.  
An ideal summer's day brought many to the Mecca of Spiritualists to hear Oscar A. Edgerly of Lynn, Mass., one of the foremost in the ranks as an expounder of Spiritualistic truths. He prefaced his remarks of the morning by reading one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poems, "Worn Out Creeds." His subject, "The Spirit World the Instigators of Human Progress," was handled in a masterful manner; beginning with ancient times he traced the world's history through the various ages to the present time, telling how spiritives have been inspired by spirit powers to be saviors and leaders of humanity.

The afternoon topic, "Hereditry, and Environment, Their Effect on Humanity," was one of the best lectures ever given at this camp. Many regrets were expressed that his speech could not be prolonged. The camp is doing as well as circumstances will allow.

Predictions have been made that this will in a few years be the banner camp of Ohio, at least.

MARY L. BETTES, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

## THE CHILDREN.

When pale, gray shadows fall across the sky,  
And gather in my partly darkened room;  
When quietude of evening draws more nigh,  
And peace of night shuts out the long day's gloom.

Then steal I softly where the children sleep,  
With snowy eyelids drawn in calm repose;  
Within each tiny cot I take a peep—  
What are they dreaming now? Ah! no one knows.

There's little Alice, with his chubby hands  
Folded so closely 'neath a pure white cover;  
What mischief-play that childish brain has planned,  
All through the day, but strangely silent now.

My precious Richard, quickly doth he start,  
As on his lips warm kisses fall like rain;  
I press him fondly to my tired heart,  
As if to still its bitter ache and pain.

And darling Mabel, with the large black eyes,  
Our little girl, so innocent and fair;  
While in the cradle, gently sleeping, lies  
The youngest of them all, sweet baby Claire.

And as I bend above each dimpled head,  
Where slumber curls upon the pillow lie,  
I think me of another, deeper bed,  
Beneath the grasses and the clear, blue sky.

They do not miss the pretty infant face,  
They do not need her in their daily play;  
I, only, know the empty, vacant place,  
None ever filled, since she was called away.

I close the door and leave them to their rest,  
Dear little sleepers, they are happy now;  
They fill my life with gladness. Angels bless  
And guide their footsteps, who alone know how.

ALICE M. WARREN, Proctorsville, Vt.

## A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

From Harry Green to His Mother.

Well, Mommie, I want to tell you about our trip from the sixth sphere to the earth plane. When we came within a million miles of earth we began coming slowly. Have spent about twenty-five hours coming.

When we came within fifteen or twenty thousand miles of Earth, it began to look pretty. At first it seemed like a big burnished ball, we being right between the earth and the Sun. Then it took on a sort of rosy gold, then a soft purple, and a gorgeous pink line upon it, then a gorgeous pink. When we drew nearer we began to see forms on the Earth. Quite a way off we could see brilliant hazy spots which, as we came nearer, proved to be sections of the sea that was phosphorescent. By this time we were on the day opposite to the sun. Then a tiny spot of flame appeared, a volcano. Then one edge of the earth began to glow with light of a pale golden color, the background of the earth was black as jet.

The stars looked like gleaming jewels. A soft purplish haze surrounded the earth, being its own atmosphere made luminous by starlight. Oh! could you but see this mighty ball rolling through space, over a thousand miles per hour. Of course, rushing along at such a rate made a soft hazy sound, which mingled with sounds from other planets made a musical melody perfect in harmony. You know now what is meant by the "music of the spheres."

Soon we came too close to see it; all at once, then it became a pretty color scheme. Mountains, rivers and plains came in view. Then we came at once to our earth home, where all my hopes were born.

It will always be home to me as long as you live here. I have traveled millions of places and things, but no memory is as sweet, no place so dear as my old home. And no one so doubly dear as my very own old precious mother. I am waiting patiently the time when we will be united, when the joys of Heaven will be perfect forever. Your boy, HARRY.

ALICE D. GREEN, Medium, Hamilton, Ill.

Is Best Enjoyed at Mt. Pleasant Park, From July 23 to August 25.

The best speakers will occupy the rostrum, and mediums of various phases of phenomena will do private and public work.  
Flowers, sunshine and good cheer greet you through the day, while sweltering, enervating, sleepless nights of the eldes are unknown.  
Write for descriptive booklet to MRS. C. B. ANDERSON, Sec'y, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.

I wish to say to the Spiritualists of Oklahoma the annual convention of the State Association will convene September 3, 1907, in Oklahoma City, and all chartered societies are requested to have delegates present. Oklahoma City has a strong and flourishing society which assures us of its hearty co-operation in making the convention entertaining, and beneficial to the cause.

Among those who have been invited and who expect to be present and participate in the evening seances are W. J. Colville, Mrs. H. P. Russe, Mesdames Clara Watson, R. S. Little, Zadia B. Kates, Elizabeth Harlow, Elizabeth Lowe Watson, Messrs. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, J. Clegg Wright, Oscar A. Edgerly, Albert P. Blinn, speakers.

Messrs. Mrs. C. D. Pruden, Katie Ham, Georgia Gladys Cooley, E. W. Sprague, Alice Saxsmith, M. T. Longley, and others.

Come One and All to This Great Convention of 5 Days.  
Certificates, tickets will not be arranged for this year, but special excursion rates at lower value can be secured from all points by visitors and delegates purchasing tickets for Jamestown Exposition with stop-over privileges of ten days at Washington. Call for these at your railroad offices and stations.

So, hoping that each one who sees this notice will in some way help to make a success of our cause, we beg to remain, truly yours,  
ROBERT G. LEE, State Sec'y, Hedrick, Okla.

## Lake Brady Camp.

Lake Brady camp opened June 30 with a rainy morning, but at 8 or 9 o'clock the clouds broke away and streams of sunlight came down and gave us a beautiful day, with a smile on the faces of officers of Lake Brady. Streams of carriages came, and at 10:30 a. m. a large audience came to hand in their money. D. A. Morrill, of Grand Rapids, Mich. She was at her best, and delivered two beautiful lectures during the day. After each lecture she was followed by Dr. W. O. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, the veteran worker of forty years, with messages. He is chairman at Brady this year.

Mrs. Morrill was at Brady again July 1, lecturing at 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.  
She went from here to Freeville, N. Y., for one Sunday.

July 14th opened fine, and crowds came early to hear the veteran worker O. A. Edgerly, at 10:30 a. m. and at 2 p. m. Two beautiful lectures through the organization of Bro. Edgerly were greeted by crowds of friends in Spiritualism. He goes from here to Grand Lodge as chairman of the camp there.

We have had fine meetings at Lake Brady up to date.  
DR. W. O. KNOWLES, Chairman.

## PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free. In excess of ten lines will be charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line. About 7 words constitute a line.]

Mrs. Minnie Brown passed to spirit life at Philadelphia, Pa., on July 9th, after several months of suffering. Funeral services were held at the Temple of Spiritualists on Sunday afternoon, July 14. Rev. G. Tabor Thompson officiated, and paid a high tribute to her honesty and integrity as a woman and medium. Two daughters and two sons, besides a host of friends, mourn her loss, and she will be missed by many investigators of spiritual phenomena.  
P. H. MORRILL, Sec'y.

Mrs. Louise M. Brown passed to the higher life, June 14, aged 71 years, at the home of her daughter, May Merrill, of Lake Brady, Ohio. She had been a good medium and worker for Spiritualism for years, and a large stockholder in the Maple Dell camp, at Mantua, Ohio. At her request the body was taken to Cleveland for cremation. Her guides and spirit friends were with her to the last. She saw them and spoke to them, and of them, to the friends who were with her. A short time before the spirit left the body she raised her arms up, and with a beautiful expression on her face, said: "Take me, Take me!" We know she is now free from the sufferings of earth. The funeral was conducted by Mr. Dunakin, of Cecil, Ohio. MRS. C. L. DYKEMAN, Stow, N. Y.

After five months of patient suffering, Annie R. Faulkes, wife of Son. L. Smith, passed to the higher life, July 15th, entered into the life beyond, in which she so firmly believed. Born of English parents at Belleville, Wis., May 9, 1851; married at the early age of 17 to S. J. Smith, for nearly forty years they have trod life's pathway together. For the past ten years they have made their home in Chicago. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. C. W. Tomlinson, at the family home on 18th St., at 11 a. m., Wednesday.

Mrs. Kate Mattison, aged 67 years, wife of Mr. Fred R. Mattison, passed to the spiritual world, Saturday evening, July 13th, at her home in Watertown, N. Y. After a brief illness, her family, including husband, children and grandchildren, and many life-long friends, look forward to a glad reunion by and by. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Helen Stuart Richings.

Many old friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Fannie Ralston, gathered at her home, 49 Fortieth St., on Sunday, July 14, to pay their respects to the one called higher. Mrs. Mary B. Hill officiated and told of the long association with the Church of the Soul, and different societies affiliated with Spiritualism. Mrs. Ralston was a good woman and true friend. Her deeds of charity, without parade, were many. Her remains were laid by the side of her husband and son in Graceland. EMMA A. ELLIS.

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"The Kingdom of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crimes of the tongue, the red tape duty, the supreme charity of the world. Price, 25 cents.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lilian Whitings. One of Miss Whitings' most suggestive, intensely interesting, spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. Price \$1.00.

PROF. W. M. LOCKWOOD.  
will send you for 5 cents a list of FORTY-SEVEN GODS mentioned in the bible. Every Spiritualist should have the list. Address him at Hotel Victoria, 770 N. St., Buffalo, N. Y. Address him after July 18, at Lily Dale, N. Y.

THE N. S. A.  
The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association Will Be Held in Masonic Temple, F and Ninth Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., October 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, 1907.  
Day sessions, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., will be devoted to business only. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these business meetings, to which no admission fee is charged. Evening exercises will consist of grand regiments of varied and entertaining numbers, including vocal and instrumental selections by talented artists; Lectures and Spirit messages at each meeting by many of the most noted and gifted platform workers of the country.

Among those who have been invited and who expect to be present and participate in the evening seances are W. J. Colville, Mrs. H. P. Russe, Mesdames Clara Watson, R. S. Little, Zadia B. Kates, Elizabeth Harlow, Elizabeth Lowe Watson, Messrs. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, J. Clegg Wright, Oscar A. Edgerly, Albert P. Blinn, speakers.

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So, hoping that each one who sees this notice will in some way help to make a success of our cause, we beg to remain, truly yours,  
ROBERT G. LEE, State Sec'y, Hedrick, Okla.

The Ebbit House of Washington, 14th and F Streets N. W., will be the hotel for our people. The Ebbit is well located within walking distance of Masonic Temple, and a handsome hotel; its usual rates, American plan, are from \$4.00 a day up; our special rates there are \$2.50 per day, two persons in a room. Write to the Manager and secure your rooms.

THIS ANNUAL CONVENTION will be omitted this year, owing to five days' Convention. The sessions will begin Monday, October 14, at 10 a. m. All are invited.  
HARRISON D. BARRITT, President.  
MARY T. LONGLEY, Secretary.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.  
On the 25th of April the fire king reigned supreme at Lake Pleasant, and the next day ruins alone met the sight of the visitor.

The first question, of course, was, "Will the camp-meeting be held as usual this year?" and prompt and decisive came the answer of the management "Of course," and not only was the original list of speakers for this year retained, but the addition of Mrs. Alice M. Whal as test medium and Dr. Wm. A. Hale as speaker and medium was made.

Another change, and a most advantageous one for the camp, was the engagement of Mrs. May Pepper-Vanderbilt for Sunday afternoon, August 4, in addition to the last two Sundays of camp.

Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt's engagement at Lake Pleasant is for Sunday afternoon, August 4, 18, and 25, and Wednesday afternoon, August -21. The other mediums on our program are Alice M. Whal, Edgar W. Emerson, Nettie Holt-Harding, Wm. A. Hale, Zadia B. Kates, and Tillie U. Reynolds.

Speakers are R. F. Churchill, Albert P. Blinn, J. Clegg Wright, Carl E. S. Twing and George W. Kates. One of the greatest problems that confronted the directors was the accommodation of visitors during August. This has been successfully solved. The new hotel, "The Rosevelt," had its opening on the 20th of July. The seances, by Hudson Tuttle, 10-Seers of the Ages, of Spiritualism Past and Present, by Dr. J. M. Peabody.

11—The Great Debate Between Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson.  
12—Letters from the Spirit World, written through the mediumship of Carlisle Petersen.

13—Games of Thought, by SEVENTEEN leading authors.  
14—The Unknown Life of Christ, with thirteen illustrations.

ALBERT P. BLINN, Sec'y, Lake Pleasant, Mass.

## HAECKEL'S LAST WORDS ON EVOLUTION.

A popular retrospect and summary. By Ernst Haeckel, Professor at Jena University. Translated from the second edition by Joseph McCabe. With three plates and Haeckel's latest portrait. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50c.

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4—Art Magic, or Mundane, Submundane and Supermundane Spiritualism, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.  
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7—The Occult Life of Jesus, by Alexander Smythe, a medium of rare gifts.  
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10—Seers of the Ages, of Spiritualism Past and Present, by Dr. J. M. Peabody.

11—The Great Debate Between Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson.  
12—Letters from the Spirit World, written through the mediumship of Carlisle Petersen.  
13—Games of Thought, by SEVENTEEN leading authors.  
14—The Unknown Life of Christ, with thirteen illustrations.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

If you want ONLY ONE Premium Book, the price of The Unknown Life of Jesus is 15 cents. The price of any one of the others is 25 cents. After paying postage thereon, the books at that price are practically a gift to our subscribers. At those prices only one book will be sent out. All orders for one or more Premium Books must be accompanied with a yearly subscription for The Progressive Thinker. Where more than one Premium Book is desired, see the terms mentioned above.

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THE ARCANAE OF SPIRITUALISM: A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents. THE EVOLUTION OF SPIRITUALISM: A Christ Idea. Price, \$1.25; postage 10 cents.

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Contains One hundred and twenty of the author's best poems, embracing a wide range of subjects and versalities in composition; historic, heroic, pathetic, humorous and descriptive. They are admirably adapted for recitations. The book also contains five songs, with music by the eminent composer, James G. Clark. 250 pages, bound in cloth. Portrait of author. Price \$1.00, postpaid.







## Important Question.

Is Christian Dogma Infallible or Essential to Salvation?

Man is endowed at birth with physical, intellectual and moral qualities capable of great development, and this is the peculiarly adapted, with its manifold pictorial diagrams, to teach the infant mind its first lessons in observation and reasoning.

But the child is not left to the influences of Mother Earth to mould the character of the young soul, as the babe had no choice in the nature of its birth, neither had it the freedom of those environments destined to play an all-important part in its destiny.

As a Christian people, we are inclined to give praise and thanksgiving that we were not born in India, China, or any other nation than our own. We consider ourselves a favored people, and are prone to look upon God as being fond of conferring such favors. In our own estimation, at least, our religion is the only true one, and we send missionaries to preach it to all the world. But let us take a glance for a few moments at history, and see what it has to say.

In the Assyrian Cuneiform writings we find an account of the creation, the flood, and also psalms identical with those recorded later in the Christian Bible.

About 2,300 years before Christianity, we find continued in a code of the Babylonian Kings. Hammurabi's laws identical with those credited to Moses.

In the Persian religion we also find teachings concerning God's kingdom, of good spirits above his throne, of the evil spirit, the judgment of the soul after death, of a heaven and hell, the divine savior, and of the resurrection of the dead, all of which correspond with the more recent Jewish theology and Christian Bible.

More remarkable still is the striking similarity between the Christian scriptural writings and those of the Indian, especially the Buddhists, dating some 500 years before the dawn of Christianity.

In these writings we find an account of Buddha descending into the world, was born of a virgin mother, overcame the temptations of the devil, healed the sick, fed hundreds from the contents of a small basket, was transfigured into heavenly light, revealed himself to his disciples just before death, and finally passed to the eternal heavenly spirit, Lord of the world.

In the face of such historical facts, is it not apparent that our manner of thinking, like our manner of acting, is largely the result of environment, and not essentially infallible, as we are disposed to think?

As a so-called Christian people, in what respect are we the moral superiors of other nations? Does our modern civilization prove it? Are we less vain? Is there greater simplicity of living and less graft, and the many other forms of vice here, than among other people?

What a horrid condition of slavery is this! Phariseism of ours, preventing us from looking at facts square in the face.

Man the world over is but a child born as though yesterday, while eternity lies before him. He finds himself in childish things, for it requires time to bring him to the years of discretion.

The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms were not evolved in a day, and man, the fruit of all preceding kingdoms, has but started on his journey of eternal progression.

To the observer, unbiassed by sectarian training, all is perfect system in the cycle of progressive stages, from the simplest to the most complex form. There is not a break in the order and harmony of these successive developments. Man alone has created the idea of miracles. They never existed in fact, and certainly were never needed.

Ignorance and selfish interests will cause men to oppose the truth, but "truth is mighty and shall ultimately prevail."

It is not in the power of any man or combination of men to arrest the tide of steady progression.

The human race has been pushed along from the dark ages of the past, and there is no sign of abatement in the life of progressive thought having as its motto perfection.

The man who dares to think cannot remain in darkness. "The truth shall set you free."

There is a remedy could not be a worse form of slavery than that which shackles the intellect, which confines a man to fixed and unprogressive ideas, and forbids the expansion of that beacon light—reason, which illuminates the soul.

Growth, development, and ultimate perfect unfoldment is just as sure and quite as natural to the soul as is the germination of seeds in other productions.

The creative plan could never be successfully worked out after the formula of man's arbitrary and impulsive notions. It will continue to proceed in that orderly manner which has characterized all preceding acts of a wise Creator.

It is no easy task to rid one's self of the false impressions of a lifetime, but it must be done, and time alone can do it.

Some will be ahead of others in the race of progress, but the same goal of complete ripeness is the heritage of all.

There are bound to appear clouds, for all cannot be sunshine in the ripening of the human harvest, and just now there is a very strong tendency to share in such other's advancement.

Whether we are conscious of it or not, we are constantly impressing others favorably or unfavorably, and thereby contributing substantially to the moulding of character.

Now, as we cannot help but register impressions received, and as the character of these impressions in the aggregate determine our capacity for good, it therefore follows that if you are not improving it is my fault, but if I am not improving, it is your fault, for it is certain that we all possess according as we have received and cannot impart that which we have not received.

Upon this principle of reciprocal relationship rests the foundation of universal brotherhood.

Troubles may come and troubles may go, and, indeed, without trouble there could not possibly exist such things as patience, perseverance, courage, discretion, or any other natural outgrowth of normal processes, but the salvation of the human race

honest, mainly spirit, not biased by selfish interest or false training.

Could we do better, in trying to get a glance at the future, than to earnestly study the manner in which the kingdoms of the past and present have been evolved?

Man has found it convenient to classify these kingdoms under the heading of mineral, vegetable and animal, respectively, but to draw the line of demarcation between one kingdom and the other commences, is an impossible feat for the most gigantic mind, the close order of progressive gradations, from one stage to and through the other, being so thoroughly imperceptible.

Under the connection of orderly progressive stages it ought not to be difficult to perceive how not only a new kingdom or spiritualized condition of matter is evolved, but also the superior character of each successive kingdom, with the manifold stages of ripening, over that of the preceding kingdom from which it has been evolved.

There is no idle speculation about the fact that we, as the most advanced members of the animal kingdom, find ourselves in possession of endowments capable of possibilities which could never be realized during the short space of life on this earth plane.

The necessity, therefore, for a prolongation of the animal kingdom into a new or spiritualized condition of matter affording opportunities equal to the complete unfoldment of these endowments, becomes imperative.

Under existing circumstances it takes the most advanced minds their life's work to discover the fact that they know nothing compared with the ocean of knowledge unexplored.

We do know, however, that thought is not the servant of visible things, and also that all visible things are but the expressions of our active thoughts, as a city is of man's thoughts. Furthermore, that from the simplest to the most complex forms, "all are integral links in the great chain of universal usefulness."

Nothing exists without a specific purpose, and that purpose aims at growth leading to complete unfoldment of natural endowments and the harmonious balance of all functions, which alone insures union of action and perfect accord with the Creative will.

In this plan of universal salvation, the little room is left for jumps and bounds entirely incompatible with reason, and not warranted by the evidence of precedents, or that order and harmony characteristic of Creative methods in the past.

The mineral kingdom feeds the vegetable, the vegetable feeds the animal, and in its turn, the animal cannot fail to continue the work already begun toward the development of latent properties common to all men, and of which, at present, they have but faint idea, but must become conscious as they ascend in the scale of human advancement from animal conditions into the spiritual light of infinity.

Possibly, none of my dogmatic friends, for whose benefit this article has been written, may take exception to my free use of the word matter.

They want to be something which even infinite intelligence fails to comprehend. They are not satisfied with this slow and tedious method of evolving from crude material through progressive gradations, the kingdom of the future. They want to be instantaneously transformed from present stages of self-indulgence, ignorance and vice, into angels of light, wisdom and virtue. It would be so much easier than to have to go through the narrow path of tedious progressive stages. Is it not pity, but "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Indeed it is a wonder that the Christian churches fail to arrest the tide of atheistic currents, or to reconcile their fixed, unprogressive, primitive ideas with the demands of starving souls.

They may continue to investigate the causation of the ever-increasing empty pews, but as "man cannot live on bread alone," it is quite natural that the hungry soul should seek food outside of the church if impossible to find it in their midst.

That spiritual man is classified as an omnivorous animal, and the spiritual man cannot be restricted to a diet not calculated to nourish and stimulate into health normal action the many functions of his spiritual organism.

You cannot grow and not eat. Neither can you with impunity feed one part at the expense of the other, for not only does the character of food influence the character of growth, but it must be so proportioned as to meet all the demands of the system.

It is incredible that preachers can be ignorant of these facts. Indeed, it is much easier to believe that they are ignorant of the existence of spiritual beings than to believe that they are ignorant of the existence of the human body.

However, the sun will continue to move, unimpeded by man's frailties. Finally, I would love to leave one thought with my readers—that as we are so constituted as to be reciprocally dependent one upon the other, not only for the needs of the body, but also for impression essential to soul growth, we certainly ought to strive most earnestly toward each other's advancement, for there is no better way of helping ourselves than by helping others. We have to share in one another's short-comings, but we also share in each other's advancement.

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is not one of creed or dogma, but is indelibly written in the very constitution of Universal laws.

FREDERICK DUGGAN, 993 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

## The Hull Pilgrim at Home.

It is now over a month since my return to Whitewater, and letters are reaching me from various points on the Pacific Coast, from friends soliciting on my behalf, inquiring as to my condition since I entered the home.

Above all things in this world I do not wish to be considered disloyal to friendship, or forgetful in any way of obligations to friends. If anyone of these dear people had followed me from day to day and felt my heart-pangs and heart-aches, they would have been rearranging the home, asserting his belongings, and putting away cherished articles, never to be touched by his dear hands again, that one would not wonder.

I felt I could not rush into print at once and write of my taking up life again in the home.

Great waves of emotion cannot continuously sweep over the soul, and pangs cannot uninterruptedly pierce a human heart for long seasons, and my friend, whoever you are, I desire to impress you that while intense nature may feel nearly crushed under the heavy hand of a great sorrow, yet the joy that comes at intervals when the soul sees and hears, and knows that the soul-life is, or may be a continuous up-lift, I desire you to know this joy—behold as intense as the suffering has been.

So, when the tempest is upon me, and I feel the wind and rain, exposed to the wind and the storm, but I know such conditions cannot always last, and as the tree takes firm hold in mother earth when swayed by storm, so the varied, almost wonderful experiences that have been mine since the transition in my companion, have, if possible, driven me more deeply, more solidly into the fundamental truths of Spiritualism.

I have letters containing this question: "Believing as you do, how can you ever give up to sorrow and to tears?"

I will not attempt to answer the query, but I am still partly human; my feet are walking the earthly paths, and I live as a physical being amid material things. If such persons as those who wonder over grief and tears, after having learned man does not die, and under proper conditions can be brought back to the aid of the "Great Divinity," were to become a student of psychology, he would understand the seeming inconsistency of the writer on this point.

HAS MOSES MADE HIMSELF KNOWN IN THE HOME? Yes, many many times. In a strict sense, the two pilgrims entered the home on my return. Long before I left the Pacific Coast, he urged me, through mediums who knew nothing of my plans, to change my date of leaving. His words on two occasions were: "Your journey homeward will be a much easier one than you imagine. Cross the bridge until you reach it. (A favorite expression of his.) I cannot explain now, but leave it to me." Strange as it may seem, I did not travel one mile of the homeward way apart from the tender care of loving companionship. My good friend, Mrs. Kelson, at the time, from San Jose, Colorado, arranged for Mrs. Niver to meet me at Longmont and to accompany me home.

In many other instances I have had what to me has been positive evidence of Mr. Hull's intervention in my affairs. And is it not so dear ones, as "Invisible Helpers," pervade the atmosphere, through which we had been told to voice their love and express their watchfulness in so many ways?

Are there moments when they press so near us we can tell by our own heart throbbings when the great love-life of their soul being surges into ours, and secretly, silently the unspoken messages comes, the dearest of all communion between souls? Yes, I know it, and dear reader, if you do not know it now I trust you will sometime.

A Remarkable Occurrence. Early in May, my brother-in-law, Earl H. Sawyer, of Fort Worth, Texas, as passed to spirit life. This brother had been a Spiritualist for a half century; he paid me, as Treasurer of a New England Spiritualist society, the first salary I received as a "girl preacher."

We had, since his marriage with my sister, been as fond of each other as brothers, and we had been born of the same parents. He loved Mr. Hull and during our visit in Fort Worth one year ago last November, he remarked that he wanted one or both of us to say the last words over his body, if he passed beyond first; he was in feeble health at the time.

After Mr. Hull left the mortal this brother wrote me a loving letter of condolence, and intimated that he would soon follow. I should have said that Mr. Hull had promised to officiate at brother's transition service, whenever it might occur, if possible.

A few days before he left the mortal he remarked to my sister, "Moses is here."

My niece, who informed me of the incident I am about to write, said in her letter, "Mother and I felt Uncle Moses' presence."

On the occasion of the service, about one hour before Mrs. Wilson, who had been summoned from Houston to deliver the address, gave her message to the friends, Mrs. Hulbert, an intimate friend of the family, well known to the writer, was with the family in the room where the casket had been placed.

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when the full name and address has been sent, I have acknowledged the same personally. For some reason, a few of the letters bear the signature "An Unknown Friend," or simply one or two initials are given.

"Words are cheap," one can find them anywhere; I can simply say: I THANK YOU ONE AND ALL. I am sure they will each read these lines, because in every instance, The Progressive Thinker has been mentioned in the communication. I am also sure that Mr. Hull knows of all consideration bestowed upon the little pilgrim who is doing the best she can to meet all conditions incident to a journey bereft of the strong, magnetic presence of her beloved companion.

I feel grateful to my friends in the flesh. I trust my friends in the spirit, and as Moses was my strong helper in all ways, I am assured he guards and directs many of my movements now.

In a few days I leave my home, in which Prof. and Mrs. Weaver do all they can to make it truly the home for my brief stay, at Lily Dale. While there I shall rest under the roof of Mrs. S. S. Lutes' sylvan home. Thence, wherever I go, I seem almost fated to abide with old and dear friends.

I send my grateful appreciation with this to the grand old Progressive Thinker, for all favors and considerations shown me.

MATTIE E. HULL, Whitewater, Wis.

(Advertisement) OFFICIAL PROGRAM OF THE Lily Dale Assembly, JULY 12 to Sept. 1, 1907.

JULY.

23. Thomas Grimshaw. 24. York State Spiritualists' Association. 25. Mrs. R. S. Little. 26. Thomas Grimshaw. 27. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds. 28. Miss Elizabeth Harlow, Hon. Wendell C. Warner. 29. Conference. 30. Miss Elizabeth Harlow. 31. Hon. Wendell C. Warner.

AUGUST.

1. Miss Elizabeth Harlow. 2. J. Clegg Wright. 3. George Gladys Cooley. 4. George H. Brooks, Cora L. V. Richmond. 5. Conference. 6. Cora L. V. Richmond. 7. Mrs. Helen L. P. Russeque. 8. George Gladys Cooley. 9. Cora L. V. Richmond. 10. Conference. 11. Mrs. Helen L. P. Russeque. 12. Conference. 13. W. J. Colville. 14. Woman's Day—10:30, Symposium, Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell. 15. Dr. J. C. Battorf. 16. Conference. 17. Temperance Day—2:30, Mrs. Mary S. Howell, Laura G. Fiken. 18. Mattie E. Hull, Dr. W. M. Lockwood. 19. Conference. 20. Dr. J. C. Battorf. 21. Mattie E. Hull. 22. Dr. W. M. Lockwood. 23. Mattie E. Hull. 24. George H. Brooks, Oscar A. Edgerly. 25. Conference. 26. Oscar A. Edgerly. 27. Pioneer Day—2:30, Lyman C. Howe. 28. Mrs. R. S. Little. 29. Dr. W. M. Lockwood. 30. Mrs. R. S. Little. 31. Mrs. R. S. Little.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Peace and Arbitration, Laura G. Fiken, Lyman C. Howe. 2. Platform Message Mediums. Annette J. Pettengill, July 12 to 25. Mrs. J. A. Murtha, July 26 to August 3. 3. Georgia Gladys Cooley, August 4 to August 8. 4. George W. Way, August 9, to August 11. 5. Mrs. M. Ganle-Reldinger, August 12 to September 1.

MORNING CLASSES.

J. Clegg Wright, July 13 to August 3. Cora L. V. Richmond, August 6 to August 10. W. J. Colville, August 13 to 17. Dr. W. M. Lockwood, August 20 to 31. "Mr. W. J. Sheehan's School of Vocal Music, Friday, Saturday and Monday, 8 o'clock, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, August 5 to 17. "Mrs. Francis Baker's Classes of Arts and Crafts, daily, during August. "Dancing Classes, Monday, Thursday and Friday. "Thought Exchange, Wednesday and Saturday at 8 p. m. "Special Services, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. 7. Forest Temple Meetings, 9 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. "Children's Lyceum, at 3 p. m. "Band Concerts, 9 a. m. 1 and 7 p. m. "Card parties, Monday evenings. "Dances, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. "Ladies' Bazaar, Thursday evenings. "Special Entertainments Tuesday and Friday evenings. "Entrance Fee 20 cents week days, and 25 cents Sunday. "Season Tickets, reduced rate 10 cents—Season Tickets, \$4.00. "Reduced Rate Round Trip Tickets on all roads east of Chicago and St. Louis, and West of Boston and New York City. LAURA G. FIKEN.

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## Michigan State Spiritualist Association—Annual Meeting at Lansing, Michigan.

The Annual meeting of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association will be held, August 13, 1907, at Lansing, Mich., at the Mediums' Home, Cedar St., South. There is much business of importance to come before this convention; amendments to our Constitution and By-Laws, on the following articles and sections will be acted upon:

Article I, Section 4, Annual Meeting—place and date.

Article II, Section 1, Annual dues.

Article VI, Section, Licentiate, or Lay Minister; Section 2, Ordination; Section 3, Mediumship; Section 7, Time of payment of annual dues.

Possibly there may be others and new sections added in order to make it to be of the most benefit to our Cause.

It is necessary that every local society be represented at this meeting for it is of value to all.

We have an abundance of work and need your assistance, so please be on hand. New officers are to be elected, and if in the past changes have not met with your approval be at this meeting and do your part.

See that your credentials are properly made out, and with per capita tax, are in the hand of the State Secretary not later than August 2. That will give her ample time to get her report ready for the convention.

Do not forget the Date: August 13, at 10:30 o'clock sharp.

GENEVA SPAULDING, Sec'y. M. S. S. A., 1230 Mich. Ave., E. Lansing, Mich.

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