

Spiritualist Lyceum Lessons.

Issued Quarterly by the National Spiritualists' Association, 600 Pennsylvania Ave. S.-E. Washington, D. C.

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CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

Under the sustenance of the National Spiritualists' Association, the Lyceum Lessons issued this year have produced an impulse for Lyceums to improve and create interest, that is very encouraging. Many new Lyceums have been organized, and the instruction of members has become more and more a feature of importance.

These lessons have not ended in the Lyceum sessions, as the members have been supplied with copies to take home, where, under parental guidance they have been further studied and discussed. And, unto many who do not have the privilege of Lyceum attendance, the lessons have been a boon of great value.

We voice the sentiment of all Lyceumists, by stating that the N. A. should be supported by all in their endeavor to give proper sons and generous assistance to the Lyceum cause.

COMMITTEE.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CHURCH AT STURGIS, MICH.

The cult we present of the church at Sturgis, Mich., will interest all, because it was the first church ever erected for the Spiritualists to hold meetings in their own edifice. Since then many churches have been erected by Spiritualist societies throughout the United States, and in many lands across the seas. These provide a room, usually, for Lyceum sessions, and furnish splendid privileges for libraries, entertainments and social gatherings.

The church at Sturgis was dedicated to Spiritualism in the year 1857. Meetings have been constantly held there, and at present the friends of our Cause are steadfast and true to the best interests of Spiritualism for the young and aged of their community.

We would like to have any interesting photographs of Lyceums and their special features for use herein. We secured a photograph of the St. Louis, Mo., Lyceum members, whose bright faces would have cheered all, but the picture was too wide to display well in the space allotted, hence, we must delay until next issue to present these loyal Lyceumists to you, and no doubt they will supply us with a more appropriate grouping. They will be disappointed for the present, but next issue will do them more credit by a better presentation, and they will be glad the delay occurred. Always try to realize that disappointments are apt to bring greater joys and benefits to us.

THE NASH LYCEUM ENDOWMENT FUND.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nash, of Dillsborough, Ind., in the name of her spirit husband, sent to the N. S. A. collateral of \$120, to be used for the commencement of the Nash Lyceum Endowment Fund. The intent is to secure money for such a fund, in order that the N. S. A. will have a special fund to assist Lyceums wherever possible, to establish and carry on the good work of training young minds in spiritual ways of life. The object is a worthy one. It might have the "mite" savings of every Lyceum, until the sum shall increase to obtain many results of great value to the Lyceums. The promise is too great for present outlining. Send donations for this fund, either in small or large amounts, to the N. S. A. Secretary, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.-E., Washington, D. C.

FAITH.

Faith is confidence, trust, belief. Knowledge destroys faith, because confidence, trust and belief are made actual; hence faith is then unnecessary.

Faith is necessary to all who do not know. The child expresses faith, because it trusts with full confidence, the parent to protect and care for. When the child learns self-confidence, it does not lose faith, necessarily, but adds unto faith self-ability. It is then able to accomplish and care for, and protect.

Question—Can you by these means arrive at a conclusion why religious faiths have existed?

Answer—I hear you reply: "Because they did not have the necessary facts upon which to arrive at knowledge."

Q.—Then religions of various character have been because people did not have necessary knowledge?

A.—That appears to be the foundation of beliefs.

Q.—What is the most important faith held by people?

A.—Faith in immortality.

Q.—Can that sort of faith be destroyed?

A.—Yes; by proving spirit life as an evidence of immortality.

Q.—How can we prove spirit life?

A.—By communications with spirits.

Q.—Is there any other way?

A.—Yes; the fact that matter is indestructible is evidence of life continuous; because, if you cannot destroy, then the elements, which are of spirit force, prove a survival.

Q.—Then belief in spirit life is not simply a faith?

A.—No; it is provable; and it is being proved.

Q.—Is faith necessary?

A.—Yes; it destroys much that would cause sorrow and despair.

Q.—Then is faith good to have when knowledge is not possible?

A.—That depends upon how faith is applied.

Q.—What do you mean?

A.—Faith in the bad and untrue might work evil.

Q.—Then some faiths have worked evil?

A.—We think so.

Q.—Can you tell some instances?

A.—Belief in heaven to be obtained by repentance.

Q.—What is wrong about that?

A.—It will not be an earned heaven, and seems contrary to the law of nature.

Q.—What other faith is harmful?

A.—A belief that God will save a small minority by electing them to salvation, and damning to eternal perdition the greater number.

Q.—But, what is the better belief of God and Satan?

A.—That God is all-wise and just, because all things of earth and air go forward by progressive unfoldment from the lower always into the higher. As children are "heirs of infinite possibilities, so all things animate and inanimate are under the divine law of evolution, and will develop into higher and purer forms.

Q.—Tell me more about Bible faiths. Tell me all you can about how faith operates in place of knowledge. Think of any faith or belief that you have heard, and tell what it is.

G. W. K.

GROWTH OF THE BODY.

By Emma Rood Tuttle.

Question—What must be felt before one will begin to grow?
Answer—One must feel hunger. The first work any of us did in our lives was to eat. We did not then know why; but it was nature's way to make us grow.

Q.—But we continue to be hungry after we are grown to be men and women. Is that for growth?

A.—Oh, yes, we must eat to sustain; to replace the parts of our bodies which we break down by exercise, work, or disease. The broken down cells are thrown off, and must be replaced by healthy ones.

Q.—How can this be done?

A.—By having our bodies in good condition to make use of the food we eat.

Q.—How can we prepare our bodies for this work?

A.—We must breathe pure air, night and day; be clean by taking baths; drink plenty of water; sleep, and be loving and good-natured.

Q.—How can we know we are breathing pure air?

A.—We must have the outdoor air coming into the house, and the indoor air going out, all the time, night and day.

Q.—We call that ventilating a house, and it is just as necessary in our sleeping-rooms as in our parlors and other living rooms. Can you tell us why?

A.—Because the air which is breathed over and over again is poisonous. It makes us ill and puts our bodies in bad condition.

Q.—How does it make us feel?

A.—We have headaches; our mouths taste bad; we are ill-natured, and cannot digest our food. That prevents healthy growth.

Q.—Why should we drink plenty of water?

A.—The blood needs it, and we should keep our inner bodies washed as well as our faces, hands, and the rest of the outside of our souls.

Q.—Does anger, selfishness, or ill-nature prevent healthy growth?

A.—Yes; hope, love, kindness and good-nature, help to make healthy, promising boys and girls.

Some Things You Cannot Capture.

There are many things which can be seen and identified. If you lose them, or if they escape from you, you at once set to work to find them and bring them back.

Can you think of, and name, some things which can never be captured and restored to you? You did not see them when they flew away from you, and you, nor your friends, nor officers, nor detectives can ever catch them, and place them safely back where they started from. They are out, and gone, for all time.

Can you tell what they are?

The words we utter. They are the invisible things which, once out of our mouths, can never be caught and forced back into secret thoughts, which they once were. They are being passed from lip to lip, and there is no telling how far they will go, nor the extent of their influence for good or evil on people in whose ears they stop on their wanderings through the world.

Knowing this, should we not be careful in our speech, and only let such words go beyond our control as will be an honor to us, and not a disgrace to our intelligence and love of truth?

No doubt we can all remember many things we have said which would never escape our lips again if we could re-capture them.

What kinds of words, do you think we should keep back, and what may we set free?

Home.

Help to make it, and love it. Froebel says of it: "Thou art the sanctuary of humanity. Thou art the temple wherein the flame of divinity is kept alive and burning." This ideal sanctifies our love and labor in maintaining a suitable home for making boys and girls into good men and women.

There is no place like a good home in which to cultivate steadfastness, integrity, affection, cheerfulness, industry, order, repose, co-operation, loyalty, kindness, and all of the traits which are indispensable in a well-rounded individual.

How should you cultivate these various traits? Discovers them singly. (Give illustrations.) How are homes unmade by the lack of these virtues? Can one member of a family make an ideal home without the co-operation of the other members? Why not?

Our idea of heaven is that it is a beautiful, restful, eternal soul-house for us and our loved ones.

HURTING OTHERS.

By Eleanor K. Eager.

"No one can injure you but just you, yourself," said a Lyceum leader to her group.

"I know by your faces, children that you do not agree with me; and I hope each will tell me what you think."

One girl said: "A boy threw a stone which struck my nose and broke the bone. I think he injured me."

A boy said: "A playmate of mine through an accident, by his chum, had his eye put out. I should think he had been injured for life."

Another child stated that a certain girl "made others think that she (May) was envious, jealous and spiteful." It made her "feel bad to be lied about," and she thought that she was injured.

"Well, children, I still repeat that no one can hurt YOU; can injure YOU but yourself; and we will take each case and prove it," said the leader.

"Mabel had her nose broken. Whose nose was it? Mabel's, of course. It belongs to Mabel. But, the nose is not Mabel, is it? No; it is an organ of smell, which Mabel possesses. Then Mabel, the real person, has not been injured. It is the thing she owns which was injured."

"In the case where the sight of an eye was lost, the eye is not the boy. The eye belongs to Charles. Who is Charles? The one who owns the eye. But, the real Charles is not injured."

"And as for May, who has been misrepresented, she knows that she is not envious or spiteful. She knows that if she could show her real self, other people would know the truth. So the girl has been guilty of falsehood, and we know a lie is sure to be found out, or die at last. As long as May is honest and true, her actions will show it. She will rise above lies. Some day the girl who has been falsifying, will show to her acquaintances how untrue she is. That girl is injuring herself."

It is unfortunate to have any organ in the body impaired, whether it be the nose, eye or any part; and it is very trying, to say the least, to be misrepresented. We can try to curb our tempers and not injure others. (You see we really cannot injure them.) It is our own self, the real spirit, we hurt by being unkind or vile. This is what is meant by "Chickens coming home to roost."

The arrow we shoot comes back to strike us.

A Few Thoughts About God.

We shall not attempt to tell you what God is, because we do not know. Neither does any one. When we were very young, an old lady gave us a terrible impression of God, much to our parents' dismay.

The narrow-minded have narrow ideas of God; and the broad-minded persons have the reverse. Every one has different ideas.

Among the churches, some hold the opinion that God is three persons; others think of God as one. God is spoken of in the Bible as spirit,—not as a spirit. Also, that God is Love.

Everything in this world seems to work by rule. Each season has its own peculiar characteristics. We do not plant in winter, nor reap in the spring. The sun is always shining, even when clouds obstruct our view of it. Everything is for a purpose; and we like to believe that we are necessary in this world. We like to feel that we are loved and protected. We see good in and back of everything. An intelligence is expressed in everything; it is infinite. This infinite intelligence, this infinite wisdom, this infinite love, we call God. We are a part of it; we belong to it.

A LESSON ON DUTY.

By I. O. I. Evans.

"Ki, yi, yi."
Little Tommy looked up quickly from the pile of sand in which he was playing train with a row of spoils. A glance told him that the dog-catchers had caught his little white dog.

Tommy was a little boy, about five years of age, small in size, and his face was very thin and pale. The little white dog was his playmate, his chum, his daily companion. Tommy had heard of the dog-catchers, but it was not his fault that his dog didn't have a tag. His dog had not done anybody any harm, and anyway it was his dog, and he loved it.

When he saw the little dog in the net he quickly sprang to his feet, shut his teeth hard, and closed his thin lips tighter than ever before in his young life. The tears immediately welled to his eyes as he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists, and that meant something. There was a look of defiance and determination upon his face as he rushed to his dog.

The dog-catcher, a large, burly, colored man, had seen the little white dog, running in the street without a tag, and it was his duty to gather up all untagged dogs and take them to the dog-pound. The negro had not seen the little white boy, the owner of the dog; he was busily endeavoring to untangle the dog from the net, and the first idea he had of any impending danger was when little five-year-old Tommy sprang upon him.

For the next few minutes it was almost impossible to keep in touch with the boy's movements. He was a veritable whirlwind of activity. With his little hands tightly clenched, he rushed upon the negro, and without a single word of explanation used his tiny, sharp nails on the face of the black man, who was struggling to keep the little white dog in the net.

Tommy's finger nails soon plowed small furrows in the face of the colored man, from which blood flowed down his face. After some little time a stream of blood trickled from the black man's forehead into his eyes, blinding him for a moment and causing him to loosen his hold of the dog in order to wipe his eyes. Quick as a flash the little white boy sprang into the net, soon extricated his little dog, gathered him in his arms and ran.

A large crowd gathered as the fight had progressed, and they loudly cheered as the boy made off with his dog. The dog-catcher acknowledged his defeat, picked up the net, climbed onto his wagon, and drove away as fast as his horse could go.

After the cheering had subsided, one young man stepped in front of the crowd and said:

"Boys, I know this little white boy. He lives just round the corner. His father died two years ago, and his mother has a hard struggle to make a living. She takes in washing and does any odd chores can find to do, and possibly earns about seven or eight dollars a week; but you know that seven or eight dollars a week is pretty poor living for a woman and her boy in Washington, and she can't afford to pay for a tag for her little boy's white dog. Let us buy him one! I am going to start by donating a dollar to help the little boy who just put up such a struggle for his pet." The by-standers cheered; and when the collection was counted, it was found that \$17.65 had been contributed.

Tears came to the mother's eyes when they recounted to her the story of the little dog's rescue. The collection was enough to purchase a tag, and besides pay for a couple of suits for her boy.

The story got in the newspapers, and the proprietor of one of the small establishments in Washington wrote to Tommy's mother, asking her to call upon him at his office. She did so and was assigned to work, and so well did she perform her duties that she is now overseeing the work of a number of girls and receives \$60 a month, all as a result of the little boy's grit.

The above story is typically illustrative of duty. When the dog found itself entangled in the net, it was its duty to call for help; which it did, lustily. Its little master performed his duty when he rushed to the dog's assistance, regardless of consequences, and fought the best he could save it. The dog-catcher was performing his duty in endeavoring to capture all untagged dogs. That is what he is paid for. The by-standers did their duty when they contributed so generously toward buying a tag for the little dog. But they had no right to interfere with the dog-catcher, who was only doing his duty. The little dog wears a tag now, and there is not a happier group in Washington to-day than Tommy and his mother, and Tommy's little white dog. For they all live better now. Tommy has good clothes and plenty to eat, his cheeks are beginning to show the color of health; and if he continues to do his duty as determined and as bravely as he did in this instance, he is bound to succeed in life.

LYCEUM INSPIRATIONS.

By Dr. T. Wilkins.

No sun or shine so bright and hot
But somewhere left a dark, cold spot
No truth so plain was ever known
That everyone's truth would own.

A man may steal and kill by law to-day
And go scot free to-morrow;
But on the whole, sometime will come his pay
In suffering and in sorrow.

To soil your hands in doing good
Is better far than riches;
The man who would not, if he could,
Will find life full of ditches.

Deserve success and you can command it;
If undeserving, you need not expect.
Be honest and you can then demand it;
Naught good is merited by neglect.

The more we sow of good seeds,
The more we do of good deeds
In unselfishness in life,
The better chance we have to reap;
The higher will our harvest heap
Within this field of strife.

There is music in the whirlwind,
In the billow's mighty roll,
In the calm and peaceful sunlight,
When there's music in the soul.

This old world seems not so gloomy
(Though 'tis cloudy all the while)
To the man who has to labor,
If he only wears a smile.

There's a star to guide the person
Who aspires to the height,
For the one who seeks true wisdom,
There is ever a brilliant light.

WHAT IS EVIL?

By L. O. Harvey, Lafayette, Ind.

There is no evil in itself; all is the wrong use of some good thing. The best things are sometimes used for the worst purposes. All the evil that has ever been in the world has been human misuse of God's good gifts.

There is no such thing as evil. "Good" and "evil" are relative terms; good is positive, evil is negative.

There is no such thing as "darkness," it is the absence of light. There is no such thing as "cold," it is the absence of heat.

(These are not things, or entities, but conditions or effects.—Editor.)

What we call evil is only the absence of good. God never made anything evil. Whatever is, is right if we use it right.

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ORIGIN OF LIFE

and How the Spirit Body Grows. By Dr. Bland. Price, 10c. For sale at this office.

Alcohol can be and sometimes is used for a good purpose outwardly; but when taken into the stomach, its effects are evil and only evil.

Tobacco, if used around flowers, is good, but used by man through the mouth is bad. Tobacco is the giant evil of the age, sapping the life out of human beings; its use causes some of the worst kinds of diseases; it dwarfs, pollutes and degrades both body and mind.

Tobacco and alcohol are twin evils. They enervate the brain, congest the heart, weaken the body, and debase the conscience.

Children, big and small, refrain from all profanity, all narcotics, and all alcoholic beverages, because they rob people of their mind and of the best that is in them. Strive to bring body, mind and heart into perfect harmony with the beautiful laws of nature and the universe; and then at last your souls may pass into the spirit realms unclouded by any earth condition.

WHAT IS LIFE?

By Lyman C. Howe.

Wise men differ in definitions.

Kant defines it, "An internal principle of action."

Treviranus gives it, "The constant uniformity of phenomena, under diversity of external influences."

Bichat: "Life is the sum of the functions by which death is resisted."

Duges says, "Life is the special activity of organized beings."

Spencer defines life thus: "The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations."

Do any of these definitions meet with our ideas of life? Evidently most of these have special reference to the life manifest in organized beings.

We hold that all nature is alive.

What is called death is but a change in the expression of life.

I would suggest a definition more fitted to the Spiritual philosophy, and the ideals that Modern Spiritualism evolves. Thus: Life is that property of matter that evolves consciousness and sensation.

All life is the same. Why, then, do we see so many varieties of life?

Answer—Because the expressions of life, by which we judge it, depend upon organisms. The more complex and perfect the individual structure, the more complete is the life it expresses.

These suggestions are not for juvenile classes; but for leaders of thought who may evolve such lessons for children as their development invites.

What is the Purpose of Human Life.

To realize the object of life in its deepest and highest significance is essential to a correct understanding of the uses of all our faculties and a proper application of all our efforts.

Question—For what do we live?

Answer—To evolve individuality and develop character.

Q.—What is meant by evolution of individuality?

A.—It means that all the qualities that time, or eternity, may develop, are latent in the human germ. To evolve is to unroll, or roll out. The most perfect individual life is in the germ, which eternal progress evolves from age to age. The object of life is to improve ourselves; to grow wiser and better day by day.

Q.—How can we best do this?

A.—By carefully analyzing our habits and motives, in all our conduct; and as fast as we discover faults in ourselves, making an effort to correct them.

Q.—By what standard can we determine if a desire, or act is right?

A.—By studying the effect upon others, and its influence upon our own character. If it is helpful to others, it is, as to them right.

If it improves our own disposition, makes it easier to be just and kind, it is as to ourselves right. If it is right towards all others, and right in its effect upon ourselves, it must be wholly right and proper. If it be harmful to others, it must also harm us, and therefore, is wrong.

Habits.

Habits are tyrants. We all have them or they have us. But they constitute the stability of life. Without the conservative force of habit—our individuality would be chaos. We should follow no line of thought or conduct to any sane conclusion. The tendency to repeat, fixes the impression of thoughts and actions. The more a thought is repeated the more permanent it obtains; and it soon becomes a habit that persists. Actions are the expressions of thoughts and feelings. The first repetition does not establish it, but makes it easier for the next. A dozen repetitions may make but slight impression upon consciousness, but establishes a tendency which may, unnoticed, continue until it becomes an automatic habit. It is then, in a limited way, a law of the mind; for law is but a fixed manifestation of habit. The brain cells assume certain positions when impressed by observations, thoughts or feelings. The same or similar impressions, emphasize the tendency, and fix the rotations, and motions of the brain, or that special area affected by the thought and its repetition. More and more readily it repeats the same until it becomes a habit of the brain; and if not arrested by voluntary effort and directness, it soon establishes itself with authority that resists change, and requires vigorous and persistent effort to overcome.

The boy is startled by some sudden noise, or by a sharp hurt to a sensitive nerve, and without thought, by force of imitation, utters an oath. That is, he involuntarily swears. If he is made to realize, then and there, how deeply that harsh word, or sentence, has sunk into his immortal soul, and how it has wounded his finer and better nature; and how important it is that he guard his speech at the next sudden impulse, and keep his language pure, he will easily check the tendency and keep his mind fortified against uttering an oath. As he learns more of life, and its relations, and the value of pure speech, in refined society, he will feel the blessedness of early attention to all habits that mar the beauty of character. If the indulgence in vulgar or profane language be allowed to go unchecked, it becomes an enslaving habit that will probably mar his whole life, and place him to a great disadvantage among cultured people.

Childhood.

Childhood is the fertile period for the cultivation of impressions—good or bad—and in life's tender years bad tendencies should be corrected. Good feeling toward all people should be cultivated. Hate is an enemy and should not be allowed to poison the mind. Love is always blessed and should be cultivated in feeling, thought and action. Anger is weakness. It injures both in soul and body. Whenever the impulse is felt, it should be checked before it has time to make a sensible impression. Never allow it to become a habit.

"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

Many people seem to think it a mark of self-importance to exhibit anger. But it is a great mistake. It is always a sign of weakness. The man or boy, who betrays anger in any controversy, is always at a disadvantage. But if one indulges it whenever anything goes wrong, it becomes his master. If we would make the best of life we must be on guard against all habits that are not conducive to health of body and mind. The more we exercise self-discipline—self-control—the easier it becomes. In a little time it becomes a habit of life, easy and pleasurable.

Suppose we invite the children to a pleasant exercise of mind, and see how nearly we are alike in our thinking.

A class may be self-educating by practice. Let the mind dwell upon each question until it becomes familiar, and then thinks of the answers until they seem plain.

Question—For what do we live?

Answer—To learn the lessons nature presents to our understanding.

Q.—Is that all?

A.—No. We should develop ourselves by cultivating proper habits, thinking pure thoughts, encouraging good feeling, helping the weak and unfortunate, cultivating a spirit of kindness and love and seeking to make others happy.

Q.—Can we love the unlovely?

A.—Not without adapting it to the law of uses, and learning to find the beautiful hidden in the unseemly, and the good in souls that are covered with bad conditions and hateful habits.

Q.—Is this life and its attractions all we live for?

A.—No. This is the primitive state, a sort of kindergarten, to prepare for a higher and larger life.

Q.—What and where is that higher and larger life?

A.—It is the spiritual life we are developing here, which becomes our natural condition after the physical body is dissolved in death.

Q.—Has it a location?

A.—Yes; all things are located somewhere. We could not be natural without a habitation. Spirits, and seers have described varied scenery, beautiful landscapes, rivers, groves, and flowers, where spirits dwell in a state of spiritual happiness and joyous associations.

Q.—Is our life in the spirit world in any way dependent upon the way we live here?

A.—Yes. We are building character here, which we take with us after death; and the qualities of our character determine our associations and degrees of happiness in the spirit world.

THE SUNFLOWER.

By John W. Ring.

Serene the sombre Sunflower stands,
With stalk of sturdy men;
So tall and stately, it commands
Due note wherever seen.

Upon this stalk, great outstretched leaves
Of living green abound,
So formed and hung, that each relieves
Some awkwardness else found.

Nymph-like on top of this green throne,
The yellow flower has place,
With majesty that's all her own,
She sits in regal grace.

Fidelity from her we learn;
Her bright and smiling face,
All day unto the sun will turn,
To keep with him apace.

Look up and smile, the light is bright,
If we in Truth but seek;
With patient love, pray trust the right,
And walk in spirit meek.

O'er every life will Autumn come,
For full fruitions glean,
As when the childhood span is run
Then comes the grown up scene.

With ample load of goodly deeds,
We wait Time's tones unheard;
So give the Sunflower many seeds,
To plant, or feed the birds.

Engraved forever may there rest,
In each and every thought,—
"All, all is good, each thing is best;
By change our lives are wrought."

Right rules, light guides, though leaves may fall,
And flowers decay and fade;
Law to Perfection moves through all;
From atoms worlds are made.

Surely, then, you and I will do
The very best we can;
To cheer and bless, our whole life through,
Each passing fellowman.

Among the myths of the past, we find the story of a beautiful maiden who became infatuated with the sun. Each morning she took her place on a rock, and kept her face turned toward the "Lord of Day" his daily round. This devotion to the sun displeased the gods; they caused the beautiful maiden to turn into an awkward yellow flower, intending to portray their displeasure and jealousy. The spirit of devotion, yet lives, in the Sunflower; and all day long its bright, yellow face follows the Sun.

"As the Sunflower turns its face to the light of the Sun, so Spiritualism turns the face of Humanity to the Light of Truth." The bright face, always turned to the light, reminds us that we should be smiling and happy, and devoted to the Truth. The bright yellow petals bespeak the many channels of inspiration, by which the soul-life is flooded with light, truth, love, hope, patience, and all those things that go to make life beautiful indeed.

Comparatively, all religious concepts find their origin in a myth. From the early worship of nature comes the signs, symbols and holidays of Christianity. The crossing of the Sun, in its apparent journey, which indicated to the ancients the birth of a new year, gave rise to the "sign of the cross" whereon the Son (Sun) died; also to the birth of a Messiah. About the time of the mid-winter equinox, is the declared birthday of the Messiahs, Saviors and Christs. The re-birth of Nature at springtime, which was long observed before Jesus was known, gave rise to Easter celebration of the Resurrection. So a careful study of ancient myths will give excellent insight into the "songs" of present-day religion.

Gather up the helpful in each. Find the good in every thing. Appropriate, for use, the best to be found; it is yours insofar as you can use it. From a Sunflower learn:

Growth, and the necessary care of the body and mind for a pleasing expression of the inner self.

Order—How systematically the petals and leaves are placed. "Order is heaven's first law."

Devotion—With what persistence the face is turned to the light. How much we need of devotion to the cause of truth, and its advancement.

Patience—The greatest virtue in the world! May we so lean on the Magic Staff: "Under all circumstances, keep an even mind" in order to possess patience.

Care of Little Things—The Sunflower makes use of the small amount of moisture, and will grow with little attention, yet always proves the value of care, by growing better with cultivation.

NOTE.—The acrostic can be made effective by having ten small children, each holding a respective letter, recite the verses, and then all in unison recite: "As the Sunflower turns its face to the light of the Sun, so Spiritualism turns the face of Humanity to the Light of Truth."

WILL AS THE INSTRUMENT OF THE SOUL

By National Superintendent.

I am always glad to talk with children; because I am a child myself a little larger and older than some of you little people.

I will try to teach you a lesson that I learned when I was a very little girl. At that time I lived in the city of Paris, way over in France, where I was born. When I was not yet three years old, my mamma sent me to a kindergarten. My teacher was a sweet woman. She wore a white mull cap on her head, instead of a hat. That was about thirty-three years ago. At that time hats were not in style; all of the women and girls in France wore white caps.

The first lesson our teacher thought we should learn was: "We can all be what we WILL to be." Every morning we would arise in our places and together would say, "I can be what I WILL to be," about ten or twelve times in succession.

After about two weeks our teacher gave each one of us a little seed, and told us that in that seed there was, sound asleep, a beautiful vine; and if we planted the seed, the sleeping vine would wake up and push its way out of the ground. And then if we would provide something for it to climb on it would grow up beautiful and be a source of pleasure to everybody who sees it. "So now, let us go out and plant our seed." We each planted the little seed in a place set apart for that purpose in the kindergarten yard. Each child had a stick with his or her name on it, which we stuck into the ground near the seed. Every morning we went out together and watered our seeds; because, unless we gave them water to drink, they would not sprout and grow. When the tiny shoots showed themselves above the ground,

we watched them every day. One morning our teacher came to school with her arms full of wire frames, which we covered with cloth.

There was a cross, a wreath, a triangle, a harp, a crescent, a star, an anchor, and a number of other designs. Then she gave each one of us a frame, and explained what the designs or symbols stood for.

We stuck the frames in the ground and trained our vines to climb on them. Every day we watered and trained our vines until the frames were filled. There were no two alike; yet each was beautiful.

Our teacher explained that we were little seeds planted on earth to grow beautiful. Through the years of our life, we can become wreaths of spiritual glory, harps of spirit, harmony a triangle of spirit, unity a star of spirit, light an anchor of spirit, hope a cross of sorrow; because in our body is planted a little seed called the Soul. We can be just whatever we want to be; but we must train ourselves while young. Begin now by pure thinking and pure living, and nourish the vines of Spiritual Harmony, Glory, Light, Love and Hope that is in us, so that these may push forth and be a source of helpfulness to everybody who is seeking for Truth.

What do you want to be? And you? And you?

I will tell you what I wanted to be. I wanted to be a good and wise woman, and teach people; and live so that my life would prove that my teachings were Truth. But my parents could not afford to send me to school very long; and so I did not get an education like most children do. However, I hoped on, (the Anchor was my symbol) and kept up the thought: "I can be what I WILL to be," and the Angels heard my prayer and came to my assistance through the glorious light of Spiritualism. By their help I have become a teacher among the people; and the wishes and desires of my childhood are being fulfilled.

So can each one of you by holding the right thought, right desire, and persevering in it, acquire spiritual development and become useful men and women in the world.

ALWAYS remember: "I CAN be what I WILL to be." And ALWAYS WILL to be examples of Light and Truth.

Faith, Knowledge, Wisdom, Power.

Faith is an attribute of the soul and becomes useful only as knowledge is added unto it.

Therefore add to your faith knowledge, for without knowledge it would be utterly useless.

To own the very best set of carpenter's tools and not know how to use them would be useless, but if we do understand how to handle them we can make many beautiful and useful things.

A folio of Sonatas is a beautiful possession when one understands the rudiments of music, but without such understanding it would be only paper with black dots and dashes.

Therefore, no matter what comes before us let us try to get all the knowledge possible about it and then apply it. Knowledge, when rightly employed, becomes wisdom. It is the knowledge which we gather by experience, observation and experiment that really makes us wise, provided we apply it in turn and demonstrate the result to our own understanding. We can gather much from reading good books—books that are of a constructive character—that help us to grasp the meaning of things, so that they become our friends. We can attend lectures and in this way hear the thoughts and ideas of others. We can sit in a park and watch the people as they go by, and by observing the look on their faces learn to know the feelings and thoughts which master them. In this way we get an idea of how we look when we indulge in the same kind of feelings and thoughts. It helps us to remember that good thoughts and kindly feelings produce a pleasant, cheering look. Pure and loving thoughts produce a strong and helpful look. Thus our observation becomes knowledge, and our knowledge wisdom. When we have wisdom and employ or practice it, it becomes power. Power is energy and is constructive or destructive according to how it is directed.

The same law obtains in spiritual as in material things. First, we begin to believe that it is possible to do certain things with certain tools, then we learn to use them. We try and try again until we know how; and when we know how we go right on using them and doing all we can with them. Continued practice, finally makes us experts. So in spiritual things—we begin by believing that certain people, who are advanced, can do certain things that we cannot do; then we proceed to find out how they do it, and when we know that, we try to do it. After we have tried long enough we can do it, and go right on until we are so proficient we secure power. Then by applying our power for truth and right, it becomes a part of that great force in the universe which some call God.

Leslie F. Oren.

The above is the name of a boy, fourteen years of age, who is deaf, dumb and blind. But while he can neither see nor hear, his brain is active; and his soul is sensitive to all that goes on around him. He lives at the Institution for Deaf-mutes at Columbus, Ohio, where I first saw him five years ago.

By the sign language, which is made in his hand, he can converse with any one who knows the language. He has also learned to read with the tips of his fingers, like the blind people do.

On the first of June of this year, with a party of friends, I visited this school, and while my friends rested on the veranda I stepped into the parlor, and selecting a comfortable chair in one corner of the large room, began to read. In a few moments I heard footsteps; and looking up saw a bright, pleasant-faced boy coming in my direction, with his hands extended as if reaching for something. In another moment he was grasping my hand and patting my face. Just then a young lady stepped up behind him and began making signs into his hand, to which he seemed to respond animatedly. The young lady smiled and to me "I was just saying to him that he should not bother visitors like that; but he replied that he knows you, that you came here some years ago and he met you then." I said: "Yes, that is true. This boy is Leslie, whom I saw just once five years ago; but how did he know that I was here?"

The young lady asked him, and he replied: "I felt her in the air, and I just followed the feeling; that's how I found her."

Just think how wonderfully sensitive this dear boy is, that an impression made five years ago is retained so that when he comes anywhere near the one who produced it he immediately knows it and starts out to find them. My friends had come in from the veranda, and Leslie began getting acquainted with them by fingering them all over; and should they visit him again in future he would surely know them even as he knew me.

What can we learn from the life of this dear boy? We learn that although the physical body may be diseased and certain organs refuse to do their work, still the soul remains clear; and if the brain is in normal condition the soul will improve every means that presents itself to give expression. We learn, also, that when hearing and seeing is gone, feeling is all the stronger and intuition keener; so that it is possible to feel and sense things that are neither seen nor heard. This is another proof that the soul is the real person; and the body only the house in which it lives on earth.

While we are glad that it is possible to teach and educate children who are thus deprived of hearing and seeing, how very thankful we ought to be that we are blessed with healthy, normal bodies; and how careful we should be never to do anything that would hurt or injure our bodies in any way, but keep them clean, well and strong, and help others to do the same.

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The Clown of the Christian Circus.

When the church ceased to employ theatrical methods a few centuries ago in the propagation of Christianity its attention was directed to what the priesthood declared the evils of the system, and set out as reformers to destroy that which had made the church the power it is. Of late years it has shown a disposition to revive its old practices. The Passion Plays, finally prohibited by law, borrowed from Eschylus, which many believe were the parents of the story of a crucified God, they have revived, and are now exhibiting in the form of moving pictures.

The droll expressions and actions of the circus clown, and the uncouth wit of the baseball player are lately dragged into the pulpit, and made to do service in "saving souls for Jesus." Anything to aid in building up their faith even to the exhibition of the sisters' nude ankles, peeping out from under the edge of a curtain, the owner's company for the evening being sold to the highest bidder. The idea was suggestive of harlotry, but it brought money into the treasury to pay the preacher for "teaching what the church instructs him to say, not what he believes," as per Bishop Grafton, who proves to be an Episcopalian.

Commencing with bribery, promising a reserved seat in paradise for belief that Jesus is the son of God, then threatening with eternal tortures those who cannot be reached by bribery, so the church has gone on from one process to another, even to the dungeon, the rack, the wheel, the stake and fire-brand, with confiscation of estates, all to compel belief in what, in all human probability, was a priestly fiction. Their latest and most successful dodge is borrowing the service of the low and vulgar circus clown, plagiarized by a baseball player with added coarseness, and making it do pulpit service. When these shall grow stale, the slugs and prize-fighters may next be utilized in some way to aid in building up a faith in a sect whose crowning ambition is to compel belief in Jesus.

The Thinker is Ever Learning.

He who subscribes to a creed and joins the church, promising to abide by that creed, virtually says: "I know all there is to be learned on that subject, and I will cease further investigation." That is what makes so many ignoramus in the religious world. Catholicism set the example. Paul instructed the women to learn of their husbands at home. Catholicism teaches its votaries to learn of the priests, and have told them what books they shall not read. Personal investigation and individualism is subordinated to priestly dictation.

Though Protestantism has not taken such extreme measures, yet it approximates closely to it, and discourages the reading of such publications as militate against the popular faith. They negative the scientist, who says: "I do not promise to believe to-morrow exactly as I believe to-day, neither do I propose to believe exactly what I believed yesterday." A man of brains ever thinking is ever learning.

A Busy Life.

The farmers of Kansas are reported so busy in securing their immense harvest, they ask the usual blessing on the way from the tower to the dinner table.

LABEL IT AND BOTTLE IT.

WE TALK OF RELIGION AS IF IT WERE A SEPARATE DEPARTMENT OF LIFE. WE LABEL IT AND BOTTLE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT TO OLD LADIES, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS. RELIGION IS EITHER GOOD FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL TIMES OR FOR NOBODY AT ANY TIME.

A RICH AND POWERFUL BANKER SAID TO A CLERGYMAN THE OTHER DAY: "I NEVER REALIZED UNTIL I HEARD THAT SERMON THAT RELIGION HAD TO DO WITH LIVING HERE IN THIS WORLD. I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING ABOUT DYING AND GOING TO HELL OR HEAVEN."—Appleton's Magazine (New York) for August, full of Valuable Thought for Free Thinkers. Price 15 cents.

A Marvelous Discovery.

(No. 8.)

"Truth is coming up the hills of Time, Wait a little longer."

It was shown in a former article that the so-called Jews of modern times were found most numerous in those localities where were found Phenician colonies and settlements at the close of the Punic wars, the last closing B. C. 146, and instanced the large numbers of the defeated Carthaginians, who located in Spain. Will some good scholar be so kind as to state, quoting authority, for any colonization of Jews in Spain prior to the last century. We have been unable to find any such record. But the reverse is well established. Rev. David Millard, Professor of Biblical Antiquities and Sacred Geography, in the theological school at Meadville, Pa., visited the Holy Land, Egypt, Arabia-Petrea, etc., in 1841-2, and published an octavo volume, descriptive, historical, etc., of the countries he visited. On page 257, telling of the Jews in Jerusalem, he says:

Most of the Jews in Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine, are of Spanish or Polish origin. Most of the former are descendants of such as were driven out of Spain in the sixteenth century, and who fled at that time into Palestine. . . . At Jerusalem they are degraded and oppressed people, living for the most part in poverty and filth."

Corroborating Rev. Millard's statement Lieutenant Lynch, of the U. S. navy, sent on an Exploring Expedition to the Dead Sea, in 1847-8, made a similar statement. See page 93, "Narrative of the United States Expedition, Condensed Edition, to the Dead Sea."

Wherever the Phenicians located, by intermarriage with their own people, like the pseudo-Jews of to-day, they preserved intact their own nationality. The Jews in Poland and the Crimea, as throughout Russia generally, are believed to be descendants of Phenicia when its commerce dominated the world.

We have shown beyond the possibility of question in former articles of this series, and incontrovertible Christian authority, that the pretended translation of the so-called Jewish Scriptures into Greek is fraudulent; that there is no evidence such a translation was ever made; that scholars find the Septuagint in being, but have no conception from whence it came. We showed that Origen traveled twenty-eight years in diligent search for a copy of the Hebrew, to verify and correct the Septuagint, but found none. Others did somewhat similar service without success, while the Septuagint was everywhere in use, even in Jewish synagogues. Many years later it was pretended a Hebrew copy, differing but slightly from the Septuagint made its appearance. It was doubtless a Hebrew rendering from the Septuagint.

If we have a single clerical reader—we hope we have many—we ask his close attention, and we trust the general reader will be profoundly interested, for, in our estimation, it unravels a tangled thread which for many years has occupied the attention of our best minds.

On opening Prof. Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science," to read an account of the salvation of the world's literature by the Moors and so-called Jews, in Spain, the eye accidentally fell upon the statement that the Spanish historian, Llorente, himself by dispensation in 1779 a priest was made vicar-general to the Bishop of Calahorra in 1782, and in 1785 became commissary of the Holy Office—inquisition—at Logrono, and in 1789 was made secretary, and later, general secretary of the Holy Office, otherwise of the Inquisition at Madrid. We are thus particular in giving Llorente's Catholic standing, to show his credibility with that sect, and his opportunity of correct information.

In 1814 Llorente, at Paris, wrote a "Critical History of the Inquisition." On his authority, the best in the world on such a subject, Prof. Draper says of Torquemada and his collaborators:

"In the course of eighteen years he burnt at the stake 1,220, 6,860 in office, and otherwise punished 97,321. THIS FRANTIC PRIEST (Torquemada) DESTROYED HE-BREW BIBLES WHEREVER HE COULD FIND THEM, and burnt 4,000 volumes of Oriental literature at Salamanca, under an imputation that they incited Judaism."

Reader, please stop and think, long and earnestly. We have no account of Jews colonizing Spain. They who settled in Spain following the destruction of Carthage by Rome, were Phenicians or their descendants. Those Phenicians Catholicism and her historians metamorphosed into Jews for a purpose. They had their sacred books, embracing a sort of

history of the parent country east of the Mediterranean, with such crude literature as was common to all ancient nations when first beginning the use of letters. There cannot be a doubt the "Hebrew Bibles" Torquemada was destroying were Phenician, and some were read by Catholics to learn the contents. Were these adapted to the mountain tribes of Palestine? and were they songs sung in the seraglios of Phenicia, labeled "Songs of Solomon," with running head-lines over chapters, of "Church's love unto Christ." "The mutual love of Christ and his church," and thus on to the disgust of every reader who has sense to comprehend what the author was writing about?

It was in 1492, the very year America was discovered by Columbus, Moors and so-called Jews were expelled from Spain and their estates were virtually confiscated; for they were prohibited from carrying away gold or silver. Little else could be removed. To discredit Phenicians they were designated Jews.

This writer has maintained for many years that the Old Testament literature was preserved to modern times in Spain, and that it came into Catholic hands from that quarter. He has frequently stated in editorials that Luther, though qualifying for the Catholic priesthood, never saw a copy of the Bible until 21 years of age. Born in 1483, then he did not see the book until 1504. The book probably first came into Catholic hands about 1480, certainly not much earlier. There is a copy in the Vatican library claimed to have been placed there in the twelfth century; but Catholic dates are like priestly morals, not to be trusted.

Rev. McGovern, a Catholic priest, in a Catholic pulpit, at Fulton, Ill., in 1870, declared, in our hearing, "The church knows how the Holy Scriptures were written, and is reluctant to place the book in the hands of those without that information, in lead them to destruction." Was he lying, or stating a fact? We believe the latter. Several learned scholars have contended for years that the Old Testament first came into Christian hands not far from the close of the fifteenth century. It is claimed a part of the Bible was printed in 1450, but title pages and dates were long unknown, and the latter were usually filled in with a pen, and made to bear an early date to increase their value; 1484 seems the earliest possible date. Torquemada died in 1493. He became president of the Inquisitors in 1483, and the most brutal of his acts, and his destruction of literature began with his first induction into office. Certain it is: The Bible came into the hands of the church in Spain, and during the period near the expulsion of the Jews and Moors from that country. And from facts afterward developed it is also certain it was a copy of the Septuagint, a probable Greek rendering of the ancient Phenician history. It was doubtless changed in Catholic hands to meet the needs of Mother church.

Many additional and important facts could be given to strengthen points herein taken, but it seems unnecessary, the evidence being overwhelming that it is the lost and adapted Phenician history that is now serving the Christian world as "Word of God."

Positively, the World Moves.

News from the Orient reveals the wonderful fact that the Turkish veil, which, more than a thousand years, has been worn by Turkish women, to conceal their features and their beauty, has been torn away by the reformers who seem at this time to hold sway in the Ottoman empire, and that the people are joyous with delight. The report comes that thousands of unveiled women parade the streets of Constantinople rejoicing in their new-found freedom. Men, too, join in cheering the women on every opportune occasion. Says the news despatch:

"The whole outward appearance of the Turkish empire is changed. On every hand smiling faces are seen where late were the sombre veils that hid them."

The Sultan has granted the people a constitutional government and hundreds of thousands of women emerged from the privacy of the harems, tore off their veils, marched bravely through the streets, and participated in the general joy.

The women released from the barbarism which for long ages has held them in thrall, the people of our own Aryan family, with a system of religion that has only one God, and no priest, they will soon come to the front as the most progressive people of the twentieth century. They have been restrained by a despotism projected into modern times which made their mothers slaves from which their sons were but one remove

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Spiritualists who enjoy a surfeit of the double-distilled essence of dullness for their mental and spiritual pabulum, should not read The Progressive Thinker. This paper is not afraid to discuss any live topic that pertains to the interest of genuine Spiritualists. Those who do not want a thoroughly live paper, should subscribe for some other journal, for The Progressive Thinker will be sure to jar their sensibilities by its un-gloved handling of fraudulent "mediumship," and other matters of import to Spiritualism. If by so doing, The Progressive Thinker trends on the tender corns of somebody—so be it—we shall not swerve from our duty to the Cause as we apprehend it.

Moon Regarded as a Deity.

Among the early peoples of Mesopotamia all of the heavenly bodies were regarded as deities, but the moon, because of the variety of the shapes which it assumes, was the chief of them all. Special reverence was therefore paid it and some of the oldest and most important of the Babylonian temples, as at Ur and Haran, were devoted to its worship. Thus the crescent, the symbol by which the moon god was represented, was supposed to have the power to avert evil, and then together with the star it formed the word for incantation.

AN APOLOGIA

Spiritualism Without the Spirits.

The editor, in a recent number of The Two Worlds, deprecated the fact that several of our younger workers were advocating a Spiritualism without spirits. As one of those younger workers, I deprecate the deprecation. I am stating the case with fairness when I say—we do not so much support a Spiritualism without the spirits as oppose a Spiritualism without the men. All Spiritualists object to all dogmatism. We (the accused) object to all dogmatism, whether proceeding from embodied or disembodied spirits. Spirits are, after all, only disembodied human beings, and I have observed many controls who themselves required controlling, heard many inspirers who themselves lacked inspiration, and had Puck been present he would certainly have exclaimed, "What fools these mortals be."

Like attracts like. Like the good and the wise, and the good and the wise will be attracted by you. But to attract these advantages guides we must first develop ourselves. "The fault is not in our guides, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." For too much sentimental nonsense is talked about guides. Guides are no more all-wise and all-powerful than popes. Says the clairvoyant, "I see Demosthenes or Cicero, Burke or Bradlaugh, behind you; give way, and let them use you, and brilliant addresses will be given through you." In other words, I am to convert myself into a speaking trumpet. But notice the subtle appeal to vanity. I will get the credit for the brilliant addresses. I will be hailed as the incomparable orator. My vanity may be great, but my reason is not altogether absent. I know I should be accepting praise under false pretenses. I know the credit of the addresses would be entirely due to the disembodied spirit, I being only a mouthpiece. I do not want to be the mouthpiece of Burke or Demosthenes. I want to be my own mouthpiece. "But you can't; you're only Aronovich." I am content. Aronovich shall be the mouthpiece of Aronovich, and emulating the example of Burke and Demosthenes, will endeavor to cultivate his powers of expression to the utmost of his abilities. Myself I have always with me, but Burke may leave, Demosthenes return to Athens, and then I am stranded. Myself will never leave me. If Burke will assist me, well and good; if not, also well and good.

Inspiration is no more dependent on spirit guides than on pens and paper. Some of the most beautiful lyrical poems, in our own and other languages, are love poems, and due, not to any disembodied spirit, but to some lovely lady's eyes. The enchantment of the sea, the scent of the soil, the glory of stars, the holiness of men, the beauty of women, the light laughter of little children, birds and flowers, insects and sea-shells, have each been productive of innumerable masterpieces. The spirits of our ancestors and friends may be great inspiring forces, but the spirit of the universe is a much greater inspiring force.

We give birth to children, why may we not give birth to songs and pictures, play and poems. In creation granted sure in one direction. The Christians, of course, deny that the greatest born child (in their estimation) was man-born, but we Spiritualists have our own opinion of the immaculate conception. We deny immaculate conception in one direction, and apparently accept it in every other. Does it require a disembodied spirit to urge a mother to jump into the water and save her child from drowning? Is this heroism due to the maternal instinct? And if a maternal instinct, why not an artistic, instinct, a reforming instinct?

Mediumship is good; mastery is better. To receive is good; to create is better. Spirit-control makes for miracles; self-control makes for divinity. Mediumship is a bridge where we get a glimpse of the Great Beyond, but we must not tarri on the bridge, lest we die gazing. Mediumship has done much, and the spirits, through mediumship, have also done much. They have proved that there is life hereafter; we must prove (or create) life here. They have destroyed hell in the hereafter; we must destroy hell here. They have stated there are suitable and useful occupations for all hereafter; they have shown us what the gods do; let us show them what we can do. Let us not lean too much on the spirits lest we become parasites, too despicable even for instruments. We shall be angels, by-and-by. In the meantime let us be men.—Aronovich in The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

What Is Death.

An Impressive and Beautiful Portrayal Thereof, by Mrs. Mary T. Longley.

A student's room—not very inspiring quarters; no sumptuous appointments; no marks of luxury—only bare, plain and most humble surroundings and articles of necessity. The occupant of the room is a young man, himself plain in appearance and unpretentious; his hands show marks of daily toil; his garb is worn to a threadbare appearance; his face is thin and shows signs of suffering. It is night, and his room is dimly lighted by the oil lamp upon the table at which he sits with his books. He is a son of the people, a worker in the shop for his daily bread, yet he has a thirst for knowledge that cannot be quenched. His people are poor like himself, and his friends are of the humble class of workmen who dearly pay for all they earn. Night after night he has sat thus, studying the books he has obtained from the city library, and finding pleasure in the information they impart. But his health is frail, and the lamp of life is steadily burning to the finish, though he knows it not. At length, as the midnight hour comes, he closes his book and wearily prepares for bed; but he does not at once fall asleep; many thoughts agitate his brain; it is a good brain, and it will ponder on what the books have said; it will ask questions and formulate ideas and its desire to expand, to evolve originality and send forth power, is insatiable. And so he ponders and half dreams for an hour or more before sleep comes to the exhausted frame; then in spirit he is away, out among mental workers, thinkers, inventors, intellectual lights, masters of mind, drinking in refreshment of soul from their atmosphere, gaining new impetus for his own mental calculations and training from their influence. His vibrations, now that he is absent from the mortal body, are so accelerated that he can link on to those of these spirit teachers sufficiently to be in harmony with them and their ideals—he is at home among his own kind; they know him and he is familiar with them and their methods of work.

By and by, however, the body makes demands upon him; habit with it has made it master; the needs of the outward life have made it imperative that he be up at an early hour to get ready for the shop work, which he dislikes, but which he has to do, and which he does with a cheerful heart and willing hand in spite of its meagre recompense. So the body vibrations are astray; they are pulling at the magnetic cord that connects the spirit with the mortal form. He must respond for the students and teachers "Over There" tell him that as yet he is not fitted to remain with them permanently; his own soul tells this also, even elects to return into the narrow conditions and humble environments of the earthly state for further discipline or labor, therefore he returns to the outer consciousness of frugal toil and of unrequited aspiration.

Is it unfortunate that he cannot bear back to the body some impress of what he has done and seen on the other shore. That he cannot register on the mortal brain the memory of spiritual things he has discerned and experienced? That the consciousness of those other scenes is suppressed because the shock of returning to the body has so changed vibrations as to disconnect him entirely for the time with not only the associations of that other life, but also with any remembrance concerning it.

Surely, it would seem as if a memory of the glories he has witnessed, the studies he has participated in, and the knowledge he has gained would be of inestimable blessing to his waking thoughts on the lower plane; but, on the other hand they might be of unpleasant effect, rendering him unhappy, impatient and utterly dissatisfied in the outer life with all that "Nature," "Destiny" or "Evolution" had created for him here. However, it may be the law of Vibration is the check that disqualifies him from registering the emotions, memories of associations, scenes and incidents that have been his in his periods of soul absence from the body, and only little flashes of something he has "Dreamed," fragments of thought or of experience now and then recur to his mind and haunt him through the day.

Days, weeks, months pass; the man is developing mental power; his studies are opening up to him a wondrous reservoir of information; life for him vibrates with intelligence; his influence is helpful to those around him; he is doing them good; they appreciate his sympathy and aid. But conditions are not improving with him. He cannot secure any better employment. The daily grind and nightly study are telling upon sensitive brain and nerve. The body grows visibly weak under the strain. Another night comes. Again we see him in his humble room at study with his books. By and by his strength wanes, his head droops upon the open page. All things grow dusky to him. He has no power to rise. He feels himself letting go—not exactly sinking off to sleep, but he is loosening his hold on things around him. Presently he knows he is soaring upward, and he is regaining his sight, for he beholds another self in a chair below him. It is bending over, its head touching the open book. Now he sees that a slender cord has been holding him to this other form, but it is vibrating rapidly towards him, and swinging loose from the prostrate body. He wryches it with interest, till the thread seems to grow more luminous and to become absorbed within himself. This other body is not himself; he is aware of that, and he turns from it without question. He feels so light and airy, and so free. How grand it is, so good to breathe. He has not felt as well for many a year. It seems like a holiday to him, and he wonders what he had better do. Now there is coming to him so many memories—thoughts of the past, of his boyhood, memories of long ago, recollections of his parents who died when he was young; of old friends of theirs, and of his later acquaintances and friends; remembrances of many things he has done and said, and of some things that he left undone that he wishes he hadn't; and while all this is going through his mind it is like a glass held up to him that he may see himself; some of it is pleasant—not all—and he would like to turn from a contemplation of his mistakes

till it is borne in on him that only by attention to, and study of, our mistakes, can we grow wiser.

Then he settles himself to a self-contemplation and to an analysis of his past deeds and motives; he feels that he does not need to hurry, for he has so much time; never had like before—so much time in which to study this wonderful, and after all, this curious thing—SELF.

Everything around him is pleasing; the air is so clear, but the sense of life so keen—no effort to breathe at all. He does not feel the want of anything—no hunger, no thirst, no demand of any kind, but to study himself for awhile. As yet he has not come into the high rate of vibration he has been wont to gain when going to sleep at night, and he is retaining a strong and firm hold on the avenues of sensation and of memory, such as have affected the body through all his mortal years. So his self-examination goes on, and as far as he knows, he is alone, and his communings may have lasted for hours, when at length he raises his head with a lofty tone and says: "Whatever I have done that was not right, whatever I have failed to do that should have been done, I have tried not to injure my fellow beings. I have wanted to spread good cheer and sunshine, for if I could not give much financial help to the needy, I have wanted to make them happier. I have not been perfect, far from that, but I have tried to overcome my weaknesses. I have longed for knowledge, and my prayer has been for light. I must take myself now as I am, but strive to grow better every day and to be of more use to the world."

With this conclusion, he turns, and as he does so a flood of light breaks over him. A thrilling strain of music pours into his ears. He is uplifted above the old life and its vibrations. The world for him is illuminated, or rather, he is in another world. Everything seems familiar to him. The surroundings are by no means strange. He beholds men and women and young people who smile and pass around him. They know him, and he recognizes them. Here is a beautiful woman, whom, in spirit he has often seen. She is his mother. There is a man who was a scientist once, and is so now; another who was a college professor on earth and is a teacher now; and so on; innumerable friends flock around and give him welcome, and he realizes that at last he has come into his own heritage and to his own people. After awhile he discovers that his earth body was found in its room, and that it was pronounced "Dead from heart failure, caused by overwork and insufficient nourishment." But it had no sorrow for him. He was not dead, but intensely alive in every part of his being, and ready for work, for experience, for exploration, study, experiment and for sacrifice, if needs be, for the attainment of knowledge.

But his sacrifice had already been made; in its earth life and experience, the soul had endured that which had spiritually opened to him the kingdom of truth and knowledge, that would never be closed to him again. Soon he discovered that his bent of mind, study, training, that had commenced in the humble room of his earth body had prepared him for companionship with learned souls that he might gather power from them to reach other minds on earth endowed with inventive faculties, and stimulate them into action for the benefits of their fellow men.

Time passes. Our friend who was the daily toiler and nightly student of other years, is a student and searcher after truth still; but he has attained far greater knowledge than was his then, more of wisdom, grander mental and spiritual unfoldment. Why should he not, since he has had the advantages of all the expressed and acquired knowledge of the ages for his guidance and training? A worker in the spiritual, yet not neglectful of human needs on earth; an influential being long since, he sought out another student on earth whose proclivities and bent of mind were like his own, but mortal conditions for this later student were more favorable for the outgrowth of powers, mental and physical. This later student is an experimenter; he is a student of electrical force, and its application to human needs. He has invented devices of utility and comfort, and is engaged in greater works. The spirit man is not doing the work for his mortal protegee, but he is stimulating the mental force of the mortal, is quickening the vibrations of brain by his subtle influence, and thus helping to illuminate the mind on those subjects and questions of importance to him and to the world. By and by, this mortal will invent wonderful instruments and appliances for human comfort and health that will be accounted the marvels of the age and cause people again to gasp in questioning amazement, "What next?"

What is Death? Did it bring aught but good to the earnest student, the lonely, sickly man in his garret? Was it not for him an emancipator from bondage, a revelator of light and truth? Did it not open to him vast fields of learning, of wisdom and of power, and is he not well repaid for all his past experience by the enrichment of his being, and by his opportunity to aid this modern worker in his researches and discoveries for the blessing of mankind?

In the great schools of spirit instruction and of experimentation, minds are trained—not crowded; they are stimulated to the expansion of their inherent qualities, wisely led to the unfoldment of the intuitive faculties that respond to the forces of the universe and absorb knowledge therefrom; are quickened in vibration to an understanding of law and of life's problems. All the students, all the thinkers, philosophers, scientists and workers of the ages are alive; they have gone forward to wider fields of experience, but they are not so engaged in further exploration of life's mysteries that they give no attention to the needs and the ignorance of humanity; nay, they are busy for the race; they are inspirers, teachers, guides and helpers to multitudes who seek for understanding, for truth, and they have schools, colleges, temples of art, of literature, of science, of philosophy, of all brands of learning for the service of the eager souls who thirst for the light and knowledge that was denied them here.

Death to the progressive soul, is an arising; it is a glorious promotion; an uplifting to a higher grade of all good; a change of base to a grander and a better world; not one to be voluntarily sought, not one to be gained by suicide, for that step would defeat the desired end by enmeshing the spirit in the web of earthly conditions, but one to be graciously accepted when Nature works her will with the worn out body.

WHEN DEATH MAKES CHANGE

And I will see and understand.
And hover close each kindred heart,
Till God has wound a healing band
With time's own balm, around each smart.

When death hath kissed my eyelids
And when my body's strangely still
Let these few words consolement
Give.

'Tis Nature's Law that I fulfill,
And unseen, near you, still I live.
CYNTHIA CARR MITCHELL,
Spice Island, Ind.

Oh! do not let unkindness cling
To heart of yours, for deeds of mine,
But if I've done one worthy thing,
Near my cold brow one rose con-
sign.

Some toll, others reap the advantage—
Soft is the music that would charm
forever.—Wordsworth.

There is in spring a sort of mental
unrest, parallel with the impulse at
work in nature. I always think there
is something in me which I have not
yet discovered. It leaves me to rest.
Is it a thought? Is it a feeling? Is
it a word? A deed? I know not.
But I feel as if I wanted to give vent
to something.—Auerbach.

There is not the least necessity in
trying to prevent people from think-
ing. They are quite ready enough to
be stupid or indifferent without any
external inducements. The huge dead
weight of established prejudices is
amply sufficient. We may say that
free thinking is not only right, but a
duty. A man, that is, is bound to be
as reasonable as he can.—Sir Leslie
Stephens.

I would rather be a poor man in a
garret with plenty of books than a
king who did not love reading.—
Lansbury

There Is No Death.

Funeral Services of Mrs. Jane Ann Burroughs,
Conducted by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

Buried To-Day.

Buried to-day, the true and loving mother,
The heart that beat responsive to our own.
We start, we pause, we gaze at one another,
Then wondering, ask, Can she indeed be gone?
Vanished the gentle smile by which she won us
Ever to duty's path; and must we say,
Of all the love and truth she lavished on us,
We buried it to-day?

Buried to-day, the kind and generous neighbor,
Never forgetful of those counsels sweet
That comfort stricken ones, and with her labor
Smoothed the path for other tired feet,
Aiding through every dark and painful hour,
Soothing with soft and unobtrusive way,
And must we say of all this gentle power,
We buried it to-day?

Buried to-day, the noble-hearted woman,
Living by that high faith to angels given;
Blending in all her life the truly human
With something less of earth—far more of heaven,
Faithful and steadfast in her consecration
To duty, striving meekly to obey,
And can we say of this grand combination,
We buried it to-day?

Not so, not so. Though sorrowing and lonely,
We comprehend her pure and perfect peace;
We understand the life that served God only,
Looking to him alone for its release;
And when death's gentle summons to appear
Was as sweetly answered, let none say
Of such example, lofty, simple, tender,
We buried it to-day?

Not so, not so. When such a lovely story
As that of her sweet life appears,
It crowns all womanhood with gentle glory,
And when it fades there is no room for tears;
The good her life has wrought will perish never,
And though the worker may be laid away
To her last rest, the work remains forever,
Nor crumbles with the day.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit, thou who dost inspire the grandest love,
The most tender affection, the purest sympathy and noblest aspiration;
Thou who dost come close unto the hearts of humanity; thou who dost
give them messages unto nature and it responds unto thee; thou hast
spoken to the tired spirit and it responded and entered the rest
sweeter than all the earthly understanding could imagine; indeed,
the question is solved, the problem is demonstrated,—immortality is
true; and those who have known and been known were never so well
known or known so truly as to-day; for this knowledge we thank thee.
We thank thee that the hands so dear, clasped long years ago,
reclasp; and the voice welcomed and the "come home" so sweet was
understood; for this we are thankful, for the knowledge that the
children were welcoming the parent so dear; for that knowledge comes
to us as a benediction. But sweeter than all this, oh, thou Spirit of
Truth, are we thankful to-day that the voice is not stilled in the
spirit, that the form has not vanished in the spirit; but never so sweet
and true as to-day when from that land from whence all travelers
may and will return, cometh the loved one who has gone before us.

We hear the voices sweet in this hour
That come to us with tender power,
Speaking words of comfort and of tenderness
These loved ones here would truly bless;
Lead us and guide us this hour we pray,
Give us wisdom in the words we say;
Lift the curtain that hangs between
That which is of mortal and that unseen;
Lead us and guide us in all earth's weary way,
Teach us, oh, Thou Infinite Spirit, how to pray;
Bless those children she loved so well,
The dear ones who have been called to dwell
In the home not made with hands, not ending there;
Thou wilt keep and guard them with thy loving care;
Wilt thou bless the tears and bring smiles again,
Wilt thou comfort in this life of pain?
Wilt thou speak words so tender, so loving and sweet,
Bring peace and joy in their lives complete?
We ask thee, oh, Thou Infinite Life,
Keep open for these dear ones the portal white,
That they, too, may see and know
Where the gifts come from which they so beautifully bestow.
Death loses its sting and the grave its victory,
And the weary soul from mortal is free,
When we know this truth, and understand
Somewhat of that eternal summerland.
Give comfort and strength and joy and peace,
Thou Infinite Life will never cease;
Bring us nearer, nearer unto thee
In that realm of love and immortality;
Be our strength and our guide,
Our helper and our friend,
Now and forever. Amen!

Address.

So soon, so soon the call has come; and as we look upon the sweet
and peaceful face we ask, O Death, where is thy sting; O Grave,
thy victory, where life is full and complete. But it is not the out-
ward expression, it is not the outward form, but that which animates,
that which loves and inspires love.

We are not gathered here to-day to mourn the transition of a
loved one, rather to bring back from that place of life a deeper benediction
of love, a sweeter expression of the triumph of living, and to
make it possible for the hearts of those who loved our friend to be
comforted by the messages which the loved ones are giving.

Many years ago when the hand of the youth and maiden were
clasped, and the words were spoken which made them one before the
world, they were truly united, and to-day in death are not divided.
The hearts are strong in their love and in their clinging, and
when one is taken and another left, there is a tugging at the heart-
strings, an earnest watching, a tender waiting; and the home that is
being prepared is not complete until shared by the ones that made
home bright and beautiful. We sense this expression, and we hear its
sweetness. Together with our loved ones we are waiting; watching
and striving to make life more beautiful, richer and sweeter, because
we are born into the kingdom of life which knows no death.

There are silent calls from the Infinite which nature responds to,
but which our ears may not catch; and beyond the expression, the
manifest evidence of nature to that call gives unto us knowledge of
beauty of life and sweetness. We love our dear ones when in the body,
and minister unto them according to our highest ideal, to our truest
expression of love; but never are they so sweet unto us as when we
list for their footsteps, or strive to catch the sound of their voices,
and feel they have eluded our grasp and entered into the home of
many mansions to dwell. While our tears are falling, while we miss
the material presence, we would follow those loved ones and watch the
sweet expression of joy and gladness upon their faces, and methinks
we could almost catch the "peace, be still" that emanates from their
lives.

While in these bodies we oftentimes yearn for loving expressions;

but those dear ones who have gone from this home have never sought
in vain, have never yearned longingly for those loving expressions and
not found their souls gladdened because of them. Flowers were not
withheld while the eyes could see and the hands clasp; loving words
were not unspoken that brought records for kindness unsurpassed.
But there should be peace in your souls; there should be joy in your
hearts to-day, that you have strewn flowers along these pathways, and
made heaven on earth where joy dwelled and love reigned supreme.
This knowledge of immortality to our loved sister was not faith
and belief. She knew immortality was true; she knew her loved
ones returned to her; she had heard from the companion, from the
daughter, from the son, from the other loved ones, and it was like
rain upon the parched earth. It gave comfort and joy and gladness.
So to-day we miss the form, but we love the dear one whom we
shall meet again, and know as we have been known in the days that are
past. There will come to every one in this home, to every one of
kindred, such a sweet peace and comfort, such tender ministrations as
shall cause the mists to clear away and bring forth such beautiful
joy and gladness that the hearts will rejoice.

There comes to us a sweet thought for the aged mother who stands
near that eternal home, that kingdom of life; there comes the sweet
thought, and it is as blossoms of peace and love that reaches out and
will bring comfort and strength. Oh! could we put in words to-day
that which comes to us as an inspiration from the parents who are
re-united, it would comfort your souls; it would bring joy and glad-
ness in your lives; for there is no suffering, no unrest, no pain, but
bright and beautiful are the faces that beam upon us in this hour.

This Spiritualism which means so much to humanity, demonstrates
the truth of immortality; there is no doubt or question. We are not
justified to live in a realm of faith and belief when we are com-
manded to know, when we are commanded to seek and find, to ask and
receive, to knock that the door may be opened unto us; and when those
divine revelations come, they come as a great sunburst of divine
love, bringing the truth which gives serenity unto the souls of mortal.
We stand beside the casket which enshrouds that covering in
which our dear one dwelt; we watch the face, but it does not brighten
at our approach; we speak and the dear voice does not respond unto
our words, and the question comes, Where has our loved one gone?
And as sweet as the sound of music from distant waters comes the
words, "We live, we live; there is no death."

The curtains will be lifted and all will be revealed unto us at
some time. Our sister has answered the question, has gained wisdom,
which you and I to-day have not knowledge of; but some sweet day in
the by-and-by, we, too, shall meet and greet and know that loved one,
the dear ones, who are in spirit and are re-united; our sympathies
are centered upon the loved ones of earth. We would place our arms
tenderly about them. We would comfort them with the counsels which
are expressed by the voices of the parents, and though we are mourn-
ing for the sound of voices stilled, and the touch of vanished hands,
yet it is simply the heart-cry of the human for the human, for we
know it is well, it is well.

Blessed are they whose lives are sweet and beautiful, that the
memories clustering about them and expressed in all ways to humanity
are sweet; that the seeds which have been sown will be fruitful in
their harvest, when the truths are manifested from the lives which
are lived.

None knew her save to love her; none named her save in praise;
beautiful heritage, beautiful record, and by her life her works are
known. So to-day we are thankful that the life has been lived on
earth, that the many years have been spared for the good that has
been done.

This beautiful religion meant so much in her life. It touched
the souls of her children and the dear one, as near as one born in
her home and her heart; and some day the voice will speak with more
than the olden sweetness,—the voice will speak with more than the
olden wisdom, and it will answer many a question, and solve many a
problem.

Could you follow us you would have seen the companion restless,
unsettled, unsatisfied, his heart longing and yearning for her com-
panionship, drawing her as the magnet draws the needle, until she felt,
"My work is finished. I am ready to go. It will be well if we
all can say, it is finished; not my will, but thine be done."

Oh! so sweet comes to us from that great beyond, life's sweetest
lessons of immortality. We have sought to understand its meaning,
its truth, its significance, its importance upon human lives. It will
be most beautiful in the time to come when the child that is to-day
unconscious of the presence of the angels, when it is conscious of
being watched over, guarded and guided; it will then be sweet and
beautiful to that child. Those who are waiting and watching for
manifest evidence of it will truly be comforted.

Somehow there seems to be an added solemnity and sacredness in
this hour. We are the richer to-day for the treasures that have
been gathered into that home, that home not made with hands. Lives
which were ripened, lives which were rich in their thought and in
their deeds, lives which had radiated from their own personality until
those with whom they were brought in contact felt the significance and
the worth of the counsel or the thought.

Our modern Spiritualism to-day is the Religion of Life—not of
death. We are not commanded to prepare to die, but to learn how to
live and be strong, be true. Obey the new command and love one
another, living the Golden Rule as well as it is possible for humanity
to do, doing unto the other as we would the other was doing unto us,
the Christ principle that brings humanity at oneness with another.

This eternal brotherhood, this spirituality which makes all the
world our kindred, brings us nearer, O God, to-day, nearer each instant
of time. The veil has indeed been lifted, the curtain has been drawn,
and we can see far off into that beautiful realm. There are flowers
there that never drop their petals, show no sign of decay, for all is
life, beautiful life. We list, and the music sounds on the vibrant air,
dear as a message for the listening ear, a message of comfort, of
encouragement, of truthfulness, of peace; and the body spiritual is
made stronger as it comprehends its import. So we would understand
spiritual things; the gifts of which we may be possessed of seeing
or hearing or speaking is from that Infinite, and a sacred gift to be
used for the benefit of humanity and the helpfulness of the spirit.
We are spirit to-day as much as we will be when the mortal puts on
immortality; and the spiritual body which has been formed by the
lives we have lived, the deeds we have done, the garments we have spun
and fashioned by our thoughts, brings us closer in touch to-day with
this spiritual realm.

We feel like giving thanks to-day for this occasion and for the
deep sympathy which is manifested to the sorrowing ones from friends
and kindred; but we would bring ourselves in closer touch with those
loved ones who have come from that land from which all travelers
return; we would almost feel to-day to be thankful for that which is
called death, for it brings life so plain to us; it brings life so near
to us; it brings us a consciousness that what we loved was never so
near, never so dear as when its mortal has become wholly immortal.

Sweet and clear as the sound of ringing bells
The voices of our loved ones the story tells
Of peace on earth, good will to all men.
It will ring in sweetest chimings again, and yet again,
We are not dead, but gone before,
Holding ajar the heavenly door;
Where we are, our loved ones will be—
In eternity an unbroken family.
The mother and the father in voice
Would bid these dear ones on earth rejoice;
Looking from mortal to spirit's sphere,
Casting from your heart every doubt and fear,
Bringing these so near, so near to each,
The sweetness of this immortal truth would teach
The dear ones, each and every one,
Whether in this or in other homes,
Will feel the baptism of the spirit then,
Never sighing for what might have been,
But understanding the richness of the treasures other there.
The boundlessness of their life each one will share,
I would that we might make it plain to all,
That you, too, might hear the dear ones call;
Come up higher to the spirit's sphere
And meet with us each one so dear;
We would touch your lips and clasp your hand
And point you indeed to the summer land,
Where there is no death, but life eternal,
Where all is beauty and life eternal;

When all that meets and greets each other there
The chaplet of love each brow will wear.

I hear the sound of the mother's voice; it is sweet, it is clear,
it is tender, it is true. She touches each one with a hand that is not
weak. She presses your lips. She speaks these words: "I am so
satisfied, so satisfied. I have not one wish ungratified. The half
had never been told. The beauty of this life, so far transcends all
anticipation, methinks I would have been restless and have wanted to
come sooner had I understood. I want to tell my boys I appreciate
their loving tenderness, their unselfishness, their love for us. I never
have understood it so truly as now. I want to tell my daughters,
and my grandchild. I want to tell my sisters and brothers. I want
to tell my loved ones. Oh! I! I could make this life so plain to
you; if I could tell you all, you would not shed one tear or feel a
regret. My life work has just begun. I have not gone from you. I
am not dead, but I am out of the body of pain. I am where sorrows
do not come. I have a mission, and it will be to bless my own. We are
united in this home. My boy has grown to manhood, my daughter is
fair, my husband's face is not seamed with care and age, and I, too, am
taking on the form which in spirit was mine. I longed for a sight of
the babe. It is dear to me. My eyes see it. I love it. It will be a com-
fort in the years to come. This message is to you. Study and find
this truth, seek and find this knowledge; it means more to you than
all faiths and beliefs."

There is a lesson in that which is called death. It brings us
more closely in touch, one with the other. It makes life more sweet
beyond, responsibilities so great. I would that all the world could
understand. We had faiths and beliefs in the days that are gone.
They are mists and shadows. They veil the brightness of all nature.
We wear masks, unconsciously, while in the bodies, but this which
is called death drops all, and we stand known and knowing as we are
known, and when the mists have cleared away it is most beautiful to
feel that we know and are known.

So we are gathered here, again we repeat, not to mourn, but to bid
Godspeed to the newly-born spirit; to bring comfort and loving
expressions unto those on earth, and to make the pathway of all
sweeter, brighter and better with the knowledge that comes to us from
the immortal side of life.

Scatter seeds of kindness each day and hour you live.
Make this earth beautiful, and all that in this world you give.
Give it willingly, tenderly, making each heart brighter here,
Drawing us nearer unto the land that will grow so very dear.

May the peace which passeth human understanding rest upon each
one of you. May you understand that there is standing by your side
some loved one. There is no one that has no vacant chair in their home.
There is none to whom this Angel of Light has not come at some time.
Your life is sweeter, richer, is better because of it.

Now from other sources we receive this thought. Immortality
is true. This religion of life inspires one to do his best, live each
day as though when the night shadows fall and the morning came,
your eyes would be open in the kingdom of life, and you should meet
the record you are making while here on earth; if that were done,
life would not be full of regrets, but rather rejoice that we have done
the best we could.

To our newly-born spirit, if there should be an epitaph carved
upon the monument it will be "She did the best she could; she left
humanity and made the world better because she lived in it." So may
the angel world guard and guide you, each and every one, and lead you
out of darkness spiritually into the light of immortality and truth;
and whatever there is in the life we are living, may it inspire you
unto grander and nobler actions, that you may meet your loved ones
when you cross over the river and stand face to face with the record
of the life you have lived.

Again the message comes to these dear ones: "I am not dead.
All is well, all is well rings out in such glad tones, and I shall
come to you, and you will know that I am with you. We are united,
and sometime we will not be divided, each one of our loved ones in
that home-so beautiful."

Benediction.

Oh! thou who art Infinite, thou who dost understand human nature,
wilt thou meet us with thy loving helpfulness. Bring us close together
in lovingness, and lead us ever in happiness, in brightness and in
spirit with our loved ones re-united, who have preceded us to the land
of Life and Light, but not of Death or Shadow, be our inspiration, now
and ever. Amen.

I Should Hate To.

I should hate to be so narrow and so little upward grown
As to think there is in heaven just a man upon the throne;
Though a tall one and a broad one, and a perfect man he be,
If he is no more than human he's not large enough for me.

I should hate to think beside him, with a patient, smiling face,
There could be no true companion to lend sweetness to the place,
To give dignity and comfort and smooth down the tyrant will
That is said to thirst for vengeance, and for human gore to spill.

I should hate to be so pigmy in my soul—and mind so small,
That I could not find a heaven that was large enough for all;
That I would not think my brother who was ever kind and true,
Would not fare as well as I would in a land beyond the blue.

I should hate to be so selfish as to think myself above
The great throng of struggling people, and beyond a common love.
I should hate to think my thinking was the only kind of thought,
And all other ways of thinking were a little less than naught.

I should hate to think that heaven was a place just for a few,
Who had picked out all the mansions and remodeled them all new;
For if need there be in future for a sweet and peaceful sphere,
It should be a home of pleasure for the poor one leaving here.

I should hate to meet a Jesus who but recognizes those
Who are covered o'er with jewels that are gained by human woes;
I should hate to meet a father who was wrathful night and day,
And to whom for tender mercy I should always have to pray.

I should hate to be a puppet in this universe of DO,
And have nothing in the future but to rest and pray, in view;
For I want to keep on moving toward the higher heights above,
Where I know there must be something like Infinity of Love.

There must be a sphere of knowledge, and a fountain filled for all,
Where this yearning, yearning ever is responding to a call;
There must always be spheres higher than this mortal life can reach,
And I'd hate to cease receiving what the higher minds may teach.

I must find the broadest heaven that this universe contains;
I must have the greatest freedom for expansion of these brains;
I must be without a limit for the soaring of my soul;
I must know no bounds to spirit in the Great Eternal Whole.

DR. T. WILKINS.

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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.

Has anyone a "Life of Oberlin the Pastor"? If so, write to this office stating price.

A spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Harriet M. Peck, writes: "Brother W. F. Peck, in his communication, which appeared in a recent number of The Progressive Thinker, relative to the question of commercial mediumship, touched the key to the situation and evoked a response which my heart gave quick response. When he asked, 'Shall these spiritualists continue to be subjected to the vicious dog-eat-dog competitive system, which prevails in the commercial and industrial world, and which is the cause of the dishonesty, hypocrisy and shame which dominates and honeycombs business of every kind,' he demonstrated that he had penetrated to the underlying cause of the trouble, and when he further stated that 'we must either reconcile ourselves to the continuation of fraud or change the system of which produces it,' he stated what seems to me a fact, which should be self-evident to every sane mind, and as to be reconciled to fraud is a feat impossible to human nature, the only alternative is change the system. A heaven-born task truly, but an unavoidable one, and looming large on to-day's horizon, compelling attention by the logic of events."

The picnic of the Fraternal Order of Spiritualists, which was postponed on account of the rain, will be at the same place, Nehrer's Summer Garden, on Saturday, August 29. Take the avenue car to 40th avenue and transfer on to Lyons car, then ride to gate across Desplaines river, 10 cents round trip. Come early and bring family, friends and your lunch. Coffee and ice cream served.

Correspondent writes: "Remember the Basket Meeting of the Progressive Spiritualist Church at Rusch's Park, 7839 Bond Avenue, Sunday, August 30th, 1936. This church is an esteemed auxiliary of the Illinois State Association, and every other auxiliary should be represented, and will be welcomed by hearts full of happiness to all Spiritualists. If you wish a good time, take this basket meeting in. Remember the date—Saturday, August 30, from 12 o'clock, noon, to 11 in the evening."

The Golden Rule Society has secured the services of that venerable traveler and Spiritualist lecturer, Dr. J. M. Peebles, and will open at the corner of Pauline and Madison, 43 So. Pauline street, on Sunday, September 6, with a full and interesting program. The Doctor has made his 5th trip around the world, and visited all the most educational places along the spiritualistic lines, including Australia, India, and Japan. He will recite in his splendid manner, all that is of importance regarding many wonderful manifestations to which he has been an eye-witness. Don't forget the date, and don't forget that the Doctor has been on the rostrum longer than any other speaker living, and each hour of his head could speak, each word tell a different tale, for the experiences of our Grand Old Man have been so varied and so many. Be prepared to hear something good for he carries the goods! The show of these phenomena, this society, on its opening, will begin its services with something for the children, under the care of Dr. Burgess and others, at 1:30 p. m., following which will be a conference, opened by Dr. Peebles, followed by all who wish to talk, and in the evening a rousing lecture, of course, may be expected.

Minnie Sharlow, 303 Lafayette ave., Detroit, Mich., would be pleased to hear from any society in need of platform workers for month of October and December, 1936. Can give best of references, if required."

C. Burgess writes: "The Fraternal Daughters will meet, at the home of Mrs. Poute, 1439 W. 14th at the home of Mrs. Poute, 1429 Monroe street, near Kedzie avenue, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, August 26. Sons and Daughters will please attend and bring friends. An excellent supper is promised from 6:30 to 8 p. m."

R. W. Tennant, Secretary, writes: "The return of Mr. Mansell for two more weeks greatly pleased many of our patrons last Sunday evening. His occasion was on 'The Duties of Spiritualists, One Towards the Other.' In the course of his remarks he earnestly advocated the needs of a Lyceum in connection with our society. At the close of his interesting talk he gave in his usual happy way many messages to those present, and was followed in a like capacity by the president, Mrs. Maggie Henry, Mrs. Lou DeLeaux, Mr. Schmidt, Mrs. Lyons and Mrs. Seabold."

Dr. Wm. Critchley writes from Lake Pleasant, Mass.: "I don't see how you can continue to give us such a paper as The Progressive Thinker for \$1.00 per year, but you do, and it throws better each number. I consider it the best and cheapest paper on Spiritualism in the field. You must love the cause to work as you do for the success which has attended The Progressive Thinker from its inception. May success always attend you, is the wish of yours fraternally."

BEAR IN MIND that the Editor of The Progressive Thinker is in no way responsible for the views expressed by contributors. No one may not agree with their respective views.

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

Prof. W. F. Peck, one of the ablest lecturers on the Spiritualist world to-day is now in California, attending the congress of Spiritualists. He will lecture throughout the state. Mrs. Ruth McMenamin writes: "I intend to attend the National Convention of the N. S. A., to be held in Toledo, Ohio, the first week in September. I would like very much to come in touch with some true Spiritualists while there. I expect also to be in Chicago during the months of September and October, and would be pleased to hear from some society that wishes a test medium. I would visit societies in close vicinity of Chicago. Reference given. Address until August 29, Mrs. Ruth McMenamin, 301 Bryant st., Buffalo, N. Y."

Alonzo Thompson writes from Denver, Colo.: "I have been thinking something of the matter of writing you what is transpiring in the spiritual field at Denver. Mrs. Nellie S. Noyes, formerly of Boston, has been with the Denver people for three years. She has been speaker for the Spiritualists' Church of Truth all this period. This lady combines good speaking talent with a fine psychic ability. Her discourses interest and instruct the people, and her clairvoyant delineations make converts to our Spiritual philosophy. She has been ably seconded and aided in this matter by the presence of Dr. B. Black, who is true to his convictions. This church intends affiliating with the N. S. A. in the immediate future, as it fully appreciates now the importance of this step. This short notice is due to Mrs. Noyes, for her faithful, sisterly work here in our city."

Rev. G. C. Love of Leno, Oregon, writes: "For the fourth time your correspondent has been chosen as a delegate to the annual convention of the N. S. A., and I shall begin my journey eastward early in September, stopping on my way to Cove, Union, and Baker City in the eastern part of Oregon. I will be glad to hear from societies or individuals where no societies exist, if my services would be desirable, for lectures and messages. Early correspondence is desirable to the end that my route of travel can be arranged. Address me at Leno, Oregon, P. O. 1."

John W. Ring passed through the city last week on his way to his home in Shelbyville, Ind. He had been filling an engagement at Clinton camp. He brings an excellent report therefrom.

Fred C. Sulher writes: "According to the program for Saturday, Aug. 29, will be an ideal day for a picnic, and Nehrer's grove at Lyons is certainly an ideal place for a picnic. Now for this day, make preparations to enjoy this combination of circumstances offered by the Progressive Spiritualist Society. We will have our record picnic on Saturday, the 29th, and it is not necessary that you be a member to be with us. Everyone is going and you will see someone there to welcome you to the picnic grounds, and covered with grass, while the large, shady trees afford ample protection from the sun while you eat lunch spread on one of the many convenient tables. The young-old folk will enjoy the picnic. The picnic will begin its services with something for the children, under the care of Dr. Burgess and others, at 1:30 p. m., following which will be a conference, opened by Dr. Peebles, followed by all who wish to talk, and in the evening a rousing lecture, of course, may be expected."

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of his intention to depart from their midst soon to take up the same work in Topeka, Kan. He will deliver his farewell sermon Sunday, September 6. This church with all the members and friends, will attend the picnic next Sunday, August 30, and all are anticipated a good time. A farewell reception will be tendered Rev. Demby and his good wife, at the home of a member of the church, 225 25th street, Wednesday evening, September 2, to which all are invited. Brother Demby takes with him the united love of his entire congregation, and their best wishes for his success in the new field of labor."

Reporter writes: "The services at 'Old Seventy-seven' 31st street, under the supervision of Mrs. Maggie Henry, is growing in number and interest. She devotes most of the time to message-giving by the mediums present, as well as herself, and virtually makes it a medium's meeting, which, of course attracts a goodly audience of fact-seekers. Much good is being done by this method, and to message-giving is used when it is a good lecture talent is used when it is to be secured. The 'Old Seventy-seven' seems to wear its old reputation, obtained through the services of the now world-renowned Georgia Gladys Cooley, who held forth there so long, and to the enlightenment of so many skeptics."

Mr. Letford, well known as the Drummer Man, has made a favorable impression at all the camp meetings he has attended. As a commercial traveler he does an excellent work for Spiritualism. Mrs. Hattie F. R. Peck, corresponding secretary, writes: "Members and friends of the Summer Social, to be held at the home of Mrs. J. H. Hohlback, 723 Chase avenue, Rogers Park, on Thursday afternoon and evening, August 27. Ladies, please bring lunch, for themselves and friends; coffee served at 4 o'clock. Take Clark street car to car-park; transfer to Evanston car; get off at Chase avenue; second door east. All cordially invited."

Sylvester Brown writes from Euclid, Florida: "We are situated seven miles east of the town of Euclid, in the heart of the Orange Belt, and thirty miles from Lake Wales, the Spiritualist camp. I would like to correspond with Spiritualists desiring homes in the sunny South."

Mrs. Ella Dore writes: "I am in earnest sympathy with your splendid effort in the work of mental liberation. The fair, just, and rational treatment of subjects, and their nature and their relations to their manly uplift, command admiration, and respect from all who work toward that end."

Mrs. Amy E. Cottam writes from New Castle, Pa.: "Sunday, Aug. 9, members of the Progressive Spiritualist Society, 'The Seekers' Spiritualists' met in the woods in a grove about seven miles from the city known as Robinson's grove. There, with the rustling leaves for our music, the beautiful, blaring sun shining through the trees, top, and the fragrance of the air, the Spiritualists were placed in rapport with our spirit friends, and the beautiful messages we received were as pure and true as the shade-kissed air we were breathing. Mrs. Marquette and Mr. Clinton, our ladies' aid watched over our physical health, and it goes without telling that we enjoyed two very excellent meals which they had prepared for all, and we thank them for their kind endeavor."

Mary L. Thomas, secretary, writes: "The Nebraska State Spiritualist Association opened this season's meeting Sunday, August 16 at Red Ribbon Hall. The lecturer and message bearer was the well known Alla A. McHenry. We were pleased with her work. Rev. D. D. Thomas, local medium, gave good psychic demonstrations. Secretary James Campbell, opened the meeting by reading extracts from The Progressive Thinker. The meetings will continue Sunday evening at Red Ribbon Hall, 1000 O street. We hope the work of our society during the coming year may prove favorable for the cause of Spiritualism."

Mr. and Mrs. Bloom and Mrs. Hilbert are still, at present writing, at Camp Chesterfield, Ind., having a good time of course. The rest and recreation will be them a world of good, and fit them for a greater work in the coming fall and winter. They are all busybodies in the spiritualistic field and need the recuperation and rejuvenation to be had by an outing at this pleasant camp."

THE TEMPLE FUND SOCIETY.

Important Communication From Secretary Kates.

Some requests having of late been received as to whether the Temple Fund Society is yet in existence, necessitate a brief notice from me as its president.

My duties as Secretary of the N. S. A. requires that all public soliciting done by me should be for the National Association. But the Temple Fund is a national enterprise, and is directly in line with its purpose. It is a fund for the purpose of erecting edifices for the societies of Spiritualists in the United States. The assistance is provided by a loan or donations. One thousand dollars would, however, be retained in the treasury unappropriated.

That first one thousand dollars is not yet secured. There should be at least one thousand Spiritualists who will pay one dollar annually for such purpose. With the annual accumulation by members, and some donations, and in good time some bequests, such fund should grow. At least a necessary Temple in the capital city of the nation, Washington, D. C., could in good time be secured.

The N. S. A. would secure the perpetuity of such an edifice, and would enjoy its benefits for offices, library, perhaps for publications and many practical purposes that the future indicates will be required. Edifices elsewhere could be assisted, and so-called secure edifices without many dangers that now menace them.

Temple or meeting-place extension should be encouraged. A good fund will encourage better than waiting for the reign of wealth to assist. That is the way of all.

I will not now argue this important issue. My colleagues on the Temple Fund Board have not been very active

this year, with the exception of Mrs. Carrie H. Monk, Secretary, whose address is Muncie, Ind. She has secured some progress for the fund, and will attend to any requests or give an official receipt for a donation or membership.

Our annual Convention of the N. S. A. is near at hand. I earnestly solicit Spiritualists at large to send in one dollar each for a membership and aid us to make a good report at the coming convention.

Fraternally,
GEORGE W. KATES, Pres.
600 Pennsylvania ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

SPIRITUALIST CREED
GAINS FOLLOWERS.

Benjamin F. Austin Points Out the Strong Reasons for the Belief—Bible Compared With It—Illustrated Lecture on Mars to be Given Tomorrow.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 16.—The largest audiences that have assembled at the auditorium this season greeted Benjamin F. Austin at the Spiritualist camp meeting at Gettysburg, Pa., today. Ten years ago he was at the grounds last night experienced difficulty in finding accommodations for the night and quite a number remained over night in this city. Mr. Austin is one of the most prominent Spiritualists in the world, and is the author of a large number of books that have run through several editions. He was born in Canada, graduated from Albert college and entered the Methodist ministry in 1871. Ten years ago he was granted the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Victoria college and was elected president of Alma college, St. Thomas, Ontario. In 1898 he preached a sermon in Toronto, Canada, which led to his being expelled from that church. Since that time he has devoted his time and talent to the exposition of Spiritualism.

In his address this morning the speaker compared the tenets of modern Spiritualism with the orthodox teachings of the Bible. He asserted that the great central fact of all and every so-called Christian faith and religion was the "resurrection"—that intuition in every human soul that there is no real death, but only a transition. Spiritualism presents the modern philosophy concerning life, death and the future life to be found in all the annals of time. It is the key to the interpretation of nature and the philosophy of all ages concerning religious faiths and creeds. The speaker said the words of the Bible are closely related with the ministers of modern times as any man in public life, and he found a surprisingly large number dissatisfied with the old theological dogmas and creeds, and if positions were open to them, they would be a great exodus from the ministerial ranks to the truths of Spiritualism.

The largest number of converts today, he said, are from the eminent scientists and intellectual thinkers of all ages. Indicate the scientific men have come over to Spiritualism, almost in a body. The truth of modern Spiritualism reveals a new world in which death has no place. There is no such thing as death, either in the material or spiritual world; it is a hobgoblin of orthodox to frighten unthinking people into obedience to the teachings of dogmas and creeds. Life is the great principle revealed in nature which permeates all things. It presents the only rational interpretation of a supreme creator and brings all life into harmony and companionship. This great living force surrounds the atmosphere and makes possible the existence of all things. Indicate the scientific men have come over to Spiritualism, almost in a body. The truth of modern Spiritualism reveals a new world in which death has no place. 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Monument, at New Rochelle; also portraits of Thomas Clio Rickman, Joel Barlow, Mary Wolstoncraft, Madame Roland, Cordora, Brissot, and the most prominent of Paine's friends in Europe and America. Cloth, 75 cents.