

Still another injury was wrought by this theological pseudo-science. One of the ideas it evolved was that of diabolism, the demon with the body which is tortured; hence the popular belief that to swallow or apply to himself any unseparable ordures, with such things as the liver of toads, the blood of frogs and rats, fibers of the hangman's rope, and ointment made from the blood of gibbeted criminals. Many of these survivals of heathen superstition and theologic rubbish are enough to turn an orthodox signifier into an example of this mixture of heathenism and Christian magic we may cite the belief from a medieval medical book, "to save against 'nocturnal gonorrhea' by

So, too, with a multitude of sacred pilgrimages, and spots of earth. In Ireland, there is a sacred well in the heart of a sacred center; in England and Scotland there have been many; and as late as 1905 the eminent Dr. Milner, of the Roman Catholic Church, gave a clear and earnest account of a miracle cure wrought at a sacred well in his shore. In all parts of Europe the resort to wells and springs continues

Parliament. In one case the King was seen in the crowd, too far off to be touched, and simply said, "God bless you, and grant thee thy desire;" whereas it is asserted, the blotches and marks disappeared from the patient's body as he appeared in the bottle of medicine which he held in his hand; at least says Dr. John Nicholas, Warden of Exeter College, who declares this is his own knowledge to be every word true.

But the most inconceivable evidence of this miraculous gift is found in the case of Charles II., the thoroughly cynical debauchee who sat on the English throne before

Miss Mary Elizabeth Mann, of Washington, D. C., has donated lands valued at \$50,000 for the foundation of an Episcopal cathedral at the National Capital.

Judge Veazey, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, who has traveled widely in other countries as well as his own, says frankly that while he is a thorough American, he believes that the people of the United States might adopt many European ideas.

Nothing disturbs the smile of confidence on his face. He is on the way to heaven. In one hand he holds the Bible; in the other his creeds. He is sure the book has pointed the way, and his creeds have told him how to make the journey. He has no need to look back. He looks only at his Bible and his creeds. He does a great deal of missionary work. Many good deeds mark the way he has gone. He confidently expects St. Peter to open wide the gates for him when he reaches the "throne." Along the streets gold he will hurry, then Jesus will greet him, and God will say, "Well done. Nothing then awaits him but to sit on the throne and sing praises. The angels bow to him in adoration and adore him. When death finds him he is astonished to find no Peter and no pearly gates. He will waste many a year in the same direction, hunting for the City of God, and for Jesus to tell him that he is wrong. He will be kindly shown him the error of his way and points to the place where he must throw away his creeds and lay off his mortal raiment, and tell him that

Pope Leo suffers from such a
vulvate tremor of the hands—also
the result of a former attack of typh
fever—that he can no longer w
When he has to sign a document
obliged to hold the wrist of his r
hand with his left hand, in order
able to trace letters that would o
wise be unreadable, and even then,
stroke is an infinity of tiny, light s

have but little effect upon the minds of men, because it was required to keep the Bible from the testily. I believe that a witness who would deliberately tell a falsehood when called upon to make a simple statement in the trial of a cause in court, would not hesitate to do so even if he had kissed the book of the Lord. I believe that a man who tells a lie, is a lying liar, and that with most men and women, innate honesty and love of truth have more effect on their evidence than the endless mummery of a formal oath however administered.

Medville, Pa. A. B. Richmond

Mrs. Margaret Claster Calhoun, sister of General Claster, the new State Librarian of Michigan, has had her first struggle with the political machine that State over the appointment of a janitor. The machine was knocked to the first round, and Mrs. Calhoun appointee holds the fort.

Sheriff McClosky of Montgomery County, Indiana, has struck for back pay due him and declares he will not stir a step in an official capacity or serve a day in any capacity until he is paid a

AM. SECULAR UNION.

It is Doing a Grand Work.

THOUGHTS FOR SPIRITUALISTS TO CONSIDER.

OUR POST OFFICE MISSION.

Under the above heading, we may group the various sorts of work which the American Secular Union is engaged in at present. Like the Irishman at Donaghadee Fair who, whenever he saw a head, struck it with his shillalah, so the secretary of the A. S. U., whenever she notes a head struggling above the general level of indifference to progress, throws in that direction a few pamphlets, not, however, to drown that head as the Irishman tried to do with his shillalah, but to help its owner to struggle up still further on to the firm standing-ground of universal mental liberty. Sometimes she writes in the recipient a grateful letter; occasionally the recipient writes to thank her for the pamphlets, or sends a contribution to the national society; but oftener she never hears from those to whom she sends such pamphlets. Nevertheless, she continues to fall to, so that the good seed in the morning, and at evening to withhold not her hand, for she knows that that seed will soon or late germinate, and that it will disperse those in whose brains it does germinate to favor the noble idea of State secularization, if it does nothing more.

Nevertheless, the Secretary regrets more than she can say, the necessity of confining ourselves to this sort of work, when we ought to be up and doing aggressive, practical work in the field. But our hands are tied at present. We have many a man, and many a woman, who have agreed not to attempt to appoint any for the rest of the fiscal year. Our appeals to the lecturers in the field—appeals which we have been making for over a year—have passed unheeded, save in one instance, where a lecturer did discuss the matter in the papers and announced his intention of attending the Portsmouth Congress to help in the matter of co-operation—an intention which he was unfortunately prevented from carrying out. With that solitary exception, the Liberal lecturers have maintained a discreet silence regarding the A. S. U., or have at most spoken of it only to criticize. Plainly, nothing is to be hoped for from them—as even Mr. Stevens, the former Secretary of this society, has lately volunteered us the information that he found it utterly impossible to secure their co-operation with the A. S. U.

This, then, is the situation in which the society finds itself for the few months which must elapse between now and the annual Congress. Circumstances have cut us off from aggressive field work at present, and we are obliged to confine ourselves to what I have ventured to designate as "Post Office" work. Can we make this summer's work tell so effectively for free thought and State secularization that, when we come together at the fall Congress, we shall be able to count a far larger following throughout the United States than we have to-day? I think we can, if you will exert all your power.

First, last and always, circulate pamphlets—especially church taxation and the Bible in schools. Let every Liberal see an opening, we shall insert a little wedge of a leaflet, and press it home with an urgent letter where it seems advisable. If the Secretary's hands are tied, let your hands be free. Let us all help in exempting Church property from taxation; hand him our Church Taxation pamphlet, and let him think over it. Then follow this up with the Bible in Schools or Remsburg's Sabbath Breaking, or some more radical pamphlets. If you be faithful and patient in your work, you will find that you can do much more than you can do by the A. S. U., you will have started him so far on the road to mental freedom that he will never turn back to superstition; and before you are aware, you will number among your associates one more full-fledged Free-thinker. How many of you will do what you can in this direction during the summer?

Meanwhile, here at the office of the American Secular Union, we shall not be idle during the summer. Wherever we see an opening, we shall insert a little wedge of a leaflet, and press it home with an urgent letter where it seems advisable. If the Secretary's hands are tied, let your hands be free. Let us all help in exempting Church property from taxation; hand him our Church Taxation pamphlet, and let him think over it. Then follow this up with the Bible in Schools or Remsburg's Sabbath Breaking, or some more radical pamphlets. If you be faithful and patient in your work, you will find that you can do much more than you can do by the A. S. U., you will have started him so far on the road to mental freedom that he will never turn back to superstition; and before you are aware, you will number among your associates one more full-fledged Free-thinker. How many of you will do what you can in this direction during the summer?

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."

We hope that those of you who have pledged amounts to the Guarantee Fund will promptly send same to the treasurer, as quite a number of these are now due. We shall be glad, also, to receive further pledges to that Guarantee Fund; and we would remind our wealthy Liberals of Dr. Westbrock's offer to be one of twenty to give one hundred dollars each, and of the fact that a number have responded, but that the list is not yet complete. We would also remind those who do not feel like giving so large an amount, but who would gladly give several dollars, of Seaborn Kitchens' (Sr.) proposition to be one of six hundred to give five dollars each. Mr. Kitchens, in the full faith that others would respond promptly, has made this offer, and it is to be hoped that his fellow-Liberals will be worthy of that faith which he has placed in their generosity.

Tauxiliary societies everywhere we would once more commend the consideration of five cent quarterly contributions from each of their members for the benefit of the national society. We have heard from quite a number of our auxiliaries, approving this idea, and promising such contribution; but the largest number are still to be heard from. We should be very pleased, let me here say, if the quarterly dues accompanied the letter approving this plan. Still, the mere approval is something, and shows that our people are moving in the direction of co-operation and organization.

The work grows week by week; while the funds in the treasury grow likewise. We are doing the best we can with the little money we have, and are as economical as we know how to be; but we need more pamphlets printed, and we have not the wherewithal for those and for other general expenses. It is a shame that the cause should be so hindered by the lack of a few dollars or a few hundred dollars at most, when the Peter's Pence and the Foreign Missionary appeals of an effectual superstitious bring responses of thousands of dollars. Is the Secular Union of Church and State—the right to freedom of thought of so little consequence to Liberals, that not one penny a year per Liberal is contributed to the organization which is struggling for that right? This would give an average of one hundred dollars contributed to the A. S. U. for each Liberal in the country, and it would soon be a fortune.

United States, of less than one hundred and eighty thousand people who believe in the separation of Church and State sufficiently to give one penny a year toward such organization.

Now you know, as well as I, that the people who believe ardently in the separation of Church and State—not counting the careful, half-way people who are waiting to know if a thing is going to be popular before they endorse it—number much more than this. They are, in fact, so numerous, that if every person who believes outepokenly in the separation of Church and State were to pay one penny a year to the American Secular Union, this organization would have a powerful power in the land that would cause its appeals to our law-makers not only to be respected, but to be heeded.

Dear friends, one and all, upon your individuality rests the burden of our failure to accomplish great things, as well as the glory of what little success has so far been ours. Uphold us financially and with personal efforts, and the American Secular Union cannot help but carry out the plans of its founders, for it has TRUTH on its side. Withhold your help, and you have only yourselves to blame for our failure to resist successfully the growing encroachments of the Church upon the State.

Fellow-Liberals, which shall it be for the American Secular Union, failure or success? IDA C. CHADDOCK.

Philadelphia, May 25, 1894.



CONDENSED IGNORANCE.

A Community of Women Locked in From the World.

A Chance for Grave Crimes to be Committed.

To THE EDITOR:—As you are taking the lead in exposing the horrors of Catholicism, I send you the enclosed article from the Boston Herald of this morning.

Yours cordially,
J. R. BUCHANAN.

At the Corpus Christi nursery of the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, at Hunt's Point, N. Y., a community of women were on May 31 sealed in a cloister which they will never leave alive.

There was little or no ceremony, but there was an impressiveness in the event that every one felt. The nuns, many of whom gave up bright worldly prospects, are to devote their lives to prayer, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and fasting.

Last Thursday the monastery, with its beautiful chapel, was blessed by Archbishop Corrigan. From Thursday until to-day the monastery has been open to the public, and thousands visited it during the four days. There is not in New York an institution similar to it. To-day's crowd was the largest. From noon until sunset the monastery was thronged. The visitors, nearly all of whom were from New York, went through every part of the structure.

The nuns' cloister was the point of interest. Its little cells, in which the nuns are to sleep, attracted the most attention. They are furnished with a board, which serves for a bed and which is covered with a scanty supply of bed-clothing, a table, a wooden chair and a few devotional articles.

Here and there in the monastery girlish white-robed figures were met. They were some of the nuns. Signs on the walls told visitors not to speak to the nuns.

Among the crowds were many relatives and friends of the inmates. According to a rule of the place, they should have asked permission to see any nun they wished to speak to, and she would have been sent to the community room to meet them. This rule was broken more than once. When a father or mother met his or her daughter or son, who had forsaken the world and whose hand the parent would never have a chance to clasp again, orders were forgotten.

The scaling of the cloister took place at 6 o'clock. All the visitors left that part of the monastery and assembled in the chapel.

A heavy wooden door leading from the cloister to it. This has two locks, one on the inside and the other on the outside.

The mother prioress turned the key in the inside lock, and one of the inmates—those that are, members of the community—opened the door.

After the scaling of the cloister Archbishop Corrigan gave benediction in the chapel.

Alas! What crimes have been committed in these cloisters! Under the pretence of religion, a system of life is adopted which is opposed to common sense, and is only justifiable on the plea of insanity.

Catholic Spain.

Like all other Catholic countries, Spain is in a deplorable state. The condition of the public teacher there is not to be envied. The payment of their salaries is almost always far in arrears, and some come away the other day of a man who had not received a cent of money from the Government for seven years. The total amount of back salary at present due to teachers is about \$700,000. In some cases the sufferers are sustained by charity, and in others are compelled to send their children out as servants. Many schools have been closed altogether. Let Catholicism rule in country, and it would soon be a curse to Spain.

NOVELS AND MORALS.

"Is This Your Son, My Lord?"

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet," so Emerson tells us; and was ever this earth so rich in thinkers as at present, thinkers who have the courage and ability to press in glowing speech and lettered page their highest thoughts, fearlessly sowing the seed containing the germs of social and ethical revolution. Through slow evolutionary stages this seed will root, bud and blossom, bearing the consummate fruit for those who will people our world to-morrow; for "to-morrow" over does its work irresistibly, and does it today. "Revolution is the first step toward reconstruction," and is not dissipated by the primary and secondary "isms." In this sociological reformation what an important factor is the novel! Many people there are without the mental courage to enter combat with a prosy essay, to contend church or a scientific lecture, will not find themselves entirely at a loss. It is a novel, in fact, the only one, the sole prerogative of the novel to amuse or "kill time." It is no longer wholly evasive. More and more it is inclining to the didactic. It enters the fields of ethics, science, and philosophy, "sounding" their changes and revolutions in a consummate tale. It suits its vials to society's dignity paltry and delicate mental digestion. It contains the bitter pill with the sugar of romanticism, puts them into an autoerotic-looking box with a sentimental label, and presto! society has been down before it is hardly aware. And if they produce nausea, it is a little too late; society cannot help itself and purification is begun.

That pathetic story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which we hear the sobs and sighs and see the bare head, the stringing lash, the auctioneer's gavel, the agony of an outcast race, did more for the abolition of slavery than all the churches in Christendom. In her most intense novel, with a pathos tender as the kisses to our dead, brightened by descriptions of nature, so magnificent and yet so realistic, one seems to hear the heart-beat of a mother, Helen Jackson pleads for the poor Indian.

In the thrilling narrative of his serpent-marked heroine, does not Oliver Wendell Holmes show more impressively than he could in tedious essays, the terrible, though cryptic power, of the subtle influences? In a four volume epic, Edward Bellamy has painted in idealistic colors a picture potential of what will be when evolution has uprooted the weeds of selfishness that divide human hearts when the world will no longer be cut into select sections, enclosed by Chinese walls of prejudice, but will be one huge salience where all will dwell together in peace and plenty. Despite the fact that theologically it contains nothing new to thoughtful minds, who has not swung through the 680 pages of Robert Elsmere? After all, what is the most admirable characteristic of that brave young minister? Is it his renunciation of the shackles of creed, or the risk of estranging the heart of his loved, loving but puritanic wife? Is it not, rather, his tender devotion, the giving of his time, strength, his life, to alleviate the condition of London's miseries? To read the record of that altruistic life is to breathe a regal atmosphere.

Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde, Stevenson, drawing aside the curtain from the psychic realm, discloses the connate fiend and angel of human consciousness, contending for the rulership of a life.

Where can we find such splendor of simile, such a seductive swing of voluptuous imagery mingling with a folly as dainty as a violet's breath, as in Lord Lytton's Zerkow? What a clear, crystal sense as we are half initiated into Jostreucian mysteries. How fascinating are the personal experiences with spiritualistic phenomena related by the same author in "A Strange Story."

What shall we say of "Lee Miserables," that masterpiece of fiction, in which Victor Hugo takes us behind the scenes of "human misery," and into the dungeon doors of psychological mysteries, bringing to light the cryptic motive, the innermost workings, the causes from which are unwound the long threads of action, the curious phenomena resulting when innate propensity collides with certain exterior circumstances. That "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the life of "Monsieur Welcome" a life so lofty and yet so sweetly human. At its close one feels like kneeling—even as he knelt to the ex-conventualist—and whispering, "Monsieur, your blessing." Perhaps we feel even a more profound admiration for Jean Valjean, the convict, as we witness his heroic struggle to break through the chains of his prison, when he is seen to disappear here, a prominent citizen concealed himself close by the grave, and waiting until the phantom appeared, endeavored to lay hold of it. He describes the sensation he received as he caught at the spectre as one of such sudden, natural cold as to nearly paralyze his hand. He had been led to an end, the shock, and was unable for some time to recover himself sufficiently to walk home.

The child has never been seen to emerge from the graveyard, but it is first seen in some house or on the street, when it proceeds to the spot of its disappearance. The existence of the child is proved by the fact that it is seen to appear here, a prominent citizen concealed himself close by the grave, and waiting until the phantom appeared, endeavored to lay hold of it. He describes the sensation he received as he caught at the spectre as one of such sudden, natural cold as to nearly paralyze his hand. He had been led to an end, the shock, and was unable for some time to recover himself sufficiently to walk home.

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spectable? How can you give me that which you do not possess yourself?"

It is the impudent arrogance of power, that enables some who have the power, to talk about giving their victims respect after death. "It is not the beggar who offers alms." It is not the thief's prerogative to sit on the bench.

This is a book for young men to read. After it is perused, they may realize the inconsistency of demanding that "Goswami's" wife shall be above reproach, while Goswami himself is a moral leper. It may be said that in many instances, Helen Gardner diagnoses the ailment, but offers no cure. There is but one remedy, Evolution! The two factors of that evolution are time and discussion, and the incorporation into daily life of the highest ideals deduced from discussion.

When society has demolished its little goal of convention, emerged from its crumbling castle of precedence, ceased its blind worship of externals; when it has learned to care more for virtue and less for the semblance of virtue; when it has learned to care more for the common good and less for the individual; when it has ceased its guardianship of gross sensuality; when, instead of "shows, mere shows of seeming purity," purity has become the corner-stone of society, then and only then can we say that the world will be willing to discuss in all its aspects the laws governing marriage, heredity, the transmission of life, and its right government.

In this ethics of sex, an able adjutant is the novel. With thinkers for prophets, the novel is a pulpit, with the world for its parish. Looking to the future, I see it keeping pace with the evolution of humanity, broadening the conceptions of life, bringing to light hidden possibilities, portraying the actualities of life, and yet mingling with the common sense of the world the sweet strains of a lofty idealism. BERTHA F. FIENICH, Wilmington, Ct.

A CHILD SPIRIT.

An Arkansas Hamlet Much Agitated.

Wee Footprints of Blood.

To THE EDITOR:—A dispatch from Atkins, Ark., states that the little hamlet known as Atkins, Ark., lying on the north bank of the river, has been much excited over the phantom of a little child which appears every evening about dusk, and wanders through the place wringing its hands and wailing bitterly. It is the ghost of a boy about five years old, and is clad in a white gown falling to his feet. The phantom first appeared about a week ago, and was at first called by the name of "the white child," but it is now known as "the little child," and is supposed to be some lost child, and who, unable to get an answer from it, endeavored to catch it, but it managed to elude his grasp, and after following it to an old abandoned graveyard, about a mile from town, lost it finally among the neglected graves.

It was seen the next night by a Mrs. Beckham, who keeps a small general store, and who says she saw the child come gliding down her staircase from her dwelling-rooms above, where she knew no child could possibly have been concealed when she ate her supper there a few minutes before. There were no other after-effects, and the child was seen the upper story than the one by which the phantom descended, and which had been in plain view of her all the time. The child, without turning its head or ceasing its wailing, which is said to be weird and sorrowful beyond description, passed out of the street door, when Mrs. Beckham, who had been unable to move, and followed it, but soon lost it in the darkness.

She returned home. The woman was horrified to find a trail of blood in which were the unmistakable marks of little bare feet, leading from her bedroom down the stairs into the street. Since then the child has been seen in as many as a half a dozen houses, which it seems to be going through in search of some one.

Every effort has been made to solve the mystery, but even those who refuse to believe in any supernatural explanation, confess themselves utterly at a loss to account for the appearance, even if it be a hoax. A night or two ago a party of citizens lay in wait for the child and followed it to the graveyard, where it disappeared, when it was observed to approach a certain grave, on reaching which it vanished. The grave was found to be that of a child, but bore neither stone nor any other clue as to whose it was, nor has it been possible to establish its identity by inquiry among the oldest inhabitants.

On the night when it was seen to disappear here, a prominent citizen concealed himself close by the grave, and waiting until the phantom appeared, endeavored to lay hold of it. He describes the sensation he received as he caught at the spectre as one of such sudden, natural cold as to nearly paralyze his hand. He had been led to an end, the shock, and was unable for some time to recover himself sufficiently to walk home.

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WONDERFUL.

The Mystery Accompanying a Lost Limb.

Positive Proof of a Spiritual Body.

An article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of May 9, headed "A Deep Mystery," caused me to ask a neighbor of mine, Mr. Seth A. Pym, whose right arm was amputated during his youth, just below the elbow, about his opinion on the matter. He said he had read the article to him, he at once said: "That's true, every word of it. I have had the same sensation myself, and have it now. My arm was crushed in a cane mill, and after being amputated, was given to a young man for burial, but the right arm, the thumb nail which was torn out. The young man wrapped the arm, with the hand attached, in a cloth, and buried it some six miles south of Salt Lake City, near a peach tree, as he said. While the young man was gone, the right arm, which was in the ground, began hanging down and receiving a shock, which was occasioned (as he ascertained afterwards) by the young man taking the arm under his arm and jumping out of a buggy. Soon after, I could feel the arm and hand, and the pain was so great, which caused me considerable uneasiness, and immediately after I could feel the dirt being trampled upon it, which caused me to cry out with pain. The young man did not return, but went off somewhere else, and when afterwards I tried to locate the spot, could not find it again. There were a great many peach trees in the neighborhood. Well, I suffered terribly on account of this careless internment, and although I had a small coffin made, and searched the country for the missing member, it was never found, and the pain in my arm continued. Well, to this day, after the lapse of nearly thirty years (it happened in 1862), I always feel my lost hand in that cramped position; not only that, but sometimes it feels cold, and it seems that it is impossible for me in cold weather to put clothing enough on my arm to keep it from feeling cold. I have a feeling of coldness can only be relieved by rubbing the stump above the elbow, and stroking it downward toward the missing member, as holding it near a fire has no effect whatever. Sometimes the hand itches; at other times it seems to be asleep, as the popular expression is. I have sometimes seen a man who has been relieved by rubbing the stump.

"Another thing: When I was in England in 1865, three years after the amputation, I was walking along the street with a friend, when all at once I screamed out loud with pain in my missing thumb, and I said to my companion: 'I feel that foot in my hand.' The brother-in-law of mine is scraping my thumb nail. I put down the date and hour when this occurred, and when I returned to Salt Lake City, I at once inquired of my brother-in-law what caused him to scrape my thumb nail. He was quite astonished at my question, but admitted frankly that at the time I was in England, he happened to look at the nail, and seeing a small piece of the 'quick' of the flesh still adhering, took his pocket knife and scraped it off; and that was exactly the nature of the pain I felt, and it was as intense as if it were being done on a healthy thumb. I also know of a relative of mine whose leg was amputated above the knee, and who, some years after, was sitting on the edge of the bed, and forgetting all about it being amputated, reached down to relieve himself by scratching, when, losing his balance on account of the missing member, fell forward and broke his shoulder.

I consider this positive evidence of the existence of a spiritual body co-existent and co-existing with the physical body. There is no question about the physical amputation of Mr. Pym being decomposed into its constituent elements long ago, hence any sensations of cold or itching, or being 'asleep,' cannot originate in the physical arm and be communicated by 'sympathy,' as it is 'in it there.' Although the thumb nail and the tramping of dirt upon the arm during burial.

It is evident that all sensations must originate with the ever-present arm of the spiritual body. Mr. Pym declares that he can now move every muscle and every finger of the missing hand the same as if it were there, and, in fact, he says 'it is there.' Although he cannot feel physical bodies with it, if he attempts to grasp it, it seems to slip away from him and draw itself up into the stump; but when he touches and handles the stump it returns to its normal position. What other explanation can be found for these phenomena except that man is at least dual, and that he has a physical and a metaphysical or spiritual body, both at the same time? But who will assert that this spiritual body is the ultimate, the innermost individuality of man?

Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the spiritual body serves the same purpose on the spiritual plane that the physical body does on the physical plane? If he has no mind to an end, which is the collection of experiences for the education and endless progression of the innermost self, the divine overworld? Do not spirits tell us that on progressing from one general sphere to another, they go through a similar experience as when they pass from the physical to the spiritual? The existence of their spiritual bodies, which are too crude to enter the higher spheres, are thrown off during a state of unconsciousness, and these spirits are thereby rendered invisible to the friends who remain behind? Does this not prove that man is a vastly more complicated being than is generally supposed, even by Spiritualists? Does this not prove that the innermost individuality is superior to, and independent of, any and all of these bodies? If so, then even the most refined and attenuated of the spiritual bodies must finally pass away, and must be thrown off, as too cumbersome to enter the higher spheres, and the soul, which thereafter may, for the first time perfectly and indissolubly unite with its equally perfect soul-mate; two half

