

SCIENCE RECONSTRUCTED.

GETSINGER VS. GOPERNIGUS ET AL.

NEW THEORIES.

Science Reconstructed.

Getsinger's Solar System.

New Foundations for Old Sciences.

His Theory of Causes of Seasons.

IS HE THE COLUMBUS OF SCIENCE?—THE SCIENCE OF HARMONICS IS HIS UNIVERSAL SOLVENT.

When we once realize that all sorts of thinkers are necessary in the world, in order to find the molecules of fact and build the universe of truth, then "cranks" will be crowned.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION.

The carpenter joins the timbers, but the stonemason must first lay founda-

tion of matter produce a heated state of the entire mass of nebula, or is it only hot in the center of the mass? Our common known laws and knowledge of physics prove conclusively that weight of matter produces friction in ratio to the weight; from the center of earth, or any mass of matter, toward the surface of that body, the weight must decrease as we go toward the surface of the mass. On the surface of the mass, where matter is in a state of diffusion to a certain degree, there the molecules would only cohere to the mass in proportion to their weight, or in accordance with their power of attraction, and this is not of sufficient weight or force to produce heat.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The question arises—how became the original nebula so hot on the surface, where there could not possibly have been any force operating on the molecules, excepting that embodied in their particles? How, then, could this original nebula have formed rings at the

Through this sun-ring translate all the stars, planets, and the stars comprising the constellations. These have orbits of stupendous dimensions, ranging from Polaris (A), which is 6,000 years of light from its portion or point of the sun-ring, to an orbit or distance of Mercury.

Polaris translates through this sun-ring, or completes a revolution through the sun-ring in 31,350 years, hence will not always be our polar star. The most distant star in the ecliptic has the same distance from its portion of the sun-ring.

WHY WE SEE THE SUN AS A DISK OR GLOBE.

The reason we see the sun as a disk or globe is because that body is in an incandescent state of heat. The light radiating from it is sent from its point of origin with such tremendous force that the waves are so short as to make them apparently straight lines. In this manner the solar rays radiate from the sun-ring in all directions 22,000,000 miles. The earth being 93,000,000 miles from the sun, we are forced to look toward the sun into a cone formed by the sun's rays. This cone confines our vision within a certain radius, tapering as we reach that body, until the sun's surface is reached; here the small end of the light cone reveals to us a surface of 864,000 miles in diameter, about one-third of its entire short diameter. In this manner the sun can be a ring, and yet be an apparent globe. The cone of light would unfold continually as earth translated through the sun-ring. As the distance from the sun-ring increased, to the position of Jupiter, Saturn, etc., the sun disk would increase in size, because the radius of the cone would increase from Uranus; the sun would be seen as a semi-circle. This would lead us into many queries which cannot be explained now.

ARCTURUS.

Astronomers are talking a great deal about Arcturus flying toward us through space, and about the constellation of Hercules being the position of the central sun. But this is all "talk," and nothing more. Since I refute the foundation of the Copernican system, it is my privilege to present another, and to this new theory, if true, astronomers cannot, under these circumstances, object. They must, in order to be just, allow me "the floor."

A NEW SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.

In this new system, "B" represents the orbit of earth, showing the earth to be enveloped in a grand congregation of stars, who have become illuminated by a process too lengthy to explain here. The constellations are stars which appear to us apparently in groups, while those in the ecliptic are directly above the path of earth. The sidereal chart to this system is entirely completed, and no positive mathematical or nautical points are contradicted. But in speculative mathematics I differ somewhat. For instance, Polaris is considered to be 6,000 years of light from us, while I calculate it to be 15,000 years of light from us, with a basis by which I reasonably prove this distance, while the present theory has no such basis.

All these stellar bodies were thrown from this sun through volcanic action (suspected) when the same was in a state of eruption in ages past. There are here many points that could be explained, but space denies us this wish.

A CHANGE IN ASTRONOMY.

This change in astronomy necessarily changes with it the fundamental principles of all the sciences. These principles I am establishing as fast as possible, for I am only a foundation builder, generalizer and mechanic of the universe (a Capriorn), unfitted for minutiae or details. I am looking for others to work out the proper classification and revision of the details of the sciences and conform them to these new foundations.

The following foundations have been constructed to the various sciences: Astronomy, cosmogony, geology, causes of seasons, atmospheres, the theory of ether, biology, botany and chemistry, together with many new ideas in physics, metaphysics and harmonics, as well as the occult science. In this review of the sciences, or, more properly, the reconstruction of science, the microcosm is the counterpart of the macrocosm in every instance where the underlying principle can be reasoned upon. In the present state of science, its exponents preach "the microcosm is as the macrocosm," but where can they make a comparison and scientifically prove this assertion? From astronomy to biology they have no connecting link which will sustain this assertion other than on theory.

Where, in the annals of science, as today understood, can they prove, or even theorize, as to why the grand solar man—God—is distributed over the ecliptic, and that this is the formative principle (not creative) of the worlds around us, whose highest design is man himself, living on every star as he lives on earth, allowing for a difference in state of development. This knowledge has been lost to us for ages.

THE SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL SCIENCES.

A unity of the spiritual and material

sciences can only be productive of truth in all its phases. The ancients knew all of the spiritual, but lacked knowledge of the material science. We know much of the material and nothing of the spiritual science, hence we have a one-sided condition of truth. When the two can be combined, then an equilibrium will be found which will interblend the facts as the colors of the rainbow are interblended. Theories will be put in the balance and cast aside if found wanting, resulting in new classifications, new light on old subjects, new bases to old principles, new views to old scenes. But the new foundation builder must first appear. The present agitation in intellectual circles indicates that he is living.

THE SCIENCE OF COSMOGONY

only accounts for the gases which emanated from earth. What has become of the thermal emanations or heat which evolved from this constantly cooling mass? Diffused in space? No! The molecules which emanated from earth were overcharged with heat or force, hence, as they separated from earth's mass they took with them a proportionate volume of heat or energy; this heat finally emanated from the molecules and formed earth's thermal ether. This ether, as well as gases, had to displace the ether of space in which Earth is immersed, hence formed around that body. The ether, which we on earth are cognizant of, is not the ether of space or the

tion, from the equator to the North Pole of the Northern Hemisphere, and from the same point to the South Pole. This would form them into belts running parallel with the equator. The densest gas would find its plane near the equator, those less dense and of higher specific gravity would find their position above the equator (north and south) in ratio to their density, forming five belts (merging from black into gray in color), above and below the equator, while the greatest pressure would be exerted near earth's surface with all the belts. The thermal emanations of a planetary body likewise form in belts or spheres. They form thus under resisting conditions, since the ether of space must be displaced as they form around that body. This resistance compresses this force, now independent of matter, causing the same to manifest luminosity, as if fire were present. These spheres surround the planetary body in a spiral manner, apparently, because the various belts interblend with one another so that no beginning or end would be visible. The same with the five gaseous belts. The dynamic spheres reach the surface of earth through the gaseous belts and into the bowels of earth. When vibrations of the sun's eruptions, of the stars, etc., reverberate onto earth's dynamic spheres, the excess of force follows down into the bowels of earth; there it causes an earthquake—a displacement of matter. When not so far-reaching, it causes tornadoes, storms, etc., on the surface—a displacement of air.

These belts, gaseous and ethereal, are the Spirit-worlds of Earth.

LUMINOUS SPHERE.

Thus, these dynamic spheres of earth are the luminous surface of every stellar body, caused by the resistance under which they operate. When you take the electrical current from a large wire and condense the voltage over a small wire in a vacuum, the same current will manifest light, because a resistance is produced. Remove the resistance by letting it again onto a large wire, and it does not manifest at all to our senses. So it is with these dynamic spheres. They are luminous, static electricity under one condition; magnetism under other conditions, and spirit under still different conditions—all one and the same force under various environments. The belts are

CRYSTALLINE IN THEIR NATURE,

hence we see the stars through them.

gradually reach an equal distance from their respective hemispheres until the temperature of the Northern (spring) and the Southern (autumn) Hemispheres vary but little. This occurs about March 30. From this point the earth gradually ascends again, and repeats the season of summer in the Northern Hemisphere. The letters on diagram 5 refer to the Northern Hemisphere only, while the position of Earth is intended to illustrate the lenses in their different distances from the earth's surface, and not showing the astronomical aspects of Earth, while the position of Earth with the sun is in accordance with my new system of astronomy.

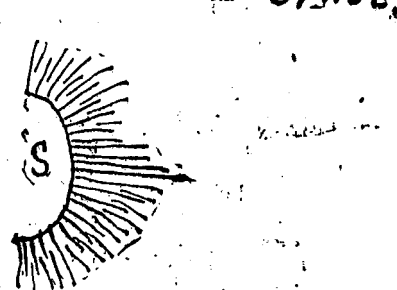
IMPORTANT QUESTION.

What proof have I that the construction of Earth is as here expounded? When an opaque body is exposed to the light of the sun, or any other luminous center, it casts a shadow in a direction opposite to that from which the light proceeds. The earth being a body of this kind, casts a very large shadow in the direction opposite the sun. This is the umbra of Earth.

Since the dynamic spheres of Earth are crystalline in nature, these would not be an opaque body, but would be as a convex lens; hence the light coming from the sun would be diffused or sent in the same direction from whence the light proceeds, slightly more oblique, forming a slight shadow of Earth, because the spheres are slightly more dense than is the condition of space. The shadow is consequently in ratio to the increase of density over that of space, caused by pressure—resistance.

As the moon (M) revolves around Earth, there is a time when it comes directly into these shadows of Earth. It enters first the light shadow—penumbra—then into the dark shadow—umbra—from here it emerges into the light and lower shadow cast by the spheres of the Southern Hemisphere; then the eclipse of the moon is past. The penumbra of Earth is supposed to be caused by the intersection or crossing of solar rays, since the rays of the sun never reach us, this theory is erroneous. I will not, this time, mention what scientists have accepted at present, in regard to the causes of seasons, but will leave my theory to stand on its own merits. It is as good, if not better, than the present theory. I intend, in all my work, to build up independently of all authorities or the theories as believed to-day. My

LIGHT OF SPACE.



LENSE OF HEAT.



DIAGRAM 4.

Will we recognize him when he appears or will we crucify him? More probable the latter than the former fate awaits him.

CANNOT READ BOOKS.

When the readers realize that my knowledge is from nature entirely; that I cannot read books on account of a peculiar vibration it causes to the brain fibers; that I have never attended college; that I have only had four winters of common school education; that I could not speak the English language until twelve years of age; that a living had to be earned, as well as an education from nature, you will then realize the task thus far accomplished. When you once know how to learn from nature, to understand the silent language of the structures whose reality lies in their design, then only it is easy to learn.

CAUSES OF SEASONS.

Among the scientific novelties which I have worked out is the causes of seasons. It is necessary to begin with the construction of Earth in order to make the entire theory even partially clear.

The earth, when thrown from the sun, was an incandescent mass of matter, suspended or immersed in the ether of space. Chemical action evolved gases; these enveloped the mass in dense smoke, through which sunlight could not penetrate. The earth radiated its heat, which will be termed by me as being "thermal ether," then later as "dynamic force." The gases which emanated from this heated mass would necessarily envelope the mass, and not be diffused in space, for space is a "solid," composed of the sun's thermal emanations—ether; hence whatever emanates from a body submerged in ether must press aside or displace the ether of space in order to envelope the body. Hence the earth has atmospheres of gases near the surface. Physicists have illustrated their

sun's ethereal spheres, but is the ether of earth's own production—the former energy, heat—possessed by Earth when in an incandescent state. It is still dynamic force, but under new conditions. Hence, the heat which the earth emanated in ages past is still a part of the earth, and plays an important role—causes the earth's revolution on its axis.

ETHERAL ELEMENT.

Since this ethereal element is lighter than matter, it would necessarily form exterior of the gaseous belts. In order to explain why these emanations of heat form in spheres, it would be necessary to go into my atomic philosophy and into chemistry, hence we leave this as being understood. Scientists have entirely overlooked the possibility of these belts of dynamic force surrounding our world as well as the planets. They have depended too much upon the revelations of the spectroscopic and the manner in which they interpret these revelations, and not enough on their own "thinker," hence barred the truth from their minds.

The reason the gaseous planes are not as is believed (diag. 2) is because specific gravity or gravitation duplicated itself above and below the equator; at the north pole the phenomenon will be the same as at the south pole, hence, whatever gases emanate from the southern hemisphere, find their specific gravity proportionately from the equator to that pole, in accordance with their specific gravity as elements, consequently, the theory as illustrated by diagram 2 is erroneous, because the law of gravitation acts the same on the southern hemisphere as on the northern, with an atom as it does with a stone.

THE GASEOUS BELTS.

These gaseous belts are forming under pressure, for the ether of space is resisting the formation, because the molecules

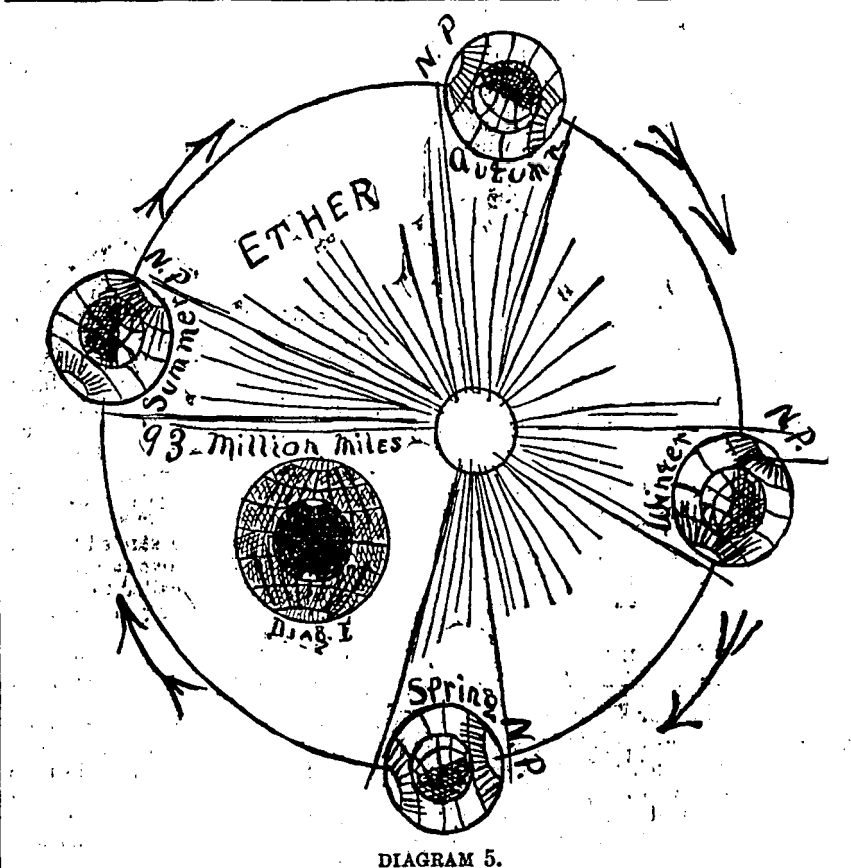


DIAGRAM 5.

theory of Earth's atmospheres as represented by diagram 2.

The accepted theory has not even stratified these gaseous belts, but believe them to be a mixture, ignoring specific gravity and its results in this matter. But later thinkers have begun to stratify the same, the densest gases near the earth, gradually refining them toward space. The planes are only intended to represent contrasts and are certainly not as dense as here drawn, or we could not see through them. How many planes there are of these, is not being conjectured. I calculate that there are five of these planes.

displace this element; hence there must be pressure, the same as if you take a rubber contrivance, submerge the same in water, then inflate the same with air; you must displace the water as you inflate the balloon. The water is of the same office as is the ether of space. The pressure acting against the water is in ratio to the degree of inflation that is reached. This pressure would make the gaseous belts most dense near the surface of the earth, because there the resistance is the greatest.

The true construction of earth is as illustrated by diagram 3. Here the gases find their position according to gravita-

They are denser than is space, hence stars are seen in other than their true positions. Since these spheres are crystalline in nature, they would necessarily form into double convex lenses at the polar points, while at the equator they would form a concave lens. The polar lenses would collect the light of space, focus the same down on their respective hemispheres the same as a burning glass collects the light and focuses the same onto a hand; the concentration of light results in "burning," or heat. The lens at the equator would not be able to focus light into heat, but would only collect and intensify light produced by the luminous disk of the sun, and give that planetary body its light, greater than that of space. Hence the equatorial lens gives Earth its light, while the polar lenses give their respective hemispheres both light and heat. The rays would be oblique, just as science has now found them, but instead of coming directly from the sun they fall thus obliquely from their lenses. Rays from the sun never reach earth or any other superior planet. It is the light of space, converted into rays by concentration of the lenses, which gives earth the light as well as the heat rays.

THE ACTION OF THE LENSES.

The earth translates through the sun-ring in 365 days. As it ascends in its orbit from spring to summer the lens of the Northern Hemisphere comes "into focus" with the earth's surface, and the burning increases as it ascends in its orbit. By July 1st we experience the hottest days. Then the lens is most perfectly in focus, while the earth, being oblique to the pole of the ecliptic, by 23 1/2 degrees, causes the luminous disk of the sun to reflect almost into this lens; this increases the heat. While we have summer, the Southern Hemisphere has its coldest season. Here the lens is out of focus, and diverted from the sun. As the earth ascends toward the equinoctial point, or autumn, the lenses reach a point when both are equally distant from the earth's surface; hence the temperature of autumn in the Northern Hemisphere and that of spring in the Southern Hemisphere (on September 30) is almost the same. Gradually the earth descends in its orbit, and as it descends, the northern lens goes out of focus, heat decreases, until January 1st, when nearest the sun, we have our coldest state of winter. The lens is diverted from the sun, while the southern lens is turned toward the sun and in focus with its hemisphere. There they have their hottest days, while we have our coldest days. As the earth descends in its orbit to the vernal equinox, the lenses

bases reach the same results, only from another direction.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENTS.

Some scientists claim that it is the electro-magnetic currents of the sun, "a highly magnetic body," which, striking Earth's atmospheres (which they consider consist of gases alone), are converted into light and heat, thus causing our seasons, through friction produced by these magnetic currents. This entire theory is based upon the hypothesis that there are electro-magnetic currents coming to us from the sun; that the sun should be more metallic than Earth, is a flagrant assumption. This theory will not explain the penumbra of Earth, because these scientists must again assume that solar rays reach the earth. The "electro-magnetic" currents will not cause a shadow which will act on matter—the moon.

ADDITIONAL PROOF.

What other proof have I that Earth possesses dynamic spheres?

When we look at Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, and the more developed bodies, we perceive belts on the same, which end in very white and luminous points at the poles. These belts are the dynamic spheres of these planets; the luminous points are the polar lenses. We never see the nucleus of these planets, only their electrical surfaces.

When we see Mars' "snow caps," we perceive the polar lenses of Mars, while the dynamic spheres are not sufficiently great in volume to be distinctly outlined.

When we look at Venus and Mercury during their transit, we perceive a nucleus, then a dark rim—their gaseous belts; then a lighter rim—their dynamic spheres. These spin the bodies around their axes, the earth once in twenty-four hours, Jupiter in ten hours, others in less time.

Mercury, Venus, Mars and all planets of our system are inhabited and have atmospheres.

My system of astronomy is an evolutionary system, while the Copernican system is a revolutionary system. In the new system planets and stars develop on and on, into a state of perfection with its peoples, beyond our comprehension, while in the present system they devolute into cold, barren and devastated uselessness, making us believe that nature wastes its grand material. E. C. GETSINGER.

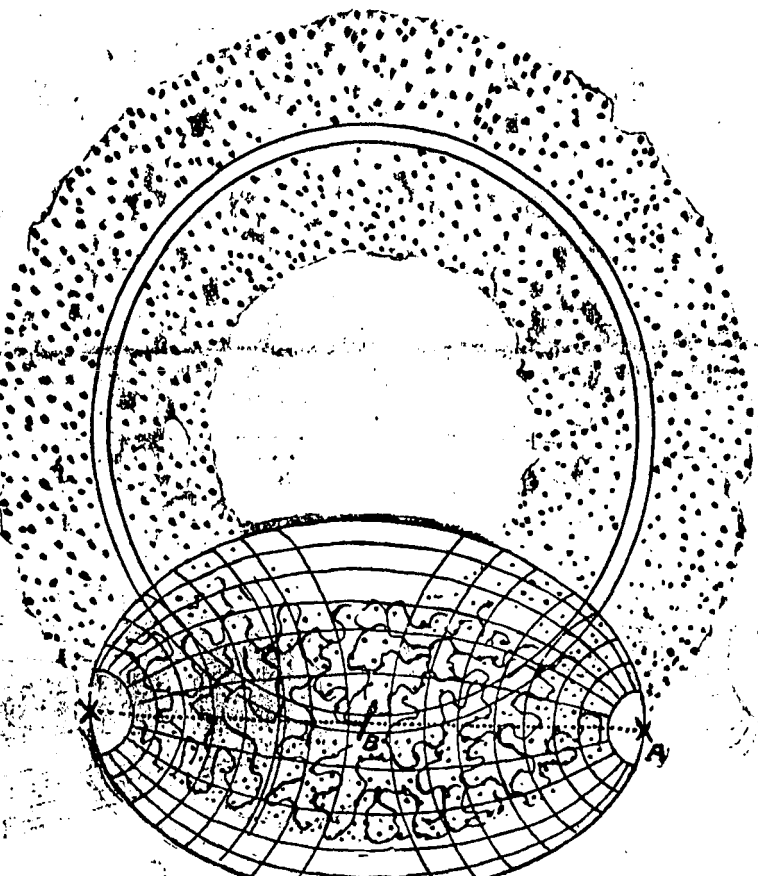


DIAGRAM 1.

tions. The brickmason erects the walls, but the foundation builder must have done his task first. The carpenter cannot do the bricklayer's work, nor can he fill the position of the stonemason. Thus the foundation builder must first apply his genius, when the brick worker and carpenter can work out the minutiae of the structure.

So it is with the scientists. One is capable of investigating certain branches of science, and doing that well. Others can work in other branches, and do that well; but when it comes to building a foundation to any branch of science, but few have possessed sufficient genius for such a task. Yet the foundation builders were incapable of working out the minutiae of their own work. Their brain was not developed to proper surfaces in the faculties corresponding to this kind of mental effort. In this way, all kinds of thinkers are necessary.

PTOLEMY AND COPERNICUS.

Ptolemy's erroneous system of astronomy held sway 1400 years before Copernicus refuted it. Yet during these 1400 years the people claimed that because it was so old, and an established theory, it must be right. Ptolemy was a foundation builder while then scientific instruments were few, hence it took a long time before the bricklayer applied the square and found that it was "out of plumb." Copernicus gave us the present system hundreds of years

equatorial zone, red-hot, and there broken into fragments, and formed red-hot particles, which finally resulted in a series of solar systems, whose suns are still red-hot on the surface, together with some steaming planets, when in fact the original nebulous mass must necessarily have been cold on the surface, on account of the absence of pressure, weight or force sufficient to produce friction of the molecules, and this result in heat.

COPERNICAN ERRORS.

Upon this foundation rests the Copernican system of astronomy, and when

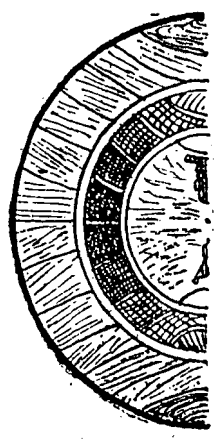


DIAGRAM 3.

the foundation is so flagrantly erroneous, how can the details of the sciences, resting upon the system almost entirely, be without error? It was because I found this fundamental and stupendous error, which led me to work out a new system of astronomy. I could come to no other conclusion, after careful study, than that the original nebula was only heated in the center, then the sun evolved, and by causes which I need not elucidate here, this central, heated mass separated from the grand mass, emanated thermal quantities of force, became suspended in this force, which we now know as ether. This incandescent mass was forced to form a ring in design, and from this grand ring, 94,380 years of light in circumference, evolved our sidereal universe, and three others, as great as the part we see, but these are not visible to us, only in a small section—a few stars outside of our sidereal chart, which astronomers have erroneously included within the bounds of our chart.

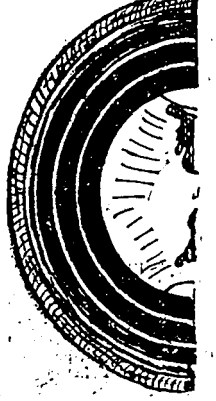


DIAGRAM 2.

ago, but it was a long time after before it was apparently proven by the details, which were built upon a hypothetical basis—the nebular theory. The question arises: Was Laplace right? Does condense-



CHAPTER XVIII.

A Strange Reunion.

The cheerless winter passed and spring came, joyous and beautiful as in the morning of the world. The snow had scarcely left the hillsides before the wild flowers broke forth from the brown leaves, and the returning song-birds filled the forest with music. The thoughtful missionary had taken advantage of the winter when the tribe was held together by the inclemency of the weather, and gave instructions every day in the council-house, and on the Sundays by religious observances. Progress was slow, yet plainly discernible, and already the tribe had become consolidated into an organized community, and the functions and meaning of law were understood.

When the leaves on the oak were as large as a squirrel's ear, and the whip-o-will was singing with its human voice, the Indians said spring had come, and the women went out to plant the corn. Afterwards came a drought. The plants withered, and even the leaves on the trees grew crisp.

"Great medicine man," said the Indians to Louis, "make it rain." "The Great Spirit loves you he will answer. Pray for rain or we starve,"

It became plain, as the days went by, and the burning sun shriveled the corn and other vegetables, that the success of the mission itself depended on the coming rain. On the day of the new moon, Louis called a council, desiring to hold a day of prayer. The women sent for Powawan, the great medicine chief.

When Louis went to the council he passed him at his work.

"I have a hard task to-day," said the chief, "a hard task."

"You seem content under the shade," "Content! I have to bring down the rain. All the other medicine men have failed!"

"Why ask? I bring it? I shall. I never fail," replied the conjurer confidently. Hearing the sound of a canoe on the river, he called out: "You better go home and keep out of the rain. It will be a wet day for fishing."

"Never mind us. Bring the rain and we'll take the wetting."

At the council, Louis offered fervent prayers to the Father for the needed showers, and when the meeting closed, clouds were gathering in the west, and soon the rain poured down.

Had it not been for Powawan the new faith would have received an unanswerable confirmation, but the women who employed him, believed he, by his patient medicines, brought the rain. The fishermen, however, found fault with him, the flood washing away their brush and some of their canoes, saying his medicine was too strong.

The rain relieved them of fear of famine, and again the prospects of the mission brightened.

One beautiful Sunday morning, as the people were gathering for worship, Louis was walking along the path leading to the council-house, when a messenger came running with breathless haste, and said:

"There is a boat with white people coming up the river!"

"How far away?" was asked in astonishment.

"Just below; there they come!" answered the messenger as the canoe came into full view. Overjoyed to meet those of his own race after his sojourn with savages, he ran to the bank, followed by Guy, Bige and the people. What a surprise awaited them! They expected strangers, and Dencke sprang ashore and clasped Louis in his arms in delight. He was followed by John, Gertrude, Margery and Heloise. The salutations, the brotherly and sisterly greetings of these friends were too tender for words to convey. Louis was completely overcome at the appearance of Heloise whom he believed dead.

"Heloise!" he exclaimed, "is it you, or your spirit?"

She smiled through her tears as she pressed his hand: "I am no ghost, unbelieving Thomas; I am flesh and blood."

"It is a miracle!" cried Louis, scarcely daring to trust his senses, and fearful that it was a dream from which he would awake to find a dreary reality which had oppressed him so long.

"Not a miracle, but a reality," responded Dencke, "we owe her life to John. We can never repay our obligations to him."

"Our good and noble brother, John, came at the last moment and snatched me from the jaws of death," said Heloise as she laid her hand on his arm, "and not only saved my poor life, but your castle and people. He is the savior of us all."

As she spoke, the changing expression on John's face, of strength and pride, indicated how much his character had been influenced by just appreciation.

"And you, Lady Margery," said Louis, addressing her, "what induced you to undertake this long and tedious journey?"

"If Heloise came, it was necessary that I accompany her; I quickly came to that conclusion."

the meanness of jealousy, yet it was the old, old passion with its fires subdued. Webaheao and Segasowin having become attached to their white companions, desired to go with them. The preparations were soon completed, and with "God bless you," the devoted band started for their new home.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pequotting, and What Happened There.

Pequotting, the Indian village to which Dencke had been invited, was situated on the site now occupied by the little town of Milan, Ohio. The Huron river, with high banks, and broad intervals, flows on the west, and a large creek curves from the east and unites with the river, forming a broad ridge carved out of an otherwise level country, and a level situation for a town. The public square, where now a soldier's monument records the names of those who died for their country, marks the Indian play-ground. Around this square their lodges were built, and as the underwood was kept away by annual fires, the prospect to the north and west was charming. The beauty of the landscape is still preserved, though now the red roofs of quiet homes adorn the hills.

The journey of the little party across the wilds from Gnadenhutte was unattended by any important occurrences until they were within a day's distance of their destination. On that morning, as they were taking breakfast around the camp-fire, their attention was attracted by a deer bounding almost directly toward them. Guy seized his gun and brought the game to the ground. He had scarcely reloaded before what he thought was a grey wolf came in pursuit and rushed on the deer. He again shot, with aim unfortunately too true, and killed the animal. All this transpired so quickly that the messenger had not time to interpose, and at the fall of the wolf he became greatly alarmed, and cried out:

"No wolf; dog; Indian dog!"

In confirmation a hunter appeared on a rapid run, which soon brought him to them. When he saw the deer and his favorite dog dead by its side, his eyes flamed with anger.

"Who killed my dog?" he demanded. Guy explained to him the mistake and offered to pay him for the dog, and the messenger seconded his offers.

"Delaware dog," he cried fiercely to the latter, "be silent, nor dare talk to a man."

"You may have the deer and I will give you this gun for your dog," said Guy.

"An Erie wants no gun. This is good enough for a man; and he drew his heavy bow almost double, letting the cord go with a sharp clang."

Gertrude held up some highly-colored beads to him. The savage face lighted. "I will take them," he said with satisfaction; "what else?"

She took from her pocket a small mirror and held it before him. He saw his own face and was at once interested. He took it in his hands as though it was a living thing and possessed mysterious power. He looked into it and began to laugh. The movements of his face astonished him, and he would suddenly stop with a look of fear, and then burst into a laugh again.

"This is enough. I want no more. I am an Erie; a man; my totem is a beaver." He pointed to a well wrought representation of that animal on the breast of his deerskin jacket. "An Erie; a man; not a Delaware dog. I am your brother."

"Take your deer," said Guy.

"No," he replied haughtily. "I take no dead meat." He started on a rapid run and disappeared. He does not disappear, however, from our story, for he plays an important part in the history of the mission.

"Is he an enemy of your tribe?" asked Dencke of the messenger, whose rage was ill concealed.

"Not now. The Eries are wolves. They came and killed my people and robbed us of our best hunting grounds. There are few of us left or we would be enemies."

"You do not fight now?"

"No; but they must not insult us." He shut his teeth hard and his eyes glared with hate.

"We have, Brother Dencke, a brute world before us to tame and chasten," said Guy. "Do you not sometimes falter?"

The more need of teachers, Brother Guy. Turning to the messenger, he asked: "Where is the Beavers' village?"

"Not two hours from ours, on a creek a short distance from the lake."

"Then we shall have these Eries for neighbors."

"To our regret," replied the Delaware.

The party were met on their way by a large number of warriors and conducted to the village in triumph, where two new lodges had been prepared for them. Before the winter came a large council-house had been erected as a place for worship, and a school. The imposing church of the Congregationalists now stands on the site, with massive Grecian columns, and a tall spire, crowned with a golden vane. (This church, after standing as a landmark for fifty years, was burned, and a new one has taken its place with all the smartness of red brick and inscrutable designs of the modern architect.)

The rich-toned bell Sabbath mornings calls the worshippers to prayer. Yet who shall say the voice of the worldly throng which now assembles is more acceptable to the throne of grace than the prayers from that humble house where lips first learned the accents of devotion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mid-Winter Convention.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Mid-Winter Convention of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association was held in this place February 1st, 2d and 3d, and was considered the most interesting and profitable ever held in the State, the speakers being all at their best, and the good thoughts they gave us made all feel that they wish to climb up to the highest and best in themselves. We want to especially mention the lecture of Prof. H. D. Barrett, of Washington, D. C., president of the National Association, it being the finest lecture ever listened to in this vicinity. In behalf of the local association I wish to thank the president and officers of the State Association for holding this mid-winter meeting in this place. I think it will do a great amount of good. MARIA L. O'DELL, Secretary Local Society, Paw Paw, Mich.

A STRANGE CASE.

A Mystery, the Memory of Which Disturbs the Maryland Neighborhood to This Day.

Disappeared from His Bed.

UNABLE TO MOVE HAND OR FOOT, YET HE OBEYED THE SUMMONS OF AN UNKNOWN MESSENGER.

A man of English descent, who lived in the old county of Dorset, Md., several years ago, was known by the name of Bennett Bendle. It had never been discovered during his childhood or vigorous manhood, that the bestowal of the double B by his sponsors in baptism had conferred any power to be bewitched or bodied in such a way as to make him the subject of wonder and speculation in all the countryside; yet the mere mention of that name for years after the baffling event that brought him into sudden fame, was enough to make the pious preachers, and even the presiding elder of the "deestrick," edge their chairs closer within the radius of the cheery hearthstone's blazing oak logs, and snuff the candles quickly, to dispel all lurking shadows.

On a little creek tributary to the Choptank, the Indian name for Blue Water, on the eastern shore of Maryland, there stood one of those primitive and picturesque windmills of which there are a few survivals in the country to-day. A long flight of steps led on the outside to the lower story, where the bags of corn were kept; and an inner short flight gave access to the hopper room, where the great revolving stones were crunching the golden grain.

There was only one unglazed window, which looked out at the long arms of the mill sweeping round and round. There was no chimney, nor even a fire, in either room.

UNCLE TRISSEY.

The miller's name was Tristram Thomas, but he was to all men only Uncle Trissey.

His house stood close by the mill, and was a cabin of one room down stairs and a low-roofed loft above.

To the hospitality of this meagre abode came Uncle Trissey's brother-in-law, Bennett Bendle, ill and worn, and with no home of his own. He was very poor, but had always been desperately wicked, especially priding himself on "swearing things blue." During the weeks of confinement to his bed Bendle was utterly helpless; unable to move hand or foot.

So subdued was he by his terrible plight, looked upon as a "visitation" for his sins, that he listened respectfully to the earnest exhortations of the local preacher, and pondered over his wise counsels.

He was occupying the downstairs room in a trundle bed, with his little nephew, at this time, and one night the boy awoke, and called to his father, who slept in the same room.

"Where is Uncle Bennett?"

"There is bed with you," said his father.

"No," cried the boy, "he is not."

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Uncle Trissey jumped up and lighted his candle, not believing his son's assertion; but finding it true, he sought the missing man in every nook and cranny of the little house, but there was no Bennett Bendle to be found.

The fire was still burning in the fireplace. He was certain not to see the chimney, for they looked there then, and again next morning, and could see the sky, with no intervening object cutting off the view.

It was a dark, rainy night, and they could do little until morning, but at daylight Uncle Trissey started out, and soon had forty or fifty able-bodied neighbors helping him.

The whole population was astir, and breathless curiosity left scarcely a stone unturned in frantic efforts to find a clew to the strange disappearance. They not only searched the two rooms of the miller's house in an ordinary way, but the distressed preacher crawled on his hands and knees over every inch of the loft, and every foot of space on the premises was gone over again and again.

The water in the well was drawn out, and the creek dragged all the next day, but no Bennett Bendle was to be found, nor any trace of him.

The long, swaying steps to the mill were mounted by eager seekers, a careful climb for even the sure-footed, and they gazed into the hopper.

They let the light from a score of lanterns penetrate between the piled-up bags of meal; while the green eyes of the miller's great black cat blinked knowingly at them from her perch in the rafters, adding mystery to mystery.

GAVE UP THE SEARCH.

After the long, fruitless day, the neighbors went slowly home, in little groups of twos and threes, with many a foreboding shake of the head, and a most uncanny feeling in the spine. Twenty-four hours had passed in wild conjecture for the family in the little house, when, just at midnight, a sudden change of wind made it necessary that Tristram Thomas should go out to the mill to secure it against the blast by making tighter the ropes that tied down the arms.

Getting out of bed, he started toward the door, but stumbled over a prostrate body on the floor. He called to his son in the trundle-bed, asking if he were there.

"Here I am, father," came the boy's answer, in a terrified whisper from under the covers.

Thomas stepped over the figure on the floor, and tried the door. It was fastened securely. A hole bored in the log on the inside held a long wooden pin that could not possibly have been removed from the outside, a primitive but thoroughly strong fastening.

THE DISCOVERY.

Then he got a light, and found Bennett Bendle lying there, rigid and as utterly helpless as when he saw him last.

It required the united efforts of Tristram, his wife and the lad, to lift Bendle back into the bed he had so mysteriously left, without visible aid.

The minister was sent for. He went in the morning, expecting to hear a strange story, and he heard it.

Bendle told the preacher that a man had come to him and said: "You must come with me," and that he had yielded.

"I am not able to go. I can't put on my jacket." The man said: "I will help you on with your jacket," and then Bennett knew no more until Uncle Trissey stumbled over him on the floor.

The head wooden stocking on, and a blanket around him, and though the rain had been pouring for two nights and a day, during which time he was certainly not in that little cabin, he was perfectly dry, and covered from head to foot with the blackest of soot.

Another messenger came for Bennett Bendle a few days later—the messenger that comes for all, but brings no man back again. To this hour it remains as great a mystery where Bennett went with the first messenger as with the last. The above, from the New York Herald, shows a case of dematerialization, for how could Bennett Bendle have been taken from the room and brought back without undergoing the process of being dematerialized, and then restored to his natural condition? R. CHIMIDES, New York.

SHE STAMPED.

Mrs. Irma Erdelyi Will Keep Her Vow and Join a Presbyrian Church.

In accordance with the dramatic declaration made beside her husband's coffin a few days ago in New York, Mrs. Irma Erdelyi will formally renounce the Catholic faith and be received into Hope Presbyterian church by the Rev. John B. Devine.

When her husband died Mrs. Erdelyi proposed to bury him with all the rites prescribed by the Roman Catholic church. She invited several priests, but each declined, the dead man's neglect of his religious duties being given as the reason. In desperation Mrs. Erdelyi sent for Mr. Devine and he responded. Mad with shame and grief, Mrs. Erdelyi ordered the coffin opened. She tore the emblems of her faith from the breast of her husband's body, stamped them under her feet, and cried: "If here and now I renounce forever the Catholic faith, I will be a Protestant, and you shall teach me," turning to Mr. Devine.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

J. Nelson Holmes, the beloved husband of Mrs. Jennie W. (nee Ferris) Holmes, passed away to Spirit-life from his late residence, near Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 14, 1894, in his 61st year. Mr. Holmes and his wife have been favorably known to the public for many years as noted materializing mediums.

Banner of Light and other spiritual papers please publish.

Mrs. Frances King Muller passed to the higher life from Golden Gate, Cal., the 17th of January, 1895.

MRS. J. A. BLISS.

C. H. Williams, a Spiritualist worker and medium, passed to Spirit-life at Stockton, Cal., January 5, 1895, at the age of 37 years and four months. His illness was brief.

Rev. G. S. Abbott, of the Universalist church, passed to Spirit-life, May 10, 1894, at San Jose, Cal. He was 77 years of age; an honest, upright man, and a believer in spirit communion. He was at San Jose with his wife, on a visit at the time of his demise, and his body was interred at Oak Hill cemetery, his bereaved widow returning to her home in Akron, Ohio.

MRS. J. A. NEWTON.

To Fight for Christ's Sake.

The repeated disasters and the great sacrifices of life growing out of the attempt to wrest the Holy Land from the Saracens, was ascribed by the priestly leaders to the sinfulness of the pilgrims. It was God's work they were doing; "God wills it," was their battle-cry. None but innocent hands could accomplish the glorious work of permanently holding the sepulchre of our Lord. To ensure persons of that character, it is represented 30,000 children, under the boy Stephen, and 20,000 German boys and girls, under the peasant lad Nicholas, made a grand march towards Jerusalem, by sea and land, in 1212, to secure a lasting peace for Christ's sake. The entire army under both leaders lost their lives, else were captured and sold into Turkish slavery.

Such madness has no parallel in history, and only approximates the wickedness of the present time, under brighter skies, in teaching and arming children, and girls, too, for a projected war, the character of which only the managers have any conception.

Sunday Meetings in Chicago.

First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Hooley's Theatre. 11 A. M. Illinois State Association, Bricklayers Hall, 93 Peoria street. 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. North Side Society, Schlotthauer's Hall, Sigel and Sedgwick streets. 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

The Progressive Society, 3120 Forest avenue. Children's Lyceum, 1:30 P. M. Services at 3:00 and 7:30 P. M. First Society of Spiritual Union, Custer Post Hall, 85 South Sangamon street. Services at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 1:30 P. M.

The First Spiritual Society of the South Side, Auditorium Hall, 77 Thirty-first street. 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Spiritual Union, Nathan Hall, 1565 Milwaukee avenue. 7:30 P. M. The Spiritual Research Society, Orpheus Hall in Schiller Theatre Building, Randolph street, between Clark and Dearborn. Every Sunday at 3 P. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Chicago Fraternal Endeavor Society, Lodge Hall, No. 11 North Ada street. Meeting 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Society of Students of Nature, Brettman's Hall, 771 Armitage avenue (near California avenue), Sunday at 7:30 P. M.; Lyceum at 2:30 P. M.

OTHER MEETINGS.

Band of Harmony, Thursday, 7:45 P. M. Orpheus Hall, Schiller Theatre. National Society of Spiritualists, 681 W. Lake street. Wednesday evenings 7:45 o'clock.

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A RARE TREAT.

A Series of Articles by the Great English Author.

THE FAMOUS CHAPTERS.

Gibbon on the Origin of Christendom.

BY PROF. EDWIN JOHNSON, Of London, England.

IV.

I agree with Gibbon in referring the rapid growth of the church to zeal; but my re-examination of the sources, has led me to deny that this zeal of the early Christians was a purely theological zeal, derived from the Jews. It is now years since I discovered, in a way that it should be easy for my studious readers to follow, that the very name "Christianity," and with it a number of other designations, such as Nazarenes, Galileans, Essenes, Kathari, Sancti, and Benedicti, are the coinage and frigid invention of the monks of the West. They have affected us by their sensational tales of martyrdom, which are impossible to any mature judgment; but the air of romance thus thrown around the early church disappears when we calmly examine the method of their inventions, the stage tricks, and the theatrical display, of which they are consummate masters.

Yet a great kindling of zeal in Western Europe does explain, in my opinion, the rise of the Christian church, and in an easily intelligible way. A wide range of observation is here opened; but I may merely point out that zeal, being an affair of *esprit de corps*, born of association, stimulated by numbers, by the sight of a common flag, by pugnaeities and by victories, no more successful use of this fiery principle has ever been made than by the founders of the Mohammedan church. I think we can hardly have even a slight acquaintance with the Confession and the Book of Islam without thrilling in some sort of sympathy with one of the most extraordinary enthusiasms the world has ever known, and with one of the most brilliant efforts of theological invention that has ever captivated the imagination alike of the learned and the vulgar.

Gibbon expressed his admiration for the story of "The Illustrious One," who, in my opinion, is a purely ideal person, like all the founders and lawgivers. Hallam compared the "pure theism" of the Arabian tales with the monkish legends, to the disadvantage of the latter; and Richard F. Burton, one of the most extraordinary men whom our country has produced, was, if I am not mistaken, at one time a member of the Moslem communion. But I have been hitherto solitary in the decided expression of opinion that the monks have simply inverted the relation of the Christian to the Mohammedan church. Dr. Henry was not an initiation of Western monks; quite the reverse. The Arabians did not honor Miriam and her son as out of respect for the Mary and Jesus of the Catholics; again it was quite the reverse. The Koran, that book which some describe as uncreative, and the descent of which from heaven is annually commemorated, compiled out of Jewish and Christian writings! The true believer, in his inmost heart, knows the thought to be vain and impious; and the more literary critic will confirm him in its impossibility. I believe the evidence to be complete, both from architecture and from literature, that our Gothic church of the West is the younger and less beautiful rival of the Arabian, and that the recognition of this relation supplies a missing link in historic science, as it has been partly set forth in Dr. Henry's "Intellectual Development of Europe."

Denying, as I must now do, that our sources of knowledge are older than the Renaissance, I say that, in the too faint light even of that time, you can clearly discern a great kindling of zeal in Europe against the Moors and Jews in Spain, and against the Turks in the Levant. The military order of knights, the spiritual-military orders of monks, were formed; and the church retains, in her zeal, its prayers against Jews, Turks and Saracens, the implicit record of the conditions under which she arose.

But while the relation of the Christian church to the Moslems has been concealed or misinterpreted, the monks have made every effort to represent the early Christians as a sect from the Jews, and to discover the forerunners of their system in the Jewish literature. This is only to be accounted for, as I believe, from the fact that the monks of the west were rivals in Europe to the Jewish ecclesiastics, whose literary activity was solely European. When the mythology of the Hebrews is set aside, and attention is fixed upon the statements made by Elias Levita and other sixteenth-century scholars, it is no longer possible to deny that the Hebrew books were composed by men who were proud of their Spanish extraction, and whose native tongue was the language of Spain. In all probability the bulk of them were composed after the exile from that land, and, as seems to me probable, in the same regions in which the monks constructed their literature.

I know that this opinion is very startling when listened to for the first time. Nevertheless, if any science at all can be based on the too shifty foundation of human testimony, that position will in the end, I am persuaded, be made good. Of course I cannot here enter on the details of the evidence. But in one word I may say that the student who first inquires where the Jewish scholars were during that age of publication, commonly called the sixteenth century, and who finds them at ports or places near the sea, from Barcelona to Constantinople, and who recognizes the comparatively crude state of Hebrew letters, even at the end of that age, will be a long way towards the discovery of the truth.

I have not said "the whole truth," because that is seldom, if ever, discovered in respect to compositions of secret origin and design. Here let me state a very obvious thing about testimony, which was quite neglected by even Hume and Gibbon, who never seemed to

carry their supposed witnesses into the testing atmosphere of the court of justice. Good testimony is very rare, even on the part of disinterested witnesses, who are above the suspicion of bribery or undue influence; simply because good observers and reporters are rare. Much less can we expect the truth from members of corporations whose interests are directly opposed to the truth being known. It is a mere axiom I am laying down; members of religious corporations are forbidden by their profession to tell the truth of their origin.

It is too strong to affirm that not one of a thousand young men who confesses a creed, signs articles, takes Bible in hand, and declares that he is moved by the Holy Ghost, and so forth, can possibly have inquired into the alleged facts or truths of the system he promises to teach? Well, this practice has been going on for some ages. At the beginning of the church, men vowed that they believed, not what they had thought out for them or had testified, but what they had themselves recently invented; and since then it has been the rarest of events for a clergyman to make any thorough examination of the grounds of his avowal. As Emerson says, if you hear it announced that Mr. So-and-So will publicly lecture on the basis of the institution, you do not attend, because you are aware he will do no such thing.

In the present day it can be shown more clearly than ever that fable is the very life of the ecclesiastical corporations, together with allied arts; and that by their very constitution they cannot utter the truth of fact. They allege that the world is a creation or series of creations; they are pledged to that theory. But the theological mist has been withdrawn from our eyes by Darwin. "Observe nature," he says; "inspect your own thoughts. Creation is neither a fact nor an idea that we can realize, merely a figure that we mistake for some self-illusion for a thought. Say that nature is an evolution; you have still a figure, but one that helps you to a more rational thought. There is continuous becoming, never being out of no being." And yet the priesthood must continue to speak of "the creation," as if their predecessors had been present and had witnessed the impossible event, and a series of events deduced from an impossible event.

This may be called a *priori* argument against the credulity of church history, and which breaks it down before you have read a page of the books. A body of men consent and conspire in an account of the world which is based on figment, and built up on figment from first to last. They represent it as a system of testimony, whereas it is a system of art, mostly a low mode of art; a series of records, whereas it proves to be a series of inventions hung upon an equally fictitious chronological string. Once see clearly that creation is an ecclesiastical figure of speech, inadmissible in science, and church history is resolved into cloudland, day-dream, false speculation about a time that never was. The books cannot have been other than poetical. Strange that these elementary laws of thought should, in the days that boast of Darwin, be so little understood!

But I attach more importance to a *posteriori* argument, because, though an all-powerful one, it has yet been so feebly handled. The books from which Gibbon drew his sketch of "the history of the church of Jerusalem" are not in the least like what he supposed them to be—the works of independent witnesses or narrators, written more than a thousand years before the Revival of Letters. They belong to a coherent system; they form a new library, a monastic library; they were schemed within the Revival of Letters; they were not written in the East but in the West—most probably in France, and by French-speaking men; and the Latin, not the Greek, is the primary language of this literature.

I announce these propositions with the greatest confidence, simply because I am certain of their substantial truth. I have arrived at these conclusions by the simplest methods, by the application of the clearest laws in the reception of evidence. For example, no book is a "superhuman" product, no book is absolutely unaccountable in its origin. With that admission, bibliographical science begins, but not till then. Again, books are not found in isolation, but in collections; and the critical history of European libraries, traced upwards from the present time, yields the sure clue to the intelligence of the whole matter. If, for example, you can make out the state of libraries in England or France so much as fifty years before the foundation of the Bodleian, you are near to the detection of the whole secret. The rest is matter of detail. Forgive me if I insist that these statements are not "Johnsonism"; they are not my theories of a doubtful subject; they are simply statements of facts, which need only clear expression, that they may be seen as facts. Another way of saying the same thing is this: All our knowledge of old Europe must be derived from the documents of modern Europe; the dead world must be approached through the world of the Renaissance.

The truth is that Gibbon was too near to his subject, as it were; and he neglected a few books which might have enlightened him. We find the sources for his very latest chapters contradict those from which he composed his celebrated fifteenth chapter, because a dense and utterly impenetrable ignorance is revealed as prevailing in Europe before the dawn of letters. The monk disguised as "Eusebius," and all his faction in like manner disguised as "illustrious men" of the early centuries, are really Renaissance men; and their "histories" are neither record nor founded on record, nor mixed fact and fiction, but pure theological and allegorical romance—a species of literature which has analogies and affinities to the Greek and Roman mythology, no less than to the Moslem and Jewish, the Hindu, the Buddhist, or the Persian mythology. The whole tale of "the Church of Jerusalem," with its fifteen circumcised

Jewish bishops, is merely false dogma in the form of story, and so is the whole deduction of an Oriental church which depends upon it. The monks of the West, for reasons clearly to be seen in their writings, were determined to plant church beginnings in Syria, as a land of Moslem pilgrimages and mysteries; to make out that it early adopted the most illustrious language in the world, the Greek; that it was propagated homeward and westward, the reverse of the true direction. The facts relating to the printing of Greek books seem steadily to indicate that Paris was more conscious of the beginnings of this new Greek mythology than any other city in the world.

The Jerusalem of the monks is, of course, derived from the Jerusalem of the Hebrew scriptures, which, I repeat, did not denote to the Hebrew writers a particular place on any objective or mental map of the world known to them. It is a poetical figure for the Jewish community itself, and the recognition of the fact goes far to the elucidation of many of the obscurities of Bible and Talmud. It is the monks who fixed the name on the city which is one of the chief sanctuaries of the Moslems. The Christian geography and topography of Syria is part of their theological romance; their maps and their "early travels" confirm this beyond dispute. And the whole Syrian church history being explained in its motives, and shown to be invention, should be regarded as a fallacy exploded for science. The instructed student of history should be aware that in these criticisms of Gibbon and his sources I am merely forwarding that reformation of history which began, since his time, in the hands of men like Niebuhr and C. O. Muller. The very same method which has led to juster opinions of Greek and Roman story, will and must inevitably lead to the reformation of our ideas of church history, and with it, to many a practical reformation of the greatest significance and value; in fact, as a correspondent says, to an entire metamorphosis of our society and culture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAYSIDE JINGLES AND JEWELS.

Some of life's most delicious feasts Occur around the tables of the soul Where memory its treasures doth unroll.

When Eden's blossoms turn to flowers In the Edenic home above, What a grand feast of love.

Life's most healthful tonic Is a conscience clear.

The flowers to me are positive. They teach heaven's law direct From cause to effect.

Every one has his own soul-garden, Where it is always summer.

God's love is the diamond setting To the soul's crown of gathered earth-joys, Which memory takes "Over the River," Into the land "Forever."

Truth is the soul's magician-stick That finds living waters all along the way From earth to heaven.

If the "boil" question you wish to settle, Here goes the "how" to do it. Please carefully pursue it. A "boil" in a kettle Is worth two on the face, Or any other place.

Look out for the world's smiles, Note whether they are "skin deep" or deeper, And who is the soul's keeper. Evil hath a big "pull" on the bank of smiles.

He who would seek along life's way The beautiful pearls of light, Must rise above the clouds of night, Into the cloudless day.

If all the bad thoughts could be woven With care Into raiment, Would there come a single claimant, And take that raiment to wear? Ah! they would greatly fear That the "bad thoughts" would to the world appear. Hence none would be seen in such a "gear."

Guard well the soul's gateway; Watch it with jealous eye, For it is life's royal state-way Up to life's purer sky.

Gather pearls by the wayside, That they may glisten in heaven's sunshine When its gates do open wide.

We catch thoughts same as we catch fish, Sometimes they "bite," And sometimes they keep out of sight, Unmindful of our wish.

When an editor goes into his den, And dips his pen Into editorial ink, And begins to "scratch" and think, Then sad-like imps And dæm-like shrimps Had better stand from under, Or catch a "clap of thunder."

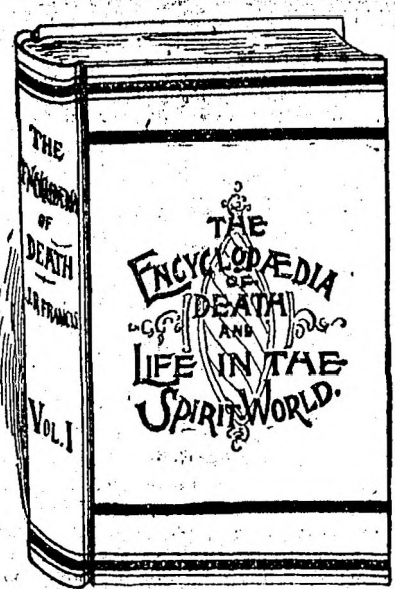
G. S. GREEN, M. D.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

TO THE EDITOR:—I received the "Encyclopædia of Death and Life in the Spirit-World," and have read it with a great deal of interest. I wish that all to whom the fear of death is a great burden could read it and be happier. I wonder how you find time to do so much, but your whole life seems to be in your work, and may your lamp be trimmed and burning for many years to help those who walk in darkness and fear. I want Mr. Tuttle's book, "Studies in the Outlying Field of Psychic Science." Enclosed find seventy-five cents.

MRS. H. P. PEEK.

"The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional." This book, by the well-known Father Chiquy, reveals the degrading, impure influence and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail, \$1. For sale at this office.



Any one who sends us four trial subscribers can have the Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World sent to him for 50 cents. Every Spiritualist will want the various volumes of this Encyclopædia. Your library will not be complete without it.

G. W. Brown, M. D., prominent as editor, publisher and author, says: "One of the incomprehensible questions with me is: How do you find time in the midst of your multitudinous duties as editor, publisher, business manager and general factotum of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to compile, print and publish your one and only Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. The book is splendidly gotten up."

THE COMPLIMENT.

It Is Returned by Missionaries to India.

TO THE EDITOR:—For some hundreds of years the Christian nations of the world have been at great pains and expense in the conversion of the so-called heathen. Thousands of missionaries have been sent to foreign countries—India, China, Japan, Africa; churches have been built; Sunday-schools established and millions of dollars expended. The results in converts may not have equaled the labor and money, but it attests the effort and the faith of those who did the work and made the contributions.

There seems now to be one result for which no calculations were made. These people who have discovered what kind of a religion modern Christianity is, and what effect it has upon the human race—learning from actual contact, as witnessed, for instance, by the English conquest of India, where a peaceful country and a peaceful people were destroyed by the powder and rum of Christian England—have retaliated, as it were, by sending their missionaries back to these countries and teaching their people the true religion of Christ. Theosophical societies numbered by hundreds in the United States and their members counted by thousands, now on the rapid increase, are fast spreading the knowledge of the beautiful and sublime religion of Buddha. Believing that it is wrong to shed human blood in cruel wars, to destroy life in any of its forms, to debase the soul and destroy the body with strong drink, to cheat, to lie, steal, to oppress the weak and the poor, they have come to tell us that the Christian religion which we sent to India is a cruel and barbarous system when compared with their own.

They say that for twenty-four hundred years—since five hundred years before the birth of Christ—they have had a religion unstained by a drop of human blood and unmarked by a single drunkard's grave. They tell us, and we are forced to the belief by the facts, that their people profit by and live in harmony with the moral standard of their teacher. They do not preach morality and practice immorality; they do not teach honor, honesty, truth, charity and benevolence, and practice cheating, lying, stealing, oppression. They do not inculcate temperance and then become debauched drunkards. Their commandment is: "Thou shalt not drink or touch any strong drink;" and no rum-shop can be found in India, except those brought in and established by Christian England. With the Buddhists all life is sacred and the infliction of pain one of the forbidden things. These lines are found among the maxims of Buddha:

"When an ant was crushed, the Lord Buddha wept; when a human soul was hurt, the tears he shed were blood."

So they have not indulged in long, cruel and bloody religious wars. Twelve millions of human lives have been sacrificed on the altar reared by the Church of Christ: one sect of Christians slaughtered by other sects of Christians. But India has no such foul blot upon her spotless name. It is said that three hundred thousand persons have perished through the work of that eminently Christian institution, the Spanish Inquisition: bodies of men, women and children subjected to the fagot and the flames, the rack and the thumb-screw, butchered under the most horrible and revolting torture; all for the glory of God and the good of the church of Christ.

There is no such history connected with or known to Buddhism. Careful of human life, tender of human suffering, believing in and acting upon the axiom "that no man should call God his father unless he also calls man his brother," they present to us a religion in which they claim that all mankind can live in peace, harmony, temperance, honesty, justice and love. The writer is not a Buddhist—at least not a Theosophist—nor is he a Christian; but from the observed fact that our Christian theology is wholly unfitted and unable to grapple with the crimes and vices of society, that in the face of the great advances made in material civilization, it has not been able to stay the tide of human error one atom, or to advance the moral civilization of the race one degree, he feels that there must be another philosophy, higher, better, broader, in its scope, which will in larger measure develop the pure, noble and diviner possibilities of the race.

OAK PARK, ILL. GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 432 pages. Price, \$1. For sale at this office.

Another Proposition.

TO THE EDITOR:—Will you permit me through your columns to reach the Spiritualists of the country, and also those interested in the subject, upon a matter which we feel to be important for the cause at large, as well as pleasure to the individual Spiritualist. It is well known that for several years the discourses of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond were published in pamphlet form, and had a very wide circulation amongst those who were so situated that they could not listen to this peerless advocate of Spiritualism. For the past two years these have been discontinued, but so frequent has been the inquiry, and so often expressed the desire for them, that the executive committee of the First Society are at the present time negotiating with the daily press of Chicago for a verbatim report of the weekly discourse, delivered each Sunday in Hooley's Theatre; feeling that if this can be accomplished it will reach a far greater number than in the more exclusive pamphlet form.

In these days of "revival," of unceasing questioning, of desire to know more upon this subject, few of us have felt the need for the circulation of literature in some come-at-able form, and we know no better means of education, no easier way of satisfying that desire for knowledge, than by the circulation of these matchless discourses. The question of their publication resolves itself into a simple business proposition: The length of subscription list (as presented by us). We need 1,000 subscribers in order to insure success—at two cents per copy per week; 50 cents for six months, in advance. We propose sending subscription sheets to all known societies, and sincerely hope these will aid us in making this practical. To those who may not receive such list, a communication to the writer will at once insure one being sent, or order otherwise attended to.

It is not necessary for us to enlarge upon the matter; we only ask a ready and generous response, and Spiritualism in all its purity will be carried into thousands of lives, who now know nothing of its beauty. MRS. C. CATLIN, Secretary First Society of Spiritualists, 1223 Van Buren street, Chicago.

The Popular Science Monthly for February, 1895.

A varied and attractive table of contents is offered by the Popular Science Monthly for February. Prof. James Sully opens the number with one of his studies of childhood, entitled "First Attacks on the Mother Tongue." It deals with the struggles and the amusing mistakes and vagaries of children in learning the speech of their elders. "A Day's Hunting Among the Eskimos," by Fridtjof Nansen, follows. It is a vivid story of Greenland life, with several striking illustrations. "The Serum Treatment of Diphtheria," which is rapidly making "antitoxine" a household word, is described by Dr. Samuel T. Armstrong, of the Contagious Diseases Hospital, New York. An article on "The United States Geological Survey," describing its organization and work, and telling of some of its plans for the future, is contributed by the new director, Mr. Charles D. Walcott. Under the title "Nature's Triumph," the way in which tropical vegetation resumes sway over an abandoned clearing is picturesquely described by Mr. James Rodway. Mr. Garrett P. Serviss continues his examination of the stary heavens in his "Pleasures of the Telescope" series. M. Henri Coupin describes a series of experiments on "The Thorns of Plants." Certain tendencies and conditions of modern life are described by Prof. John W. Langley in an essay on "Some Material Forces of the Social Organism." Hon. G. Hilton Scribner discusses "Brain Development as Related to Evolution." Helen Zimmern gives an account of a work on "Symbols" by a rising Italian anthropologist. Other articles are "Windmills and Meteorology," by P. J. De Ridder; and a "Sketch" of an early student of American fishes, C. A. Le Sueur, contributed by President Jordan, of Stanford University. The departments are well filled with a variety of interesting scientific matters. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, \$3 a year.

THE FINAL TEST.

When all is said and all is done, When all is lost or all is won— In spite of empty theory, In spite of purblind faith and vain conceit; Of barren creed and sophistry, In spite of all—success, defeat, The judge applies to worst and best, Impartially, the final test.

What hast thou done with brawn and brain To help the world to lose or gain An onward step? Canst reckon one Unselfish, brave or noble deed That thou—nor counting cost—hast done To help a brother's crying need? Not what professed nor what believed— But what good thing hast thou achieved!

Yea! what attempt—what achieved? Be not dismayed, be not deceived! The tinsel bauble called success— The cross of wealth, the gloss of fame— That men throw up their hands to bless, Is but an empty breath—a name. Far better is one word that slips In blessing from a beggar's lips!

I hold to this: The loftiest soul Of one great universal whole Is but a weak and meager part; The lowliest, by impulse fired To worthy act of brain or heart, Is heaven-blessed and God-inspired— A bit of his most wondrous plan! And each a clod—and each a man!

The chosen few! Prate not to me Of consecrated sanctity: Nor stifle me, nor hedge me round With puzzles algebraical. To prove that this is holy ground— 'Tis simply pharisaical!

When all is said and all is done— The battle lost, the battle won— In spite of ancient theory, Of purblind faith and fruitless quest, Of threadbare creed and sophistry, In spite of all—this is the test: What hast thou done with brawn or brain To help the world a step to gain!

S. Q. LAPLUS.

"Atlantis: The Antediluvian World." By Ignatius Donnelly. Sums up all information relative to the lost continent of Atlantis. He regards the description of it given by Plato as veritable history. It is intensely interesting. Price \$2.



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An Illustrated Address.

Third page: It has an address by Olney H. Richmond, of the Temple of the Magi, Chicago, on "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream—A Vision of Past Ages." It is a unique and valuable production.

A Masterly Production.

Third and sixth pages: They have a sensational article, illustrated, on "The Trail of the Serpent—Landmarks of Roman Catholicism in History." It is by one who has made a life study of the question. It is a masterly production.

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Fourth and fifth pages: They contain "A Ritual—Spiritual Funeral Service," by Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle. The services outlined are beautiful and appropriate, and are intended to be read where no suitable speaker can be found to officiate.

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Fifth and eighth pages: They contain an address by that silvery-tongued orator, Hon. A. B. French, on "Evolution and Revolution." It is beautiful and brilliant throughout.

Original Thoughts on Christ-mas.

Seventh page: It contains an intensely interesting article by that masterly mind, Col. R. T. Van Horn. You should not fail to see it.

A Beautiful Vision.

Eighth page: A beautiful production by Miss Clara Marsh, on "A Child's Vision."

The above addresses and articles are splendid literary productions, and are worth one dollar to every reflective mind. No high-priced magazine ever contained more valuable thoughts and suggestions. This paper will be sent free to all New Departure Subscribers.

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J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1895

Demand Makes the Supply.

Reading, the other day, a lengthy description of modern art, to convert Turkish and other Oriental rugs of recent production into antiques, so as to command large and quicker sales with better prices; then recalling the history of fraudulent coin professedly ancient, which, instead of being counterfeit, were wholly fabrications, the mind involuntarily wandered to similar efforts of productive genius to impose the false for the true in the religious world. Take the story of the gospels: But four are received as genuine, and these do not harmonize in statements, but are really very conflicting when rules of evidence are applied to them; yet there are full fifty, known as apocryphal, which profess to tell the true story of Jesus, while others are brought out from time to time from secret recesses and pretended old monasteries, to supply deficiencies, or correct unwise teaching in the accepted canon.

The lately published "Unknown Life of Jesus Christ," professedly found in Thibet, which attempts to tell of the adventures of Jesus from the time he was twelve years old until he entered his ministry, is a specimen. Enough to know of this, fifty years ago Father Hue and his associates, Father Gabet, Jesuit missionaries from France, spent eighteen months traveling in Thibet, and in visiting the monasteries of that country, having an educated native in their service. The generation passed away who could tell of the doings of these Jesuits; then these ancient documents are heard of, and searched for with patient zeal until found. We do not call in question the story of Novotich, or his integrity, but we do question the antiquity of the new gospel.

Father Lobo, another Jesuit, in 1622, visited Abyssinia, and spent nine years there, his object, to substitute his church creed for what he was pleased to term their impure Christianity. Now the monasteries of that country abound with "original manuscripts," which churchmen would fain use "to correct errors which have unavoidably crept into the sacred text." Strange none of these valuable papers came to light while the good Father was in that region. And the same in regard to those valuable records in Buddhist monasteries.

The Sinaitic codex, discovered by Tischendorf in 1859, made its appearance at a fortunate time. We cannot guess how long this "oldest bible manuscript in the world" had waited in the monastery of Sinai for a suitable occasion, or for a person sufficiently prominent, to bring it out. To its credit be it said, the last eleven verses of Mark, with "believe or be damned," do not appear in its pages. Neither is the believer insured against poisoning if he drinks any deadly thing.

Talk of fraudulent mediums! It is sad-denning to know there are any. We are always glad when they are exposed; for they are the bane of Spiritualism—churchmen in disguise to bring spirit communion into disfavor. But their frauds are trivial compared to the wholesale forgeries of holy books to mislead a credulous world.

There is one consolation as we survey this wide field of deception: There would be no fraud in rugs, in coin, in holy Scriptures, in factitious spirits, if there was no demand for such productions.

Down with the Jesuits.

A telegram from Lincoln, Nebraska, a while ago, said:

"A memorial was presented in the lower house, requesting the Nebraska delegation in Congress to work for the deposition of Monsignor Satolli, papal delegate. It was referred to the committee."

M. Satolli came to the United States as the immediate representative of his holiness, the Pope of Rome. He assumes to voice the will of his master, who aspires to supreme authority over all governments. Not satisfied with spiritual control, the Roman head claims he is entitled to temporal power, and only fails to exercise it because it

has been wrested from him by superior force. Artifice, intrigue, duplicity, under pretense of superior piety, are the methods he employs, hoping to regain his ancient prerogative.

In the earlier ages, kings reigned by divine right. The priests anointed them, and proclaimed them representatives of God, whose viceregent reigned at Rome.

Besides representing the Pope, there is scarcely a doubt Monsignor Satolli is the head of the Jesuit order in the United States. Because of the interference of this secret proselyting society in the affairs of governments, the principal nations at some period have driven these spies and intriguers from their midst, the United States almost alone excepted. When expelled from Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Mexico, they fled to this country. We tolerated them, and gave them our protection. Organized to defeat Protestantism and uphold their own faith, unscrupulous as to measures, acting in secret under the obligations of an oath, pretending great piety and love of Jesus, they have been and are ready at any moment for any desperate adventure.

Knowing them as they are, the wonder is every State does not borrow from other nations their suppressive legislation, and enact the most rigid laws against their interference with schools, with legislation in the interests of the church, or with the secular affairs of government. Until they repudiate their obligations to the Holy See they cannot be loyal to the American Government. "Down with the Jesuits," should become the popular war-cry.

Parallel Miracles.

We are told in Ex. 13:21 that the Jews in their wanderings to the promised land were led by the Lord in a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. We are apprehensive skeptics will charge the guide with being blind or deceptive, consuming as he did forty years in journeying from Egypt to Canaan, a distance, as the birds fly, not to exceed 240 miles. But we believe it is told their journey was lengthened because they murmured at the food supply of manna, quails and bitter water.

Miracles were common in old times. They are outgrowths of an uneducated people, and disappear as knowledge takes the place of faith.

Plutarch, in his life of Alexander, informs his readers that after the great conqueror had marked the site of the city which was to bear his name, he set out with a suitable escort to visit the Temple of Ammon, which was situated at Mevoe, an oasis in the desert of Libya, nine days' journey from the projected city. Alexander had become suspicious he was the son of Jupiter Ammon, and he determined to consult the oracle of that god and learn the facts. The drifting sands of the desert effaced all guides and traces of the direction he should take, but the god himself at the opportune moment assumed the form of a serpent. They not only set him right in his course, but flew before him, waited when he lingered, and in the night if they were lost the birds never ceased croaking until all were in the direct way again.

Now, this story is simply marvelous, quite equal to that of the cloud and flame and just as truthful.

Perhaps it should be stated, to make the narration complete, that Alex's suspicions were confirmed by the high priest, who at the first salutation bade him welcome from his father Ammon, and assured him the empire of the world was his, a fact that was fully confirmed a few years later.

"Howl, Ye Ministers!"

"Proclaim ye this among the nations: Prepare war; stir up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near; let them come up. Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears. Let the weak say, I am strong. Hasten ye."—Joel 3: 9, 10, revised edition.

In the "last days," according to Micah 4: 3, this was to be reversed, and the swords were to be converted into plowshares.

The following is clipped from the editorial columns of the Register-Gazette, of Rockford, Ill., of date January 31:

"GIRLS TO HANDLE GUNS.—A meeting was held at the home of Miss Daisy Childs Wednesday evening, at which it was decided to form an organization to be known as the Young Ladies' Military Company. It will have a membership of 52 girls, who will drill with rifles and wear abbreviated skirts."

Little Sunday-school boys parading with war weapons on their shoulders, and young ladies armed with rifles and abbreviated skirts! Great God! These are not the "last days" your prophet predicted, but that other time Joel told of, when, The Lord shall roar out of Zion; when a fire devoureth, and a flame burneth; when the land is as a garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. Lament, ye priests; and howl, ye ministers of the altar.

A Great Truth.

Hon. John P. Leahy, president of the Catholic Union of Boston, at a banquet given at the Hotel Brunswick, stated a great truth when he said:

"Millions of our people are drifting into indifference, which is but the threshold of infidelity."

The correct definition of infidel is "not in the faith." It applies legitimately to all persons whose views are not in harmony with ecclesiasticism.

But it is not "indifference" into which the people are drifting, but into silence. The business world does not care to array itself against the church, and get its opposition, so it remains silent. Reverse the condition. Place the so-called infidels in the majority, and there would be such a rush to gain positions in the new ranks as the world never saw before.

The sun is coming up the steep of Time. Wait a little longer.

OPINION VS. THEY SAY.

BY COL. R. T. VAN HORN.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

Suppose we gossip a little to-day on the subjects related to what has been said in recent articles about the occult, and about certain hypotheses in philosophy. We have a friend who is always talking about what he calls "the danger of an opinion." In the case of many people, it seems to be a very dangerous thing to have an opinion—yet, after all, opinions are in one sense like sausage—home-made being the best. What is an opinion? It is a conviction of the truth of something founded on evidence which does not produce absolute certainty or knowledge—less positive than a fact. So it comes that the mass of mankind are governed by opinion—for all cannot have absolute knowledge. In this sense it may be a very dangerous thing to have an opinion—if founded in error.

If we have a hobby, it is that all human beings shall think for themselves and form their own opinions. If opinion is ever dangerous, it is when we act upon that of somebody else. The most dangerous opinion anyone can entertain is that another's opinion should control his own. Liberty in its last analysis is that of doing as your own sense of right dictates, and its salutary exercise is just in ratio with the enlightenment of the individual mind—or opinion.

This thing of depending on another to think for you is the one disability as to progress. For example: In a recent article we spoke about the theory of evolution, and of certain difficulties that attended it, as an all-round working hypothesis. A friend writes us, lamenting our want of knowledge, and telling us, with all the simplicity of unconsciousness, that if we will get a certain book and turn to a certain page, we will find the whole thing fully explained. The reference was to a horn-book, a familiar thing, yet our friend seemed to be utterly unconscious of the fact that it was so, and that we could have been knowing to it when we made the statement as to its insufficiency. Being in a book seemed to settle the question. And just here is one of the impediments to progress.

What is a book? Simply the record of some man's thought? Why any better than yours? A vast mass, too, of old books are written by egotists and half-learned people, whose vanity wants to see their ideas in print. Another large batch of books are mere compilations for commercial ventures. And then it goes without saying that our theological books are written to order, subjected to the censorship of ecclesiasticism, and are in the highest sense edited opinions for the guidance of those who by the vows of the proselyte have surrendered their right to think as to certain things. Even scientific books are often dogmatic, and the most insufferable of all egotists, conservatives is the scientific gadabout. The divine mission of books is to stimulate our own thought by contact with that of others—to become the slave of others' thoughts is the sin of the bookworm.

Just reflect for a moment what the theory of gravity supplanted. Think what a mass of childish crudities the hypothesis of evolution displaced, and what a procession of grotesque shadows it drove from the human brain. Why, then, should these theories set up an inquisition and crucify those who may have an opinion unsatisfied with their formulas? And this is especially the case in regard to these "occult" things we have been talking about, and which the modern world is talking about so much. And when objectors can point to a book a few hundred years old, written when ignorance was the rule, they seem to think things are settled. Particularly do they shout with triumph when they can quote one of "the fathers." These fathers were about the most ignorant set of men who ever learned to write. We look at them through the myth of perspective, but if they were in our presence to-day no school board would employ them as primary teachers. Our modern "fathers," their ghostly, successful, educated, cultured gentlemen—are behind the age just in degree that they are obliged to teach from these "fathers." The real reason for the decline of popular interest in the pulpit, of which we hear so much complaint, is that these century-old ideas are rehearsed and living thoughts neglected. To see in 1895 an elaborate paper by a modern scholar devoted to prove that the United States is the restored promised land of Israel tells the whole story. How can the busy people of this age be content to regard these ideas as "the oracles of the infante?" It simply comes from the worship of a book—a of a piece with the worship of the fathers.

With all respect, and with perfect good faith, we refer, as illustrative of this worship of authority because it is ancient, to one of the once living questions discussed by "the fathers," and we do it so its contrasts may the more impress the free mind of the value of these ancient thinkers whose teaching on the most vital things so largely influences the minds of modern people. And it illustrates the effect of book worship but as it exists to-day. The story of Adam's creation was so unquestioned and so implicitly received and acted upon, that it colored all other knowledge. Out of this miraculous creation grew in the minds of the fathers the very grave question, discussed with all the fierce earnestness of those earlier times, as to whether Adam had or had not a "navel." As he had no mother, but was created in full adult life, one set of philosophers could see no use for an umbilical cord—a very logical conclusion physiologically. The other side of the question contended that as Adam was a perfect man, he was made for all succeeding life, he was made a model in every particular—and had a place that to the eye looked like a natural navel. Just now the evangelical mind is agitated about the end of the world in 1901; yet, seriously, are not these very doleful predictions based upon exactly the same bookish worship as was this earliest "navel" question, of which we have a full record? Surely, as our friend thinks, it may sometimes be dangerous to have an opinion.

But we are asked by the victim of unthinking—what are we to do? Do simply in these things as you do in other things—think and act not only for yourself but by yourself. Do you go back to the

middle ages for your civil government? Do you copy after the social life, the feudalism, the personal ownership of the savageries and the animal poverty of those times? No, you don't. You live under the benign gospel of the Declaration of Independence, right of beings to their person, to their property, to their right to think and act as free and intelligent beings in all that concerns their civil and social life. We follow Washington, Lincoln and our own contemporaries, rather than Constantine, Charlemagne, Phillip, or any of those earlier butchers. Then why not our modern occult thinkers and our inspirations from the light of the nineteenth century? Why should the "fathers" of these long gone centuries hold the minds of this age in bondage by their crude conceptions, any more than do the tyrants they served our bodies by their blasphemous acts of divine right?

These are the living questions of the year 1895, and they can no more be suppressed than can the seasons. We may wrangle and contend over Christmas from year's end to year's end, yet ages ago and before A. D. 1, the sun reached the winter solstice, and the longest day of the year began. We have our own name for now, and began its northern ascent at the same time it does now—mathematically demonstrated and utterly regardless of our theories. There never was a day or an hour in the life of the planet, or in the history of intelligent life upon it, that some new knowledge was not available to the human mind. That fact ought to end all dogma and supersede all books.

In all this we are only pleading for ourselves what has been accorded to man for ages. The milions of thoughts are standing to-day to be seen of all. Each age has had its teachers, its thinkers, its philosophers, its schoolmen and its priests. We are not quarreling with that fact—only asking that this age may have its own, and not to be compelled to go back to the "navel" age of intelligence. Is there any offense in this? This age has all the reverence, all the affection, all the pride of ancestry that any age has had, but if we believe with the fathers of the 6th, the 12th, the 16th or 18th centuries in their doctrines and teaching, why don't we follow them, and let them persecute those who don't agree with us?

The truth is, we have simply outgrown the civil, the ethical, the religious and the philosophical ideas and beliefs of "the fathers," and do not really know the fact ourselves. The creeds are there and the forms that crystallized around them are there, but the creeds are dead though the forms persist—just as we see the shell of the larva from which the butterfly has escaped. Still the planet goes on producing the larva, and we are only studying its phenomena from our own lights and forming our own opinion as to the infinite creative power behind or within it. There is one difference, and in the last analysis it is all there is between this and other ages, as we know them, and that is in the God concept, or the creative power. In all past ages, as we read them, the Infinite was anthropomorphic—personal and simply superhuman. The world was "made"—and its governing economy followed that ideal. It could only be what it has been. Our God was human in his attributes, but the worst of it all was the human beings of those ages were not even the best models for a god of the race was capable of. A god formed on the model of the highest human specimens to-day would not be like the ideal of those ancient times. This age is forming its god ideal—and it is not anthropomorphic, nor is it pantheistic. It is within creation, not outside it. The universe is the expression of the creative power, not its handicraft. Man physical is the instrument for the expression of the man mental. And so of all life, all form, all worlds—they are for use. The highest duty of man is to so care for the body—and this includes stomach, back and brain—that the highest expression of the mental may find free course to run and be glorified. This does not seem like a dangerous opinion—does it?

SOCIETY GIRL MARRIED.

Miss Lillian Hayes of St. Paul is Wedded to a Spiritualist Lecturer.

ANDERSON, Ind., Feb. 4.—Oscar A. Edgerly, a Spiritualist lecturer, and Miss Lillian Hayes of St. Paul, Minn., were married here to-day. There are many romantic features of the wedding, chief of which is that of the bride trying to keep the marriage secret for a time. Miss Hayes is the daughter of Assistant General Superintendent Hayes of the Chicago Great Western railway. She is a leading society woman at St. Paul, and their friends knew not where she was going when she left. The groom met her in Chicago, and they came here and were married by the Rev. Mr. Harke. Mr. Edgerly has a lecture engagement here. To-night they returned to Chicago and will visit St. Paul friends in Chicago, but it is said, would not reveal the marriage. It will create a decided sensation in St. Paul. The couple met in Boston last summer, but then their intimate friends did not suspect a courtship. There is a belief here that it is an elopement.

We desire to congratulate the happy couple—they are married—and we see no reason why anyone on the "outside" should regret the fact. Mr. Edgerly is highly respected wherever known, and the bride's parents will have reason, in the future, to "bless" him, for he possesses all the qualities of true manhood, rarely found in one person.

E. C. Getsinger.

This young scientist is now in Chicago, where he will remain for a short time. He has had no difficulty in getting the attention of leading scientific minds. His theories will create a great deal of interest among thinking minds here.

The proportion of salt in sea water is largest where the water is deepest, but does not increase with the depth.

A CONFESSION!

A Distinguished Indiana Editor Takes It All Back.

A Remarkable Interview.

BY H. V. SWERINGEN, A. M., M. D., FORT WAYNE, IND.

Winchester, Indiana, has been one of the strongholds of Spiritualism for many years. There are the well-developed mediums and private circles where obtains the blessed converse with the loved and departed. The spiritual haven has even permeated the "orthodox lump" and favorably influenced the "outside world."

Such men as James Eli Watson, recently elected to Congress, and his father, the Hon. E. L. Watson, one of the most brilliant lawyers of Eastern Indiana, both members of the Methodist Church, are open and avowed Spiritualists. Indeed, the Hon. James Eli, as is well known, did win over to the "orthodox faith," during a "revival" held in the Methodist church of Winchester, a young lady of the most pronounced fidelity persuasion, by arguments grounded on Spiritualism as taught by Andrew Jackson Davis. Such are the paradoxes of orthodoxy and—American Congressmen.

It seems that the mantle of the lamented Rev. Dr. Samuel Watson, the great Christian Spiritualist, who recently passed to the now not entirely unknown beyond, at Memphis, Tenn., and who for thirty-six years was an acceptable and devoted preacher in the M. E. Church, has now fallen upon his worthy namesakes, the Hon. James Eli Watson and his father.

Among the noted "unbelievers" in Randolph county was a Mr. John Cummins, perhaps one of the most able and successful editors that have flourished in this State. He died recently at Bloomington, Indiana. Particularly was he pronounced and his disbelief of a future life, though he was not opposed to investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism with the view of settling the question of immortality beyond all cavil or doubt. He was one of the few that are constitutionally defective in the elements of faith, and who, refusing to walk by faith, would not be convinced by sight. Thus the skeptic lived, and thus he died, an honest man, tender-hearted as a woman, and a giant in intellectual strength.

At a recent seance held in that town, Mr. Cummins came back to choose a circle of friends, and like an honest man "took it all back." We give the substance of the interview, vouching for its accuracy throughout:

Question—"Is this John Cummins, formerly editor of the Winchester Herald?"

Answer—"The same John Cummins as of old, only I now believe. I want you to look in the third chapter of John, fifth and sixth verses; they will explain to you something concerning my sickness and death; that I have taken on myself the spiritual body and am now no more troubled with the corruptible body. It now seems strange that I could ever have doubted that God had fashioned our souls of immortal material."

Question—"Have you, as yet, been back to Winchester since your demise?"

Answer—"No; I have been busy looking about me here and learning what my work is to be. I need instruction, so I have not come back to earth."

Question—"Describe your sensations before and while leaving the body."

Answer—"Well, I began to have very peculiar twitches or pains in my hands and feet; then there was a buoyancy of feeling as my spirit lifted itself out of the body, and I saw the beautiful planets and the swarms of angels around me. I went at once to the God who gave me being, and in great agony begged His mercy for all my shortsightedness. Oh, if you could only have seen the infinite love that beamed from His eyes as with pitying gaze He warned me of the pitfalls that even yet abound about me. I still have the opportunity to rise out of the pressure that is about those who are given to incredulity. There is no unbellef on my part now, and I see my error as clearly. But I am not on that high plane, nor will I be, which those of you are now on who believe in the future of spiritual existence."

Question—"What is your occupation?"

Answer—"I am the guide of all wanderers to the place in which they properly belong."

Question—"Of what disease did you die?"

Answer—"Of peritonitis."

Question—"Have you a second probation in the future life?"

Answer—"We have a second opportunity so long as the earth lasts. I mean we have an opportunity after death to live according to our new views. As to the earth, I believe it will float through space for a time, when it will reach a permanent abiding-place near the center of the material universe, and all who dwell upon it will be permitted to select homes such as they desire. Our present surroundings here are entirely different from what you have. We have beautiful homes given us. They are large, airy and full of beautiful pictures and furnishings, which come and go, I cannot explain how, but varying, different pictures and furnishings changing, the one for the other."

We have omitted many things that occurred in the interview, and in the main limited the space of these columns to giving one important fact revealed, namely, that the mist of unbelief will not be cleared away from some minds, as to immortality, until after they have passed to the great beyond, where they will see eye to eye and know as they are known here.

Much of life's misery is due to indigestion; for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Harvey J. Brown writes of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World: "I think it is the most complete of anything of its kind I have ever seen. It is certainly a favor to the reading and thinking world. Mine could not be purchased at any price, providing there could be no other obtained to take its place, of equal value."

LIFE! LIFE!

On the Other Planets.

At the reception by the French Academy, a few years ago, of the Comte d'Haussonville, M. Bertrand made an address, in the course of which he related this anecdote: A pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, much interested in astronomy, asked permission to put a question to the geometer, Poincaré. He told M. Bertrand of the delight and edification with which he heard the answer of the geometer. M. Bertrand asked Poincaré what the question was that had been addressed to him.

"He asked me if the planets were inhabited."

"And what did you tell him?"

"What answer could I give, except that I do not know?" was the reply. But he had given this answer with such eloquence and learning, to have caused the young astronomer the greatest delight.

This anecdote is recalled by the paper on this subject which Sir Robert Ball contributes to THE Fortnightly Review. He does not know, but he reaches this conclusion at the end of a very lucid and entertaining statement. The chief argument formerly used for the existence of life in the other planets rested upon the fact that the earth was a sort of fair average planet. It was observed that the earth holds an intermediate position among the bodies that move around the sun. It was nearer the sun than some of the planets and more remote than others. It was larger than some and smaller than others. Some of the planets, such as Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, have more moons than the earth, but others, Mercury and Venus, for instance, seem to have none at all. Again, it weighs more than some planets and less than others. It appears also, as compared with other planets, to have an atmosphere of medium density. It is altogether a medium planet, and, therefore, unlikely to be the only member of the solar system which has organic life. Such was the old-fashioned argument.

But how is this question affected by the discoveries that have been made since the day of Brewster and Whewell? It is this question that Sir Robert Ball answers, and his answer is, in brief, that modern research has in some respects strengthened and in others impaired the argument for the existence of life in the other planets. The identity of the material constitution of the earth with that of the sun is a discovery which has strengthened the case. It has also been proved that many of the constituents of the earth are identical with those of other parts of the solar system.

The spectroscopic has, for instance, demonstrated that hydrogen exists in extraordinary abundance throughout the universe. It is one of the most prominent components of the atmosphere of the sun. It is known to exist in great abundance in certain very white and brilliant stars, such as Sirius and Vega. Hydrogen is, of course, an important constituent of those compound bodies with which life is associated. In those somewhat melancholy exhibitions, for instance, which show the actual quantities of the elements of which the human body is made up, the bulk of hydrogen is a noticeable feature.

Carbon has also been demonstrated to exist in other parts of the universe, and carbon is an essential element of organic life. Again, salt is very necessary to life. It has been said that a diet without salt would be fatal. The D line of the solar spectrum shows that salt abounds in the sun. Sodium is also widely diffused among the stars. Iron is, again, a considerable constituent of the human body. There is a story to the effect that an iron medal, struck off in commemoration of a distinguished man, was composed entirely of the sum of this ingredient extracted from his body. Now iron exists very widely throughout the universe.

There are, however, considerations which do not seem to favor the existence of life in the other planets. In some of the planets, such as Jupiter and Saturn, the internal heat is too great to allow of the existence of any form of life with which we are acquainted. Mars, Venus, and Mercury, on the other hand, have about the same degree of internal heat which they receive from the sun, however, very different, on account of their very different distances from the central luminary.

But the amount of sun heat received is not merely a matter of distance from the sun. This question is very much affected by the atmospheres of these several planets. Atmospheres of varying densities will variously resist or retain the sun's heat. It is entirely possible that in the four planets, Mars, Mercury, Venus, and our earth, the atmospheres might be so arranged that, notwithstanding their different distances from the sun, they might all be able to support similar forms of life.

An amusing mechanical difficulty of the subject should not be overlooked. The weight of animals on the surface of planets must be in proportion to the weight of the planets themselves. A horse on the surface of a planet twice the weight of the earth would have twice the weight of the quadruped with which we are familiar. It would be as if our horse should have to carry upon his back a load equal to his own weight. This consideration leads to the apparently inapplicable conclusion that big animals would have to inhabit little planets and little animals big planets. The general conclusion to be drawn from the facts now in our possession is that they are, upon the whole, favorable to the existence of life in some of the other planets. But what kind of life it is that may exist on Mars and Venus we do not now know, nor does any present line of research give promise that we shall know.

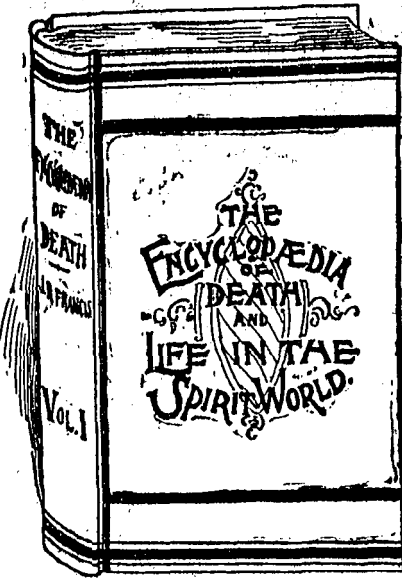
The question thus discussed by the New York Times has long excited the interest of thoughtful and scientific minds. Life exists—comes into existence—where the conditions for it exist. If the other planets possess the conditions, life—human life—may as reasonably be supposed to exist thereon as on the Earth. This Earth is an atom in the boundless universe, and it would be ridiculous to suppose that it is the only inhabited planet. But some planets may not yet have attained the proper conditions for human life to exist on them.

One may query, on the supposition that orthodoxy be true, whether the inhabitants of other planets have fallen into sin and depravity, and whether they, too, have had a Son of God, a Divine Savior, crucified for them? and

will countless millions and billions of them be eternally damned? etc., etc. Well, it might as well be true for them as for us. But what a view of God and Creation such a supposition forces upon the mind. As the old Hebrew expressed it, in such a view, "Hell hath enlarged herself."

But if Spiritualism be true, how grand and glorious the outlook!

J. C. UNDERHILL.



Joseph Beals, so prominently known in connection with the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, says: "I have read THE Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, with great interest, and feel that it is a book well calculated to do missionary work. It ought to have a large circulation."

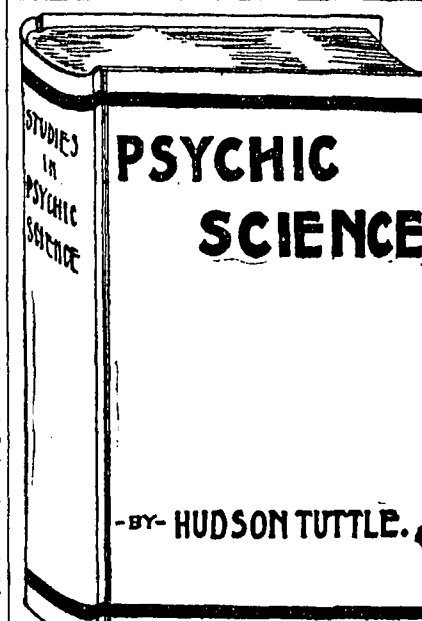
Bear in mind that the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World is furnished to any one for fifty cents when accompanied by a yearly subscription.

A subscriber can extend his subscription one year at any time, and get the Encyclopedia for 50 cents.

Any one whose name is now on our list of subscribers can get the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World for 60 cents, by sending four trial New Departure subscribers, any time during January or February.

A. W. Moore, a noted journalist, says: "I was delighted beyond measure to receive a copy of your Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. It appears to be a remarkable volume, and one that will open the eyes of the world to many sublime truths in connection with the 'hidden self.'"

D. D. Glass, a most excellent medium, says: "Vol. I. of THE Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, has been received. I deem it one of the most wonderful books I have ever had the privilege of reading."

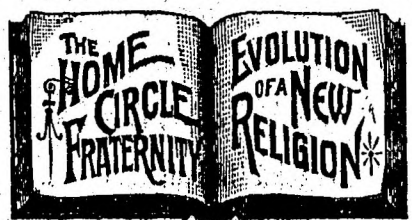


IMPORTANT WORK.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science

THE GOSPEL OF MELODY.

How It Can Be Abused in Various Ways.



In a previous Home Circle talk, we alluded to the Gospel of Happiness, and the Gospel of Love. There are other Gospels, equally as important, to be taken into consideration; one of special significance is the Gospel of Melody, as sung by Ella Dare:

Count up your mercies and set them in line,
Count them up daily and make life divine.

Rise in the morning and turn to the east;
Note all the sunbeams, the largest and least!

Colors of grandeur, and colors subdued,
Blend in a beauty that's ever renewed!
Drink in deep draughts of the wonderful air—
Courage will come from this vintage so rare;

Filling the veins with a transcendent thrill,
Filling the spirit with a masterful will
Greet in the morning the friends that appear,
Greet them with gladness and greet them with cheer!

Friends are a part of your mercies, you know,
Count them all up, the high and the low!
Think of your shelter, your clothing and food,
They are for you, and are doing you good!

Thank the All Giver for thinking of you,
Pledge him your service as faithful and true!

Close to your heart hold the love that is pure,
Cherish it ever that it may endure!

Cares that may come will be banished from sight,
Only keep counting your blessings as bright!

Write your own calendar—write it all plain,
Note all the sunshine and keep out the rain!

Hang it up there on the wall in your room,
Look at it mornings and nights and at noon!

Let down the gladness that comes every day,
Soon all your life will be ordered that way!

Shadows will flee when you welcome them not,
Grace and its sunshine will order your lot!

Currents of joy will flow in as they should,
And life will become an uttermost good!

Count up your mercies each day and each hour,
Count all the trifles, for each has a power!

Wonder will come with the lengthening list,
And still you will know that many are missed!

Moments will grow to be marvels of might,
Glowing forever with love and with light!

Life in its pages will surely unfold,
Days of the years will be letters of gold!

Count up your mercies and set them in line,
Count them up daily and make life divine!

II.

Ella Dare looks upon the bright side,
On the beautiful sunny side, as if to do this, or that, or the other thing, life would become grander, and shadows would fit away, never to appear again.

But the Gospel of Melody has its sad refrain, moistened with tears and the anguish of lacerated souls. Died of actual starvation, was the announcement among our dailies, and that, too, in this land of overflowing plenty. No one who has not in some measure starved can depict the agony of such a death. The Gospel of Melody is here brought into requisition, but in a perverted manner.

"Rattle his bones
Over the stones—
He's only a pauper
Whom nobody owns."

The Gospel of Melody comes in there harshly, and with friction on a refined sensitive nature, but by the very coarseness of the words it may set people to thinking, and the life of a pauper comes uppermost in their minds, and why this sad fate, becomes a problem for the critical mind to solve. The Gospel of Melody may be utilized to elevate, refine, ennoble and purify the family circle, if its vibrations are angelic.

III.

A prisoner in jail sat down on a rudely constructed seat, took from his pocket a dirty handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes, and then sighed and moaned, as if the fountains of sorrow were bubbling over in his soul; but suddenly he became calm, his features turned deathly pale, and rising from his seat, he commenced singing, "Home, Sweet Home," to the large concourse of listening prisoners, who in reverential awe turned their faces towards him, as if a messenger from heaven had suddenly appeared in their midst, radiant with the goodness of an angel. And as his voice clear—beautiful and sweet, beaming with sublime tenderness—vibrated through the corridors of the jail, every eye glistened with tears as the Gospel of Melody found beautiful expression through human lips. Home, Sweet

Home!—It struck a responsive chord in those prisoners' souls, vibrated there like the sweet strains of an Eolian harp in the fragrant air of a summer evening, and made them better. The Gospel of Melody is divine, and he who prostitutes it to the singing of lewd, beastly songs, animalizing the passions, commits the most heinous of all crimes—it is simply blasphemy!

IV.

The Gospel of Melody, rightly employed, can assist greatly in redeeming the world, for the vibrations thereof can be so filled with tender paths and divine love that they can melt a miser's heart, and turn the calloused soul towards the radiance of heavens, to look for a higher and better life. It finds, as set forth by the Chicago Herald, its fullest expression at the Hull House in this city, where it scintillates like the smiles of the early dawn on a bright summer's day. That place is a fountain of good will, of healthy, energizing love, that illuminates the soul and sustains it in its conflicts with evil. The report, which we give only in part, goes on to say that, after some pleasant remarks by the teacher, she has won the attention of the class, consisting of 400 "gamins," and holds it by her never-flagging energy and gentle courtesy. First she gives them Desolate and breathing exercises. Seen from the platform it is an audience to burn itself upon the memory. The children of the streets and of the slums, Italian, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Polish, Irish, Scotch, English, French, all the elements mixed in a mass, are seated together in a brightness, born of too early contact with the world. Some of the faces beautiful as cherubs, others brutish and besotted even in the beginning of life. Here is a babe of three, too young for the class, but nestling close to an elder sister who had been permitted to bring her, a babe with an exquisite Greuze-like face, only with that strange, sad expression which perhaps is a legacy of a birthright than a prophecy and there a brutalized face of ten years' dwelling in the world. Here an imbecile girl trying to follow instructions in her feeble way; there a dainty little figure, straight as a dart, with a dusty face clean-out as a cameo, melting eyes the color of cherry wine, and masses of rich brown curls tumbling riotously far below her waist—a child beautiful with a rare and wonderful type of beauty, an orchid growing brilliantly in the swamp, and over opposite "de leader ob de gang" with weakened body, loose, bestial lips, wicked eyes sunken between gross eyelids—the antipode of the child across the way, but both drawn together by a common love of music and the refining joy therein.

V.

HOW THEY ARE TAUGHT.

The teacher gives the exercises by easy degrees. They are familiar, and the children follow her with avidity, shaping their mouths as nearly as possible like hers, taking on a similar expression and imitating every movement. And she—she leads them in poetic ways, though they know it not, yet feel the sweet influence.

"Let your arms come down softly as the snow melts in the sun. Bend forward, dears, so like a flower, like a lily of the valley. Now swing back. Move your hands this way. Just as though the wind were blowing them. There! That is good. Now make a fan of each hand and wave it. Good! Thank you. Now take in your breath—let it go!"

And there comes a mighty "wooch switch" in unison through the hall.

The children are all in harmony now. Not an inattentive one. From "de leader ob de gang" to the angel-faced girl their eyes and thoughts are with their hearts, and these Miss Nash, the teacher, has at present in her keeping.

Then they sing the scale, and the visitor is startled at the quality and volume of tone produced. He comprehends, in a moment, why, what a filtering there must have been of the original thousand in order to produce this, and what magnificent voices some of the children really have. "Children," says the teacher, "do you know that tone has shape, color, shading and speed? Just try. Make arches now."

The children do wonderfully well, but are finally interrupted, and the accompanist strikes another key. "You see," says the teacher gravely, "that you discolored that last tone, children. Try again. Toss it! Ah! that is well. Thank you."

The exercises go on. A big girl is requested to remove her chewing gum and mendaciously declares: "I haint never had nothin' in me mou't." Two boys get into a "scrap" on the side and are quietly denuded of their badges. Next week they will have a chance to redeem these by their good conduct. Otherwise the forfeiture is complete.

VI.

THEY ARE EAGER TO LEARN.

But the general behavior is excellent. The children want to be there and are willing to make sacrifices in order to remain. A little chap on the outer line is evidently, like poor Trilby, tone-deaf, but he sings vigorously and out of tune, until a neighbor with the frankness of childhood says:

"You haven't got no business in this here class. You can't sing."

"Hush!" cries the little fellow, "I know I can't, but don't tell them, else I won't be let stay. If you don't say nothin' and I keep on trying, p'raps they'll never notice."

Of course they do notice, but though the primary object is the teaching of singing, there is a finer ethical principle still behind the exercise, and so this mean little edition of Trilby is not cast into outer darkness, but is permitted to remain in the class and be happy.

Very skillfully indeed does the teacher, together with the philanthropic ladies who assist in ordering the class, inculcate lessons of politeness. There is almost an exaggeration of courtesy in the

(thinking of the children for any good thing done, but this serves its purpose and makes them doubly watchful. Often, yet, the teacher leads, them unconsciously into pleasant ways. Thus, when desirous of getting them to sing the scales in soft, floating tones, she gathers the attention of the class by repeating softly and clearly:

Dainty milkweed babies
Tucked in cradles green,
Fed by Mother Nature,
Rocked by hands unseen.

Brown cats have those darlings,
Slips of shining white,
And wings, but that's a secret,
They are folded out of sight!

The cradles grow so narrow
What will the babies do?
They only grow the faster
And look toward the blue.

But now they've found the secret—
They are flying through the air!
They've left their cradles empty!
Do milkweed babies care?

The children catch the idea, and their fresh young voices float upward lightly as milkweed blossoms in the air. The teacher smiles to herself and says:

"Once a gentleman said to me that he had a necklace of pearl beads; that every pearl was complete and touched another pearl, but not one overlapped. Now, I think that your breath is the string, and with it you thread the beads!"

The children's eyes gleam intelligently, and the hand of an Italian girl steals unconsciously to her coral necklace. She is fingering the separate scarlet beads. She has understood, and will continue to understand.

And now, boys, sing at half-mast," commands the teacher, "sing with all the feeling that half-mast means," and solemn and slow and sad wall up the notes from the boys' side of the hall. They, too, understand the familiar simile.

VII.

NO LACK OF EXPRESSION.

Then the teacher sings over a song, but before she has finished the eager young voices are joining in and following her. Then they sing it together, just a simple waltz song:

"Flowers, flowers dripping with dew,
Flowers, flowers radiant of hue;
Come buy my pretty flowers,"

"Oh girls!" cries Miss Nash, "you are singing of flowers, pretty, dainty things that you could spoil by putting your fingers on the petals, and you are singing in tones that seem almost to bruise them!"

No second rebuke is needed, the buzzing immediately ceases. Then there is a Swiss yodel, "Yo lo lay, yo lo la," sung with vigor, and a lullaby is chanted almost sleepily.

Whatever else may be lacking in this strange class, there is no dearth of expression. On the contrary, when the teacher gives an exercise and adds:

"Sing as you feel and look as you feel—I want to see your feelings in your faces," it is marvelous to see how she is obeyed.

A fiery-eyed boy in a fourth row tosses his head and dark curls and becomes instantly dramatic. The boy next him folds his hands in his lap and sings softly and reverently, like some strange Puritan avator. Another boy bends forward and sings and looks affection to his teacher, and "de leader ob de gang" uneasily shuffles his feet and looks forlorn. He is feeling the rarefied atmosphere almost oppressive, and he shows it. An imbecile girl stares blankly, a pretty little maiden giggles slightly and becomes coquettish and conscious. Several girls smile broadly and radiate good nature, and some of the coarser elements begin to grope about for their wraps and are promptly recalled to a knowledge of good manners by their teacher, who suggests that it is time enough for them to dress when they see her doing it. They sink back abashed. She continues: "Had you a pleasant Christmas, dears?"

"Yes, ma'am." (In chorus, and they look as if they believed themselves, yet Christmas in the slums—well!)

"What did you say?"

"Abashed chorus: 'Yes, Miss Nash.'"

"Thank you. I so much prefer you to call me by my name, now that you know it, and I want to wish you all a very happy New Year."

"Same to you, ma'am—Miss Nash—same to you!" the chorus wails through the place, until one realizes how passing excellent the acoustic properties of the hall are.

The exercises are over. It is nearly six o'clock, and Mr. Murray has long since had to light the gas. During the past two hours nearly 400 children have been helped and made happy. There is a great clearing away of chairs, "de leader ob de gang" lingering wistfully, as though they were with his hands could in some measure atone for moral disability. A bright boy creeps up and tugs gently at the teacher's skirt.

"Please, Miss Nash," he begins imploringly, "don't you want some cards or bills or somethin' printed? 'Cause my father is a printer, and he says he'll do 'em for nothin' for you."

"Dear lad, that is his offering," says the teacher, aside, but her voice has a queer little break in it. "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

VIII.

And right here in the Hull House is a fragment of heaven combined with true love, harmony and sweetness, and there the Gospel of Melody beams forth in its full fruition, embracing the children of all nationalities and creeds. Sometime we hope to see Spiritualists generally enter into philanthropic work, to realize the beauty and grandeur of the Gospel of Melody, and to imitate, in a measure, the inmates of the Hull House, in their efforts to elevate the masses to a higher plane. We hope to see in the not far distant future every home that is owned by man or woman, become like the Hull House, a receptacle for the Gospel of Melody, where each unfortunate can find human hearts that have been fanned into that glowing warmth which radiates fragments of heaven at each pulsation, and which relieves distress and encourages the downcast, presenting to each one substantial aid in

the journey of life. Let each mother see to it that the Gospel of Melody is kept pure, and never prostituted to giving expression to thoughts that excite the base passions of human nature.

John R. Francis

HINDU MANUSCRIPTS.

An American Society Formed To Dig Up Rare Writings.

INDIA IS A MINE OF THESE, SOME OF THEM MANY THOUSAND YEARS OLD—THEY RELATE TO AMERICA AND ATLANTIS—PUNDITS WILL TRANSLATE THEM.

TO THE EDITOR:—It appears from the New York World that the American Asiatic and Sanskrit Revival Society has just been started in New York. It is intended as an American rival to the Royal Asiatic Society of England, and is to be the first society of its kind to be organized in this country, and its managing trustees are all New Yorkers.

Among them are Clement A. Griscom, Jr., head of the American Steamship Line; Donald Nicholson, managing editor of the Tribune; E. August Neresheimer, a merchant, and William Q. Judge, head of the Theosophical Society of America. A great library of ancient and rare manuscripts is to be started, and a learned Brahmin pundit is to be brought over from India for the purpose of translating Sanskrit manuscripts. He will take up permanent residence here.

For years America has had to depend upon European societies in the matter of Oriental research. The first break was made by Harvard College, where a private collection was started, consisting of 1,000 manuscripts, 500 of which were contributed by Prof. Lanman.

Orientalists have of late years experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring the Brahmins to sell them manuscripts. This is because they have been badly treated in the past. The manuscripts they have surrendered at various times have been misappropriated and learned pundits have been snubbed. Indian literature is essentially esoteric, and the Brahmins complain that the Europeans translate parables literally, deny that there is any esotericism, and deride sacred words.

Besides this, under English rule, India has become impoverished and thousands of pundits are out of a job. In former times there were great seats of learning all over India, supported by rajahs, but of these only one remains. When manuscripts would be surrendered the pundits expected to be employed to translate them, but this business has disappeared. As a result, all this searching for manuscripts now bears little fruit.

The American Asiatic and Sanskrit Revival Society will encounter no such difficulties. There are branches of the Theosophical Society all over India, their number being no less than 150. Mr. Judge is a high officer of the society, and as the logical successor of Colonel Olcott to the presidency when the latter dies, can get all the co-operation he wants for the asking. Among men on whom he can call are great princes, high priests, pundits and government officials. Notable among the native Theosophists is M. Dharmala, who, as the delegate of the Southern Buddhist Church at the World's Fair Parliament of Religions, represented 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 Asiatics.

The American society will profit by the errors of the European Orientalists. Instead of snubbing the pundits, they will engage them to do the translating, and one of them will be brought here, with more to follow. It is also the plan of the society to start an active Sanskrit revival movement in India, and to win the hearts of the natives by re-establishing the once great seats of Sanskrit learning which have one by one died away. This will furnish employment again for the pundits and insure their gratitude and reciprocity.

The society already has agents at work. Southern India is the field of their operations. At Ballary a school has been established, an act greatly appreciated by the natives. Letters were sent out in great numbers in Sanskrit, Bengali and Hindi, calling a great council—called a Mahamandala—at which the society's aims were expounded and approved.

Thirty-three manuscripts have already been secured, and are now on exhibition at the society's headquarters at No. 144 Madison avenue. They are very rare and ancient. Two of them, "Harimede, with Commentary," and "Aparashat Shrotrina," are by Sri Sankyacharya, the great Indian sage who appeared shortly after Gautama Buddha, and who is universally believed by the Hindus to have been the reincarnation of Buddha. Among them are books on philosophy, worship, literature, mystic hymns and occult lore.

Among the possibilities of the society's researches in the past may be the securing of manuscripts relating to Atlantis. For thousands of years India has been handing down traditions of the great continent of America—called Patana in the vernacular—which was said to exist to the far west. It is frequently referred to in some of their ancient writings, and, as well also, the lost Atlantis, the great continent supposed to be now the floor of the Atlantic Ocean. According to Hindu writings, the sinking of this continent occurred about 800,000 years ago.

Mr. Neresheimer, when seen by a World reporter, said: "India has always been the store for ancient manuscripts, and the mine away in it is inexhaustible. There are priceless manuscripts in vast numbers. But the Brahmins and pundits feel bitter against the Orientalists with whom they have had dealings, and rather than surrender any more of their possessions, which have come down as heirlooms for ages, to those who scorn them and mistrust everything, they let them rot in their caves or pile them up in their houses, where the red ants eat them. Think of the value we attach to documents of a century ago, and then consider what a pity that manuscript writings thousands of years old should go to waste."

Spiritualists generally will welcome anything new that comes from India. There is a rich mine of information there, and no doubt this new society will be able to unlock it. Give us more light—more light!

JPS TICE.

TEXAS.

The Spiritualists are Trying to Found a Camp-Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Texas are determined to establish a camp-meeting. In order to bring the project before the Spiritualists, an address was issued, signed by the president, J. C. Watkins, and the secretary, W. J. McConnell. It was published in full by the Dallas Morning News. We extract the following:

I. Resolved, that until the meeting of our next convention, the president of this association is empowered to appoint a State executive board, consisting of one person from each community, where no organization exists, and each society of Spiritualists now organized, with or without charter, and the same are hereby requested to select from among their number one person, to be and act as their representative on such executive board. The duties of said board will be to work in conjunction with the officers of this association in procuring voluntary contributions for the purpose of putting in the field and supporting lecturers; in receiving propositions, selecting, purchasing (for cash only) or acquiring deeds of gift to lands suitable for such camp grounds, platting and supervising the improvements of the grounds; the construction of all public halls or other buildings thereon to be erected; the issuing of leases or permits to occupants of lots and houses; the testing of mediums offering to appear before the public under the auspices of the association, their protection, if found genuine, and exposure, if found impostors; and any other business pertaining to their charge. The term of office of members of this board will be one year, or until their successors are elected.

2. Resolved, that any Spiritualist society which may hereafter be organized in the State of Texas, with or without charter, may select one representative from among its members, who shall be entitled to a seat on said executive board, with all privileges exercised by other members.

3. Resolved, that the absolute title to said grounds, when purchased or acquired by deeds of gift, shall be vested in their trustees, to be chosen by the State executive board, to be served by a term of six, one for a term of four, and one for two years, or until their successors are elected.

4. Resolved, that all deeds of gift or of purchase shall read so as to convey title to said trustees, to be held only in trust for all the organized Spiritualists of the State of Texas, whether organized with or without charter, and in no case and under no conditions, while "grass grows and water runs," shall absolute title ever pass out from the ownership of the Spiritualists of the State of Texas.

5. Resolved, that occupancy and use shall constitute the only individual title to any lot or lots in such camp grounds, and that no person or head of family shall hold, by lease or permit, more of said lots or land than are actually necessary for their use and comfort as a village home; but all private improvements may be owned and be the personal property of the person constructing or having the same constructed.

6. Resolved, that for the use and occupancy of said lots or parcels of land, a reasonable voluntary rent contribution will be expected each year, and such contribution shall be used first for the payment of State and county taxes (so long as such is imposed), and the remainder to be used in the erection of public buildings and improving and beautifying the public grounds, streets, drives, etc.

7. Resolved, that the platform in the halls, temples, or other places for public speaking be free to the expression of thought on all questions relating to reform, by any person known to be a good citizen.

8. Resolved, that all committees render a full report in the next convention meeting, which shall be held in May, 1905, of all they have done, and the progress made.

9. Resolved, that as the cardinal principles of Spiritualism teach us that in all our business and social relations we should be honest, just and true to our fellows, and that object-lessons by noble characters work the greatest good in reforming and educating humanity up to the point of fully understanding the meaning of the brotherhood of man; therefore we denounce the false teaching as practiced in the political, social and business departments of this country to-day and here, and now declare that no person selected to fill any office of trust in this movement shall be required to give bond in any sum of money whatever, but instead, we ask him or her to affirm in the presence of the great spirit, our spirit friends, and those present in the flesh, that he or she will faithfully keep and perform their trusts and make a true report thereof, thereby proving to the world that true Spiritualists need no man-made law or money bond to compel them to do the right and truth to humanity.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ANIMALS' RIGHTS. Considered in Relation to Social Progress. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By Harry S. Salt. Also an Essay on Vivisection in America; by Alfred Leffingwell, M. D. We are in receipt of this book, from the Secretary of the American Humane League, Providence, R. I. The title indicates clearly the character, aim and tendency of the work, which we cordially commend to all interested in humanitarian effort. The bibliography—giving notices of former publication on the subject—is of much value to students, and the additional treatise on vivisection is a forcible presentation of the humanitarian views.

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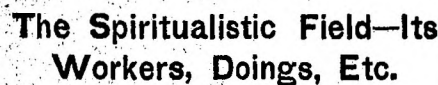
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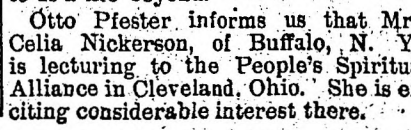


Bishop A. Beals will be at Sturgis Mich., the Sundays of February, and at Burr Oak the nights of the 14th and 15th.

C. E. Winans, the materializing medium, was called home unexpectedly from his Western tour, and all mail should be addressed to him, Edinburg Ind.

Frank T. Ripley goes to Milwaukee Wis., for the month of March.

Dr. Fannie C. Dexter Miller writes that words are inadequate to express the merits of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World." The Encyclopedia opens the door to the beauties, and charms of our eternal home; besides, it is a teacher, showing us the use of doing right while here in the earth-life.



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ances every Tuesday and Thursday eve
ing, at 1537 Milwaukee avenue, city.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]

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