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should need none to teach what it means; but every church employs a teacher, whose duty it is to explain what the revelation reveals—rather a peculiar kind of revelation, to say the least.

"The last article in the creed of the new religion is progress through suffering."

(Continued on page 8.)

At last the judges came to the stage. Judge Blandin acting as mouthpiece. After speaking of the difficulty of deciding among so many good speakers, which was really the best, he announced No. 6—Master Danny Cook, the winner of the medal.

A second prize had been offered and

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materialization was through Bastian and Taylor in S. S. Jones' office in Religio building in 1873, since which has witnessed this phase of manifestation through about twenty different mediums, including over five hundred seances in all and physical manifestations innumerable. He has had not le

the conference has its recourse in law. It is a pretty hard thing to say that the M. E. church is "in complicity with the liquor traffic," and that "the bishops, pastors and voting members are hirelings, and not shepherds," when that institution poses before the camera of public criticism as moral, religious, refined, pure and prohibitionists to the core.

trouble, no toll, no heaven nor
rest for the weary in the bosom
of life
purified soul beyond temptation
strife. J. W. DENNIS

I see another subject under discussion among Spiritualists. Some seem to most ignore the phenomena in connection with platform work. To my thinking, more good can be done to have good medium for the different phases of manifestations accompany every lecturer. The majority of people are

of manifestations accompany every lecturer. The majority of people ex-

(Continued on page S 1)

DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

Keeping Track of the Great Traveler.

HIS TRAVELS IN FAR OFF INDIA—ITS INTERESTING MAGIC AND OTHER FEATURES COMPARED WITH MODERN SPIRITUALISM—HIS LECTURE AS REPORTED IN THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, FEB. 14th—HE WAS GREETED WITH AN IMMENSE AUDIENCE.

The Apostle Paul said, "Reprove, Rebuke, and Exhort." I am a great admirer of Paul when he and I agree. The point I wish to make is this: I especially requested the Committee to select times which the whole congregation could sing. Hereafter, perhaps, the Committee will be obedient to the previous request. I enjoy a chorus sung by the entire audience. It is harmonizing and uplifting.

The subject for the evening is "Travels in India," etc., some of the marvels I saw and the lessons gathered therefrom with regard to spiritual manifestation and some of my own personal experiences.

Away back in the abysmal past there lived up in the Highlands of the Central-portion of Asia a race of men who were shepherds, and afterwards became Farmers and Traders. They were called Aryans. One branch moved to the Southern portion of Asia, and another migrated and moved Westward. They were called Hindoos Europeans, afterwards Greeks, Romans, Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons, and at length Englishmen. Others still moved Southward, crossed the mountains, crossed the Indus, and located lower in India. These, too, were called Hindoos, and so the ancient Hindoos and Englishmen are brothers. They are not Semites, they are not Turanians, they are simply brothers from one common stock, and the higher you go into the Northern portion of India, the skin of the natives becomes whiter, whiter even than the Italians. But no matter about the color of their skin, the Hindoo is naturally a thinker and reasoner. He excels in metaphysics, mathematics, and the higher sciences.

It was on July 24th, sailing up the Hoogly river, sluggish and lazy, that I was landed at Calcutta, a city of over 500,000 people. This was a marvelous country, a land of ancient tree worship, of ling worship; and a land of the old Vedas, or, as Max Muller informs us, the land of the great poems of the ages. The land of the ancient sciences, and a land to-day of moral scientists and metaphysical thinkers. India contains one and a half million of square miles, 60,000,000 Brahmans, 40,000,000 of Mohomedans, 5,000,000 of Jains and a great variety of other sects, numbering some two or three hundred millions of human beings.

Our genial American Consul in Calcutta said to me one day "Doctor, would you like to see some Hindoo Temples, and see how they worship there?" "Most assuredly I would" was the reply. All their Temples are unique and Oriental. I went to the Kali Temple with him, very old stone building in the suburbs of Calcutta, which contains a horrible stone goddess, around whose neck was a symbol of human skulls, symbols of human corpses and a most hideous face. Here these Hindoos often slay goats and kids, the blood from which is nearly shoe deep, and I saw them stoop down and sprinkle this blood on their faces and then they beat them against the grim Goddess, where I was told they confessed their sins. It was a barbarous act, and a beastly sight. These were the lower castes—the Pariahs.

A few days after this I went to see them burn their dead. Englishmen and Americans usually bury their dead. The Persians expose theirs on Towers of Silence, and leave them exposed to be destroyed by eagles, vultures, and birds of prey; while the Hindoos burn their dead. I heartily wish that all nations and races everywhere would understand this matter of cremation, and so change from burying of their dead to the burning of them. The buried dead only decay, rot, and from particles of putrid matter to poison the surrounding soil. Burning is far healthier than burying the decayed body in the ground, where the water can sweep through, then pass down into cisterns and wells, to be afterwards drunk by the people. It is liable to contain bacteria, spores, germs of typhoid fever, and death. Go with me up the Ganges some morning. There is an old brick building roofless. We stand by the outer gate, and there is soon brought a corpse, borne upon men's shoulders—a girl of some twelve years of age, a spot of red paint upon her forehead, an indication of her betrothal. The mouth wide open was a hideous sight. They lowered the corpse and I saw them lay it across the bamboo-wood, spice-wood and sandal wood, the pyre was about four feet high. They put the corpse thereon, poured oil on it, and then touched the firebrand, and the whole flamed up and speedily consumed the corpse. In half an hour or more there was not an atom remaining with the exception of a few small bones which were landed over to the mother. Without one sigh or tear she took these bones home with her as a precious memento, and I thought how much wiser this was than to lay a corpse in the earth to be eaten by worms or to decay and become a mass of putrid matter, poisoning the adjacent streams.

After a time I went southward, because I heard that occult phenomena, that magicians were more numerous in the south of India, especially about Madras. I must see them, I said, and so I set out and soon saw them in their bungalows and in their tents, at least, several of them. They tried to make the Mango seed grow up before me. It was a complete failure; worse, it was a complete fraud. I saw them try to do the basket trick, and was satisfied that that was a barefaced fraud also; but I did see some very astonishing things, and I can only account for them by psychic force and invisible helps. I saw one old Yogi doing strange, almost miraculous things, and getting the most astonishing results. "Have you a handkerchief," said the weird old Yogi? Hand it to me and I will burn it, and it will be remade before your eyes." He took my handkerchief in his hands; and then saying prayers until the perspiration streamed from his face, put a match to the handkerchief, and it was soon in flames and burnt to ashes. He took from his bag a piece of cloth two feet or so square and stepping back began to say his prayers over again. In a short time he took a little rod and passed it over the cloth, and lifting it up, the handkerchief was perfect again. It had been by the fire and the psychic force dematerialized, and by some Psychic power again materialized. It was otherwise unexplainable.

Further, I saw him take in his hands three balls as large as hen's eggs, and began tossing them not in the tent, but in the open street, and he kept on tossing them until by and by the balls kept rising of themselves higher and higher, and so far as I know they are rising yet, for they never came back. Where they went I cannot say or explain, save by some occult unseen psychical power or force of his.

I saw magic to my heart's content. Black magic, white magic, and grey. Black magic is something really fearful. It is demonic from dark, depraved spirits. It is to be scrupulously shunned. It is voodooism in India. Touching these phenomena I have my own ideas, and they are firm as a rock. Josephus and Jesus speak of demons, and give rules for casting them away. Black magic is a very low form of occultism. These Hindoos are adepts in casting out demons. Daily I saw it done. I was at the Vishnu Temple on a Tuesday, in Bangalore, about five o'clock, when a woman with her hair disheveled, poorly clad, was brought and placed down before the priest, as one fully possessed by a demon. Her eyes were sunken, her head was rolling. She was dumb. The priest came in and took her psychic symptoms. He then went out to a tree, repeated prayers, and cutting a branch, brought it in and beat her with it. He then sacrificed and sprinkled her with what they denominated sacred water. He stepped back and firmly said "Leave, leave, leave," but the demon held his ground, so the priest took up the branch again and severely beat her. He then rushed at her, and striking her on the forehead felled her to the ground. Every muscle and nerve now became stiff as iron. She lay a short time in a kind of deep breathing. Soon her eyes opened, became bright, and the color returned to her face. She rose up, smiled, clasped her mother and was all right. This was a fact. I saw similar performances time and again. In America I have also seen spirit mediums possessed with demons. All is not sunshine in mediumship. I will state the truth just as it is. There is a summer land, but also a winter land over there as well, and the lower spheres include demons, for there are low, depraved human beings passing on just as they were here, and death is no savior. Human beings commence over there just where they left this life, mentally, morally, and spiritually.

To my sorrow, I once saw Dr. Dunn possessed by a demon. I have been asked many times "where is Dr. Dunn now?" He was here with me twenty-five years ago. I may say he still lives, and

is an inspirational medium to some extent, residing in the city of Rockford, Illinois. He is the Mayor of the City, I think, and has become very wealthy, and with increasing riches has lost his spiritual gifts to a large extent. No man can serve both God and Mammon. This is as true now as in the time of the Apostles. But to Dr. Dunn's demon obsession. I was sailing in a ship with him to China, and on the ship were 117 Chinamen, and with this gang there were two different Societies. They quarreled at times most furiously, and once began to fight. Dr. Dunn, with the ship captain, rushed into the fight to secure peace, and began to fight with them. This was the demon's opportunity. He had become possessed by an old pompous French spirit who waited to control him on several previous occasions. I knew this spirit as a wilful and powerful demon spirit. Dr. Dunn was entranced by him, and you cannot imagine the disagreeable change that came over him for the two or three days that he was possessed by this spirit. He walked about in a dignified, self-important, and most haughty manner, talking to and ordering me as if I were his servant. "I have got him," he said, "and I am going to use him to some good purpose now." I was troubled and greatly annoyed, but I had faith in God and in the higher powers. Every Thursday we held a seance in our cabin. This is our seance, I remarked kindly to Dr. Dunn. The spirit pompously replied, "You must postpone the seances for awhile, as I am doing for the medium a very marvelous work." "No," was my prompt reply, "I shall do nothing of the kind." The seance hour came on at 3 o'clock, and I almost forced Dr. Dunn into our state-room. Then locking the door, I exclaimed to the control, now I've got you, and I took both his hands in mine and held them firmly, calling on God, holy angels, and spirit friends to cast out this boasting, self-conceited demon spirit. My grasp I determinedly kept until he trembled and literally shook with rage. It was a fearful moment! The medium's eyes became bloodshot, and his mouth twitched and frothed. I held on with a determined will till his face relaxed. He now gradually became limp, when his familiar Indian spirit entranced him, exclaiming "I've got him, preach." You go away you old demon. Go away you old devil-spirit! Aye, there are demons in the lower spheres, the surrounding spirit world, but they will not, and cannot trouble you if you think right, live right, do right, and spiritually conduct yourselves aright. Remember to act in the seance room in a calm, proper, and religious manner. Let there be no nonsense, no selfishness; be wise, thoughtful, careful, prayerful, and you will attract the presence of pure loving spirits and exalted angels to brighten and beautify the pathway of life.

Later, while in India, I went out to see a peculiar old Brahmin, that, as reported, had been buried seven months underground, six feet in the sand and soil; and he was still alive. I did not see this occult phenomenon but honorable men, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and natives did see it. It was something like this. Let me first say you believe that the common house-fly in cold weather becomes dormant, and in a wall or crevice will remain six months seemingly dead; but spring's sunshine revives it. You have heard about the winter torpidity of the American dormouse. The raccoon also rolls up in his own fur in hollow trees four or five months, to all appearance dead. I give you this bit of Hindoo history as given to me. I saw this man, and he declared that he wished to be again buried. First of all, they prepared him for the feat. He drank some juice to soothe his nerves, they then bathed his skin with oil, they also put wax over his mouth, they filled his ears and nose with wax also, and then seemingly mesmerized him, putting the man in a box, wrapped in dry muslin, and lowered the whole into the ground, covering the same with sand and soil. Over this they planted flower seeds, which sprang up and bloomed and bore their blossoms. At the end of seven months they removed the earth, and opening the casket they laid him in the warm sunshine, removed the wax, bathed the body and then an old Brahmin Yogi commandingly spoke to him, took him by the left hand, and breathing into his mouth and lungs, the man caught his breath and lived. You stop your clock, take off the weight, said a Brahmin to me, and it no longer ticks, put on the weight and the clock moves. Well, he added, this body of ours is only a shell—a piece of complex machinery, and why not be stopped for a season and then run on again, keeping time as before. Another marvelous thing was that of an old Yogi who had the mystic power to move things by his will. At three o'clock, when the sun was shining brightly overhead, to see a manifestation of will power we entered a bungalow of an old Yogi of the mountains, who was in the habit of fasting and daily repeating his prayers. He was a vegetarian. As a preliminary he burned incense, prayed, and said I now have the power to move anything in this room by my will. Well, said my friend, "Doctor, ask him to move some object." Seeing a book lying on the table I said, "command that book to move by your will." Pointing to it with trembling hand, he said "come, come!" The table quivered, trembled, and the book slid along to his feet. Now, do not tell me that I was mesmerized. All my faculties were intensely awake to watch and criticize. Each and all saw this phenomena. When he had moved books, peacock plumes, and other things around the room, I said to him, "Tell us how you did that." "Oh," said he, "that would require more skill in language and power, than to do these wonders. And then, you, an American, living in that great enlightened western country, ask me, heathen, as Christians call us, how we do these things! I believe in Brahma, sir. In the universal fire, the universal light, the infinite life, and that by Almighty power Brahma moves all those starry worlds by his will; and just in the ratio that I become Brahma-like, control my passions, purify my blood, spiritualize my nature, and make myself more interiorly divine like Brahma, do I have power to move these smaller things." Brahma's will moves all worlds and systems. Now suppose he had died that night, he is the same identical man over there; and being the same spirit-man there, why not by his will again move tables, books—all these smaller things? Spirits do this by their will. They entrance the living, make impressions, fill rooms with their aura, and psychically move material things. Angels rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. The Bible is full of these spiritual phenomena. When asked "What have you seen," I hardly know where to commence, because for fully forty-six years or more I have seen these marvels in all civilized countries, and I wonder how anybody with an inquiring mind and a good fair cranial organization can doubt these phenomena. What shall I say first? In earlier years, before studying medicine, I was a preacher, and an honest one. I candidly preached the best theology that I knew. Have sympathy for the clergy, as most of them, while honest, live on faith and donations. They have my sympathy.

At length I heard that there was a medium, a Mrs. Tamlin, in New York, that had the "spirit raps." What a "fad," I exclaimed, what arrant nonsense. A Quaker friend of mine, a member of the Legislature, said to me one day, "come let us have a look at this spirit rapping." Attending the seance we heard sounds, spirit rappings, sounds on the table. There must be machinery I thought, in the room, and I boldly said it is done by machinery. Then the knocks came still louder, jarring the table. Finally, I said, knock somewhere else, if you are spirits, and rapping came on the walls overhead, and then, to my discomfort, on my own coat collar! Surely, I exclaimed, there is no machinery about that. I was excited, startled, and could not explain the phenomena. It was wonderful! Now came the most marvelous thing. It was spelt out that "Melissa Peebles, a cousin of mine, died on Christmas morning at eleven o'clock." This was surely a falsehood, I said, for she is quite well and hearty. But writing to her friends, I found out afterwards that she was dead. Her spirit had actually come. It was to me very astonishing—an unquestionable test.

Later, I was at Judge Edmonds (Supreme Bench Judge) a grand old man, dignified, solid, and true to the core. It was the family's seance night in New York, and among those present was a young priest of Athens, Greece. He had seen Mammoth Cave, Niagara Falls, and our great grass-clad prairies, and now he wanted to see the last new thing in America, viz, the much-talked-of spirit rappings. So we formed the circle, Judge Edmonds' daughter being a writing medium. Soon she was entranced, speaking in a tongue utterly unknown to myself and the Judge, but the young priest listened most eagerly, caught every word, and soon sat back in his chair astounded, sighing his mother's name. He said "It is my mother, my mother," in modern Greek. The message informed him that his mother was in the spirit world, although he thought her perfectly well. After he returned home, he wrote back to the judge that it was quite true—quite true his mother had passed during his absence into the spirit land.

Here I must speak of Aaron Knight and Dr. Dunn, who first became entranced at my residence. This Knight readily, perfectly entrancing Dunn, he came year after year, often several times a week, and for fourteen years I talked with him just as

familiarly as I now address or converse with you. One seance night when Dr. Dunn was fully entranced by this spirit, he said, "I will give you, as you desire it, a little life sketch in brief." "I was born in Yorkshire, England, my death was clearly and unfortunately. My brother, the Rev. Jas Knight, was an ordained English clergyman. This was about 200 years ago." He described to me the river Ouse, the Cathedral, the old Abbey, and the topography of the surrounding country. I had then never been to Yorkshire or England, so I determined at sometime to identify this spirit if possible. Accordingly, when we reached Yorkshire many years afterwards, I looked, while in Yorkshire, for the Knights' names in the libraries old and new and failed. Finally Robt. Green, Esq., suggested that I should look in the "Will Office," and accordingly we went back through the records, aided by the clerk, 200 years, (in Latin) where we found the family name of Rev. J. Knight, A.M., ordained in Savoy, and preaching occasionally in London. The whole thing was confirmed, a most astounding test, and I have had these or similar tests by thousands year after year, till I can no more doubt them than I can doubt my own existence. And they are spiritually dear to me above all price, because they demonstrate a future existence. They transform faith into knowledge. The Spiritualist can say with Paul, "For we know" if this earthly house were destroyed, we have a house not made with hands, in the heavens.

Spirit ministries are to me positive, tangible facts. The spirit is deathless, dying is being born into the higher life of immortality, progression is a law over there as it is here, and to the very depths of my soul I appreciate these living truths, they are in harmony with the great law of evolution. They are in agreement with pure reason, they are in accordance with the heart's sweetest hopes, they are in unison with the spiritual revelations of all bibles, and in perfect consonance with the soul's highest aspirations. And I say it deliberately, take from me my good name if you will—persecute me to the stake—rob me of my friends—clothe me in rags—drive me into some dungeon cell where no sunbeam can touch my forehead—do all these if you will, but tear not, I pray you, from my soul the beautiful, inspiring, uplifting truth of spirit manifestations.

It is fully fifty-five years ago that I was standing in the pulpit in McLean, New York, preaching the funeral sermon of a little boy, an only child of dotting wealthy parents. The text was, "Have faith in God;" and the burden of the sermon was the importance of faith in the hours of sickness and death. The discourse finished, friends stepped forward to see the corpse, beautiful, though cold, in a casket, half buried in flowers. At length the fond parents moved forward, and standing by the coffin the father completely broke down, the tears streaming down his face. He wept, and wept as though his great father heart would break—but the mother half dazed and tearless stood pale and white as a Parian statue. There is a sorrow, a grief too deep for tears. Though Jesus wept at Lazarus' grave, this heart-broken mother could not weep—but turning to me she spoke thus with an eloquence that I can never forget—"Oh, my pastor! you've spoken to me hopefully, beautifully, about faith. But my darling is dead, and my aching, bleeding, mourning mother's heart demands something more than faith, faith. Then she burst into a flood of tears, and chokingly continued—"Tell me what you know about the future world. My soul calls for knowledge. Shall I know my child there? Will he know me? Will he ever be with me?" * * * I stood speechless, dumb as a stone statue! Though knowing just as much as any other priest, I knew nothing of the future life. Hope and faith did not satisfy this mother. They can satisfy no thinker. What some ancient Isaiah, or Peter, or James saw is not knowledge to me, nor you. Spiritualism gives this knowledge. And Spiritualists following the apostolic injunction have added to faith * * * knowledge. To that mother I could now say—your cherub child is not dead. He has left the body for the better land—left as a bud to be transplanted in to the gardens of the gods, where angels are teachers.

"The angels have need of these lovely buds
In their gardens so fair;
They graft them on immortal stems
To bloom for ever there."

When his mother crosses the crystal river she will see the outstretched arms, the shining hands, and hear the tender musical voice—"Welcome mother, welcome mother, to this home of love, these isles of the blest."

This being Spiritualism, what energy, zeal, enthusiasm, it should call forth from those who have drunk from its life-giving fountains. And yet many professed Spiritualists are indifferent, sleepy, selfish, wrapped up in this world's worldliness. They are half dead, and don't know it. Others are fully dead, and ought to have their funeral sermons preached. This should be the text—"Awake thou that sleepest, and Christ, the living Christ of spirit ministries shall give you life and light. Only the true and the worthy, in any world, enter heaven—the heaven of unalloyed bliss."

Some Interesting Statements.

E. V. WILSON AS A PROPHET—THOMAS PAINE THE AUTHOR OF JUNIUS LETTERS—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor:—"The Truths of Spiritualism," by the late E.V. Wilson is before me for the first time, and I find it full of interest. He devotes a few pages to a matter of special interest to me. I heard him lecture several times. On the 7th of February, 1872, at Washington, D. C., he makes the following record:

"We found on our desk a book, 'Junius Unmasked; or Thomas Paine the author of the Letters of Junius and the Declaration of Independence.' Washington, D. C. John Gray and Co., Publishers, 1872." Accompanying the book was a note:

"E. V. Wilson, Esq.:—Dear Sir:—It is said that before this book was published, your publicly prophesied, or stated, that Thomas Paine was the author of the Junius Letters, as well as the Declaration of Independence. Will you be kind enough to state before your audience the facts in this matter."

Truly your friend
Joel Moody was the writer of that letter. He came from Mount City, Kansas, early in January 1872, with all the stereotype plates of his book prepared in Cincinnati, ready for publication at the Capitol. He read to me many of the proof sheets and I became convinced of the truth of his discovery. It was I who informed him that E. V. Wilson had stated the year before on the platform in Washington, that Paine was Junius; whereupon Mr. Moody addressed the above letter to Mr. Wilson, who at his next lecture said that as early as December 1859, under spirit influence, in Melodeon Hall, Cincinnati, he had spoken as follows: "I, Thomas Paine, declare to this audience, and acknowledge the authorship of the Junius Letters, and I drew the first draft of the Declaration of Independence."

Again in September, 1862, in the office of Judge Knowlton of Chicago, Mr. Wilson said to him:

"Ere ten years have passed the positive proof shall be given to the world that Paine was Junius." Again in 1865 and in 1867 he made declarations of Paine's authorship; and in 1869, at Algonquin, Ill., on the 4th of July, under influence he said:

"I wrote 'The Crisis,' 'The Age of Reason,' and the 'Junius Letters,' and now that the overthrow of African slavery hath been accomplished, I turn my attention, as an agitator, to the Old World. And now let the skeptic take note. We shall at once move upon Rome and France, the strongholds of religious and political despotism. Both powers must fall. And on the 1st of January, 1872, the power of France shall be broken; Napoleon III. without a throne and the Pope a prisoner in the Vatican. England and the United States shall shake hands in friendship over the Alabama claims; England will bluster and threaten to go behind her bond and pledge; the United States will not retreat or abate, but will stand firm by her claim. Judgment will be rendered. Will England abide the judgement? I doubt it, but trust that she will. I, Thomas Paine, prophetically declare these things."—Page 351.

Mr. Wilson might have added that a year or two later he again declared from the platform in Washington that Paine was Junius. I heard him, and a friend by my side remarked to me, "Absurd; the writer of the Junius Letters was Sir Philip Francis."

Mr. Wilson discusses the subject further and says: "We feel that 'Junius Unmasked' is a work of merit, and adds one more proof of the good there is in Spiritualism."

And here let me add that Mr. Moody's discovery was made ap-

parently by spirit guidance. I will repeat substantially his own statement to me before his book had gone to press:

"I had been trying to achieve success as a lecturer, but had failed financially. I had recently bought a small library in exchange for a team of horses and wagon. Many of the books I had not opened. One day in a despondent state of mind I arose from my chair without any conscious object, reached my hand to a shelf in my library and placed it on a small book entitled 'Letters of Junius.' Something said to me, not audibly, 'Paine was the author of that book.' Starting back I exclaimed aloud to myself, 'Is that so?' Taking the book down and looking at the date of the first letter I read 'January 21, 1769.' Turning to the last letter I saw it dated 'January 21, 1772.' Where was Paine during these three years? 'The New American Cyclopaedia answered: He was an excise officer of the British Government, stationed at Lewes, about forty miles south of London. How old was he? From thirty-two to thirty-five years. When did he come to America? Near the close of the year 1774."

Mr. Moody further told me that at that time he had never read twenty pages of Junius or of Paine, but at once he began reading and comparing the two authors and in three months the task was completed. He found more than 300 parallels of fact, opinion, character, style, etc. He noted the singular fact that Paine never once alluded to Junius. Many figures of speech were the same, several illustrations were identical, and were of such a character that the chances that another should have made them are as infinity to one. Not a solitary incompatible fact could be found, and the few apparent contradictions proved to be positive evidences of a common authorship.

I asked Mr. Moody if he was a Spiritualist. He said he was not; but yet from certain statements he made I inferred that he was more than half a convert to the spiritual philosophy, and he could not deny the occult source of his first impression in regard to the identity of Paine as Junius. Mr. Moody wished to be unknown for a while as the author of the book; consequently I became its god-father and, to many, its reputed author. I have since made further discoveries of Paine's secret work, some of which are noted in my pamphlet "Thomas Paine—Was he Junius?" In connection with this discovery I note the following remarkable coincidence of date: January 21, 1769, first letter of Junius; January 21, 1772, last letter of Junius; January 21, 1872, first People's meeting on Sunday in Washington; January 21, 1872, first public announcement at said meeting by me of the literary discovery; January 21, 1872, first copy of the book from the press exhibited by me; January 21, 1872, date of publication from stereotype plates of the book.

So far as I was concerned there was no premeditation in regard to any of these dates; the meeting was appointed without reference to any date. And I further note three more coincidences: "The first issue of a revolutionary weekly paper in London called 'The Crisis,' whose principal contributor was 'Cassca,' now identified as Thomas Paine, was January 21, 1775. King Louis of France, whose life Paine sought to save, was beheaded January 21, 1793. And I have a copper token on one face of which is a man hanging on a gibbet, with the inscription, 'End of Pain,' and on the other face an open book with the inscription, 'Wrongs of Man' on one page and January 21, 1793, the date of the king's execution on the other.

That Philip Francis was not Junius I proved in 1886 by an alibi. And last year two letters of Junius were discovered, published in 1773 and 1774, after the regular series and in another newspaper, neither of which letters could have been written by Francis. He had sailed for India five months before the publication of the letter of 1774, and that of 1773 was on "Priestcraft," a subject which Junius had treated so gingerly that no one could know whether he was a Christian or a skeptic. But the sentiments of the letter of 1773 are those expressed by Paine in his "Age of Reason" twenty years later, and diametrically opposite to the religious opinions of Sir Philip Francis, who was a churchman and half papist. W. H. BURR.

Great Flaws in the Bible—Without Inspiration.

New York, March 21.—The Church of the Messiah, Thirty-fourth street and Park avenue, was packed to the doors this morning, when Rev. Minot J. Savage began his sermon on "Revelations, Natural and Progressive."

"The word of God," he said, is being written every day. Each discovery of the telescope, of the microscope, adds a page to that word of revelation. By these discoveries the eyes obtain new insight into old truths, and God reveals Himself anew to the reader. "Do not be led astray by those who would tell you that those men who are seeking to gain new insight are enemies of God. No; such are His consistent friends."

There was no warrant, he said, for declaring the Bible the exclusive word of God; in fact, the preacher said, we had no inspired copy of the Bible. While he would not assail the Bible, he did assail the position of those who accepted it as all true and infallible. But some would hurl at him that passage of Timothy, "All scripture is written by inspiration and is profitable," and so forth. That, he said, was an incorrect rendering. As originally written it was:

"Every scripture that was written by inspiration is profitable," etc. And some, the preacher said, would remind him of the maledictions of the writer of the last book of the Bible upon any who should add to or take away, etc. But this only refers to "this book," not to the whole Bible.

Rev. Savage then went on to state that since he had learned to regard the Bible in the light of reason and not to accept it blindly and unreasonably, as he had been brought up to do, he could see and appreciate its beauties to a much greater degree. He wondered why it was that so many theologians of the present day persisted in declaring for the infallibility of a book, a brief comparison of the several divisions of which proves its inaccuracies.

In conclusion the preacher said that some of the descriptions of parts of the Old Testament were so grotesque and barbaric that scholars were almost ashamed to argue against them. It was the utterly baseless claims of ignorant men regarding the book, and not the book itself, he would proclaim against.

He could not believe if this was God's only revelation to man that being almighty and all good, he would have permitted by far the greater portions of his people to remain in ignorance of it with a steady stream of the doomed plunging incessantly into hell.

"Is God," he added, "radiating knowledge upon only a chosen handful while the masses grope in darkness? No, I believe God's revelations to his people are to be made in the great book of nature, through the medium of science, fresh and bright day by day."

DEMONIAC INFLUENCE AT A PRIZE FIGHT.

HOW IT WAS MANIFESTED BY A WOMAN, AS WELL AS MEN AT THE BRUTAL PRIZE FIGHT AT CARSON.

According to the press dispatches from the prize fight at Carson, Nevada, between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The Chicago Record says that one of the most dramatic features of the battle was the part Mrs. Fitzsimmons played in the victory of her husband. Never before in the history of the prize ring has a woman witnessed the struggle of her husband for pugilistic honors and the new champion's wife to-day established a precedent which will hardly ever be equalled.

Up to the night before the fight Mrs. Fitzsimmons declared she would not be present at the ringside, but at the last moment, despite advice of her friends, she insisted on accompanying her husband. She was vigorously cheered when she entered the arena and appeared entirely self-contained and unconcerned as she took her seat in a chair near Bob's corner.

As he came down the slope from his dressing-room Fitz stopped for a moment at his wife's side and, stooping, kissed her as she said cheerily, "Good luck to you, Bob."

For the first few rounds she sat quietly, but as the rounds became hotter her excitement mastered her, and for the remainder of the battle she stood upon the floor or chair, excitedly encouraging her husband or hurling reproaches and instructions at his seconds. As the battle went on she became more and more demonstrative, sometimes breaking out with exclamations which bordered on the profane.

At every blow which her lanky spouse received from his antagonist her eyes bulged out and with her fists clenched she cried:

(Continued on page 8.)

Neither do I at all sympathize with the "injury to the cause" so many see if things do not go their way. The harm is not that the cause of Spiritualism had so many accept its phenomena, concede its truth or crowd to listen to its platform exponents. The friction that so exercises some of our people is from its very nature thing. Modern Spiritualism is forty-nine years old, and 90 per cent Spiritualists have come from orthodox theology. All the conditions of education and forms of thought are still present. Thus was we have a mass of people still deemed essential to hold people together and even our sermons conducted by singing Watt's hymns, and our prayers given over to long "invocation" after the style of the church confession. These are the conditions of a power incomprehensible, but deemed the open sesame of the lecturer. It is all to be expected, it is all natural when we reflect from whence the guests of Modern Spiritualism have been recruited.

For full particulars read the
nouncement on the 5th page headed
"Fifteen Cents."

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual world. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature; and presents his views demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. Sold at this office. Price 25 cents.

the gentleman has been misinformed. I was present daily at the court and no one testified to such a thing. But of course, if Mr. Purcell knows about it, when he was not even present in court, then it is useless for me to say a word.

If the two mediums in question produced forms under test conditions according to Mr. Purcell, then I am sure that he will be glad to let me hear it, and it goes to show that materialization should be relegated to the sacred precincts of the home or instead of being forced upon the public in a theater where tickets are bought at the box office. That is where I

spirits breathe will naturally smell like the mediums, should she have e onions for dinner! Stuff! Pahl T die to blind mortals and get their doul When I get to an age that I can s low such rubbish, I hope that fr friends will bury me ten feet unde ground, to cover my gullibility.

A TRADE-A BUSINESS!

Materialization, as it is worked to is a trade-a-business. I have been proached by "suave," bland, so-called "developers" of mediums, who sought to add me to the number of posters: they have said: "Well

trickery and when we know that we
and abet it by our silence? Why don't
we make it difficult for these impostors
to exist in our ranks? Why don't we
try them, and by severe tests ordered
make it difficult for them to stay with
us? Because we have made fools of
ourselves by believing everything that
is said to emanate from "spirits" and
the latter have dictated and ruled over
"we mustn't do this; we mustn't do that."
It will disturb the "conditions," etc., etc.
we have lost our reasoning faculties and
become idiots, and imposture has
thriven. No wonder people leave
our ranks and return to the churches!

"Age of Reason," and a number of lectures and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding. 4 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

The Woman's Bible. Part I. Text. Pentateuch. Comments on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy." The contrast between the thoughts of these brave women and the thoughts of the orthodox world during all time past, is very striking. Careful analysis, ripe scholarship and fearless adherence to the right, characterize this very interesting effort of some of the brightest minds of to-day. For sale at this office. Price 50 cents.

Remember, please, that in order to obtain these three books for \$1.00, you must send along a year's subscription to *The Progressive Thinker*; that is, one year, and the three books for \$2.25. It is the subscription paper that enables us to send you these books at cost.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium.

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Henry Meislar: Q. (1) Does not past logic forever conclusively establish the fact that there cannot be, except as a part of an eternal future for the individual soul of man, without an eternal past?

(2) The infinite source of life being perfect at the time when the entire human race was in its infancy, why was man in that state, and why was he devoid of mental and moral perception, governed by animal instincts?

(3) If the present and future life of man is progressive, according to the Spiritual philosophy, then according to the soul-growth theory must not the past life of the eternal ego be a necessary condition of progress, and if such progress is eternal, must not the past existence of the ego have been eternal also, and is not this theory refuted thereby?

(4) Why is not the ego entitled to the birthright of all mundane experiences of embodied life, that the human spirit not only deserves but needs?

(5) If there is a divine law of necessary successive embodiments, as the science and philosophy of Spiritualism of to-day is posited on the present and future life only, is not such science and philosophy incomplete if it does not account for or take into consideration the past history of the self-conscious individual ego of man?

A. (1) The conclusions of pure logic depend on the data from which it starts. Most unfortunately for correct thinking, it has in all past times started with ideas instead of facts. It has taken these ideas as granted truths and then gone to a conclusion. Granting the correctness of the ideas, there was no avoiding the "irresistible conclusion of logic." Now, in the beginning let us write in the clearest sentence, that true wisdom has no use for ideas not based on observed facts. The ideas that have come down the ages from one philosopher to another, rolled over and over and over, after the fashion of tumble-bones, have been constantly arrayed by them into arguments of "irresistible logical conclusions," which the next coming philosophers rolled over and rearranged. At last real knowledge came by means of direct investigation and questioning of Nature, but with the persistence manifested by old forms, this method still survives, and the old ideas are rolled over by philosophers and justify against and obstruct the true interpretation of the phenomena of the world.

The logical conclusions drawn from false premises are of no scientific value. The question has been answered fully recently in this department, in the negative, and we can here only emphasize that negative.

(2) We know nothing of the "infinite source of life," and that man derived his being therefrom is entirely hypothetical. The "eternal ego," an "idea," a will-o'-the-wisp of philosophy, which may or may not exist. That it fails to explain the scheme of creation, for which it is hypothesized, shows how chimerical it is.

Creation came by the method of evolution; by growth from the simple to the complex. Man began as an animal, a savage, and length reached his present estate. This is the method pursued by the forces of the universe, whatever they may be, or whatever may direct them. Why did they not pursue different courses, was because with the conditions presented, they could not. The method which the processes of this growth must proceed was defined as the rails which the cars traverse to reach a given point.

(3) The ego, again, is an "idea," not a fact; an assumption that is an independent, always-existing individuality, which grants itself the question in debate. If the ego had an eternal past existence, and progressive, there would be an infinite past behind any individual, and in that infinite past would be infinite experiences, that is, all experiences. There would be nothing remaining to be learned, or felt, or gained. Such a person would be infinitely perfect individuality. That man is not thus endowed brings the conclusion of "pure logic," that he has had no such past that he has with his spirit and intellectual and moral endowments had a beginning in time. Whatever conclusions this may lead to, we must accept this statement as fact.

(4) Taking the ego as equivalent to the spirit, there may be no question as to its birthright to taking on any and all mundane experiences, but why should it need a desire to do so? The apparent object of creation is to raise spirit out of and above the domain of physical matter, not to develop a higher level. It is an entirely unwarranted assertion that spirit gains by repeated contact with the physical world. Once freed therefrom, its return must be always a loss, and not a gain.

(5) The past history of every human spirit is the history of the globe from chaos. It is not a history of a history of spirit, but of matter. The modern spiritual philosophy is quite complete without taking for its introductory chapter the exploded theories of reincarnation, re-embodiment, pre-existence and soul-growth. It has blown all these old ideas into the waste-basket of dead things. Its distinctive feature, that which is entirely different from the old ideas, is the supremacy of law in the realm of spirit, and the application of the investigations of physical science. When we place our feet on this firm ground, and inquire for the facts before we theorize, the speculations of philosophers and the famed Greeks to Descartes, are the restless wanderings of the blind, inflated with the belief that they can see.

Among the earliest attempts to account for the origin of man, and the good and evil meted to him in this life, was reincarnation and pre-existence. They were the fancy of the childhood of the race, and like all the speculations of early man, are without truth. It may be stated as a law, that the earlier in time a belief, idea or speculation came, the greater the probability that it is false.

Whatever the consequences, the science of spirit begins with the birth of the individual. The first chapter of the genesis of spirit is the history of creation to the time man was evolved; its great volume is of the spirit's present attainments and future possibilities.

X. Y. Z. Chicago: Q. (1) How do you account for the fact that several honest mediums at several different times and places all have prophesied alike to the same stranger, and continue to do so; each in their own phase see, hear or read the same phenomenal success soon to come, but not a word of it comes true until after an elapse of six

years, and still each sees the success at hand?

(2) How do you account for it, that the same several mediums, at several times and places, continue to claim that a certain interview is a medium—able capable of seeing, hearing, writing, speaking, etc., and yet after six years of very honest and passive sitting alone, and sometimes in circles, do not a single phase has materialized? Is it not a folly to continue?

(3) It is said no crime is committed without being seen by spirits. If so, why do they not reveal and show up the criminal? When they do not, are they not accessory to the crime, (which if proved, in the body, they would be punished for)?

A. These questions are asked by a great many and form stumbling-blocks in the way of perfect belief. They have been answered in various forms already.

Such promises of mediumship are often made. The spirits are not infallible and cannot know until a trial has been made. Sitting alone, or with a circle now and then, is not a fair test. Only sitting in a well-organized circle for a prolonged series of sittings, would prove or disprove the messages received. If nothing came of such sittings, it would be useless to go on. Our spirit friends are as anxious as we are to communicate and to deliver on us to supply the means, without which their presence must remain unrecognized.

If communications came as readily and certainly as messages through the telegraph, all the criticism of the foregoing questions would hold, but it must be remembered that there are great difficulties in the way.

No one denies that it is possible for a hypnotist to control a subject so as to make him think, speak and act as his manipulator desires, yet, probably, not as in a dream, and not one in ten thousand made to speak the thoughts of the operator. The spirit is in the position of the hypnotist, and influences by the same law and methods, and only amidst many failures are correct messages given and received. You go to a medium and receive portions and think others possible. You go to another medium, and your influence is stronger than that of the spirits, and you receive a reflection of your own thoughts. It would be useless to go for confirmation to other mediums, for the same result would surely follow.

Although in rare cases there have been spirit communications as to lost treasures, crimes, etc., where it has been absolutely necessary to the welfare of the living, such information is rare and it must be understood that spirits take a different view of affairs from ourselves. It would not be well for us to have them become a detective and police force, and how can we expect it of them, when we know that they have their sphere of activities as well as ourselves.

J. A. Unthank: Q. Have we any authentic account, outside the Gospels, of Jesus and his apostles?

A. It is a most singular thing that in all ancient history, there is not a line, nor a word, nor an accredited authority, mentioning the greatest event that ever occurred in historic time—the advent of God himself in a man! Outside the narrow and unsatisfactory pages of the Gospels, all is silent and brooded over by darkness. Well has it been asked, if it were possible such a remarkable event could have taken place, unknown to the great historians of Rome.

John Lindstrom: Q. What do you know about God, or gods, as they have been represented to man through Scriptures and pamphlets, by so-called inspired writers?

A. This question has been and is repeatedly asked, and has been discussed continually in the columns of the Spiritual journals. It has been answered at length in this department. I am led to regard it as one of the most profitless subjects of thought, and of least concern. Confessedly, as the infinite, we cannot comprehend him, and hence it is waste to make the effort. First let us study man, and attempt to live true to the nature of his being. Man has been made a martyr to the ego of God, the creation of a selfish priesthood. It is time he escaped the chains of superstition. I know nothing about God. I have never conversed with a spirit who did. I, however, do know that in their vast disputes over the nature of God, the gods of the world have inflicted much suffering in the name of religion, that has come to the lot of humanity from all other sources. The gods have been the terror and the scourge of mankind, and there is not a crime suggested by fiendish hate and pious selfishness that has not been perpetrated in their name.

INSANITY OF ENGLISH PEOPLE—ONE PERSON IN EVERY 306 INHABITANTS OF UNITED KINGDOM DEMENTED.

Professor J. Holt Schoelling, fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain, has just completed a very interesting investigation by which he has been enabled to show some curious facts relative to the insanity of the British people. He tells us how many persons go mad and why they do so. He declares that one person in every 306 of the population of Britain is a maniac, and that that ratio promises to increase.

The results of Professor Schoelling's investigation, boiled down into succinct facts, show that in every 10,000 of the English and Welsh population 31.4 people are lunatics. In every 10,000 of the Scotch population, 33.6 people are lunatics. In every 10,000 of the Irish population, 40.3 people are lunatics.

Entering into the causes as to why men go mad, Professor Schoelling strikes a mighty blow for the cause of temperance when he makes the statement, solely inspired by his investigations and the accurate results thereof, that drink, liquor, sends mad nearly one-third of all the persons who become insane in Great Britain from the eight leading causes of insanity in that territory.

He places these eight principal causes of insanity and the percentage of each as follows: Drink, 33.6; excessive travel, 15.1; mental anxiety, 13.4; old age, 13.2; adverse circumstances, 13.2; accidents, 6.5; religious excitement, 4.0; love affairs, 3.2.—New York Herald.

A STARTLING FACT.

The Progressive Thinker has the only Spiritualist paper that had the enterprise to publish Prof. Barrett's address before the National Association Convention of Spiritualists. We have his address, covering three pages, and five other fine addresses and articles, one by Col. Ingersoll, grouped in one paper, and we want to send out 1,000,000 of it is worth ten times its weight in gold.

Read the article on 5th page headed "Fifteen Cents."

Better it were that all the miseries which nature owns were ours at once, than guilt.—Shakespeare.

LYCEUM LESSONS

As Presented by Hudson Tuttle.

GOLDEN THOUGHT.

The rights of government are based on eternal justice.

Subject—The Rights and Sphere of Government.

For the older groups: The rights of government are said to rest on the consent of the governed.

Not true, for those who make repressive laws necessary do not consent to such laws and are not given a choice. Nor on the will of the majority, unless the majority comprehend justice better than the minority. The minority may be in the right; and there are instances where one man advocated the truth against the world. The laws as existing are the wisdom of a few good men may be far better than society. In such cases they will be powerless, unless in the hands of an absolute power, which cannot exist in a republic, unless the majority are on the side of virtue.

A republic cannot endure unless a majority of its citizens are able to govern themselves.

The necessity for a government arises from the necessity for restraint, which makes any form better than none for savage peoples. The safety of those who have advanced, depends on their holding the less advanced and savage elements in check—not by individual powers, but by organic force.

Savage people must be governed by an absolute monarchy, represented by chief, autocrat or king. Only an advanced people can rule themselves.

As government is a necessary evil, its rights from a divine source, the church and state should remain distinct. The most horrible cruelty has been perpetrated by the church to maintain its temporal power. The best form of government is that of the people—republican. Its danger is anarchy; its safety is through education.

What is now the most threatening danger to our republican form of government?

Is it centralization? Is it monopoly? Is it the encroachment of church power?

Is it the immigration of ignorant millions which cannot conform to our institutions, and become harmonized therewith?

For the younger groups: The leaders explain how rolled over and over, after the fashion of tumble-bones, have been constantly arrayed by them into arguments of "irresistible logical conclusions," which the next coming philosophers rolled over and rearranged.

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LIFE AND LIGHT.

"GOD IS NOT GOD OF THE DEAD, BUT OF THE LIVING."

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. It is our duty, as teachers of this most beautiful philosophy to tell unto you of to-day, because of truth, that there is no death, but that all is life. All is light, and because of light and knowledge God lives, with you, is of you, and ever shall be.

Those of you, which might speak could be so readily misconstrued as this one, positively proving—not necessarily from a scientific basis, but from a basis of facts—that not one single thing is lost. All is life. All tends upward to the higher unfoldings, one expression after another.

This word God has been treated in many instances most shamefully, and again revered and revered in many of your homes as a person to whom upon bended knees you should go in worship; and yet, as a personality we have beheld him in the spheres of spheres of immortal life. The great Power so generally known to you of to-day as God is the power of attraction which lives, which governs, which moves, which is the all in all of every one of you.

The question might be asked: How shall we know this power? How shall we become acquainted with this power of attraction? Is it necessary for us to leave our homes of clay in order to look upon the beautiful face of the divine power? Must we leave all conditions of to-day, to be in a state of consciousness or a diviner sphere, to behold this God?

Let us see. Consciousness at this time, in this day and age of the world comes to your rescue. It stands out in front of you and dares you to step aside. It is a single one then held good? Ask yourselves, and what is the answer? Has one of the dogmas of the man-made creeds of yesterday established for you an abiding place in the next expression? Never! You are your own owners, and you are your own punishers.

It is too oftentimes the case that men are brought into this world, or upon this planet, hampered around about because of ignorance, because of conditions the mother knows nothing about.

He is brought into this world—or should be so—of knowledge, and the wisdom from on high, and is thrown upon the cold bosom of a merciless shore, as it were, with scarcely one thing to look forward to, and being at sword's point with self—there is not a particle of light anywhere. This condition attracts to one kind, this condition attracts to another kind. This condition, this licentiousness, breeds enmity, breeds strife.

Passing from this expression into the next, he meets face to face exactly that which he has sown here. He may find that his cup of joy has been turned up—down, with nothing in it. Scarcely a drop more will have, while others will find their cups full of enjoyment and contentment, because born under good conditions, brought into the world at a time when light might be given.

The question brought before your minds at this time is of serious one. I dare say all of you are willing to begin to think, to act and to be something for yourself. The air all around about you is full of conditions from those who have passed into undeveloped. I come as a messenger to you from spirit life.

Restraint and discipline are essential parts of true education and of no order. We have all to learn not to do as we please, but to do that which reason commands. Just control exerted over us by others, educates us to control ourselves.

You are inclined to trick your playmates, to cause them annoyance. When you resist you grow strong and manly, and show how well you are able to govern yourself.

MEMORY GEMS.

A government by the people, of the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

To be just, government must guarantee the rights of all.

No one should be granted privileges not granted to all.

To the laborer belongs products of his labor, and a just government gives him full reward.

Just laws represent the concrete wisdom of ages.

If we desire to rule ourselves, we must acquire the education which gives self-control.

The good citizen takes an active interest in governmental affairs.

WORK OF ISA WILSON KAYNER.

It has been sometime since I have written any jottings by the way, owing to a very severe attack of "La Grippe" which for a few days held me very close to the borderland. It has been something like two months since I was taken down, and I have not fully recovered as yet. While at Chionville, Mo., we were able to do some good work, both in the hall and at our home, that reached the leading people of the place, many of them never having given any thought or attention to the subject of Spiritualism or the question of immortality.

Mrs. Kayner, through the healing force, enabled to do some good to some that were sore afflicted.

From there we went to Kirksville, Mo., the place where I was taken sick. The town is filled with sickness of chronic cases, it being the home of the Osteopathy College, founded by Dr. Still, who received his information through his own mediumship.

Mrs. Kayner held meetings there every night for one week, and created quite a stir and inquiry, but I became so sick that I was not able to help her at the hall, and we thought best to work toward home. We then went to Keokuk, Iowa, and Bonaparte where we were able to reach a few of the people that were willing to learn, but I grew worse and the doctor advised me to return home at once, and keep very quiet, or my time was very short. So we took the train for Chicago, where Mrs. Kayner remained a week, and then started out into the field again. We had left the city over one year before to be gone five weeks and circumstances had kept us away from home nearly thirteen months. As soon as I was able I again joined her at Kirksville, and at Ft. Madison, Iowa, where we found kind friends ready to assist and extend a helping hand.

Some of the tests given in the hall last evening were very sharp and created a good deal of wonder. Two or three came forward and asked how she knew those things. This is a very religious city, nearly one-half the population being Catholic, and it is up-hill work to spread the seed. But one thing is certain, that after our departure toward home many will have different ideas of Spiritualism than before we came among them. Would be glad to hear from friends in cities on our way home during one or more lectures and test meetings. T. D. KAYNER.

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When will it be, you ask, that the human family will cease to be at swords' points with each other. We are near the time when we will no longer be at war, but at peace. When fathers and mothers of love will be united, and that which would bring forth deceit and inharmonious will be buried in the past and forgotten forever.

It has been said oftentimes by some of our best theologians that away down there is one who was brought forth, the same as any of you have been, now in captivity because of conditions that he passed through while here. It is not necessary for us to go down into the bottomless pit to find this condition, and I fear that many who are here need only to look within to find it, because they have been out of harmony with self. They have felt the condition creeping upon them, and they know not how to throw it off.

Oh, dear friends, go into the silence. Depend not upon the words of learned men, but in the silence of earnest, prayerful thought, ask to be advised aright—ask for that help that shall illuminate your pathway and shall bring you loved ones back to you. Let your light shine. It makes no difference under what name you have professed. But this I do beg of you. Let the dead beliefs of the past be forgotten. Let truth be affirmed. A firm faith that all is good, and my Father and I shall scatter these seeds abroad. Oh, let the light gladden your pathway. Listen to the babble of tongues as they gather around, seeking to impress you aright. See how the voices of loved ones hover near, asking to come in and sup with you. And around every one of you who are here are the bearers of truth, carrying forth upon the wings of time messages that shall never be forgotten, teaching the human family through the power of impression to do right.

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