



SPIRITUALISM—Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.—SPIRITUALISM

VOL. 23

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1900.

NO. 573

THE DEMOCRACY OF DEATH.

Invocation, Lecture and Improvised Poem Delivered by Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown, at the Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Sept. 30, 1900.

INVOCATION.

O Thou our Father and our Mother, universal and divine, we as thy children standing in the presence of thy sacred truth, ask the baptism of love to fall upon us to-night; ask that every heart that has a sorrow may be touched with thy divine peace that can come only to the spirit after it seeks the good, the beautiful and the true; ask that we may each one receive the great lesson that has been taught all through the centuries of putting self away for the benefit of others; ask that we may realize that our aspirations, our longings, our desires to do right, our wishes to arise into the higher altitude of life and love and wisdom may ever raise the thought and make us nearer unto Thee, great Father and Mother God. Teach us the way in which the feet of the illumined souls who stand to-night in the Holy City of Light and Love, have trod. Teach us the manner in which our burdened souls may roll the shadows back and find the light. Teach every heart the lesson that it may turn and roll the sepulchre stones away and see the eternal spirit of the living truth arise from its grave. Teach us to realize that through the abundance of light, the beauty of living now, the eternal glory of the life to come is blessed and the pathway that leads to everlasting life must needs be through the shadow of the silent chamber of death. Bless us and teach us the truth; make our souls full of love, our hearts filled with simplicity, our spirits desirous of the highest and best. Teach us that peace which is the very center of the great truth of the living Christ, Thee and Thy Angels. Amen.

The subject of the evening lecture is the "Democracy of Death." Life is filled with incompleteness. The measurements of existence, by the strange laws of environments, place us upon varied scales and different standards. A man toils and struggles and falls, so the world declares. He lies prostrate beneath the shadow and oppression of misfortune and sorrow. He struggles on through the alleys and by-ways; he only gains a glimpse of sunshine on rare occasions, and the toil and the struggle are ever marked with discouragement. Another man starts in this world's broad path; he meets with a warm grasp of the hand of Fortune; the world smiles and his path is filled with sunshine. He journeys on from one to another of the glad and happy prosperities of life. He climbs the ladder and at its top he finds the smiling face of encouragement, the whispered words of coming fame; ambition awakes within his heart, and hearing nothing of the murmur of despair his face grows bright.

A peasant dwells in his humble cot. He lives close to the heart of Nature. He enjoys life in a wide measure. A prince dwells in his palace of regal splendor; he lives far, perhaps, from the heart of old Mother Earth, but he has all that the world supposes a heart may desire.

Man journeys on in the strange, uneven, unbalanced struggle toward the future. One woman bends with a tired hand and a weary brain over the delicate point of a needle. She toils all day and late into the hours of the mystic night that another may gaily and thoughtlessly wear the apparel that this one has constructed, for a few brief days in the enjoyment of her happy, careless life, and she does not dream of the tears that have dropped upon the soft garment that shall guise her form in beauty and grace; she does not dream of the heart that has ached, and the weary, care-worn look of the shadowy eyes.

A woman stands in the black garb of mourning; her heart is heavy, her sorrows are deep; but the world has given her riches, and while she grieves she does not know of the agony and pain of another heart close by her, in the ragged apparel of misery and distress.

A little child is born into the world. It is placed in the cradle of luxury; it has everything that the world can give; choice and shining jewels decorate the little articles of its toilet; its beautiful garments are the story of our people. Another child is born, and a scant blanket, worn and thread-bare, is wrapped about its little body. The chill winds of winter hurt it, and the hot sunshine of summer gives it agony. The one is kissed and joyous and care-free, and the other lives and exists.

We look upon this picture and we ask, where in all nature is that justice, that something that the world needs. And then our minds go back to the thoughts of our great astronomers and philosophers and teachers, and they tell us that the law of environment, of heredity, are the principles that govern this world; the ignorance of one, the misfortune of another may be traced, according to natural law, back to the sources from whence they have come.

We look upon the world with all these pictures of hope, of promise, of despair, and of lost hope, the giving up of

life's energy, the falling down upon the curb-stone of misery; and we ask what in the great story of existence can ever bring us a blessing. If I answer you by saying that whenever a man is born, silently walking by the angel of life, walking the avenues of joy and sorrow or the broad highways of despair and misery, the pathway of joy and peace or the road of prosperity and goodness and success, ever walking by the angel of life is that strange, mystical, silent angel of death. It cares not, nor measures the small success or the great failure. It does not question whether we sew with a needle and weep tears of agony, or whether we sit like the butterflies in the careless joys of a merry life. It moves on without opening its lips; it never tells us of its presence, save as our thoughts sometimes reach out and recognize it. It whispers never a word to our listening ears, but silent, unchanging, it journeys with us on through the broad highway of life.

It has entered the palace and made its abode there; it has stood in the hovel door and entered as a man passed through; and it leaned over the cradle of luxury and smiled its cold, calm smile into the face of the little heiress or the richest child born in the century. It has smiled down into the face of the child of the garret, wrapped in the rags of poverty. It has looked into the face of the blackest negro, and with the same expression of countenance has it gazed into the face of the child of a king. It does not hesitate to go into the highest, and it does not fear to enter the lowest apartment. It waits solemnly from the time we are born until that hour when its great power shall level pride, ambition, hope, joy, agony and remorse to the soft, calm bed of rest.

This great democracy of death that sweeps over all countries, among all peoples, doing its unchanging work, is a teacher in silence and a majestic preacher for the world to recognize. Here in our own State, and throughout the United States, and far into other countries, the terrible devastation and horror of a great visitation, of this vast and awful power has recently laid its hands upon us. It is one of those most horrible matters that the world will for a time contemplate, feel the chill of dread, and then forget; a vast number of souls have been borne out into the other world; but the calamity of death, looked upon in the true and philosophical way, is not a comparison to the calamity of the living. They are left in misery, alone, injured, health wrecked, homes destroyed, hope fleeing from them, the wreckage on the shore of Time. Death has gathered its great harvest and borne it away silently without a word. We may reach out and plead; we may call after it, but it never turns its head, its face is always from us, and it goes on and on as far as we can gaze into the shadow beyond us. The great democracy of this wonderful power has silenced the world's littleness. When we stop to contemplate it, it has made us feel how weak are the ambitions that we cling to. It has raised in every heart a quality of true, true, has measured with its deep sounding line the better nature within us. It has demanded a tribute from us of respect and love and tenderness.

Sometime in our lives you and I have stood beside the unfortunate, the aged, the honored dead; we have felt that its disappointments were great upon it, and when we have come in touch with the bitterness and sorrow we have whispered under our breath that it was well this soul had found a refuge, and through this doorway, neither high nor low, had passed into the infinite, the wondrous future. We have stood beside the death-bed of a wasted form of some woman whose plaintive face told us that life's story had had more of disappointment than joy. That in the world she had found her heroes faulty, and her idols dust. That she had grown very tired of the burden of life, and that when the silent hand of this great democratic power had come to her, she had kissed it with meek lips and followed on into the future. We have stood beside the little child whose life had been brave and sweet and beautiful; whose eyes had always looked into ours with a suggestion that they knew something that they could not tell; and when those eyes were closed, and those lips silent, and the brave child had taken the mystic hand and journeyed out, we knew that in this vast and unchanging process of death something had been accomplished that left a soul free from the shadows and environments of a life's career.

And thus we have gone on through the long years since the day and time when Seneca talked of the beauties of death; and since that ancient sage painted the mysteries of its real splendor, we have walked and talked beside it, and gradually we have come to know it not as the enemy of the human family, not as a cruel avenger sent from God, but as the great and mighty prince that comes into the world to make even the unjust and unhappy paths by which men have trod.

What matters it if we do not lie in state, and no monu-

ment is builded high and splendid above us, and though our dust goes back to natural dust mingling with others in the potter's field? The great truths of Nature sweep on like the tidal waves of Time that obliterate the littleness of man and they soon forget his simple greatness. Nothing lives after this vast and eternal work of death, but principle and truth. These hold their own, and as the sweep of Time goes on, the lesson of eternal Virtue stands alone.

Do you remember that wonderful poem that will ever remain in the great museum of London as long as it is there, so long as the walls stand, written upon a "skull"? Do you remember what it suggests of the activity, the hope, the joy, the sorrow that have been within that life, and how it carries the thought to you that the little struggles, the brief span of existence being over, that all, whether prince or peasant, whether great or small, must enter the same narrow cell and sleep the same sleep. Do you remember how in closing that poem, it is suggested by its unknown author that whether this was the head of prince or peasant, or man of high estate, or simple deliver of the field, death levels all and with its leveling exalts and honors all.

There is something in the sleep and silence that compels reverence of human hearts, no matter who you are. If you are standing upon the platform of a railway station and you see a long box that has a suggestion that a fellow traveler is there who goes not of his own accord, your thought turns kindly toward him. You have no curious envy in your thought; you do not wonder very much if he were rich or poor, but in your mind comes the thought that another soul has gone away. You do not think whether he held a petty estate, or whether he was some one's slave. Your thought is of the real individual, the man or woman who is freed by this great stroke of the hand of death from the slavery and the environments of life.

We speak unkindly of each other and to each other all too frequently, but when that silent visitor has entered our homes, how quickly the mind becomes profound, how reverently we approach that lifeless form, how tenderly our lips are pressed above a hand we could not kiss in life, how reverently we caress the pale, cold forehead, and embrace the form we could not living touch. Strange emptiness this! And yet it shows within our human hearts a reverence for this great democratic power of death. It teaches us the lesson that there is something better in us if we only knew how to stir and awake it into activity and life and thought.

Learning this lesson then, what does it say to us? In the mute appeals and silence of the dead, it preaches the lesson of kindness, and love and sweetness to the living. I saw the wasted form of a woman who had passed long, weary weeks in a hospital and had had few callers, only those who went for duty's sake; and when she was dead, the silent, wasted form said not a word, but remorseful neighbors and friends gathered garlands of flowers and placed them on that lifeless clay, and one woman said: "She loved the flowers very much. I wish that I had thought of it while she was living. I might have sent some to her while she was here, but I didn't think she was going to die, and so I never sent a bouquet or a flower; but I've gathered every one in my garden now, and we will put them on her casket."

Death is democratic; it is arrogant in some ways. It demands much, it requires a great deal. Life is in a way a suppliant. It asks, and if it receives not, it folds its hands and weeps. But death is so calm, so still, when we give, it receives with folded hands and never even smiles at us. It were better for us each and all to give our garlands now, to bestow our love-richly, not wait until the sweeping majesty of death makes those that we bestow upon, indifferent to our hopes and fears.

O silent, sacred, holy Death! Thou who hast entered into palaces and into peasants' cots; thou who hast whispered into the listening ears of the ignorant until he understood thee; thou who hast told the poor idiot the story of thy mystery until his face quickened into wisdom and he followed thee; thou who hast whispered to the great artist such a message that he laid down his brush and went thy way; thou who hast told the author and historian something that they had not known, and they have journeyed on with thee to find out what thou hadst to tell; thou who hast whispered into the ears of bright, sweet youth and maidenhood something that gave the face a solemn look and called the spirit to flee from its earthly environments. Thou art sacred, thou art wondrous. Death, thou great democratic power of Nature, thou great dispenser of the leveling of race, man, passion and people, I ask of thee to-night, are thy lips forever sealed? Has no man who lived a knowledge of aught that belongs to thee? Canst thou not tell us some word, some mystic sign that belongs to thee eternal brotherhood, the brotherhood of eternal and unchanging years? Thy silence is like winter when the storm of the north fills the clouds with a leaden shadow and the night comes down. The feeble rays of a dying sun gleam up in pale, mysterious glows, and are lost among the hills, and the folds of the sable curtain of night out-stretched wrap us in their feeling mystery and silence. The world is black and the stars do not shine.

The morning comes, and where the gray and blackness were upon us and the starless night around us, a thousand million sparkling diamonds are fastened to the leafless trees; the whiteness of snow lays upon the bosom of passionless, silent earth. Not a stain, not a blemish, not

a sorrow. The profound whiteness in the great arch of the blue skies, the face of the sun looking pale yet brilliant, and a morning has come out of the night of darkness, of shadow, of death.

In that same mysterious manner, O Death, we come from thy darkness and night into the land of light. When we enter the celestial door of the morning land, we find that after the long journey through the varied paths of thy mysterious land, up from the borders of thy dwelling-place of silence and of shadow gray, at last souls come one by one, white draped, illumined and immortal. And these the souls that through thy great democracy have plunged beneath the floods of that shadowy stream of thine, and rising from its waters have learned, upon the borders of the shores of immortality, the lessons of remorse, regret and growth; have dropped the sandals that they wore in the streets of earth, have put by the garments of pride, vanity, selfishness and deceit, and have stood at last a naked, helpless soul on the great level of God's floor of justice, made equal by the stern democracy of earth. And then lifting their hands to Infinite Wisdom have asked, as simple children ask of a father, for whatever might be given them. When a soul has reached this place in the border lands of the realm of Truth, it quickly crosses the magical line of life and standing forth in the new light of that morning after the storm and tempest, receives the garment pure and white and stainless, the seamless garment of an immortal and unchanging soul, and stands forth the equal of other souls; stands in the solemn presence of progression, eternal life and endless love. And looking back into the valleys and onto the mountains of this world of ours filled with joy and sorrow, knows that the message that it sends will never be fully interpreted save by the few who understand and acknowledge the supremacy of Life and the Democracy of Death.

BABYHOOD.

Talk of the Sphinx and its mystery, and the silence it had for years,
The wonderful, vast enigma that's hidden in smiles and tears;
Talk of the many wonders that this world's not understood;
Why, really the greatest marvel is the marvel of Babyhood.

Have you ever thought about it, have you ever sought clear through,
And looked in a little baby's eyes and had it look at you?
Have you ever caught its eyes so clear as they looked right into your face,
With that curious, strange, half-puzzling look that comes with a baby's grace?

Have you ever felt its fervid breath, tender and warm and meek,
As out of its lips it softly came and kissed your furrowed cheek?
That there's something about it that stirs you as never aught else could,
The mystical, marvelous secret that lies in Babyhood.

Have you ever felt its fingers clasped strongly round your own,
And sensed that thrill of pleasure that no other sleep hath shown?
Have you ever felt the beauty so sweet and strong and good,
That came to your heart in its pleasure at the touch of Babyhood?

O wonderful, mystic measure! O marvelous undefined!
Thou sweet, exquisite stranger—thou, dear soft little child!
The world may turn to evil, but there's always something of good,
As long as God still sends us the treasure of Babyhood.

And when our hearts grow heavy and when our eyes grow dim,
And our lips are too sad in their sorrow to pray or to sing a hymn,
Then the soul can be uplifted by the voice that is pure and good,
When we hear the murmuring echo from the lips of Babyhood.

O world, with thy care and sorrow; O world, with thy haggard faces;
O world, with thy greed and avarice and thy sadly deserted places;
There's a beautiful oasis in thee; a place like a calm, deep wood,
Where the shadow falleth never, 'tis the land of Babyhood.

And we who have journeyed from it, look back through our blinding tears,
To those beautiful days and sacred-in babyhood's holy years;
And we who are young and panting in the lifelong struggle to-day,
Are made a little better when our thoughts go out that way.

So I call it the rarest of flowers the blossom most fragrant and good,
The beautiful, holy blossom of life—sweet Babyhood.

wants of man, and all the product of this wonderful power of nature.

Last of all the most mysterious is the immortal soul of man a work of nature exclusively for man for his happiness or for his woe, as he makes it in this life and in the life to come. Man, maker of his own heaven or his own hell, the carver of his own fortune and of his own weal or woe, just as he shapes them. Man, who shapes his present and his future, for as man dies so he will take up the thread of life hereafter, and his progress over there will be according to his foundation built on this side, for both spheres are so closely allied to each other that one has its influence upon the other, and the mystery is that we have an immortal soul at all.

That we can get the blessing that we have earned by our virtues and charity and right living on this side and that we inevitably reap the punishment of our misdeeds in the great beyond, not in an orthodox hell, but in a darkness, unrest and contrition brought on by our own conduct in life. When we retrospect on all of this we can only exclaim that the whole is incomprehensible and mysterious beyond our conception and therefore the infinites of nature.

JUDITH J. M. KENNEDY,
Marysville, Ohio.

WHAT WAS IT?

A Letter from Annie Lord Chamberlain.

I have just read in The Progressive Thinker of October 6 the article, "How It Is Done," referring to a slight-of-hand performer in California, who perhaps imitates some spiritual phenomena and presumes that what we call spirit power is simply slight-of-hand on the part of the medium; but I think I could relate quite a little that would be difficult for him to copy, and as briefly as possible will describe one instance of spirit writing.

My mother passed away in July, 1893; was an invalid a long time, and the last few months of her earth life required almost constant care. The last of April my father had lung fever, and a Mrs. Witherell came to my assistance, and one morning I received a letter from a man in Boston, enclosing one to a spirit friend, which he wished answered that day or evening, as he was going to Washington next afternoon, and it was very important that he should receive a reply from a spirit friend before he started. I felt uneasy that he should ask me to attend to anything of that kind, knowing I was overtaxed in my care of the sick, so returned his letter, saying I could not give my time or strength to spiritual work while both parents were so sick. That day and night was very hard for us all, but between 12 and 1 at night, the sick ones, being quiet, Mrs. Witherell and I went to the next room and lay down for a rest. In a moment or so we heard paper rattling on a table some four feet distant, then it was raised in the air, and with pencil, slowly brought to our bed. We could hear rustling of paper and pencil rapping upon it, so it was easy to locate. It was placed upon our foreheads several times, then upon a chair near my side of the bed, and we could plainly hear the writing. When the spirits had finished their work they indicated it by rapping; and Mrs. Witherell, anxious to know what had been written, got a light, and to our great surprise, we found a long message in nine columns, an answer to the letter I had refused to give attention to, and I was requested to forward it without delay. There was nothing but black lead pencils and black ink in the house, and no person beside the sick ones, Mrs. W. and myself. We were very weary, but had not been to sleep when this wonderful manifestation took place, and if not spirit power, what was it? Please allow me to conclude my letter by thanking the kind friends who have responded to my call, and I hope others, who know of my long service in the cause of Spiritualism, will read my card on page 8, and respond soon, and thus help me care for my wholly dependent and blind sister, one of the earliest mediums now in the form.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,
16 Franklin St., Milford, Mass.

AUTUMN.

Oh, I love the days of autumn,
When the leaves are sere and brown,
And they lie upon earth's carpet,
Like unto a figured gown.
Now and then a leaf goes sailing,
Wanted gently by the breeze;
How I love to smell the perfume
Of the dying autumn leaves.

Then I wander through the forest,
With my pulses all a-thrill,
And, like death, things are but chang-
ing—

Nothing dies—"Tis living still;
Merely forms a new expression,
Ever changing for the good.
How I love the days of autumn,
As I ramble through the wood.

All the trees seem animated
With a language of their own,
And I pass through groups of families;
Father, mother, taller grown,
Stand protectors to the others,
Throw out arms to shield the weak,
Seem to have their sense of duty,
Love their own—could they but speak.

Some have grown up tall and stately;
Others warped and bent in form;
Shows conditions placed around them,
The effects of sun and storm,
So it is with human families.

Different growths—all have their cause;
Stately trees, both wood and human,
Adjust themselves to nature's laws.
BYRON D. STILLMAN,
Chicago, Ill.

"Our Bible: Who Wrote It? When? Where? How? Is It Infallible?" A Voice from The Higher Criticism. A few thoughts on other Bibles. By Moses Hull. Of especial value and interest to Spiritualists. For sale at 10c a copy. Price \$1.

"INFINITIES OF NATURE"

The N. S. A. convention has come and gone. Thanks to them let "Infinite Intelligence" sleep sweetly in its grave of obscurity and lack of intelligence.

I have read carefully the pros and cons of this Infinite Intelligence question marked out for us by the N. S. A. of 1890, and to say the least I am unable now to tell who knew the least about the subject written upon—those for it, or against it. I am of the opinion that we weak, puny, mortals know so little about the subject of the great first cause—that it is a waste of time to speculate upon it.

Everything in the universe relating to the great first cause is infinite, and not measurable by finite matter or mind. When we look out into space, that infinite stretch of blue ether, and draw upon our most vivid imaginations, and seek to reach the limit of infinite space, we become lost in the labyrinth of our thoughts, and fall to comprehend the first law of limitation of this

hand, and when we come to take into account the small space of time that we occupy and comprehend in our lives, we sink into nothingness so far as this wonderful thing called time and its vast stretch reaches, an eternity past and an eternity in the future, and but one little moment of a present.

Yet we assume to talk of our greatness and our wonderful comprehension, knowledge and usefulness. Poor weak abnormal man! View yourself in comparison with these infinities of space and time and try to comprehend our insignificance.

Now this Infinite Intelligence, what is it that people call "Infinite Intelligence"? and ask us to believe that there is some personal power that created all of this vast space and unlimited time, because this "Infinite Intelligence" presupposes an existence somewhere of something tangible, before time, was and before space existed, and that "Infinite Intelligence" was clothed in some magic power that at its will could speak into existence at one command, time, space and matter. That power was able to create out of nothing, eternities, systems of worlds and space to place them

in-out of nothing—and with its magic wand to speak into existence man clothed with an immortal soul. Man made subservient to its will, and for no other practical purpose than to venerate and worship this "God" or "Infinite Intelligence," and to seek relief for all the ills of humanity through its forgiving and lovely will.

Mark you, if this "God" or "Infinite Intelligence" exists at all clothed with power claimed for it, its existence antedated time, space and matter.

Again we invoke the mysteries of the eternities past. For one I do not accept such dogmas either from the church or from Spiritualists. I believe and am sure no one can successfully contradict, that all of this grand creation, time, space and matter, and the laws regulating them and their creation, are simply a result of natural law, and that this creator is a myth. That all the works of creation from the lowest to the highest are a result of natural causes, and not spoken into existence by any mythical God or "Infinite Intelligence" out of nothing. That if always was and always will be, man and animals may pass away from this little earth, and forces of nature. Yet all are mysteri-

ous, wonderful and incomprehensible. Hence all are absolutely infinite; all of the emanations of nature and all creation are equally mysterious. Man as a result of natural law is mysterious, no more so than animals and quadrupeds and the insect creation, and the only seeming difference is that man is clothed with the power of a creative animal, with power to control the elements of nature to his use and the use of the whole animal kingdom. To build and control great work and constructions.

No more mysterious is the creation of the animal kingdom than that of the vegetable and mineral. From the food-giving vegetable to the most beautiful lily and sweetly-scented dower, to the plant oak and all other of the woody creations, all are equally mysterious. We also find in the geology of creation all of the necessary formation of mineral for the use of man—coal for fuel, iron, zinc, copper, gold and silver, and different geological deposits that are too numerous to allude to in this article, in this little earth, all suited to man and his wants, all mysterious in the original formation but useful to the



SPIRITUALISM—Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.—SPIRITUALISM

VOL. 23

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1900.

NO. 573

THE DEMOCRACY OF DEATH.

Invocation, Lecture and Improvised Poem Delivered by Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown, at the Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Sept. 30, 1900.

INVOCATION.

O Thou our Father and our Mother, universal and divine, we as thy children standing in the presence of thy sacred truth, ask the baptism of love to fall upon us to-night; ask that every heart that has a sorrow may be touched with thy divine peace that can come only to the spirit after it seeks the good, the beautiful and the true; ask that we may each one receive the great lesson that has been taught all through the centuries of putting self away for the benefit of others; ask that we may realize that our aspirations, our longings, our desires to do aught, our wishes to arise into the higher altitude of life and love and wisdom may ever raise the thought and make us nearer unto Thee, great Father and Mother God. Teach us the way in which the feet of the illumined souls who stand to-night in the Holy City of Light and Love, have trod. Teach us the manner in which our burdened souls may roll the shadows back and find the light. Teach every heart the lesson that it may turn and roll the sepulchre stones away and see the eternal spirit of the living truth arise from its grave. Teach us to realize that through the abundance of light, the beauty of living now, the eternal glory of the life to come is blessed and the pathway that leads to everlasting life must needs be through the shadow of the silent chamber of death. Bless us and teach us the truth; make our souls full of love, our hearts filled with simplicity, our spirits desirous of the highest and best. Teach us that peace which is the very center of the great truth of the living Christ, Thee and Thy Angels. Amen.

The subject of the evening lecture is the "Democracy of Death." Life is filled with incompleteness. The measurements of existence, by the strange laws of environments, place us upon varied scales and different standards. A man toils and struggles and falls, so the world declares. He lies prostrate beneath the shadow and oppression of misfortune and sorrow. He struggles on through the alleys and by-ways; he only gains a glimpse of sunshine on rare occasions, and the toil and the struggle are ever marked with discouragement.

Another man starts in this world's broad path; he meets with a warm grasp of the hand of Fortune; the world smiles and his path is filled with sunshine. He journeys on from one to another of the glad and happy prosperities of life. He climbs the ladder and at its top he finds the smiling face of encouragement, the whispered words of coming fame; ambition awakes within his heart, and hearing nothing of the murmur of despair his face grows bright.

A peasant dwells in his humble cot. He lives close to the heart of Nature. He enjoys life in a wide measure. A prince dwells in his palace of regal splendor; he lives far, perhaps, from the heart of old Mother Earth, but he has all that the world supposes a heart may desire.

Man journeys on in the strange, uneven, unbalanced struggle toward the future. One woman bends with a tired hand and a weary brain over the delicate point of a needle. She toils all day and late into the hours of the mystic night that another may gaily and thoughtlessly wear the apparel that this one has constructed, for a few brief days in the enjoyment of her happy, careless life, and she does not dream of the tears that have dropped upon the soft garment that shall guise her form in beauty and grace; she does not dream of the heart that has ached, and the weary, care-worn look of the shadowy eyes.

A woman stands in the black garb of mourning; her heart is heavy, her sorrows are deep; but the world has given her riches, and while she grieves she does not know of the agony and pain of another heart close by her, in the ragged apparel of misery and distress.

A little child is born into the world. It is placed in the cradle of luxury; it has everything that the world can give; choice and shining jewels decorate the little articles of its toilet; its beautiful garments are the story of our people. Another child is born, and a scant blanket, worn and thread-bare, is wrapped about its little body. The chill winds of winter hurt it, and the hot sunshine of summer gives it agony. The one is kissed and joyous and care-free, and the other lives and exists.

We look upon this picture and we ask, where in all nature is that justice, that something that the world needs. And then our minds go back to the thoughts of our great astronomers and philosophers and teachers, and they tell us that the law of environment, of heredity, are the principles that govern this world; the ignorance of one, the misfortune of another may be traced, according to natural law, back to the sources from whence they have come.

We look upon the world with all these pictures of hope, of promise, of despair, and of lost hope, the giving up of

life's energy, the falling down upon the curb-stone of misery; and we ask what in the great story of existence can ever bring us a blessing. If I answer you by saying that whenever a man is born, silently walking by the angel of life, walking the avenues of joy and sorrow or the broad highways of despair and misery, the pathway of joy and peace or the road of prosperity and goodness and success, ever walking by the angel of life is that strange, mystical, silent angel of death. It cares not, nor measures the small success or the great failure. It does not question whether we sew with a needle and weep tears of agony, or whether we fit like the butterflies in the careless joys of a merry life. It moves on without opening its lips; it never tells us of its presence, save as our thoughts sometimes reach out and recognize it. It whispers never a word to our listening ears, but silent, unchanging, it journeys with us on through the broad highway of life.

It has entered the palace and made its abode there; it has stood in the hovel door and entered as a man passed through; and it leaned over the cradle of luxury and smiled its cold, calm smile into the face of the little heiress or the richest child born in the century. It has smiled down into the face of the child of the garret, wrapped in the rags of poverty. It has looked into the face of the blackest negro, and with the same expression of countenance has it gazed into the face of the child of a king. It does not hesitate to go into the highest, and it does not fear to enter the lowest apartment. It waits solemnly from the time we are born until that hour when its great power shall level pride, ambition, hope, joy, agony and remorse to the soft, calm bed of rest.

This great democracy of death that sweeps over all countries, among all peoples, doing its unchanging work, is a teacher in silence and a majestic preacher for the world to recognize. Here in our own State, and throughout the United States, and far into other countries, the terrible devastation and horror of a great visitation of this vast and awful power has recently laid its hands upon us. It is one of those most horrible matters that the world will for a time contemplate, feel the chill of dread, and then forget; a vast number of souls have been borne out into the other world; but the calamity of death, looked upon in the true and philosophical way, is not a comparison to the calamity of the living. They are left in misery alone, injured, health wrecked, homes destroyed, hope fleeing from them, the wreckage on the shore of Time. Death has gathered its great harvest and borne it away silently without a word. We may reach out and plead; we may call after it, but it never turns its head, its face is always from us, and it goes on and on as far as we can gaze into the shadow beyond us. The great democracy of this wonderful power has silenced the world's littleness. When we stop to contemplate it, it has made us feel how weak are the ambitions that we cling to. It has raised in every heart a quality of true-ness, has measured with its deep sounding line the better nature within us. It has demanded a tribute from us of respect and love and tenderness.

Sometime in our lives you and I have stood beside the unfortunate, the aged, the honored dead; we have felt that bright promises which it failed to fulfill; we have felt that its disappointments were great upon it, and when we have come in touch with the bitterness and sorrow we have whispered under our breath that it was well this soul had found a refuge, and through this doorway, neither high nor low, had passed into the infinite the wondrous future. We have stood beside the death-bed of a wasted form of some woman whose plaintive face told us that life's story had had more of disappointment than joy. That in the world she had found her heroes faulty, and her idols dust. That she had grown very tired of the burden of life, and that when the silent hand of this great democratic power had come to her, she had kissed it with meek lips and followed on into the future. We have stood beside the little child whose life had been brave and sweet and beautiful; whose eyes had always looked into ours with a suggestion that they knew something that they could not tell; and when those eyes were closed, and those lips silent, and the brave child had taken the mystic hand and journeyed out, we knew that in this vast and unchanging process of death something had been accomplished that left a soul free from the shadows and environments of a life's career.

And thus we have gone on through the long years since the day and time when Seneca talked of the beauties of death; and since that ancient slave painted the mysteries of its real splendor, we have walked and talked beside it, and gradually we have come to know it not as the enemy of the human family, nor as a cruel avenger sent from God, but as the great and mighty prince that comes into the world to make even the unjust and unhappy paths by which men have trod.

What matters it if we do not lie in state, and no monu-

ment is builded high and splendid above us, and though our dust goes back to natural dust mingling with others in the potter's field? The great truths of Nature sweep on like the tidal waves of Time that obliterate the littleness of man and they soon forget his simple greatness. Nothing lives after this vast and eternal work of death, but principle and truth. These hold their own, and as the sweep of Time goes on, the lesson of eternal Virtue stands alone.

Do you remember that wonderful poem that will ever remain in the great museum of London as long as it is there, so long as the walls stand, written upon a "skull"? Do you remember what it suggests of the activity, the hope, the joy, the sorrow that have been within that life, and how it carries the thought to you that the little struggles, the brief span of existence being over, that all, whether prince or peasant, whether great or small, must enter the same narrow cell, and sleep the same sleep. Do you remember how in closing that poem, it is suggested by its unknown author that whether this was the head of prince or peasant, or man of high estate, or simple deliver of the field, death levels all and with its leveling exalts and honors all.

There is something in the sleep and silence that compels reverence of human hearts, no matter who you are. If you are standing upon the platform of a railway station and you see a long box that has a suggestion that a fellow traveler is there who goes not of his own accord, your thought turns kindly toward him. You have no curious envy in your thought; you do not wonder very much if he were rich or poor, but in your mind comes the thought that another soul has gone away. You do not think whether he held a petty estate, or whether he was some one's slave. Your thought is of the real individual, the man or woman who is freed by this great stroke of the hand of death from the slavery and the environments of life.

We speak unkindly of each other and to each other all too frequently, but when that silent visitor has entered our homes, how quickly the mind becomes profound, how reverently we approach that lifeless form; how tenderly our lips are pressed above a hand we could not kiss in life, how reverently we caress the pale, cold forehead, and embrace the form we could not living touch. Strange emptiness this! And yet it shows within our human hearts a reverence for, this great democratic power of death. It teaches us the lesson that there is something better in us if we only knew how to stir and awake it into activity and life and thought.

Learning this lesson then, what does it say to us? In the mute appeals and silence of the dead, it preaches the lesson of kindness, and love and sweetness to the living. I saw the wasted form of a woman who had passed long, weary weeks in a hospital and had had few callers, only those who went for duty's sake; and when she was dead, the silent, wasted form said not a word, but remorseful neighbors and friends gathered garlands of flowers and placed them on that lifeless clay, and one woman said: "She loved the flowers very much. I wish that I had thought of it while she was living. I might have sent some to her while she was here, but I didn't think she was going to die, and so I never sent a bouquet or a flower; but I've gathered every one in my garden now, and we will put them on her casket."

Death is democratic; it is arrogant in some ways. It demands much, it requires a great deal. Life is in a way a suppliant. It asks, and if it receives not, it folds its hands and weeps. But death is so calm, so still, when we give, it receives with folded hands and never even smiles at us. It were better for us each and all to give our garlands now, to bestow our love richly, not wait until the sweeping majesty of death makes those that we bestow upon, indifferent to our hopes and fears.

O silent, sacred, holy Death! Thou who hast entered into palaces and into peasants' cottages; thou who hast whispered into the listening ears of the ignorant until he understood thee; thou who hast told the poor idiot the story of thy mystery until his face quickened into wisdom and he followed thee; thou who hast whispered to the great artist such a message that he laid down his brush and went thy way; thou who hast told the author and historian something that they had not known, and they have journeyed on with thee to find out what thou hadst to tell; thou who hast whispered into the ears of bright, sweet youth and maidenhood something that gave the face a solemn look and called the spirit to flee from its earthly environments. Thou art sacred, thou art wondrous. Death, thou great democratic power of Nature, thou great dispenser of the leveling of race, man, passion and people, I ask of thee to-night, are thy lips forever sealed? Has no man who lived a knowledge of aught that belongs to thee? Canst thou not tell us some word, some mystic sign that belongs to thine eternal brotherhood, the brotherhood of eternal and unchanging years? Thy silence is like winter when the storm of the north fills the clouds with a leaden shadow and the night comes down. The feeble rays of a dying sun gleam up in pale, mysterious glows, and are lost among the hills, and the folds of the sable curtain of night out-stretched wrap us in their feeling mystery and silence. The world is black and the stars do not shine.

The morning comes, and where the gray and blackness were upon us and the starless night around us, a thousand million sparkling diamonds are fastened to the leafless trees; the whiteness of snow lays upon the bosom of passionless, silent earth. Not a stain, not a blemish, not

a sorrow. The profound whiteness in the great arch of the blue skies, the face of the sun looking pale yet brilliant, and a morning has come out of the night of darkness, of shadow, of death.

In that same mysterious manner, O Death, we come from thy darkness and night into the land of light. When we enter the celestial door of the morning land, we find that after the long journey through the varied paths of thy mysterious land, up from the borders of thy dwelling-place of silence and of shadow gray, at last souls come one by one, white draped, illumined and immortal. And these the souls that through thy great democracy have plunged beneath the floods of that shadowy stream of thine, and rising from its waters have learned, upon the borders of the shores of immortality, the lessons of remorse, regret and growth; have dropped the sandals that they wore in the streets of earth, have put by the garments of pride, vanity, selfishness and deceit, and have stood at last a naked, helpless soul on the great level of God's floor of justice, made equal by the stern democracy of earth. And then lifting their hands to Infinite Wisdom have asked, as simple children ask of a father, for whatever might be given them. When a soul has reached this place in the border lands of the realm of Truth, it quickly crosses the magical line of life and standing forth in the new light of that morning after the storm and tempest, receives the garment pure and white and stainless, the seamless garment of an immortal and unchanging soul, and stands forth the equal of other souls; stands in the solemn presence of progression, eternal life and endless love. And looking back into the valleys and onto the mountains of this world of ours filled with joy and sorrow, knows that the message that it sends will never be fully interpreted save by the few who understand and acknowledge the supremacy of Life and the Democracy of Death.

BABYHOOD.

Talk of the Sphinx and its mystery, and the silence it had for years.

The wonderful, vast enigma that's hidden in smiles and tears;

Talk of the many wonders that this world's not understood;

Why, really the greatest marvel is the marvel of Babyhood.

Have you ever thought about it, have you ever sought clear through,

And looked in a little baby's eyes and had it look at you? Have you ever caught its eyes so clear as they looked right into your face,

With that curious, strange, half-puzzling look that comes with a baby's grace?

Have you ever felt its fervid breath, tender and warm and meek,

As out of its lips it softly came and kissed your furrowed cheek?

That there's something about it that stirs you as never aught else could,

The mystical, marvelous secret that lies in Babyhood.

Have you ever felt its fingers clasped strongly round your own,

And sensed that thrill of pleasure that no other clasp hath shown?

Have you ever felt the beauty so sweet and strong and good,

That came to your heart in its pleasure at the touch of Babyhood?

O wonderful, mystic measure! O marvelous undefiled! Thou sweet, exquisite stranger—thou dear soft little child!

The world may turn to evil, but there's always something of good,

As long as God still sends us the treasure of Babyhood.

And when our hearts grow heavy and when our eyes grow dim,

And our lips are too sad in their sorrow to pray or to sing a hymn,

Then the soul can be uplifted by the voice that is pure and good,

When we hear the murmuring echo from the lips of Babyhood.

O world, with thy care and sorrow; O world, with thy haggard faces;

O world, with thy greed and avarice and thy sadly deserted places;

There's a beautiful oasis in thee, a place like a calm, deep wood,

Where the shadow falleth never, 'tis the land of Babyhood.

And we who have journey from it, look back through our blinding tears,

To those beautiful days and sacred in babyhood's holy years;

And we who are young and panting in the lifelong struggle to-day,

Are made a little better when our thoughts go out that way.

So I call it the rarest of flowers the blossom most fragrant and good,

The beautiful, holy blossom of life—sweet Babyhood.

wants of man, and all the product of this wonderful power of nature.

Last and of all the most mysterious is the immortal soul of man a work of nature exclusively for man for his happiness or for his woe, just as he makes it in this life and in the life to come. Man, maker of his own heaven or his own hell, the carver of his own fortune and of his own weal or woe, just as he shapes them. Man, who shapes his present and his future, for as man dies so he will take up the thread of life hereafter, and his progress over there will be according to his foundation builded on this side, for both spheres are so closely allied to each other that one has its influence upon the other, and the mystery is that we have an immortal soul at all.

That we can get the blessing that we have earned by our virtues and charity and right living on this side and that we inevitably reap the punishment of our misdeeds in the great beyond, not in an orthodox hell, but in a darkness, unrest and contrition brought on by our own conduct in life. When we retrospect on all of this we can only exclaim that the whole is incomprehensible and mysterious beyond our conception and therefore the futilities of nature.

JUDITH M. KENNEDY, Marysville, Ohio.

WHAT WAS IT?

A Letter from Annie Lord Chamberlain.

I have just read in The Progressive Thinker of October 6 the article, "How It Is Done," referring to a sleight-of-hand performer in California, who perhaps imitates some spiritual phenomena and presumes that what we call spirit power is simply sleight-of-hand on the part of the medium; but I think I could relate quite a little that would be difficult for him to copy, and as briefly as possible will describe one instance of spirit writing.

My mother passed away in July, 1893; was an invalid a long time, and the last few months of her earth life required almost constant care. The last of April my father had lung fever, and a Mrs. Witherell came to my assistance, and one morning I received a letter from a man in Boston, enclosing one to a spirit friend, which he wished answered that day or evening, as he was going to Washington, next afternoon, and it was very important that he should have a reply from the spirit friend before he started. I felt annoyed that he should ask me to attend to anything of that kind, knowing I was overtaxed in my care of the sick, so returned his letter, saying I could not give my time or strength to spiritual work while both parents were so sick. That day and night was very hard for us all, but between 12 and 1 at night the sick ones, being quiet, Mrs. Witherell and I went to the next room and lay down for a rest. In a moment or so we heard paper rattling on a table some four feet distant, then it was raised in the air, and with pencil, slowly brought to our bed. We could hear rustling of paper and pencil rattling upon it, so it was easy to locate. It was placed upon our bed, and after a few moments it came near my side of the bed, and we could plainly hear the writing. When the spirits had finished their work they indicated it by rapping, and Mrs. Witherell, anxious to know what had been written, got a light, and to our great surprise, we found a long message in nine colors, an answer to the letter I had refused to give attention to, and I was requested to forward it without delay. There was nothing but black lead pencils and black ink in the house, and no person beside the sick ones, Mrs. W. and myself. We were very weary, but had not been to sleep when this wonderful manifestation took place, and if not spirit power, what was it?

Please allow me to conclude my letter by thanking the kind friends who have responded to my call, and I hope others, who know of my long service in the cause of Spiritualism, will read my card on page 8, and respond soon, and thus help me care for my wholly dependent and blind sister, one of the earliest mediums now in the form.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, 15 Franklin St., Milford, Mass.

AUTUMN.

Oh, I love the days of autumn, When the leaves are aere and brown, And they lie upon earth's carpet, Like unto a leaf's own fall. Now and then a leaf goes sailing, Wafted gently by the breeze; How I love to smell the perfume Of the dying autumn leaves.

Then I wander through the forest, With my pulses all a-thrill, And, like death, things are but changing—

Nothing dies—"Tis living still; Merely forms a new expression, Ever changing for the good. How I love the days of autumn, As I ramble through the wood.

All the trees seem animated With a language of their own, And I pass through groups of families; Father, mother, taller grown, Stand protectors to the others, Throw out arms to shield the weak, Seem to have their sense of duty, Love their own—could they but speak.

Some have grown up tall and stately; Others warped and bent in form; Shows conditions placed around them, The effects of sun and storm, So it is with human families, Different growths—all have their cause;

Stately trees, both wood and human, Adjust themselves to nature's laws. BYRON D. STILLMAN, Chicago, Ill.

"Our Bible: Who Wrote It? When? Where? How? Is It Infallible? A Voice from The Higher Criticism. A few thoughts on other 'Bibles.' By Moses Hull. Of especial value and interest to Spiritualists. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

"INFINITIES OF NATURE"

The N. S. A. convention has come and gone. Thanks to them they let "Infinite Intelligence" sleep sweetly in its grave of obscurity and lack of intelligence.

I have read carefully the pros and cons of this Infinite Intelligence question marked out for us by the N. S. A. of 1890, and to say the least I am unable now to tell you knew the least about the subject written upon—those for it, or against it. I am of the opinion that we weak, puny, mortals know so little about the subject of the great first cause that it is a waste of time to speculate upon it.

Everything in the universe relating to the great first cause is infinite, and not measurable by finite matter or mind. When we look out into space, that infinite stretch of blue ether, and draw upon our most vivid imaginations, and seek to reach the limit of infinite space, we become lost in the labyrinth of our thoughts, and fall to comprehend the first law of limitation of this

word infinity of space. Infinite space peopled with an infinity of systems of worlds without limits and without numbers.

Astronomers tell us that within the limits of space surveyed by them by the most powerful instruments, there are 25,000,000,000 of other systems within the limits of the space surveyed by their instruments. When you come to compare that surveyed with that beyond the limits of their power the mind ceases to act and we stand amazed and confounded; space is therefore unlimited and infinite. Infinite means something that is without limit in its significance beyond the measure of human thought and investigation, and the number of systems in space seen and unseen are simply incomprehensible to the human mind, and all a mystery unfathomable and unfathomable.

Time is an infinity. The past, present and future are an absolute infinity—wholly beyond our power to compre-

hend, and when we come to take into account the small space of time that we occupy and comprehend in our lives, we sink into nothingness so far as this wonderful thing called time and its vast stretch reaches, an eternity past and an eternity in the future, and but one little moment of a present.

Yet we assume to talk of our greatness and our wonderful comprehension, knowledge and usefulness. Poor weak abnormal man! view thyself in comparison with these infinities of space and time and try to comprehend our insignificance.

Now this Infinite Intelligence, what is it that people call "Infinite Intelligence" and ask us to believe that there is some personal power that created all of this vast space and unlimited time, because this "Infinite Intelligence" presupposes an existence somewhere of something tangible, before time was and before space existed, and that "Infinite Intelligence" was clothed in some magic power that at its will could speak into existence at one command, time, space and matter. That power was able to create out of nothing, eternally, systems of worlds and space to place them

in—out of nothing—and with its magic wand to speak into existence man clothed with an immortal soul. Man made subservient to its will, and for no other practical purpose than to worship and worship this "God" or "Infinite Intelligence," and to seek relief for all the ills of humanity through its forgiving and lovely will.

Mark you, if this "God" or "Infinite Intelligence" exists at all clothed with power claimed for it, its existence antedated time, space and matter.

Again we invoke the mysteries of the eternally past. For one I do not accept such dogmas either from the church or from Spiritualists. I believe and am sure no one can successfully contradict, that all of this grand creation, time, space and matter, and the laws regulating them and their creation, are simply a result of natural laws, and that the creator is a myth. That all the works of creation from the lowest to the highest are a result of natural causes, and not spoken into existence by any mythical God or "Infinite Intelligence" out of nothing. That it always was and always will be. Man and animals may pass away from this little earth, and forces of nature. Yet all are mysteri-

ous, wonderful and incomprehensible. Hence all are absolutely infinite; all of the emanations of nature and all creation are equally mysterious. Man as a result of natural law is mysterious, no more so than animals and quadrupeds and the insect creation, and the only seeming difference is that man is clothed with the power of a creative animal, with power to control the elements of nature to his use and the use of the whole animal kingdom. To build and control great work and constructions.

No more mysterious is the creation of the animal kingdom than that of the vegetable and mineral. From the food-giving vegetable to the most beautifully tinted and sweetly-scented flower, to the giant oak and all other of the woody creations, all are equally mysterious. We also find in the geology of creation all of the necessary formation of mineral for the use of man—coal for fuel, iron, zinc, copper, gold and silver, and different geological deposits that are too numerous to allude to in this article, in this little earth, all suited to man and his wants, all mysterious in the original formation but useful to the

earth as we know of certainly. The earth may be overwhelmed with some disaster that will destroy all life and it may be again peopled in time with another and different type of life, yet this earth will exist forever and in the cons of time this little ball of earth that we inhabit, this system in which it is placed, may become cold, dead and lifeless, but it will occupy its place in the spheres and keep up the laws of gravitation, attraction and repulsion, so that all creation will not be thrown out of balance into chaos.

Nature never makes any mistakes. It is only nature interrupted that produces freaks, hence this world always has existed, always will exist in some form, always will occupy space and repulsions, and its power in space.

Time has always existed. We cannot conceive of time when time did not exist. Also space has always existed, as a necessary companion of time, for either would be useless without the other. So we have time and space as eternal, and matter follows as a child of nature propagated by time in space, all a result of natural law, and the laws of nature. Yet all are mysteri-

A METHODIST LADY

Relates Her Mediumistic Experience.

In April, 1898, I was called home from Chicago, by the illness of a little grandson. Just as I was leaving my son's home to go to the station, I received a telegram stating that the baby was dead. I was then and am now in a perfectly normal condition, a member of the M. E. church, not at all familiar with Spiritualist literature, although I had some previous knowledge of Spiritualism and a little mediumistic experience in a private way twenty-five years ago; but I decided that the subject was too intricate for my comprehension and directed my spiritual development along Christian lines, and it will not be out of place here for me to say that all my spiritual studies have developed into an altruistic Spiritualism.

I arrived at Monon, Ind., Saturday afternoon, and the moment I entered the house I became conscious of unseen presences, that communicated with me telepathically. The baby was buried Monday, and soon I was left much alone. I performed my household mechanically, and apparently was under some unknown hypnotic influence, and received message after message or rather long communications from the spirit side of life.

There was to be a ministerial convention in our town, May 28, 29 and 30, and my mind was being prepared by an unseen intelligence for something that would occur during the time. I was constantly receiving instructions concerning earth-life, God, Christianity, morality, temperance, etc. I made a little garden, which was used as an object lesson, teaching me many new truths. One day I was out in the garden and this message was flashed to me: "Nothing will be put upon you, that you cannot endure; you will have plenty of help."

On May 30, Decoration Day, the climax was reached. I was busy doing up the morning's work, and whilst sweeping was suddenly irresistibly impressed to write a communication to my sister-in-law, who lives in the same town I do, from her sister in spirit life, Martha Brown Hornbeck, who was my husband's first wife. I wrote the communication, and under the influence of the communication, she was banded to my sister-in-law's house and banded to Grandma Brown, who was in the yard. She asked me to come in, but I replied, "I have not time, as I must return home and prepare dinner." As I handed her the letter she thought flashed on my mind: "Oh, mother, you will never be any nearer your daughter Mat than you are this moment," and I felt how grieved the spirit was not to be recognized, as we were separated by a home.

As soon as I entered the house I felt a desire to kneel by my bed and pray, and did so. I prayed aloud, asking God to have mercy upon us all. Prayer was excited in my mind to an unwonted degree; I felt as if a crisis was at hand. Soon there was a quick rustling movement and a spirit presence knelt by my side, and this message flashed quickly, with no uncertain quality: "Give you a new name, Frances Willard." Instantly all was calm, and I arose from my knees a new being. My husband came in just then and I tried to prepare his dinner. I asked him if he was not earlier than usual; he replied that he was, and added, "Frank Hornbeck just came to the door and said that he was passing our home; he heard some strange noise, like some one groaning, and that I had better go home and see what was the matter, some one might be sick."

I said: "I expect he heard me praying. I am not sick, but feel very strange." We managed to get through the dinner and then Mr. Hornbeck said I had better go to bed, and he would send the doctor up. I did so, and from that moment was three alternate persons, representing three spheres: Frances, from the divine; Martha, from the spiritual; and Elsie (myself), the material.

When Miss Willard was in control she made frequent requests that her friends be notified and sent for, particularly Miss Anna Gordon, and she was so certain that faithful Anna would come, that she persistently urged the people around the bed to telegraph to her; and to quiet me, they gave a false promise to do so. She asked to see the members of the local W. U. A few called, and one lady said she "never heard such beautiful talk in all her life." Another was afraid and would not remain in the room. The doctor pronounced me insane, and my son was sent for from Chicago. He came and tried to stop the manifestations, telling me that if I did not stop talking so ridiculously they were going to send me away for treatment, but the manifestations did not stop. All of Martha's brothers and sisters came to see me and brought beautiful flowers and received messages from the spirit in control. Grandma Brown came, and I remember she made this remark: "There certainly is some strange power at work, but I do not understand it."

Oh! I thought they understood that it was Miss Willard talking to them, and not Elsie? Then again, why cannot they recognize their sister Martha is talking to them? Martha said to her mother on one occasion, (when Grandma had brought in an apple dinner for me, which, by the way, I could not eat), "Mother, kiss me." Grandma bestowed the kiss, but not realizing that she was giving to her daughter who she considered was dead. I sensed the feeling of the spirit and she was happy in receiving a little, and I thought how much happier she would be if Grandma realized her presence.

If ever a spirit struggled for an earthly recognition, Miss Willard did and continues to do so. Many times she said: "I came into this world, and my only reward was that I was called to write letters to Miss Gordon, Lady Somerset, Mrs. Carse and others. I have cause to think that many were not mailed. Some I mailed myself. I have not received any answers." One evening two doctors and a justice of the peace called to see me. I was Miss Willard through the whole interview, and delivered the messages desired to have known. Doctor Clayton asked one of the men who was in the sitting-room, near the bed-room, if he wished to ask me any questions. I heard him reply: "No, I think not, the lady has stated her case quite plainly." I afterwards learned that that was my trial and the three pronounced me insane. However, I was not immediately sent to the state hospital, but I continued to cherish the hallucination (?) that the spirit Frances Willard communicated with me, I had to endure the humiliation of having the sheriff come after me, and accompanied by a lady friend and my husband, I was taken to the Northern State Hospital for the insane, at Logansport, Ind. Frankly told the doctors what my hallucination was, and they gave me the closest attention, and at the expiration of three weeks I was discharged, with a written statement from the medical superintendent, Dr. Rogers, saying, "I am pleased to be able to say that the observation of both myself and Dr. Mil-

GRANT'S WISE WORDS

They Should Be Carefully Cherished.

The answer to the following inquiry from a reader of the Truth Seeker should be kept by every Liberal who can refer to it at any time: "Will you kindly inform me in what year President Grant died, in which he advocated the taxation of church property, was transmitted to Congress?" JOSEPH O'NEILL.

It was in 1875, and President Grant's language was as follows: "In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise. The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority and through blood. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally."

President Grant not only advocated the taxation of church property, but he urged that religious teachings should be prohibited in the public schools. In the same message he said:

"As a primary step, therefore, to our advancement in all that has marked our progress in the past century, I suggest for your earnest consideration, and most earnestly recommend, that a constitutional amendment be submitted to the legislatures of the several states for ratification, making it the duty of each of the several states to establish and forever maintain free public schools adequate to the education of all the children in the rudimentary branches, irrespective of sex, color, birthplace, or religion; forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious, political or party tenets, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds, or school taxes, or part thereof, either by legislative, municipal, or any other authority, for the benefit or aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, or in aid or for the benefit of any other object, of any nature or kind whatsoever."

Similar sentiments were expressed by President Grant in public utterances. It was in 1875 that he addressed the Army of the Tennessee at its annual reunion in Des Moines, on which occasion he said:

"Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, and free press; pure morals, unfettered religious and political opinions, and equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the state nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning, either in the sciences or in the arts, that are not open to all, and afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education unimpaired by sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and state forever separate."

These words, coming from a man in his position, entitled Ulysses S. Grant to a place in Columbia's Hall of Fame, and they should be inscribed there with whatever memorial is erected to perpetuate his memory.—Truth Seeker.

The Pyramid.

The publication of this portion of an article was provoked by the assertion of a scientific man "that he believed the Great Pyramid was built under direct ordination of God."

The Great Pyramid stands in silence amid shifting sands roamed by wild beasts, where once were Arts and Science beyond belief or knowledge; a medieval marvel of history, it stands with outstretched arms, one hand upon the East, the other in the West, a link between the unknown distant era in the past to a distant era in the future. Thus will it remain a noble monument above a civilization to which we must attain ere we grasp the kindly extended hand (of Wisdom) across the yawning gulf of Dark Age.

The day will come when the unwritten language of this great unconstructed giant (who poured forth in thunder tones to deafened, blind humanity the wisdom in its smooth and unadorned walls) will be read aright. Then will the ages, still in the distant future, learn to build indestructible pyramids that speak to science in indestructible terms, instead of "phonographs" filled with unintelligible twaddle.

West Riverside, Cal. M. BENEDIOT.

lign coincides in the conclusion that with the exception of a certain degree of emotional sensitiveness, which was particularly manifested at first, there was nothing in your condition indicating any degree of mental disability or disturbance.

I returned home not cured of my hallucination (?) In fact the incarceration in an insane asylum was only another object lesson for my instruction, and my education continues.

Two years have passed. Miss Willard has firmly established the relation of sister to me, and urges me to give messages from her to the public. Naturally I shrink from so doing, because of my incompetency, and wish that Miss Willard could find a medium more capable. She tells me that she does influence others, but is unable to take positive control as she can with me and give her name and personality to the world as an advocate and worker for all reformatory movements.

She adds that in Miss Eva Shontz she has found an excellent medium for temperance work and has impressed her personality upon her. She influences her in her public speaking, but as Miss Shontz has never been taught the power of spirit return to influence mortals, except it be the spirit of God, she calls the inspiration that comes to her, the revelations of God's spirit, which is all very true, but she does not understand it. I have heard of a similar medium and am yet for advanced spiritists, inspire her to give utterance to the thoughts of my mind. That she feels my personal influence in some dim, undefined way, is quite true, and she is doing a good work and is a brave little girl and I love her."

I will close this brief outline of my late experiences concerning the return of Frances Willard to earth, with the statement that "the half has never been told."

Regretting my inability to reveal to mortals all that I receive, Yours sincerely, Monon, Ind. ELSIE HORNBECK.

"Social Upbuilding, Including Co-operative Systems and the Happiness and Ennoblement of Humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, LL.D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

A SNAKE.

It Plays a Strange Part in a Dream.

The Boston Traveler has the following: "The incident herein related is true to circumstance. No effort whatever is attempted to exaggerate, because all the persons for whom the author of the incident are within reach in this city, and are well known for their integrity and uprightness. The American branch of the Society for Psychical Research will find in this narrative substance for an interesting thesis, 'Are the dead really dead?' However, it is only one of the many curious circumstances that are seldom brought to light for public inspection, owing to the dread of ridicule on the part of the witnesses, who in this case might appropriate the words of the poet descriptive of his own condition:

"Though thy slumber may be deep, Yet thy spirit shall not sleep, There are shades that thou canst not banish."

Neither could he banish the thought while awake of his dream nor the request of the wrath of his deceased father, who persisted in reminding the son that if he loved his father to show it by obeying his request in removing a live snake that at that moment on the top of his coffin at Woodlawn cemetery near Boston. The story is as follows:

Sometime ago the Internet was made of the body of a gentleman who was well and favorably known in the vicinity of Everett, Mass., and some of whose family are at present residing there.

It is unnecessary to give the name of the deceased because those who are anxious to get all the facts have only to call upon Mr. Gus Marshall, the superintendent of Woodlawn cemetery, or upon Mr. George Hemmenway of 23 Cottage street, Chelsea, Mass., brother of the late Captain Hemmenway of Station 2 of the Boston police department, who will be quite willing to relate in detail every circumstance at Room 639, Tremont Building, upon which the dream was based.

To resume the story. Some months ago after the interment of the which I have spoken, the son of the deceased gentleman dreamed that the spirit of his father came to him and requested that his body should be taken up and buried in another part of the cemetery. As there was a live snake upon the top of his coffin, and he, the father, could not rest while the snake remained there. The son was not impressed by the dream and paid little attention to it, but only for a brief time. The spirit of the father paid him another visit and reminded him of his previous request, that he was ill at ease while the snake was permitted to remain with him in the grave.

The son was by this time aroused to serious thought, owing to the strong insistence of the ghost that his body be taken up. Nevertheless, he persuaded himself that it was all a dream, and had no foundation in fact, and would therefore dismiss it from his memory. But it seems the ghost was not to be so easily put off, for it made a third visit that will brook no denial of the matter in hand, even from a skeptical son. The third visit was too much for the nerves of the young man, who, awaking in fright with perspiration oozing from every pore, declared at once there was no doubt of the reality of the visitant. The shade of his father was troubled, also, why these things should be.

The frightened son rightly believed that the best thing for him to do was to have the grave opened and the coffin taken up to prove that his dream was a mockery or a scene enacted in his chamber with a spirit of his departed father, a confirmation as strong as proof of holy writ that snake actually dwelt in the grave of his sire. He straightway made a visit to the cemetery to lay his story before the superintendent, Mr. Marshall, who, believing the case, and not inclined to put faith in dreams, advised against the opening of the grave. But the young man was obstinate, and the assistance of two grave diggers was brought in. The casket was duly uncovered, and, to the bewilderment of those present, sure enough there was a large snake, very much alive, upon the top of the casket. It will leave the reader to judge what thoughts passed through the mind of the young man at this singular verification of his dream. The Society for Psychical Research will find much meat in this extraordinary incident to enliven the pages of their very interesting accounts of analogous occurrences. The casket was interred in another part of the cemetery. THOMAS BATES.

NATURE'S LESSON.

As I opened my window this morning, At early dawn of day, And heard the sweet birds singing, Their cheery morning lay; And listened to the cuckoo's cry, Which filled the dewy air, I felt a thrill of gladness, And Earth ne'er seemed so fair.

From every bush and flower, From the little singing brook, From the very highest tree tops, From every shady nook, Came a melody so rich and sweet, That my ears had ever heard, Of Nature's unwritten music, And my soul within was stirred.

All joined in singing of his love, His goodness from their birth, A wordless poem of grateful praise, To their Creator's worth; And I took the lesson home to me, From Nature's speechless kind, And wished with all my heart to be Of an humble, grateful mind.

Then my ears were tuned to hear, And I could fully realize, The wondrous beauty of our Earth, So full of musical life, No murmur of discontent, No note of discord heard, Only grateful thanks to Him above, For their life of happiness here.

So the lesson Nature sang to me, Entered deep within my heart, And I prayed that heaven would bless my work.

And help me to do my part; Help me to live a life so pure, Unselfish, true and grand, Lifting my soul to heaven above, Where my spirit will one day stand.

May I live each day a strain so sweet, Each hour with notes full thronged, Each month and year, and all the years, Be one grand triumphal song; Then will I praise, as Nature does, My great Creator's worth.

And show my gratitude to Him, Who gave us all our birth.

ELLA F. PORTER.

"Arcana of Spiritualism: A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy." By Hudson Tuttle. A spiritual text-book of rich and inspired thought. An excellent work. Finely bound in scarlet and gold. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

NATURE!

Is Not Eternally Progressive.

Contrary to the consensus of scientific thought, continuous progression is not a factor of law of nature.

Evolution of every phenomenon is limited. Dissolution follows evolution with remorseless tenacity and completeness. Right here we diverge to explain that facts and laws are wholly different. Facts are not results, law precedes results. Law demands uniformity of results. Facts show that uniformity is not found in all the universe. Stars, comets, planets and satellites are all dissimilar; even their dissimilarity is not uniform.

Furthermore, law by implication presupposes a law-maker. The intent of a law is beneficence; hence the disastrous floods, famines and tornadoes that constantly afflict the earth can in no logical sense be construed as results of beneficent law.

The recent pitiless Galveston horror was a mere bagatelle, compared with thousands of other calamities through which the earth had previously passed. In Arizona and adjoining territories vast numbers of vast cities once peopled by millions. In Central and South America we find other magnificent cities in ruins. In China and India millions of people have perished by famine. Heruleum and Pompeii show the destruction of other millions. The great deluge 4,000 years since submerged whole continents, whereby millions of happy people were blotted from their loved abode.

Nothing could be more silly or unphilosophic than to impute such dire catastrophes to the action of beneficent law. Knowledge of truth works beneficence. Ignorance of truth works the reverse.

Studious reader, better be honest with self, and not juggle with the stern logic of such stupendous facts. Returning to our subject, if in the midst of everyday toil and turmoil we pause to consider progression by evolution in its relation to eternity we become overwhelmed with the immensity of differentiated phenomena, merged into similarity.

Nature in the broad true sense includes all physical and psychical phenomena. Nothing supernatural or infranatural; all is within; nothing outside of nature; like unto time and space, nature has neither center nor circumference; beginning or ending. Nature is eternal, including the past and future.

The foregoing postulates are absolute truths, some, however, are incomprehensible. Throughout eternity and boundless space evolution of matter into varied phenomena has been incessant. So, too, has dissolution.

All phenomena are evolved by the action of cosmic forces and dissolved by the reaction of the same forces. Hence evolution and dissolution are equivalent. Worlds are evolved and dissolved by the same forces that evolve and dissolve sign-flakes.

Astronomers tell us that 17,000,000(?) nebulous clouds exist within the solar system, thousands of comets, 7 planets and 23 satellites. Planets are evolved of nebulae and emerge from nebulous fields as comets, and dissolve as satellites. Meteors are debris of satellites. All has beginning and all must have an ending.

Differentiated phenomena existing now always existed; including all forms and degrees of intelligence, otherwise matter and the cosmic forces that inhere, are not eternal. Matter in its ultimate analysis is constituted of hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon gases, with possibly a few inert subordinates. The cosmic forces that inhere are gravity, heat, electricity, magnetism and life.

Under the incessant action of these five forces matter is momentarily changing the molecular co-relations of its ultimate. These forces, however, when considered separately are unchangeable. If we closely scrutinize these forces, we find that gravity alone is a distinctive force, all others blend in some degree. Heat is inseparable from electricity and magnetism. Heat may be separated from life, but life manifestations are inseparable from heat. However gravity and heat forces are clearly distinguishable. Their eternal antagonism originates and perpetuates all matter in contrary directions. Atrocious heat and all motion would cease. All matter would become one solid motionless mass.

Motion is a prerequisite to the evolution of all phenomena, hence gravity and heat are indispensable factors of all phenomena.

All differentiated phenomena show incorporate different proportions of cosmic forces. Pastry artists make differentiated pastry with the same ingredients.

To our limited sense perception we marvel at wondrous new phenomena, but to an Omniscient Eye, all is monotonous. Nothing new in all the universe. Our boasted discoveries in realms of science and art have heretofore been evolved and cognized by millions of sentient beings on millions of other worlds.

All sentient beings are pupils of cosmic forces teaching by metaphor, and same lessons. Hence arise plagiarisms of unjustly charged. Cosmic forces make all the universe akin.

Gravity and heat forces being inseparable are not accountable; not vindictive; not conflicting; designs nor purposes nothing, and yet it is said that Hippocrates imagined that heat manifested consciousness. To our thought consciousness and sensation are one, or at least are inseparable from mind. Mind inherent only in life, but is only a life force, and all matter evolved into activity by the co-relation of other cosmic forces, all of which are inseparable either in combination or separate.

Consensus of belief is that nature never duplicates phenomena. This belief, however, is illogical and improbable, when we consider that matter consists of only four ultimate and five cosmic forces, (only, by the way, are clearly distinguishable) and their incessant action in changing their co-relations, throughout eternity, we readily see the improbability of original combinations whereby original phenomena are evolved. Limited cosmic forces necessitate limited actions. Evolution of original phenomena is only possible and not only to people and planets not yet evolved to their highest possibilities.

This world existed aeons of ages ere life manifested thereon, prior to which personality had no existence on earth. Personality is an evolution of life, during the evolutionary period of the planet whereof life first manifested.

Heterotropy we have seen that mind is evolved from life. Quality of mind is determined by personality, hence it follows that a world evolved by heterotropy and begins dissolution, all life phenomena evolved thereon must be resolved and relegated back to ultimate elements whereby personality is extinguished, and crass matter again becomes subject to evolution of cosmic forces.

The paramount lesson taught in the foregoing disquisition is, be kind to all, and thus confer a measure of happiness on self and others. Happiness is our only gain. Supreme happiness is approbation of self and others. Commend yourself to yourself and others by kindness. Supreme kindness is Love. My dears, let us all love, and laugh, and dance, while we may.

GEO. M. RAMSEY.

Washington, Pa.

"Gleanings from the Bostrum." By M. B. French, Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

KEEP YOUR EYE

ON

THE PSYCHIC EYE.

OUR MAIN PREMIUMS.

It Is the Inner Discernment.

The eye of man is the mind of man. Back of iris and retina there are other lenses, and there is a lens of instinct, a lens of reason, a lens of faith, through which come reflections far beyond the visible veil of earth and heaven.

In fact, with the physical eye we never do see things—only the reflection of things. You never really saw the most familiar object. We have only portraits of the dearest friends hung in the mysterious gallery of the eye. Yet we do not mistrust these transmitted images. We live in their light, and rejoice in their communion.

Why, then, distrust these other conceptions? Though they are but images also, no man is satisfied with seeing. Consider what some men will train their natural eyes to behold—the sailor at the mast head, the Indian in the woods, the Esquimaux among the snows.

One reason why men have not this inner discernment is because they will not see, because they neglect the faculty of seeing. We see just what we exercise the power to see. What we really need is not more things, but better eyesight. It is not things but thoughts that screen us from actual truth.

Soul knowledge is a spiritual faculty deeper than sense knowledge. It reaches to the actual realities. It foresees and foretells. It sees and constructs. It reveals natural laws. It is the far-reaching faculty, starting from within, knowing of the Soul of Things. How can this soul knowledge be? Because soul has kinship with all knowledge, yes, with a Universe "Whose body Nature is, and God its soul."

How attained? By concentration. Psychologically it is based upon the act of attention. Any act may be made a lesson in concentration by placing the mind fully upon it. Those who become masters of any art or trade acquire great powers of concentration without knowing it.

It is practice that brings perfection. Every human entity or ego contains all possibilities latent or dormant within; therefore it is reasonable to infer that it is within the range of inherent possibilities for every one to develop what anyone has already unfolded.

Our aspirations and dreams of our capacities; our indwelling abilities are ever seeking expression in our longings; therefore, do we regard as sacred the yearnings of every soul. In no surer way can we know our traits of character or our future than through intelligent concentration.—Boston Ideas.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming bye and bye, When all will happy be— A home, and blessed rest on high, Where life is pure and free.

A good time coming "over there," On the celestial shore, Where all is flowery, fresh and fair, And death is known no more.

A good time on that sunny shore, Where souls will dwell in love, And blissful rest forevermore, In fairer realms above.

Yes, a good time on the yonder side, With all adjusted and allied, Where harmony and truth abide, In Wisdom's holy light.

I see the gleam from "over there," And hear the music sweet, Of angel friends now drawing near, My waiting soul to greet—

And guide me safely to my home Amid the evergreen— Where blight and death are never known, But life alone is seen.

The friends who left me long ago, In earth's dark valley here, Are drawing near to soothe my woe With songs of love and cheer.

Why should I wish to linger on, When all my friends are there— And beck me on with them to join In your delightful sphere?

And why for earthly pleasures care, Which fade and pass away, When all my loves and hopes are there, In brighter, fairer day?

My native home is not below, But far above the skies, Where streams of life forever flow, And true love never dies!

And there alone my heart is placed— I seek no worldly gain, But wealth which cannot be erased, Is that I would obtain.

The joys which never fade away, Are those for which I long— True life, in everlasting day, Amid the angel throng.

We'll soon be there, where earthly care, And toll will have an end— Where joys of peace will never cease, And truth and beauty blend.

We'll soon be there in mansions fair, With friends who've gone before, Where love is life, free from all strife, And sorrows come no more.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR a moment stop and consider. The Progressive Thinker is the one original dollar Spiritualist paper. It introduced a new era in the ranks of Spiritualism. Its success financially has been all that could be desired. Notwithstanding the rise in the price of print paper, it has still maintained its status as the only one dollar Spiritualist paper. Not only that, but it introduced the Divine Plan in its business with its subscribers—a portion of the profits of the office returning to them. Just think of the Seven Premium Books being sent out to our subscribers for \$2.35. After paying the postage of the books, and the expense of mailing them, all that we have left is \$1.50. You can readily see that we are furnishing them for less, by far, than the actual cost to us. We do this work in accordance with the Divine Plan, in order to assist in forming the nucleus of a library in every Spiritualist home. We are carefully our premium list; and you will certainly want to become a subscriber to The Progressive Thinker, if not so already, and obtain the books we announce.

"Gleanings from the Bostrum." By M. B. French, Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

"Cultivation of Personal Magnetism. A Treatise on Human Culture." By Leroy Berrien. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

KEEP YOUR EYE

ON

THE PSYCHIC EYE.

OUR MAIN PREMIUMS.

It Is the Inner Discernment.

The eye of man is the mind of man.

Back of iris and retina there are other lenses, and there is a lens of instinct, a lens of reason, a lens of faith, through which come reflections far beyond the visible veil of earth and heaven.

In fact, with the physical eye we never do see things—only the reflection of things. You never really saw the most familiar object. We have only portraits of the dearest friends hung in the mysterious gallery of the eye. Yet we do not mistrust these transmitted images. We live in their light, and rejoice in their communion.

Why, then, distrust these other conceptions? Though they are but images also, no man is satisfied with seeing. Consider what some men will train their natural eyes to behold—the sailor at the mast head, the Indian in the woods, the Esquimaux among the snows.

One reason why men have not this inner discernment is because they will not see, because they neglect the faculty of seeing. We see just what we exercise the power to see. What we really need is not more things, but better eyesight. It is not things but thoughts that screen us from actual truth.

Soul knowledge is a spiritual faculty deeper than sense knowledge. It reaches to the actual realities. It foresees and foretells. It sees and constructs. It reveals natural laws. It is the far-reaching faculty, starting from within, knowing of the Soul of Things. How can this soul knowledge be? Because soul has kinship with all knowledge, yes, with a Universe "Whose body Nature is, and God its soul."

How attained? By concentration. Psychologically it is based upon the act of attention. Any act may be made a lesson in concentration by placing the mind fully upon it. Those who become masters of any art or trade acquire great powers of concentration without knowing it.

It is practice that brings perfection. Every human entity or ego contains all possibilities latent or dormant within; therefore it is reasonable to infer that it is within the range of inherent possibilities for every one to develop what anyone has already unfolded.

Our aspirations and dreams of our capacities; our indwelling abilities are ever seeking expression in our longings; therefore, do we regard as sacred the yearnings of every soul. In no surer way can we know our traits of character or our future than through intelligent concentration.—Boston Ideas.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming bye and bye, When all will happy be— A home, and blessed rest on high, Where life is pure and free.

A good time coming "over there," On the celestial shore, Where all is flowery, fresh and fair, And death is known no more.

A good time on that sunny shore, Where souls will dwell in love, And blissful rest forevermore, In fairer realms above.

Yes, a good time on the yonder side, With all adjusted and allied, Where harmony and truth abide, In Wisdom's holy light.

I see the gleam from "over there," And hear the music sweet, Of angel friends now drawing near, My waiting soul to greet—

And guide me safely to my home Amid the evergreen— Where blight and death are never known, But life alone is seen.

The friends who left me long ago, In earth's dark valley here, Are drawing near to soothe my woe With songs of love and cheer.

Why should I wish to linger on, When all my friends are there— And beck me on with them to join In your delightful sphere?

And why for earthly pleasures care, Which fade and pass away, When all my loves and hopes are there, In brighter, fairer day

THE PSYCHIC MAGAZINE

SHE HAS MARVELOUS PSYCHIC POWERS

The History of the Mollie Fancher Case.

May 10, 1864.—She was thrown from a horse and severely injured.

June 8, 1865.—In attempting to leave a street car, she caught and she was dragged a block.

Feb. 2, 1866.—Seriously ill. Her head and feet coming together she would roll like a hoop. Several persons were required to keep her from personal injury.

Feb. 8, 1866.—Went into a trance and lay apparently dead.

Feb. 17.—Lost her eyesight.

Feb. 18.—Lost her speech.

Feb. 19.—Lost her hearing.

Feb. 22.—Saw, spoke and heard for half an hour, then again lost these faculties.

Feb. 23.—Lost the sense of sound.

Feb. 24.—The fingers closed.

Feb. 25.—The jaws locked.

Feb. 26.—The legs took a triple twist.

March 7.—Violent spasms.

May 20.—Asked for food.

May 27.—Shocked by thunder she again lost her speech.

May 28.—Went into a trance.

June 2.—Food was forced by pump into her stomach and threw her into convulsions.

June 2, 1866, to Oct. 23, 1900.—Blind and paralyzed, subject to frequent trances.

She can tell the approach of storms, accidents and fires.

She can accurately describe those who ring her doorbell while they stand outside.

She can tell the time of day if any one takes out a watch.

She can read a book without opening the covers.

If the reverse side of a photograph is held up before her she can tell whose picture it is.

She does the most beautiful embroidery, knowing the different colors she is using.

Although she does not understand botany, she can copy any plant or flower in wax.

She can read a check, the back of it being held before her.

She can write, sew and crochet.

She can see through the walls of her room and describe strangers in the next room.

She can tell the name of a person who comes to see her for the first time.

She can describe the appearance of all her visitors.

She can read the thoughts of people with accuracy.

She never sleeps, but almost every night goes into a trance.

One of the most remarkable invalids in the world lies in a little room at No. 100 Gates avenue, Brooklyn.

For thirty-five years she has lain there blind and helpless. In all that time she has never left her bed. Yet she claims to have seen everything that was going on in the world.

Only her mind is alive. It sees what her eyes can see, it travels while her body lies motionless.

Bed-ridden and living in eternal darkness, she has seen every wonder that has come to pass in New York since the war. She watched the spinning of the marvelous web on which Brooklyn Bridge hangs; she saw its completion. Minutely she described every detail of the structure.

She saw the Statue of Liberty unveiled and left looking out over the harbor. The great skyscrapers, the colleges, churches, parks—all that makes Greater New York notable—have been pictured in the mind of this wonderful woman.

When the long triumphal procession last year passed under the Dewey arch Mollie Fancher, in her darkened room, said she saw it go by. She heard the shouts of the people, the music of the bands. With her mind she looked at Dewey and described him.

One of the strangest cases that ever puzzled scientists. It has baffled the medical profession. It is vouched for, in its main facts, not by one or two people, but by a large number of unimpeachable witnesses. Chief among these is Judge Abram H. Dailey, whose "Life of Mollie Fancher" is a curious and interesting contribution to literature.

It is now twenty-five years since Miss Fancher's strange condition was made public. It was the sensation of the day. For nine years then she had been in a trance and, according to those who cared for her, had eaten nothing. Physicians who knew nothing of the case pronounced it a fraud. They were answered by Dr. R. Fleet Speer, Dr. Robert Orniston, Dr. Mitchell, Dr. J. C. Hutchinson, Judge Dailey, Prof. Charles E. West and others who examined her and tested her occult powers.

Barnum offered her a fabulous sum if she would let him exhibit her, and agreed to fit a luxurious private car for her to travel in and to surround her with every luxury and convenience. She refused.

"I don't believe I know how to die," she says, wearily. "I have tried so long and vainly. Death always passes by."

In 1863 a slender, beautiful girl, ambitious and brilliant, was graduated from the Brooklyn Heights Seminary. She was like other girls in her class, except in being especially favored by nature.

Frank West, the president of the seminary, said of her:

"She was a sweet girl, of delicate organization and nervous temperament, and was highly esteemed for her pleasing manners and gentle disposition. She was an excellent scholar, excelling in belles-lettres."

On May 1, 1864, Miss Fancher was thrown from a horse and severely injured. She grew better. With returning health came love into her life. She became engaged to Mr. John H. Taylor, of Brooklyn. For a few months she tasted happiness. Then the intoxicating draught was hurled from her lips forever.

On June 8, 1865, came the tragedy that ruined her life. While downtown on a shopping errand she fell from a street car while trying to alight and for her the same distance, on the rough pavement.

For nine years, day and night, she was subject to trances, spasms and cataplexy. She lay in one position, on her right side. She could swallow, but take no food. Water, the juices of fruits and other liquids were put into her mouth, but her stomach would not retain anything. The doctors performed tracheotomy, but it was useless. Her body performed none of the ordinary functions.

Gradually the sense of touch, speech and hearing came back to poor Mollie Fancher. But she remained blind and paralyzed, subject to trances and to visions—afraid of herself and out of tune with the world.

THE LAW INVOKED,

To Decide Between Spirits and Mortals.

"Do spooks and spirits communicate with their living relatives? Do they tell them where great mines are located, what business ventures will be profitable and when to go and to love?" Judge Steele of the County Court has considered all these matters. He did not judiciously decide whether or not spirits were recognized in the legal world, but Attorney George A. Smith related much to the court concerning spooks, ghosts and spirits.

Mrs. M. L. Blackman and her sister, Miss Lucinda, Rossmore, two kind old ladies, paid \$400 for mining claims near Empire, on what they thought was the advice of dead relatives. They bought the property from W. O. Marshall and Jeannette Marshall. The Marshalls had received the communication from the dead relatives, for in the realm of Spiritualism it seems that ghosts never communicate directly with those whom they would reach.

Attorney Smith was consulting a night on the stand a witness to prove that Marshall and his wife were, or pretended to be, Spiritualists. That aroused Judge Steele.

"These things, these claims of communication with the dead, they may be true," said Judge Steele. "I don't know how it can be proved. How can they be shown? How can you show that spirits do not advise living relatives? To the ordinary mind it seems absurd that anyone can get information from the spirit world as to the location of a gold mine. You can't prove that this cannot be done. You believe, or did believe, that it could be done," said the court.

"Oh, no, no, no," exclaimed Attorney Smith. "I don't believe it."

"Well," replied Judge Steele, "I mean that your clients did."

"Now, one Spiritualist can't arrest another Spiritualist for fraud where they all go into a scheme. People ought not to be so gullible. But the plaintiffs did go into this scheme. They ought not to have been so gullible. There may be gold in the mine. The spirits may have put it down many thousands of feet. Who knows? The defendants didn't say that the spirits would put it down two feet or twenty-five feet. Your clients relied on the spirits and believed they would put gold in the mine. Now they have changed their opinions. They ought not to complain; they ought not to have entered into the arrangement. In fact, there was a great streak of gold in the mine. Did the spirits put it there? Who knows? These are the things which, though they seem absurd to ordinary minds, may be true. We can never prove nor disprove them."

"Well, your honor, I think that what is in contradiction of the experience of all mankind should be assumed to be false. No one ever saw spirits put gold in the ground."

"Oh," exclaimed the court, "that does not prove that it cannot be and has not been done. It seems absurd, but we have no proof. Our experience may be merely a lack of knowledge."

Attorney Smith wanted the court to hold that a man is presumed in law not to be a Spiritualist until he declares that he is one or until it is proven by testimony that he is one. But the court would not go that far. It held that the plaintiff would not get statements of the defendant as to whether he was or was not a Spiritualist, but would not introduce evidence in chief to show either belief.

Judge Steele finally overruled the motion for a non-suit, declaring that the case should go to the jury. So the six men, one of whom said that he "believed a little in Spiritualism," went to trial to decide whether or not Mollie Fancher was a Spiritualist.

They were divided, three for and three against. When they were called to the stand and when they said they had communications from the departed relatives of the two old ladies.—Denver (Col.) Post.

AN OCCULT POWER.

Possessed by a Little Girl.

THE MOST VICIOUS HANDMAID YIELD AT ONCE TO HER INFLUENCE.

When Keeper McCurren's elephant breaks its chains and the coyote jumps over the back of the fence, they have done something instead of putting up with it and wailing and having a fight to bring the animals under control, the keeper should send for Dorothy Putnam, five years old, daughter of O. F. Putnam, of Chicago, and the wild beasts in her presence will become tractable.

Little Dorothy, all unconscious of it herself, has a wonderful power over all sorts of animals and birds, wild and domesticated. Unruly horses when she approaches cease their balking and submit to the bit. Dogs which it is necessary to chain because of their savagery, allow her to pull their tails, tweak their ears and then turn about and lick her hand in gratitude. Whenever she goes out into the barnyard on the farm of her father at his summer home in Vermont, the turkeys, the ducks and the chickens follow her about as though she were playing the pipe of Pan. The pheasant that nests under the porch and the catbird that builds in the lilac, brood their young contentedly, while little Dorothy, with her forefingers stuck in their mouths, looks on.

Upon this Vermont farm from which Dorothy Putnam has just returned there is a particularly valuable cow, valuable not only on account of its milk-giving qualities, but because of the fineness of its strain of blood. The cow unfortunately has a temper that is in perfect proportion to its money value. It is so thoroughly vicious a beast that the farm hands are obliged to put in work equivalent to a day's labor every time the creature is milked. She is driven in from the pasture, not peacefully as go the rest of the herd, but only after a hard and determined fight to break through the cordon of dogs and men that are urging her to the milking shed. The man who undertakes the milking operation has never been able to get the creature milked, and is not without the fact that the both stanchioned and hobbled before the three-legged stool and the pail are added.

One day Dorothy was taken down in the field when the cows were being driven home. She was at the extreme left of the line of men and dog drivers when the vicious cow, making a longer run than usual, attempted to turn the left flank of the men and dogs.

"Dorothy was driven in line and was caught up just in time by a man who rushed her away from the danger point. Almost instantly the cow stopped, turned about and without making another break made her way peacefully to the barn. This procedure astounded the hands. After the milking was over and the cows were turned loose to get their feed, the vicious creature walked into the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy Putnam was standing and gently moored. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night Dorothy was taken to

The Original One Dollar Spiritualist Paper. The Progressive Thinker. The Original One Dollar Spiritualist Paper.

The Progressive Thinker.

Published every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street

J. B. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance: One year, \$1.00; Six months, .50; Three months, .25; Single copy, 5 cents.

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or Draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10 to 15 cents to get checks cashed on local banks, and to send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. B. Francis, 40 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will not send for only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we suggest to clubs that they order a copy of the paper for each member, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of remitting of subscription to subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for this paper, and thus help us to get for one of them what can afford to be without the value of the information imparted therein each week, and as the price of only about two cents per week.

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pass and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for twelve weeks is only twenty-five cents. For that amount you obtain a paper of twelve pages of solid, substantial, soul-enriching and well-referenced reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

TAKE NOTICE

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, this paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers. If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and mailing number supplied gratis. Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is sent, or the change cannot be made.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

The Progressive Thinker is furnished in the United States at \$1.00 per year, the postage thereon being but nominal, but when it is sent to foreign countries we are compelled to charge 50 cents extra, making the yearly subscription \$1.50. Please bear this in mind.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

Evidence of a Lost Empire.

It is no longer necessary to visit distant countries and wander among ancient ruins to learn of the grandeur of the remote Past, for our own North America is slowly giving up her records, and is carrying us back to time which, possibly, antedates the decaying monumental ruins of the old world. We have seen from time to time the wondrous discoveries recent travelers have made in Central America and along the great rivers and grand canyons of the South-West, but we recall nothing so cyclopaen as that described by Thomas C. Watson, of Hazlehurst, Miss., in a letter to the Governor of his State.

Mr. Watson tells of an immense pile of heathen stone in the south-eastern corner of Claiborne county. He says these stones are piled high on each other, are cemented with a fine quality of cement, and cover an area of four square miles. Each stone is six feet long, three feet wide and two feet thick, weighing fully two tons.

Says the Associated Press dispatch announcing this fact:

"It has been known for years that Mississippi held one of the great wonders of the world in the shape of an immense rock wall thirty feet wide, which is traceable for forty miles or more through the counties of Adams, Copiah and into Claiborne, and the pile of which Mr. Watson writes, is supposed to be the termination. Of course no man knows how, when or by whom these stones were erected. There is not even an Indian tradition concerning them and, necessarily, some prehistoric race must have done the work."

Claiborne county lies along the east bank of the Mississippi and the Big Black rivers, and this special locality where the wall seems to have terminated, is some 40 to 50 miles almost due south of Vicksburg. From whence came the rock? How were they transported to the region where found? and what was the purpose of the wall? The country must have been densely populated to supply the labor necessary for such a Herculean task. Write Bryant:

"Far in the Past withdrawn, Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom; And glorious ages gone Lie deep within the shadow of its womb."

At It Again.

Error never sleeps, but active, steadfast, and eternal, it labors on to accomplish its end, caring little for the rights of others. It always has been so; and, judging by the past, it always will be so. Liberty, resting securely on the right legs in its watchfulness, then the danger.

We chronicled two weeks ago the defeat of those who were ambitious to place an amended Bible as a reading book in the schools of Chicago, and supposed we had seen an end in this city, of the contest to advance sectarianism at the public expense. In this we were mistaken. The luk recording the action of the School Board had scarcely dried, when, presto, the Presbyterians and the Methodists bounded into the ring. The Ministers' Association adopted a resolution urging the Board of Education to rescind its action. They appointed a committee to appear before the Board, to present the resolution and insist on its adoption. And then the pulpits were urged to write the members of the Board personally, and exhaust every effort to gain favorable action on the question.

Free institutions in America are not the outgrowth of the church, nor have they been perpetuated by its action. With the opening of the war of the Revolution the clergy very generally fled from the country, and libeled the cause and its leaders. Rev. Peters, of Connecticut, an Episcopalian, was a marked example, as was John Wesley, the founder of Methodism.

No one objects to churchmen laboring in the interest of their creeds; but millions do object, and very strenuously, to their doing so at the expense of the public treasury.

The Wonders of the Past.

The Progressive Thinker hopes it does not tire its readers with accounts of ancient man and his doings, to which it gives space as it acquires knowledge on those subjects. The antiquarian and archaeologist always express delight when reading those articles. We apprehend it is only he who limits the duration of this earth to less than six thousand years, who is displeased with unquestionable proofs that man has been a denizen of this earth for aught is known to the contrary millions of years.

The brute may be content to eat the nut which he finds at the root of the tree, caring nothing from whence it came. Not so with reasoning man. He inquires into every minutia relating to its production, and would scale heaven itself had he the ability to learn of his own beginning. As the book of Fate is closed to him, and as written language carries him only a little way back, the only method of gaining knowledge of the deep Past as regards the race he must inquire of the remains his hands have left, and construct history along the lines they unfold.

The following, from a late issue of the Boston Journal, furnishes food for thought, which it will be extremely difficult to interpret along the lines of popular religious teaching. It certainly opens up a new world, or, rather, a very ancient one to us. That writer is content to credit these wonders to the devotees of Buddha; but it is not possible they are of the same character with the gigantic statues found on Easter Islands, which doubtless antedate all history, and perhaps all ruins now found on any of the present continents? But if so modern as the days of Buddha they are indeed wonders which must arrest the attention of thinkers. Read and reflect:

"The Boro Buder Temple of Java is the eighth wonder of the world. You have heard of it before, but it deserves to rank with the Acropolis, the Colosseum, and the Pyramids. Formed entirely of lava, it might be wonderful enough, but its other characteristics make it marvelous. In size alone it is worthy of world-wide interest.

"Knowledge of it is due to the fact that Clarence B. Moore wandered in Java from the beaten paths of the traveler, and he has given to the scientific world a description of the temple, enhanced by splendid photographs. His description of his visit to the temple and its surroundings is as follows:

"The ruins at Brambanan cover a comparatively large area and are mainly interesting for what they must have been, since great havoc has been wrought by the ravages of time, which, extending in all directions, have torn apart the masses of masonry. The stones composing the walls of the various temples are grooved, and fit each other, no cement being used.

"On the top of an eminence, which has been leveled to some extent to receive it, is the temple of Boro Budur. It is not quite square, but nearly so, each side being about 320 feet in length. It is entirely built of blocks of black lava, excessively hard, to which quality doubtless it owes its excellent state of preservation.

"It consists of seven ranges of walls and terraces, decreasing in size until they culminate in a level space, in the center of which stands a species of dome about 50 feet in diameter, containing a gigantic statue of Buddha. This dome is surrounded by three circles of towers, constructed of lattice-work of stone, each enshrining an image of Buddha, 72 in all. Descending, one passes to successive terraces, the walls of which on the inside are covered with bas-reliefs illustrating everything pertaining to the life of the forgotten race which flourished when the temple was built.

"The bas-reliefs are executed in a high style of art, and are altogether over two miles in length. On the outside of the terraces at regular intervals are sitting images of Buddha, which certainly number not less than 400, and possibly double that. These figures are somewhat over life-size, being three feet in height as they sit. The height of the building is about 100 feet, exclusive of the dome, which is in a particularly ruinous condition, and which about 20 feet still stand. The temple is not one solid mass of masonry, but is built around the conical hill till the base of the dome is reached.

"The statues at Boro Budur are to all appearances images of Buddha, and no statues of undoubted Brahminical origin are to be seen in the building, although one was once discovered in an adjacent field, and in ruins at no great distance from the main figures, evidently of some Brahminical god.

"The appearance of the ruins in Java can in no way aid us in forming an estimate of their age, since the uniformity of climate and absence of frost leave nothing to injure the temples of Java beyond the rank vegetation and an occasional earthquake. The inhabitants of Java are now Mohammedan and have no traditions relating to the temples of their island, though they still regard the images with a certain reverence."

Atheists at Heart.

Rev. Hanna, of Shelton, Conn., tells how the University of Chicago makes Atheists and Agnostics. He is reported as saying:

"Young men who to the University with a true, unwavering faith in the Almighty. Before long, however, they are shaken by the doubts of their tutors, who turn on the Bible the Searchlights of science, and while not absolutely rejecting portions of it as untrue, so hedge about certain passages with doubts and scientific data that their teachings lose weight, and the pupils become a theists in heart, if they are not show their Agnosticism outwardly."

If the Bible was the production of unerring Wisdom, it would agree with science—only another name for knowledge—and no University professor could lead students astray. The time was, and still is in some institutions of learning, when truth was made to do obedience to the Bible as the foundation of all truth; but that day has passed with men of education. Instead of censuring the world should applaud these evidences that the reign of Error is nearing its end.

Facts and Their Application.

It is wonderful with what tenacity religious ideas cling to a people, and how almost impossible it is to eradicate ancient error. This is well illustrated in the present worship of the Black Venus, in the dark forests of Morbihan, in Western France. The statue known by that name is a gigantic stone figure of an uncouth woman. It has a sullen, angry countenance, and is seemingly enveloped in a loose mantle.

It is said the superstitious Britons have always worshipped the figure, asserting it has power over the weather and the crops. If the idol is neglected they declare the grain dies on the ear; and if the anger of the Black Woman is further aroused a tidal wave sweeps over Morbihan.

Twice the stone was cast into the sea by pious folk, who hoped thereby to put an end to this idolatry, and twice the peasants dragged it back and set up an altar before it.

The Black Venus dates far back of the time when the Greeks and Romans worshipped that goddess. Antiquarians assert this ugly idol belongs to the age of the serpent worshippers, one of whose subterranean temples is in the neighborhood. This would make the figure far older than the Christian era.

Though professedly Catholic here is a cult of religious faith, a positive idolatry, which dates back to the earliest times, long anterior to the historic age, and is still in force controlling the thought and action of a now cultured people.

So the negroes of the South, separated by several generations from African hoodism, and indoctrinated into the Christian faith, yet they are earnest believers in the system, and it will be as difficult to eradicate as the pigment which gives them color.

And thus Christianity, without regard to its origin, became imbued with the prevailing paganism of the age in which it had its birth, and is still ruled and directed by pagan ideas, pagan practices, and pagan worship.

Protestantism claims this paganism was grafted on Christianity; what Agnostics, and every many Spiritualists, are of the opinion that instead of being a graft on Christianity the latter is a revised paganism. Of course, in these days of universal toleration of conflicting opinions, each reader will decide for himself what the facts are in the premises, and no one should deny him that right.

Faith Versus Good Works.

If happiness in a future state of being is contingent on a moral life in this, then we apprehend churchmen have no greater claim to rewards than have all others who observe the Golden Rule proclaimed by Confucius, and who practice the natural virtues to which the professed Christian is frequently a stranger. Belief in the "Lord Jesus" is not a virtue, and in no way increases a man's merit. True, the church has made belief everything, and good works nothing; but in summing up a well spent life the opposite rule must prevail, however zealously the church may claim to the contrary.

Belief is a creature of evidence and has no place in a wise man's creed in the absence of proof.

Abstract faith, though the base of Christianity, and on which the whole superstructure rests, in a vast majority of cases, is nothing but the false teachings of the priests, and the sunny hour, and has no foundation in fact. The ancestors of those parents were indoctrinated into their belief by a priesthood clothed with supreme authority. They were uneducated, and looked up to those who could read and write as superior beings. Those priests were anointed and claimed because of such act they became ministers of God, and were specially commissioned to do his will.

The credulity of the people in regard to the claims of the clergy has no bounds. We have its parallel in business life. Elect an old farmer wholly ignorant of the first principles of law, a Justice of the Peace, and from that day he receives his commission until his term of office expires, he is consulted by his neighbors on all law questions; he makes their wills, conducts their cases of attorney, and assumes functions able jurists gladly avoid; and thus one of the many sources of litigation in the higher courts. And these false claims of the clergy in interpreting divine will, is the source of faith, which takes form in the multiplicity of sects which curse the world, very few or none of them having any foundation in nature.

A Great Scholar Gone.

Max Muller, the well-known Sanskrit scholar, and corpus professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford University, who has contributed so very largely in making known to our Western civilization the wealth of ancient Oriental learning, died in London, on October 23, aged 77 years. No name in modern literature is better known to the learned world than his, or is more highly prized. His "Chips from a German Workshop," among English readers, will be as enduring as time. The whole world is a loser when such a person leaves it; but we trust his activities for good do not end with the decay and death of the physical body. The storied knowledge in the many volumes he has left must have added claims from this forth, for he lived and died in their production.

HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

About the first of December we shall commence a most remarkable narrative by the Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa. Mr. Richmond is widely known as the Sage of Cassadaga. Our Winter Campaign will be especially brilliant. Send in your subscriptions now, and enjoy the feast of good things.

"Harmonies of Evolution. The Philosophy of Individual Life, Based Upon Natural Science, as Taught by Modern Masters of the Law." By Florence Huntley. A work of deep thought, carrying the principles of evolution into new fields. Cloth, \$2. For sale at this office.

"Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and Rosa C. Conger. Excellent for every family. Cloth, \$1.50 and \$2.

The Commandments Analyzed, price 25 cents. Big Bible Stories, cloth 50

Optimism and Pessimism.

The Ecstasie says that "the optimist is the jewel of society. He is not born; he is made. The optimist is the pure metal that glimmers at the bottom of the world's crucible after it has been freed from all deleterious matter by the fire of adversity. He is, as it were a sheaf of experience clarified and fluted till nothing but the pure, fragrant attar remains. It is not impossible that he may have been, in his younger days, so ill-contained as to rant himself hoarse at a mosquito. The father of American optimists, whose soul, in his latter years was as calm and translucent as one of our mountain-gilt lakes, was traceable in his youth. When one has been beneath the trip-hammer of real affliction, has felt the hand of calamity clutching at his heart, the little everyday annoyances seem to him like the tickling of a straw wielded by a lilliputian, and the cares of pain and disappointment that winnow the air, as the tinkling bubble of toy lives. Who shall say that the optimist has not caught a glimpse of the infinite? Is it not very like, for he is not ever tiptoeing on the skirts of the limitless? The faith of the optimist is as boundless as space itself, even though you grant it the couch haggard over fourth dimension, and by this faith he becomes almost a prophet, for he has the knowledge of what ought to be, and the faith that it will be brought to pass. A Delphic oracle, or a seer of Erebodoun is not more intuitive than your perfect optimist. He can catch the outlines of the ideal flower even while Nature vigorously wields the pruning knife of adversity, cutting back the young plant and lifting it for a better growth. To the optimist every cloud not only has a silver lining, but is sphered in silver, with every drop of rain a pearl. The mission of the optimist is to find good in everything, and nobly he fulfills it. He is an oasis hid in the great social desert, a fountain of peace and content, undisturbed by the typhoon of restlessness and dissatisfaction that swirls eagerly round him. His presence is as soothing as the low hum of an aeolian string fingered by the zephyr, and as natheful as the wind which Egypt's natives call the 'doctor' for to the burning cheek and parched lip of the fever stricken African tradesman. Where gets the optimist this pace which enables him to understand the world as it is, and to live in it as he would like it to be? It comes from his conviction that all around the waist of Nature, eastward-like, is bound the Saving and Inexorable Law."

The Ecstasie should bear in mind that what is considered evil in this troublesome world, often consists in those things which have a tendency to bring into action every faculty of the mind and every attribute of the body. The cyclone, possessing apparently the qualities of a devil, and moving slowly along in its destructive pathway, brings forth in man all his latent forces, and he struggles as he would not otherwise do to escape therefrom, and thereby he gains strength. If a calamity, however, happens, there is a compensation therefore, constituting an exact balance. Without that compensation in the providence of God, there would be an irreparable defect in the universe.

What the individual loses in one direction he must gain in some other, in order to retain that equilibrium which must characterize the nature and capacity of man.

The loss of one sense strengthens, broadens and renders more comprehensive all the rest. The blind man has sensations which you with your sight cannot comprehend.

To be an optimist with all the word implies, one must realize the nature of that compensation which accompanies every vital loss or defect. The optimist, given to his one-up, has a higher conception of "Divine Providence" and of creation in general, than the habitual snarler and faultfinder. The common scold, from a humanitarian standpoint, is a common nuisance, yet she has a place in the economy of nature, and she is to an otherwise harmonious circle what a discord in music is to the general harmony, and her scolding is only an effort of nature to vomit forth her discordant elements. The vibrations of her brain are like the vibrations of a storm cloud, or the gathering of the elements for a tempest, or the working of those forces that generate diseases, insects, and her scolding is as natural to her as the genial harmonious disposition of Longfellow was to him.

As an optimist, to us there is something transcendently grand about a common scold, for in heart and spirit she is a pessimist, and fills a niche in the world where the optimist would be entirely out of place. She is only an illustration that nature, in order to evolve unity and diversity, must have here and there a pessimist, in order to excite thought, consideration, and an investigating spirit in the mind of the optimist. If there were none who considered that the whole world was going to "rack and ruin," there would be no great reformers. Pessimism and reform are go hand in hand. Jesus was a pessimist in his highest, broadest and most comprehensive sense. Nothing on earth exactly suited him. There was joyrings everywhere, even among his beloved disciples. He never married in consequence of being such a bigoted pessimist. He had his mission, and being a pessimist it is said that he proposed to assume all the sins of the world—making a burden which no one person could bear. In the drama of life, in the economy of the universe, in the providence of God, in all departments of existence, the Optimist and Pessimist are twin brothers, more closely allied than were the Siamese twins, and through their influence the world will finally be redeemed and the millennium ushered in.

A New Industry.

A writer in a London paper of the 20th ult., now before us, says: "A wide-awake American, in the interest of the almighty dollar, has erected a number of steam pumps on the banks of the Jordan, and is now supplying churches all over Europe with genuine Jordan Water for baptismal purposes. It is cheap, too, about the price of Devonshire cider."

The writer is curious to know how the heavenly powers will be able to distinguish between those baptized in the Jordan water from those made holy by other water. He then says Cook & Gaze, the eminent tourist's guides, have demonstrated that the Jordan flows through a dirty ditch during certain seasons of the year when it is almost dry, and that its bed is filled with cast-off shoes, sardine tins, dilapidated strawberry baskets, dead dogs and the general refuse of travelers who have gone to look upon the sacred waters, as do the Brahmins on the Ganges.

Mosheim, the most trustworthy orthodox ecclesiastical historian, in his chapter devoted to the history of the Christian church during the 4th century, says: "Quantities of dust and earth brought from Palestine, and other places remarkable for their supposed sanctity, were handed about as the most powerful remedies against the violence of wicked spirits, and were sold and bought at enormous prices."

Then Mosheim goes on to tell that "bones of robbers were dug up and passed off as the bones of martyrs," that "monks traveled over the country, selling with frontless impudence fictitious relics; that a whole volume would be requisite to contain an enumeration of the various frauds which artful knaves practiced with success to delude the ignorant." Finally, he tells us, the soil of Jerusalem was scraped up, transported to distant regions at great expense, and was then sold to the devout to form burial places for wealthy Christians. "Is this the reason the holy land, once abounding in milk and honey, is now so barren?"

If the supply of water to the Dead Sea is abstracted, and exported to the Christian West, for pious uses, the rapid evaporation will soon convert that great slink-hole, possibly in the long ago a volcanic crater into a sea of salt; but then many a dirty sinner will be washed of guilt, and thereby fitted for everlasting joys. Let the good work go on.

A New Campaign.

The national political campaign of 1900 is over and settled. Whether the decision of the people at the polls is in accordance with individual cherished views or not, all good citizens will quietly acquiesce in the majority expression of the people's will, as becomes component members of a republican form of government.

Spiritualists as well as others are actively interested in the political and social questions of the times. This is right and as it should be. Their welfare is bound up with the general welfare, and it is proper that they should study and act in such matters not merely as Spiritualists, but as citizens, with a view to the best good of all.

The political campaign being ended, there is now more time and freedom to turn the mind to other subjects, and Spiritualists may now wisely and profitably give their special attention to matters that pertain to Spiritualism—to the ways and means to cultivate personal spirituality and to spread the practical and theoretical knowledge of the phenomena underlying and philosophy pertaining to our great spiritual movement.

The world is hungry for the truths we have to give. Inside the churches and outside are thousands upon thousands whom the spiritual forces of the universe are urging toward the reception of the great light of spirit return, and they are longing to know if these things of which they have faintly heard are really true. And their longing, and questioning are accompanied with the hope that they are really true. The realization of the truth of Spiritualism would lift mountain clouds of gloom from numberless suffering human hearts. There is here a field open for good work by quiet, unostentatious means to expand the area of the beneficent influence of the knowledge of Spiritualism. There is no need of deafening public blare of trumpets, but simple, quiet, social interchange and expression of thought, and making known to others the facts of which we have knowledge.

BESIDE THE GATES.

Beside the gate, the garden gate,
We stood beneath the harvest moon,
The night winds sighed, "Tis time to mate;
We pledged our hearts in balmy June;
Sweet trembling notes, the night birds gave,
The rose drooped low, with winning grace,
We talked of love, of joy and life,
And youth was on each glowing face.

Beside the Gate, the Golden Gate,
We stand beneath life's autumn moon,
Our eager feet are weary grown
With tolling through our busy noon;
Our watchful gaze is heavenward turned
Where flippers than the silvery stars,
Bright glimmers of our home divine
We see beyond the golden bars,
Though lacking each the youthful charm.

Our faith hearts the closer cling,
And doer seems the autumn grey,
Than all the bloom and gold of spring.
MRS. S. E. MACKLEY.
Inwood, Cal.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Vol. 2. Sweet songs and music for home and social meetings. For sale at this office. Price 15 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

Learned Politics Alone.

The following anecdote of Washington and Wesley is apropos at the present time.

A New Industry.

A writer in a London paper of the 20th ult., now before us, says: "A wide-awake American, in the interest of the almighty dollar, has erected a number of steam pumps on the banks of the Jordan, and is now supplying churches all over Europe with genuine Jordan Water for baptismal purposes. It is cheap, too, about the price of Devonshire cider."

The writer is curious to know how the heavenly powers will be able to distinguish between those baptized in the Jordan water from those made holy by other water. He then says Cook & Gaze, the eminent tourist's guides, have demonstrated that the Jordan flows through a dirty ditch during certain seasons of the year when it is almost dry, and that its bed is filled with cast-off shoes, sardine tins, dilapidated strawberry baskets, dead dogs and the general refuse of travelers who have gone to look upon the sacred waters, as do the Brahmins on the Ganges.

Mosheim, the most trustworthy orthodox ecclesiastical historian, in his chapter devoted to the history of the Christian church during the 4th century, says: "Quantities of dust and earth brought from Palestine, and other places remarkable for their supposed sanctity, were handed about as the most powerful remedies against the violence of wicked spirits, and were sold and bought at enormous prices."

Then Mosheim goes on to tell that "bones of robbers were dug up and passed off as the bones of martyrs," that "monks traveled over the country, selling with frontless impudence fictitious relics; that a whole volume would be requisite to contain an enumeration of the various frauds which artful knaves practiced with success to delude the ignorant." Finally, he tells us, the soil of Jerusalem was scraped up, transported to distant regions at great expense, and was then sold to the devout to form burial places for wealthy Christians. "Is this the reason the holy land, once abounding in milk and honey, is now so barren?"

If the supply of water to the Dead Sea is abstracted, and exported to the Christian West, for pious uses, the rapid evaporation will soon convert that great slink-hole, possibly in the long ago a volcanic crater into a sea of salt; but then many a dirty sinner will be washed of guilt, and thereby fitted for everlasting joys. Let the good work go on.

A New Campaign.

The national political campaign of 1900 is over and settled. Whether the decision of the people at the polls is in accordance with individual cherished views or not, all good citizens will quietly acquiesce in the majority expression of the people's will, as becomes component members of a republican form of government.

Spiritualists as well as others are actively interested in the political and social questions of the times. This is right and as it should be. Their welfare is bound up with the general welfare, and it is proper that they should study and act in such matters not merely as Spiritualists, but as citizens, with a view to the best good of all.

The political campaign being ended, there is now more time and freedom to turn the mind to other subjects, and Spiritualists may now wisely and profitably give their special attention to matters that pertain to Spiritualism—to the ways and means to cultivate personal spirituality and to spread the practical and theoretical knowledge of the phenomena underlying and philosophy pertaining to our great spiritual movement.

The world is hungry for the truths we have to give. Inside the churches and outside are thousands upon thousands whom the spiritual forces of the universe are urging toward the reception of the great light of spirit return, and they are longing to know if these things of which they have faintly heard are really true. And their longing, and questioning are accompanied with the hope that they are really true. The realization of the truth of Spiritualism would lift mountain clouds of gloom from numberless suffering human hearts. There is here a field open for good work by quiet, unostentatious means to expand the area of the beneficent influence of the knowledge of Spiritualism. There is no need of deafening public blare of trumpets, but simple, quiet, social interchange and expression of thought, and making known to others the facts of which we have knowledge.

And not least among the practical methods of spreading knowledge is that of circulating spiritual literature, and extending the circulation of such exponents of Spiritualism as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. And we invite your attention to the special inducements we offer to subscribers, as set forth in other columns of this paper.

BESIDE THE GATES.

Beside the gate, the garden gate,
We stood beneath the harvest moon,
The night winds sighed, "Tis time to mate;
We pledged our hearts in balmy June;
Sweet trembling notes, the night birds gave,
The rose drooped low, with winning grace,
We talked of love, of joy and life,
And youth was on each glowing face.

Beside the Gate, the Golden Gate,
We stand beneath life's autumn moon,
Our eager feet are weary grown
With tolling through our busy noon;
Our watchful gaze is heavenward turned
Where flippers than the silvery stars,
Bright glimmers of our home divine
We see beyond the golden bars,
Though lacking each the youthful charm.

Our faith hearts the closer cling,
And doer seems the autumn grey,
Than all the bloom and gold of spring.
MRS. S. E. MACKLEY.
Inwood, Cal.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Vol. 2. Sweet songs and music for home and social meetings. For sale at this office. Price 15 cents.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

Learned Politics Alone.

The following anecdote of Washington and Wesley is apropos at the present time.

Martin Rodda was an English preacher in America during the war, and by incautiously meddling with politics, exposed himself to the displeasure of those in power. At a certain time he was brought before Gen. Washington, who asked who he was. Rodda told him he was one of John Wesley's preachers in England. Wesley, rejoined his excellency, "I respect Mr. Wesley. I presume, never sent you to America to interfere with political matters, but to preach the gospel to the people. Now, go and mind your own proper work and leave politics alone."

ENTIRELY NEW CAMPAIGN

Combining Cheapness and Excellence.

An Effort to Reach One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists.

15 CENTS.

OUR WINTER CAMPAIGN

It will be especially brilliant and attractive, and we desire to reach at least 100,000 Spiritualists who take no Spiritualist paper, and who are actually in midnight darkness in reference to what is going on in our ranks. In order to do this we will make a great sacrifice financially, and will send the paper out twelve weeks for 15 cents to all new subscribers, or those who have not been on our list for one year. We will also send to each trial subscriber a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER containing the "Crimes of Ministers and Church Members." This issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER contains twelve pages, the largest paper ever issued on this earth from any Spiritualist publishing house. The data presented was collected during three months' time in 1898, from the secular press, illustrating in a marked degree the vast amount of crime among ministers of the gospel and church members. Whenever you hear an orthodox minister defaming Spiritualists, all you have to do is to present him this special issue of the paper in answer. It is a stunner, and will silence him! The data and statistics of this paper alone are worth to every Spiritualist at least ONE DOLLAR. It is a weapon of defense they cannot afford to be without. Any Spiritualist in renewing his subscription can have this remarkable paper sent to him by enclosing a two-cent stamp. We desire to send this paper to every Spiritualist in the United States, a million or more! When we sell this paper to the trade, in-

dependent of a subscription, the price is 10 cents.

Bear in mind that if your subscription expires now, you should not shift from yourself to another member of your family (or any one else, for that matter) in order to get the reading of the paper for less than actual cost to us, under the pretense that that person is a new subscriber. On the contrary, you should renew at once, and send in all the yearly subscribers you can, to strengthen our hands in this great missionary work. The trick of changing the subscription to another member of the family, when the yearly subscription expires, in order to take advantage of our trial rates, has been played upon us, but we hope it will never be repeated. As the lamented Col. Ingersoll said, "Let us be honest."

We want to do a missionary work this winter among Spiritualists exclusively. We want them to read what the Hon. A. B. Richmond, the Sage of Cassadaga, has to say. His narration will extend through several months of the paper, and will prove highly fascinating and interesting.

This offer is made solely to reach the Spiritualists. We want to take a census, and determine how many Spiritualists can be induced to read a Spiritualist paper when it is sent out almost as a gift. If they will read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for three months, we are sure they will read it longer. This is a Special Campaign among the Spiritualists. We want to reach them exclusively. There always have been thousands of Spiritualists who do not read our literature. They know absolutely nothing of the great events constantly occurring in our ranks. They are in midnight darkness in respect to the personnel of our movement. We don't think that one Spiritualist in a hundred knows that the National Spiritualist Association met this year at Cleveland, Ohio. We want to reach this class in this our Special Campaign.

Remember, please, that only those are entitled to the paper 12 weeks for 15 cents, who are new subscribers, or whose names have not been on our list for one year. Bear this in mind, for the paper at the above price costs us more than we get for it. Each of our present subscribers, should try to send in a new yearly subscription, and thus greatly assist us in this missionary work.

A NOTABLE WORK BY HUDSON TUTTLE

The Science of Spiritualism—Mediumship, Its Laws, Conditions and Cultivation.

Since my supervision of the Questions and Answers Department in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, over five years ago, I have been in constant receipt of letters from those interested in the investigation of Spiritualism and kindred fields of thought, desiring personal lessons, often offering more than the exorbitant prices of the advertising "scientists," "occultists," etc. To all these I have replied that I could furnish nothing beyond the books I have

Wedding Climes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc. with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal ministry. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

