



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

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# "WHERE AM I AT?"

Nearly a year ago, after a patient investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, since then much extended, I acknowledged to the readers of *The Progressive Thinker*, that I had reversed the convictions of above three score years, and become a Spiritualist. Since that day I have often made the same confession in private conversation, and by so doing have certainly added nothing to my reputation for good sense. I have, however, several times met with that from Spiritualists which has caused me to think that my admission may have been somewhat hasty. Quite often I am made to feel that of an old gentleman whom I met waiting for a seance, "Are you a Spiritualist?" I asked, "I am a Spiritualist," he said, "in the language of Storey, the well-remembered editor of the Chicago Times: 'Yes, but I'm not a fool.'"

When I confessed to being a Spiritualist I thought that a Spiritualist is one who is convinced that human spirits survive the body, and that they may return to converse with the dead, but I have read so much about "our religion," "our beautiful philosophy," and the like, and so many misty and varying statements of what Spiritualism is, that, like the bewildered Congressman who had lost the "thread of his discourse," I feel now like asking the Chair, "Mr. Speaker, where am I at?"

One of the first spiritual books I read was "The World's Beautiful Secret" by Lillian Whiting, and a pure more elevating, more inspiring, more Christian book I never read. She worships God, and prayer is the vital breath of her soul. Then I read a dozen other books, several of them by university professors, all filled with vastly interesting reading matter about spirit return, but nowhere any distinct information, or intimation, that there really is no God, and that there is nothing whatever to be accomplished by prayer.

But, well assured as I now am, that these interesting discoveries of "God," and "no need of prayer," however recent and unexpected, have really been made, and that they are duly vouched for by some of the ablest writers of *The Progressive Thinker*, there comes to me a sense of enlargement, and of spiritual freedom, as of a bad boy who has just learned that his pious father is dead. One of these writers, A. H. Nicholas, spoke in No. 602 of our interesting paper; and another, Prof. Loveland, in No. 603. Both these writers address us from Sumnerland, Cal., where it seems that they are wanted, and possibly is not needed; there being sufficient ability on the ground to look after them.

It is only fair to others, however, to say that the writers just mentioned may not be entitled to a patent right, as others are likely to stand forth with equal claims to originality. I hardly need say, that under such influences as these mentioned, coming to me as they do from one source or another more or less every week, I have been subjected to great turnings of spirit, and often prompted inwardly to exclaim, "Where am I at?"

At one time I have thought of my father, a humble Methodist preacher; and then of thousands whom I have personally known, devout in their spirits, pure in their lives; what simpletons they were, or how unfortunate to be born blind, and never permitted to see. At another time I have thought of Benjamin Franklin, who would not let the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, proceed with its vastly important work without first invoking the guidance of God in prayer; of several of our presidents, pious men, ministers or sons of ministers; of George Washington, of Gladstone, of Queen Victoria, of Michael Faraday, worshipping assiduously in that "little church around the corner;" of Newton, and Galileo, and Copernicus the priest, and Kepler, and Cicerone, and Jesus of Nazareth, and of about everybody who ever did anything for mankind; and I have thought: What a pity that these men should have gone about their lives, plucked by the ears, and foolish superstition, and that some of them should actually have spent considerable time in vain "knee work." I have even thought of Herbert Spencer, so dear to every Agnostic—that while he could learn nothing about a First Cause—a God—he yet found all the lines of thought as developed in the several sciences, apparently leading us back to some central Unity, from which all else is but an evolution. He persuades us that this Unity is unknowable, and that it is a pretty well with Job, who exclaims: "It is higher than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

But now Brother Nicholas tells us, "I do not understand a First Cause for all things" (and this failure of the brother to understand, clearly knocks out the First Cause altogether); then he tells us that "Polytheism is more consistent than monotheism," and finally he decides that the "Dollar" is the best god of all.

Brother Loveland finds that Spiritualism and Christianity are irreconcilable foes; that "Spiritualism affirms as a self-evident proposition that creation is impossible; that there can be no God Creator; that 'all the motions and phenomena of Nature are automatic and destitute of intelligent impulsion except in the narrow field of organic life'; that 'Spiritualism sees nothing in the vast workings of nature but automatic energy.' All this reminds us forcibly of Prof. Tyndall's celebrated Belfast address, in which he declared to the British Association: "I see in matter the promise and the potency of all the forms of life." It sounds to us distinctly like Materialism, and not Spiritualism, and gives us painful thoughts about "wolves in sheep's clothing," but this is probably because we are young yet, and do not understand. Then Brother Loveland goes on logically enough to the conclusion that

has climbed the ladder of his demonstration, up to the very throne of God, and stands at last secure in the presence chamber of the Almighty, he bursts forth in these triumphant words, rarely paralleled in human utterance: "And viewed in this radiant light, how wonderfully luminous and beautiful doth the face of the universe become. We behold the Deity enthroned in splendor everywhere, and on all things alike. We see his love smiles on the petals of flowers and the wings of birds, as well as in the brightness of the sky and the deep azure of the ocean. We hear his voice in the octaves of our music, pealing in the deep bass of our Sabbath-organs, out-pouring all our prayers, and tolling the bell of thunder hung in clouds that float higher than the Andes. He weaves the fibres of the oak, he twines the gleaming threads of the rainbow, he whistles the pendulous sea-waves, he calls to prayer from the heart of the storm. But sweeter, oh, sweeter than all, soft and clear, and without ceasing in our own souls, for ourselves, and those whom we are permitted to love as dearly as ourselves, he whispers infinite hope and life everlasting."

All this follows from the admission of the immediate agency of God, and the immediate agency of God throughout all the realms of Nature. Despair, can find no dark shadow on the soul in the presence of that sunshine that glids all things. There is no room for doubt when faith fills luminously. Atoms and worlds alike become transfigured in the new and cryptic light which beams out, as from beneath a transparent veil, in objects the most insignificant, in scenes the most unpicturesque. Even the cold eyes of death ray ineffable of fulgence, like stars rising upward to their zenith. Pale fear, appalled at his own shadow, flees over the confines of Creation, and leaves all hearts alone with love and joy. We know that we cannot die. The iron chain of necessity releases its coil around the world, and the clanking links of dark circumstance melt away in receding mists, as in the presence of a sun shivered into shrapnel of glory. The tears of sorrow turn on the faded cheek of the mourner into priceless pearls; and prayer and praise, in the most exalted of all things present to the soul. We repose on the bosom of our Father with a confidence nothing can shake. Friends may grow cold and change around us; enemies may band together for our destruction; lovers may fly away and leave us, like sunny birds when the cloud covers, and the voice of the thunder is heard remote. But we have one immortal friend who stands between us and all foes, encircling our souls in his arms of everlasting love.

"For shall not he who preserves and blesses and beautifies all things, take good care of all these, his human children, especially created in his own image of power, wisdom, and love? He paints the wings of the little butterfly. He glides the crimson flower-cups where the tiny insect slips honey-dew at morn. He launches every beam of light. He adds plumes to every wandering zephyr. Every sparrow that falls from its leafy boughs with a chill pain in its dying heart, falls to sleep on his kindly breast. Never grain of sand, nor a drop of dew, nor a glimmer of light has been lost out of his embrace of infinite tenderness since the beginning of time, nor will he while eternity rolls on. Shall he, then, lose me? Can I lose myself?"

"Then will I trust him, though he slay me. On the summit of this exalted faith, which is certainty, I rest secure. Nothing can move me more. The sensuous world has vanished from beneath my feet. I live already in spirit land. The immortal dead are around me. The heart of holding light around me. In the transient clouds, if it is not light, I am, although brighter than all dreams. I am become a king, for I am now a son and heir of the universal empire. My throne stands on a pyramid of mathematical principles as old as God himself. I have ascended a demonstration that carries me into the heavens. I have bid adieu to fear. What is there to harm me in the presence of my Almighty Father in a universe of brethren?" There can be nothing more to desire. Other want is impossible. I have found what I have sought.

"Here, then, brethren, when I take my repose, The vessel in which I am barked may drift whithersoever it will on this immeasurable sea of being; it may run riot on the giddy waves; lightning and tempest may rend every sail, and leave its masts bare. Impenetrable storms may hide every lodestar in heaven; the angry spirit of the waters may shriek till the whole world is deaf. What care I? Let the storm howl on, God guides it. And on whatever shore the wreck is thrown, he is sure to be there, with all my loves and hopes around him; and wherever there is the open gate of heaven for there is the everlasting love, which is heaven."

The readers of *The Progressive Thinker* will thank me for this long quotation from the most eminent of Spiritualists, dead or alive. It was met that amid the voices, that come from the West this voice should be heard from the East. And now, from the sublime height to which he has borne us, how painful suddenly to descend, and again demand, "Mr. Speaker, where am I at?" Shall I hearken to A. H. Nicholas, or to Donna Mendota? to Prof. Loveland, or to Andrew Jackson Davis?

Amid it all I hear the N. S. A. weakly proclaiming an "Infinite Intelligence." I am bewildered. What is Spiritualism? Am I a Spiritualist, or am I not? For the time at least, I stand with Davis, Mendota, and the N. S. A. These

California men—alas, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." I am tempted, sorely tempted, as was Peter when he saw his Lord in the hand of his enemies. Shall I deny my allegiance, or cut off somebody's ear? Athelstan, betrayest thou Spiritualism with a kiss? If it be so, and those who have been led and taught forsake and flee, then, after a mock trial, for which darkness will be better than day, Spiritualism, the Beloved, Wonderful, having been betrayed and split upon, will presently be led away to be crucified.

J. YOUNG McFARLAND.  
Chicago, Ill.

## IS IT DESIRABLE

In All Cases, to Know the Truth?

Suppose if possible you were destined to become the victim of a malignant cancer, and (that the parallel to follow may be exact) suppose further that no possible remedy could be found to retard the advance of this cancer, even if its existence were known. Or suppose perhaps a young joyous girl is the unfortunate victim. She will by supposition, live a happy life until fifty years of age, when this internal cancer will then develop, internally, and end her life. Of course if knowledge of this condition on her part would delay its advancement, a knowledge of its existence might assist her in retarding its development. But to keep my parallel told me of to suppose results as above stated. If she had the means of knowing her condition, a pleasant, happy and useful life might be clouded, joy would be banished, and no useful course pursued, for (if she knew her condition) the knowledge would surely paralyze energy. It were best, then that this dark future should be for the time concealed from her. Is not this an instance then in which it were best not to know the truth? Again, suppose if possible some blatant quack should become aware of her condition—should tell her of the danger, and should endeavor to her aid the finest graces of life. The charms of beauty, the inspiration of colors, the melody of music, the genius of art, the enchantment of rhythmic motion, the beatitudes of the flower world, the ripple of laughter, and the flow of wit, have obeyed her command, and by her magic have been woven, mingled and interblended into the complicated and ever-changing functions of the social world.

Woman has thus created an atmosphere of sunshine which has dispelled the lowering shadows, and invigorated all by its warmth and radiance.

By reason of this, the "New Age," as it enters upon the "New Century," looks to her for added aid and guidance. It asks for the exaltation of social standards, and their purification; for the stimulation of social helpfulness, through the reality, the sincerity, the integrity, and the true heart-warmth of social intercourse.

It is a significant fact that many of the mistakes of life, leading to almost irreparable loss, come about in the most natural way, by choosing what seems to be the genuine answer to our demands for enlightenment. So it is that the young, full of life and zeal, and ardor, with their whole being pulsating with the currents of activity, plunge without caution into scenes and surroundings, attracted thereto by light and laughter and good fellowship, which are too often found to be but base counterfeit of the joys they simulate.

The most popular persons—those whose companionship is the most sought, are those people who radiate the greatest good cheer.

Laughter and jest and jollity, engaging manners, ready smiles and kindly courtesies, are points of greatest advantage. So generally and almost unconsciously are those accepted, that they are often used and worn as masks by the ambitious and unscrupulous, who perceive in them the aids to selfish ends. Thus it is that we learn over and over again in life, that counterfeits always carry with them the form of some fair fact.

The so-called strenuous religious life, clothed in stern asceticism, dispensing harsh judgments, visiting cruel condemnations upon conduct not in accord with its rigid rules, may dominate for a time through the slavery of fear—but sooner or later it languishes and passes into the shadow-land from which it is evoked, giving place to the divine radiance, the glorious sunlight, and the blessed illumination of the loving Christ spirit.

A minister of the Gospel, a graduate of Princeton, who in order to study life from the standpoint of the toiler, has been now for two years a daily laborer, declares that the saloon power, with its false glitter and attractiveness, can best be met and conquered by the establishment of neighborhood club-houses, which shall send out light and warmth, and cheer and good fellowship. The club-house, with its daily welcome, with its ringing matter, its social influence, its good music, its lectures, and its spirit of mutual helpfulness, is destined to become a great factor in social evolution.

At a recent meeting in our city of the Merchants Club, quoting from a daily paper, a discussion was given on the use of the school buildings as headquarters for neighborhood social circles. The principal speakers were Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus and Father T. E. Sherman, both of whom concurred in the thought that a plan of the kind, carried out to the successful degree that it has been in New York, would be a world of good to Chicago, under present conditions."

Dr. M. Bisset, the father of the movement, made some remarks on the probable cost of carrying out the plan, and urged its furtherance. Father Sherman declared that the education of the parents of the children was what was needed in his parish.

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## SOCIAL SUNSHINE.

Read Before the Woman's Club of Austin, Ill.

Let there be light! God's word went forth, and the first tremulous rays grew into pulsing points of glory! Earth rejoiced, and the Nature-Spirit, omnipresent in creative force smiled through all her works.

We will not linger amongst the universal physical needs, of soil and climate—or vegetable and animal growth—but rather will we turn to our own needs. We will look within. We will listen to the secret voice, and try to understand its message.

As we stop to analyze a single day—the average day, with its many small happenings—its routine of detailed duties, its sorrows, or its joys, we find that through them all there is ever present a desire perhaps unuttered—may be unexpressed—for light to see more clearly—to work more successfully—the desire that shapes itself into unceasing prayer for light upon our path.

Toward happiness we all turn with an intense interest in our nature, and one of the supreme factors entering into this endeavor lies in the power of social conditions. We need the sunshine of cheer and good will. We need the genial smile and the hearty hand-clasp.

The multifarious directions in which the social instinct manifests itself in all human interests preclude the possibility of considering more than a single point in its world-embracing circumference. The point in question which we desire to emphasize is that special phase of social life coming within the province of woman from which, as from a center, radiates innumerable influences.

From the work-a-day world—from its drudgery, its stern realities, and its grave problems, the toilers of life have turned to woman for recreation, amusement, relaxation, and that spirit of buoyancy, so necessary to refresh all burden-bearers, and to inspire them with fresh hope and courage.

Right royally has woman answered this appeal. Intuitively, she has summoned to her aid the finest graces of life. The charms of beauty, the inspiration of colors, the melody of music, the genius of art, the enchantment of rhythmic motion, the beatitudes of the flower world, the ripple of laughter, and the flow of wit, have obeyed her command, and by her magic have been woven, mingled and interblended into the complicated and ever-changing functions of the social world.

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## To All Friends of Spiritualism!

Friends of Spiritualism are friends of the Spiritualistic press, Friends of the cause will help support the cause and will always take a Spiritualist paper. We offer more literature for the money than can be had elsewhere. Watch the number on the yellow tag and compare it with the date of your next paper. Do not let your paper stop and miss the constant flow of reason. Read our premium offers in another column.

taxed additionally for making the school house, the place where we can meet and discuss things with men of every stamp in life, but they will be glad to pay the extra cost when they see the results of the movement."

Amongst the beautiful things taught by Prentice Mulford in his *White Cross Library* is this: "The crying need, and demand of our time, is for more of real recreation. We are not a cheerful people. Thousands go home from work to moan or grumble. Look at the general expression on the faces of our clerks, on our can or ferry boat, going to and returning from work. A smile, a cheerful face, a face good to look upon, is scarce. Glum, silent, serious, sour, but not always sober. There is not enough of the healthful stimulation of recreation. Lacking this, humanity runs to the unhealthy, artificial source of stimulation, and temporary strength and cheer. Ten thousand bar-rooms multiply it.

Divide the word recreation into two parts thus, Re-creation, and there is given to it a clearer meaning. Re-creation is a re-creative process for mind and body. In any healthy movement we draw and build into ourselves a re-creative, recuperative life-giving current of thought. Re-creation not only throws off care, but adds to the capacity to resist care.

The International Sunshine Society commands our attention by evidence of great value. Its growth has been phenomenal, commencing with a single thought of simple service—that of sending out to others the Christmas cards, which come to us—the society has broadened into an interchange of thoughts and helpfulness, until now, it sends out its light from every state, territory in our Union, and has crossed the seas on its beneficent mission. Through its work many good things have been accomplished for its membership. The dues are paid in suggestions and offerings of pleasant thoughts in the way of further advancement along the line of cheer and fellowship.

Each state chooses its own special paper or journal, while the national interest is represented by the *Ladies Home Journal*.

In England, it is said, that a publication is issued in which no unsavory thoughts are recorded, into which no sadness enters, into which no account of evil can intrude. The paper is dedicated absolutely to Good Cheer—every word and line sending out its message of Joy, and brightness.

These things tell their own story of the New Age, and the New Thought. Thus it is, that we are made conscious of leading laws in the Divine economy. It is the new race-burger which asks for better food to be served on the world's dining-table; and who can doubt that it will be answered with bounteous giving?

As if in preparation for the larger demand to be made upon her, some of the closing years of the last century have been used by woman in storing up abundant supplies, and making ready for the work before her.

The influence of club-life in its broadening effect in tearing down the crumbling fences of old-time tradition, in its destruction of fossilized prejudice, in its obliteration of imaginary boundaries has been inestimable. Utterly impossible is it to describe in words the fair superstructure that woman is now building for the wide world's use. Only by the comparison of past with present years can any adequate idea be gained of the vast advance along all lines that lead to life's real betterment.

But the women of to-day—the thinking women who view with satisfaction the progress made, still look with anxious hearts upon the unperfected work that yet calls for tireless effort.

It is a matter of fact that within the past few years the recognition of the needs of sanitation, and of external cleanliness in environments and in all personal conditions has been aroused. Both public and private efforts in this direction have resulted in vast improvements. The people as a whole, demand clean public highways, clean homes, clean attire. The personal cleanliness of the individual, is made a matter of prime importance. It carries with it a certain respect which is just and proper.

Good house-keeping mainly depends upon the systematic enforcement of rigid rules, calling for the expulsion of dirt, dust and the many abominations that keep them company. The windows are opened, that the searching air and sunlight may invade the closets, and pantries, and dark corners. Hot water, brushes and general renovations are to the bidding of housekeepers, who delight in the delicious daintiness of well-purified appointments. Public buildings are treated likewise, and constantly changing methods for beautiful sanitation in this age of modern conveniences testify to the ruling spirit of wholesome living.

As these purifying methods have wrought such changes in the outer world, we may reasonably expect the good work to continue until our inner habitations where our real selves dwell, are also made sweet and clean

and wholesome, bright with the sunshine of charitable opinions and glad helpfulness for others.

That this may come to pass, an immense amount of thorough house-cleaning, in this region claiming vigilant attention. If friends are invited to the home, they are not entertained in the basement laundry, with its steam, and suds and unsavory vapors. They are asked to the drawing-room, where are gathered treasures delightful to the eye. They are placed in the easiest chairs, and attended with a fine degree of nicety, as to their physical comfort. Then alas! Is it not too often true, that there is gathered before them a mass of cold social linen—and washed before their eyes, until the steam and suds of scandal rise in clouds about the minds of those who tell and those who listen!

The depression consequent upon such visits works grievous harm to mind and body, and extends its deleterious influence to all who come in contact with the mental bacteria.

The belittling effects of class distinctions based upon artificial lines—the supercilious stare of stony recognition, the air of assumed patronage, the superficial rivalries of house and furnishings, and preferred residential localities—all stand in clouds about the minds of those who tell and those who listen!

These are some of the dark spots upon the social sun, which will in time dissolve under the purifying influence of social truth, and social justice.

Diversity in unity is one of God's great laws. Inequality rules in nature, as well as in the apportionment of human attributes. That individuals will always find special congeniality with certain others, will probably forever hold true. It is the beginning and end, and around it, is the larger law of common kinship, which entitles every member of the human family to certain considerations and establishes the fact of one origin and one destiny for God's children.

Overly inclusive principles, therefore hold true, for the administration of which each and all of us are held responsible.

"Do unto others, as you would have others do unto you," is the soul-stirring message that Christ sent ringing down the centuries. That divine utterance carries in it the pulsing heart-beats of social equality. It is the beginning and end, the propelling motive of that divine impulse, which is ever working for the world's enlightenment.

Emerson says, in his own admirable way: "Whenever you are sincerely pleased, you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet, tempered. Genius works in sport and goodness smiles to the last, for the reason that whoever sees the law which distributes things does not despair, but is animated to great deeds and endeavors."

Social life is a fundamental law of our being, and holds in its power both constructive and destructive agencies.

Not more real are the currents of the outer air, which sweeps around us, than are the vibratory forces of the social atmosphere.

We have all felt them. We know their characteristics. Words are not coined that convey their true meaning. There is the cold, congealing rigid air of self-exclusion, exclusiveness, the contemptuous arrogance of dollars—and then there is the genial, warm, encircling radiance that touches hearts and souls with the warm effluence of heaven's sunshine.

To build up the social superstructure upon universal truths, which are the common heritage of all, and to vitalize with the light that never fails, is now and will ever continue to be largely the natural work of woman.

The law of cultivation, holds true in this, as in every other province of life—and so it may begin in the little things of every day, in the banishment of every word of gossip, in the helpful courtesy, in the pleasant smile that irradiates the face—in the joy and enthusiasm over the good and beautiful things of this world. And may it not come to pass that, in time, Women's Clubs may add to their field of endeavor—a special department for the propagation of Social Sunshine, and its life-giving properties?

I believe that it is possible to form societies for the special cultivation of this Sunshine of the Spirit, societies dedicated to pure and simple enjoyment, to mirth and merriment, unstained by unkind thought, or unsavory word.

A present writer, Charles Dawbarn, commenting upon the divine potency that we all hold in common, tells of wonderful strength to be gained by repeating to oneself the following words—trying at the same time to enter into the inner meaning: "I enter the vibration of universal love, I put away every unkind thought, toward any human being, and I declare that I live in love alive to all."

Social sunshine thus becomes the divine radiance of God's encompassing love—and the fulfilling of life's law—well, are also made sweet and clean

Austin, Ill. ELLA DARR



## LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters from the Spirit of a Well Known Lady, Given through the Mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea.

## LETTER NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Those who have read what has been written in my former letters, cannot fail to see that this spiritual world is a type of the earthly world, exceedingly more refined and beautiful, where we have all that you have on earth on a higher, more exalted, heavenly plane; that we follow all the occupations that you follow on earth, and that, as a rule, we are much wiser than you are.

Of course, there are ignorant spirits here as there, but they do not remain so long. They cannot in the nature of things. I hope that I have proved to all reasoning minds that we live and move and have our being much as you do there; that we have homes, temples, halls, laboratories, conservatories, grand-wisdom edifices, wireless telegraphy, boats of all kinds, photography, thought photography, hypnotic suggestion—that is the very thing that I am engaged in doing at this moment—music, theaters, psychical investigation societies for the purpose of investigating the powers of the soul; for, although we are spirits, we do not as yet understand all about the soul. We also study botany, natural history, astronomy; but our observatories are somewhat different from yours.

Professor Franz Petersilea has described some of our clock observatories very accurately; moreover, we study all about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of other planets and their fauna and flora, for no two planets are exactly alike, no more than two things or two persons are just alike. Coarse, hard manual labor is left behind with the body.

Now you ask me: Do the spirits eat? and my reply is, Yes, they do; but they do not eat coarse feeding. Nothing can live and be sustained without replenishment, for we are constantly throwing off substance, just as you are there, excepting that our substance is sublimated matter, while yours is coarse matter.

Now I am aware that many will laugh at my assertion. Let them, and let them contradict it if they will, and then tell us how the spiritual body is sustained, for it is composed of sublimated matter, just as sure as we live.

"Do you have all the organs there which belong to the body here?"

Yes, we do; we certainly do. Contradict it, ye wise ones, if you will, but if the life of the earthly body is the spirit thereof, and the spirit is in the form of the earthly body, which it certainly is—have we not organs similar to those of earth? Do we have hands and not a stomach? Do we have a head and not a heart? Do we have feet and not brains? Every organ of the body that you have, we have also, for it is the life or the spirit of those very organs that we take with us when the body dies.

Now if we have feet, it is that we may walk. If we have eyes, it is that we may see; if ears, that we may hear; if a brain, that we may think; a stomach, that we may digest food. Each and every organ fulfills its duty here as there, except the organs of reproduction. Reproduction belongs only to earth; still, we possess the organs, but they do not reproduce. Like the fruits of earth, all seed germs take root only in material substance. Now the question is: How and what do we eat? We eat every thing that is good for food—that is, to feed the sublimated material body. Our food necessarily is sublimated material. We cannot take life of any kind, therefore we can not eat animal flesh. I would like to make this world as clear to you as possible. If in your world peaches grow on trees, they do in our world, for the sublimated tree is here, or the spirit of the tree, filled with luscious peaches without stones, or pits, or much skin, for as I said, seed germs gravitate to the material earth, but the sublimated essences gravitate to this world. If you have grapes there, so do we here, plentifully, without the seed or skin. The skin of our fruit is soft, sweet and waxy, and the luscious fruit melts in the mouth without much mastication.

Vegetables grow here in our soil, but we do not cultivate them. The sweet, pure, refined essences of these things rise up from earth and gravitate to their proper places and appear very much as your vegetables do. We take them from our spiritual ground and eat them as they are, without cooking. We do no cooking. That necessity is done away with.

Do we sweep and dust and clean as you do on earth? No. This same question has been brought up in other minds before now. No; we are not obliged to sweep or dust. We have no material dust. Dust is coarse matter. But there are filthy spirits as well as filthy men and women. There are really spirits in the lower sphere who actually wallow in filth, but the filth is of the mind and, as I have before stated, thoughts are things and become objective, and gather about them sublimated matter corresponding to the thought, but when we think pure, sweet, clean thoughts, they gather clothing to correspond.

Now the question is, "If we eat, do other animals eat those lower in the scale than ourselves?" Yes, other animals eat; but not each other. They are a step higher in the scale of being. All herbivorous animals eat of the sweet, sublimated herbage and grass, the ethereal essence of such as you have on earth; also fish feed on the sublimated essences within the ethereal waters.

Now you say, "Well, the carnivorous animals; how is it with them?" Men of earth at the present day are extremely carnivorous. There is not a carnivorous animal on the earth that slays and eats equal to man and really there are but few carnivorous animals after all, and the greater part of these are not wholly so. The bear will sometimes kill a man in self-defense, or at least it thinks so, but it seldom eats him. The bear much prefers wild berries, roots and nuts, to flesh. The lion will also kill a man, given a chance; but he thinks he is thereby protecting his mate and little ones. The lion in its natural state is not wholly carnivorous; it also eats tender shoots and green twigs.

Man is really more carnivorous than any other animal. There are more cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, fish and game slain and eaten by man than by all the carnivorous animals in the world.

Now if this carnivorous man, when he arrives here, ceases, from necessity, to slay and eat, he can readily be seen that the carnivorous animal can also, and it also can eat of the sublimated material essences to sustain its ethereal body.

You must all see how exquisitely beautiful and useful the spiritual spheres are. The more beautiful our thoughts, the more beautiful our surroundings. You can also see that reincarnation is not true, or at all necessary.

Lady—and I loved beautiful things, and we soon had a home corresponding to our thoughts—a home wherein we could entertain many guests, for we intended to give entertainments. We did not intend to lead the lives of recluses, but to be glad and merry. Company, merriment and gladness did not at all interfere with the attainment of wisdom or knowledge; quite the contrary, they were great aids in the quest. We found that spiritual beings were very social, and we intended to make the most of social life. All spirits who have gained wisdom or knowledge in any direction are eager to quickly impart it to others; for this is a great and beneficent natural law, and one of the happiest ways is in meeting together for the purpose of each imparting to the others whatever point in wisdom they have gained; be it ever so small, it matters not.

These social or home gatherings are by invitation. The public institutions are for all. For instance: We hear of the death on earth and the birth into spirit life of some great musical, or literary man or woman. Suppose, for instance, it is music in which he or she excelled, and we

give an entertainment or reception to the new comer; consequently we invite as many of the most gifted and famous musical geniuses as is convenient for us to entertain, or as can be reached and come; then we send an urgent request for the new-born spirit to come also, and such seldom fail to respond. Now we do very much as you do on earth, bring into play the most beautiful thoughts and desires and good feelings possible, which clothes us in dazzling splendor and beauty. We appear clothed much as you do on earth.

A lady on earth thinks how she would like to be dressed. She then buys the material and employs a dressmaker; but we are not obliged to do all this. We think how we should like to be dressed—we desire to appear so and so—and our ethereal clothing forms about us according to our desires. The time at which the company is to arrive has been appointed and they are punctual.

Now the new-comer meets the very ones that he has so long worshiped, and longed to see and hear, and soon they are engaged in the art they all loved so well, and the grand old masters—who are now young, vigorous and beautiful, and have learned very much more than they knew on earth—are performing some of their grandest and most heavenly music, while the new-born is listening in an ecstasy of delight, and thinking how little he really knew, after all, about music.

There is something else I wish to impress forcibly on the minds of earth. Don't think we are forever in high flown ecstasy. We were made to be happy, laugh and be merry, and after we have the music we chat, laugh, joke, exchange ideas, or thoughts, poke fun, and have a gay and enjoyable time generally, in a refined and spiritual way, never descending to vulgarity. We leave that to the vicious and the vulgar. There is in another apartment a banquet spread, and the brilliancy and beauty of that spread is beyond anything on earth. We have what appears to be wine, yet is not like the wine of earth but a sparkling elixir of life that is a feeder of the spiritual life currents within us; we also have sparkling water. Our table is loaded with spiritual fruit, nuts, bread-fruit, and all the most dainty and delicate things imaginable that do not require cooking or the taking of life. Our table is decorated with flowers, besides other beautiful and sparkling decorations. The walls of the apartment are lined with exquisite paintings from the greatest masters of the art who have ever lived on earth, and a large number of little gems are set between. Now we take seats at this festive board and eat daintily. We talk and laugh and are gay and happy. After supper we trip, the light fantastic toe; we dance spiritual dances. Can one suppose that spirits never laugh, never dance, never make merry? Oh, you are mistaken.

Now I, before coming to this life, had become a very large, fat old lady, weighing more than two hundred pounds. Of course my dancing days were over, but my heart often danced, and when I saw the young and beautiful dance and make merry, I used to think sadly: "Can I never dance and be light-hearted more?" and I know that thousands of my earthly sisters often think the same. Cheer up, dear ones, your dancing days are not over, simply postponed for a short time. Soon you will be once more youthful, light, gay and happy beyond compare, and as beautiful as you can possibly desire. Now you must know that all these things exist here, else how could we educate our little ones—the babies and little children that come here at all times from earth? These little spirits must have their play, their games, as on earth; the young people must have amusement, they must, according to their nature, dance as on earth, and the old return again to their halcyon days.

Now all the teaching that our children have here is given in the form of play or amusement, and they seek it with avidity. No child is forced to do anything against its natural bent, and they should not be on earth. Yours truly, MADAM . . . . .

## LETTER NUMBER SIXTEEN.

No men or women should follow any calling that they do not like—that does not make them happy.

I know many hard-worked sewing women, on earth, who repine thus: "How I wish I were rich and could queen it in society. At my next reincarnation—I am now speaking of those who believe in reincarnation—I hope I shall be born into the family of a king, prince, or millionaire, that I may be a queen in society and a fashionable leader among the elite."

My poor darlings, you won't have to wait to be reincarnated, neither will it be at all necessary. You can be a queen in the spirit world just as soon as you are ready. You can be a leader among the elite just as soon as you are fitted to lead and have wisdom enough. It is knowledge that will make you happy here, not riches. I was once a needle-woman myself, in my earlier days on earth. Ah! I know just how you feel, and I will help all sewing-women; that is part of my mission.

I, at length, grew old and large, as I said before, but now I am youthful and light and, they tell me, very beautiful. I can trip the light fantastic toe with the best. I wanted to be a leader also, for, although of noble birth, my fortunes had fallen; but it is all right now. I became somewhat of a leader in thought, later in life, as well as an authoress. Ah! I made many mistakes and who does not? Our mistakes make us stronger in the end. By a mistake I mean that which we do not know to be such—that which we think is right at the time—that is mistake; but when one knows a thing to be wrong, that is evil, fraud, sin, that will have to be atoned for with pain and suffering; our mistakes, even, must be atoned for, but they do not bring the same remorse and suffering that wilful sin or evil does.

I forgot to tell you that my reception did not consist of great men alone, there was an equal number of great or gifted women present. I am a woman and I am determined to take the part of women. Do you think those men would have been very happy all alone by themselves? Why, they would need women there, if for no other reason but that they might worship them. Yet we did not worship them, we didn't think they were a bit better or more gifted than we were, and we were women just as much as we had been on earth, and they were men just the same as they had been.

I tell you, friends, we were even more womanly than we had been, and the men were more manly. Don't let that old, foolish idea get into your minds—that the spirits and angels are neither men nor women, but all as one sex. Nothing can be more untrue. The same law holds good here as on earth. We do not bear children, to be sure, but I never had a child when I was on earth, and there are thousands of other women who never bore children, but they are women for all that, just as much women as though they had borne children, and no woman bears children after a certain age. Is that any reason why she is not a woman, and just as much a woman as though she had?

Now you ask me: "Is there, then, love between the sexes?" And I answer most emphatically, yes! What enables a man or woman more than deep and constant love—eternal love, if you please? On earth it is the foundation of all things; without it nothing can be; without it there can be no men or women. Love is the creator of all things—sexual love, not platonic. How else could justice ever come to those who die young or in infancy? Are they never to know the joys of love? Out upon such nonsense! Are the unmarried and lonely never to know love and companionship of husband and wife? Are those who are most miserably mated to vicious, debauched and drunken husbands—or sometimes the reverse—are they never to know the joys of true love and companionship of a good, true husband or wife? Think again, my friends, (To be continued.)

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness.

## IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

## LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

## SEEN GOD.

We still continue to receive communications from persons who have "seen God." We speak in an audible voice, and who are commissioned to instruct, persuade or threaten us. These persons are usually poorly educated, tremendously positive and patently anxious. As a rule, we can easily believe that they are mediums, but the pity of it is that the knowledge of mediumship is generally so vague that sensitives are liable to believe anything; though in this they only follow most of the Old Testament mediums, who also were very apt to treat every message from the unseen as "the word of the Lord."

Here are some extracts from the latest letter of this kind:

"I shall tell you my secret? Yes, I will. God is with me and he speaks to me audibly (of course, I mean), to me every day and night—excepting when I am asleep—and he has promised me that I shall be his prophet in the new century, to proclaim the near approach of the end of this world!"

If we hesitate to believe, there is, it appears, a remedy:

"God will speak from my mouth in a loud and resounding voice so that when people hear the voice they will know that God is speaking to them by my human means. Also God has promised me that he will do miracles by my means; so let me tell you that when God begins his work by me there will be no possibility of doubt about the people believing what shall be said and done before them."

Well, we will patiently wait and see; but "a loud and resounding voice" is no proof that God is speaking. "A still small voice" was once nearer the mark. But "miracles?" By all means. We hope to be there to see. In the meantime, we advise our correspondent to be wary, and in patience to "possess" his soul. He says that God has specially asked him to tell us his secret, and that he added: "Let \* \* \* think what he likes." We receive the suggestion (or hint?) with all respect; but it was not necessary.

## MENTAL HEALING.

Mr. Henry Wood's paper on the question "Has Mental Healing a valid scientific and religious basis?" is a good summary of what has been written by him on the subject. Incidentally he gives us a useful differentiation of "Christian Science," "Faith Cure" and "Mental Healing." "Christian Science" he reserves for Mrs. Mary Eddy, her text-book and her order: "Faith Cure" proper assumes special divine intervention of local societies has been "Healing" is scientific and perfectly normal, recognizing no authority and needing nothing "supernatural." It is described as "a development from within, rather than a system; a life rather than a doctrine; a new consciousness rather than a new philosophy." "Its business is to bring inner ideals into outward actualized expression, and it recognizes that the inner and the outer of man is in most intimate relation with the Universal Mind and Wholeness. By sympathetic vibration therewith, it may, through consciousness, receive inspiration and strength." This "sympathetic vibration" is a peaceful mental effort which commands "power from on high," and calms and heals.

## PREVISIONS.

Having been much interested in the question of previsions, I have had many examples of a private nature and not a few connected with public events. The following I received written on a letter-card dated June 8, 1900, and bearing the postmark "London, W., 6:15 p. m., June 11 00," which was given by a sensitive with whom I have been experimenting for many years.

"The Queen will not live many months. She will die suddenly, at least, apparently a very sharp and sudden attack. Looks as though it would take place shortly after Christmas."

There are also provisions regarding other members of the royal family contained in the same letter-card, but it is not the time to disclose these.

"The dear old lady is going to die by the bursting of a blood vessel in the brain, probably the result of mental excitement. There is a great national calamity about the time. Her death takes place not long after a military procession which looks like the Jubilee." As it did not occur just after the Jubilee, the process may have been connected with the return of Lord Roberts, and considering the national calamity of the South African war, which, it is reported, much affected our late Queen, this prediction is, I think, very wonderful.

## HARBINGER OF LIGHT, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

## SPIRITUALISM IN ALGIERS.

After a brilliantly successful lecturing tour in the southwest of France, M. Leon Denis crossed over to Algiers, where the municipality of the city placed one of its largest halls at his disposal for a series of lectures on Spiritualism, General Noel presiding. The plan of the series has been very successful, and the attendance has been very large. The principal journals, La Revue Algerienne, La Vie, Les Nouvelles and La Depeche Algerienne, published long and laudatory reports of the lectures, giving them as much space, in fact, as the Melbourne papers would devote to a salacious divorce case, or a criminal assault, or a football match. A clairvoyant who was present, saw a crowd of spirits on the platform, and the lecturer's double standing immediately behind the chairman; from which it is evident that M. Denis speaks under control. One of the results of his visit has been that upwards of 400 Algerian Spiritualists who were present, representing the three provinces, have formed themselves into a federation, and have elected a committee of seventeen members, eight of whom are ladies.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

As we have on more than one occasion pointed out, La Constancia, of Buenos Ayres, which is published by the Argentine Republic, under the editorship of Senor Cosme Marino, with the cooperation of a powerful staff of contributors, is one of the best Spiritualist publications in the Spanish language, which reaches this office. In a little number appears an article from the pen of Senor Emilio Becker, on the subject of "The Administration, with the new century, which is so perfectly in accord with numerous communications received, during the last few months, upon the same subject, by the present writer, that he feels much pleasure in translating one of its most striking passages, which reads, indeed, like an echo from the beyond.

The twentieth century announces itself as a great century. Before all things, we are moving towards a com-

pendium of all the sciences, towards a reduction of every phenomenon to one single law. Chemistry, rising above isolated investigations, will conduct us to the same principles as alchemy, proclaiming the essential unity of matter; while physics will, at the same time, recognize all the universal forces, as modalities of one single motion. The consequence of this declaration will be that the natural sciences will base themselves more upon the truth, already discovered, with the common origin of all beings, which advance by natural selection, as inorganic bodies do by molecular affinity, and this belief will serve, more than all the discourses of the revolutionaries, to establish the brotherhood of man.

"In one grade of superior unification may be foreseen the alliance of science with art, of beauty with truth, of exaltation with emotion, which some precursors persist in hastening forward, in the midst of a desperate return towards romanticism, and of the most bitter insults. Nor is the day very far distant in which the positive scientist will give up penetrating into the domain of metaphysics to occupy the place of religion, and obstructing the glorious social function of re-establishing not faith but certainty."

"This supreme generalization of all forms of knowledge, this entrance of the sciences into a common philosophy, will solve the greater part of the problems which have so much tormented us; and this synthesis of all the scattered conquests of modern positivism, will be the basic evidence of progress, the ultimate victory over those who presume to assert that there is a vacillation in science, and that the age is bankrupt."

"With this unity of all the sciences, will correspond in social economy, the union of all men in a universal collectivism of forces. Hatred, war, the struggle for existence, the ferocity of Cain against Abel, will be as antique iniquities, dissonances stifled in a fraternal harmony. And man, weary of wandering in loneliness through all these crooked paths, will comprehend that true strength and true joy consist not in the sword but in peace, not in war but in love. And this will be the final synthesis."

## LOCAL SOCIETIES.

## Practical and Pertinent Suggestions.

In as much as the great and momentous question of effective yet liberal organization of local societies has been under radical discussion for some time, I wish to pen the following:

If all the mediums and speakers would assume a self-conceived obligation to leave every society at least as good as when they found it, and in every legitimate way possible try to build it up by emphasizing the fact that the people (spiritualists) should support their cause and their churches, and that if the local societies would rather have another speaker or medium in place of the one that should be serving them at the time that they request a change, they should not go around and try and get a factional disturbance in their favor and if need be break up the society.

It seems to me that it is better and far more flattering to be of such worth to a society, and importance to a community, as to be able to draw from the society a unanimous request for you to remain or return again, than to have a handful of communicants to say that Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so was the best medium or speaker we ever had.

It seems to me that the greatest cause for the decline of our local societies is that the speakers and mediums have made fish of one and flesh of another. By this I mean that they are suggesting a thought that now obtains in my mind. I wish to declare that people who learn that they can rule and dictate to a speaker or medium to-day are naturally inclined to the idea that to-morrow it is highly probable that some one else will dictate to them, hence they must be careful what they say to them, for in as much as they are remarks about others to me, they may do the same about me to others. We do not know or realize the value of that old saying, "A still tongue makes a wise head," or another one, "A head is not satisfied with having something with which to cover it, but it wants something within in both the heart and head."

It seems to me that every speaker and medium should impress upon not only the minds of the Spiritualists but outsiders as well, the importance of taking a Spiritualist paper, and after they have read the same pass it to their friend or neighbor. We must sacrifice a little for the cause, and not try to get all we can out of it without any regard to the consequences after we leave a place. We all should have such an interest in the welfare of Spiritualism that it would be impossible for us to do otherwise than to connect every link in the endless chain of harmony in a society.

I wish to say in conclusion that the Rochester Spiritualist Church has had a very successful series of meetings as a result of putting in practice the foregoing. And now with best wishes for all Spiritualism in general, I remain as ever a worker in the cause of Truth.

HARRY J. MOORE.

Rochester, Ind.

## THE RAINBOW.

There are seven sisters that live all day in a wonderful house of light; And they sail away in the twilight gray, Out on the sea of night.

And never till morn are these sisters

For they stay in bed, and they stay

in bed—

Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow,

Orange and Red.

But when it is day once more, once

more;

They rouse themselves from sleep;

If the rain begins to pour and pour,

If it will soon be time to play bo-peep,

But they wait till the clouds have

almost fled;

Then we hear there's a rainbow over-

head.

It is only the seven sisters seen

In the house of light at the open door—

Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow,

Orange and Red.

—Violet Woods, in St. Nicholas.

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PHILIP LAMNECK.

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## SPIRIT PICTURES THAT HAVE STARTLED ALL PARIS.

The French capital is discussing a series of disquieting phenomena which, though they are authenticated beyond reasonable doubt by the high standing of the persons concerned with them, cannot be explained satisfactorily by scientists or philosophers.

For instance, people who never knew the faintest thing about drawing feel suddenly impelled by a mysterious force to seize a pencil and then draw striking likenesses of men or women the ynever met.

Again, artists while quietly engaged in painting a canvas cannot restrain their hands, which are suddenly seized with uncontrollable frenzy, from destroying in rapid strokes of the brush the work in course of execution, and then replacing it by some weird head or landscape.

To cite specific cases: A celebrated engraver, Fernand Desmoulin, says such impulses now come to him almost daily. With color pencils held in his clenched fists he draws uncanny or beautiful things, sometimes with the paper upside down, often in the middle of the night and in absolute darkness.

Victorien Sardou, as soon as he learned this, declared that he himself, while engaged in writing, had frequently been amazed to see his hand become as possessed and perfectly independent of his will, sketching architectural subjects, intricate ornaments, or scratching mysterious sentences that no one can read.

Curious manifestations of this kind are not of recent occurrence exclusively. As a matter of fact, they have been observed and reported in America as well as in Europe for a good many years. The records of various societies for psychical research are full of mysterious happenings told by witnesses who, whether deluded or not, can scarcely be suspected of bad faith.

It was at least fifteen years ago when Mark Twain wrote a long magazine article telling his belief in telepathic correspondence and the materialization of spirits. And later in 1894, if memory be precise, Hamlin Garland, the American novelist and historian, told the present writer about facts of the same order which had happened to him (Garland) or in his presence, and had puzzled him ever since.

In France Camille Flammarion, the astronomer; Clovis Hugues, the poet and statesman; James Tissot, the painter; Victorien Sardou, the playwright; and DeBocas, the merchant prince, are but few of the great names which could be cited among the believers of Spiritualism who proclaimed their faith long ago, basing their belief not on idle report, but on personal experience. Likewise in Germany, England and elsewhere believers in "the mysterious realm" can boast of very serious champions for their creed.

### G. W. STEEVENS MADE GOOD PORTRAITS AT THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

The Paris correspondent of the Sunday World is very skeptical in these matters. But acting simply as a truthful chronicler, let him tell of a strange case which came under his observation less than two years ago while he was at Rennes with the several hundred other journalists reporting the Dreyfus trial.

One evening on the humming terrace of the Cafe, which the English and American correspondents had made their principal headquarters, Stevens, of the London Daily Mail, who since died at the siege of Ladysmith, suddenly dropped out of the general conversation, and in no time had drawn on a sheet of paper half a dozen pencil portraits of some of the celebrities of the affair—Dreyfus, Labori, Clemenceau, Zola, Mercier and one or two others.

After a while he stopped as abruptly as he had begun, leaving his last sketch unfinished and looking at what he had done with unmitigated amazement.

"Stevens, I did not know you could draw," said one of us.

"I can't; I swear I can't! My, but this is strange, I never was conscious of doing these; I was listening to the talk. Boys, I couldn't do these over to save my life!"

In fact, he tried to finish the drawing the "spirit" had abandoned, but he was unequal to the task. He laughed, disavowing the story carelessly as a pleasant without importance. But Stevens (he did not try to conceal his) almost immediately with a disturbed countenance, holding his paper as though he were afraid of it.

A few days afterward those sketches appeared in a Paris paper with a short unsigned article describing the circumstances of their execution, but leaving the "medium" unnamed. Evidently Stevens had full belief in what he had told us, or would not have allowed that to be done. To us he never mentioned it again, and as there was lots to keep everybody busy those days, we all forgot about the "trance" of one mad. But in view of similar cases now taking place in Paris, it seems to gain a deal of significance.

Not that those pencil sketches of Stevens were works of art—far from that. But they were executed under our eyes with lightning speed; the models were not present; yet each was a surprisingly resembling if somewhat caricatured portrait.

And the man who did them could not draw.

Rather puzzling, isn't it?

### M. DESMOULIN'S SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

This isolate instance, however, is as nothing to the 322 large drawings which M. Fernand Desmoulin produced under the influence of some will power which was not his.

M. Desmoulin is not a humbug, but a man whose talent as an engraver and painter has won for him a great situation in Paris. He is, moreover, a man of character and serious sense of mind, an intimate friend of Emile Zola, a chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, etc.

This being known, it will be readily understood that he is bound to be discredited rather than pleased by the special notoriety of being a "medium." The world and the position invite sneer and ridicule, and Fernand Desmoulin wants neither.

On the other hand, he deemed it cowardly to keep from the public facts which might furnish valuable data for investigation. And so he bravely consented to tell his weird experience and to exhibit in the Petit Art Gallery a selection of 100 of these drawings. He calls them "medium imitations"—that is, executed through a medium.

The Sunday World had a few of them photographed to appear with this article. Unfortunately, the most curious ones are not very proper in subject and

cannot be reproduced. Nor can photography do complete justice to any of them, since they are mostly done in colors—red, blue and yellow pencils—combined with startling results.

Some are mere sketches, others finely finished. Some are heads, busts, full length figures or groups; others decorative panels or landscapes. Again, there are crazy mixtures of several pictures in one.

M. Desmoulin discusses his case very sensibly, with tranquillity and modesty. "Not only," said he, "do I fail to explain what power I obey in tracing these lines, but I dislike their artistic forms. If I am anything in art, I am a sober-minded, healthy realist. Now, these landscapes verge on impressionism, and some of our figures resemble those of Rodin. Here, on the other hand, you see some compositions that with their lack of precision evoke reminiscences of Laurent and Watteau. All of which is entirely foreign to all my instincts. I could not produce drawings like these if I tried."

"As a matter of fact," continued the engraver, "were this my own work I should be very much ashamed of its many weaknesses."

"Understand, I regard all these pictures (showing the whole exhibition) with exactly the same disinterested feeling that you have for them. I judge them with absolute independence, for they are not mine."

### A TABLE-TIPPING SCENE.

The painter continued: "Being a strong man, full of animal spirits, I had always laughed at Spiritualistic manifestations, which I considered the silly delusions of weak-minded, nervous people."

"On the 12th of June last year I was at the house of a friend with two or three acquainted families. While the grown folks were conversing among themselves, five little boys and girls were playing at 'turning-tables' in a corner of the large parlor where we were."

"Now that table suddenly did turn—turn and dance violently. The children were horrified, and the father of one of them in trying to subdue the now very rebellious piece of furniture, actually pulled it over his head, and the opposition."

"The conditions under which this taken place precluded all possibility of fraud. I went home thinking."

"Before retiring that night I sat near my writing table and began to smoke a cigarette, still trying to understand why the table had turned. All at once my hand, which was playing with the pen, traced a rapid zigzag on paper lying there."

"I was surprised. I waited, wondering, 'Was this nervousness? What was that sudden complicated movement?'"

"Perhaps half a minute later my hand was irresistibly lifted, the pen was dipped in ink and returned to the paper, dipping in and returning madly in all sorts of tangled tracing."

"I abandoned that sport as soon as I could, I tell you, and went to bed, fearing I had an awful nervous disease of some sort. Yet my hands were now quite steady."

"The next day I deliberately sat at my table, pen in hand, to see what would happen."

"Immediately, though my head remained perfectly lucid, the pen was driven as madly as before, writing several times in succession, and in a handwriting radically unlike mine. 'Prends le bleu, prends le bleu' (Take the blue, take the blue) were the words on the desk; I took a blue one."

"It was evidently what was desired, for the pencil was driven still more furiously than the pen had been. It went on, on—drawing lines and shadings shapeless and meaningless to me."

"After a while the movement slackened and I could read, 'Take the red.'"

"I did that, and the power I was obeying superposed red lines and shadings over the blue ones. Still I could make nothing of the mess. 'Take the yellow,' I did, and for a while my hand, armed with the yellow pencil, added lines of that color to the red and blue. Suddenly the impulse stopped."

"I rose, considerably disturbed, and took a turn around the studio. What could it all mean? What was the meaning of that thing I had just drawn?"

### DRAWINGS THAT "CAME" UPSIDE DOWN.

"As I reflected thus I happened to look to the other side of the table and so to view the drawing from that position."

"Imagine my wonder when I saw this landscape now hung here. Yes I had drawn this sunset, with the river, the trees and the figures on the foreground, and the three figures on the foreground, without knowing what I was doing, since the whole thing had been executed upside down."

"From that time I have seldom sat at that table without doing a new picture under the same circumstances. Sometimes I made two or three after the other."

"Once one of my friends visiting me sat at my desk to write a note. Having something to say to him, I went near him and placed my hand on his shoulder. Immediately his own hand went like wild and did this beautiful, suffering woman's head. That man is not an artist like myself, he is a merchant, and never was able to draw before or since."

"Some of the pictures you see here have been made in the presence of several witnesses, among them physicians, who could never after one of these silly deliriums discover any rise of temperature in myself or an increased frequency of my pulse."

"Six times I have done pictures in three colors, perfectly blended, without light of any kind, in absolute darkness."

"This large group was done in two minutes by the watch. No artist, however he might train for the purpose, could copy it in less than one hour. My hand went so fast that my eyes could scarcely follow it."

"Are any of these pictures for sale?" I asked.

"About two dozen have been sold," answered M. Desmoulin. "I do not regard myself as the owner—the trustee at most. I place fancy prices on them and the proceeds go to the poor, as do the entrance fees of this exhibition."

"How do you explain?"

"Now don't ask that. I do not explain. I am neither a charlatan nor a spiritist, nor anything else of the sort. I simply say and show what takes place. I have no need to boom, no theists to exploit. Some of the physicians I have had at the studio to attend these experiments think it may be a sort of second, subconscious personality in me that asserts itself at certain times. But

that you could not apply to the case of James Tissot, the great artist to whom you Americans have given such unstinted recognition for his masterly pictures of the life of Christ."

James Tissot has several times related over his signature in French papers that after the famous seance of May 5, 1894, at Eglington's house in London, the same spirits whom he had then begged to come again where he could paint them, appeared one night in his studio. "The picture which resulted is too well known to be described."

As M. Fernand Desmoulin said, while the physical laws of the universe are so firmly fixed for his own case, it is hard to believe that James Tissot's subconscious self could materialize a pair of ghosts of sufficient consistence to sit for their picture and be painted.

And then what of the unskilled merchant who drew a beautiful head when Desmoulin merely touched his shoulder?—Henri Dunany in the Sunday World.

## A PREMONITION.

He Said He Would Be Struck by Lightning.

The following from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, dated January 25, 1900, is well known. Chillothe boy, who is of special interest here, a brief mention of the accident having been made on Thursday:

"When the weather man predicted a thunderstorm or two for Chicago yesterday he bulled better than he knew. As the rain and lightning swept over the city in the afternoon the people were very willing to believe that the signal service bureau, for once at least, had got absolute information from somewhere."

"The Harlem race track was the scene of one of the incidents of the weather display."

"Something told me I am to get struck by this lightning," said Johnny Vest, an exercise boy, to a group of companions in the stables of C. E. Brossman at the track in the afternoon, while the storm was raging."

"Nonsense," laughed one of the stable boys, "you are afraid, that's what ails you."

"No, I am not afraid," retorted Vest, "but there is something, I cannot describe it, but it warns me that a bolt of lightning will strike this stable, and I am to get hurt or killed."

"His companions made light of the premonition as they stood around in a little group watching the storm, and began to banter him about being superstitious. He left the other boys and went into the stall of La Mode, a fine 2-year-old filly owned by C. E. Brossman, the man who developed and handled the famous mare Imp during her remarkable turf career. He had just reached the filly's head when there was a terrific crash, and horse and boy rolled over in the stall."

"A great hole in the side of the barn directly in front of the horse told the now thoroughly frightened stable boys what had happened, and they rushed to the spot and found Vest lying motionless. He was unconscious, his body perfectly rigid, the muscles drawn, and the whole frame paralyzed from the shock. The filly was dead, having been killed instantly. The lightning bolt had fallen a wire which runs from the roof down the side of the stable and into the wall."

"La Mode, the filly which was killed, was purchased by Brossman as a yearling and his owner would not have taken \$5,000 for her. She had not run a race, but was being kept as a dark horse with the expectation of making a 'killing' when the Harlem track opens next week. She was highly bred, being by the imported sire Watercross, out of Alice."

"Vest will recover from the shock, and the other boys are regarding him with a feeling of awe since the accident, so sure was he that something was going to happen."

"Didn't I tell you," he said as he was being carried off by his companions, 'that I would be struck? In future every boy at the race track will back Vest's tip to the last dollar, as all say he must be possessed of a second sight or something as good.'—News-Advertiser, Chillothe, Ohio.

## THE LITTLE BOYS

Practising in the Occult.

HE GOT BOOKS ON HYPNOTISM FROM CHICAGO AND EXPERIMENTED ON HIS PLAYMATES—USES A WAND "JUST TO HOO-DOO 'EM."

Residents of Fairmount avenue, East End, are much worried over the powers of Lawrence Park, a 15-year-old schoolboy, who has been hypnotizing children in the streets for several weeks. A prominent business man happened along Wednesday evening as one of the "subjects" was being put through his performances, and the man very promptly decided that such play was dangerous. Yesterday he reported the matter to the police at No. 5 station, and they will make a thorough investigation.

The alleged hypnotist lives at 5435 Kincaid street. About a year ago he invested \$2 in a series of books on hypnotism, written by Prof. Harraden of Chicago. Since then he has held seances in the streets or in doorways, most of his subjects being younger boys and girls.

The children, at first thought it great fun to see one of their number put to sleep and perform antics at the command of the hypnotist, who became quite a hero among them. Recently, it is said, one of the "subjects" tried to sink his teeth in a little boy's arm and the matter came to the ears of the parents. They warned their children to have nothing to do with the exhibitions, but childish curiosity could not be restrained, and the wizard had no trouble in getting plenty of subjects and spectators.

Park uses the regular up-to-date methods for beginners and in addition has a wand that inspires awe among his comrades. He puts his victims to sleep if possible, and then commands them to do impossible feats. Fifteen minutes is the usual time that he keeps them under the influence, he says. The parents of children not only fear what the children may do while hypnotized, but also the fact that the practice may have on their minds.

Young Park seems very proud of his powers, and talked freely yesterday. "The wand," he said, "is used just to show off; kind o' hoodoo 'em. Some of them I cannot handle at all. Most of them I have tried it on are kids. My brother Raymond, who is 10 years old, is the only one I ever got completely in my power. I have hypnotized him several times, and he can do anything I want of things. One day I made him eat ice cream out of a dishpan with a cake turner. Then I can make him put his arms up and he can't put them down; and he can't move his feet when I tell him not to. Yes, I try it on little girls sometimes, and one of them that can

## MATERIAL PROGRESS.

Its Relation to Human Happiness.

Any one who considers this question at all seriously must be startled with the deep significance and almost boundless latitude of material progress for the countless ages which have vanished into the broad expanse of the past upon our present more or less enviable intellectual and moral progress.

The most simple invention was largely instrumental in epoch making. Within the last fifty years the avalanche of modern improvements has almost completely swallowed up the interest of the minor ones of long, long ago. The completion of a practical working plow no doubt caused a greater sensation at that time than the perfecting of a commercial airplane. If a realized fact, would do to-day. How the people, filled with wonder and awe, stood around in groups, a new hope being born within them, the dawn of a brighter future, for would not labor be made easier? And the women, peace be with them, how their hearts beat with new energy when the needle was perfected, then the sewing machine; yes, their burdens would be lighter and the ones they loved and cherished could wear more clothes and have more of them. But with all these things, the Satan of greed and avarice grew and waxed fat, but, nevertheless, as each new idea was perfected and came into practical favor and use, there was less of strife and human slaughter. People began to improve their manner of doing things and did not have so much time for quarrels and killing; their minds had been diverted into a new and more peaceful channel. This diversion has been the salvation of races in comparison with the influence for the upbuilding of the human race, all other influences pale into insignificance. Art, music and literature played their small parts, but the gigantic and master influence was material progress, so much despised in theory by the priesthood.

When the day comes when man is true to his higher and purer impulses, the burdens of the discouraged and weary workers will become light and this will not come to pass so long as man relies on a mediator to stand between his wrong-doing and oppression and the punishment he richly merits because of his greed and hard-heartedness. Were all our knowledge of material progress to be suddenly wiped out and it became necessary to begin the great battle again, the intellectual horizon would be engulfed in darkest gloom, a million years more black than the night of the last night, and religion would not shed one solitary ray of light.

And when I ponder over these things which I am unable to place on paper as I would like to do, the question comes to me: How much influence did the Bible exert in behalf of man's real happiness? Why did not God instruct his children in the arts of material advancement, which by the imputable laws of nature, must journey through time and eternity hand in hand with the progress of the material world? And tell them how to fertilize and cultivate the soil to the best advantage, how to build ships, bridges, railways, and electric light machines, as well as telephones and telegraphs?

What part have any of the sixteen crucified saviors and others who were not crucified, taken in this great battle of the ages—this wonderful struggle, the victory of which was destined to give health and happiness to both mind and body which is so absolutely essential for the development of man in peaceful pursuits, and which promotes harmony and good will among men and makes easier the burdens of life?

Glenview, Ohio. J. C. BELL.

## MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

The old chair is vacant,  
Its rockers at rest,  
My mother's chair,  
The realm of the blest,  
Her form lies asleep  
On the brow of the hill,  
And her spirit is near  
And impresses me still.

She loved the old chair,  
And in it would rock,  
And the bright needles flashed  
And I could read the old story,  
On her shoulders a shawl,  
A white cap on her head—  
I can see her sweet face,  
Though long years have fled.

In the heart of the day,  
And in the still of the night,  
She would place the old chair  
On the porch by the door,  
With a book on her lap,  
And with spec's on her nose,  
Fatigue closed her eyes,  
And she dropped in a doze.

She would doze for a spell,  
And awake with a start;  
Off her lap slipped the book,  
And old Morpheus departed;  
The clatter and bustle,  
And her look of surprise,  
As I gave her the book—  
Brings the dew in my eyes.

The old chair will exist,  
A link in the chain  
Of my life's recollections,  
Of its pleasures and pain,  
Of a fond mother's love,  
Of her hopes and her fears,  
And the troubles I caused,  
Fill my eyes with hot tears.

HENRY M. EDMISTON,  
New York City.

TRUTH MUST PREVAIL.

Dr. Angell believes the change "from old error to new truth is inevitable." He said brave and wise men are needed for pilots; he cautioned against fear, and said men can be trusted with the truth, for men will be better at last for having it.

"Let us not despair of our age," he said eloquently. "With all its temptations to greed and materialism this generation has deep down in its heart a hungering and thirst after spiritual truth."

Dr. Angell is optimistic of a clearing of the skies, and he urged his hearers in language indescribably beautiful to hold their hearts open to the real truth and their minds free and unbiased. He said:

"When the first excitement concerning those modified views of the history and interpretation of the scriptures, to which the rather vague term of higher criticism has been applied is over, and the pure truth in history is rescued from the mists of error, the old ideas of the method of divine providence in respect to sentient beings as well as to the lower forms of existence, and inspires us with new reverence for the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator. The devout man need not fear the truth, whenever it comes, but should always welcome every new discovery of it as a revelation of God's thought, and be sure that it will harmonize with the old, but confirm and ratify all other truth."

FAITH IN TRUTH GIVES POWER.

"Such a faith in truth will, I trust, always be yours. The wise combination of the two ideals in consideration at the outset of this discourse will, I hope, be found in the life of each of you. A careful study of your conditions, and of your power, will guide you in your daily pursuits. You will mark with care and docility the indications which a kind Providence gave you for your guidance. You will by industry, by development of your powers, by perseverance and by high character do the utmost possible for yourselves and others in a worthy career. But you will not be daunted by trifling obstacles. Where moral issues are at stake, you will not be afraid to face the storms of opposition. When you are compelled to decide between right and wrong, you will not flinch a hair in defense of the right, though abuse and loss confront you. If surrounded by men who are consumed with greed or atrophied in their spiritual faculties, you will not plead your environment as a reason for imitating them, but with heroic zeal you will strive to overcome them, and show them that even in these circumstances a spiritual life is possible and joyful and indeed the only worthy life."

The president's theme was "Environment and Selfhood," and in opening his address he said that during the last half-century two very different ideals

## 10,125 POUNDS.

The edition of "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," our latest elegant premium, as it came from the bindery, weighed over 10,125 pounds. Just think of it, over five solid tons of books which are almost given away to our subscribers—the profits of the office under the Divine Plan returning to them. No other paper on this green earth of ours ever thought of doing such a humanitarian work. These five tons of books will go forth, and before the demand for them partially stops, an additional five tons of books will have to be issued. We send out to our subscribers at least 20,000 pounds of books each year, a certain share of the profits of the office returning to them. Bear in mind that this valuable book will be sent out to all our subscribers for 25 cents (much less than cost), when accompanied with a yearly subscription to The Progressive Thinker.

## THE NEW ADVANCE

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

The trend of modern thought is plainly apparent in the utterances of Dr. Angell, of the University of Michigan, in his recent baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of that institution of learning. It indicates unmistakably that theological doctrines are undergoing a process not only of evolution but an evolutionary revolution. When students are encouraged to seek the truth and speak it to the world, there can be but one result—and that a new alignment of religious thought, far away from the old conservative theological dogmas of the past and present.

As reported in the Chicago Record-Herald, Mr. Angell said:

"This is, it must be confessed, preeminently a period of transition in the conception of the scriptures and of the theological doctrines. Archaeological discoveries in the East and critical study of ancient manuscripts have profoundly affected our views and interpretations of the biblical writings, and scientific research and philosophic discussions have shaken the foundations of some dogmas long and widely cherished."

President Angell spoke out clearly and strongly on so-called "higher criticism," and after acknowledging a transition in biblical interpretation, warned his hearers not to be deified to the truth. His sermon was most noteworthy, and he bound to command the attention of thinking people, not only in this country but in every nook and corner of the world where great minds and masterful utterances possess an audience. President Angell said that no intelligent mind can be blind to the fact of a changing period in religious thought and beliefs.

"To many persons, especially to many elderly persons," he said, "it is painful to acknowledge them. The transition for this generation from old ideas and conceptions to the new truth is a difficult process, and not unattended with some temporary discomfort, and even danger. Doubtless the disciples of the new truth will be led into some exaggerations and will make some unhappy mistakes."

MAN MAY ADAPT HIMSELF.

Another view of life, as given by the president, is contained in man's decision to "carefully consider his circumstances and wisely adapt himself to them." Man, by this ideal, is "the creature of heredity and environment." Dr. Angell thought the first ideal came in part as a reaction from "certain stern theological and philosophic dogmas, which virtually made man the helpless victim of destiny or fate and doomed him to grind day by day in a prison house of a world."

The second ideal—to adapting himself to environment—he said, substitutes prudence for heroism, though it may save us from serious mistakes. "But it does not always attain such heights of achievement and glory as are reached sometimes by the uncalculating and self-reliant audacity of the man who sets out with unquenching spirit to carve his way over or through all barriers."

Pithy and pointed were the utterances of Dr. Angell in warning young men not to be swept away by the dream of a day or the temporary gust of public opinion. For instance this:

"For we must remember that man has a higher function than to be a weathercock. \* \* \* He may be called upon like our Lord to confront his age rather than to be subservient to it, to defy the terrible power of hostile public opinion at the cost, to die as a martyr to truth and a friend to mankind."

When prominent religious teachers stand sponsors for such thoughts as these, the outlook is truly encouraging for an advance in religious thought far beyond the lines of old orthodox standards, to old established orthodox standards, happy mistakes."

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## THE BLIND SEE.

"Actina," a Wonderful Discovery Which Cures Diseased Eyes, No Matter Whether Chronic or Acute, Without Cutting or Drugging.

## THE SECRET REVEALED.

There is no need for cutting, drugging or probing the eyes for the cause of a new system of treating ailments of the eye has been discovered whereby all tortuous and barbarous methods are eliminated. This wonderful treatment takes the form of a Pocket Battery and is known as "Actina." It is purely a home treatment and self-administered by the patient. There is no risk of inflammation, as thousands of people have been cured of all eye troubles, including cataracts, granulated lids and other ailments of the eye through this great discovery, when eminent oculists termed the cases incurable. This wonderful treatment makes the use of spectacles unnecessary, and it removes the weakened and unsound conditions of the eye to the normal state. It is sold by J. N. Horn, Waycross, Ga., and by all druggists. A wonderfully benefited by Actina." W. H. Owens, Adrian, Mo., writes: "Actina saved my eyes from blindness. I had been suffering from cataracts for years, and had been told that I would never see again. I tried many remedies, but nothing helped. I then bought a box of Actina, and used it as directed. In a few days I was able to see again, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now as good as new, and I am able to do my work as usual. I am very grateful







# Man's Aural Self. = = By Charles Dawbarn.

Man's personality can be splintered and split into fragments by "shock." This is a fact that has at last won scientific recognition. There are many such cases on record, of which the most carefully watched and attested is, perhaps, that of the Misses Beauchamp, as presented to the recent Psychological Congress in Paris by Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, U. S. A. Multiple Personality, on both sides of the life line, is now a factor that must be taken into account by every student of human nature.

The learned doctor's report has been recently examined and analyzed by the writer in his article entitled "Subliminal Sally," wherein much was discovered of the mystery of manhood unnoticed and unknown before. Since it now becomes certain that the manhood of mortal life is not what we have supposed it to be, the thoughtful student will commence eager inquiry as to the real fullness and limitations of his own selfhood.

The distinction between the Ego and the Homo in each of us has already been pointed out and discussed in these columns by the writer, in his recent Ego Series. It is now proposed to advance much further into the unexplored. Almost at our first step we discover an aural selfhood belonging to humanity which will receive careful investigation in the following chapters.

## CHAPTER ONE.

### Philosophy of the Inner Life.

All can appreciate the importance of the large. Few realize the magnitude of the small, and that upon the unit of life rests all creation. Astronomers tell us there are more than a thousand millions of stars, blazing as mighty suns in Cosmos. To an eye that could survey so much of space our earth would be an almost invisible speck, to be studied through a microscope. Yet although by comparison it would seem almost infinitely small, such a scientific observer would be aware it could be divided again and again into a still smaller speck.

Our globe, when first recognized by this celestial scientist, would be perceived to be alive—like himself—and possessing an intelligence like his own, everywhere peeping out according to conditions. He would note that the world speck he was studying was, like his own form, a compound of intelligence, substance and energy; and his vast experience and outlook would enable him to perceive that the same three must comprise the whole of the little planet and its inmost fraction. He would discern the infinite energy manifesting itself by constant motion. There would appear no more rest in the little globe than in himself, and each speck would be discerned to be seeking mates in harmony with its own vibration.

To that observer space itself would be a vastness filled with the mighty Three, and therefore never at rest. Energy cannot become potential. It either exists in activity, or it would no longer be a factor in Cosmos. If energy were inactive intelligence would disappear, for intelligence is known to itself, which is consciousness, only through energy. The remaining factor, which is called substance, becomes itself unthinkable if intelligence and energy be absent.

So our observer notes his kinship both to Cosmos as a whole, and to Cosmos as a speck. The ever varying play of the three factors of Cosmos constitute the infinite variety amid which he himself lives, moves and has his being. It makes his form that which it is. It also compels the speck earth he is examining in every unit of its largeness or its littleness. When he divides a speck he only has two specks instead of one. He cannot make an exact division. No two specks in Cosmos are exactly alike. Hence there is infinite variety, and infinite possibility of combination. Neither can he deprive any speck of some share of the mighty Three. More or less of intelligence, more or less of energy, more or less of substance, will determine the individuality of every speck, and of every blending of specks, whether into a molecule, a man or a world.

So much is knowledge that our celestial observer must bring with him, for it is a matter of experimental demonstration; and these are the primary facts with which he has to deal as a student.

He gathers certain specks. To gather them he himself must possess a certain amount of energy, and he notices that the specks possess a similar energy, for they will not remain together unless there is a harmony of movement. They will explode themselves apart. There is no vacuum in the space from which he has gathered his specks, but other units, at other rates of movement, are active as before. His energy can only gather that with which it is in harmony, and his individuality is itself limited in its own vibrations. The mighty Three thus comprehend the whole, and remain unaffected, save in combination, by the efforts of any individuality.

It is obvious that, if our celestial student be himself large enough, he can divide the speck world he is examining again and again. He needs no knife. His intelligence tears it apart, though to lesser intelligence it remains whole as before. If his celestial intelligence be equal to the task he might at last reach the ultimate unit, itself absolutely indestructible. Neither heat, cold nor intelligence can do more than blend or unblend a gathering of units; and such a molecule or form, although it may always be torn apart by sufficient intelligence, will not even remain a form unless its units be harmoniously associated.

The observer will further note that the greater the proportion of intelligence in unit or molecule the greater will be its activity; and that the unit retains freedom of action under all conditions. The molecule must continue to attract, for its units come and go with a divinity of freedom that inheres to Cosmos itself. The molecule thus exhibits, from the instant of its blending, a molecular individuality as marked as that of the unit. The blended intelligence of the united units thus at once constitutes a personality.

The smallest gathering of which we can conceive, say the units which blend into a gas, exhibits a molecular intelligence which will blend with another molecule into a totally different form. That new form will, in its turn, manifest an intelligence from its larger number of units differing from that exhibited by the gas. For instance, the molecular hydrogen will blend with molecular oxygen, if in the proportion of two to one, into a new compound in which the further exhibition of gas intelligence seems, or becomes impossible. The intelligence now exhibited becomes known to us as water, and is at once noted as a very influential factor in the experience and history of the world. Under other conditions the gas intelligence will merge itself into what we call solids; each gathering of such molecules having a very different manifestation of intelligence from that of the parent gas, or of its ultimate unit. Yet there is but one intelligence, one energy, one substance; the trinity of a divinity—no more inconceivable in its vastness than in its appearance in the unit, and its varying manifestation in every compound.

Our celestial student traces these molecular combinations step by step, and notes that creation consists in this development of more and more powerful personalities, as the blended molecule associates with mates more or less congenial. The new association acts with the united intelligence of its units, each working towards the object of its gathering. The end to be attained, that at first seemed only to be gas, liquid, solid, is now perceived to be a sequence of molecular associations, at last comprising a world, and all things within. The unit, coming and going, can thus harvest all the experiences possible to Cosmos. That is to say he can individually know the effect of every molecular blending, and enroll it in his own biography. Such a god-like experience would constitute the highest individuality we can realize, and become the only deity of whom ignorance could conceive. But he would still be a unit, compelled to associate with other like units before he could manifest any one attribute of what we may call his developed godhood. We there leave him, and return to our student so intently watching the molecular gatherings and blendings which unitedly comprise planet earth.

The student has noticed and recorded that the individuality of the unit and its personality of form, composed of blended units, are facts in world history that accompany every manifestation of life. Each unit contains life in itself, apparently by divine right. Each form exhibits form life—apparently individual, but really only collective. If the form disintegrate, then form individuality disappears. To keep the two expressions of life distinct in the mind of the student he calls form life "personal," and that of the unit "individual." The thinkers of the race have always dealt with form life as if it were an individual unit. And the great effort of religious aspiration has been to demonstrate that form life continues after its vibrations have ceased to impress mortal sense. In this effort believers have been recently aided by science.

Through the experimental investigations of the Society for Psychical Research it may be now taken as demonstrated that form manifestations are not limited to vibrations tangible in earth life. What is called human immortality is really a continued blending of units amid vibrations that existed during the earth experience of form, but were unnoticed and unrecognized by intelligence in earth life. Thus form seemed more important than ever. It was now proved to be not only the basis of all planetary experience, but to retain its personality after the disintegration of what we may call its slower moving units. Immortality being thus an accepted fact the religious "form instinct" and the dogmatic theology evolved by form were apparently the only rivals as pilots for manhood through earth life.

This immortality of form will be examined and analyzed in a future chapter. At present the student of earth experiences must largely confine his attention to the indestructible and unchangeable unit, as distinct from the personality, which is the result of blended individualities.

Until the reader has recognized that he is himself an individuality, quite distinct from the personality by which he is known in earth life, he is not ready to commence the study of the Philosophy of the Inner Life. That unit has its likes and dislikes, which we call attractions and repulsions; is a fundamental scientific truth. It is necessarily thereby gaining experiences, and storing them in ways we are not now discussing. It has vast creative power inhering to it as a unit of the divine. But all that we call form life, including that of man, is a blending of such units, which becomes a city. It is a personality, but not an individuality in any true sense. It is blended into a marvelous whole, which, when brain has been evolved, gradually masters its surroundings, climbs into the self-consciousness of manhood, and, in its own estimation, poses as lord of creation.

Its experience is founded on its capacity for suffering and enjoyment. That which leads to happiness is styled virtue. That which produces misery is known as vice. In mortal life the attempt is to strike such an average as conditions will permit. Imperfect virtue and imperfect vice constitute the average respectable citizen. In every case alike the visible experience is that of the form and not of the unit. Units come, and units go. Cosmos is full of them, each seeking the spot and the task which attracts him. When satisfied he abandons the form, and is ready for another experience.

This form city has experience with other form cities which affect its personality, but from which the unit can get nothing but the experience of an onlooker. For instance, the personality loves. It will accept apparent destruction—as a personality—for the one it loves. It propagates; is devoted to its civic offspring; cultivates the arts and sciences which ennoble form life. Through form ignorance it sins and suffers. Through form knowledge it compels civic health and happiness. It investigates and masters its surroundings, and discovers that its form life continues into the unseen and unsensed future.

Such is the experience of form life when it has climbed to manhood, and much of it is impossible to form for self-consciousness is yet absent. So the human personality thinks, reasons, suffers and loves, calling itself "man." It is startled when it perceives its own civic limitation. It has talked about incarnation and reincarnation; about its past, its present, its future; and of course piteously bewails itself when it at last perceives that it is only a personality composed of blended units. It declares that its loves must be eternal, and that the labor of all creation has been to round out this blended personality called "man."

Our Cosmic Philosopher smiles at such theology, devised for the benefit of form. Earth life demands the ennoblement of form, the development of the brotherhood of form, and the utmost powers of form. But beyond, the life of the invisible demands the subjection of the form to the needs of the eternal and divine unit.

To the student who has once recognized that every form is composed of units generally called atoms or corpuscles, all that has been herein stated will be recognized as true philosophy of the inner life. Once accepted the unit as a fact, with its blended intelligence, substance and energy, form personality becomes a logical and obvious fact, a demonstrated creation. Any other conception involves the active presence of a power that is neither intelligence, substance, nor energy, but, as it were, an inner something out of which these three are evolved. Since this would demand the prior existence of a great Unit breaking himself into lesser units, we have precisely the same sequence as has been supposed to be observed and recorded by the celestial scientist.

Such is the truth we present to the reader as the foundation thought of what we venture to claim as a new philosophy of the Inner Life. What it means to man mortal, and the possibilities it unfolds, will appear as the student continues his investigations. But until the distinction between unit individuality and form personality is clearly recognized the meaning of earth life will continue hopelessly befogged. That distinction has been the object of this chapter, expressed as tersely and clearly as the powers of the writer will permit. The action and reaction of individuality upon personality; with the blendings and separations of the unit and the man, constitute human history. Consciousness, subconsciousness, superconsciousness, are effects of unit upon personality, and of personality upon unit. It is believed that without the key, now offered to the world for the first time, they will remain locked in the old mystery. But when the distinction is once recognized progress is unfettered. Man, spirit and unit each takes his own place and yields his own power, as the result of Cosmic activity. To dis-

cover and aggregate that power is the object of the following chapters.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### Unit Blends Into Form.

All man's experience in earth life are those of an association of units, wielding their united powers as one personality. This applies to all forms, which are always the expression of the blended intelligences of a vast number of units. We have already noted two most important facts. One that the world as a whole, and in parts, is composed of units. The other that this association of units continues after visible form life has disintegrated. So ghost land, and the entire realm of the invisible, as well as the visible, is built up of units. We recognize that each of the hundreds of millions of stars, with their planetary systems, and that every comet and meteor is an association of units. Everything that can be divided, even by imagination, is a blending of units, and every such blending into form constitutes a personality. Its highest manifestation is the developed self-consciousness we call "human."

The scientific demonstration that the human form survives the disintegration called death carries with it momentous consequences. Every intelligence of which we can conceive as existing beyond death, is a blending of units into form. So not only the form of every mortal but the form we call spirit, angel or archangel, up to the very highest, must consist of a blending of units. Advancing a step further we realize that Deity, or Great First Cause as he is called, is also a blending of innumerable units into the vastness of an inconceivable personality. That this startling thought is a truth is demonstrated by the fact that if Deity be the All in All he comprises all the units in existence, and is thus himself blended into a vast personality. We destroy the word "infinite" as utterly meaningless. The aggregate of units, however vast, and comprising all the intelligence, all the energy and all the substance throughout Cosmos, is an association of units—and thus a huge personality. We thus find ourselves declaring the existence of a personal God by precisely the same law which impels us to declare certain blended units to be a personal man. The celestial student, from this point of vantage, discovers a religion within a religion, and a unit within a god. No single unit could compass so mighty a truth. Only experienced intelligences, blending into form, dare attempt to fathom such depths, or to climb such heights of possible personality.

The intelligence of the whole; and the energy of the whole, manifesting in universal substance, is thus seen to be a blending of units. It follows that every unit is but a fraction of the whole, and necessarily endowed with its share of the power wielded by the blended whole. This power is always the expression of intelligence through energy, acting upon substance.

There is no royalty in the race of units. From hovel to palace, from microbe to man, from blazing star to exhausted sun; in mineral, vegetable and animal, wherever there is form units come and units go, and each unit living the life of an eternal I AM. Yet every unit is but a finite individuality, with limitations he cannot transcend, although within his limitations may be many forms.

Here is a simple brick. It is composed of units in perpetual motion. Presently that brick is built into a mighty pyramid. The unit is now not only a unit of a brick but also a unit of a pyramid, and with the experiences of both at the same time. Here we perceive a double personality manifested by the single unit. And if that pyramid be a religious expression of its builders, that unit has become also an integral expression of that religious idea. There is herein a mighty truth for the reader to grasp if he would become a student of the Inner Life. The moulder thinks the brick into shape before it becomes tangible to mortal sense. Every unit is embedded in that builder's thought, and is an expression of his thought, and becomes one of the experiences of the thinker. This is yet more marked when we turn to the architect. He thinks the mighty pyramid into an entity. It becomes a great whole, alive with vast intelligence, and permeated with the personality of its creator, although still tangible to mortal sense. The unit is there, garnering that experience in another of the personalities in which he is expressing himself, and all at the same time. The thought of the pyramid is itself a creation of the architect's own inner life, which can only manifest itself in the blending of intelligent units, of which our unit of the brick, the material pyramid, the original thought structure and the architect's inner life, is thus gaining the experiences of various personalities, and all at the same time.

(To be Continued.)

## NEW LINES OF THOUGHT

### The Evolution of Immortality.

In The Progressive Thinker of March 23 we note an article contributed by G. Figley, under the above heading.

Judging by statements contained in the article referred to, we are forced to conclude that instead of the book quoted from being written along new lines of thought, it is simply the old, obsolete myths and fables of the ancients, lashed up with the odds and ends of half-caste modern mysticism, and handed out as such.

The book may possibly find a market among those who are commencing to take note of the errors and contradictions in "Grandmother's old Bible," and are looking around for some straw to help buoy up the rotten bulk of Christian theology, but we hardly think it will find favor among progressive thinkers.

We would also like to know what G. Figley means by "Christ-Spiritualism," and what the "Rosy Cross," or any other cross can have to do with it? The cross was well enough, we suppose, as a symbol of ancient sex worship, but we fail to see what use Spiritualists have for such an emblem.

Following are a few thoughts suggested by statements in "Evolution of Immortality."

First we are told that "Energy in its fullness is the great God himself," who "sits enthroned in unapproachable mystery and glory of conscious living fire," and says "I am that I am." And further on that "It was the warm breath of God, breathed into Adam that caused him to become a living soul." From the reading of Genesis, we judge said soul to be one of the kind of which "1,000 can dance the Highland Fling in a mustard seed."

Now really, did the "Energy which 'sits enthroned in unapproachable mystery and glory,'" and says, "I am that I am," come down personally off his perch for the purpose of breathing the breath of life into old father Adam? If so, we think "I am that I am" might have exerted some of his limitless energy, with profit, in breathing a little mortal courage and manhood into Adam while he was about it.

The next statement that arrests our attention is that, "Man in the spiritual state of being can take any form he de-

sires, from that of a worm to that of a star." And "The earth is a soul in which the male and female principles have combined, or flowed together, as the waves subside into the still waters of the great deep."

Is this indeed true? Only to think, that this grim old earth, in which we tunnel, and bore, and blast and dig; on which we level hills, and fill up valleys, erect palaces, and build hovels, lay railroad tracks, and stretch telegraph wires; the treasures of whose bosom and the fluids of whose veins we so daringly appropriate to our own use, is really the visible form of human beings like ourselves, raised to a state of spiritual perfection!

What a grand, inspiring, uplifting thought, that someday we ourselves, in conjunction with our masculine counterpart, may become an earth, upon which myriads of other human beings may feed and sustain life, into whose vitalities they may tunnel and bore, dig and blast; and from whose veins they may extract the rich life fluids, that they may have lights and fires and all the other comforts of civilization! How our soul swells and expands with the sublime possibility!

But still, in view of all the audacious blasting, and tunnelling, digging and boring into the vitals of the poor old earth, we wonder not that sometimes he (she) loses patience and arises in his (her) might and crushes a few thousand of the human parasites that infest his (her) body, like the itch mites that burrow and dig in the bodies of some disreputable human beings on this plane of life!

As we still contemplate the glorious prospect, yet another, and a more fearful thought troubles us. Inhabiting a material form, is that body subject to the same relative conditions that smaller material bodies are? Is it affected by sudden changes of temperature, for instance? Does it suffer with cold feet and a chronic cold in the head? Poor, poor earth! How our heart goes out in sympathy for him (her) as we picture the dire possibility, and shiver and shrink within ourselves!

On consideration, we believe "we" will not be an earth, we will be a worm, crawling around in the sunshine, on a good, warm plot of ground, upon some other poor, suffering earth, without a thought in our head, or a care in the world, to trouble us. But then, again, if some one of these myriads of human parasites should step on us, and crush us, or a horrid bird of prey (embodiment of another "perfected soul"),

## July 6 Issue Watch for It

July 6, containing a "feast of reason and flow of soul" on the subject, "The Decline of Spiritualism," consisting of dissertations by the many master minds of Spiritualism in reply to an article thereon by the Philadelphia Press. This is the kind of feast that is missed by those who drop from our list, the kind The Progressive Thinker frequently places before its readers during the year; a feast appreciable to all. Every issue contains a dollar's worth of spiritual food, and nothing but actual poverty should force a name from our subscription list. They are sure to miss these feasts and have regrets. Please send in your subscriptions at once, first reading our valuable premium list of books. You may want some of them. If you can't send a dollar you certainly can spare 25 cents. By reading The Progressive Thinker you can keep in touch with the great Spiritual Cause, and thus be instrumental in adding your mite in sustaining the Spiritualistic press.

should scoop down on us, and gobble us up, where, oh! where would we be? No, no! We dare not take such a risk. We will be another Jesus, possibly. Let us consider.

Mr. Freeman B. Dowd (Rosierudae), "sage and thinker," author of "Evolution of Immortality," on this subject, informs us that "in the higher stages of progress when man has become one, by the union of the perfected spiritual nature with his feminine counterpart, thus completing the quaternary of ex-

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istence, the blending of the two perfected souls into one elongated sphere or fire body, it is not subject to decay or corrupting changes. This fire body may take to itself any form the soul chooses to superinduce about it, and in appearance may walk the earth in the form of ordinary manhood; but as this body is projected from the real self of being it may at any time be again withdrawn and never see corruption." (Ye Gods! What a howling catastrophe, if this earth should be suddenly

"drawn!") This is the body in which Jesus dwelt on the earth, which could die in appearance but could not see corruption.

Yes, we will be a Jesus, perhaps on another planet. We, and our masculine counterpart, will find a fair, innocent, peasant maid, and we will seduce her, and she shall conceive, and bear us, in the form of a babe. "Like unto the Son of Man," and we shall grow up to manhood, and go about doing good. Ye all the great miracles, and wonderful works, that the other Jesus did, will we do also. We will walk on the face of the waters, and a fish thereof will we make our banker; we will feed the multitude, and teach them God's injustice in parables; we will ride on an ass, the foal of an ass, and we will curse the fig tree for not bearing fruit out of season. In short, we will, as an excited old deacon once said of the other Jesus, "Make the angels hear the blind to walk, and the deaf to see;" we will "Cast out the dead, and raise the Devil!" Selah!

But we will not be crucified! Oh, no! Long before the play has reached the tragic part, our masculine counterpart will commence to assert himself, and the display too much fondness for the Merve and Martine of earth; and we will protest, and declare war. War to the death! And when our masculine counterpart does not turn from his evil ways, and reform, we will assert ourselves, and "draw" our part of that projected body, and it will collapse. "There will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" and the drama will abruptly end. Ye, verily!

Space will not permit further comment on the mystic nonsense, and ludicrous inconsistency of the statements in the article under review, but may we suggest, that the next "sage and thinker," who loses himself irreverently in the mysteries of being, and occult lore, and who contemplates writing a book to enlighten the world on the mysteries of creation, take for his foundation some of the many Indian legends on the subject? They are full as reasonable, less obscene, and far more picturesque, not to mention the charm of novelty such a book would have; and if he must have a God, in the form of a man, to walk the earth, what is the matter with Taotl, God of the Aztecs? He, at least, has the distinction of not being one of the common virgin-born kind!

Seriously, why will well educated people, who ought to be thinkers, and not impostors, persist in foisting on humanity, under some guise or other, that ridiculous old

Hebrew Deity, Jehovah, who is supposed to have made the extremely witty (?) declaration, "I am that I am," together with that crude old myth of creation, with Adam and Eve, the garden, and the serpent, and all the rest of it?

And when will the world awake to the fact, that Gods, personae and otherwise (the baby God, Infinite Nonsense)—we mean intelligence, the N. S. A., not excepted, are only figments of the imagination?

EDITH MAUD LANGDALE.

Bangor, Maine.

## O, HOW DE TUNE AM CHANGED.

Dey use to say dat God was mad, O, how de tune am changed.  
An' he would burn all what was bad, O, how de tune am changed.  
Dey use to say dat Muddah Eve Ole Faddah Adam did decele, But now it's diff'rent 'ranged:  
De worl' no longer dat will drink An' wink a hypocritical wink, Kase dey hab learn' dat dey can think.  
O, how de tune am changed.

Dey do say pow dat God am love; O, how de tune am changed.  
Dey use to gib po' sinnaahs shove; O, how de tune am changed.  
Dey use to say dat Gabriel horn Would blow on resurrection morn; But now it's diff'rent 'ranged:  
Dar haint no Gabriel now at all; Dar nebbah was no Adam's fall, An' Jesus nebbah paid it all; O, how de tune am changed.

Dey use to hab po' sinnaahs skeered, O, how de tune am changed.  
But now nobody am afear'd, O, how de tune am changed.  
Dey use to think dey had to shout To git dat on'ry Debbil out; But now it's diff'rent 'ranged:  
He doan go roamin' 'bout de lan' 'Vid cloven foot an' claw-like han', 'Jes' 'vul spirit dat's in man; O, how de tune am changed.

Dey's glittin' shud ob dar ole creeds; O, how de tune am changed.  
An' lettin' 'XVian hang on deeds, O, how de tune am changed.  
Dey's glittin' shud dey hab no use For Satans dar am runnin' loose, Kase now it's diff'rent 'ranged.  
De churches dat am 'XVian shoves, To make an' sell salvation drops, No longer, anse, nation's props, O, how de tune am changed.  
DR. T. WILKINS.

## A WONDERFUL OCULIST

Marvelous Have Been the Cures Performed By Dr. F. Geo. Curtis, the Eye Specialist

In the privacy of your own home you can cure yourself of falling cataracts, extractions, granulated lids, blindness or any disease of the eye, by a mild method, without the aid of medicine, surgery, or the aid of a specialist. Dr. F. Geo. Curtis, the famous oculist, has cured by this remarkable method a large number of the most difficult cases of eye disease. He has cured, for instance, a man who had been blind for 10 years, and who had been told by the best oculists that he would never see again. He has cured a woman who had been blind for 10 years, and who had been told by the best oculists that she would never see again. He has cured a man who had been blind for 10 years, and who had been told by the best oculists that he would never see again. He has cured a woman who had been blind for 10 years, and who had been told by the best oculists that she would never see again. 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