

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

VOL. 25.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEB. 8, 1902.

NO. 637.

A Chapter from "The Arabula," by A. J. Davis, Demonstrating in a Most Masterly Manner the Existence of a God--Not Original with Mr. Davis.

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARABULA CHAPTER.

The Late Judge Arington's Wonderful Demonstration of the Existence of a God Appropriated Bodily by Andrew Jackson Davis.

Letter of Explanation From a Prominent Chicago Attorney, Which Can Not Be Truthfully Controverted.

To the Editor—I have noticed for some time past, in the columns of The Progressive Thinker, a discussion going on between Professor Loveland and Mr. J. Y. McFarland, turning somewhat upon the authorship of a certain article in regard to the existence of the Deity. Both of these gentlemen seem to be in great doubt as to the authorship of the article in question. With your kind permission I will take the liberty of stating, for the benefit of the gentlemen named, that said article was written by the late Alfred W. Arington, Esq., of the Chicago bar, and who died in this city in the year 1868. Judge Arington was for years a very prominent figure in legal circles in the West. Judge Arington and the late Corydon Beckwith were doubtless two of the ablest members of the legal profession who ever practiced at the Chicago bar. They were pitted against each other for many years, and probably discussed more great questions of municipal, railroad and constitutional law before the Supreme Court of Illinois than had ever been discussed by any two other members of the profession in the West, and it may be safely said that neither of these gentlemen ever had a superior in legal attainments west of the Alleghenies.

Judge Arington in his younger days was a district judge in the State of Texas, and he is the party mentioned in said article who "wandered on the banks" of the Texas stream. Judge Arington after having completed the article was so possessed of the idea that it amounted to an actual mathematical demonstration of the existence of the Deity that he desired to submit the same to some of the Boston scholars, and to that end he traveled by stage in the winter time from Texas to Boston, where he submitted the article to the consideration of several Boston scholars and among others to the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is said that Prof. Holmes, after listening to the article, answered with these words: "Order! Order! Order!" Judge Arington understood the opinion of Prof. Holmes to be that his elaborate article had only succeeded in disclosing the order of the development of the universe.

The article was first published in the Democratic Magazine of Baltimore in 1846, and was subsequently appropriated bodily by Andrew Jackson Davis at a lecture which he gave somewhere in New England, and thereafter made its appearance in "Arabula."

This, in short, is the history of the famous apostrophe to the "flower of five petals and the glass of water."

Judge Arington was a profound scholar, something of a poet and well up in all modern philosophy.

I do not wish to be understood as charging plagiarism upon the part of Andrew Jackson Davis. I must say, however, when I first came across the article in his writings I was something more than surprised to find that it had been appropriated bodily by him. After many years of study, however, of the writings of Mr. Davis, I can well understand how the appropriation came about, for, in fact, it does seem to me that his controls at times have appropriated everything known or possible to be known on a given question. If, as it appears to me, the doctrine of Evolution is clearly foreshadowed in "Nature's Divine Revelations," which was published long years before either Wallace or Darwin began their writings upon this topic, we have a much more interesting and important fact to deal with than the question involved in the appropriation of the Arington article by the controls of Mr. Davis and in no sense an act of plagiarism on his part. No man can make a careful study of the writings of Mr. Davis without reaching the conclusion that when under control he was able to draw upon all known sources of information.

WILLIAM BARRETT.

An Important Question Settled.

Andrew Jackson Davis' Main and Masterly Argument to Prove the Existence of a God, as Published in His Work, "The Arabula," Was Not Original With Him, but Was Written by Judge Arington, of Chicago.

It Was Judge Arington, and Not Andrew Jackson Davis, Who Sat by the Colorado River in Texas, and Engaged in Sublime Thought.

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due Is at Last Given, and the Mists Have Been Cleared Entirely Away.

We Reproduce the Remarkable Chapter as Published in "The Arabula."

GOD REVEALED TO INTELLECT.

The construction of the following argument, in my own mind, originated in the necessity of my nature. Some years ago, I had the misfortune to meet the fallacies of Hume, on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the fixed repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently I left that infinite, restless craving for some point of fixed repose which atheism not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly stimulates.

Through the gloom of utter skepticism, I turned for relief to the Treatise of Paley, and other reasoners, on the mere mechanical hypothesis, but there found, as I deemed, an impassable hiatus in the logic of the argument itself. I was forced to admit that every machine must have at first a machine maker; but I saw clearly, that the fact of its being a machine must, first of all, be proven, before the reasoning could hold at all; and thus the argument was worthless. For as it is based on the assumed postulate of an actual creation, and as such a postulate is anything but self-evident, it needs to be demonstrated. And no logician of the whole mechanical school has ever attempted to furnish such a demonstration. I failed, I was conscious, once proven, there would be no necessity for more argument on the subject, since a Creator would on that supposition be proven also.

But I saw a still more fatal defect in the reasoning of Paley. I said to myself, Suppose that we admit the world to be a machine; still we have no evidence that the machine builder exists now. The watchmaker of Paley's example may have ceased to be countless centuries ago, and still the watch remain as perfect as ever. And thus the mechanical conception of the universe could afford me no ray of light.

And yet I sought with eager solicitude for some solution of this vast world-enigma. I resembled a child, who, in the crowd, had lost its parent. I went wildly, asking of every one, "Where is he? he is my father!" But there was no answer. I tossed philosophy, science, and literature with endless questionings, but all in vain. I plunged in fierce excitements, but no solace was there. The infinite void in my want-nature would not thus be filled. I was as an Arab, washing himself with sand instead of water. Neither the heat of the heart, nor the impurity of even the sensation, diminished by any such irritation. I will not attempt to paint the intense gloom of my situation. Death seemed to ride on the present hour as a race-steed of destruction. The past was a grim waste, strewn with the ruins of worlds, men, and things. The future was a chill mist hovering over hallowed sepulchers. Every voice in creation seemed to me a wild wail of agony. The goddess sun and cold stars glared in my face. I turned to the pitiless sky, which no longer wore the poetic hue of my credulous boyhood.

One beautiful evening in May I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant west arose, with smoky outlines, massy and irregular the blue cones of an offshoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most stately dramas. It had laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I went to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes." "Vain revelry!" I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. I felt close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stem was five-parted, with rays expanding like those of the Texas star.

This combination of five, three, times in the same blossom appeared to me very singular. I had never thought of such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the West, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought, I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason-to-perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and

position. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blossoms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the book and the blossom, bawling them with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to departing day. "Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God!"

This perished the last doubt of the skeptic. Having found the Infinite Father, I found also myself and my beloved ones—all, once more. By degrees I put together the following argument. I tried it by every rule of logic; I conjured up every conceivable objection against its several parts, and grew thoroughly satisfied that it contained an absolute demonstration. But I rested not here. I resolved to have it tried to the uttermost. For this purpose I journeyed all the way to Boston last winter. I presented it to the most eminent pantheists, atheists, and skeptics of that literary city. Not one of them attempted to point out a flaw in its logic.

Thus I became convinced that the demonstration is utterly unassailable; and I therefore offer it without hesitation to the criticism of the world.

The aggregate argument is my own; though many of the particular elements have been freely borrowed from others. The principal consideration, however, is not as to authorship, but validity. And this may readily be determined. Let the objector designate its fallacy, and I will be among the first to renounce it altogether. Until this is done, I hold myself pledged to maintain it in face of controversy against all adversaries; though I will not have a question with any person unacquainted with algebra, geometry, and the rules of strict logic.

"GOD GEOMETRIZES"—Plato.

The following argument assumes a bold tentative. It undertakes to demonstrate, in an absolute manner, not only the being, but ever-present agency of the Deity in all the phenomena of the material universe. It professes to solve the old problem that has puzzled philosophy in every age, ever uttered by human curiosity, but perhaps never, as yet, answered by pure reason—"What is the true nature of causation?"

Beyond all controversy, this must be regarded as the fundamental problem of all real science; for we know nothing, we never can know anything, but causes and effects. All the enigmas of the universe, all the vast flowing stream of things come and go like waves of the sea, where there rise and fall in oscillations, as of some ethereal fluid of infinite extent, vibrated by a viewless force. Well has a distinguished pantheist of modern German school worded this profound idea: "The soul will not have us read any other enigmas, but that of causes and effects." All scientific treatises, however pompous their nomenclature, contain but generalizations of these, expressed in mathematical formulas, with greater or less accuracy. I am stating a simple fact, admitted on all hands. Cause and effect are thus correlated in language and thought. The former is first, both in logic and chronology. It is, therefore, the necessary exponent of the latter. Unless its true nature be comprehended, nothing else can possibly be understood. If we err at this great starting-point, every subsequent step must prove a blunder in every process of philosophical inquiry. And accordingly, universal history shows that the false solution of the radical problem has been the fruitful source of all pestilential heresies, both in philosophy and religion.

To the mighty question, "What is causation?" four different answers, and no more, can be given: the skeptical, the material, the pantheistic, and the rational, or Christian. To assert that causation is utterly ignorant of the true nature of causation, is total skepticism. To predicate the doctrine of invariable sequence, as the same and Brown, presents the formula of materialism. Idealism is but another phase of the same false view; for both idealism and materialism are at a certain depth identical, as they both make for a limited

conjuror's trick of fleeting appearances, where phenomena have only the tie of antecedent and consequent, to bind them together in a union that touches nowhere and produces nothing.

If we answer, that emanation is the only causation, we are landed in pantheism. All individual existence vanishes away, and with it all proper ideas of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; and, in fine, all logical predicates of every name and nature; for if nothing remains but indivisible unity, proposition is impossible, since it would be absurd to assert unity of itself.

The only remaining conceivable answer I deem the rational, the Christian, the true one—that causation alone resides in mind; that matter never can be a Cause; and, therefore, every phenomenon in the universe is, and ever must be, but the effect of intellectual force exerted by pure volition.

This view we now proceed to demonstrate, after the rigorous method of the geometers, and discarding, as much as practicable, all loose and rhetorical digressions.

PROPOSITION I.

"We may lay it down as a general proposition, that the perception of mathematical truth evinces mind of a lofty order." It is for this reason the universal canon of mankind has placed Pythagoras and Plato, Archimedes and Kepler, Newton and La Place, among the very foremost of the species. We would not exalt beyond due bounds the dignity of mathematical studies. We have long since awoke from the dream of our youth, that supposed a vain distinction of high and low among the sciences, which ought to be like the halo of a star, bright all around. But, beyond question, there is no good reason for the neglect of those ennobling, strict, and severely logical exercises in our elementary education. Far wiser was the lesson taught by the great Plato in the inscription engraved over his immortal academy—"Let no one presume to enter here who does not understand geometry."

However this may be, even in this age of light studies, no enlightened mind will deny that the power to perceive mathematical truth is essentially an attribute of no mean intellect.

COROLLARY.

Hence it follows, a fortiori, as a self-evident corollary, that to evolve mathematical notions—or, in plainer terms, to work mathematically, evinces mind of a still loftier order.

For to evolve mathematical notions unquestionably implies their perception. No person will assert for a moment that an analyst can reduce algebraic equations, or solve geometrical problems, and demonstrate theorems, without comprehending in the one case the meaning of the terms, and in the other the axioms and definitions on which the operations hinge.

To present this view in the clearest possible light, we beg leave to offer an obvious illustration.

Suppose that John and James sit down to work out a knotty question in decimal fractions; John passes from one operation to another with the swift rapidity of an accomplished arithmetician, adding and subtracting with thought, and balancing tangled columns of vast numbers into a definite and accurate result; while James can understand the explication of it when it is stated in luminous order, on the sheet before his eyes, but finds it wholly impossible to accomplish the task for himself. Now, which of the two, in the given case, manifests the superior intellect? The veriest skeptic must answer—"He who has not only the penetration to perceive, but the mental power to perform the processes assigned him." Thus, undeniably, to evolve mathematical notions implies not only their distinct perception, but the additional faculty of an active power to perform them.

Finally, I put the question before the believer and the atheist turns upon the answer—Can any one work out all the sublime problems of mathematics, from the simplest in the first book of Euclid to the most complex in conical sections, without the mind to comprehend what he is doing? He who responds in the negative must cravenly renounce and betake himself to utter insanity.

The discussion of our second proposition will place this avowment above all dispute. To that we will now attend.

PROPOSITION II.

All the motions of the material universe, in all their wondrous variety and unity, are strictly mathematical. The foregoing proposition is susceptible of proof by an immense induction. The field for its exercise has absolutely no other limits than the frontier line

hundred volumes might be filled with instances, and still the materials would remain unexhausted in their infinite richness. Every new discovery in the abyss of unfathomable Nature adds to the store, which is as vast as the immensity of creation.

We have only room in this hasty dissertation for a few out of innumerable millions of examples. Our choice will be only embarrassed by the teeming profusion that crowds upon our eye, and almost overwhelms every sense of the soul, from the circles of light that spread in decreasing intensity and augmented distance around the candle, near which we are now writing these paragraphs, to yonder remote pale star that twinkles through the opacities of space, immeasurable leagues away, in the midsummer's night of a cloudless sky.

INDUCTION I.—MYSELF.

I will begin with my own organism. I survey my right hand; it has five fingers. I look at my left; it has five also. There is another member of an algebraic equation. This is singular. I turn down to each foot, and on each behold five toes. There is another equation. This is still more singular. I then think of my bodily senses; there are five again. The wonder is increasing. And now all the millions of my fellow-men rise up before the mind's eye—and in rapid succession. Lo! the countless millions of millions that have lived and died pass along the great world-stage in the view of astonished meditation; and they all, with unimportant exceptions, possess the miraculous five fingers on each hand, five toes on each foot, and glorious five senses. If this be not a God-announcing miracle, then is human reason itself a dream, and all truth a worthless fiction. But let me apply to myself the rigorous doctrine of the calculation of chances, lest I suffer my judgment to be deceived by undue excitement of the organ of wonder.

In this calculation of chances, let me bear in mind an ingenious remark of Archbishop Whately, that "the probability of any supposition is not to be estimated by itself singly, but by means of a comparison with each of its alternatives."

Now there are but two suppositions possible as to this mysterious combination in the human organism, by which the number five is five times repeated, not only in myself, but in all the myriads of mankind. For these wondrous equations there must be a Cause; and that Cause, whatever may be its nature, and by whatsoever name you see fit to express its evidence, be it necessity, law, order, physical force, or God, must either possess intelligence to perceive its own marvelous results, or else be destitute of such intelligence, and work blindly through all its processes. There is no means to evade the force of this statement. These two are positively the only alternatives which logic allows us. For in abstract, definitive division, a perfect affirmation and negation always exhausts the subject divided. Everything in the whole compass of thought, must be either a tree or not a tree; and as there is nothing that can be neither, so nothing can be both at the same time. Just so, every Cause, or assemblage of Causes, must possess intelligence or not.

Therefore this wonderful combination of fives must be produced by either a rational Cause, or one wholly irrational, by a Cause that can perceive the relations of number, and can evolve, in fine, by a Cause that can count, or one that cannot count five, or any other numerical amount whatsoever.

Let me now assume the first alternative, by a Cause that arranged the relations of my several organs be sufficiently intelligent to understand the mathematical harmonies, then all is luminous. There is no chance to be calculated against their production, since he who comprehends the relations of number, can, of course, evolve such relations to any extent, and indefinitely, nay, infinitely, if he be granted to be infinite himself.

Let me now take up the only remaining alternative which the given case permits. I will assume that the Cause, call it what you please, which produced this even of five, and five of five, and five of five, and in my corporeal senses, be not mathematical mind at all, but unconscious force—what, on such a supposition, are the chances against one single combination of fives, in a pair? Let the fixed laws of eternal mathematics answer the question. Suppose we had two dice with five faces each, marked in arithmetical order, one, two, three, four, five; we shake them in a box—what are the chances against turning up number five on each? Every gambler will answer, "The chances against such an event are just twenty-five, the square of the numbers on the several faces; or the total number of ways in which two separate series of fives can possibly be arranged."

Apply this analysis to the given case of the human organism. If the Cause which made me, man, be indeed destitute of mathematical reason, the chances against my possessing five fingers on each hand are twenty-five; add the five toes on each foot, and the chances are six hundred and twenty-five. Then incorporate into the calculation the five senses, and the chances are thirty thousand, one hundred and twenty-five. Let us now get a larger sheet, for the full flow of infinite numbers is fast pouring in upon me. Now calculate the chances against this combination of fives in two men; they swell to the enormous sum of nine millions, seven hundred and sixty-five thousand, six hundred and twenty-five. Then calculate the chances for four men like myself. They will be the square of the last number, and so on, forever. But the immense sum overpowers all the most magnificent senses of our nature

can aid us to grasp what soon stretches into immensity.

The attempt to apply the calculation to all the innumerable millions of mankind now living, and all that have lived and passed away, were as idle as to essay the enumeration of sunbeams shed during sixty centuries of solar years. The algebra of an archangel, with infinite space for his balance-sheet, and eternity for the period of solution, were insufficient, perhaps, for the overwhelming computation.

I would advise the atheist, before he dares grapple in this argument, to refresh his memory with the doctrine of the calculation of chances, in his favorite La Place—or, at least, to look into his common arithmetic. No acquaintance, however profound, with Ptolemy, Hegel, or other German mystics, will avail him ought in such an inquiry as the present.

In relation to my single self, I might pursue the subject much further. Throughout all a wondrous quality—in my eyes, arms, hands, feet, ribs, and the convolutions of the brain, where equal numbers balance each other.

The simple question that settles the controversy on its true basis is, this: Could any cause without the intellect to perceive—the reason to count, produce all these invariable equations? Shrink not from this simple problem, I beseech thee, O, my brother! The infinite hopes hang upon it, and all time and eternity—the life everlasting, and the losses deeper than life itself. Fly not for refuge to barren logomachies. It will not thus be resolved. Answer me not, that these are only the effects of law! Say not, with Ralph Waldo Emerson (who thus responded when I presented the demonstration in private conversation), that "it is Order, which does all this." That is no solution of the problem at all, but only its statement in a different form. The enigma cannot be read by a mere repetition of the same idea crouched in other words. The difficulty remains as inexplicable as ever. For these equations, this sublime universal harmony, is the order itself—neither more nor less. Could the order constitute itself? Can there be order without intellect?

But even supposing that we allow a reality to the abstractions, let us admit, for the sake of argument, that Order, or any idea you please, caused these mathematical harmonies of equation, in every series and degree; the same question rebounds upon us with undiminished force; "Is that wonderful order, that mysterious law, self-conscious? Knows it what it doeth? Can it count? Hath it mathematical reason?"

If ye answer "Ay," very well; ye believe in God, though ye misunderstand him. But if ye say "No," the veiled Sphinx repeats her riddle. "How, then, can blind force produce heavenly harmony, and midnight darkness gild all worlds with ineffable radiance? Whence come these his-winged splendors that, flash up through the gloom, surround us as the halos, but where is their sun?"

I know the beggarly sophism to which the skeptic ever flies as his desperate resort. He will reply, "Suppose we acknowledge a God to account for this magnificent order, we only postpone the difficulty indefinitely, without attaining the required solution. For then we must attempt the greater problem, to account for the existence of the Deity himself." This objection is plausible only in appearance, and can never satisfy any, but very shallow minds. The acute logician sees through it at a glance. It is one of the most pitiful specimens of ignorant elenchism. It is founded on a total misapprehension of the true difficulty.

The reason why we set about accounting for the present order and harmony of Nature is, because we see with our own eyes its finite evolutions passing immediately before us. We see many millions of them begin; we watch their progress, as in some gorgeous panorama; and we behold them terminate. The flower puts forth in spring and perishes with the advance of autumn. Yonder great oak on the Alleghenies was once a little acorn, and shall again be nothing as an organized form. The child was born to-day; last year it was not, and next summer it may die. We are made acquainted with indubitable tokens of commencement in the whole material universe. We read those infallible signs in the first leaf of the Bible of creation, scorched, as it were, among the primitive rocks, by the mighty fire-pen of world-volcanoes. The star that shoots from the midnight sky proclaims as it falls, "Look, mad atheist! Lo! I had a beginning once, as now I have an end!"

For this reason we seek to account for these passing, present events—these mathematical motions, which it were worse than lunacy to deny. We are irresistibly forced to the predication of a Cause by a fixed necessity of our rational nature. Failing to do so would be, not to over-sear the condition of living men, but to sink below the moral standards of even brute instinct.

But the idea of a God presents no such problem. Here the necessity of the intellect does not hold. There is not a token, in all time or throughout all known space, of his commencement. He is not revealed to us by Eternal Reason in the character of an effect at all. In the mere conception of his whole being and attributes there is nothing whatsoever phenomenal. Therefore, to assert for the Divinity a dueing Cause, were as foolish as affirm a like predicate of the infinite space, his everlasting and uncreated indubitation.

We say, then, to the atheist, show us only the slightest proof that God ever began to be, and then, but not till then, can you, with any show of philosophical consistency, demand of us to account for his being. We admit that every phenomenon must have a Cause. Present us, then, some evidence that the

THE CONGRESSMAN THINKER

OUR PREMIUMS.
THE
DIVINE
PLAN..

EIGHT
REMARKABLE BOOKS.
Every Subscriber to the Progress

the Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," a most remarkable book, will be our next feature until June 1, 1902, and will be the only one of the eight Diving Plane books sent out for 25 cents. If you order only one book, and that the "Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," the price is 50 cents. If you order two books, and neither of the "Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," the price of each one is 45 cents. Any three of the eight books you may order. Price \$1.10.

any four of the eight Books you may order, Price \$1.50.
any five of the eight Books you may order, Price \$1.80.
any six of the eight Books you may order, Price \$2.10.
any seven of the eight Books you may order, Price \$2.55.
Lastly all of the eight Valuable Books here announced are sent out at postage prepaid, for \$2.50—price never offered before by any other publisher.

Where you "subscribe" to *The Progressive Thinker*, you look over the books which you desire to own and send for them, and their price, and send for them. You are not "subscribing" to *The Progressive Thinker*, you are not "subscribing" to the *Progressive Thinker*. These eight books, substantially in the style of the printer's art, will be furnished to our subscribers at \$2.50 a price which modern advertising and circulation agents would not permit to be printed and published in this country. Sending out these books, however, at the price of the subscription, is an unprofitable or, otherwise, a smart move for the publisher, for that cannot be afforded for the first year, and a new amount of reading public must be accumulated.

REMARKABLE OFFER.
REMARKABLE
EIGHT REMARKABLE BOOK
FOR \$2.50.

- 1-The Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. I
- 2-The Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 2
- 3-The Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 3
- 4-Art Magic, or Mundano, Sub-Mundane and Super-Mundane Spiritism, Occultism, Spiritualism, Occultism, 5-Ghost Land, Spiritualism, Occultism, 6-The Next World Interviewed, 7-The Occult Life of Souls, 8-A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands

The Progressive Publisher, who was so kind to send me the books, has been very kind to send me the books, and the right to publish them. The Progressive Publisher, who was so kind to send me the books, has been very kind to send me the books, and the right to publish them. The Progressive Publisher, who was so kind to send me the books, has been very kind to send me the books, and the right to publish them.

and that keep in line with the advance
of the process. The postage on
about books and expenses of mailing
them is not exceeded for net price
of 10 cents, when you are receiving
simply the form of money and are
confronted with a desire to do good.

"The Englishmen of Modern Greece," by J. H. Plumb, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643

[illegible]

But we feel that in this part of our
 domain and limitations?
 and proper reasoning, and does it
 be sure and ask, "Has the given or
 night, the secret of the matter—
 with touch, as with a ray of electric
 and a will?—and that is all that
 and heat?—and color and form,
 is it an entity, or is it matter?
 tion—What is property? Is it matter?
 your own, and ask yourself, "What
 of generation over what and takes a shout
 in your body causes it to be absorbed
 visible even in imagination. And
 and mind are the only two substances
 world lay. For recollection, that Matter
 uses the word property instead of
 Not is the case in all different, it was
 "The sun rises because the sun is
 strictly
 closely equivalent to the technical
 because it is a word of Nature, as pro-

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Some cold critics have noticed this in "Jenny." The man must be insane to say so! I never pursued the passage with interest. It is the language of reason and imagination, and not of mere intellect. There are but one or two direct appeals to the intellect. We will not speak of chances here. We may not even think of them, unless we might differ the algebra of the morning star.

PROMISING INDICATIONS.

I. Some years ago it was kindly debated whether the sea was not receding and the dry land gaining ground; and the general opinion of geologists is learned strongly in favor of such an hypothesis. As the Scotch "Table" says, "I have seen the sea recede, and yet advance, and recede again."

As the Scotch "Table" says, "I have seen the sea recede, and yet advance, and recede again."

[illegible][illegible]

"Dear you with pleasure, when you in
 quite for a pre-destined producing
 causation. No one thinks of proposing
 such a question in relation to any cer-
 tain of the three angles of a triangle any
 always equal to two right angles? We
 find a difference to this world of
 others, beyond all doubt, but the first of
 them will never be conceived such a
 problem as that. Give us the actual ex-
 position of an undeniably effect, and its
 origin must be explainable—some causal
 force is necessarily assigned. But to
 assert such an evolution, and then seek
 for the evolving power, is an act, not a
 philosophy, but madness.
 "The first question that I intend to in-
 quire into is, 'What is the material nature
 of matter?' I mean, what is the material
 nature before our eyes, and therefore we
 must, in spite of ourselves, attempt to
 account for them. No one but a fool
 will ever ask, 'What was before the
 beginning?' What is greater than the
 one rule of human reason, cannot
 but be asked. 'What caused the thing?'
 Simply? What is above the thing? I
 am the question of identity, and the
 last of old age. The savage puts it to
 this reason in the earliest glimmerings
 of the torch of all mankind."

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

There is a considerable difference in the way the two are handled. A like for like comparison is made in the Chinese text, but in the English text the difference in the two is emphasized. The Chinese text says "the two are both of the same kind", while the English text says "the two are both of the same kind, but the two are of different kinds". This is a clear example of how the Chinese text is more literal and the English text is more idiomatic.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

OGGULT MYSTERIES.

FOUR DEATH PROPHECIES FULFILLED

THE DOCTOR WHO WAS WARNED BY A MEDIUM, THE CITY TREASURER AND THE YOUNG SOCIETY MAN WHOSE TRAGIC DEATHS WERE FORETOLD BY A BLIND GYPSY, AND THE CLUBMAN WHOSE TERRIBLE FATE WAS REVEALED BY THE READING OF HIS PALM.

Within a year past four well-known men of Louisville, Ky., have died under tragic circumstances. In each case the death has been foretold; in each the warning was laughingly disregarded.

What was there in the look, the touch, the smile, the voice, the manner, the healthy young men could have suggested to the blind prophetess, Lou Monahan, or to Mrs. Peterman, the medium, or to the young society girl practicing palmistry for the amusement of it, that they were to meet with sudden and violent deaths?

It is not a pleasant thing to make this "come prophesies to a man, young, revelling in life, in strength.

But in each case the warning seemed wrong from the prophecies by some mysterious power stronger than she.

And now that the four men are dead, hundreds who have learned of these appalling coincidences are speculating afresh with beating hearts and scared faces on the eternal mysteries of things.

It was between October 1, 1931, and January 1, 1932, that these four fatal accidents occurred.

Not to Dr. Alfred Leubner, who, laughing at a woman's curse, fell dead across the card table; to Stuart Young, the defaulting treasurer for \$50,000, who fills a suit as grave; nor yet to Austin Kent, the city treasurer, ground to pieces beneath the wheels of a switch engine; nor, finally, to Will Goddard, the popular young man about town, who fell a victim of his own recklessness with firearms, was given a moment's warning. In each case the predicted time for the fulfilling of the prophecy came.

GOT \$35,000 LIFE INSURANCE.

Goddard alone took precaution, and, as a result, his father will profit by the \$35,000 life insurance which the young man took out two weeks before his death.

Of the four cases, that of Dr. Leubner was the first, and in some ways, the most appalling. He was a physician, widely known in his profession for his ability and anxious to help people for his charity. The child of a poor foreign family, whom he attended, died after suffering for days from diphtheria, and, according to the law, Dr. Leubner was compelled to placard the house. The mother was enraged, for she thought the doctor had killed her son. She followed the doctor to his home, and placing both hands over his heart held him as in a spell as she hissed:

"I wish you ill! I wish that your horses will die, that your dogs will die, and then that you will die and burn forevermore!"

The doctor paid no attention to the curse until his fine hunting dog disappeared. Then, after trying every remedy, he sought the aid of Mrs. Peterman, a medium. She said to him: "Do not worry about that particular dog, because within nine days that fine mare will die, the colt that you value will die, your last hunting dog will disappear, and then you will die."

The doctor belonged to a little club that met to play cards regularly. The members heard the story of the prediction and straightway it became a standing joke. The doctor laughed with them until one day, October 4, the mare died suddenly.

About three days after the death of the mare, the six-month-old colt refused to eat, and the next morning had developed an acute case of pleurisy. Four men worked with the little animal for six hours, and then it died. The morning after the death of the colt, the last hunting dog disappeared. Two of the pups died that same day.

LAST PROPHECY FULFILLED.

But one of the strap woman's prophecies remained to be fulfilled. The time for the club meeting rolled around. The doctor went. He seemed in finer spirits than he had been for a week. He was even joking and laughing about the prophecy of the strange woman.

They were playing "auction pitch."

"I bid one," said the man on Dr. Leubner's left.

The physician ran his cards over. The others were doing the same and paid little attention to him.

"I bid two," said Leubner at last.

Then he laid forward on the table, dead.

The prophecy of the soothsayer had been fulfilled.

It was on the evening of the ninth day.

And yet, the Fates in their thread-clipping were kinder to Alfred Leubner than to Stuart Young, city treasurer. Lou Monahan, the blind woman, made known well in advance to him his condition and what his end would be.

For God's sake, don't tell me that," he gasped, then rushed from the house. And the next Lou Monahan heard was nearly two months later when the woman who lives with her read aloud from the newspaper of the \$30,000 shortage and horrible suicide of the city treasurer.

No one stood higher than Young. No one was more popular, and even if some shrewd people did wonder how a \$30,000 salary kept up a \$20,000 pace, it was a long time before suspicion was given a public voice. All knew that his brother the president of a jockey club in Chicago, had money; while his father in Louisville could command almost any amount.

Early in the summer Mr. Young was married to Miss Bessie Wymond, for several years a noted Kentucky beauty. But finally, on Nov. 20, an afternoon newspaper printed a sensational article under these headlines: "City Treasurer Young Is Shot."

Young had been out in the country all day and was returning when a newsboy, to whom he had been kind many times, stopped him.

"Mr. Young, look here; they got your picture in the paper. What does it mean?"

READ THE STORY OF HIS CRIME.

The man took the paper and held it out to read above the big two-column cut of himself—"Defuncter."

The game was up. A minute he held

the paper, then without a word handed it back to the newsboy.

He went through an alley and came out into a vacant lot. Quickly he drew a pistol from his pocket and placed it against his head. There was a report, a fall. And, almost in the shadow of the great Confederate re-union amphitheater, where at the big balls he had presided as a leader, Stuart Young, the shrewd politician, the social favorite, the defuncter, lay dead.

Terror-stricken, the watching newsboys rushed away to the Louisville Hotel to give the alarm, and there at the door almost overran a Western Union boy who had been waiting an hour with a telegram for Mr. Young. The message was from his brother in Chicago, who, suspecting trouble, had wired him not to worry for he would be down immediately and an financial difficulties would be straightened out.

Death had won that race by just fifty yards, and the prophecy of Lou Monahan had come true.

But how was that prophecy? How came it, and what did it consist?

Lou Monahan, who to the gift inherited in her family for generations back of foretelling the future, adds marked power as a medium, is the only one able to answer the question.

In the old days of long ago when "Spirits of the Dead" reigned on the shores of France, there was a beautiful gypsy girl, Louise. And she was remarkable, so runs the tradition, not only for her beauty, her grace, her spirited nature, but also for her wonderful power to foretell events. In fact, her ability in this line was the salvation of the band, for she kept them warned in advance of danger.

WHERE HER STRANGE POWER FAILED.

Her only failing was that she could never foretell important events in her own life, and so it was quite natural that she should fall in love with a young soldier, a noble and a member of the king's guard. She married her lover and at the court the king saw the beautiful gypsy. A son was born to her, and then the husband mysteriously died.

The wife, so the story runs, killed herself to save her honor and to escape from the king. And that little baby, born of that ill-fated marriage, was the many, many times removed ancestor of Lou Monahan. The babe inherited his mother's powers and in every generation since then there has been one of the family able to foretell the future.

To her inherited faculty Lou Monahan adds a strong mediumistic power. To the Sunday World correspondent the blind prophetess told the story of the warnings she had delivered to Stuart Young and what had happened.

"Goddard called me a fool and a fakir," she said, "when I gave him the warning. I had to tell him. He came down with a gay party and they waited while he came in to have his fortune told. He sat down opposite me in the chair, and I knew that it was hard for him."

"I told him some trivial things, and that at last I had to tell him the truth—that there was danger and death for him. He was to pass out suddenly in a tragic, horrible way with much pain. It would be a bloody death. I told him to avoid trains and firearms for months. If he could. He got up and laughed, saying I was a fakir, trying to make money by skimming the public!"

DIED WITHIN THE MONTH.

"Yes, I said to him, 'you may think that, but take out life insurance for the dear ones you'll leave behind.' Then he blustered on like that until December, on Dec. 31 he died."

Within three weeks of the time he had consulted the prophetess Goddard had taken out \$35,000 worth of insurance, the last lot, \$15,000 in the Metropolitan Company of New York, being contracted for on the front steps. The next day Goddard went for a hunting trip to his uncle's place near Paducah. Always agreeable, entertaining, a social favorite and a splendid fellow, Goddard took from the first. His habit as a sportsman added, too, in the impression he made upon all. The actual hunt was a great success. The time set for the departure of the Louisville man, December 31, came. There was a small dinner, a few guests in his honor at his uncle's house, but as his train left early Goddard had to leave them all a few moments to pack his things.

"I'll be back in a jiffy," he shouted, as he jumped up the front steps, three at a time. The others waited for him below, now and then shouting up to "make it quick there!"

"Suddenly the roar of a shotgun sounded from above."

"My God! Will's room," and his uncle, heading the gang, rushed up the steps. There the young man was found dead, the still smoking gun lying on the bed beside him.

William Austin Kent, the fourth, Louisville man to be warned, was ground to death beneath the wheels of a Washburn switch engine on December 20. It was just a few days before that Kent had written to a friend in Louisville:

"Isn't it queer, a girl at a dance the other night told me that I ought to have been dead before now, for the fates had willed me not to live until thirty?"

Kent had been in St. Louis a month, and a friend who has since returned to Louisville told the story:

"It was during supper at a big dance when the girls sitting opposite exclaimed suddenly, 'Mr. Kent, let me see your hand.'"

"What for?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm something of a palmist," it took so queer," she explained.

After one glance the girl gazed at him horrified.

"Why! Why! You ought to be dead," she cried. "The lines in your hand say you are to die a tragic death before you are thirty!"

"Is that so?" he laughed. "Well, I've just passed thirty, so I suppose I'm safe."

"Well, be careful, Mr. Kent, please be careful," the girl insisted; and laughing, but moved somewhat by her earnestness, Kent promised to be as careful as possible.

A few days later a friend asked Kent to accompany him on a tour of the St. Louis terminals. The young Louisville man agreed readily. A party of five went in a gasoline motor car. The car came around a curve toward a dangerous crossing at full speed.

Then the party espied a switch engine approaching. It was too late to stop.

SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE.

Some Experiences with an Ouija Board.

In the winter of 1895-6 three attorneys-at-law, of whom I was one, and the wife of one of them, residing in a certain city of Wisconsin, all of whom had been investigating Spiritualism and psychic phenomena for several years, and who had had considerable experience with professional mediums, determined to undertake an independent investigation.

For that purpose we met regularly once a week during the entire winter.

We adopted as the instrument for our investigation a kind of "ouija" board which we made, consisting of a large hard wood board, with the alphabet, the numerals and a number of words most frequently used, written upon it, and a hole of cigar box slightly warped with a hole about one square cut in the center. We made the edges of the concave side of the small piece of wood smooth, so that it would move easily over the face of the larger board.

The two persons operating the apparatus placed their hands on the little board and it would move over the face of the other, some one with this type of hole over a letter, a number or a word.

We all obtained results with this apparatus, but Mr. and Mrs. P. were the most successful, probably because more mediumistic than the other two.

We received communications which were astonishing, at least to us. Some of these communications were from deceased persons, with whom we had been acquainted, and some were from those of whom we had never heard. Mr. P., an attorney-at-law, with whom we had been acquainted and who had died shortly before, appeared regularly for a time and talked upon scientific subjects. Finally he gave way to a celebrated statesman, who during nine sittings discoursed on the most absorbing political question of the day—the financial question—in a communication containing about 3,400 words. The thoughts and the language of this remarkable communication could only have come from a profound thinker and most scholarly person.

The messages we received were not all of a serious character; many of them were jovial and trivial.

On one occasion my former partner, who had been mayor of the city and who had died about a year before, announced himself, when my hands and those of Mr. P. were on the board, and we had quite an extended conversation. I remember the following portion of it, which contains some test questions. In this quotation I shall designate my deceased partner as "X" and myself as "Y."

Y.—When did you and I first meet?"

X.—In 1881."

Y.—Where was it?"

X.—On an N. P. train."

(Both of these answers were correct; we first became acquainted while traveling on a Northern Pacific train in 1881.)

Y.—Have you met F—A—over there?"

(A was a mutual acquaintance who had committed suicide.)

X.—Yes."

Y.—What is he doing?"

X.—He got a year in—"

Y.—Are you in the same place where A is?"

X.—No. Wine in queer bottles. I am an angel."

Y.—Do you ever feel that you would like to be back here again?"

X.—Yes, just for the spring election."

Y.—How does it seem to die?"

X.—You lose consciousness for a short time and then you remember what was taking place when you stopped breathing."

(X had not been a believer in a future existence, and we had urged the question more than once. I therefore asked him this question.)

"Are you not now satisfied that I was right in saying that death is not the end of life?"

X.—My presence here demonstrates it."

At some of our meetings our apparatus moved with little, if any, hesitation and we got long communications. At others, the board moved very slowly, and the result of the evening's sitting was meager and unsatisfactory.

On another occasion, when my hands and those of the other two were on the board, we had a question more than once. I therefore asked him this question:

"Are you not now satisfied that I was right in saying that death is not the end of life?"

X.—My presence here demonstrates it."

At some of our meetings our apparatus moved with little, if any, hesitation and we got long communications. At others, the board moved very slowly, and the result of the evening's sitting was meager and unsatisfactory.

On another occasion, when my hands and those of the other two were on the board, we had a question more than once. I therefore asked him this question:

"Are you not now satisfied that I was right in saying that death is not the end of life?"

X.—My presence here demonstrates it."

At some of our meetings our apparatus moved with little, if any, hesitation and we got long communications. At others, the board moved very slowly, and the result of the evening's sitting was meager and unsatisfactory.

On another occasion, when my hands and those of the other two were on the board, we had a question more than once. I therefore asked him this question:

"Are you not now satisfied that I was right in saying that death is not the end of life?"

NOTES AND THOUGHTS.

Locked Up in Words Lies Wisdom.

Our Southwestern trip proved highly beneficial to my youngest daughter and myself in many ways, and our experiences were of an unusual nature. My friends are constantly asking me how I like Texas. I certainly like Texas people, but I am still pondering as to how much I like the country.

At El Paso the gray landscape is a perpetual contrast to the golden sunshine and the warm-hearted people, but while the sand-storms raged I felt sure there were other places to live, Dallas, the Chicago of the Southwest, and I considered an unusually hot summer, and when the mercury showed 110 degrees I frequently thought of the breeze-swept lake regions of the North.

Galveston, when protected by a sea-wall offers in the future alluring possibilities, but two and a half feet of water in the yards and streets reminded me of the value of hillsides in the future. San Antonio is the queen of pretty cities, and Fort Worth has many beautiful possibilities, but the tides drifted us north once more.

But Texas and Mexico are fascinating and I am convinced offer just the right climatic conditions for development of testing and physical manhood.

But part seeking is for that purpose should have their own home surroundings and be sure to drink either filtered water or rain water. The northern and western part of the State would be best for physical development, San Antonio and the coast for messages. The wide gray plains, covered 305 days of the year with pale, golden sunshine; the green fields of North Texas merging into the beautiful undulations of the prairies; the wide, wet prairies of the South with their miles of sugar cane and rice; and the broad table lands of Mexico with their strange population, homes and daily lives, attract the earnest student by the inarticulate cry of their people for light, more light; for knowledge, for truth.

At Houston I had the pleasure of meeting old friends who gave me cordial welcome. Among others I was pleased to greet Mrs. Florence B. Shaffer, now lecturing for the Houston Society. Mrs. Shaffer is an unusually well educated, deep thinking psychic, and should be constantly employed by the truth-seekers of the Southwest. A lady of unexceptionable character, she stands in a position to place our cause properly before the people.

"Locked up in words lies wisdom," a sentence used by Mrs. Shaffer during a lecture, attracted my attention most forcibly; and I thought how foolish it all is, this constant bawling at old words. The old terminology was evolved out of the spiritual apprehensions of the people of the past, and their original meanings are wholly spiritual.

Many Spiritualists object to using the word church—a sympathizing assembly of souls; and of religion, to bind back to God, (Spirit, Love).

But to my mind the one word which has brought more evil into existence, which has caused more tears to flow, which has been more of a curse to the world with sorrowful thoughts, more mournful to suffer, more widows to mourn, more of the helpless and aged to sigh without hope than any other is the word "RELIGION."

And if we feel it absolutely necessary to destroy words we should be at least slightly sensible and commence by uprooting that word from all languages.

We cry out "that under the word religion rivers of blood have flown and inquisitions flourished, but the mind to these wrongs was inherent in mankind as the first cause, and the word religion was only an excuse, just as the words liberty and progress covered the most revolting and bloodiest revolutions in France and many other countries; but it was humanity which was bloodthirsty, and fendish, not Liberty, the Majestic Spirit of Truth."

Within the shelter of the word home more children have been tortured, more helpless women have been driven under cover of any other term, and yet we love the word, and as a people forget the evil and cling to the good associations in our memories of it.

Sustained logical thinking is perhaps a gift for the few, but surely common sense will intervene some day and we senseless words will be discarded over words with well established definitions.

Angels—ministers of God; Heaven—the heights, heaven up; Hell, Hades, Sheol, the grave, deep, dark caverns, the depths; are words which belong to Truth and should be used by all Spiritualists.

Perhaps it would be better to study the nearer home. The word Spiritualism signifies the belief that departed spirits hold intercourse with mortals by means of physical and psychic phenomena; and 2nd, the quality or state of being spiritual.

One of the most objectionable term possible to use in the vocabulary of men of science. The higher religious also repudiate it; and it is out of place among people who profess to possess knowledge.

The theories of spirit return have become demonstrated facts, and instead of being believers we know.

Evidently Webster needs an addition to define the words Spiritualism and Spiritualist, or else we need a new term to designate the majority of our people.

My struggle is to establish a new interest weekly. The young ladies of the Harmonical Society gave a select dancing party which was very successful in all ways, the 14th. Much of the continued interest of this association has been due to the faithfulness of the young ladies.

Miss Etta Fontiers, who possesses a beautiful high contralto and mezzo soprano voice, furnishes vocal selections. The genial Dr. Denlow presides, this being his second year of office. I am entertained at the home of staunch-hearted Mrs. Hannah Buse, whom all workers love and remember.

"Where are we at" might be less frequently inquired into, if official boards would take the same action as the board of trustees of the Texas State Association, which sent out a circular in folder form as an educator. Let other State Associations follow suit and we soon will have a more devoted membership and a welcoming mind from all people.

CARRIE F. WEATHERFORD, Alaska, Mich.

"Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism; or a Concordance of the Principal Passages of the Old and New Testament Scriptures which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of Spiritualism, by Moses Hull. The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his twenty years' study of the Bible in its relations to Spiritualism. As its title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office."

"Buddhism and Its Christian Critics," by Dr. Paul Carus. An excellent study of Buddhism; compact yet comprehensive. Paper, 60 cents. Cloth, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price 25 cents.

"Elsie's Little Brother Tom," by Alwyn M. Thurber, is one of the best of books in the realm of stories for boys and girls, and not excepting older people. It is a fine birthday or holiday gift, and is of great educational and instructive value. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Present Age and Inner Life; Ancient and Modern Mysteries Classified and Explained," by Andrew Jackson Davis. We have a few copies of this work by the celebrated seer. Cloth, \$1.10.

"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price 25 cents.

"Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism; or a Concordance of the Principal Passages of the Old and New Testament Scriptures which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of Spiritualism, by Moses Hull. The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his twenty years' study of the Bible in its relations to Spiritualism. As its title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office."

"Buddhism and Its Christian Critics," by Dr. Paul Carus. An excellent study of Buddhism; compact yet comprehensive. Paper, 60 cents. Cloth, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price 25 cents.

"Elsie's Little Brother Tom," by Alwyn M. Thurber, is one of the best of books in the realm of stories for boys and girls, and not excepting older people. It is a fine birthday or holiday gift, and is of great educational and instructive value. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Present Age and Inner Life; Ancient and Modern Mysteries Classified and Explained," by Andrew Jackson Davis. We have a few copies of this work by the celebrated seer. Cloth, \$1.10.

"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price 25 cents.

GREAT LESSONS.

They Are to Be Found in The Progressive Thinker.

The last Progressive Thinker, February 1, is chock full of good things. The leading article by Jas. C. Underhill, "The Desires and Pleasures of the Vivisectionists," is worth a year's subscription. It should be read by every lover of justice and humanity. Every reader of The Progressive Thinker owes it to himself to read it carefully, and study its lessons, and then echo them around the world.

"Spirit Return," by Louise B. Reed, interests me much, for I am after facts and testimony of a careful clean-cut character, that stand out strong and clear as representative history.

We read the comments of the three distinguished writers on the Bangs Sisters and the challenge, and were glad to see the subject attracting attention. Hon. A. Gaston sums up the case fairly, and I think justly and fairly. D. Edson Smith shows his faith in facts and common sense by a \$500 testimonial. I think there are thousands who could safely say as much and find no one to earn the reward. But that there are adverse facts and experiences, I presume most of the witnesses will admit. The Sisters are often heedless and do as they please which they ought to know create suspicion with sincere investigators. I infer that they have all their lifetime been so familiar with all these agencies, and they are so common they habitually treat them in a free and easy way, and do not think of the suspicious appearances of their acts, as judged by skeptics. But the absolute genuineness of striking phenomena manifested by means of their trick on their ship without any possible trick on their part, can be substantiated by hundreds of witnesses in all respects as well qualified to judge, and as critical in observing as Mr. Mangasarian or any other doubter.

I can duplicate Mr. Edison's offer with perfect safety, and find no one to earn the \$500. I offered \$100 to any one who will duplicate on the duplicate of Maude, under the same conditions, and show it to be a trick. No one has attempted it, though it is over four years since my challenge was published. It is not a bet, but a reward that I could afford to pay for such a revelation.

Some of Mr. Singer's criticisms seem to be well taken, and perhaps the mediums may profit by them; but his letter carries a shadow of sarcastic bitterness, and censorious suggestion, that does not impress me as the criticism of kindly sincerity. It may be intended as such; but if it is, the writer seems to me unfortunate in his temperamental adaptations. I think the Sisters are right in refusing to accept a wager; but it seems to me they should have offered Mr. Mangasarian an opportunity to test them, and to do it exhaustively, in his own way, provided he imposed no unreasonable obstacles to the exercise of honest mediumship; but he should not expect them to give their time and psychic energy to him without proper compensation. If he would pay them for a day, or a week, what is their average earnings, they should, it seems to me, be willing and glad to devote their gifts to him. These criticisms ought to be helpful to the Sisters, as genuine mediums, which they surely are.

But I am interested in the establishment of all facts bearing upon the question of a future life and spirit communion, on a scientific basis; and so long as any of the phenomena are attended with conditions that leave room for a possible doubt, there is need of discussion and experimentation, of the most exhaustive character.

I wish I could get more definite testimony in regard to that remarkable experience quoted from the Rochester Herald. Such things, if they can be thoroughly substantiated, furnish a natural prelude to the advent of Modern Spiritualism. What I chronicle as Spiritualism should be thoroughly verified, as nearly as possible, beyond any suspicion of error. I am getting some interesting responses to my call for facts, and hope all points will be thoroughly covered in the Progressive Thinker.

Thinker is a great medium for collecting and distributing knowledge.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

INSANITY.

A Subject That Should Be Better Understood.

To the Editor:—Here is a subject that should be better known among Spiritualists. Much has been known about insanity in pre-Christian times. Instances of those called mad, controlled or inspired by spirits, good or evil, occur frequently throughout the history of human life. Insanity, unless caused by some public action, is not sought out by the educated or ignorant who are given to self interest. Sometimes a case of insanity is forced on a person, then that person has an interest in the subject. Hypnotism and Spiritualism led me to know much about modern insanity, and to know more about insanity as I read about it in history.

A DEVOUT ATHEIST STATES HIS VIEWS

An Open Letter to J. Young McFarland.

the use of meetings, lyceums and homes, by
 comers. These beautiful songs have already been com-
 and many broken hearts, and it is hoped that they
 be heard in every land. Price 15c; \$1.50 per doz.
 For sale at this office.

ORIGIN OF LIFE

How the Spirit Body Grows. By M. Farad, F.

acquainted with the author personally and through other of her published writings. It is for sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker. Price 75c.

"Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes From," by the Evolution of the Spirit of Man. Matter, through Organic Process, or How the Spirit Body Grows." By Michael Faraday. Price 10 cents.

"The Light of Egypt." Volumes 1 and 2. An account of a staff, a tomb, books of esoteric knowledge as taught by Adepts of Hermetic Philosophy. Price \$2.00 per volume. For sale at this

