





The subject of dreams is one which I think ought to be of very general interest, because all of us sometimes dream, and it must have occurred to us that we should be glad to have some explanation of these dreams; how sometimes they are quite confused, improbable and absurd, and at other times they seem to have a certain feeling about them, a kind of stamp of truth, and we feel that they are very different from the ordinary type of dream. And then I suppose that quite a number of us must have had the experience of dreams coming true; that is to say, dreams which prove to be previsions of something that is about to occur, or else which indicate to us something which had already occurred or was then occurring at a distance.

Now, all these different varieties of dreams demand some sort of explanation. There is a good deal of difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory explanation along the ordinary lines that are laid down by students of psychology; but we have in our Theosophical system an explanation of all these, which seems to us to be more perfect and more satisfactory than any which we get outside of our system, and I propose to-night to try to indicate to you as far as can be done in so very short a period what that explanation is.

Those of you who have done me the honor to listen to other lectures which I have delivered will already be aware that our Theosophical teaching takes for granted the existence of various planes in nature—that is to say, of other types or orders of matter very much finer than what we ordinarily call matter of this physical plane; that we hold all this to be in essence the same matter, but in a state of very much greater subdivision, vibrating at a very much more rapid rate, and consequently in various ways not exactly obeying what down here are the laws of nature with regard to matter, but still perfectly real, existing just as truly as does matter down here, and equally perceptible, although not to the ordinary senses.

We hold also that man has within himself matter of all these different planes or types, and that by means of the matter corresponding to any particular level in nature (the matter within himself, I mean, which corresponds to that level), he is able to sense this level and receive impressions from it if he has developed the necessary faculties; because we hold that just as on this plane which you all know man may receive, and does constantly receive impressions from outside through the channels of his senses, so he can and does receive impressions from these various other planes of more refined and subdivided matter by means of the matter within him which corresponds to these respectively.

We, therefore, credit man with something very much more than merely the soul and body of popular theology. We say that he has belonging to him not one body or vehicle, but several, and that all of these are channels through which communications may reach his soul, and all of them also are instruments which that soul can use when it learns how to use them, and through which it can express itself just as it does through the physical body.

Before you can understand how these impressions are given, it will be well for us just to glance at the vehicles through which these things come to us—to see what is the mechanism by which we receive impressions from outside.

Now beginning at the bottom, there is, first of all, this physical body with which we all consider ourselves to be familiar. How are impressions received through the physical body? Any physiologist will tell you that the whole scheme of receiving impressions, of whatever kind, from outside, is managed by the nervous system of man; that we have all over our body a network of exceedingly fine nerves, and that these convey messages to the brain; that if you put out your hand and touch something and feel that something to be hot, a message is telegraphed from the nerves at the end of your fingers up to the brain, and in consequence of the heat you withdraw the hand hastily. That is done because the brain has in turn telegraphed back another message: "If it is hot, then withdraw from it." All that process takes place in the instant of time which elapses between your touching something too hot to hold comfortably and dropping it instantaneously; science will tell you that that is so; indeed two separate processes have taken place, and the time occupied by them is quite measurable by the fine instruments used in scientific investigation, although it would seem hardly measurable to us without those instruments.

This nervous system is liable to be affected very much by external conditions. The whole of it centers itself in the great nerve axis which runs up the spine and which leads into the medulla oblongata at the back of the neck and up into the brain, and all these nerve impressions are received and registered by the brain.

That brain is very liable to be considerably affected by all sorts of comparatively small disturbances in the body. People often think of the brain as being always absolutely reliable, as far as it goes and up to its own level of comprehension. It is no such thing; it may be very largely affected in its power to respond to impressions by quite a number of what we should probably think very small influences. For example, it is absolutely dependent upon the condition of the body for its true working, for its exact registration of any impressions which are received. The blood which circulates through the brain affects it very seriously and that in three separate ways—by its quantity, its quality and its speed.

In regard to the quantity: If there is too much blood in the brain, then at once we have congestion, and from that comes irregularity of action, which quite often may extend to hallucinations of various sorts. If, instead of having too much blood we have too little, we obtain a totally different effect. First of all, we should have irritability produced, and then very shortly lethargy would supervene; so that the mere question of the quantity of blood which is supplied to the brain makes a very serious difference in its power of responding to impressions and registering them.

Now in regard to the quality of the blood. Suppose that it is not sufficiently oxygenated—that there is not sufficient oxygen in the air we breathe, then it becomes supercharged with carbon dioxide; at once our power of responding to impressions is seriously affected. We can see that for ourselves when we have been for a little while in a crowded room like this; then we often find ourselves becoming sleepy. Why? Simply because there is not enough oxygen in the air we breathe, and consequently the lungs are unable to give the proper amount to the blood; the blood cannot supply the brain with the oxygen that is wanted; in consequence the brain fails to respond readily to impressions and falls into this semi-conscious condition.

As to the speed with which the blood flows—if it be a little too great we have fever; if it be a little too slow, then again we have lethargy; so that very slight deviations from normal health or the normal condition of affairs may entirely alter the power of our brain to respond. I want to make that matter clear, because then you will see how exceedingly easy it is for the various curious thoughts that come in our dreams to occur. I shall show you how later on.

That is just one side of the thing, the physical vehicle through which we receive our impressions; and you see that there we need practically perfect health—we need a perfectly normal and regular flow of the blood in order that we may be sure our impressions are correctly received and registered, and that what we think we perceive through our senses we are really perceiving.

There is another part of man's physical brain which is not usually taken into account at all, and that what we in Theosophy call the etheric part of the brain. It is still physical matter, but it is physical matter in a much higher state of subdivision than even gaseous matter. It bears the same relation to gas which gas does to liquid, or liquid

to solid; it is a higher state of matter, vibrating differently, a much finer subdivision, freer in motion, and in many ways differing greatly, but still it is purely physical matter, and does not belong to the astral plane. Man has within his brain a large amount of matter of this nature, and although it belongs to this plane it differs in different ways from the ordinary physical matter of the brain, so that we very frequently speak of it as the etheric brain of the man.

Now this etheric brain of man corresponds very closely with the denser physical, and it also must be in perfect condition in order that communications from the ego to the lower brain may come through properly and without distortion, or in order that any message from outside in the nature of a sensation or impression may in turn be clearly carried upwards to the ego.

Now this etheric part of the brain, and in fact the whole of man's etheric body, as we call it (that is of the etheric matter in his body) is also the field of a circulation—not a longer a circulation of the blood, but a circulation of a vital magnetic fluid which we call prana in our Theosophical books. That is simply an Indian name for life, for this is the life fluid that is circulating—running not along the arteries and veins but following the course of the nerves, running through the nervous system of man; and we find by experiment that unless that flow of the life principle (which of course is entirely invisible physically and not received or accepted as yet by ordinary science) is duly taking place sensations are not properly registered.

I can give you examples to show you that this is so. For example, if your hand is numbed with cold, you have no sensation in it; it may be pricked and you do not feel it. Something may touch you; you do not feel the touch; your nerves are not registering as usual. Now it may be said that is due to the fact that circulation of the blood in that hand has been checked by the intense cold. Perhaps that is not the whole reason, but never mind, we may let that pass. The hand appears to be for the time a dead hand, dead from cold.

Take another case which will show you a little more. Suppose you have that same hand or arm operated upon by a mesmerizer. If you have ever seen a mesmerist exhibit of any sort you are aware that it is an easy process for a mesmerist to make a few passes over the hand or arm of a man and utterly take away all sense of feeling from it, so that you may run a pin or needle into it and the man does not feel; he will be quite unconscious until he happens to see what you are doing. That is not a case where the circulation of the blood has been checked; that hand is warm and living as before. What has happened to the nerves? Why do they not register as before? I do not know how ordinary science explains that; probably it does not explain it; but from the occult standpoint we should tell you that a clairvoyant looking at that hand or arm would be able to tell you precisely what had happened. He would say that the mesmerizer had simply drawn away the man's life fluid and poured his own magnetism in instead. Though the arm is still warm and living, because the life fluid is still flowing along the nerves, it is no longer in connection with the brain of the man; it is not his life fluid, and consequently although the physical nerves are there, yet they fail to report to the brain; they are kept alive by the flow of a foreign life current, but it does not convey sensations to the brain of the man. Here are these nerves obviously failing in their office; because this life current was not there, they failed to report the prick or pinch or touch, not doing their work; so that evidently a regular flow of that life current also is necessary in order that sensations may be properly registered by the brain.

Now we come to a stage further than that. Let us leave the physical man altogether and think of his astral vehicle. That passes at once quite outside of the domain of science, of course, but nevertheless in Theosophical investigation we have established entirely to our own satisfaction that there does exist this astral vehicle of man. To tell you that it does not exist would simply provoke a smile, because it is a thing we are using every day, and to say we cannot use it is like telling a man that he has never fallen asleep, and that if he thinks he has he is laboring under a delusion. There are many of us who are constantly using all these faculties, and it is to us absolutely absurd to hear so many people say these things are all impossible.

This astral body is also a very great channel for sensation to the ego; in fact, it is really the vehicle of all sensation. It is the seat of emotion, passion, etc., and from it and through it all sorts of impressions may be conveyed to the ego within; all kinds of thoughts may excite desire or emotion or passion in that vehicle, and all of those feelings will be duly conveyed to the ego inside; so there is another channel through which the soul may be reached by outside impressions.

There are further and higher vehicles to be considered, but I need not trouble you with those now, because we simply want to see in what condition is the consciousness of the man during sleep and in what condition are these vehicles, so that we may see in what way the man's condition when asleep differs from his state when awake, and how the impressions coming to him will come differently and be received and registered differently when he is what we call asleep. We must not forget, however, the consciousness, the real ego of the man behind all these vehicles of which I have spoken, because those are all simply his instruments. We must remember that the ego, the soul of the man differs very much in different people; that the souls of men are by no means all alike; that some are very highly evolved, very advanced souls, that have had very many births, and very much experience in consequence, and have progressed and have learned very much.

Others are young and undeveloped souls, and consequently are very much less able to make anything of the various impressions which come to them from outside. That is a fact that we should bear in mind in our investigations. Then we must remember that this ego or self within is trying to gain control of all these vehicles of his, these different bodies, but that in very many cases he has by no means complete control over them. Very many of them are still quite liable to be carried away by a sudden rush of emotion or desire. A wild desire comes upon us to do something which we know we ought not to do, something utterly silly or definitely wrong and harmful, but still we do it on the impulse of the moment. We say, "I could not help that." It is the astral vehicle which originates this desire and not the man at all; the man has not yet gained perfect control over the thing. He is swept away. It is not the man who does all that. It is his weakness which allows the lower vehicle to sweep him away and govern him for the time instead of his holding it in order and governing it. It is exactly like the case of a runaway horse which ought to be guided and reined, which for the time is allowed to take the reins and follow its own bent and run away. It is the function of the ego to make up what is presented to him as impressions from without, to combine them and sort them and rearrange them. I have not time to give you instances of that now, because I am anxious to go further into the dream side of the question; but you may easily see it for yourselves if you think of what is really the impression conveyed to your eyes when you see a landscape; here is your retina which places it upside down; then you get nothing but the flat picture of a house or a tree, nothing but a flat picture in outline, no feeling of the perspective or anything of that sort. Think that out for yourselves, and you will see how very much your brain does in the matter and how little comparatively your eye does; how your brain by virtue of its experience adds to and fills out that picture for you. You will find further particulars of that in the book on Dreams which I wrote, if you like to read it. You must remember the self has to combine and sort and

rearrange and amplify these impressions that you receive, and it may do it wrongly; it may translate its impressions in the wrong way.

There is a celebrated Hindoo example of that in which they speak of the man who in the dark comes upon a rope and takes it for a snake. In such a case the man becomes terrified just as though the thing were real, the ego perceives something that is translated from what he sees; all he is told in this case is that down there in the dark in front of him is something long and waving, and at once he thinks of a snake. There is no snake there, of course; so we see that he may misinterpret the impressions that come to him.

Then again, we must remember that this ego, this self, can be impressed when he is away from the physical body. He leaves it during sleep or trance, and even when he is away from it he is still very impressible.

We have made experiments which tend very clearly to prove this. I remember one, for example, in the case of a man who had been given to drink. He had been a terrible drunkard, in point of fact, but he reformed utterly. He had progressed so far with his reformation that the smell of any kind of alcohol was exceedingly distasteful to him; but he said that for years after he had got rid of the desire, he was still liable to dream that he was drinking, and then in his dreams he drank with pleasure, although when awake he shrank with horror from the idea of the thing.

That shows that the ego is liable to receive impressions during sleep, and the impressions are received through this totally different vehicle, the desire persisting up there long after down here it had been entirely wiped out of the man.

We made other experiments which tended to show that. This that I am telling you about dreams, is based on a series of experiments lasting some years, conducted upon this subject by one of the Lodges of the Theosophical Society over in London in England. There we devoted ourselves to investigation in ways I shall be able to describe to you later on. This group of students had among them several who were clairvoyant—who had the sight of higher planes, and not in the vague and somewhat inefficient way in which so many possess it, but definitely and orderly in their methods, to be used at will, and applied always in very careful tests in the most scientific manner. In this way they investigated this question of dreams, the clairvoyant members standing by to see what was taking place, while others observed the effect on the physical plane, etc.

Now let me go on to try to explain to you what is the condition of this ego and these vehicles of his during sleep, and in what way they differ from the conditions when awake. First of all, take the physical brain. During sleep the whole of the circulation of which I spoke to you is still going on; the ego is still subject to these currents of blood which are passing through, and anything whatever which affects that circulation, even such a trifling matter as indigestion may easily affect the capacity of the brain to receive and transmit these various impressions and vibrations from outside, so that if there is anything the least wrong with him, then these things will become jumbled and senseless.

It is a very curious fact that while the ego is quite away from the physical body, when the man is what we call entirely asleep, that action is still taking place; that is to say, that while the man himself is away and may be thinking out his own line of thought entirely outside of that brain, the brain itself is still—I can hardly say thinking, but still slowly evolving images. This physical body of ours has a kind of curious consciousness of its own, a very peculiar consciousness, about which there is still much to be learned, because to learn about it would explain many things which as yet are very vague and uncertain to us.

This lower animal kind of consciousness which subsists in us when the man is withdrawn for the moment from it, seems to be quite unable to register anything at all but the most concrete things. It translates all ideas with reference to itself; it can see nothing as apart from itself. All stimuli of whatever sort it translates immediately into perceptual images; it cannot receive abstract thoughts or memories but at once it translates them into imaginary percepts of its own.

Suppose when you are away from it, it thinks about you, as being in your own house, and then some thought connected with China comes into it. The only way in which that physical brain can take up that thought is by imagining itself transported to China, so that at once that local direction of thought takes the form of this spatial transportation. In the same way every association of ideas, no matter how far apart they may be in reality, no matter how curious the association may be, at once becomes a combination of images. So if one thing suggests another by some association connected perhaps with some thought you had during the day, however grotesque the two would look side by side, at once they appear side by side; or one of them changes into another. That is the kind of effect you get. Whatever can be dragged from the immense stores of memory at once appears as a picture. This curious animal consciousness magnifies and it distorts the smallest sounds or touches in the most extraordinary manner.

If you have ever read anything at all of the literature on this subject of dreams, any of the collections of stories of such things, you are sure to have met with some cases in which a very tiny touch given externally was magnified enormously, and always some sort of picture is invented to account for it. Caricatures tell a story of a man who received a slight scratch from a pin or something in bed while asleep. At once he magnified that into a fatal wound and concocted a story, with himself, of course, for the hero, in which he had received this wound in a duel or something of that kind. Very many such stories are that you will find.

Most of these impressions that come to the physical brain in the way I have described are not at all recoverable in your memory in the morning, because they are merely senseless successions, as a rule; so mostly you do not recollect these things that have been sweeping about in your brain in the night.

There is the other part, the etheric part of that brain. There we found, in the course of experimentation a very interesting feature. This etheric part of man's brain is also, while the man himself is away from it, liable to receive impressions from any thoughts that are floating about. Please remember that thoughts are definite things; that every thought creates a form—a form which is temporary of course, which lasts only according to the strength of the thought which called it into existence, which nevertheless is perfectly definite, floating about, capable of impressing itself on any other brain with which it comes in contact. That is the whole secret of thought transference; you can direct these intentionally, if you will; but anyhow, the thought of any person near you is always liable to accustom your mind for a moment if you keep other thoughts out. These are not in the least your own thoughts, but simply the cast-off fragments of other people's which your brain picks up casually because you have no strong currents of thought of your own at the time. At night, then, this etheric brain is ready for any kind of impressions from the thoughts which come pouring into it from all sides.

The experiment was tried of isolating this etheric brain by putting a magnetized shell around it so that the thoughts from without could not come in, and then we thought that this etheric brain would rest. It did not; it began very slowly to evolve for itself memories out of the past life of the individual.

These are two of the vehicles (the physical body and the etheric brain), which are very much more open to impres-

sions during sleep than they are when the man is awake. When the man is awake his own thoughts and feelings affect these brains. When he is asleep both of these are really inoperative, ready to receive any impressions that may be given to them from outside.

As to the man himself, he is floating outside of his physical body in his astral vehicle. I say floating, because the quite undeveloped man as a rule never leaves the neighborhood of the physical body at all, but simply floats about it, and if you had any clairvoyant sight and looked at either a savage or a man of very low type, you could see the physical body asleep on the bed and the real man in his astral body (a duplicate, in fact, of the physical, but of course of finer matter), probably very little more awake than his physical body.

But suppose you have a more developed man (one of yourselves perhaps), a perfectly ordinary person of cultured type of this advanced race, then you would find that sort of man when away from his body at night much more awake and conscious and capable of moving to very much greater distances from his physical body. He would be largely wrapped up in his own thought, probably not very conscious of the places around him and of those through which he moved, or only spasmodically conscious of them, because of his own thought images which would blind him to anything outside, but still he has his faculties about him, though they are directed to his own thought, and only occasionally are roused up sufficiently to take note of where he is, what he is doing, or whom he meets. He may not necessarily be very wide awake to what is going on around him, but still he may receive impressions of a broad and general character very readily indeed. If he drifts into an atmosphere of low sensuality assuredly that would act upon any similar quality or germ of such corresponding quality in himself and he would be stirred by feelings of that nature. Suppose he drifts into very devotional surroundings during his sleep, he would certainly receive an impression of strong devotion from these surroundings, even though he might not be able to see what was taking place clearly enough to remember it afterwards.

Then, again, for him there is a different kind of consciousness, for he seems to think very largely in symbols and not in words. He has the most marvelous faculty under this condition of making up a story, of composing quite a long and elaborate history to account for any sensation that happens, and he can do this in an infinitesimal fraction of time.

There are a good many stories afloat to illustrate this. I remember Richers tells a story, a very remarkable one, of a man who was awakened by the firing of a pistol shot in the street outside. Now it was the sudden pistol shot which awoke him and yet he woke from a dream into which that came as an integral part, and of which obviously that sudden shot was the cause. As far as I remember it, the man had gone through various experiences. He dreamed he had enlisted as a soldier; that he had met with very severe treatment and eventually had deserted; that he had gone through all kinds of adventures, had been pursued and captured, brought to trial, sentenced to death and led out to execution, and the shot was the firing of the volley which wound up that long story; and yet it seems absolutely certain that he composed the whole of that story in the second that intervened between the sound of the shot and his full awakening. The ego evidently catches the thought a moment before the physical vehicle and makes up all this story to account for it.

That is not the only instance where that is the case. You will find a series of stories in Carl Dupré's "Philosophy of Mysticism," a large number of stories of this kind collected from various sources, which show how in a moment the ego makes up his story, and a very wonderful and exceedingly clear story it frequently is.

I remember the German writer Steffens gives us a curious account of a thing that happened to him when he was a boy; how he slept with his brother and he had a frightful dream of being pursued along the street by some dreadful wild animal. It was gaining still upon him—as they always do in dreams—and at last he turned up a staircase and tried to escape, but the creature followed him and bit him severely on the thigh. He awoke feeling the bite of the creature upon him, and found his brother who was sleeping with him had simply pinched his thigh to wake him. That was all there was to account for that dream, and these are only two out of a great number of instances.

It is a very wonderful faculty that the ego possesses of distorting anything that occurs or of combining things altogether in a moment of time, of transcending our ordinary theories of time and space. A very fine story is given in Addison's Spectator which illustrates that very well. I do not know whether that particular story is true, but if not true it is very well invented. It is exactly the kind of thing that does happen.

It is stated that there was a certain sultan of Egypt who had a great religious teacher. This teacher used to expound to him the Koran, the Mohammedan bible. One day they came across a passage in which it was stated that Mohammed was carried into heaven by a certain angel; that there he was shown all kinds of wonderful things, the narration of which occupied a number of pages of the Koran; yet that when he was brought back into the body by the angel; the bed from which he had risen was still warm, and a jug of water which had been upset when he departed had not had time to empty itself. The sultan of Egypt took leave to doubt that statement. He said: "This thing is not possible; it could not be done in that time," which seems reasonable. The teacher said "I undertake to convince you, not that that story is true, but that it might be true," and he asked him to order a bowl of water to be brought, and then he said to the sultan, "Please dip your head into that bowl of water, and take it out again." The sultan complied with the request and dipped his face into the bowl of water. Suddenly he found himself in an entirely different place, no longer surrounded by his court, but far away on a lonely shore, a place entirely strange to him. Well, his first thought was (I suppose it was not an unnatural thought for an Oriental monarch) that his teacher had put an enchantment on him—that he was suffering from witchcraft of some kind. Anyhow he found himself on a strange and lonely shore at the foot of a mountain. Presently he began to get very hungry. He looked about and saw some men cutting wood not far away. He met and conversed with them and asked them to give him some food. They said if he would help them by working for them he should share in their food. Presently they gave him some food and he went home with them. He thought the enchantment was still going on and he did not know what to make of it, but he had to live this new life; so he settled down with the wood-cutters. He spent some years at that business and gradually amassed a little money, and bought goods in a small way and met with success and prosperity, and in the course of time became a rich merchant and married the daughter of another merchant and brought up a large family. He had a married life of something like fifteen or sixteen years, if I remember rightly. Then there came a time when he lost all his money, and remembering his old training he again took up wood-cutting. One day he was wandering by the seashore where he first came into this strange new life and was feeling very depressed by his change in fortune; then he said to himself, "Let me take a bath in the sea, and perhaps I shall feel better." So he went into the sea to bathe and put his head under the water; when he lifted it up there he was with his courtiers around him and with his teacher standing before him smiling. They say it was almost impossible to convince that man that the whole of that long story

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# YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE

## OGGULT MYSTERIES.

### MESSAGE FROM M'KINLEY.

Spiritualists Believe a Direct Communication Was Received.

INCIDENT OF THE RECENT CAMP MEETING IN FLORIDA—CAME THROUGH J. CLEGG WRIGHT, OF OHIO—ITS PURPORT.

Rev. W. P. Peck, of 3005 Magazine avenue, pastor of the Spiritualists' Society which holds its services in De Honey's Hall, on Olive street, near Vandeventer, has returned from the annual camp-meeting of the faith in Florida, bringing with him an interesting account of a message from the lamented William McKinley to the people, transmitted through Clegg Wright, a member of the Spiritualists' organization are deeply interested in the communication, which they firmly believe emanated from the spirit world. It has been the recent theme of much discussion among them.

When seen last night at his residence Rev. Mr. Peck said: "The message was not received at what is commonly called a seance, which fact renders its reception all the more remarkable. It came in broad daylight at one of the morning sessions which Mr. Wright held every day during the camp-meeting for the personal instruction of his classes in Spiritualism. I was not in attendance, but heard others describe it so often that I have been able to have been an eyewitness to the proceedings. On February 10 there came to Mr. Wright a promise from the spirit world that the transmission would occur the following day—I presume this communication was the speech of President McKinley's second spirit, directed through the organization of his guide, Mr. Wright made the announcement of his revelation to members of his class, and naturally the attendance was up to its full proportions on the day of the promised communication—February 20.

"The session was conducted in a large pavilion in the center of the grounds. It was closed up tightly, but no attempt was made to darken the interior or give a supernatural aspect to the environment. Mr. Wright, after his usual form of procedure incident to class instruction, passed into a trance, and a few minutes later the spirit appeared to him in accordance with the promise. The words were in turn uttered unflinchingly by the medium—words that were recognized as the language of the martyred President. The scene was most impressive. Mr. Wright lives at Amelia, Ohio, and is well known in the country. I cannot say whether he was ever under the influence of the President's spirit before or not. He did not then claim to be directly controlled by Mr. McKinley's spirit, but by his familiar spirit or guide. He is a man of recognized integrity and honesty, and experts have more than once tried to puzzle him on questions of science and philosophy without success. The different intelligences spoken through him are treated profoundly and with respect. Mr. McKinley's message was being received a young man in the class reported it in long hand, and the following is a substance of the communication:

"I am thoroughly acquainted with Spiritualism. My wife, my darling wife, paid great attention to it and Abraham Lincoln and Garfield know the power of controlling the vital mechanism of the medium. They have enabled me to speak to you as I do now. "I am like awakening in the morning, my past life is like a dream to me, a dream of last night which I recall. I am the same personality, the same consciousness, there is no change whatever in my 'knowing'; only my ability is changed. The subject of my life is to me like a dream and I am awakened to the fact that I have lost something. I am now picking up the lines of my memory of my past life. Lincoln tells me that I am coming slowly to my past self. I feel no pain, no worry! I know that I am in the spiritual world. I know what has happened. My memory of former days precedes my memory of my last days on earth. I am told that my situation in spirit land is commendable. I was a notable person in my past life, and therefore must be a notable personality in spirit life. I am now in a greater circle of friends and persons I know than when I was on earth.

"My busy life in the public affairs of recent years deprived me of my habit of reflection and recalling to memory those who passed on before me. I feel disposed to say that I would emphatically encourage men and women to think more of those persons with whom they have been mixed in the past, because I have met so many in this life whom I never thought of, and who have come to me with their help. Their sympathy makes me sad. I realize that I would rather be a spirit than President of the United States, because my possibilities are so much greater now than when on earth. I am told by Benjamin Franklin that the spirit world, with its intelligence and inspiration, overrules all material knowledge and manifestations. Daniel Webster, who is with me now, was as a child pre-ordained by the spiritual world. It was not by shrewdness nor extraordinary talent of my own that I was made President. It was the order of design, or evolution of circumstances. My last utterances on earth man for a time will value.

"The last words of great men are usually wise words. When man leaves forever his earthly surroundings he wants to say something. I knew it intuitively, but my mind could not stay and complete my work. Some of you are filled more with political ideas than I ever was, but a statesman must study humanity. At the end of the first term of Grover Cleveland, a man of more idealistic schooling than myself, a man more robust in intellect and character, when he laid down his reins of power, the commercial conditions of the country were in a deplorable condition. Foreign competition had weakened the power and activity of the people of the United States. Then the McKinley bill arose in the spirit of home protection. The same time we had favorable harvests in the Western States and in Russia, and the United States exported a surplus of development, which was helped by the inventive genius of our people in developing our iron trade by applying iron and steel in the construction of bridges, ships, etc. "Then the message continued by reviewing the condition of the country's affairs up to the present time, touching

upon the Pan-American Commission, the Spanish-American war and the responsibilities of the affairs in the Philippines. Continuing, the spirit said: "A great mind has come to me and said that it is a misfortune for me to be a spirit to leave his material body so suddenly as I did. My knowledge comes back to me only by degrees in this that I will call a dream state. You will see how difficult it is for me to pick up the knowledge which belongs to me as a mind, because I have lost my brain and my physical body. This state leaves a great difficulty to recall events of my past life. I am told that I do remember remarkably well, considering the sudden manner in which I came into this spiritual world. I now feel such a pain. It is caused by my recollection, but I must not now dwell on it, for it is the medium who is affected physically by my recollection. You can bring back my pain by the thinking of it. My physicians were in doubt as to the cause of my death. I can tell you the cause now. They did not discover it. It was the bullet passing downward, located in the kidney. If the attending physician had looked into my kidneys they would have found the cause, but in no event could I have recovered a state of good health. I had been a man like Lincoln I might have recovered, but what of it? It was my destiny. Destiny made me President and caused my early death. I bless you all a thousand times. My work on the spiritual plane shall be with you in the days to come."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE.

A Wisconsin Man's Remarkable Experience.

TALK WITH ALLEGED SPIRIT OF A SAILOR KILLED AT SEA IN 1700.

During the season of 1900, residing in the southern and central part of Wisconsin, I was annoyed by a number of perplexing circumstances in business. Hearing of a Spiritualist medium in a neighboring village I concluded to call upon this medium and test spiritual authorities in these matters. I set out for the village in question and rang the bell at the door of the spiritualist's medium's cottage, and a woman in a red dress, who was the medium, opened the door and said: "Come in, I am here." I entered the room and found a woman of about thirty years of age, with a woman of shrewd yet dignified countenance.

"Are you Mrs. H.?" I asked. "That is my name," steadily answered the woman. "What do you want here?" Upon which I stated my business. "The medium answered, 'Call in one hour. I do not make spiritual seances a business and do not often so entertain strangers, but you are here and I will do what I can for you.'"

In one hour I again rang the bell at the door of the spiritualist medium's cottage, and a woman in a red dress, who was the medium, opened the door and said: "Come in, I am here." I entered the room and found a woman of about thirty years of age, with a woman of shrewd yet dignified countenance.

"I am Jack, the sailor boy. I fell from the mast of a ship in 1700 at the Bermuda Isles in an ice storm and broke through the ice. I am of the medium's control and have many things for her in many ways. I can tell you, sir, about your business partner. He has kept from you \$50 in money recently, \$10 in small accounts and \$40 in one separate instance. Go north from the city in which you are residing to a small village. In this village lives a tall man who has a wife, a very tall lady. This woman has paid your partner \$40. I now see your partner as he places the money separate from the other funds within an inside pocket. Is this sufficient?" "It is," I said.

The only tall man with whom we were dealing at that time lived in that village and this man's wife was tall. I went directly to the village after the seance, and I am of the medium's control and have many things for her in many ways. I can tell you, sir, about your business partner. He has kept from you \$50 in money recently, \$10 in small accounts and \$40 in one separate instance. Go north from the city in which you are residing to a small village. In this village lives a tall man who has a wife, a very tall lady. This woman has paid your partner \$40. I now see your partner as he places the money separate from the other funds within an inside pocket. Is this sufficient?" "It is," I said.

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and felt that it would be necessary for me to return to Janesville on the following day for that purpose. I was busy and could not well afford to spend the time necessary to return and there were no stenographers known to me in the city of Broadhead.

I was in a dilemma and walked down the street in the city of Janesville, I met a Mr. Erickson, an insurance agent well known in Janesville. I stated my case to Mr. Erickson.

"Why, go right across the street to our office," said Mr. Erickson. "Our stenographer is not in the habit of doing outside work, but she will accommodate you by doing this favor for you, if I feel sure." But he cautioned me, "do not tell her that I sent you."

"Where is your office?" I asked. "Why, right opposite to the top story of the Hayes Block," he answered. "I was dumfounded. The Hayes Block was the only high brick building in Janesville."

I crossed the street, ascended in an elevator as described by the clairvoyant, stepped out at the top floor of this high brick building, entered the insurance office and there, lo and behold! sat a stenographer with reddish hair, which stenographer in the most unaccustomed manner imaginable wrote my message in long hand, as the clairvoyant had predicted, then copied what she had written upon the typewriting machine, as the clairvoyant also predicted. I passed the letter through a mail-box to the stenographer, who copied my message. The above is clearly a prediction and I can prove every word of the foregoing before any Judge or jury of twelve men now living.—Lorne Campbell in Chicago American.

### SPIRIT HAUNTED HIM.

The Ghost of the Railroad Bridge.

Contractors were building a western division of the Milwaukee Road some years ago in a region where river bayous cut through clayey hills and settlements were few and far between. At one point on the line of the construction work there was a great cut, then a bridge, then another cut, and beyond that a fill. Fully a thousand shovels, plowmen and pick workers were camped in here, all obedient to a walking boss and several foremen.

At the time of this related happening a construction train with an iron gang was crossing the bridge—so closely that the iron work stopped across the bridge before the cut at that end was fully opened. It was late in the fall of the year, the weather was turning cold, and graders and contractors were anxious to finish what could be done before the heavy frosts and snow came. The graders bunched at night in long shanties, rudely built of place and board. Each man had a bunk and usually kept in it, for no better place, such few valuables as he might have. Thievery had been unknown, and although the moral standards of the men were quite low, their treatment of each other had been fairly good. But one morning they woke up to find that a number of bunks had been robbed. Little tinkers had been stolen there, a watch, some money, tools. The cursing was loud and long, but no clew to the thief was found.

The engineer of the construction train remarked that if he knew who the thief was he would help him at once on the bridge. Two or three night passed without further disturbance, and then again the bunks were found pillaged and there was another outcry. The work continued for nearly a fortnight, when one morning a wakeful grader caught one of his companions with his hands in a bunk, grabbed him, gave the alarm and discovered the thief. A careful search of the bunk revealed most of the stolen property in his possession, and he admitted that he was guilty.

It was only morning when he was caught, and it was fifty miles to a sheriff or other officer of the law.

"Let's give him a trial and hang him," shouted the engineer. An answering shout from the men gave approval to his declaration. The prisoner was marched out into the gray dawn and set on a barrel. The graders crowded about him. The walking boss and foremen sought to break in the set and rescue the accused, but a word from the engineer stopped them.

"You'd better quit, out there," said he. "You're not in this."

As a thousand men backed his words, the walking boss and foreman wisely withdrew.

"Why'd you steal?" asked the engineer. "Cause I was a lot of easy suckers," answered the prisoner, with a grin. "Go ahead and murder me if you want to. You can do it. I stole the stuff, and if you'd given me till to-night I'd have got away. I haven't anybody at home weepin' for me, so just cut the rope and let me swing."

"Hang him," yelled the crowd, and the engineer, anxious to save his head, ordered the men to place a rope about the man's neck and they led him up the grade to the top of the bridge. He was marched out to the center of the bridge, where he would have a clear fall between the girders.

"Now," said the engineer, "you can jump off or be pushed off."

"All ready," shouted the prisoner, and with that he leaped off.

The morning was just at hand when he took his spring into the air. The men were rolling up the bridge, and crimson and gold on their wave crests as the sunlight glinted over them. The graders gathered underneath the bridge just as his head came out of this mist, a sea of angry faces turned upward to the wretch now swinging from the rope's end with a broken neck.

"It done," cried the engineer, and came down the grade with an excellent appetite for breakfast. The body was left hanging to the bridge. The train passed above it several times that day, and each time the engineer took an eager look at the swaying form underneath him. Later a sheriff came and cut the body down, and perfunctorily sought to find out the names of the lynchers. Falling in this, he had the man buried on a ridge near the track and the construction work went on.

The engineer's name was Halloway. For several days after the lynching he was quite proud of his leadership, and boasted of it among the men, but when a week had passed he became morose and sullen. He was more disturbed than the walking boss, and he had learned that the man who had been hanged and child living in Wisconsin. By the time relatives came for the body and removed it the engineer was almost a physical wreck. One day he flung a refusal to run his engine over the bridge. He would bring it to the bridge, but he would not ride over it he would not, and the train got the track across without him. He would have been discharged for the fact he was the only engineer to be had on short notice.

He began to drink heavily, and to openly avoid the bridge. He would not take any position in the valley where he could see the structure and his associates were all talking of the change. Some called it remorse, but his fireman said,

"He can't look at that bridge without

seeing that fellow that was hung. He's going crazy over it. He thinks that fellow is hanging there still and calling for help. I've heard him talking about it in his sleep. If he don't leave here soon he'll do something desperate."

But he did not go away, and his fears and tremblings became worse each day. One night he did not come to his bunk, and in the morning the first man to go to the grade found him on the bridge. That is, he was hanging from the same cross tie the other fellow had swung from. He had gone up there in the loneliness of the night and deliberately killed himself through remorse or insanity. He left no message as to the reason for his act, and the first man to go to the grade found him on the bridge. That is, he was hanging from the same cross tie the other fellow had swung from. He had gone up there in the loneliness of the night and deliberately killed himself through remorse or insanity. He left no message as to the reason for his act, and the first man to go to the grade found him on the bridge. That is, he was hanging from the same cross tie the other fellow had swung from. He had gone up there in the loneliness of the night and deliberately killed himself through remorse or insanity. 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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1902.

## Another Discovery.

In 1820 the statue of a beautiful woman was found in a subterranean temple, on the island of Milo, one of the Grecian Archipelago. Temple and statue were very ancient.

The discoverer of the statue reported the character of the find to the priest of the village of Castro, who paid a visit to the shrine. A month later the French consul of the island, instructed by his home government, visited the antique temple, but he found the shrine in ruins, and the arms of the statue were broken off at the shoulders, with additional matter which had been attached at the left shoulder. The mutilated form is now in the Louvre, at Paris, and casts of it are in the principal museums of the world.

A young American painter who became interested in the Venus de Milo, after careful study of the position of the position of the stumps of the arms, and the fracture on the side, has reached the conclusion that this Venus held a child in her arms. He thinks she was another "Virgin Mary, the mother of God."

Facts seem to indicate that the priest who first visited the shrine, discovered that his "Mother of God" had a rival in this statue, and fearing its effect on his church, he mutilated it in the interest of his faith.

There are evidences that this statue is older than the Christian religion, and it is believed by scholars who have turned their attention to it, that the infant borne in the arms of this "Mother of God" was no less than the infant Jesus, to which the Latin suffix "us" was added, giving us our Jesus.

Investigations are now going on, and we are promised further developments.

## May Be Partly Mistaken.

"All great rivers have not one source, but many. So the great stream of Christianity is traceable to its fountain-heads in Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, as well as to Nazareth town. Putting it roughly, it is said with truth, Christianity found its heart in Palestine, its head in Greece, its clothes in Egypt, its hands in Rome."

Thus from the pen of Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones; but possibly the brother was in error in placing the heart of Christianity in Palestine. Modern criticism has thrown a doubt on that question, which later research may render certain. They who inherit their opinions, and have not the ability to go down to the bottom of things; and they who write books, borrowing the thoughts of others, are not properly equipped to investigate this subject. They had better leave the matter to wiser heads and less truculent hands.

## California a School for Trickery.

If reports be true, California is over-run with fake mediums. That State has been the school for all kinds of fraudulent mediumship, and which has caused more or less trouble through all parts of the United States in our ranks. The "Medium," of Los Angeles, Cal., puts the case mildly in the following:

"A Plague of Pretenders." This is the caption of an editorial in last Monday's Los Angeles Times, and here is a text of it: "That there is fully 500 divine healers, heavenly charists, psychic palmists, card readers, trance mediums and similar fakery and frauds operating in this city. It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that there may be a possibility of a communication, under certain conditions, between the living and the departed, but that at least nine-tenths of those who pretend to bring the live person into communication with departed spirits are unmitigated frauds. A tax of \$20 a month on each of these 500 fakirs would produce a revenue of \$120,000 a year. That would be a most acceptable addition to the income of the city."

There is the same unjust discrimination against Spiritualists. What is there about Spiritualism that causes such envious treatment? Why cannot its opponents be just?

Granted that all Spiritualistic mediums are fakirs, they obtain money under false pretense, then why should they be licensed? Why should the law protect this class of crime and bound a gambler? In plain words, why not license a professional burglar, a bawd, a murderer, or anything this gullible generation want to get away from? With the powers that be. This would be a fair proposition, as the city of Los Angeles needs the money, to tax everybody who has dealings with the public, from the newsboy to the good man who can get you a ticket and put you on a through train to heaven. And, by the way, law-abiding Christian(?) editor, take a day and investigate these heavenly ticket agents, ninety-ninety of a hundred are "scalpers" and every one are booming a wildcat road that has the devil behind it and hell is the only station. Communication beyond this point is impossible on account of the heat; but if you will trust to their "pull" and the \$5 worth of faith you have in stock, you can get you through with only a few scorching.

It seems that all law-abiding citizens should assist in prohibiting all manner of fraud and wrong. Spiritualists are all in favor of punishing fraud, whether it be in or outside the Spiritualists' ranks; and they will welcome a law that would compel these pretenders to prove

their claims or go to jail. To tax an honest Spiritualist medium, or teacher, because he or she have several imitators is unjust. If there are pretended Spiritualistic mediums who are frauds, there are also Christian pretenders, commonly known as preachers, who are moral lepers and lying hypocrites. If a monthly tax will protect one class of swindlers it is no more than right to extend the same courtesy to others.

## Another Quality of "Justice."

Our readers have recently had their attention called to a flagrant instance of insult and outrageous infraction of impartial justice bearing directly against the character and quality of the mentality of Spiritualists in general, as believers in spirit return and manifestation.

We refer to the notorious decision in the McIlroy will case, in a Pennsylvania court.

This decision would class all the instances mentioned in the Bible of spirits appearing to mortals, as cases of insanity on the part of the mortals who had such experiences of spirit visitation.

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David (the "man after God's own heart"), and other notables and revered worthies of Old Testament account; Peter, James and John, Paul, and even Jesus himself, would each and all be accounted insane upon the same theory and principle that guided to the decision in the McIlroy will case.

Moses and Elijah, as spirits, appeared unto Jesus, Peter, James and John, on the mount of transfiguration, and conversed with Jesus. Of course, according to the McIlroy judge, and jury, these were insane.

The McIlroy decision shows into what a bottomless morass of absurdity and self-stultification a set of men, sworn to a just and impartial administration of law, can plunge when they give heed to prejudice and the promptings of ignorance of truth, instead of rendering exact and equal justice to all men, whatever may be their beliefs and opinions.

Such people as rendered the McIlroy decision need to arouse from their more than Rip Van Winkle slumber, rub the dust from their eyes, and realize that this is the Twentieth Century—and we are not living in the Dark Ages of the old and moldy past.

There is justice and justice; there is justice rendered by the standard of bigotry and prejudice, and justice rendered by the standard of impartiality as adhesion to moral sense.

We are happy to announce what seems an instance of the latter kind of justice, in bright contrast with the McIlroy case, and in which Indiana justice compares with that of Pennsylvania, as up-to-date modern enlightenment compares with the dull, leaden, mephitic midnight gloom of the Dark Ages.

The Indiana decision evinces congruity with modern ideas and concepts of right and justice. It does not insult common sense, contravene ethics, nor heap indignity upon citizens because of their honest convictions of truth. It does not brand with a hateful name thousands upon thousands of honorable, enlightened, law-abiding citizens.

In the matter of the Case will, as in that of McIlroy, the testamentary residue of his estate, amounting to \$15,000, to the N. S. A. and other beneficiaries, and after a long drawn out contest, the will has been declared valid, notwithstanding the religious or other beliefs and affiliations of the testator. This is as it should be, and the precedent set by the Indiana court will be of good effect in other similar cases.

## Boston Ideas.

A bomb was recently thrown into a meeting of the Franklin Club of Boston in the shape of an essay on the Dynamics of Philanthropy, by Miss Freda Melville, a clever and cultured Maine writer. Most of the club are interested in social settlement work and similar charities. Among other things said were the following:

"Human progress is a growth which cannot be retarded nor accelerated abnormally without injury to the developing organism. In nature it requires lives and cycles; under the conditions of human society the period has been shortened into decades and generations. The modern philanthropist tries to make it jump and a few lectures, courses, usually he does not succeed; when he does succeed, he produces a mushroom growth of no value to the community and of positive detriment to the beneficiary."

"Sir Wm. Hamilton pointed out that cognition and correlation do not go hand in hand; Mill noticed that knowledge does not necessarily imply ethics or good conduct. Wicked luxurious societies are usually intellectual; and many virtuous people are ignorant."

"To raise the intellectual levels of the submerged tenth give them new wants and the power to gratify them and without the self-control to acquiesce in the non-ability."

"It sows discord and breeds discontent. Every anarchist is a man whose intellectuality has been abnormally or morbidly developed. Prison statistics show a large percentage of criminals to be ignorant and women who spring from ignorance and have been cursed with a mental training, which did not and could not reach their moral and social nature."

"Modern philanthropy involves enormous and ridiculous waste. The Protestant missions in Bulgaria have cost England and America \$1,000,000 and have converted three Bulgarians, of whom two turned out thieves. The Protestant missions in China cost \$2,000,000 annually, and according to their own figures have made 70,000 converts. In other words we pay nearly \$30 a year for every Chinese convert. As an able-bodied man can be hired in China for \$20 a year, so cheap is human labor there, we pay more for the man's physical welfare than we would for his work."

"One thousand educated men and women in the slums of New York, and it may be questioned if they really raise the moral level of ten of the dwellers. Their scholars change so little in morals and manners that it looks greatly like 'Lover's Labor Lost.' It may be possible, but to the writer it seems that the social organism must change and grow according to its own organic law, and that individual effort and statutory enactment can do little or nothing toward making any permanent or extensive amelioration in either its members or its conditions."

These are a few passages of what was a very brilliant paper and they aroused a very lively discussion.

"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.

## THE SECRETS OF LIFE, FROM A MATERIAL AND SPIRITUALISTIC STANDPOINT

SEEKING THE SECRET OF LIFE—PROF. LOEB TALKS ABOUT HIS RECENT EXPERIMENTS—GREAT DISCOVERY SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED—MANIFESTATION OF PHYSICAL LIFE REPRODUCED BY CHEMICAL MEANS.

The fact that Prof. Jacques Loeb, head of the biological department at Chicago University, has reproduced the manifestations of physical life in certain chemical actions and has demonstrated that the source of nerve and muscle stimulus is electrical, means more than was at first realized when the announcement of his discovery was made a few weeks ago. Dr. Loeb did not reveal all of the results of his experiments at that time, neither did he stop his labors when he accomplished the first success.

He is not yet willing to declare that he has discovered the great secret of what life is, how it begins and why it ends, but he has left it to those who have seen the results of his recent experiments to draw the conclusion that he has arrived very close to the most astounding discovery of a century. Certain it is that a new physiology has been born, and a new pharmacology as well. We shall have to revise our text books and our systems of treating with drugs.

"There will soon be announced," said Dr. Loeb to a writer a few days ago, "an account of the discovery that enzymes (the elemental forces of life), which do not nominally exist in the human frame may be actually created."

Not by me is this announcement to be made," he added. "The work has been done by another scientist, and I cannot talk about the matter yet. You see, there are others working on these great problems."

Can life be created at the will of man? Can a scientist show how to avoid death? Is there a reasonable way of lengthening life?

These are questions which every one asks. Formerly the answer would have been, "Impossible." Now the man in the street is saying, "Possibly." Biologists who have been watching Dr. Loeb's work are ready to say, "Probably."

At any rate, that is the conclusion to which a study of Dr. Loeb's experiments, frankly leads. Here is a scientist who has already, in a sense, created life. He has taken unfertilized sea urchin eggs and he has, by means of chemical solutions, been able to develop these so that they are living organisms the same as though they had been developed in the ordinary manner.

With other solutions, salts and chlorides, and other unfertilized eggs he has accomplished similar results. Other scientists have verified these conclusions by experiments of their own; the result is a matter of scientific history now, and what is called "artificial parthenogenesis" is a fact no longer to be questioned.

Dr. Loeb has gone further than this, however—further than any previous biologist. He has demonstrated that the living organism is protoplasm in a liquid state; that death comes when the protoplasm passes into a more or less solid condition, and that life itself depends on the electrical charges of the protoplasmal particles.

It was shown some time ago that poisons acted on the nerves in just this manner; the colloidal substance of which the nerves are composed began to solidify under the action of poison. Here we may see the application of the new pharmacology.

It is no longer necessary to administer medicines blindly. The exact effect of every drug, every chemical, can be ascertained with difficulty. The body in illness or health must be in a certain chemical state, which will be shown by the new methods of diagnosis. Granted that this latter may be accomplished, and it seems now that it will be, it is easy to see how the proper chemicals, medicines, bearing the proper charges of electricity in themselves, may be used to restore the body to its normal condition.

The scientists will have shown us a way to control physical life. This is a matter very near to what Prof. Loeb meant when he said that he wished to understand life, to take it in his hands and play with it as he chose. On what, then, does life depend?

"The present theory," says Dr. Loeb, "is that an electric charge keeps our protoplasm in a liquid condition so as to prevent coagulation. Life depends on the liquid condition of certain parts of our protoplasm, and this comes from the coagulation of these parts, and the forces which make the manifestations of life possible are first of all the electric charges of the particles of this protoplasm."

If electricity is at the source of living energy, must digestion be regarded as a heat-producing mechanism. His stomach is a dynamo and his nerves are the connecting media, the telegraph wires, for communication between the different parts of the body and the storage battery in his cranium.

His heart is a big, muscular pump, which beats rhythmically, because of the electrical charges produced by chemical changes going on in the body. His lungs are a set of bellows, which suck in oxygen and expel carbonic acid gas for a similar reason. The cranial storage battery is the seat of a mechanical intelligence, which directs the actions of its surface extremities and maintains an electrical equilibrium in the body.

We have, then, in ourselves, each an air and liquid pump, a storage battery and a set of wires, all operated by electricity created by chemical changes. The body has a certain constant charge of electricity when in a normal condition, just as the earth is said to maintain a certain balance electrically, and if Dr. Loeb could determine what illness or death comes with a variation of this electrical state. This is, indeed, a new physiology.

The simplest form of life is the single-celled organism. The sea urchin is a good example. It was with this form that Dr. Loeb carried out most of his important experiments at Woods Hole, Mass., and in the Marine Observatory in Naples, Italy.

Experiments of this sort were fundamentally important, for all life is simply protoplasm in some form or other. If Dr. Loeb could determine what caused the movements of the little mass of protoplasm which composes the sea urchin, he could then determine with certainty the causes of the functions of life in many complex cells of living matter.

Few have probably stopped to think what this theory means in its relation to our former beliefs in life, its spiritual origin, its origin in God. Dr. Loeb's discovery, which has been puzzling the scientists for a century past—he has linked the inanimate world with the animate.

"Will it not be more difficult," he was asked, "to harmonize this conception of life with our present religious beliefs than it was for Darwin's theory of evo-

lution to be finally accepted by the Christian world?"

"I don't want to discuss that," replied Dr. Loeb. "All I can say is that for a long time I studied the forces which rule in the realm of the inanimate and then I came to the conclusion that these forces were the same as those which ruled the inanimate."

After the theory came the experiments. The biologist reduced conscious life to a material basis by creating conscious life. To be sure, this creation has as yet been done very crudely, but the significance of the result is no less important.

The greatest difficulty of the biologists is to explain the chemical character of life. Much of the phenomena of life can be reproduced in the chemist's laboratory, but thus far, only at such a high temperature that actual life is impossible. No one could explain why the functions of the body could be done at a low temperature at which they now operate.

"For example," says Dr. Loeb, "oxidation, a fundamental principle of life, takes place at a low temperature in the body. The air is inhaled by the lungs and the oxygen taken up by the blood in a very simple manner, but if the chemist attempts to reproduce this he requires a tremendous heat."

Heretofore the scientists have been in the habit of attributing this difference in temperatures at which the same chemical changes are brought about in the body and without it to some mysterious principle or element of life. They called this element the enzyme, a term, says Dr. Loeb, which covers up our present ignorance.

It has been Dr. Loeb's chief labor to discover a way to control the enzymes, and in this study he produced many of the most important results. He found in solution or in a very finely powdered form digest fat in the same way as it is digested by the stomach and glands. Likewise the action of bacteria in putrefaction was reproduced by the powdered platinum, and many other living functions were accomplished.

Indeed, Dr. Loeb did what his predecessor had failed to do—he initiated much of the most secret life phenomena at the same temperature as that of the body. This is the heart of the wonderful success he has had.

"Our living matter has at least one common quality with solutions of platinum," says Dr. Loeb, "namely, that they are colloidal solutions, that is, liquid substances, I should say that perhaps one of the most important features of the physical construction of living matter is this, that half of our living matter is in a liquid state, and the other half is in a solid state, and the solid solution with the same forces as are in the platinum colloids. What are these forces?"

"Experiments have been made showing the effect of an electrical current in water in which were living cells. These cells, bearing negative charges, move toward the positive electrode. When they come in contact with it they lose their charges of electricity and die."

These things happen practically with platinum solutions. The negative charged particles move toward the positive pole, and when they come in contact with it the platinum sinks to the bottom of the jar.

"It is because of the electric charges that particles of heavy electric gravity are attracted to the platinum. So it seems that the particles of any solution treated in this way move toward the poles, and when the electrically charged particles reach their opposite poles they give up their charges and we have the process of coagulation. This in the living world is death."

"Our lives depend upon the electrical condition of our protoplasm. Death is the process of coagulation. So it seems that the chief forces which render these manifestations of life depend upon the electrical condition of our protoplasm and that the force which makes life possible is primarily the electric charge."

"It would be very one-sided to think that from the electrical point of view all manifestations of life could be explained. In this we must remember that changes in temperature might bring about changes in the chemical forces which exist in the liquid part of protoplasm."

The above facts, presented by Herbert Wallace in the New York Sun, are extremely interesting and suggestive. Now what we want is the secrets of life from a Spiritualistic standpoint.

Chicago, Ill. OPTIMIST.

## Religion of Humanity.

It matters not to whom the credit is due for the great spiritual reformation, but it most certainly is noticeable that the spirit of brotherhood, the religion of humanity is growing. Be it from planetary changes, the experiences of man, or the forebodings of the greatest and bloodiest contest the world has ever known in this greed and oppression, or be it from the change from the old creedal, prison house worship of an angry, jealous God to a God of love, it matters not so the change shall continue to come until there are no multimillionaires, and no paupers; until there are libraries in place of saloons; until there are lecture halls for educational discourses upon the most vital and moral questions of the day, in place of gambling houses and dens of vice; until the church edifices shall be of some other use than to give large salaries to theologians, automatic scripture interpreters, talking machines for the reproduction of the sermons of dead and buried ages, and if this reformation continues, more is to be hoped if it will, in fifty years the mention of a devil will dismiss the pulpits in the land and a personal devil in any man's mind will be dismissed as a personal God will disrupt the entire church.

Mr. Carnegie and Dr. Pearson are setting the pace that if followed up by others in like circumstances will make this dear old earth of ours a more desirable abode for spirits to obtain valuable experiences in.

The action of these great money makers is already influencing other financiers to begin various philanthropic works toward the betterment of humanity, and we hope soon the benevolent wave will sweep over the land and remove the wall between the classes and the masses. This is about what it will lead up to as a natural result.

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

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"Why I Am a Vegetarian." By J. Howard Moore. An address before the Chicago Vegetarian Society. Price 25 cents.

Novel Suggestions from a Minister.

The Rev. Mangasarian, who recently came prominently before our readers as offering a wager or prize for certain spirit manifestations, should not call out prejudice on that account, for he is one of the most liberal and far seeing of all the liberal lecturers. In his Easter remark at the Grand Opera House he gave utterance to ideas which heralded as they were by the press, will startle his less thoughtful co-workers:

"The outlook for the churches of America is certainly not growing brighter. The theological seminaries are complaining of the steady decline in the number of candidates for holy orders. Professor Haeckel says: 'The thinkers refuse a hearing to the preachers.' The preachers admit that there are now fewer men in their organization than ever before, and that it is almost impossible nowadays to get up an old-fashioned revival."

"Having stated the problem, let us endeavor to solve it."

"I say it without prejudice that our church doctrines, like those of ancient Rome, have lost the sympathy of the intellectually competent. There is not the shadow of doubt of this. The church is expelling every one who thinks and retaining only those who are either too indifferent to think or too timid to say what they think. When an institution loses its strongest men it loses its strength, becomes decrepit and dies. The churches seek a lower level at the peril of their lives."

Then he asks, "Can the church be saved?" and replies that it can be only along the following lines:

"Let us abandon all little questions such as Sabbath observance, creed revisions, heresy trials, orthodoxy, etc., and bring all our energies to tell upon great world problems—grappling at close range with the conditions which obstruct the emancipation and fraternalization of humanity."

"Define religion anew and let it be man's best effort to enlighten his mind and to ennoble his character. Replace the 'believe, believe' of the past with the divine 'prove all things.' It is a sin to believe anything upon insufficient evidence. If a man believes because his pastor says so, and the very truth he holds becomes a heresy," says John Milton.

"How shall we fill our empty churches? I recommend, modestly, the following changes:

"First—We have been all along reading from only one Bible in our churches; let us have more Bibles. This will at least introduce an element of novelty which cannot but interest as well as interest our people. If the new Bibles don't prove equally satisfactory they will increase our appreciation of our own."

"Second—Let us drop the congregational singing in our churches. It is difficult for two or three hundred people without many rehearsals to sing well together. Poor singing does not attract people to our churches. Let us instead have the best music money can buy."

"Third—I hesitate to make my third suggestion and yet I must. It is the custom of our churches to make three prayers at each service. Replace this feature by the reading or reciting in a well trained voice, the best selections from the makers and molders of modern thought—Kant, Comte, Carlyle, George Eliot, Tennyson, Emerson, Goethe, and with our eyes open to watch the result."

"Fourth—Discontinue the Sunday evening service. This institution is dying of itself slowly—hasn't the decline. One good impression is all that a preacher can make in one day and all that an audience can receive in one day."

"Fifth—Dispense with all 'rites' such as infant or adult baptism or immersion; the communion service either with fermented or unfermented wine. For the intellectual, if not the emotional, in these ordinances have lost their meaning. Where there is no kernel the shell is not worth keeping."

"Sixth—My next suggestion will create some surprise, but I am in earnest. Discontinue the Sunday-School. This institution is doing our churches more harm than we have any idea. It is turning the young away from the church."

"In conclusion let us have a new clergy and we will have a new church and a new people; like priest, like people. 'I am tired of being a theological mummy,' said the Rev. Dr. Behrens, of Brooklyn. 'Take the dry rot out of your dogmas,' said the Rev. Dr. Hawes of London. Preachers of America, what will we do? Shall we be a voice or an echo? Men or mummies?"

This discourse, claiming to be an Easter "message sent out to the churches," has more than passing significance. It really voices the thoughts of the ablest and best in the ranks of the Protestant churches. It will be a glad day when the preachers lay aside their prejudice against other religions and read from the other Bibles, the Vedas, Shaster, the Book of Kings and Koran as well as their own. The prayers have been the stronghold of the church service, the padding to fill out the time. How refreshing readings and recitations in "sonorous voice" will be, and just now when the tendency of Spiritualists is toward rituals, christenings and ordinations, this leader declares that all these rites are worn out, only husks with the kernel gone.

Divine Aid Useless to Mamma.

There was Dorothy's first visit to Sunday School, and she had only a misty three-year-old idea of things religious, but when asked by her teacher if she knew her catechism, promptly said she did. The teacher began with the first question: "Who made you?"

"With astonishing quickness and certainty made the answer: 'My mother.' The young woman struggled between her desire to laugh and her duty as a teacher and remonstrated: 'No, Dorothy, God made you. He made every thing.'"

"Huh," said the little maid, loftily, "I know better. My mamma does every single thing up to our house. She makes all my clothes, gets things to eat, and, oh, lots of other things. She doesn't need God to help her."

The session adjourned before the new scholar was convinced that she was wrong.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mediums' Home.

To the Editors—I would like to ask, purely for information, if this home for dead about is to be merely a 'Mediums' Home,' a home for worn-out and broken-down mediums, such as those who produce some sort of phenomena, the last of Human Culture and Culture. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

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(Continued from second page.)

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