

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Of course this is a very rare experience. The brain of the poor girl is not developed. She has her memories and her feelings as before, but she develops powers not found in normal life. With paralyzed optic nerves, and in darkness, she reads and writes; and with those hands of hers back of her head, she splits wool shawls, selecting the shades of colored wool needed with unerring accuracy.

CALIFORNIA'S THANKSGIVING.

... CALIFORNIA'S THANKSGIVING...

We thank thee for rich bounties given;
For love that breathes of home and
 heaven;
We thank thee for all thy care doth
 give,
But most of all, we thank thee, that we
 live."

ROSE L. BUSHNELL-DONNELLY,
San Francisco, Cal.

All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from light.—Bacon

**They Assist in Bringing Forth Certain
Persons for a Special Work.**

The singer literally tunes these chords in the larynx just as a violin is tuned by mechanical act. Another set

ot muscles perform the office for which
the violinist uses his fingers. They

ot muscles perform the office for which

produce such wonderful results, is certainly the product of occult spirit influence, commencing before birth, and continuing up to the present time.

A. R. S.

The Progressive Thinker

The Progressive Thinker
is the Great Lever That Moves the
World of Progress.

The winter season is here. There should be a million copies of The Progressive Thinker sent out to enrich the minds of the people. Each number has something you and others should know. Cry and induce your neighbor to subscribe. Just think of it, the paper only costs two cents a week. What an intellectual feast for an insignificant sum!

I will now relate a few experiences of my spirit, after leaving my body, in

I was told this time to put my thoughts on something spiritual and hold them there. I did so by thinking of my spirit home as I saw it yesterday. Soon I began to realize I was floating away from this home, my guide being

with me. We traveled a long distance, so it seemed to me, and the experience

with me. We traveled a long distance,

When we settled down in front of a large golden temple. When he called my attention to it I was astonished, for it seemed to stand out in the sunlight like a huge mountain of gold. On looking up over a wide arched door I saw a golden angel with outstretched wings. We passed into the open door and over a wide aisle. The building was

down a wide aisle. The building was filled with people, all of them being dressed in white. We walked up to the altar or throne, where in a large golden chair sat one whom I thought was

Christ; over him hung a golden angel,
and around his head was a bright halo;
on either side of him was a golden
angel smaller than the one he occupied,
over each was also an angel. In front
of him on the altar were two crowns,
and in one hand he held a book. We
both stopped in front and facing him. I
was greatly surprised and wondered

come from the a wet band around me, when they saw how deeply these lessons were imbedded into my soul, will, I hope, inspire me for all time to come, to clasp hands with them and do what little I can to help them in spreading this great truth.

After traveling what seemed to me a long distance, we gradually ascended

After traveling what seemed to me a

"Oh!" I cried, "Father, can it be possible for me, being so weak, to enter this holy place?"

His only answer being as it had been before, "Come, child," so he led me down this marble walk. Everything which greeted my eyes was pure white, the water and the wall around the city.

he gates and the wall around the city looked like marble, the grass, the trees and leaves looked to me to be crystallized, they were so pure and white; but then, such a quiet awe fell over me, the moment we entered the city, that it seemed as if I must hold my breath; the quietness, the awful stillness, what could it mean? When everything was

"My brother, rest awhile, then you will be stronger, for you have left her for awhile, and after your rest you may go and see her, for you have passed the change called death and are now in the spirit world."

"Dead! I am not dead. If I was, do you think I would be able to call my

"Dead! I am not dead. If I was, do

change, why don't we on the earth plane know of it? I have never heard of a change like this! Why are we not taught differently? Why—" and in his excitement he raised up and exclaimed, "Why don't the ministers get up in their pulpits and tell the truth! Instead of telling us a lot of trash? They

stead of telling us a lot of trash! They must know better! Instead of telling us how to live on faith, why don't they go to work and inform themselves of this life; there must be some way of finding out these truths.

"Turning to my guide, I said, 'Oh, father, this lesson has sunk deep into my soul and is well learned,' (for I, too, was greatly excited) but what does it mean?"

"This, child, is a school or hospital

formed matter that our sense organs hold, that as light (the space filling solar fluid) mirrors nature upon our psychic, even so does the environed ether mirror nature in ethereal forms, and place our mountains and valleys, green trees and running brooks in our spirit.

land, and these scenic productions of physical nature become spirit scenery

land, and these scenic productions of

plicating the natural with the spiritual, and in this way the divine memory of ether is formed, and an ethereal duplicate of extinct cities is faithfully preserved, and upon proper conditions of air they are open to view, and the great countries of Europe are mapped out in the spirit world with as much accuracy

the spirit world with as much accuracy as in the natural world for the natural becomes the base of the spiritual in the psychic development of mind and in the ethereal registration as a permanent

preservation of a fac simile copy. Thus the things of matter and of ether spirit are interdependent, and the physical world finds its classified duplicate in the spiritual where the transient becomes permanent, and the fading of death the overgreen of life.

PROF. W. A. JONES.

Hot Springs, Ark.

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All books advertised in the columns of The Progressive Thinker are for sale at this office. Send this in mind.

Hypnotizing a Supposed Murderer.

The following account is quoted from the Alpha Theta Press, published at Alpharetta, Georgia:

"A week ago last Sunday Gugle Bourquin, the head of an old French Huguenot family, and owner of large landed estates, including one of the finest game preserves in the south, was assassinated in his buggy on his lands, seven miles from Savannah, Ga. In the buggy with him was an aged negro retainer of the name of Fred Taylor, who had been a body servant of Bourquin for more than forty years. The bodies of both master and servant were found with heads and backs riddled with bullet-shot. There was no clew to the murderer."

"A few days later an escaped convict of the name of Miller was picked up by the officers. At the police station he made a most vehement declaration that he had shot and killed Bourquin and Taylor. His story was that he had been hired by a white man of the name of Sapp to commit the murder on the promise of a payment of \$25."

"The convict is illiterate; can neither read nor write. According to his statement the murder must have been committed eight miles from where the bodies were found, and it must have been accomplished in a manner wholly at variance with the facts."

"Miller's story was so remarkable and was adhered to with such vehemence that it was determined to put him to extraordinary tests. At the police station Monday morning he was put under hypnotic influence by a leading physician. In his trance he said that he had not fired the shots, but he had heard them and knew who had fired them. Again, later in the day, he was hypnotized and made to go through what he alleges to be his own connection with the tragedy. Upon being brought under hypnotic influence he was placed in a buggy with two officers and given the reins. He drove the horse skillfully through the most crowded streets of the city without the slightest hesitation or error and took a road leading into the country. On the way he was pointed out objects and places that had attracted him while on the alleged murderous errand. His story is as follows:

"Mr. Sapp came out from behind a game bag. He made me take them. Mr. Sapp showed me a white man and a nigger in a buggy coming down the road. He said the white man had killed his dog and one of his friends, and he was going to kill him. Then Mr. Sapp went off. Directly I heard two shots from a gun. After a little while Mr. Sapp and three other white men came back. One of them said: 'Now, let's kill this nigger.' Mr. Sapp said, 'No; he can help us; let him.' They promised me \$125 if I would say I did it. I said I would say it was me, and Mr. Sapp said I must meet him at Burger's store the next day and get the money. I was at Burger's store two days for the money, but Mr. Sapp did not come. I was waiting for the money when the detectives caught me."

"Why, here is your money," said the physician who was conducting the experiment, placing his hand in that of Miller. The convict assumed an injured air at once.

"Why didn't you give it to me when you promised?" he demanded indignantly. Closing his hand quickly he stuffed the imaginary bills into his pocket. Miller, in his hypnotic state, described the alleged Mr. Sapp and his three companions so minutely that four men with whom Bourquin is known to have had trouble are under surveillance."

Such experiments do not constitute valid evidence, such as can be relied upon in a case at law, involving the innocence or guilt of the hypnotized subject or any other person.

No testimony obtained from a person in a state of hypnosis, in a case of this kind is of any value whatever. With one under hypnotic influence, a falsehood is as easily told as the truth, and without hesitation, and confessions thus made possess not the least evidential value whatever.

As a psychological experiment it is simply interesting, and as a study in the occult workings of the human mind under peculiar conditions it may be useful; but as evidence to be received in a court of justice it is valueless.

A SPECIAL EFFORT

Should Be Made to Extend the Circulation of The Progressive Thinker.

It contains such a vast amount of Spiritualistic and Occult news each week, that it can not fail to enrich the mind. Now is the time to call your neighbor's attention to the paper. The cost is but a trifle to each one.

"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.

Why We Should Be Thankful—The Ideal Spiritual Thanksgiving.

The proclamation of Gov. Bradford in 1621 and the proclamation of President Roosevelt in 1902, when considered in the light of contrast, show why we should be thankful on this annual festival of the family and the nation. Gov. Bradford found reasons for thanksgiving because, as winter was coming on, the settlers had "good and bass and other fish of which every family had their portion," also "good store of fowls" had come in, and besides "they had about a peck of meal a week to a person, or now, since harvest, Indian corn to ye proportion." In his optimistic proclamation the president lays no stress upon the merely material things, for of these we have abundance, and "rarely has any people enjoyed greater prosperity than we are now enjoying."

On the other hand, while recognizing the overflowing plenty, he says: "We are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting." And then, with a familiar reference to the individual, he says: "We seek to praise him not by words only but by deeds, by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and our fellow-men."

In this noteworthy proclamation President Roosevelt caught the true meaning and spirit of Thanksgiving, which is not alone to be thankful for bounties but adequately to acknowledge them by doing our duty to ourselves and doing good work for others. And this does not mean presenting them with theories of reform, pronouncements of doctrine, and criticisms of conduct, which we give to them every other day in the year, but simply to make them happy on this one day, so that they, too, shall feel grateful.

While Thanksgiving has come to be a national festival it is not the less a home festival, and though since it became a national festival it has lost some of its old-time significance, still it remains the season of family reunion, and as such should always remain. The tendency is more and more to drift away from the home life. There are ambitions for careers and there are fortunes to be won. Life continually grows more and more complex, and the sons and daughters get farther apart. It is hard to set up a hearth in a hotel or an apartment house. There should be one day in the year, therefore, sacred to the home, so long as there is a home. If one has not a home of his own, then he should be thankful in another's home, so that the significance of the day shall not be lost altogether.

From the national point of view there is every reason for the giving of thanks. We are to be grateful for a year of almost unexampled progress and prosperity. The whirl of any wheel of industry and for expanding commerce; for the absence of pestilence; for peace, for the amicable settlement of the great industrial strike; and for the rapid spread of religion and education. There is no room for pessimism to-day. As the president says, "Decade by decade we have struggled onward and upward." The Republic has had its time of trouble, but, on the whole, it has moved forward. There is always more of good than of evil in the world, and there never was a time in its history when men were more earnest in their efforts to better the conditions of their fellow-men. It is no longer "a peck of meal" that we are to be thankful for. In the presidents words, "We have had, on the whole, more to be thankful for than in any other year of our history."

The above from the Chicago Tribune contains some excellent sentiments, but it does not give expression to an ideal Spiritual Thanksgiving, one from the higher spiritual standpoint, illustrating what the world would be if animated with right feelings toward the poverty-stricken and unfortunate. In Chicago, as set forth by a Chicago daily, a half a million turkeys were stuffed and salted; twenty-two gridiron giants were keen for battle; the doors of all the churches were open. Everything was ready for Chicago's Thanksgiving.

At the asylums, the hospitals, the orphanages, at institutions for the feeble, boys of the Illinois Marine Training School farm an entertainment supplied by home talent was arranged for the forenoon; at Peckanville the boys went through a series of special drills and participated in games; boys who are inmates of the Chicago Industrial Home for Children at Woodstock were given all they could eat, and at the Danish Orphan asylum, 1183 North Maplewood avenue, there were games of every description.

Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Harrison and Throop streets; the Home for the Friendless; the Martha Washington Home at Irving Park boulevard and Western avenue; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, the Home for Aged Jews, and at the Home for Jewish Orphans a feast was spread for the inmates.

A musical followed by drill exercises was included in the program at the House of the Good Shepherd, for the boys of the Illinois Marine Training School farm an entertainment supplied by home talent was arranged for the forenoon; at Peckanville the boys went through a series of special drills and participated in games; boys who are inmates of the Chicago Industrial Home for Children at Woodstock were given all they could eat, and at the Danish Orphan asylum, 1183 North Maplewood avenue, there were games of every description.

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All Thanksgiving dinner was given to all the old seamen by the Chicago Sailors' Home Mission and Home for Aged Seamen, 524 North Dearborn street. The inmates of the Woman's refuge, 5024 Indiana avenue; the Old People's Home, 3850 Indiana avenue; the Home for the Aged, 610 Garfield boulevard; the Englewood Nursery, 6516 Perry avenue; St. John's Home, 33 Wisconsin street; and at the Episcopal Old People's Home the spirit of the day was fully observed. The annual Thanksgiving dinner of the Florence Crittenton Anchorage, 1349 Wabash avenue, was given on Friday at 11 o'clock.

The above illustrates an ordinary Thanksgiving day in Chicago, and as an impulse to do good to others, to give thanks to the mercies of God, to be struck, and to introduce a little genuine sunshine of happiness into the souls of those not accustomed to feel its genial influence, it was all that could be desired. But this one day when people bled over with generosity is only an exceedingly small part of the year. It contains twenty-four hours only, while the remainder of the year which is void of any special cheer for the unfortunate, contains 8,736 hours. The real Thanksgiving is a continual giving and taking on earth, for if it had, it would extend through the entire year—not with turkey and hilarious display of pulpit eloquence, foot-ball games, etc., but each one would be given employment

whereby an honest living could be gained. Each house of the well-to-do would be a home to minister to the careworn and unfortunate. There would be strife among the wealthy as to which one among them should have the exquisite pleasure of ministering to the wants of an old cripple about to die. There would be a superabundance of homes, and a dearth of destitute children to occupy them. In that ideal Spiritual Thanksgiving, people will be so anxious to spread happiness, cheerfulness and good will, that they will advise the unfortunate to come and partake of the good things of life. One or more special beds and rooms will always be waiting in each well-to-do home in the ideal Spiritual Thanksgiving time for some poor soul that needs kindly ministrations.

All people will pour occasionally with goodness, but that should be perennial; a good impulse should come to stay and not vanish with the close of Thanksgiving. It should exist throughout the entire year.

The world is slowly evolving towards the ideal Spiritual Thanksgiving, and when it arrives in all its pristine purity, there will be no turkeys murdered to satisfy the capricious appetites of puny mortals. They will live on cereals, nuts and choice fruits of various kinds. Haste, oh, angels, the ideal Spiritual Thanksgiving.

The Lecturer in the Pulpit.

It is becoming customary very rapidly for the preacher to assume in the pulpit the role of a lecturer. For that the American Israelite finds fault very vigorously as follows: "What has become of the Preacher? The Jewish pulpits, with but few exceptions, are filled by Lecturers, ye cleft Rabbis. It looks very much as though metty physics has superseded religion, and hair-splitting oratory the lonely sentiments of love, truth, faith and justice. Enter a Temple now, and you will hear a sage and learned discourse on some abstract and abstruse matter, containing, no doubt, a most most valuable moral, if only the listener could get at the meaning of the lecturer. The function of the Preacher, as the public viewed the matter, was to deal with the every-day, commonplace matters of life, and to point out the path which leads to peace, happiness and mortal blessings, and eventually to spiritual bliss. It was always considered the province of the preacher to instruct his flock in the daily duties of life, and to reconcile his people to their lot, if it be a hard one, or to temper their rejoicings with deeds of charity and kindness if they be fortunate and successful. It was always regarded the solemn duty of the preacher to enter, heart and soul, into the individual wants and misfortunes, joys and sorrows of the individual members of his congregation, and not to hold aloof from the poorest and most miserable person any more than from the most influential member. There was a time when the preacher did not confine himself to the sanctity of his study and refer all cases of sorrow, distress and want to 'the committee or society organized for that purpose.' He went forth himself, and in person administered material and spiritual comfort. He did not regard it as his bounden duty only to deliver a sermon and a lecture each week, to preside over the Sabbath-school, to be president of a literary society, to respond to calls to lecture for Gentile organizations for secular charities or institutions! In short, he did acts of charity which never were in print, and he made no 'fuss.'"

The Israelite should know that the lecturer who elucidates a scientific subject, reveals more of the nature of God than the preacher who deals in generalities with reference to divine providence, and who has no means of proving the absolute truth of what he says. One can never exhaust the possibilities of minuteness, hence with a microscope he can find a subject for a sermon at any time. The varieties of microbes; the germs that cause the trichina of diseased pork, and those minute organisms that render life so uncertain are objects worthy of the most certain mind. Every minister should preach with a powerful microscope at hand; with an observatory with powerful magnifying lens; with chemical apparatus to demonstrate some of the process of evolution. As a preacher, drawing conclusions from facts, a scientific writer says, "The fact that the elementary substances now number, according to chemists, full 70, shows an increase within the last 50 years of nearly one-fourth in the number known. The size of an atom of oxygen or nitrogen is said to have a diameter of one ten-millionth part of a centimetre; they are supposed to be in a state of constant motion, at the rate of 50 miles a minute, and to make them visible, the present highest known magnifying power of the microscope would have to be increased nearly a thousand fold."

That statement is invaluable to the religious mind, for it then realizes the minute workings of Divine Providence in making oxygen gas, and he has a higher and grander concept of the wisdom displayed. The lecturer is far superior, as a general rule, to the ordinary preacher. His aim is to arrive at the whole truth, no book being so sacred to him that he will not examine it carefully, critically and conscientiously. The preacher is hampered with a creed; bothered by established customs, and held in place by too conservative minds who have great reverence for the past and little respect for the present.

A Realistic Sermon.

Very appropriately from Rome comes the news that a priest while preaching in the Church of San Carlos, at Naples, tried to impress his congregation, which was drawn from the poorest and most disreputable of the inhabitants, with the terrors of hell. With the view to heightening the effect of his oratory he had placed behind the altar in the sacrilegious custody a man who, while the priest was preaching, was to be tortured by a series of horrors, rattled chains. The performance, so realistic that the congregation fled in terror, and many were injured in the crush at the doors. The police have warned the priest to abstain from his dangerous theatricals.

And yet, if the orthodox hell is a reality, why should not any means be not only permissible but morally and religiously obligatory that may suffice to bring about a real and lasting ending horrors. The more realistic the priest or preacher can make his sermons, in depicting hell and its awful terrors, the more likely that his believing hearers will be induced to flee from

the wrath to come. Hell should be enacted on the church's stage, with all the realistic effects possible to conceive or invent.

The Divining Rod.

It appears from a special dispatch to the St. Louis Star from New Haven, Ct., that the Divining Rod is no fake, but a genuine prophit in the hands of certain persons, and also a good profit to the distracted farmer who wants water badly. The report gets forth that the serenity of skeptics and other unbelievers in the efficacy of storks, snakes and other inanimate things in producing seemingly supernatural results will receive a severe jolt upon learning of an experiment made recently with the divining rod before a jury composed of the most prominent business and professional men in Connecticut.

This particular experiment was tried with eminent success in Madison upon the farm of Frank C. Russell, a wholesale grocer.

The gentlemen, who were guests of Mr. Smith at his cottage, had met in company with Mr. Bushnell at a dinner shortly before the day of the experiment and during the conversation Mr. Bushnell remarked that he had been unable to get water on one portion of his summer place, and that he had half a mind to try the powers of Humphrey Griswold, who lives in Madison, and see if he could locate water with what he called his divining rod. The gentlemen became interested and a lengthy discussion resulted, the outcome of which was that Mr. Bushnell invited them all to come to the farm to spend a day and see for themselves what there was to the old man's claims. The following day was set, and the whole party went to Madison and to the farm. Mr. Bushnell dispatched a man for Humphrey Griswold, who arrived shortly afterward and asked what was wanted.

"Do you think you could show me where there was water on this farm, Humph?" asked Mr. Bushnell.

"If there is any water under it, I can," said Humphrey, confidently.

"Well, get your rod and start on the job," said Mr. Bushnell.

The jury had surrounded the two and was curious to see the divining rod, but were unable to get at it, for the old man did not have anything with him. "This birch sapling will do," said he, and with a big jack knife he cut the birch off about two feet below a fork. The big end he sharpened, then cut the two branches forming the crotch at equal distance from the fork or about two feet, making each prong equally distant from the joining at the center. The divining rod was ready then and he asked to be shown where it was desired water should be found. He was taken to a large lot some distance away and when within the inclosure began his work. He grasped the two prongs in his hands with the point upward. His hands were kept palms up, thus keeping the point from turning down. When the rod at his heels he began walking slowly straight across the lot. He had proceeded about one-third of the distance across when the point of the rod suddenly turned down and he pointed to the ground. The old man stepped back and the point rose to an upright position. Then as he walked toward the same spot again the point bent downward in spite of the efforts of the old man to keep it upright. No remark was made, but one or two of the jury smiled and winked knowingly at each other. The old man stopped when the stick's point struck the ground, then he walked away to the south and from a point some fifty yards distant walked toward the spot where the stick had pointed down. When he reached the spot the point of the stick was again downward.

The old man held the prongs with a firm grasp, so firm that the muscles of his hands stuck out and the stick, as its point turned down, scraped and creaked not unlike the sound made by a vessel's slides rubbing against a wharf. So firm had been his grip that the bark was broken and twisted off where his hands had been.

The jury stopped laughing and became interested. Mr. Bushnell then piled stones upon the spot, for there the old man said, water would be found at a depth of ten feet; and then the man walked slowly around the pile of stones and looked up suddenly at the jury, but his face was composed and gave no information.

"That ain't the place," he remarked, and kept walking toward the fence. At the spot from where the pile of stones had been removed the point of the stick turned down and the old man said: "This is where I left the stones."

Continuing on toward the north fence the rod at intervals turned down slightly and again completely down, following the old man explained, the course of the water or the series of springs which made up the water course under the ground.

When the rod bent only slightly, the water was at too great a depth to be available, but when the point turned completely down and with violence the water was near the surface and could be reached by little digging. The old man was kept at the task doing all sorts of things with the rod when one of the jury tried his skill. The rod was placed in his hands and he started in a spot distant from the one where the water was found, walking in a direction that would bring him across it right angles. When he reached the course the stick did the same as it had done in the old man's hands.

Every member of the party tried it and it performed the same "stunt" for all but two.

On the following day men were set at work digging a well and pure spring water was found at a depth of ten feet, and the well is still flowing.

The evidence is conclusive that in the hands of some persons the "Divining Rod" is a genuine prophit.

An Excellent Work.

Meredith B. Little, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has published a pamphlet of 78 pages, bearing the title, "The One Divine Purpose Through Evolutionary Processes Fulfilled in the Individualization of Substance, Life and Intelligence in Man." Mr. Little handles the subject in a very able manner. In explaining how the formative force acts in the spirit world, he says:

"In the world of matter we are given: First, the germ, the material expression of the mind, the culmination of the development of the perfected plant in all its beauty."

"In dealing with plants and all other forms of which the environment of the spirit realm is composed, we should remember that we have left the material world behind us and are dealing wholly with spirit. The same formative force or energy that pervades the material world is also in operation throughout the spiritual realm. Flowers do not have brains and therefore cannot possess intelligence. There are many sensitive plants, but never one with brains or intelligence, and, as there are no animals or plants in the domain of the immaterial, below a certain condition of intelligence, the flowers with which we are familiar in material environment have no place in the spirit world. But the same formative force that gives us the great diversity of the floral kingdom on the mortal plane, also operates, although through a different process, in producing the far more delicate flora of the world of spirit."

"We should also bear in mind that in this persistent principle of formative energy there is the plan, the pattern, the outline of the fully developed plant and blossoms in their complete and perfect spiritual expression. Now the foliage and bloom that is given in wanton profusion, through nature's unaided operation, to the material world, the spiritual homes, are produced in all their beauty and loveliness through the source of evolving formation, directed by this shaping force, a process quite beyond the limitations of mortal comprehension. They do not require the long period of growth and formative unfoldment with which we are familiar on the earth plane. In the production of our floral beauties for them, like the disembodied spirit of man, are not dependent upon the processes of chemical action in material substance for their spiritual expression."

"The beautiful crystal frost forms, presenting the charmingly delicate tracings of nature's foliage in infinite variety, developing, in a few hours, on our windows or on the pavement in our streets, on a cold winter's night, may be used as a crude illustration of the rapidity with which this determinative force sometimes operates, not only in the spiritual, but also on the mortal plane, in producing forms of beauty which are tangible to our physical senses."

"This persistent energy in nature known as formative force also operates through the brain of man. Therefore every mental picture, expressed or re-produced in architecture, sculpture and painting, all that is divine and ennobling in the harmony of music, the complex mechanism of the inventor, and, in fact, everything that is expressed in form or harmony, is produced through human intelligence, from the whitest stick of the street urchin, up to the most magnificent cathedral of the medieval ages, or the monster steamship, known as the 'ocean liner' of to-day, are just as much the product of this formative energy, operating through the human brain, as the myriads of forms expressed in nature throughout her several kingdoms."

"This constructive talent, expressed in the gifted musician, artist, inventor, constructor or mechanic, has been properly termed 'a gift from nature,' for, just in proportion as the operation of man's mental activities, through the brain, are in tune with this mighty shaping force, so much the more perfect will be his conception and expression of the harmonies of the grand, the beautiful and the useful."

"Throughout the spirit world, operating, as we have previously shown, upon finer material and with accelerated rapidity of constructive processes, this formative energy is continually building homes in the realm of spirit for the liberated children of humanity. We should ever bear in mind that just in proportion as our lives are unselfish and useful, our aspirations pure and lofty, our ability to appreciate all that is harmonious and beautiful, cultivated and refined, in our mortal environment, in like degree of perfection will we find our homes prepared for us in the realm of spiritual existence."

"Through the operation of this determinative energy, affected by our condition of intelligence or ignorance, our individual efforts for good or evil, do we possess the power to create for ourselves a spiritual palace or a spiritual hovel. In the world of effects we shall have just what belongs to us! What we have earned and are able to appreciate! Nothing more and nothing less!"

"In the centre of this world of spirit, of which we have been able to give you an imperfect idea, we find that harmonious and beautiful, cultivated and refined, in our mortal environment, in like degree of perfection will we find our homes prepared for us in the realm of spiritual existence."

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The Philosophy of Life and Death.

A Funeral Sermon Prepared by an Unfortunate but Brilliant Mind, to Be Delivered Over His Own Mortal Remains.

[Dr. P. J. Barrington, who passed to spirit life, on the 10th of November, 1902, at Sioux Falls, S. D., prepared his own Funeral Sermon, which we publish in full. It was read over his mortal remains. The Doctor was pinched by poverty at the time of his death, but was rich spiritually. He was always generous, kind and thoughtful of others, and did a vast amount of good during his earthly career. His own Funeral Sermon contains many beautiful thoughts and will be read with interest.]

After diligent study and investigation upon the great problems of life for nearly fifty years of his physical existence, the writer desires to leave something behind showing some of the conclusions at which he has arrived along those lines of thought:

MY PRECEPTS—MY ETHICS.

Principle, to me, stands front and foremost of all the considerations which go to control my actions in life. It means to me the God in man—the Christ principle lived as shown by Gautama, Pythagoras, Jesus, and a dozen others; the erring reclaimed; the fallen uplifted; the human made divine; the probabilities of all souls developed; the poetic idea realized—a demonstrated fact.

MY PERSONAL CREED.

In my consciousness I recognize that God is; and He does not, and cannot exist apart from man.

Therefore, I do hope for, and in some little way have always worked for the brotherhood of man. I have always endeavored to so live that I might commence my progress here instead of waiting until I get beyond. I have always believed that our spirit friends help us best when we best help ourselves. My Spiritualism is entirely eclectic. It aims at heaven but does not ignore earth; it includes every form of progress and reform. I do not believe all is spirit-land glories, for it considers humanity, its glories, its sorrows, its sins and its needs. I have had a friendly hand for every honest work for human good and I respect all men despite their creed or no creed, if they live manly as all men should. My creed is progress. I am a progressive Spiritualist.

But I best desire to be a man in all that makes a man. I know that I shall live after my body is laid away among the rubbish of the grave-yard. I know that the immortality of the soul of man is just as susceptible of demonstration as any problem in mathematics to any and all persons who are willing and honest enough to lay away their prejudices and superstition and commence an honest investigation to arrive at the facts for Truth's sake. However, I do not mean that the soul of man can be demonstrated by any weights or measures known to physical science. Oh, no; this evidence must come through our own individual consciousness.

I have on several occasions left my body sleeping in repose and visited other scenes and places and impressed my personality upon other persons so plainly and vividly that I have been seen and described very accurately though my body lay in repose many hundreds of miles away. I have been written to many times upon this subject, the writers wishing to know my whereabouts at such a particular time. I could give many such experiences which I have had through my own consciousness, all through my past life, which have been and can be corroborated by thousands of persons living to-day and who have had like experiences, thus proving beyond a doubt that the soul and consciousness of man are not entirely dependent upon his body to give expression to his personality while living here. Then why is it not true that man can and does live after his body is lying mouldering in the grave?

Man does not have to pass through the process of death to become a spirit soul, because he is a soul here and now.

The popular or theological orthodox idea is that man "has a soul" that belongs to him. On this concept rests the whole soul-saving machinery of ecclesiasticism, the essential predicate without which a "savior" would be out of harmony with the needs of human welfare. What may be called the more modern concept of the soul is, that it is not a principle of life, but the life; that it is not given to man, or an attribute of man, but man—the All; that the body is of itself nothing so far as potentiality goes, but an instrument, a tool, a tenement, for the time being, of the real man, or what we call in our home nomenclature, the Intelligence.

Our thought premises are so scattered with the material, that to grasp the spiritual concept of the soul is almost an impossibility to the general thinker.

The Soul's existence is one of the problems, perhaps, that can never be mastered entirely by reason, from the fact that we must admit that the soul of man is an eternal entity, having no place in time, no discontinuity, no fatality, but a progressive, expansive consciousness arising from its combinations with matter. Therefore, to suppose the soul to have a beginning in eternity would be absurd.

But before the statements of being, the relation of man to the Deity, can be rationally understood there will necessarily have to be a great deal of clearing away of the cobwebs and rubbish of a false and superstitious religious concept. It is not because we have not the evidence of the oneness of God and man. We must lay aside all prejudice. We must at once acknowledge ourselves as in the one life of which the manifest universe is the harmonious expression, affirming God and man are one. "The infinite Good, or God, and the absolute principle of the being, man, is the expression of Deity. Being, acknowledged no several personalities or separate entities, but each individual a conscious unit, maintains its true selfhood in, not out of, the infinite.

Is it not written in Genesis, "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness;—so God created man in His image, in the image of God created He him." Here we have a clear-cut statement of this fact written many thousands years ago. It is true then, it is true now. Now this idea of the oneness of God and man must become clear. It will not do to pause in dim or feeble conceptions; we must get the largest and most helpful ideas possible. If man was formed after the image and likeness of God, he becomes the highest organization of intelligence in which the Deity has to express itself. Within man the idea of infinite is organic. This is in harmony with the irrevocable law.

We must know from within. Do not ask any questions from without, expecting a final answer, since that within us is the substance of God—the Manifesting Eternal; and when we say to ourselves that we have consciousness, thought, love, power and will, we but name the attributes of God. Our function is to realize the growth of these in consciousness. In God, as the realized Unit, they are all absolute. If we love in degree, then God realized is infinite love; if we seem to know in part, then God is Omniscient; if we have power to do some things, then God is limitless potency. To explain the import of these statements we must have recourse to physical science, which is true in correspondence, and we will learn to discriminate clearly between being and existence. God is I am. God is all. I am in God; the all includes me. My body is but the expression of my idea. As I am the expression of God's idea I am an idea in the Infinite Mind. My body is that idea expressed in form. God is the absolute thinker. But man receives his life into himself as the birds that fly through the air breathe that air, or as the fishes of the ocean drink the water in which they swim.

Therefore, I shall affirm my own divinity; I shall claim my portion of the living bread and water as the offering of the great Source of Supply from whom I can never for one instant be divided. They who should I not most reverently but confidently exclaim: "My Father and I are one!" Perhaps there has never been any one who expressed this idea of the oneness of God and man so simply and so lucidly as the man Jesus of Nazareth did. Let us turn to the Testament and hear what He says. "Had you have known me, you would have known my Father also, for I and my Father are one." In Luke, 17th chapter, 21st verse, he locates the Kingdom of God within you; meaning you, the soul, the ego. He could not certainly have meant that God was a personality or that the Kingdom of God was an empire in the sense in which he answered this question of the Pharisees.

Again he says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all things else shall be added unto you," the kingdom in this sense meaning your real self, able to add to yourself all things whatsoever you may desire or wish for. And he even tells us that having sought this Kingdom and found it, man becomes equal with God; that he experiences a new birth; that this new birth constitutes a consciousness of hidden God-hood. Having attained this knowledge, this truth, man becomes free,—free from the law of sin and death; he assumes not only fellowship or heirship with God, but he is equal in every sense with Jesus Christ, being a joint heir with him. Or in other words, if we take Christ's explanation, the Christ in Jesus and the Christ in you is and must be the same. It is infinite life. It is the knowledge of God revealed in you; and within you are all the potentialities that exist. Do not lose sight of the fact that it was the promulgation of this principle, the statement of this truth, that cost Jesus Christ his life.

Again, Jesus declared you cannot destroy life. I can lay my life down at will and pick it up again. If you destroy this kingdom, in three days it shall rise again. And thousands of other persons of this day have had similar experiences. He did rise, and was seen by the two Marys at the sepulchre; then by the two men on the road to Emmaus; then again before the eleven men as they sat at supper in an upper chamber. He stood before them in the materialism of his old body, showing the nail prints in his hands and with the spear wound in his side. He asked for meat and bread, and he sat and ate with his disciples. They did not see Him come and they did not see how nor when He disappeared. Similar manifestations are occurring all over the world in the home scene.

But modern spiritual phenomena do not in themselves bring to light any new facts. They only verify the fact of that which has always existed. Could we but comprehend it; could we but rend the veil of ignorance that shrouds us in a false interpretation of the religious concept of God and man; could we be allowed to look into the store-house of knowledge, such as the prophets and seers were allowed to look upon; "could we but climb where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er;" and could we experience what Paul did during the time when he says, "I know not whether I was in the body or out of the body;" we would be able to comprehend what he meant when he says: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the hearts of man, the glory that shall be revealed in us." I make these quotations from the Bible with the hope that my remarks here may be more acceptable to my friends. Since I have become born again into the light of those concepts of God and man as the oneness of each other, the Bible has become a great illumination to me. Yet I do not believe that one should worship nor bow down to any book. He must look wholly to the Infinite. This is of the utmost importance; let us understand it. It need not matter to us whether the personality of Jesus can be established by history or is a myth. However, I have always admired the character of Jesus and I believe his character will live while time shall last.

My friends, what I have stated to you are not mere opinions of mine; they are the burning facts, which may and can be verified through any one of you who will take the time and trouble to investigate this subject for yourselves, and these facts shall be revealed in you. The last battle in which the race will be engaged is now on. However, I do not mean that it will be a battle of cannon and the sword, but it is a conflict of ideas. It is not going to be destructive, but constructive. It will not be a destroying warfare, but a fulfilling. It will not knit the human family together in combines and associations, in lodges and congregations, but it will individualize the race and each person will be able to stand alone, recognizing within himself all of the divine principles. When man can see himself thus, he will see this kingdom within.

It is not within him only, but is within all men. He will then be interested in bringing the rest of his fellow-beings into a consciousness of their oneness with Divinity. And he will add his influence to help hasten the time when no man will need to ask his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord?" (the law) "but all shall know Him from the least to the greatest." Let us repeat these facts until they become a part of our very being; and when we have learned what that means, we know all. To-day we are as much enfolded by Divine Presence as we shall ever be. It is God's active presence that now appears in us as being. It is life eternal that now animates our frames, and it is divine power by which we think and move; and so long as we are consciously a unit with the law, so long does manifestation become easy and delightful. With such a concept in view, there can be no place here for the necessity of a savior for mankind, the atonement or the fall of man. Within ourselves deliverance must be sought. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Bow not down, then, before shadows and myths; for they shall pass away. Be strong in all strength. In the midst of thoughts, knowledge dawns. In perception of the Real, all seeming vanishes. Do not longer strive to dispel outer darkness, but turn to the eternal inward light. Take it from the objectionable bushel and place it upon the candle-stick of the soul's high altar. Do not look for power, for light, or for redemption in some miraculous way after death. "To-day is the day of salvation." There is no to-morrow for the eternal being,—man.

Modern science has proclaimed that life, matter, force, energy cannot be destroyed. Then by virtue of these facts, the continuity of the soul of man is established. It is unfair, then, to argue that life which animates, energizes, illuminates matter is or ever can be blotted out. Pebbles may be ground to powder; water may be transformed into steam; the air we breathe may be liquefied; matter in all its forms may be made to enter into new combinations; but it cannot be destroyed. Energy in any of its forms may be utilized, manipulated, changed; but destruction, extinction, never. Therefore, a man may be called dead, but he is not dead. The house the man lived in is vacant; the tenement he once occupied has been deserted; but the tenant has not been lost or destroyed; he has only moved out. The house is not the tenant; the tenant is not the house. The body is not the man; the man is not the body. The body is but the house the man lived in. Why not continue to occupy the house for all time; why move out? We do not know. But the time is coming when we shall master this problem. We know more about man to-day than ever has been known before. We know now that man has a physical body and a spiritual body; we have learned, likewise, that this spiritual or spirit body is the real man. We know also that this world is surrounded by a spiritual realm, a spirit world which is apart from and yet a part of this physical world in which we live. We have discovered that life comes,

not from without this world, but from within; that the real source of energy, force, power, lies within the spiritual world and not in this as we have been taught to believe.

The spirit world impinges our own; blends with it so perfectly that it is very difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends. Just as air passes through the lung tissues into the blood, so spirit penetrates, permeates all things. The musician produces music and tones by touching the keys of a musical instrument; so the spirit man plays with equal ease upon the elaborate piece of matter mechanism known as brain and body. We connect our house with the central station by telegraph or telephone; the spirit man is connected with his house, the body, by a system embodying the same essentials of both in manner, surpassing in completeness anything yet devised by man. But sometimes we are forced to abandon a station; the building falls into a state of decay, but the system survives. There are times when the spirit man is unable to maintain connection with his station; the body falls to pieces, and is resolved back into the elements; but the man lives on. The body is but the casket, not the jewel; the spirit man is the jewel, transferred to a setting more brilliant by far than anything that earth can ever hope to offer. Matter does not originate itself; it is not possessed of life or intelligence on its own account. Life, intelligence, energy, are not inherent in matter. Light, air, sunshine, are not the products of the things of this earth. Man's epitome of the universe came from without and is bound into the vast realm of spirit; not matter, but spirit, which governs matter, is the originator, moulder, controller of the animate and the inanimate. Matter is not master, but the servant of the master; the body is not master, but servant of the master, the soul.

We are told that chemistry and the dissecting table furnish no evidence of the continued existence of a separate entity; that life, love, memory, are the results of a combination of forces, dependent largely upon the introduction and assimilation of food stuff. But chemistry and the dissecting table may be dismissed with a word. Chemistry and the demonstration of anatomy deal with the physical side of life supply. The spiritual is beyond their grasp. Man, the spirit, cannot be weighed or handled like you would handle a clod of earth, or made the subject of a knife like unto a cadaver. Spirit defies analysis, can not be brought within the scope of those whose mental horizon has been limited or dimmed by the arbitrary rule of the scalpel and the microscope. The claim that the physical body constitutes all there is to and of man is based upon assumption, pure and simple. It cannot be shown to be true.

Life is not the outgrowth of, is not dependent upon matter. Life is not matter. Life is the mirror of the soul. The fading of memory is not evidence that man has been or is being blotted out; far from it. It shows only that man is losing his hold and control of his body, nothing more. Not understanding the law governing connection with the physical organism, man is obliged to let go his hold. Life is the force used to animate matter; it is the light in the tower. When the body, matter, falls by the wayside, man, life, memory and all the other soul attributes move on to a plane or sphere as well adapted to his spirit as this earth is to the physical existence.

There is nothing mysterious about it. The mystery is only a creation of our own. All nature is replete with the evidences of the immortality of the soul and none against it. Nature makes no effort to hide or conceal. Neither is reason a sealed book. There can be no fixed limit to human thought and action. No barriers exist in Nature. Nature does not bar, but on the contrary invites investigation. There is nothing really deep or complex when we get down to the facts. When we are willing to lay aside our prejudice and brush away the cobwebs of the past, then spirit and matter will appeal to us in a new light.

Because we do not see the soul is no evidence that the soul does not exist. We do not see the air we breathe, the fragrance of the flowers, the energy latent in the water, the force which propels the street cars; yet we do not question. We do not see the laugh; the thought that rouses the brain; that something which makes the woman's heart beat faster; the thing that causes the father's bosom to swell with pride and joy, yet we feel and know that we are dealing with things that are potent, but are invisible.

Therefore, man is invisible yet none the less real. We do not see man, but nevertheless man is here. The change, cold death; the faculties and functions fail us; it is not the end. The change only marks the opening up of a newer and grander chapter. The physical expression is only changed, but man remains a living, active, active entity. The faculties, instead of fading, are being gradually withdrawn. As the child is merged into the man, so the man reaches out to and becomes a part of a more perfect state of being. The supposed decay is but the melting away from the here into the hereafter. But the memory is not lost; it survives the change called death.

When ready for launching the blocks are removed and the ship glides down the way into its native element. When we are ripe in years, the faculties and functions are all withdrawn and man glides down the ways of peace into the harbor of eternity. The time is coming when we shall all be able to grasp these important truths in their entirety. Then the darkness will disappear, revealing in all its beauty and glory that other real world toward which we are all advancing. What man laughed at yesterday is the admitted fact of to-day. What we dream of to-day will become the demonstrated facts of to-morrow. There is no death. What seems so is only transition. This life is but the "dim dawn—the Vestibule." "Life's theater, as yet, is shut." The mists of to-day will soon be cleared away by the sunlight of truth, to-morrow. Then we shall put away mortality and take on immortality. And when the day breaks and the shadows flee away, out there in the vast starry space we shall revel in new beauties and glories in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Now in conclusion, the writer desires to say that Death must be considered as a scientifically demonstrated fact; that death is as natural as birth; that death is a part of the divine order. It was no part of an after-thought with the Infinite; it was not the result of anger on the part of God; it was not the result of man's sin. Death from the beginning was as sunset is, as natural as the dawn. Therefore, I believe that Death instead of being an evil, is a token not only of divine wisdom but divine love as well. The most of those who die are as unconscious of it as they were of their birth. And most of their apparent pain means no more than the first automatic cry of the newborn babe. At the worst it is sleep, while at the best it is only going into another room of the vast universe of our one Father in whose presence we have lived here and under the guardianship of whose hand we shall be forever.

But to how many people in this world does the grave add a blackness to the thought of dying because of the false teachings of old theologies which for ages have been warning us, "Prepare ye to meet thy God," just as though we were not living face to face with Him every day!

The idea has been to say that in some way we have wandered far away from God into some far away country; and that some special, peculiar preparation was needed to be made just before being summoned into his presence. And the Christian world has taught us that it was really necessary to say a prayer and that speedy repentance, extreme unctious, or some kind of priestly aid, could, or would at least, wipe away some of the dust and soil of earth and clothe our souls with the "wedding garment."

that should make us presentable in the presence of the king. All the while we are living right under the immediate eye of this same eternal King and making up our clear red records day by day.

Now, my friends, I want to deny as emphatically as I know how with all the intensity of my soul, all that class of conceptions. Death is but the common lot of us all; we cannot escape it if we would. It comes to tell us all that our little lives began here in a cradle, rocked by the hand of love. There are a few years—a little labor, some clouds shot through by sunshine, a little love, and some dropping tears, brief success and as brief disappointment, and then another cradle for another brief sleep, that, too, I know, is watched over by the loved ones who have gone before. Then if we could realize and know these facts, Oh how much better it would be for all mankind! We could then learn while here day by day. We could add to ourselves that which we should most desire to be when we pass over there. We know that we were expected when we came into this life, and were prepared for, even without our knowledge. Likewise we shall pass over into the other life not as uninvited or unexpected guests. I know this to be a fact and all the wisdom of those who doubt or deny is not enough to entitle anyone to tell me that my hope is an irrational one. The only thing we need fear, then, is the natural and necessary results of the thoughts we think and the deeds we do here. For they, you should know, go before us, and become our angels, good or bad, that will welcome us to gladness or regret. Let us then make the present life here as fair and sweet as may be, holding our loved and lost in our hearts. Do not think for a moment that those loved ones over there will outgrow us. They who have preceded us may have become much wiser than we are now, but the wisest are ever the tenderest and the least conceited about their wisdom. So their wisdom instead of being a barrier to separate them from us, will only bring them closer in sympathetic help.

I have often been asked the question, "If our loved ones still live beyond the grave, why does not my mother communicate with me?" There are many reasons why; but the greatest of them is the lack of an understanding of the law of love and sympathy, and of the importance of knowing how to cultivate that law that lies within ourselves. It is this law of love and sympathy which should bind the hearts and souls of all mankind together in one stupendous whole. It is the bridge which spans the space that separates the spiritual world from our physical world, over which our loved ones come to visit us at pleasure and over which we could go to visit them as well.

But the law of love and sympathy and charity must be studied first and understood before we can come in touch with the finer vibrations of the soul. Then soul can and will communicate with soul.

Did not our master, Jesus of Nazareth, command us first to love our God with all our might and strength then our neighbors as ourselves. Now if God and man are one and inseparable, and the kingdom of heaven is within you as he has said elsewhere, then if this statement be a fact, and I believe it is, then mankind has nowhere else to go for worship and to love but to himself and to his neighbor. Then it does seem to me if this law was cultivated within us and studied as it should be, the world would be filled with wisdom and love in such abundance, sufficient at least; that we could and would reflect some of it upon our neighbor. Then we would not have to make a journey to heaven for heaven would come to us, as well as to our loved ones over there, and abide with us, as there would be no barriers.

But the commercial and social worlds of to-day are very far from this condition. I am conscious that there are every year thousands of people going beyond the grave for the want of love and sympathy here. Why this seeming indifference that keeps us from making cheery and bright the lives of those we really and deeply love? In a recent magazine I read the following lines entitled, "An Old, Old Question":

"A spirit that from earth had just departed,
Lingered a moment on its upward way;
And looking back, saw, as though broken-hearted,
Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.
It seems they loved me dearly. Had I known it,
My life had been much happier," it said.
'Why only at our parting have they shown it,
Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?'"

I once was called professionally to the bedside of a beautiful young lady, who had attempted suicide by morphine. I worked very hard all night with her and succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. Then I asked her, "How did you dare to attempt such a cowardly act?" and she answered me and said: "Because the world seemed so unfriendly. My father and mother never seemed to understand my sensitive nature. While they never abused me, neither of them ever told me that they loved me in their life nor did they ever kiss me, to my recollection. So I felt I could not live in such an element. So I left home only to find it no better elsewhere, and I took the fatal dose with the hope that it would end it all, and I could forget it." In my experience in life I have known many persons who would look upon it as a mark of weakness on their part for them to ever express their love and appreciation upon those whom they really and sincerely did love.

Many years ago I was called professionally to attend a little boy who passed away with scarlet fever, eleven years of age, an only child. He was the most perfectly organized child I ever saw. But after he was gone I saw that father and mother bending over that lifeless form, bathing his face with their scalding tears of anguish and kissing his cold and ashy lips that could not respond and exclaiming: "Oh if I had known this was coming so soon how different I would have done. I would have told you, darling, how sweet and pure your life was to us and how deep and tender your mother has always loved you so much."

Can we wonder that we do not get communications from our loved ones who have passed beyond the grave when every door between the two worlds is closed and every bridge and avenue of communication is frozen with the selfishness and coldness of this world.

Now, in conclusion, I desire to state that this funeral sermon over my mortal remains, upon "The Philosophy of Life and Death," is the general expression of the ideas that I entertain upon the great problem of life. I desire my friends to dispose of my body in the most simple manner, as well as at the least expense possible. If it can be at as little expense I would prefer it cremated, the dust and ashes at once to be mixed with the common earth and be allowed to nourish some rose, that being my favorite flower. I do not wish to be remembered, only by those who care to remember me, or those who must remember me by some little good I may have done. And to them I would say, forget my sorrows for me by trying to make someone else happy. Be as bright and cheery as you can, for there is already enough sadness and sorrow in this life at best.

I realize fully that my mistakes in life have been many, but I never purposely intended to grieve or unjustly injure any living soul; but I do regret that I have not done more to make the world better for my having lived in it. I do not flatter myself that I am better than most of my fellow-men are; therefore I do expect and I know that I shall suffer for all the wrongs that I have done, but I would much rather suffer than to know that I had done anyone an injury and that I could go free from the effects thereof. I have nothing of this world's goods that is

worth the dividing with anyone. All that I have is but the experience and what little knowledge I may possess as a natural inheritance from the many, many years that the physical struggle has brought me, which I am glad to know is not perishable and that I can take it with me as the only capital I have to start on in my spiritual existence.

The following poem can close the services, which was so beautifully voiced by our risen brother, Luther Colby, when he departed a vision given him shortly before his transition:

"Within the holy realm of deepest thought,
Where wisdom's precepts are so fully taught,
Resides a band of Oriental seers,
Whose lives are measured by unnumbered years.
Here beautiful flowers of every form and hue,
Glisten in brightness with the morning dew,
Emitting the odors of such rare perfume
That keep them ever constantly in bloom.
This is the Land Celestial—this is the Throne
Which waits its wisdom unto every zone;
This, too, doth guide each planet in its course,
From which the spheres derive their mighty force.
This is the Godhead!—this is the realm of law
From which all nature doth its incense draw.
This much I know! and, knowing, know no more!
And this is why Je-ho-vah I adore."

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The Spiritual Significance is by Lillian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Her Death," "Kate Field, A Record," "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Cloth, \$1.00.

Miss Whiting finds the title of her new book in these lines from "Aurora Leigh":

"If a man could feel
Not one, but every day, feast, fast, and working-day,
The spiritual significance burns through
The hieroglyphic of material show,
Hereafterward he would paint the globe with wings."

The aim of this book is to reveal the curious close correspondence between the developments of modern science and spiritual laws; to note that new forces, as discovered in science, in wireless telegraphy, are simply laws of an unseen realm into which humanity is rapidly advancing and thus gaining a new environment. From this evolutionary progress, as illustrated by physical science the author of "The World Beautiful" continues the same argument presented in those volumes in a plea that the future life is the continuation and development of our present life in all its faculties and powers, and that the present may be ennobled by the constant sense of the Divine Presence, and a truer knowledge of the nature of man and his relations to God tend to a higher moral and intellectual happiness. The book is characterized by the same essential style and qualities that have insured for "The World Beautiful" volumes an almost world-wide popularity.

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