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

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STATE ASSOCIATIONS.

Their Importance and Advantage to the Progress of Spiritualism.

I feel like writing several chapters upon the importance of state associations to the cause of Spiritualism.

We have a strong, we might say, a solid, National Association, despite the fact that it had to be organized from the top instead of the bottom; despite the many predictions that it would be short-lived; despite the many jealousies that were engendered at its inception; despite the flings and taunts of credulity, ownership, etc., of those who had little or no faith in the manner of its founding.

The proper time had come to organize, and no matter which end the people began at, they had to organize and organize they did, and doubtless every enthusiastic Spiritualist in the country will agree that it is a good thing, a proper thing, a vastly important thing for Spiritualism.

I may not be able to subscribe to every plank and "shingle" in the declaration of principles, but what of that? The foundation principles are also contained therein and I endorse them and leave the others for those who endorse them.

The child was born many years before the convention occurred at which this public christening took place, and endeared itself to us while it was in its verdant purity, and we love it still and shall continue to love it to all eternity, for it contains an eternal truth, and that is always lovely, whether it had a declaration of principles or a ten commandments, if they were in harmony with justice, kindness and the highest wisdom of this age of reason. (I use the word "we" because I feel that the sentiments are endorsed by the large majority of the Spiritualists of the world.)

True, all parties have been given a hearing and have taken pains to plainly express their views pro and con. Some have battered away at the walls while others have builded, have labored with a will born of a faith in the ultimate outcome of their ceaseless and untiring effort in behalf of the whole cause. They have won a great victory, but the war has just begun.

Many states have organized and become spokes in the great wheel and where there is no state organization there are local auxiliaries, and these help support the National Association. But every state in the Union should be organized and thoroughly financed. Every small city and town where there is to be found seven or more Spiritualists, should have organized and chartered auxiliaries to the state association.

When every town and city can have a society or a number of societies representing the state and every state have a representation in the National Association we may begin to feel that another, and perhaps the most effective battle of all this great contest has been gained and the cause given an impetus that all the world must acknowledge and that will make even the prejudiced bigot offer us the hand of fellowship into the ranks of the greatest institutions of the age.

It is true, Spiritualism lived and moved and fought its unorged and unswept away from the hidebound tenets of the so-called Christian religions, but by thorough organization it is possible that every false doctrine can be supplanted by a truth.

We cannot force people to believe in the principles of Spiritualism by organizing, but by being united into one great body we will be better prepared to sift the wheat from the chaff and present but the pure to the world; we will be better able to defend our cause against all attacks; we will be more competent to guide the honest investigator into the right channel for the truth; and above all, we may formulate some means, invent some telescopic lens or create an instrument by which we can judge for ourselves where to find the genuine in all phases of manifestation.

These matters are paramount to all else at the present stage of our existence as an organized body and in order to be thorough in the work we must be more thoroughly united.

If we become substantially organized we can become equipped with better facilities for presenting the proofs desired and anxiously sought by the world of a life beyond this and in harmony with this, and at the same time, we can rise above the old-time prejudices and fear of ridicule, come so popular that men will fear to ridicule, or make our truths so plain that people will hold our cause too sacred to be jeered and maligned, we will attract our proportion of the world's financial prosperity to build our mediums homes, not only for the poor, broken-down mediums, but homes that will render our good mediums above want, supply each with a spiritual sanctuary according to the manifestations and their absolutely required conditions, where the medium can be protected from improper influences on this side as well as the spirit side of life.

Could we place our mediums beyond want and the haunting poorhouse door we might deprive them of the necessity for dishonesty and give to the world the truth without price.

Schools might follow in the wake as we prosper and a necessity arises for such institutions. But, first and foremost in importance with Spiritualism at present are unanimity of purpose, unity of strength, and forceful effort in organizing and perfecting state associations.

Local societies are a power for good locally, but when it comes to the statutory oppression and persecution we must have something that can present a larger front, wider jurisdiction and more potent size than the local society.

By all means organize state associations. There is no need of neglecting other important or even minor things in complying with the requirements of this greatest necessity. As we organize we build up and gain support for all that comes under the care and protection of the state associations and N. S. A.

ILLINOIS ITEMS.

As Presented by the President of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association.

It is somewhat to be deplored that so much begging is done for other institutions of lesser importance, and the shameful neglect, and almost total exclusion of that most needed and most worthy institution, the Mediums' Home, and the N. S. A. fund for that purpose speaks the shame in its diminutive size.

We will soon have the accusation of "neglect of our poor, aged and infirm mediums" very properly hurled into our spiritual (?) faces by the rest of the world.

For Spiritualism's sake, how many times must this be repeated to us ere we, Spiritualists, professed brothers and sisters, members of the "Brotherhood of Man," advocates of the highest principles of charity and benevolence, claimants of the sacred knowledge of intercommunion between the children of earth and their arisen loved ones, who teach us the importance of love and sacrifice, and duty to those in distress, awake to the fact that this duty is second to none other that appears to be forced upon us at the present time.

Spiritualists should study present necessities, while they are being solicited for aid for other institutions. They should see to it that the poor workers who have spent time, money and the greatest energy of manhood and womanhood in giving the world proofs to sustain their philosophy are properly cared for, even if, until we prosper better, many of our public speakers and mediums are not quite perfect in grammar, history, rhetoric, orthography and "homiletics."

Every state organization should make a special effort in behalf of the N. S. A. mediums' fund.

DR. T. WILKINS.

Skepticism Not Always Intelligent.

Skepticism is not always a mark of intelligence. I have frequently heard my parents speak of a meteoric shower which they said they personally observed in November, 1833. I believed them because I considered them truthful. I believe they saw what they said they did. This belief is strengthened, if any support were necessary, by the fact that many of my contemporaries have likewise witnessed materializations the genuineness of which there is no possible room to doubt; also, by the fact that sacred history mentions the materialization of Moses and Elias and other spirits; and, also, by the fact that other well established occult phenomena suggest the possibility and probability of their occasional occurrence.

But my orthodox Christian, materialistic, agnostic and skeptical friends have never witnessed a genuine materialization, and, possibly, I may never witness another. Are we therefore to conclude that I never witnessed one, but was mistaken, deluded, hypnotized, deceived by my own senses?

H. V. SWERINGEN.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

My spirit stood in the light
Where the earth-freed souls embark;
But the cry of my love had night
To draw me back to the dark.
To life, and the world's despite
And the woe that waits on breath,
While the white-winged angel, Death,
To the realms of joy took flight.

And I sighed to stand with the day
In the fret of the fevered earth,
For my soul spread wing on its way
Through the gates of a deathless birth.

And only my heart might stay
When its love clung close and cried
For all that my soul denied—
Earth-love and the body-clay.
And however the soul aspire
Or struggle to break its chain,
Held thrall to the heart's fierce fire
Its struggles must be in vain.
Till love's own funeral pyre
Is kindled by Love's own hands
To sever the welded bands
Of the curse of the Heart's Desire.

BEATRICE ST. GEORGE.

AFTER.

Love, beating down the barrier of space
A soul fled forth to stand before your face.

You sighed, whispered, "Tis a dream."
And turned.

From the dim form your spirit's eyes
Discerned.

And deeming it a dream, you bade it go.
You did not know.

And thus, unknown, unseen I linger
Near.

With tender words of love you do not hear.

Or hearing, in faint spirit language,
deem

Your soul's true knowledge but some
haunting dream;

Or if the south wind bears my message
low

You do not know.

Love is the spirit; and love's miracle
Is to escape the grave or heaven or hell
And through the infinite spaces seek its
own;

Before the earth-dull eyes it stands un-
known.

If I who have passed death may seek
you so,
You can not know.

—BEATRICE ST. GEORGE.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Given Through Ella E. Zimmerman, Medium, Salem, Ohio.

The first spirit that comes to me is that of a young man, fair complexion, blue eyes and curly blonde hair. I judge by his looks as he stands before me, was about 22 years of age. He brings a feeling of sadness to me, the tears are streaming down his cheeks, and he says: "Kind lady, tell my poor heart-broken mother her darling boy, she calls me, is not lost, but with sister Kate; I am waiting your coming. I did not commit the offense and therefore was falsely accused. I often come to you and gently kiss your dear old wrinkled brow. Father, Kate and I send you our spirit greetings." Frank Spencer, Marysville, N. Carolina.

The next spirit gives me the name of Robert Peely, of Wheatland, Pa., and he says: "How strange, but I feel the comfort to be able to reach loved ones on the earth plane. I never realized that after the change called death, we should go out into a higher condition. I got so disgusted when in the flesh with so many different conditions and opinions talked of by mortal man, that I came to the conclusion that death ended all. But just say to Mary J. my wife, I am content and happy."

The spirit of a lady comes now and says: "Tell Thomas and Bertha I come with love and cheer to them from my celestial home. No doubt, you think I have forgotten you. Remember the little misunderstanding between you and others will come out all right. None of us in the mortal are perfect, and often we are unthinkingly err. Go on and do all you can to smooth the path for them. You will attain that which you are seeking for. Yours in spirit, Hannah Straughn." This spirit wishes to reach loved ones at South Bend, Ind.

Now comes the spirit of a gentleman who says: "My name is Jacob Hudemyer, and sister Elvora is with me, also Nancy, father and mother and Brother John are in the happy home, and we all send our love to the loved ones at North Georgetown, Ohio."

Now I see the spirit of a lady about thirty-five years old; who wishes to speak to loved ones at Detroit, Mich. She says: "How different this life is to the earth plane. I am happy and content, but would like Mr. Robert to do otherwise; he will regret the step when it is too late." Jane Thorngren.

Next is the spirit of a child. I judge he is about ten years old, and as he comes to me he says: "Tell dear papa and mamma not to grieve so much for me. My head does not ache now and this is a beautiful home. I come with love to you both." And he gives me the name of Freddie Stewart, Belview, Pa.

Coming in connection with the above spirit is also a little boy about five or six years old; he has blue eyes, fair complexion, oval features, long forehead and beautiful long blonde hair falling in ringlets to the shoulders. He is dressed in a white sailor suit, with white straw hat, rather wide-brimmed, and set on the back of the head. He smiles at me and says: "Lady, I am glad to come; I will cheer my mamma, for she is so lonely in the big house. I am Harold Smith, Sandusky, Ohio."

Next is the spirit of a young and beautiful lady, and she looks at me rather sadly. As she speaks the lips quiver and she says: "I am Pearl Stanley, of Martin's Ferry, Ohio. Well my death was rather unexpected, but Fred had nothing to do with it. I am sorry folks jump so quickly to conclusions. But just say to Fred, I still love him as dearly as when in the body, and am often near him when he is alone. He must not cry over my picture so much; it was better I passed away when I did. With love to father and mother, I am yours in spirit, Pearl Stanley."

The spirit of a man by name of Isaac Strawn comes now. He says: "Oh, yes, I was a Quaker by birth and religion, and now I am a Spiritualist. Isn't it funny how folks will change? I have with me my wife Hannah. We are now happily reunited. I lived at Salem, Ohio, during the war of '61. There are not many of my old associates left on the earth plane. I belonged to the Hicksite Quakers."

Mable Sterling wishes to reach her father and mother at Beverly, Kansas. "I am not dead, and often visit the home. Make conditions so I can come into the home and communicate independent. I have much to warn you of."

The spirit of a gentleman comes and tells me to say "I am Markon Selfert who was frozen to death during a severe storm as I was returning from the Klondike to Skagway. I went to gain a fortune—but lost my life. My wife and three children live at Trenton, New Jersey, also relatives at Iowa City, Missouri."

"Gracious! I feel as if I had just awakened from a long sleep, and Oh, what a surprise to come back to loved ones in this way. How often I have said death ended all, but just say Phil Wersching has changed that thought now. I come with love to Jacob, Martha and Samuel, who still linger in the body. I passed away at Berne, Switzerland, and was a cabinet-maker while in the flesh." Philip Wersching.

Greatness is like a laced coat from Monmouth street; which fortune lends us for a day to wear; to-morrow puts it on another's back. Fielding.

The punishment suffered by the wise who refuse to take part in the Government, is to live under the government of bad men.—Plato.

There is a remarkable difference between master and mind; that he that doubts the existence of mind, by doubting proves it.—Colton.

GEO. B. WARNE.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Thomas Paine Not an Atheist—President Roosevelt's Mistake.

In answer to the inquiry by B. E. Chesney respecting the fling against Thomas Paine of Theodore Roosevelt, I am sorry to say that the proof is at hand. Before me is a book entitled "Gouverneur Morris, by Theodore Roosevelt. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1900." On page 288 I read:

One man had a very narrow escape. This was Thomas Paine, the Englishman, who had at one period rendered such a striking service to the cause of American independence, while the rest of his life had been as ignoble as it was varied. He had been elected to the convention, and having sided with the Girondins, was thrown into prison by the Jacobins. He at once asked Morris to demand his release as an American citizen; and so forth about the life of the man. Morris refused to interfere too actively, judging rightly that Paine would be saved by his own insignificance, and would serve his own interests best by keeping still. So the filthy little atheist had to stay in prison, where he amused himself by publishing a pamphlet against Jesus Christ.

There are infidels, and infidels; Paine belonged to the variety whereof America possesses at least one or two shining examples; that apparently esteem a bladder of dirty water as the proper weapon with which to assail Christianity. It is not a type that appeals to the sympathy of an onlooker, he said outlooker religious or otherwise."

It is evident that at the time of the writing of this book, Theodore Roosevelt had never read the life of Thomas Paine, or the "Age of Reason." If he had, he would have known that he was writing falsely. Evidently the author took the current Christian gossip, and puppet falsehoods, for history, and without acquainting himself with facts or reading Paine's own words, he put himself on record as an unreliable writer of history. "Who has ever seen 'A pamphlet against Jesus Christ' by Thomas Paine?" I believe in one God and no more. Are "Paine's" which any man qualified to write about him would know?

To call Thomas Paine a "filthy little atheist" betrays an ignorance not complimentary to the author; and also a moral weakness in allowing prejudice to rule his reason, and, without trying to learn the truth, publish a libel against one of America's greatest benefactors. But there it is, in a book made to be written by Theodore Roosevelt.

That he is now the President of the United States, does not exonerate him from this strange exhibition of unreasoned prejudice, in an attempt to blacken the character of a man of whom he knew so little, and presumed so much.

In the estimation of many good people, the President owes it to himself, and his friends to correct the error, and apologize to Thomas Paine, and to many thousands of admirers, who helped to make him President. As it stands, it is a blot on the fair name, and well-earned fame of the author of Gouverneur Morris.

You may receive other confirmations of the Paine slander before this reaches you. This is another evidence of the uncertainty of all history. Few writers, however cultured and capable in many ways, are thoroughly exacting and accurate in making statements. Our cause has suffered much from this tendency. The loose way of jumping to conclusions, and stating as facts, what is but fancy, imagination, or careless observation or gossip, has made skeptics suspicious of our testimony. In this respect the Psychic Researchers have made some wholesome improvements. True, we have had a liberal per cent of critical minds, quite as competent and thorough as the Researchers; but these have been relegated to the rear by the noisy testimonials of uncertain witnesses. By this means the careful and critical Spiritualist is discouraged when his testimony conflicts with the conclusions of the Psychic Research Society.

Dr. Krebs' expose (?) of the modus operandi of the Bangs Sisters in getting writings is authority, I think, with that society and many others in sympathy with it, as against the testimony of hundreds quite as honest and capable as he. My own experience is not an exception, or there might be some justification in a suspicion of my sanity, or my common sense, or ability to report facts.

I suspect that the fact that I am an avowed Spiritualist, is taken as evidence that I am not qualified to investigate and report what occurs, especially when my statements are pitted against the Rev. Doctor Krebs. I do not dispute his report, for I was not there, and do not know what may have happened. But I do know that it is widely at variance with what I witnessed, and on mature study of his analysis, I confess it reads to me more like a fairy tale, than an effort to faithfully report facts, especially when no such facts were possible in the sciences I had, and since the story of the door is discounted by examination of the door itself. I have always tried to be accurate in examining and reporting facts and I do not believe any of the Researchers are more thorough than I.

But when a historian makes statements of the truth of which it is easy for him to know, there seems little excuse for so flat a falsehood as that accredited to Theodore Roosevelt against Thomas Paine. But here is the book, and the contradiction is direct and unmistakable. History is unreliable. If we cannot trust the statements of living men, about matters so easy to know, how can we accept with any degree of confidence the statements of unknown writers who lived many centuries ago, and especially when the things they wrote are often so very improbable.

I am home for a season, but open for engagements or to attend funerals.

THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

From the Mortal Life to the Life Eternal.

"The seed is not quickened lest it die," of a truth these words are especially adapted to our mortal bodies. Verily I say unto you, except ye be born again ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom." To be born again is to a person of his belief, the spiritual birth, or the death of the earthly body, as many will understand better. While we live in our earthly bodies our spirits are more or less bound to material things; in our eagerness to build up an earthly habitation we neglect the all-important duty of every one, the building of our spiritual character. While we can have no certain assurance of length of days here, in the land across the border we are to live throughout eternity.

I often think how utterly valueless all our earthly belongings and earthly trappings are. We so soon lay them down, and go forth into all of our earthly dress, to begin our eternal life with just the knowledge we have laid by in our spiritual mind. To some of us, the beginning must be as a child in the chart class, others may take up fifth grade work; others may perchance go higher.

I often, in company with a dear friend who has lately placed in the keeping of the dear ones gone before a son, visit the city of the so-called dead. When I stand by the mound of earth that she so lovingly covers with flowers, I see the dear one far away with flowers not of earth in his hands, and I think how foolish are they that build only for earth and earth life.

There is nothing so entirely peaceful to me as the third body, when I see the spirit freed from it, and from earth.

"The seed is not quickened lest it die." The spirit is not born perfectly, lest the body die. Oh! this vast waste of energy for earth—yet after all I believe all things are for the best; I am convinced that whatever is allowed by the "Power Divine" to come to His children is best, and while at the time we cannot see, yet He who sees from the beginning to the end, gives to us just what will make our spiritual self advance, albeit it is sometimes a stony path whereon we plant our feet.

There is no religion that can give so much comfort in time of great trial as the religion of a true Spiritualist who in times of sorrow will listen on bended knee to the words of comfort from the "Power Divine," or from some of His ministering spirits. The ministering spirit will not doubt be one that can advise you; not at all in a mercenary way, but one that will do all that is around your spiritual self and no one can come near to you. I speak from experience, for until they unbound my spiritual ears, and unloosed my spiritual tongue, I was as in a case of granite; and as is often the case I had to be awakened to full consciousness of the spiritual birth by standing at the bedside of a dear brother as he was born into the spiritual world. For a brief space of time I saw the glory of the land immortal. The gates of pearl, as it were, rolled back, and in my vision I saw that death was only the birth of the spirit, and the leaving of the body was only entering into the fullness of the glorious life beyond, to be ours in God's own good time. We wonder why such things are sent us, and it is hard to believe that I saw the glory of the land, and love for us, does those things to call us closer to His great heart that beats for all of us both great and small.

The closer we live to the spiritual part of ourselves the greater will be our inheritance when it is our time to join the host that have crossed death's golden sea.

"The seed is not quickened lest it die," then why, oh, my people, should there be any thing but rejoicing when one of us is bidden to lay his work aside and come up higher.

I often feel glad in my heart, when I read of the earthly departure of some good old warrior that has battled for truth and righteousness for many years; glad they have gone to the land of the shadowed sisters, there to begin again the warfare in the unseen world, knowing that their long years of toiling has fitted them to nobly press on to the perfect spiritual attainment. Glad indeed that in their toiling in the spiritual world they are able to help and not hinder the ones left behind.

MADAME ROBERTS.
The Dalles, Oregon.

Mrs. Howe is about, but feeble, and realizing the weak hold she has upon all things terrestrial. But she looks cheerfully towards the eternal dawn.

Last Monday I again realized the uncertainty of all plans, and incidents that are liable to overtake us at any time. Trying to improve a neglected patch of ground, I somehow failed to see an ugly stub or thorn, and thrust it deeply into my right hand at the base of the thumb. In spite of thorough treatment the pain continued all day, and at night it was much swollen. It was a good promise for lockjaw. The whole hand and arm are affected and still haunt me with pain, and a bunch in the hollow of the hand, two or more inches from the wound. I fear it will trouble me a long time. Verbal bloom invites to poetic bowers and sheds a charm over all the rough ways of the world.

LYMAN C. HOWE.
Fredonia, N. Y.

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS.

Uncle, when your watch goes,
Wherever does it go?
Your breath—where does it come from
When you said, "My breath came slow."

What makes the parlor clock run?
Why don't it sometimes walk?
It wouldn't have to stop so much.
Does money really talk?

And uncle, when your heart beats
Whatever does it beat?
And, say, how, honest Injun,
Has poetry got feet?

—Atlanta Constitution.

DIVINE LAW.

A Lesson From the Unfolding Flowers.

We are controlled by "Divine Law." The God of whom we are a part is the great force of the universe, and in this power no evil can exist.

Without the possibility of successful contradiction, I say each individual has within herself or himself this unseen power. All great forces are made known to man by small illustrations first.

This force may and does exist sometimes for years before it is demonstrated to us personally; it is the knowledge of this power which brings us peace, content and comfort, knowing this "Divine Law" of whom and what we are and our true position in the universe, and that we are placed here for a good purpose and by the study of "Divine Law" and patience we find peace, rest, hope and courage. This will be the result for those who sincerely seek to know this law, that life is eternal and never dies, the unity of man with God, and that all are one.

I once watched the unfolding of two flowers. Both of them belonged to the rose family. The one was cultivated and much care taken of it; the other one grew unnoticed in the corner of the yard. It was small and dwarfed, but day by day its petals opened to the sun and at last both roses were unfolded. The one was perfect in beauty and color and called forth much admiration from every one.

But the little dwarfed one was passed by unnoticed, till one day, by its fragrance being wafted to me on the breeze, it arrested my attention, and on gathering the two flowers I found the one which had been cultivated with such care had no perfume. But the small, dwarfed one exhaled its fragrance everywhere.

So we find it in our life work, day by day, that it is not always the cultured and learned who send the strongest vibration, it is those who have the pure free soul, who live near this "Divine Law," that have the greatest peace and joy. The less selfish we are the faster we will progress in this "New Thought" and power that is within us, the sooner the I within which is a part of the "God" within us will be felt and understood by all, for if we have a disordered mind we must perchance see disorder, for to such a mind there is nothing good or beautiful. Why? Because they close the window of the soul and will not let "God's" beautiful sunshine in. Our Heavenly Father has made all things beautiful if we will but look above the material being and see the beauties of the soul life.

Each time we lay down self we have gained a victory in so doing, live nearer the "Divine Law." We may not succeed in the first attempt of knowing ourselves conquer over self, but perseverance will lead us into the light.

For all life evolves from within and so brings us into relation with the Divine Harmonies.

What is the result? The spiritual forces are felt, the soul has unfolded and enduring happiness comes. Other joys are elusive at the best. To feel one's self filled with this "Divine Law" and love it, love "God," giving up all for the uplifting of humanity, then shall we know the meaning of "Oneness."

And the desire of the soul will be satisfied. Much will depend upon our sincerity and depth of feeling for this development. Within each and every one is this "Divine Law" waiting to be used. We are all created for a purpose and for that good, casting out all evil and living this "Divine Law" as did our Master when here on earth.

"God" created all things for usefulness and beauty. The flowers, the trees, the grass as it springs forth from Mother Earth delights our senses and we see before us the handiwork of "God." So will we see within ourselves His image and work if we will but search for this light.

Always be cheerful. A cheerful face is like sunshine after a storm. When the soul is filled with this "Divine" love, we will be true to ourselves. We will no longer be carnal-minded. We shall be beyond all that blurs or fetters the soul, study this "Divine Law" of being. It raises the weary soul and gives hope and light to humanity.

M. E. C.

LOVE'S BEAUTIFUL SONG.

Onward forever our thoughts go ringing
Into the world's vast intricate web;
Onward forever its echoes go winging
Reaching likewaves each human soul.
The great law of motion is the world's
Inspiration,
Inherent in man through love's own relation.

God joined with Nature in the world's
creation
Circled and orb'd like dewdrops im-
pearled.

Thoughts like a river flow to the ocean,
Forth or adrift, or forever in motion,
For thought is a part, an infinite por-
tion.

Of the spirit that rules this beautiful
world.

The soul's high purpose, tho' often un-
heeded,
To gain what the world cannot give,
Is ever onward tho' its course be im-
peded.

Its object is ever to grow and to live,
The world may be blind and unseeing,
And know not the soul's true law of be-
ing.

But ever love's thought is silently free-
ing
The world from the bondage of
wrong.

Onward, the watchword—onward for-
ever,
With Justice and Right the soul's
mighty lever,

To crown with success every noble en-
deavor,
And to leave in the world love's beau-
tiful song.

BISHOP A. BEALS.
Summerland, Cal.

Calumny would soon starve and die
of itself if nobody took it in and gave it
lodgment.—Leighton.

Zurilda Wellington.

Her Life in Two Worlds. The Lifting of the Veil.

BY MRS. M. PASQUIER CURRAN, MEDIUM, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ministry of Angels.

When I had retired to my room that night, my mother said to me, "I wish you to comprehend our mission to the earth and the work that we, as disembodied minds, are doing. There is a band of spirits with me who have attended me since my entry into the world of spirits, and as I have come to do a redeeming work with you, they also attend me in my visits to earth. Reuben is the spirit name of my instructor. He is wise in spiritual things, has been many ages in this life, and it is to him that I am indebted for the high spiritual attainments that I have reached. Elion, is the name of the messenger, who has as yet much of earth's shadows resting on him; and when you hear remarks that pertain to earth, they are by him, 'of the earth, earthy.' The ministry of angels is of God, and mortals should know and receive us as such. It was the mission of Jesus to the Earth, and is the mission of those who have passed from death into life; yes, there is no death. There is that which survives, which abides forever. In this world of contemplation all fierce desires die out, and peace comes down. Is it John only who saw the heavens opened? Was it Paul only who saw and heard things not lawful to be told? No; God's angels have ever walked with him. Immortal has ever been man to rob him of his glory. 'Ye shall not die.' Yes, our souls are crying for immortality, and to be united to their lost ones or to those gone before. Death's fingermark is everywhere; the rocks are built up of life that was. How, oh, how could mortals know that we live, if it were not given to us, who once dwelt with you, to manifest ourselves to you?"

The next day after the bishop's arrival, Mrs. Wise called to take me with her to ride; with Albert accompanying us. We went to a country place, a pleasant road, leading out of the city's bustle. This quiet retreat amid Nature's bowers, seemed to invite the presence of my mother and her guides.

"Zurilda," said Albert, "since our last ride I have thought and felt more deeply on spiritual things than I had ever done before; indeed, I am much concerned to know if this strange power that you possess be of God, and is to bless our race."

"Change is not death," said Elion. "No; and ye shall not die. There is that in man that cannot die; a spiritual essence, that has ever been, and will ever be. Death and endless hell have been held over to earth, not as a birthright; the soul is ever crying for a continued personal existence, and God will not mock us. By the law of spirit return, I, who once dwelt with mortals, come to you; come to bridge that dreadful chasm, and blend the here, with the hereafter. In the spirit world I stood face to face with truth in a clear light, and I was made to feel that the soul is to such a degree that it has changed me through and through; yes, I am a new man, but not perfect. By the law of the spirit I must come to earth, take up my earthly life, and undo my ignorances, and the many wrongs that I did to man. I, who once was a bishop, ministering in God's holy things to man, chewed the same cud that my fathers had chewed, without a substance—for the truth had departed; the formula was as dry bread, dealt to the hungry soul. Look at the foundation stone on which the church is builded. See the thirty-nine articles or obstructions that the clergy has laid in the way of spiritual progress. Ah, this is death, indeed, to the soul, or darkness! Theology is the wilderness through which the souls of thousands upon thousands have passed and are passing, and are fabled to earth now for redemption. Why am I here to-day? It is to unbind, and set free the bound in spirit. 'Oh, God! Thy will, not mine, be done!' Yes, we bear you the true light, in which there is no death; but the church will stone us—because their hearts are stony. I refer to my own church (England). But look ye to Rome with her seven heads and ten horns, drunk with the blood of martyrs and truth, and they shall be destroyed with golden words to lick their blood from the altars. Yes, we who have ministered at the altars dedicated to three Gods, must, in the light of the spirit, pass through the fires of refinement (purgation)."

"Oh, yes, my friends, had we eaten of the tree of knowledge, and not of grass, as an ox, we would not now have to eat our own words. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat of it, lest ye die.' Is it like a loving parent to withhold knowledge from his children? No; especially when it is knowledge that will uplift you, and bring you into a likeness of your Creator."

"What do you see to-day? It is the so-called dead, standing before you and opening the book of their judgment, and judging themselves. We are not dreaming, nor is this a mystery. Do you ask what we, who have passed from earth, have to do with the flesh? Why, it is the garment which hides the spirit, and we must undo the evil done in the flesh. Things seen are temporal, things not seen are eternal. Oh, friends, there is a loving breath from the lips of God fanning your brows and softly murmuring, 'Peace, this is of God; 'tis His voice in the soul.'"

"Do not believe in the Bible because it tells of God, but believe in it because you feel God in your souls. Angels had charge over Christ in His earthly life, and Moses and Elias talked with him, as we are talking with you. This is Bible truth, but the church has closed its doors to us. Long have the angels been crying aloud, and received no answer, yet our voiceless lips have often kissed your weary eyelids down to rest, and they have not heeded us. But the church is doing this when it cries out against us and condemns us."

"No God has not left you in the wilderness; His pillar of cloud is with you, and we are sent to lead you. I will come to you again when you have prayed a fervent prayer not to be led into temptation and you have admitted the sin that is now breaking through the ignorance, and spiritual darkness, that the priests have fed your souls on, but which, like a worm, is sapping all that makes you higher than a beast. Reason for yourselves, and listen to God, who is speaking to your souls."

"Oh, my dear ones, I have for long years looked to find an entrance to some human heart, that I might breathe things of law and love, and have been disappointed. 'If a man die, shall he live again?' We answer that: No man has ever died. Change is written on all; man and nature come under this law; universal life is for all, age succeeds age."

"My individual experience, I will now give you: As I told you, I was once a bishop. Well, if I was, I was in darkness, and, oh, if you could have rolled back the curtain that hid the immortal from the mortal and beheld me as I entered the world of souls, stripped of my ecclesiastical robes, that were tarnished, and under whose vesture of purity I had hidden many things! There I stood in the presence of a company that no man could number, with my head bowed. Conscious of my condition, I bewailed in bitterness of spirit. There I stood in the presence of a company that no man could number, with my head bowed. Conscious of my condition, I bewailed in bitterness of spirit. There I stood in the presence of a company that no man could number, with my head bowed. Conscious of my condition, I bewailed in bitterness of spirit."

"Here the book of memory was reopened, and I was made to feel the things of my earth life. I saw, as it were in a glass, how I had boasted of my stewardship and of my holy office in the house of the Lord, and had been drunk on ambition; and I cried aloud: 'Who is worthy?' And a voice replied, 'He that is clean. Come ye to the fountain of restoration, which is knowledge, and learn ye.' Then there came to me a guide, who led me back to my earthly home and said to me: 'Dropping thy earthly garment do not entitle thee to a home in heaven, or to a place at the right hand of God. Sin is deep; death does not transform one into an angel. Take up thy earthly life, and work out thy errors; unbind the dead that thou hast bound in fear; loose them from the fear of God's wrath; go you and search for those whom you have held in bonds to preface; preach the law of God and man as that duty. You have lived for yourself; and selfishness has woven a garment of darkness about you; learn the lesson that compensation can not be escaped, as ye sow so shall ye reap; see the barren waste that surrounds you, if ye will ye may come where heaven's door is open. I will now bid you a God speed in love and truth. I will come again."

Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear, sat Mrs. Wise and Albert, looking one at the other, not able to utter a sound. At last Mrs. Wise moaned and rubbed her eyes that were full of tears, crying out in sobs: "My soul has felt, and my ears have heard, the glory of the Lord this day; for indeed the grave has not closed in that man, nor reserved his resurrection until the final day of judgment. Oh, no, the lifting up of the hands does not bring salvation. No, it is from within, it is the soul itself. What a mighty truth has been given to us this day, that we ourselves are our own saviors, and that the germ of immortality is within us—the Divine seed forces are in our souls and we are here to develop them. Yes, and for that time I have been borne. Oh, Angel of the Lord, I beseech thee, if the spirit that I might discern spiritual things. I can now see the object of our earth life; it is that we, like the lily or the rose, may come out of darkness into a spiritual light. Yes, we must struggle with the darkness and errors that are around us; oh, the ignorance that is cast upon us, holding us in darkness, just as the earth holds the seed forces, until they break forth into the light of day, dispelling the darkness here for us to imitate, yes, this is our germinating state, and disappointment and trials, rightly considered and endured, will blossom into rich bloom. Tears will glisten like pearls and bedeck our brows. The law of compensation runs like a silver thread through our lives; and we are weaving garments here that we will clothe ourselves with in the future state. Oh, Angel of the Lord, I beseech thee, again, and roll back the curtain, that we may bear things that are lawful for us to hear. Albert Howard, are you dead?"

"No," said Albert; "never more alive in my life than I am now. I have heard this day what I never dreamed of, and it has lighted a great fire that is burning within my breast; oh, God! It is Thy mighty truth, and it has lifted the cold mist of doubt, and I have opened about me. I know now that salvation is in work, not in faith alone. All my life I have longed to know something of a future state. We must carve out our lives here for that home beyond; it is the need of the hour that we have a positive knowledge and a demonstrated fact of life beyond the grave. It is not a mere faith that we can, and do come to mortals, come to teach and guide us, and to roll the stone from the graves of our loved ones. I will sorrow no more as I have, but I will work out my salvation."

"Oh, my mother in heaven! how I rejoice in this new knowledge; this testimony that I have heard to-day; this new truth renews my heart. Mother, do you come to me and wipe the blind tears from my eyes? Do you come when my soul is heavy, and I am calling on you and God, to ease my pain and dry my tears, that are shed in lonely hours? Yes, mother, I feel in my soul that you do; and that you often chide me for my folly. Henceforth and forever I will obey the divine voice of the flesh. I will seek knowledge. I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh."

"See," said Mrs. Wise, "what the prophet Joel hath said; and I truly feel that God is pouring a double portion on me."

"Yes," said Albert, "let a portion be on me also."

"Creeds and formulas are dead. Long has my soul cried in bitterness of spirit to know of the hereafter, and God hath sent His angel to roll the darkness away. Redemption is from within, and we are our own saviors. Weak old faith, thou art dead; thou hast no power over me now. Knowledge shall be mine, and I hear the dead speaking to me; they are opening the books, and mighty truths from the ages of the past are unrolled before me. God is love, and this love is around us, and is a love that is wide-spreading; we may dry our tears now," said Mrs. Wise, in a triumphant voice.

"I have often prayed," said Albert, "when deep fear was upon me; but to-day love is overshadowing my entire being."

"It is like Elijah's cave at Horeb, where the still small voice came to him and talked of God and things that are eternal; yes, that are real; who can answer?" said Mrs. Wise.

"God's voice in the soul, and doubt will vanish," said my mother. "My child, I am here, and is not the Lord here to break in pieces, with strong power, the errors that have bound us; and hath not an angel touched us, as he did Elijah, and bid us 'arise, eat and drink of the water and bread of life.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wise, "we have been asleep under the jumper tree, like Elijah, till the angel of God has awakened us."

CHAPTER V.

A Heavy Cloud.

We had now reached our home and my father met me with a smile and bade me welcome. His strange demeanor aroused a feeling of unrest in me, but I soon met Miss Agnes, who said:

"Zurilda, your father has told me that it is his wish that I inform you in relation to the visit of Bishop Sutherland and his son Louis. He wants you to know that he desires you to become the wife of Louis Sutherland when you are of the proper age. Now, my dear, this has been a long cherished wish of your father's, as was of the Bishop's."

Child as I was, this announcement aroused a feeling of resentment and disgust in my heart, that amounted to bitter anger against my father, that now, after years have gone by, comes now, and stands like a giant skeleton before me.

"Now you are expected to yield a perfect obedience to his wish," said Miss Agnes.

The mere suggestion of such a measure from my father filled my heart with a coldness and deadness, that time, in its work of reformation, has not removed, nor has my childish love and confidence in him returned. Miss Agnes watched me closely, that she might discover what effect this had on me; but not a word or look from me indicated that I had heard her; nor did I have a word to say for myself, and a scornful resentment that bravely bore me above such devices. Such feelings can never be entirely eradicated from the mind, especially when the mind is young and its fibres are woven around a parent; yet I often rise above them, only to fall, for I know that I must climb the dizzy steep and bring my heart back to its proper place in parental love. My affection for my father was pure and exalted. I felt a pride in this and an adoration for him, gifted and impetuous as he was, though I often received his rebukes like daggers in my heart.

"Oh, my mother, my mother!" I murmured; "the danger of your child!" "Bartered and sold like an ass or an ox," said Elion softly in my ear; "and vowed to me as for a master and an owner! No, never! Material things rule me when I come in contact with them, but the spiritual and intellectual take their proper place, when I leave the earth."

What a lesson, then, are we taught by this. Miss Agnes did not seem to understand my feelings. She came to me, having her arms around me, and said: "Come, my dear, tea is awaiting you, and your father will be anxious to know if you are in harmony with his long cherished wish."

"Miss Agnes," I said, "is my destiny in the hands of my father and the bishop? Must they choose for me and my happiness vanish like a cloud in the western sky; every sunbeam depart from my life, and my heart not speak for itself?"

She paused for a moment, and then said: "I see that poison is infused into your veins. Oh, spurn not the pure and enduring affections of your father; your duty is to obey him; resolve to do this, my dear, and avert his anger."

We had now reached the tea room where my father and the bishop were awaiting us. "Are you ill?" said the bishop to me.

"Yes, thank you," I said.

"Well, what has stolen the roses from your cheeks, my child?" said he. "Oh, they have only closed for the night," I said, "and the warm sun of love and truth will open their petals in the morning."

Louis had just come in and was in the act of taking a seat at the table, but he paused as though he had been shot through the heart.

"What have I learned about the warm sun of love and truth?" asked the bishop.

"That there is one universal power that pervades all—man and nature—and that this power is God—sending the life forces through our beings, renewing our life forces daily."

All eyes were upon me, but not a word came from their lips. Just as the bishop was about to reply to me, a servant came in and said that Rector Wise and his wife desired to see the family. This took our attention and we soon retired to the drawing-room.

The meeting between Rector Wise and Bishop Sutherland was warm and genial, as was also that with Louis. The rector praised him highly, complimenting him on his choice, the high stand he had taken for the cause of truth, and said: "My mercy will I keep for him, and my covenant shall stand fast." Then he turned to the bishop and said: "My soul is rejoiced when the young rise up to walk in the paths of peace and do battle for the Lord of Hosts. Our cause needs just such earnest workers; too many with the Lord's harness on are asleep; their coldness is death; we are feeling the death chill in our very souls now."

These remarks of the rector brought a smile to the face of Mrs. Wise, who said: "Why, husband, your enthusiasm has taken you back to the wars of the Jews. Have you forgotten that the mission of Jesus was peace and love to man?"

"Will you never understand, wife," said the rector, "that sin must be rooted at every step that the man of God takes, even if he uses the wrath of God in a double portion, pouring the wrath out on the heads of sinners?" "Yes, yes," said Mrs. Wise; "God is love."

"High words, sounding well in the sinner's ears," said Louis.

"Yes," said the rector, "dry bread to the soul that is dead in sin."

"Will you forever cry hell, damnation, sin and corruption in the most perfect work of God, and then ask us to love a God who is keeping this yawning gulf open with that real personage—a perfect devil-looking us right in the face, and telling us to be good or we will be damned; then saying we can not, for sin is inherent in the soul; then asking us if it were good of God to make us so; then what would we do without that tree in the midst of the garden and saying that we ought to have eaten more of the forbidden fruit, so that we might have more knowledge? Does not this make you shrink within yourself and feel small? Do we not know that the spirit world is shining forth in the light of knowledge, and that this knowledge will lift us above all sin? That old story of 'Paradise lost' is rotten with age and rust. If it were not so, this coldness that you say is in the church, would not be there. Is your work done so badly? What a power you claim to have—power over another's soul; then you say there is death in the soul. Has Christ died in vain? Risen in vain? No; but you lead faith with an endless host, has taken the beauty and strength out of man as well as out of the church," said Mrs. Wise, with much feeling.

Silence was the only answer, and Mrs. Wise continued: "By the steps that Jesus cut we ought to climb, and His precepts we ought to mount. He rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, and brought new light. What your work needs is more real truth in the internal, and less external form. I tell you there is an inexhaustible mine that you may draw from, when you dig for it. The present is a time of danger. The rector is leading the church into a tottering; it is not deep, it is builded on sand—and the flood of truth that is now coming to man will wash it away. You will find that every sin is standing waiting, and that eternal justice will be demanded of all; the old faith is slipping from us, and knowledge must take its place in the hearts of the people. Plant their feet on this new foundation. You will not hear the voice of Sinai's thunder now, nor will you see the mountain smoke with the glory of the Lord. No, side steps are given to guide us. Drag not the past before the people; they need a better foundation to-day than ever before. Look into their souls and see the surging billows roll; this is the spirit of the Lord breathed on them, and they shall go forth from the Lord to kindle a flame on the altar of the Lord, and ye shall see the glory of God in the flame; and from out this flame the voice of God will speak to your souls, and ye shall know that I am, saith the Lord. Have you, that are the priests of God and that minister at His altars, seen this flame and heard this voice?"

No one replying to her, Mrs. Wise continued: "If you have not seen or heard, how can you chant psalms to the Lord? 'Blessed is he that believeth, not having seen; but more blessed are they that see and hear the glory of the Lord.'"

Louis Sutherland now arose to his feet and said: "Rung be the heavens with black if you speak truthfully, mankind!"

To this remark Mrs. Wise replied: "I could a tale unfold to you, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul."

"Wife," said the rector, "it is by grace that we are saved; and 'where sin abounds grace abounds much more abundantly; and we hope that we have not received the grace of God in vain.'"

Louis Sutherland now arose to his feet and said: "I read in the Bible that 'the wages of sin is death.' 'Now, if we die as the penalty for sin, is not that debt paid, and ought we not to be free? Again, 'Christ died for the sins of man,' and paid the debt; now are we under the wrath and condemnation of God for the disobedience of Adam? It cannot be true; nor that death is the penalty for the sin of Adam. Death was in the world before Adam. Death, or change, is a natural process, and is necessary in us as in nature; for it moves us on to a higher and a more perfect state of life. Now I think it is time that the clergy should accept a more rational solution of this subject, for your feeble combination has lost its potency; this body ought to be removed that the effluvia from such a stagnant pool may be turned into a stream, the scientific world of to-day should have a foundation that is in accord with the dignity and wisdom of the framer of this manifest glory that we see in the visible universe so that we may frame in our minds a truer, more just and loving conception of the author of our being. You, who preach Christ, preach Him as a brother and a teacher, sent by God's love to us, and as a pattern and guide to us as in offering, and calling his wife to stop using such language, but Mrs. Wise made a finish by saying: 'Oh, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'"

My father thought to change the subject by saying that as the friends were all present at least those who were interested in the matter, he had some business to adjust, and thought he would leave the rector and his wife as witnesses to the transaction. Mr. Howard, the lawyer, was called from the library by his father and said: "The document is ready, and I wish you both to sign it." He came in, pen and paper in hand.

"Read the contract aloud," said my father. Mr. Howard began by an introductory remark that this is a contract of marriage by and between Louis Sutherland, of —, and Zurilda Wellington, of —; and Wilber Wellington, father and guardian of the said Zurilda Wellington, party to the contract; and of the Right Reverend James Wadsworth, Bishop of Sutherland, of —, father of said Louis Sutherland; stating that at the age of eighteen years, after the said Louis Sutherland, a thorough training in the useful branches of education (naming the languages and all that is necessary to constitute the accomplishments of a lady of high rank, but more especially the religious teachings of the Church of England), she was to become the lawful wife of the said Louis Sutherland; then the dowry was stated, and all that the law could do to bind and protect Louis in his rights was recited.

While Mr. Howard was reading the paper Mrs. Wise, gazing with her eyes transfixed as if gazing at something just before her; something that seemed to convey, to her an intelligence. When the paper was read, my father took the pen and signed the document, with much pride in his demeanor; then said to Mrs. Wise: "My father then said to me: 'Zurilda, my love, the name under that name,' as he pointed to that of Louis."

"Father, I cannot do that," I cried. "Cannot write your name?" said he. "Yes, I can write my name; but, dear father, I cannot sign a bond of slavery, a bill of sale, and blight my young life with a curse."

"I will not sign a bill of sale, and I will never be a party to this unnatural alliance. The ratification of such an act is bondage, and an imprisonment of all that a woman holds dear—her personal liberty. As I stood sponsor for Zurilda, I will protest, in the name of justice and liberty of conscience, which is due all in such matters. I fear you are under an outside pressure; and have not looked into this matter as you should."

These remarks brought Louis to his feet, and he said to his father and the rector called him to order. (To be continued.)

FRANZ PETERSILEA.

Lord Kelvin's Speculation About Ether Atoms.

Is there anything new about Lord Kelvin's idea, after all? The idea may be put into a little different form, and written out somewhat more learnedly, but is it entirely new? I think not; neither do I think his view is absolutely correct.

He says that the ether atom can occupy the same space as the material atom. So far this may be true and no doubt is, but Spirit Franz Petersilea wrote all about the construction of the atom more than twenty years ago, which anyone can learn by reading the book called "The Discovered Country," or the book called "Oceanides." All who are interested in this subject should purchase these two books—which can be had from the office of The Progressive Thinker—and read what the spirit has to say about atoms. But for the benefit of those who may not do this, I will say: The Spirit, Franz Petersilea, wrote that an atom was composed of magnetic flame and translucent matter—that the heart of each atom was a mere point of pure, magnetic flame, that this little magnetic flame glowed with an amber light, and this light was not the light of the sun but an independent magnetic light all its own; that all space is filled and glowing with this light. Now each little point of magnetic flame attracts and holds within it, as a shield or covering, an amount of matter which is transparent or translucent; and when this takes place the atom is perfected, or becomes a perfect atom. These atoms float within the etheral sea, for ether is infinite and boundless, and all things whatsoever exist and float within it.

But the atoms described above is not the only kind of atom that exists within this etheral sea; there are other atoms of many different kinds. Within the ether also floats the great sea of germinal atoms. These are points of everlasting light and life, and anyone can see them with the naked eye if one will but take the trouble and throw away all preconceived ideas and prejudices; there they do, plainly to be seen, points of living light, much lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, darting hither and thither, never still for an instant. These germs of living light and life are of all kinds and species, vegetable, animal, and human. Each germ is its individual self, and can never be any other than itself.

When the atoms which are composed of magnetism and matter are at length formed into worlds and become fit for life, the atoms of matter are the seeds of life attracted and held, each according to its kind, where they develop and grow; and, at what is called death, either of vegetable, animal, or man, the matter is then thrown off as of no further use, but the developed germ still holds the magnetic flame that was the center of each atom. This constitutes the spiritual clothing of the developed germ.

But magnetism is invisible to material eyes, consequently the developed spiritual form is invisible to the material eye. Lord Kelvin is right in saying that the ether permeates all things, for all things exist within it and are permeated by it. I think that credit should be given where credit is due; and if a spirit gives these truths to the material, the scientific world, credit should not be withheld from its true source; neither do I think that because a man bears the title of "My Lord," he should receive more credit than the most humble spirit that ever existed.

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These ten books, substantially and elegantly bound, and printed in the neatest style of the printer's art, will be

THE HINDOO,

And His Philosophy, as Viewed by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There is a well-meaning (as set forth in the Chicago American), but mistaken woman in America who has taken herself the task of "exposing" the bad side of all the Hindoo and Oriental philosophies which have, since the World's Fair Congress of Religions, been gaining ground here.

She is engrossed in delving into ancient and modern history in search of the heathen rites and idolatrous practices and immoral beliefs of the followers of all these Eastern cults.

She has sent a mild appeal to me, begging me to say no more of the teachings of Krishna, or Buddha, until I learn what terrible men they and their devotees were, and she solemnly announces that even Vivekananda, the wonderful Hindoo scholar who electrified the Congress of Religions in 1893 and afterward taught thousands of hungry souls the beautiful philosophy of the "vedas," was known to partake of roasted beef!

Now, I have never occupied my all too brief allowance of time on earth with hunting for evil. My main object in life has been to seek the good, the beautiful, the worthy in everybody and thing. When forced to unmask and denounce an abominable evil I have always selected the one nearest to hand—first in myself and then in my environment. The sham, the pretense, the avarice, the unchristianlike of many of the orthodox Christian churches in America and England and elsewhere seem fonder of my steel pen than do the Oriental philosophies.

I have no doubt the followers of Krishna and Buddha were and are guilty of the grossest and most heinous crimes. But the beautiful teachings left by both inspired souls will always appeal to me, even as does Christ's last sermon on the mount, in spite of the blasphemous and ridiculous creeds trumped up by selfish men who claimed to be His followers, and in spite of the mercenary and cannibalish spirit exhibited by hundreds of so-called Christians today.

Nothing absolutely historic is known to-day concerning the life of Christ. Nothing was written about Him until long after His death—thirty years, some Bible students say. But His sermon on the mount remains, and that is all we need.

The life of Krishna is quite as difficult to know in detail, and that of Buddha is more or less involved in tradition and superstition. The words of both are more authentically traceable than even those of Christ, and these words are very beautiful and strangely alike in their meaning to those of the later teacher.

All three teach that love of the Creator and love of our fellow-man and conquest of self is all there is of "salvation."

"That is all the world needs to realize to-day—all it ever needed to realize. Once in a few hundred years a great illuminated soul passes through the earth, telling this old truth in new words. Krishna was one—Buddha was another, Christ was another, and there have been others and will be others."

Vivekananda was an inspired interpreter of all the religions.

It was his motto to "eat beef-steak" while teaching a meatless diet does not seem a heinous crime to me.

In one of his classes I recall hearing him discuss the matter of food as pertaining to spiritual development.

"Those who obtain the best and quickest results in mastering the body and controlling the mind," he said, "must regulate the food, the breath and even the posture of the body. After the mastery is gained and the illumination of the spirit has taken place it will not matter about the food—you can eat what and when and where you find it most convenient. You will give it little thought." It might be wise for some of our Christian leaders to arrive at this last state of "giving the appetite little thought."

I recall another of his sayings: "The Hindoo devotee of higher religion follows three rules in regard to his body. He must not eat too much or too little; he must not be idle or overwork; he must bathe his entire body twice a day."

It was the great spiritual privilege of my life to be a student of that beautiful soul. I never forgot him. I respect his name. He made that Christ of the sermon on the mount seem no less glorious by his interpretation of the beautiful Vedantic philosophy.

Let us accept what is true and beautiful and helpful in this life—wherever it is to be found.

Women Do Not Want to Vote.

There is no one argument so frequently used by the opponents of women suffrage as, "women do not want to vote." Hon. John D. Long, ex-secretary of the navy, has said: "If one man or woman wants to exercise the right to vote, what earthly reason is there for denying it because other men and women do not wish to exercise it? If I desire to break the threshold of heaven, shall I not cross my threshold because the rest of the family group prefer the state atmosphere indoors?" When the government extends the privilege of voting to a citizen, it says to him: "We do not compel you to appear at the polls; we simply give you the liberty to vote, or not to vote, as you desire. You may express your consent or your protest against conditions, and may help make civilization, if you wish." On the other hand, when the government refuses the privilege, it says: "We compel you to remain away from the ballot-box. Whether you wish to vote or not, you shall not. We will impose upon you any laws we see fit, and you shall have no official authority to protest or to consent."

What justice is there in refusing the ballot to all women because some women have conceived no desire for it? Many women do not want to vote, and many men do not care to vote, but there are many women as earnestly anxious to vote as any man in the land. Why should not all men and women who are public spirited and liberty loving have the privilege of the ballot? Can we expect women to move in the interest of their own self-government, since no class of men has ever done so?

Woman suffrage, like man suffrage, must come through the generous action of those who now possess the power to give it. In fact, more women in proportion to their numbers have asked for the ballot than have men of any disfranchised class in the history of the world.

"The Truth Seeker Collection of Poems and Ceremonies for the Use of Liberals." For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

"The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional." This book, by the well known Father Chiquy, reveals the degrading, impure influences and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the experience of many wretched lives. Price, by mail, \$1. For sale at this office.

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OGGULT MYSTERIES.

THE SPIRITS AND A LOST WILL.

Of all the famous cases in the annals of American courts, the most notorious of modern times is the Bradley "spook" case" of Frankfort, Ind. The author of the sensation, one Hiram H. Bradley, died in 1894, presumably intestate. Five years later the spirit of one Judge J. C. Suit, through the aid of a Spiritualistic medium, disclosed the fact that a will was in existence. Later on this same spirit discovered the hiding place of the will and told where sufficient evidence to probate this will might be found.

The faithful followed the ghost's directions, found the will, obtained the evidence, and succeeded in getting the will probated. All of these events make up a story so strange and romantic as to be almost unreal.

In the trial evidence was produced to the effect that the paper produced as the will was a carbon copy of a will made by the ghost itself before it assumed its present ethereal form, and that there were twelve of these copies made. Where are the other eleven? They were never produced.

Throughout the entire duration of all the trials charges of bribery, forgery, etc., were made. These charges were backed by evidence that was more than strong.

Then the mystery of a lost signature consumed the public curiosity. Had the signature of Mr. Bradley been stolen for criminal purposes? In fact, was there a plot to defeat justice on either side? It is a question among all parties, irrespectively of what the question involves.

He was but a harmless, inoffensive ghost. According to his own testimony and the mystical code of ethics of the spirit world, he did what he did for the sake of right. At any rate, the light was low, and the medium was given his word that everything was strictly orthodox. This suited the faithful gath-

ering around the center of attraction, and perhaps the better world he could not—that was the place where the mysterious visitor from the realms of spookism was supposed to dwell when deigning to commune with his earthly friends.

When the proper quiet and degree of darkness was attained, and all of the visitors had reverently joined hands, the first spiritual manifestation of the evening was given, doubtless it would be better to say that it was received.

After a series of phenomena of a thrilling nature the star of the performance appeared. He or it was the ghost of one Judge J. C. Suit. Greetings to old friends were in order, as well as a few messages from those gone before to their living relatives. After this the sensation was sprung.

It was the sangfroid peculiar to ghosts, declared that Hiram H. Bradley deceased, had left a will, dividing his wealthy estate in diverse ways.

Even the faithful started, exclaiming aloud in their astonishment. Why, Bradley, who had shuffled off this mortal coil some five years before, had not left a will. At least so said his lawyers and his wife, the parties who were supposed to know. It seemed almost improbable.

But the spirit continued, and wound up by telling where the will could be found. This impressed the faithful, and they went and looked, and found it.

Then the spirit came again, in the same dark, mysterious environment, and told where the evidence necessary for the probating of the will could be found. The faithful, doubting no longer, followed the line of advice and succeeded in probating the will.

Since that time, according to the testimony of those who managed the Spiritualistic part of the program, the ghost of Judge J. C. Suit has held its peace. It is one of the teachings of their philosophy that when a man departs this mortal coil, he has committed a questionable deed or has been party to anything of that character, his spirit never rests until this deed has been atoned by confession in some manner or other. The faithful declare that this is proven by the actions of the ghost of Judge Suit. They do not say that he was guilty of a crime in suppressing the will of Hiram H. Bradley, but they do intimate that he was party to it.

Of the most marvellous disclosures of the spirit world, the settlement of litigation over the settlement of the case has never ceased. And the litigation has been of the hottest sort imaginable, too. Each side alleges fraud, bribery, forgery, etc.

For over fifty years Hiram H. Bradley was a respected citizen, having taken part in most of the public enterprises of his day, and being highly commended by the local order of Knights Templars. In the year 1882 his wife died, and one year after that he married again, this time to a Mrs. Sarah Kingsbury.

One year after his second marriage Bradley died. As he had been heard to declare that he was the author of no will, his widow came into possession of his entire estate. She admitted to the estate, thinking that he died intestate, settled up all his claims, being discharged one year after his death.

The reasons set forth by the widow in defense of her decision that Mr. Bradley left no will are strong and convincing. In the first place, she had been told by Bradley time and again that it was his intention not to leave a will, she thereby to receive the entire estate. This intention was also made known to several friends of the family, among whom were Judge J. C. Suit, the poor ghost, and John H. Petty, both very intimate friends of Bradley and his wife. In fact, Judge Suit was Bradley's legal adviser. In the presence of both Suit and Petty, during the illness preceding his death, Bradley made known the bequests he desired made, and with two friends as witnesses caused his wife to promise to see that they would be carried out. Obviously this was done in view of the fact that he had made no will. Bradley also requested Suit to act the part of legal adviser to his wife, and Petty to guard her interests as zealously as he would those of himself.

After his death these two friends assisted in settling up the estate. For the widow, never so much as intimating that a will was in existence, both were prominent citizens, respected and law-abiding, diligent workers in the Knights Templar commandery, and public-spirited in a great many respects. The production of a will, in view of the reputations of these two men, to say the least, caused the public to elevate eyebrows and append all arguments with a capitalized question mark.

Two years after Bradley's death his widow married Isaac G. Miller. One year later Judge Suit died, the third mutual friend, Mr. Petty, having passed to the bourne of spirits in the interim.

On the first of November, 1899, rumor was circulated to the effect that a will of Hiram H. Bradley had been found. Public curiosity was aroused to the pitch of excitement. It was clamored for, but the clamor did little good, for it was not produced for probate until more than a month later. It read in substance as follows:

"One-third of the estate is to go to the widow (Mrs. I. G. Miller); \$1,000 to go to John Bradley, a brother; \$1,000 to a nephew, Frank Bradley, son of the brother John; a tract of land (some 8 acres), outlining the corporation limits, to go to the city of Frankfort; the remainder to go to the local lodge of Knights Templars, for the benefit of indigent knights, their wives and orphans."

This was the "spook" will. It was typewritten—really a carbon copy of a typewritten will—the only pen marks being the signature of Bradley and those of two witnesses, J. A. Petty and T. C. Parish.

To say it raised a storm of protest from the widow would be putting the case mildly. The following taken from the county clerk's office, speaks for itself:

STATE OF IND., CLINTON CO., ss.: In Clinton circuit court, November term, 1899.

In the matter of the proposed probate of the will of Hiram H. Bradley.

Comes now Sarah A. Miller, who upon her oath says, that she was the wife and widow, and is the only legal heir of Hiram H. Bradley, late of Clinton county, Indiana, deceased; that the said Hiram H. Bradley was at the time of his decease a bona fide resident of Clinton county, Indiana, and owned property in said county of the probable value of \$20,000; that the said H. H. Bradley died, in said county, on 26th day of August, 1894, leaving the said Sarah A. Miller, his widow, and leaving neither father, mother or child or descendant of a child living; that on the 6th day of December, 1899, D. A. Coulter and A. B. Given, by their attorneys, proposed to probate a typewritten paper, purporting to be the last will of H. H. Bradley, executed on June 20, 1894, and witnessed by T. C. Parish and John H. Petty, which pretended will purports to appoint the said David A. Coulter and A. B. Given as executors thereof; that the said typewritten paper purports to bequeath to John Bradley \$1,000 and Frank Bradley \$1,000, to the city of Frankfort, in said county, a certain tract of land east of the city, one-third of all his property to the said Sarah A. Miller (nee Bradley) and the remainder of his property to "Frankfort Commandery, No. 29, Knights Templars."

The said Sarah A. Miller objects to the probate of said pretended will for the following reasons, to-wit:

1. Said paper so pronounced is not the will of the said Hiram H. Bradley.
2. The said pretended will was not duly executed.
3. That at the date of said pretended will H. H. Bradley was of unsound mind and remained of unsound mind until his death.
4. That she lived with said Bradley, as his wife, more than one year immediately preceding his death, and was constantly with him and caring for him during all of said time; that she never heard of the execution of any will; that after the death of said Bradley she was appointed administratrix of said estate and fully settled his estate, without at any time seeing or hearing of the existence of any will; that the said Bradley told her, shortly before his death, that he had not made any will and should not make any, and that she therefore inherited his entire estate, and she therefore and he together have sold the property in calmness and faith. Let us listen to the still small voice as it spoke to me on a recent occasion:

"Mr. Wayward was not a bad man," it said, "but he was proud, given to change, ambitious, perverse; his mental exercises and sufferings were many but they were necessary to establish his character on a higher pedestal. He once said, 'When my wife died I was in despair. Oh my blessed wife, Harmony, I loved you all the while, but she soon followed her. Poor Jack Gonover was a sprightly young fellow and cheered me up a little, but now that he has departed, I am indeed alone.'"

"You speak in riddles," said I. "Can you tell me who was Mr. Wayward? You ought to have sense enough to know that there is no heaven, that people have no souls—that there is no future life and no God."

"You startle me; you must admit that at least I was sincere."

"You were sincere and earnest, because of your ignorance, you did not fathom even your own motives. Pardon me, sir, for the frankness of my speech. It is necessary that I should speak with men like you. Your sincerity was but superficial; you imagined you were preaching the goodness and mercy of God, when in fact you were only preaching the pride and vanity of Mr. Wayward."

"You may be right," said Mr. Wayward; "I know myself to be a sinner."

"Sir, it is all a farce got up to enable men called priests to live without work. I will leave you this scientific book. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, and you will be a wiser man. Good day, sir."

Smith, a typewriter, who said she had made the copy of the will. In fact, her testimony showed that she had made six copies, with as many carbons! Then what had become of the other eleven wills? This question has never been answered.

The reputations of Suit and Petty, to say nothing of the present Mrs. Miller, accounted naught in the trial. The will was admitted to probate.

It transpired during the action of the court that the library and papers of the late Judge Suit had been acquired after his death by the firm of lawyers representing the repentant spook. Long before the marvelous message arrived from the land of mysteries, the books and papers had reached a thorough going over by a number of parties. Yet when the ghost said the will was among them the proper parties had no trouble in finding it. There is current another story to the effect that one of all the moneys and real estate received through the will by the local Masonic lodge went to the attorneys by which the will was made, and that they found the will and before they made it public. These are popular tales in Frankfort.

The big case had hardly come to an issue before those claiming the minor legacies put in an appearance.

A brother from Harbor Springs, Mich., whose name was Barzell B. Bradley, appeared and made claim to the \$1,000, and for the purpose of probating the will, proved that his dead brother called him John. He had a son, named Frank, but this son died a year and a day before the will was made. It was shown that Hiram H. Bradley knew that Frank was dead. The will was probated and the judgment was affirmed by the supreme court of Indiana.

There were two or three criminal cases disposed of, and then a damage suit was tried in the morning. The growing out of the contest over the probating of the will. After the supreme court had decided the case, the executors made a final settlement and considered Barzell B. Bradley as the John named in the will, and paid him the legacy of \$1,000 and filed their final report.

Shortly after that a woman from Saginaw, Mich., appeared and filed a suit against the executors in which she charged that she was the widow of Frank Bradley, mentioned in the will, and as she was his administratrix, she asked the payment of the \$1,000 that Hiram H. Bradley said should go to his nephew, Frank Bradley, the son of John Bradley, his brother.

She said that Frank was the son of Philander John Bradley, who was also dead, but was the brother of Hiram H. Bradley, and he was the person named in the will as John. She also filed a petition as administratrix of the estate of Philander John, and asked for that legacy.

In the meantime the executors had appealed from the judgment in her favor, and the case was now pending in the supreme court. The decision of the court was to reverse Judge Vinton's decision on a technicality and the case was remanded for trial. It was tried again by Judge Artman of Lebanon. Judge Artman ruled against her and for the executors, and found that Philander was not commonly known as John Bradley. The judgment in her favor as administratrix of the estate of Philander John, was now pending in this appellate court. The decision showed that Philander Bradley died July 6, 1901, at Saginaw.

There have been convictions and surmises, opinions and open declarations, both by the contending parties and by practically uninterested citizens.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.

MR. WAYWARD.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them," in the Path of Light.

Characters: Mr. Wayward; Jack Gonover, spirit; Dagmar, Materialist; High Priest; Lady of Fashion; Mrs. Golden, a rich widow; Hon. Mr. Codfish, a pillar of the church.

The inner consciousness, or still small voice, or whatever you may choose to call it, is sometimes quite distinct when we have dismissed care and attend to it. It may lose its potency for a time, however, but when we become receptive again, the words may be repeated or the scenes re-enacted, particularly when we seek a repetition of them in calmness and faith. Let us listen to the still small voice as it spoke to me on a recent occasion:

"Mr. Wayward was not a bad man," it said, "but he was proud, given to change, ambitious, perverse; his mental exercises and sufferings were many but they were necessary to establish his character on a higher pedestal. He once said, 'When my wife died I was in despair. Oh my blessed wife, Harmony, I loved you all the while, but she soon followed her. Poor Jack Gonover was a sprightly young fellow and cheered me up a little, but now that he has departed, I am indeed alone.'"

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"You startle me; you must admit that at least I was sincere."

"You were sincere and earnest, because of your ignorance, you did not fathom even your own motives. Pardon me, sir, for the frankness of my speech. It is necessary that I should speak with men like you. Your sincerity was but superficial; you imagined you were preaching the goodness and mercy of God, when in fact you were only preaching the pride and vanity of Mr. Wayward."

"You may be right," said Mr. Wayward; "I know myself to be a sinner."

"Sir, it is all a farce got up to enable men called priests to live without work. I will leave you this scientific book. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, and you will be a wiser man. Good day, sir."

Mr. Wayward read on and on as he sat on the cold stone. The world under his feet seemed fast changing into a huge iceberg. Then a strange thing happened.

Uncle, you had better get off that stone, or you will get the grippe," said a familiar voice.

Mr. Wayward started. "I should know that voice among a thousand," he said; "it is my nephew! It is Jack Gonover!"

"Yes, Uncle Wayward; I am here, at (Continued on page 8)

city behind your splendid horse." A tear rolled down the cheek of the little child as it let go his hand.

"That is a beautiful and costly building," said Mr. Wayward, as they passed a marble block.

"Well, here is a store of mine; I will rent it to you and help you to be a man. Why, Mr. Wayward, you possess just those qualities which exercised, bring wealth."

Mr. Wayward entered into business; he would not lie, he would not overcharge and for a time he secured many patrons, but they soon began to complain that his goods were not in style and many whom he had trusted failed to pay, and to save the remnant of his capital he had to close his doors.

"I am sorry I ever took my hand from the clasp of the little child," he said. "There was safety and contentment in the straight and narrow way; I will try to find my way back." He had to pass through many streets before he reached the light, but he found it at last and the little child smiled a welcome.

A bishop or high priest of some church awaited their coming, a short distance up the way. He was dressed in the vestments of his office, and when they arrived near him he addressed Mr. Wayward in the pompous style peculiar to the class.

"Aw, Mr. Wayward," he said, "Aw, glad to meet you. We are erecting a cathedral near here; come, aw, let me show you how we progress."

Mr. Wayward felt flattered, and as he drew his hand from that of the little child, he whispered, "It is only for a moment." He little knew what was before him, or the extent of the "moment," but the child knew.

"Mr. Wayward," said the priest, "when you possess great powers, don't you think he ought to use them to advance the cause of God and humanity?"

"Most assuredly," replied Mr. Wayward.

"My knowledge of physiology enables me to decide that you possess great powers of oratory latent within you; now, sir, if you employ these powers in the sacred desk you may soon be heralded through the length and breadth of the land. The field is great, but the laborers are few; come up to the help of the Lord. There is a pulpit vacant to which I can appoint you at once, and you can be ordained almost immediately."

Mr. Wayward accepted the flattering offer. The new minister drew a crowd, and the people dropped off. Some said he was too prosy; some said he didn't hit the nail—there he wasn't; some said he was too much of a theorist; some said he was too much of a practical man. (These two last were absolute facts in real life.) Rev. Mr. Wayward called on some of the supporters of his church. The first he visited was the wealthy Mrs. Golden.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Wayward," said the Christian lady.

"Thank you, madame," said the preacher. "I was sorry when I saw your pew vacant last Sunday."

"Oh, dear, it was a great disappointment to me, my dear pastor; I do so admire your eloquence and elocution, but the fact was, my milliner didn't send home my new hat ordered several days before, and so, you see, the fault was not mine."

Mr. Wayward took his leave of the lady laughing outright. "Well, well," she cried, "that fool doesn't know anything."

He next called upon the Honorable Mr. Codfish, who received him warmly; he shook both his hands vigorously, as a genuine pillar of the church should always do.

"Now, my dear and respected brother, allow me to apologize for my absence from church last Sunday, before you say one word. It was too bad, really too bad, but I could not possibly have attended. The fact was that that stupid wear of mine misled the diamond I wear in my shirt bosom and when it was found it was rather late to attend, so you see I am not to blame, for you know how I hate to disturb the sacred services."

Mr. Wayward resigned his pastorate; many who had signed his roll forgot to sign it, and finally he wandered away disgusted, from the city. Tired and foot-sore he sat down dependently on a large stone on the roadside—he was without money, homeless and friendless. His thought wandered back to the peaceful and happy past—he buried his face in his hands and wept.

A dapper little man came up and spoke to him.

"Mr. Wayward," said he, "your position is unfortunate, but, sir, you have only to blame yourself. Nature gave you brains, my dear sir, and you didn't use them."

"I tried to do my duty," said Mr. Wayward; "I tried to direct people to heaven—tried to teach the way of the Lord."

"Mr. Wayward," said the dapper little man, "you have been making a fool of yourself; you ought to have sense enough to know that there is no heaven, that people have no souls—that there is no future life and no God."

"You startle me; you must admit that at least I was sincere."

"You were sincere and earnest, because of your ignorance, you did not fathom even your own motives. Pardon me, sir, for the frankness of my speech. It is necessary that I should speak with men like you. Your sincerity was but superficial; you imagined you were preaching the goodness and mercy of God, when in fact you were only preaching the pride and vanity of Mr. Wayward."

"You may be right," said Mr. Wayward; "I know myself to be a sinner."

"Sir, it is all a farce got up to enable men called priests to live without work. I will leave you this scientific book. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, and you will be a wiser man. Good day, sir."

Mr. Wayward read on and on as he sat on the cold stone. The world under his feet seemed fast changing into a huge iceberg. Then a strange thing happened.

Uncle, you had better get off that stone, or you will get the grippe," said a familiar voice.

Mr. Wayward started. "I should know that voice among a thousand," he said; "it is my nephew! It is Jack Gonover!"

"Yes, Uncle Wayward; I am here, at (Continued on page 8)

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.

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RUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spiritualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to answer all attacks in the secular or religious press on Spiritualism. Send him clippings when an attack is made, giving date and name of paper. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PUBLIC.

All money in donations or collections intended for the N. S. A. Medulla Home or Relief Fund, should be sent to this office to the secretary, if not directly paid to our authorized missionaries, who can show a mission certificate of later date than October, 1902. No other is authorized to collect money for this association. Contributions, large or small, are gratefully accepted. MARY T. LONGLEY, N. S. A. Secretary, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

A Successful Holdup.

The Bulgarian revolutionists needed money to purchase fire-arms, and their leaders looked about for ways and means. There was Miss Stone, the missionary sent over by the good and confiding souls in America to convert the Turks, or any other savages, who might be interested. The leaders were good orthodox Christians, and to kidnap Miss Stone was as carrying off of a friend. They knew very well that her American friends could readily be made to believe that the unspeakable Turk had carried her off, and any ransom asked would be paid. The horrible story of brigands sent by the Turkish government, an immediate ransom or death, was sent over to the United States. Our government was duped, and swallowed bait and hook. Like a small boy, wishing aid from a bigger brother, an appeal was made to Russia to use her influence with the Sultan, for Miss Stone's relief.

The churches went at the work of collecting the ransom money with keen zest. The terrible situation of Miss Stone was luridly described in countless pulpits. Her liability to be murdered was as nothing to her being placed in a Turkish seraglio. The money was forthcoming, and Miss Stone, who had been sumptuously cared for by her Christian friends, came to make money in the lecture field, telling us of life among the brigands.

The crafty Bulgarian leaders invested the money thus received in good rifles, and were ready for rebellion against Turkish rule.

Such are the facts in the case. The diplomatic correspondence just published shows that the Turks had nothing to do with the matter. They were absolutely innocent of the charges made against them.

This duplicity on the part of the leaders in the Macedonian movement has the effect to weaken sympathy for their cause, and casts discredit on the hastily reported "atrocity" against Christians by the Turks. The facts are that the "Christians" are as zealous and "strenuous" as the Mohammedans, and provoke the attacks of which they complain.

The Turkish empire may be a "sick man," but if driven to conflict, the nations who provoke the combat will find a desperate foe who is brave by his belief in fate, and Allah, and knows no defeat.

A pretty dramatic excitement was created by the kidnapping of Miss Stone. The days of the martyrs appeared returning. She could not be made a martyr of at home, and sought it in the mountains of Bulgaria. No one sent for her—no one wanted her there. She went to gratify her own desire for notoriety, and received a full share. She made no conversion of Turks. All the missionaries sent have never converted a Mohammedan. No one expects they ever will.

She made a goodly draft on the pockets of her friends, who unwittingly contributed to the war fund of Macedonia. She brought the government of this country into a position that is regrettable for its unsophisticated credulity. Miss Stone was at no time in more danger than she is here at home in the pulpit telling her story, and if the Americans had said the blackmail demanded by these Christians of Bulgaria will not be paid, she would have been set at liberty.

It was urged at the time that it was setting a bad precedent; for if the savages found out that missionaries would be ransomed, there would be a constant succession of kidnapping. The Africans and South Sea Islanders may make people of missionaries, but they have never caught on to the more profitable ransom business. Only good and pious Christians do that.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Work." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong, logical thinker, on a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.

"Handy Electrical Dictionary." A practical handbook of reference, containing definitions of every used electrical term or phrase. Price 25 cents.

In a report of the testimony in the terrible murder of Miss Reichen, in Lorain, Ohio, it appears that Rev. Father Walser was sleeping in a room adjoining that occupied by the victim. He was arrested on suspicion, but released for want of evidence. He was awakened out of sound sleep by the cry of Miss Reichen—she was testifies—and his door opened and a man appeared. He jumped up and chased the man away. Then he went to Miss Reichen's brother's room, and told him that something had happened to his sister. The brother went into the room to find his sister horribly murdered. Father Walser refused to go, saying he could not bear the sight! As he had not been into the room, knew nothing about the murder, why should he stand weeping and say he could not bear the sight? Then he said to her brother that he could not recover from the shock and say mass next day for the dead without a stimulus, and her brother went out to a saloon and bought a whiskey.

This raises a question of moment. Is it customary for priests to take a gallon of whiskey to get strength for a prolonged saying of mass for the dead? Or because of the victim being murdered did it require an extra quantity? Is it the fervor awakened by the whiskey or the whiskey itself that is effective in mass saying as a help for the spirit in purgatory?

An ordinary mortal would have thought a quart would have toned up the holy father's shattered nerves. What must have been his condition when he felt he wanted a whole gallon! He belongs to the small and exclusive order of the "Fathers of the Sacred Blood," and appears to believe that the most sacred blood is good Kentucky whiskey! Altogether this little episode lets a ray of light on the ways of life of the priesthood, showing it to be quite different from what it is supposed to be by their followers. Self-abnegation, penance, self-restraint, unselfish devotion resolve into a full and free gratification of the flesh written on the gross and red faces of the "holy fathers."

God's Judgment on the Adventists.

It does seem rather strange to an unprejudiced outsider that a people who take so much pains as Adventists do to obey the commands of God as laid down in His holy book, should yet be accounted great sinners, and even as other wicked people who make no pretensions to conform to God's commands in all things, should be subjected to the fierce punitive wrath of Jehovah, because of their sins and impurities.

According to Mrs. Ellen White, the star prophetess of the Adventist sect, they are a bad lot and need the stern corrective (or destructive) hand of the Almighty laid in judgment upon them, to bring them to repentance and cessation from their wicked ways.

As stated by the Chicago Record-Herald, of recent date, Mrs. Ellen White, prophetess, has made a statement of her feelings in regard to the belief of some Adventists that the five buildings lost by the Adventists in the last two years were not set on fire by the Almighty, but were destroyed by incendiaries. She says: "To me, brethren in Battle Creek—I am bowed down and greatly troubled. God's judgments have fallen heavily on our institution in Battle Creek, but how little has this done to move hearts to repentance. Fear and trembling talk hold of me as to what will be the next revelation of God's displeasure. Those who have disregarded the messages of warning have lost their bearings. They have before them the result of the work God has laid upon me, and if I could not convince them no arguments, no future revelations would affect them. The result will be that God will speak again in judgment as He has spoken heretofore. When, for years, His messages of warning have come to institutions and individuals and no warning is taken, what power will convince them? Only the power of God revealed in judgment."

It is to be hoped that our Adventist brethren will heed the prophetess's solemn warning, and turn from their sinful ways, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, ere they are made to feel the heavy hand of an angry God laid in wrath upon them.

Disheartening Views of an Episcopal Bishop.

Bishop Lawrence, at the 118th annual convention of the Episcopal church, in the diocese of Massachusetts, held in Boston, May 13, does not take a very rosy view of the church situation. He said:

"So far as statistics can show it is doubtful if the church is more than keeping pace with the population. The ministry is not apparently increasing in number or power. A great proportion of the enlightened men and leaders of our communities have no active interest in the church. There is a great mass of fine character and of Christian temper outside the church. Infidelity, sincere and insincere, is all about us."

In this light the Bishop thought that the talk of changing the name of church, as proposed, was of secondary consideration and had better be postponed until it became evident that it was worth while to take the trouble. He appears to be in the state of mind a mother would be over an infant that may or may not live long enough to make it an object to give it a name to rechristen the Episcopal church, just as with palsied footsteps it sank in the grave. Its death as the "American Episcopal," was less dramatic than that of the superannuated Church of England.

Books for Sale at N. S. A. Office.

The following valuable works are on sale at the N. S. A. office—a number of each, having been gratuitously contributed to the National Association to aid in good work. They will be sold at reduced prices as quoted; each has peculiar merits of its own and all should be in every home:

Occult Physics, Medical, by Mrs. Matteson, \$1; Libeth, Fiction, by C. E. S. Twine, 90c; God's Smiles, Maggie Olive Jordan, \$1; Wedding Chimes, for wedding ceremonies, D. P. Hughes, 50c; Leaders of Truth, 30c; Three Jubilee Lectures, with pictures, Peabody, 25c; Whither the Wind Blows, Venner, 20c; Violent, poems, Straub, 10c; Longley's Beautiful Songs, with music, two volumes in one cover, 10c; also a fine picture, cabinet size, of N. S. A. headquarters, 10c. Any of the above is a rare bargain, and will be sent postpaid for price.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

"Meatless Dishes." Very useful. Price 10c.

A PECULIAR CASE.

A Wealthy Woman Loses Her Personality.

A Wealthy Woman Who Became a Penitent and Nameless Wanderer in the Streets of a Strange City—The Friends She Found, the Search for Her Children, and How Her Memory Was Finally Regained—Was It a Case of Spirit Control?

With her memory suddenly blotted out (as set forth in the New York World) as though by a lightning bolt, Mrs. George Wallace, a wealthy widow of Wilkesbarre, Pa., wandered away from her home last November and lived as a servant among strange people for five months without regaining her mind or discovering her identity. From her home in Wilkesbarre she traveled to Newark without knowing how she got there or why. She lived out as a servant, without knowing that she had ever been other than a servant. After a lapse of five months her memory suddenly returned, and a few days ago Mrs. Wallace rejoined her family in Sayre, Pa., whither they had gone.

It was on the 21st of last November that Mrs. Wallace left some friends on Northampton street after an afternoon's shopping and started for her home four blocks away. She was well dressed, had \$10 in her pocketbook, and seemed to be cheerful and happy.

In the four blocks to her home she lost herself so completely that even now she has no recollection of what happened. Six nights afterward she was tramping the streets of a strange city penniless and hungry, not knowing who she was or why she was there. She knew nothing but that she wanted shelter. She had no recollection of the past, no realization of the present was in her mind. It was like the dream arising into life without memory—the birth of a full-grown woman into a new world.

Here is Mrs. Wallace's wonderful story, so far as her memory can cover it:

BY MRS. GEORGE WALLACE.

I can only account for my strange loss of memory by the fact that I either forgot or more I had been grieving over the death of my beloved husband. I was also greatly worried over the settlement of his estate.

I can remember now that I was feeling particularly well and strong when I started out shopping on the afternoon of Nov. 21. There were two railroad depots which I had to pass on my way home, and when my memory deserted me I must have gone into one of these stations and bought an east-bound ticket.

When the five days' blank was ended I found myself walking along the streets of a strange city. Since then I have learned that it was Newark. I did not know why I was there. It did not seem strange to me. Neither did I know that I ever had a home. In fact, I did not think to inquire.

Awakening to a New Life.

I seemed to have barely enough intelligence to know that I must live and that in order to live I must work. A drizzling rain was falling and the streets were slushy with melted snow and mud. It seemed perfectly natural that I should be walking about the streets. I did not know that an awful gulf lay between me and the past. I did not know the value of names or of circumstances.

I date the memory of my new life as an unknown from the time I found myself walking along the rainy Newark street.

I became so tired that I could scarcely stand, but nobody seemed to pay any attention to me. In a dim and visionary way it must have come upon me to apply to some person for assistance. I remember applying to a family living near a big church. They were very kind, but when they asked me my name and I could not reply they sent me away. Even then I did not think it queer that I should be nameless. I must have been something like a child in my mind. It is fortunate, however, that I remained content about how to hold work to make it available later on.

In the evening of that rainy day Fate led my footsteps into Summer street. I was told afterward that it was Thanksgiving Eve. I rang the doorbells of two or three houses where food and shelter were refused.

The last place I applied was No. 629 Summer street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Stern. There must have been something in my miserable appearance which excited the pity of Mrs. Stern.

How She Found a Friend.

At any rate she invited me in and gave me food and shelter for which I offered to pay with work.

"We will talk about that in the morning," she said.

On the following day, notwithstanding the fact that I could not remember my name, Mrs. Stern offered to employ me at housework, and I accepted the offer with deep gratitude, as I did not know what else to do. For days and weeks, and it may be months, I worked for Mrs. Stern as a servant. One time, after a long, hard day's work, the strange absence of any memory of my childhood began to dawn upon me. I realized that I had no past.

I saw other women with children about me, other women with happy homes, other women with husbands. Where was my childhood, my home, my husband? The thoughts gave me a great feeling of unrest. My life began to look strange to me. I began to realize that I could not remember further back than the rainy streets of Newark on that full November morning.

Through constant brooding I grew gradually to realize that I was not a professional servant, that I had lived another life, that children were waiting for me somewhere, and that I had relatives and friends and a home.

Remembered Her Childhood First.

Gradually this feeling grew upon me. It made me so abstracted in my work that Mrs. Stern noticed it and asked me if I were ill.

My reviving memory seemed to resemble the shoots of newly sprouted plants. But they were constantly growing, and each day I felt nearer to the solution of an awful mystery.

I believe that the first I really remembered was scenes of my childhood—the old home, the flowers about the house, my school days, my school friends. But still I could not remember my name.

As time passed Mrs. Stern noticed that I was growing more and more preoccupied. I know now that I was mentally traveling over my past life and that eventually I would succeed in tracing my entire history.

One day while working in the kitchen it came to me like a flash. A voice seemed to say to me, "You are Mrs. George Wallace and your home is in Wilkesbarre!" My memory seemed to clear as though

SPIRITUALISM

DISCUSSED AT THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Large Crowd Hears Prof. Wm. Lockwood, of Chicago, Explain Why He Believes in Spiritualism—An Interesting Lecture.

"If a man die shall he live again?" One phase of this great question which from time immemorial has received the attention of the great body of mankind from the profoundest scholar to the humblest and most illiterate, was the subject of an interesting lecture by Prof. William Lockwood, a scientist, scholar and author, of Chicago, last night. The lecture was given in the Odd Fellows' hall under the auspices of the First Spiritualist association of this city. Prof. Lockwood was greeted by a large and interested audience and received the closest attention.

Unlike the majority of lectures or addresses on religious subjects, Prof. Lockwood did not start out by addressing his audience as "My Christian friends" or "Brethren and sisters," but his first sentence was characteristic of his lecture throughout. He began by addressing his audience as "Friends of human progress."

The topic for last night's lecture was "The Influence of Modern Scientific Discovery on Religious Thought."

The professor began by addressing himself to the thinkers of the audience. He declared he would rather talk to twenty-five people who think than to 2,500 who do not. The thinkers, said he, are the people who move the world. He referred to Galileo and his great discovery and how it had revolutionized the knowledge of the world, how in his life time he was hooted at and scorned, but that now no one would stultify himself by professing to believe other than what Galileo taught. He then declared that spiritual philosophy was revolutionizing the great systems of religious belief as radically as Galileo's ideas had in material matters. "All the great laws of the universe," he said, "are principles of psychic phenomena, and in the same proportion that we understand nature we do understand the great principles of spiritual philosophy lying behind it."

Spiritual Philosophy.

Prof. Lockwood said that he had come into his knowledge of spiritual philosophy through chemistry. Everything in nature is formed, effected, acted upon and changed from one form to another by invisible processes. Everything in nature is visible proof of these invisible spiritual processes. In the same manner a form develops itself on the negative in a photograph camera does the spirit form develop itself on the spiritual vision of the medium. In the science room of the medium is a person who has a particular development in some special line, it may be music, chemistry, theology or what not. In the same way a Spiritualist medium is one who has a particular development in the psychic relation. Mediumship belongs to the entire realm of human and spiritual philosophy.

It is not hard to see, said "when this belief in another or spirit life first began, but it was well known in Egypt 17,000 years before the Christian era."

For the benefit of those who believe the world has not been in existence so long he quoted Huxley to prove that the world has been in existence 40,000,000 years, if not longer.

Continuing he declared that Spiritualism was known and believed in by many of the Roman senate and was in great vogue 500 B. C. It afterwards suffered a decline and began to be revived within a few years of the discovery of the Morse telegraph.

Prof. Lockwood then gave the history of the beginning or the discovery of spirit rappings by the Fox sisters at Hydesville, and said "spirit rapping is as much a proof of an intelligence as the telegraphic instrument is a message or telegraphic intelligence. It is intelligence passing between persons in different parts of the country. It is the consciousness that operates the instrument—not the hand. It is consciousness talking to consciousness. The instrument is only a means of communication. In the same way in psychic philosophy the inhabitant of the spirit land uses the vocal organs, etc., of the medium."

At the close of Prof. Lockwood's address Rev. G. W. Way gave several spirit messages from departed friends to persons in the audience and in every case the recipient of the message declared his description of the parties and even the names given by Mr. Way were true. It was a highly instructive and interesting meeting. Prof. Lockwood will lecture at this evening at the same place on the "Scientific Proof of Continuity of Life." This will also be followed by a séance by Rev. Way—Wheeling (W. Va.) Telegraph.

Professor Denton's Message.

"I was a speaker of the truth when in the body, as far as I could see it. Since passing from the body I find all my wonderful knowledge counts for very little in the spirit world. After resting for a time to regain my strength, I began to look around me for confirmation of my ideas of things in general and of the spirit world in particular. I find some instances in regard to the spiritual world were correct; in others they were wrong in regard to the earthly knowledge pertaining to any historical facts. I find that not in one event out of ten do we get the true facts as they transpired. We get them only so far as the writer is willing to record them and often leaving out the most essential part, because it was not in the mind of the writer. I find that it should have been. I find all the knowledge we really possess is what we ourselves witness. When I awoke to this fact I overlooked my bundle of facts and when I had sifted the true from the false I found I had only about one-third left, and I was not sure one-half of that was true. But do not let my experience hinder any one from obtaining all the knowledge they can, for they expand the capacity of the mind, and prepare for the true knowledge. It seemed to me at one time that there were only two things that were true, one was the sun, and the other was that spirits returned to earth and made their presence known. Some time in the future I hope to speak to the people some words of truth. I was called Professor Denton."

Mrs. Sallie Finney, Medium, Plymouth, Mass.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lillian Whiting. One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, intensely interesting, spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

"A Plea for the New Woman." By May Collins. An address delivered before the Ohio Life Society. For sale at this office. Price 10c.

DIGGING FOR ABRAHAM

And the Ancient Hebrew Nation in Babylonia.

In a recent article upon the dishonesty of the clergy in reference to straw-levy brick in two of the ruined cities of Egypt, I suggested that it might be ignorance instead of downright dishonesty which was at the basis of the claim that those straw-levy bricks were made by the Jews when enslaved in Egypt, and that they confirmed the Bible story of their residence there.

But when we come to examine their recent literature upon the archeological explorations in Babylonia it is a most fearful tax upon our charity to make any allowance for ignorance, for the principal men engaged in those explorations are by no means ignorant. They know that their discoveries completely annihilate the claims of both Jews and Christians to the sacred character of the Old Testament writings, especially those of the first five books called the Pentateuch.

They know, and admit that powerful empires, with an advanced civilization, existed before the creation of the universe according to God's holy word as contained in the Bible. They know that the stories of creation, flood, garden, Sabbath, etc., were on record in the literature of those nations centuries before the Bible date of creation. Hence, they know that these stories were borrowed from those ancient traditions; and, therefore, there was no such creation, no garden of Eden, no Adam and Eve, no temptation, nor fall; and that their entire theological system rests upon ancient fables.

And the New Testament starts out upon these same old fables in its genealogies, tracing lineage back through Abraham, one of the prominent characters of the fabulous stories. And yet, with that knowledge, they put forth the pretense that these new discoveries confirm and illustrate the Old Testament as a historical record, when they know that these Bible stories are garbled copies of the old Babylonian traditions.

To illustrate this position, I will quote some of the statements made upon the subject of the discovery of the Chaldean inscriptions found in the ancient library of Nippur: "They supply many gaps, which are known to exist in Genesis. They turn light on the origin of the Jews and the Jewish religion, and they are wonderfully corroborative of the facts outlined in the Old Testament."

Another writer says, "The discovery of these inscriptions has brought to light the life, religion and arts of the Hebrews. The library gives us a historical setting of the time when Abraham went into Palestine. Many of the customs and religions, mention of which existed among the Hebrews, will find here their first interpretation."

Any one reading and depending upon these extracts would suppose that the Jews and their religion and origin was discussed, or at least mentioned in these early histories. Are they? Not the first sentence has been given where Jews, Hebrews or Abraham are mentioned. Where is the "light," where the "corroboration" of the facts outlined in the Old Testament? How do they affect the knowledge of the life, religion and arts of the Hebrews? But, most important, most revealing light is shed upon the origin of the Bible stories to which we have referred. The most learned Christian doctors say "it is supposed that Ezra edited what books survived the destruction of the temple and completed part of the Old Testament canon." But the "light" which these "discoveries" have shed upon the subject, in connection with the facts developed by the higher criticism, brings this conclusion: Ezra, the pretent with the "LAW" written at the time of Josiah, and some other fragmentary documents, made the first successful attempt to establish a Jewish religion. Having had access to Ashurbanipal's library, which contained translations from that of Nippur, the oldest one in the world, he stole therefrom the creation, flood and other accounts, and by a most outrageous falsification of chronology, and the invention of the fabulous genealogies, he made Abraham the great ancestor of the Jews. One of the quotations assumes the historical character of Genesis and the correctness of its chronology, than which nothing could be more wide of the truth. And the singular fact is that these very writers show, from the indisputable records unearthed at Nippur, that the chronology of Genesis is a pure fable, and the origin of the Hebrew people, as taken away Adam, the serpent, Enoch, Noah, etc., where is your Abraham? According to the story he was a lineal descendant from Noah and was cotemporary with some eight or ten generations, as Shem the son of Noah lived to his time.

But the careless reader, perusing the quotations made above, would infer that there was some account of Abraham and the origin of the Hebrew people. But not a sentence has been found as yet. But the reader will most likely insist there must be something on which those assertions are based. I will, therefore, furnish the basis on which all those pretenses rest. I quote from Dr. Peters, who was the main instrument in setting up the expedition to explore Nippur. The sentence first seen was cream-white color, then there came a sky-blue border all around the banner, then there came a golden dove in the center of the banner, with an olive branch in its beak, then came the word Peace, in golden letters under the dove. Then came the message from the delegate that showed me the banner, and in saying it he peeped from an outside standpoint. In that chapter we are told of an expedition, which Amraphel, king of Shinar, Arioch, king of Ellasar, Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, and Tidal, king of Gilm conducted against the west land, and particularly against the cities of the Jordan valley. Gilm seems to be Gutium, often mentioned in the Babylonian inscriptions. Chedorlaomer is Kudur-Lagamar; Arioch, king of Ellasar is Eriach, king of Larsa; and Tidal, king of Shinar, appears to be Hammurabi, king of Babylon."

Here is the sum of the evidence found in the Babylonian explorations of the migration of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, and the origin of the Jewish people. Please look at it. Study it and comprehend its logic. Let us give it all the weight it deserves.

The entire scholars who found the names of four kings in the Babylonian inscriptions, which they assume to be the same as found in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis. But compare them. What resemblance is there between Arloch and Eriach? Or Elasar and Larsa? How can Gutium be transposed into Gilm, which means nations, and is given in Genesis? The answer is most like King Lear than any other. It is the "But look at 'Amraphel, king of Shinar.' How can you convert that name into Hammurabi? Or Shinar into Babylon? Dr. Peters says 'Amraphel appears to be Hammurabi.' But how does it appear? 'It appears,' to me as

a most desperate assumption. A fool hardly attempt to find something in their costly diggings to bolster up the fabulous stories of the Old Testament. There is no proof that these four kings were cotemporary, or that they ever were allied together. But there is abundant history that the Elamite and Babylonian monarchs were in constant conflict. Sometimes one was victorious, sometimes the other. They do not seem to have found in the inscriptions the name "Tidal, king of nations," nor indicated what, or where those nations were located. But such a lack of mount to nothing with a Bible advocate.

There is, however, one most fatal defect in this attempt to prove an Abraham as ancestor of the Jews. The assumption is that Abraham emigrated from Chaldaea during a period of Elamite supremacy, and that with a little more than three hundred men overtook and completely defeated four powerful monarchs, among them Hammurabi, king of Babylon. Now the question is, were Abraham and Hammurabi cotemporary? According to Bible chronology, Abraham died 1821 B. C., at the age of 175 years. This would place his birth at 1996 B. C. Hammurabi, who conquered Elam, instead of being its ally, flourished 2250 B. C., that is 254 years before the birth of the mythical Abraham! But this is a fair specimen of the dishonest method of Christian theologians, and thousands will read and accept their conclusion without ever thinking of instituting a critical examination.

In closing this article, I wish to present one more feature of this Abraham story, showing its absurdity and impossibility. As related in Genesis, Abraham was a Chaldean. Consequently he spoke the language of his country, and his descendants would speak the same. But the language of the Jews was not Chaldean, but Hebrew. And though what are now called Hebrew letters are Chaldean, the original ones, as found on the coins of the Macabees and in the Samaritan Pentateuch are entirely unlike them. The Chaldean letters were added in connection with the captivity. Whoever, then, was the ancestor of the Hebrews, was not a Chaldean. More likely was he to have been a chief of some Bedaween tribe of Arabs than a member of any of the civilized nations of the Babylonian region. According to the story, he was a wandering shik with flocks and herds, while the Chaldeans were at least a partially settled people. They dwelt in cities and were a commercial people. In fact, there is nothing in the Genesis Abraham which furnishes any analogy between him and the Chaldeans, while the resemblance to the Arabs is easily recognized.

It would seem from these facts that this Abraham is a purely fabulous or mythical character. And if anything more was necessary to prove it, the genealogy would furnish it. According to that Abraham was the ninth generation from Shem, tenth from Noah, and to his birth there was 292 years from the flood. He lived 175 years and at his death Shem was still living, and lived 33 years longer. Abraham was called an old man at 175 years and yet Shem aged 569 years, was still living, and so aged was Arphaxad, the son of Shem. Instead of being an old man, he was a very young man compared with some of his ancestors then living. The fabulous character of the story is evident also from the fact that Shem is made to live during twelve if not thirteen successive generations. And these fables are urged upon us as history, and as the "word of God." S. S. LOVELAND, Summerland, Cal.

A Good Departure for the Colleges.

The curriculum of the standard college or university has been almost changeless for a century, the English Oxford setting the example. It was made up when there was very little outside of the dead languages and mathematics to learn and hence the four or six years of college life was largely devoted to Greek, Latin and mathematics. The sciences were secondary. The pupils had no choice. If they won diplomas they must take the prescribed course, and proficiency in Latin and Greek were most essential. The University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson, from its beginning offered its students the opportunity of selecting such a course of studies as they preferred. In this the wonderful breadth of mind and foresight of Jefferson is exhibited.

Now Yale, the most conservative, has followed Harvard, and the freshmen have the choice of five courses of study. This conforming to the new requirements of modern life. The classic course will for some time receive the highest honors, but this is destined to yield to the common sense demands of a practical education.

The Banner of Peace.

Allow me to call the attention of my brothers and sisters to a subject that I have spoken of before in The Progressive Thinker, in regard to a banner that was shown in the daytime, in my normal condition. The banner first seen was cream-white color, then there came a sky-blue border all around the banner, then there came a golden dove in the center of the banner, with an olive branch in its beak, then came the word Peace, in golden letters under the dove. Then came the message from the delegate that showed me the banner, and in saying it he peeped from an outside standpoint. In that chapter we are told of an expedition, which Amraphel, king of Shinar, Arloch, king of Ellasar, Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, and Tidal, king of Gilm conducted against the west land, and particularly against the cities of the Jordan valley. Gilm seems to be Gutium, often mentioned in the Babylonian inscriptions. Chedorlaomer is Kudur-Lagamar; Arloch, king of Ellasar is Eriach, king of Larsa; and Tidal, king of Shinar, appears to be Hammurabi, king of Babylon."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often leaves the questions unanswered. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

W. S., Detroit, Mich.: Q. (1) Does any known animal possess a brain as large as that of man? (2) In the attempts made to reconcile the six days of creation as stated in Genesis, the days are supposed to have been vast periods of time. If this be so, what becomes of the Christian Sabbath?

A. (1) Relatively in proportion to the size of the body there are no animals having as large a brain of the same quality. The amphioxus, a small oceanic fish, at the beginning of the vertebrate series of living beings, is said to have no brain, the spinal cord existing as a line of nerve tissue. There is no enlargement at the head, of the ganglia, making them more powerful than the others. From this beginning, step by step there is with each higher specific form an enlargement of brain. The brain of fishes is about 1 to 5668 of their bodies; of reptiles, 1 to 3221; birds, 1 to 212; mammals 1 to 100. The brain of man is 1 to 26. The proportion of small animals is larger than that of man, as the field mouse is 1 to 21, and this is more marked in some birds, as the tom-tit, in which it is 1 to 12, and the canary, 1 to 20. But it is to be taken into consideration that the brain of these animals is enlarged by the enormous size of the olfactory lobes and in birds the optic lobes are larger than the true brain. Allowing for these, the brain of these animals and birds are not exceptions to the rule.

The brain of the elephant often weighs from 8 to 10 pounds, and is the largest of any known animal. That of the whale is five pounds. Thus as an elephant has been known to weigh 7000 pounds, it would be expected that its brain would weigh 1 to 260. The weight of a whale has never been determined, but the largest must be many times larger than the elephant, and the brain ratio probably three times less.

Tiedemann, the German anatomist, makes the average brain of Europeans, man, 48 ounces, of woman, 44 ounces. Yet as the weight of woman is less than that of man, relatively the proportion is the same. The most extensive research of Dr. Morton gave the cubic capacity of the largest Ethiopian skull observed 94 cubic inches, for the smallest 65; largest American (Indian) 100, smallest 60; Malay, largest 89, smallest 64; Mongolian, largest 93, smallest 69; Caucasian or white, largest 109, smallest 75.

The form and texture of the brain has quite as much to do with its functions as weight. In the advance of species, the convolutions increase and deepen, until fully expressed in the brain of man. In them the brain is largely made up of enlarged sensory ganglia and the cerebellum (base brain), while in man the cerebrum overlaps and almost conceals these parts. The size of this part of the brain far exceeds that of any other member of the animal world.

Hugh Miller, in his famous "Old Red Sandstone," gave the explanation of the six days as vast periods of time wonderfully indicated by the geological evidence of the fallacy of his theory and in the keenness of his chagrin committed suicide.

There is not, probably, a geologist in the world who maintains this theory, or would not regard with pity any one who did. There are many difficulties to encounter taking the theory for granted, which are insurmountable. If God only took one day of rest after his six of work, and that the Sabbath, there would be a strange incongruity between six indefinite periods and a twenty-four hour Sunday. The seventh day should be like the six preceding. If these days were of vast duration, it is difficult to account for the growth of grass and herbs and trees up to the fourth day, when "God said let there be light in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night." The vegetable world might exist for a day or two without light, but that it flourished and covered the earth before there was a sun for a vast period of time, is impossible.

"What becomes of the Christian Sabbath?" It exists like many ancient things because of the superstition which holds it sacred, after every vestige of support, and reason for being has disappeared. Its sacredness is because of God's resting after his six days' labor. Now the Jews who ought to have the best understanding of their own book, say that the book that the account of Genesis is an allegory, a fable, a story, and their rabbi always so regarded it. Every man of science of the least eminence, agrees with this interpretation. God did not create the world. In six days, or six vast epochs. It is a pretty story, but a myth as fabulous as the varying forms it assumes as told by other races.

F. M.: Q. The minister here says that the Bible is the oldest book in existence. Is this true?

"How Shall I Become a Medium," Fully Answered

In Mediumship and Its Laws, Its Conditions and Cultivation," by Hudson Tuttle. Price 35 cents. Send to Mr. Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Also that Paul and Luke were personal acquaintances of Jesus of Nazareth.

A. The Egyptian Book of the Dead is vastly older than the oldest book in the Old Testament, which is admitted to be that of Job. The papyrus scrolls and inscriptions on the Egyptian temples are indefinitely older than any writing in the Hebrew. The tablets brought to light by excavations at the sites of ancient Nineveh, Babylon, etc., covered with cuneiform characters is yet more remote. To say the Bible is the oldest book, is a confession of ignorance, and is scarcely worthy of contradiction.

The best and most orthodox church authorities place all the four writers of the gospels a long time after the death of Jesus. Zeller thinks Luke was written 130 A. D. Volckman dates Mark at 100, Luke at 100 and Matthew at 130, and John at 150. These dates are the conclusions of the most laborious German scholars, and their diversity of opinion arises from the absence of reliable data, and want of any certain indications in the works themselves. The most thorough investigators place the date of the writing at least a hundred years after the death of Jesus. Thus three generations had passed before the traditions of this Messiah were written down. During this hundred years whatever he did or said had been preserved by memory. By whom were they written at last? It is impossible to know. To pretend to know, or fix dates is an assumption of ignorance.

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How Luke or the saint could have personally known Jesus who was dead long before they were born, I leave for gospel ministers to explain.

Mosheim in his History of Christianity which is accepted as authority, although ever partial to the cause, in his native truthfulness occasionally admits passages which show the great difficulty in separating the true from the false. Paul's life would not be complete unless ending in martyrdom. Every apostle except one met death by martyrdom, according to tradition.

Mosheim says of Paul's death, "According to some ancient authorities, both St. Peter and St. Paul suffered martyrdom under the first persecution of Nero. But this has been questioned by subsequent writers who find difficulty in the chronology. Page 139, Vol. I, again he says: 'I am induced to think that the accounts which have been handed down to us respecting the martyrdom of our Savior's apostles, were invented, subsequently to the age of Constantine the Great. The growth of this belief that all the apostles were martyrs appears to have been like that of the Christians, who first believed the key when he says that martyr in the Greek meant a witness, and as witnesses the apostles were all called martyrs. The term was applied to Christ who 'witnessed' by sealing his testimony with his blood. Thus the meaning was changed and ignorant persons, generally, carried over, understood the word to mean one who sacrificed himself for his belief. Then the story of each apostle's martyrdom must be furnished, and fertile fancy was adequate for the invention. The eminently orthodox Mosheim says, Vol. I, page 106, 'For when Christian writers had been unfortunately tempted to have recourse to fiction, it was not long before the weakness of some and arrogant presumption of others carried them to the point of inventing an extent, of which it would be difficult to convey to the reader any adequate idea.'

H. C. Fulcher: Q. Is there any account of the creation other than the Mosaic?

A. The so-called sacred books all begin with a cosmogony or account of the creation, referring to the gods of the gods. The most ancient text is that of the Hindus. Next came Hesiod who sang the story of creation in verse. He lived in the mythic age supposed to be between 800 and 900 years before Christ. The Greek philosophers each had a cosmogony of their own. Thales, Anaximenes, Anaximander and Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Epicurus, are more noted. Lastly there is the theory of creation, advanced by the moderns, which is the grand idea of evolution, and is yet under revision. This account of the creation, is the only one worthy of consideration, except as a study of the early efforts of the mind to solve the riddle of existence. All others are speculations without support, and in this field the speculations of the philosopher are not an iota more valuable than those of the most ignorant boor. The objective demonstrations of astronomy, the formation of systems of worlds in space, and the revelation of geology to the origin and evolution of living beings, laid the foundation for the true story of creation, or better, evolution.

HOSPITALITY.

Blest be the spot, where cheerful guests retire, To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire; Blest be that abode, where want and pain despair, And stranger straggler finds a ready chair; Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd, Where all the ruddy family around Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fall, Or sign with pity at some mournful tale, Or press the bashful stranger to his food, And learn the luxury of doing good. —Goldsmith.

THE LEADING QUESTION.

Dis is de way de roun' worl' run— Some got money, en some got none; But whicher de lot is de happy one? Answer now, believers!

Dis man live in de mansion high, Dat man—yander, in de desert dry; But whicher de two gwine ter about de misery? Answer now, believers!

Trouble knockin' at de big house do' Same ez de cabin, whar de will' grass grow; Who is de rich man, en who is de po'— Answer now, believers! —Atlanta Constitution.

"Buddhism and Its Christian Critics." By Dr. Paul Carus. An excellent study of Buddhism; compact yet comprehensive. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

THE RESURRECTION—THE TRUE CHARACTER OF EASTER DEFINED

A Lecture Delivered at Hico, Texas, by Rev. Mary C. Billings, Giving a Roseate View of Death.

On this day the Christian world celebrates in glad commemoration the rising of Christ from the tomb, yet the name given it is not appropriate. This name "Easter" is derived from a heathen goddess in whose honor festivities were inaugurated at this time of the year. It is mentioned only once in the scriptures, and then it is the result of a blunder on the part of the English translators of King James' version of the scriptures. This word occurs in the fifth verse of the 12th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It is in this wise: King Herod, who had stretched forth his hand against the Christians, putting James, the brother of John, to death, with the sword, being political, it pleased the Jew whom for political purposes he sought to favor, he apprehended Peter also, and shut him up in prison. It is further said that Herod intended to bring forth Peter and deliver him to the people after Easter for them to decide. Here we have the term "Easter" for the first and only time in the scriptures. The cause of this mistake of the translators is supposed to be due to the Anglo-Saxon retention of this name, originally signifying a festival to their heathen goddess, formerly observed by the old Saxons before embracing Christianity.

The festival that is observed by the Christian world under the name of Easter was not instituted at the time the book of Acts was written, and not until long afterward. The true meaning of the word Easter as given in this passage is "The Passover," which was celebrated about this time of the year, and being a Jewish festival, even Herod did not consider it the proper time to bring Peter forth for execution. Adam Clarke, the noted Methodist commentator, says of this term "Easter" in the passage before us, "Perhaps there never was a more unhappy, not to say absurd translation."

All reliable commentators agree in this view of the matter. "Easter," "Eostre," "Astarte," or, as some scholars claim, "Venus," the Roman Goddess of Love, were the names under which these spring festivals were celebrated. The word Easter, the awakening of life and love in nature when the earth put on her new garments and fresh life was generated in the inanimate and animate world. These festivities were said to have been carried to excess, indicative of idolatry and licentiousness. Thus there is all the more reason why the name Easter, or Eostre, should not be used in connection with the resurrection of Jesus, which is commemorative of a spiritual uprising from the mortal and perishable.

This, however, we are compelled to acknowledge is not the only instance where heathen customs, names and dogmas have been grafted upon the pure stock of primitive Christianity, and which have been retained, notwithstanding, as we believe, to the detriment of the same.

Certainly it is important, that appropriate names should be given to our Christian ordinances and celebrations. Thus instead of Easter this ought to be called Resurrection Day. This expresses a glorious truth; as grand and as far-reaching as eternity itself.

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. Howbeit, that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." Can we ever be sufficiently thankful that our all-wise and all-beneficent Creator has endowed us with two-fold lives? That while in one sense we are of the earth, earthy, with physical organisms fitted for this present life and its needs, yet in a vastly higher sense we have also a spiritual being—an immortal part that can never die or decay?

Thus we see the grand truth and encouragement of Paul's declaration which we have here given, as a foundation for our thought at this time. Higher, and better than all other systems the world had ever known, the religion of Christ, teaches us that when he came and lived and worked, and taught, his precepts and example lifted the standard of pure thinking, right living and heavenly aspiration higher than prophet or priest, had ever done before.

In all his ministry he sought to bring human souls and lives into nearer relations with the divine; to awaken in them, a realizing sense of their heavenly birthright. Thus demonstrating to them the truth of their immortal nature.

Christ in his coming "brought life and immortality to light; not that it was not a truth before he came, but humanity was in a large degree groping in the darkness of unbelief respecting a future life, or in sad uncertainty about it, or of being a blessing even if true. To such, the testimony of Christ was positive and assuring.

The old question from the far-back ages, "What was that was asked in the ancient Arabian poem of 'Job.' 'If a man die, shall he live again?' was echoed down the corridors of time, and still re-echoed without answer. This was met by Christ and forever satisfactorily settled. 'As I live, ye shall live also.' And here to-day amid these tokens of a new life bursting forth from nature, with her blossoming beauty around us, we are met to celebrate this joyous festival of The Resurrection.

Let us enjoy the happy occasion with grateful hearts, in adoring love, look unto the Father of our spirits, who has blest us in this glorious consummation of our natural lives, a consummation that reaches far out into a boundless eternity of spiritual life. Were this short span of being in which we live here in the earth all of life, that we have, surely it would be very incomplete and unsatisfactory. Well has Longfellow expressed it when he says:

"The great design unfinished lies, Our lives are incomplete; But in that great unknown Perfect their circles close. Even as a bridge with arch of stone— Lies rounded in the stream."

Truly our lives would be unfinished here if they were not rounded out on the other side, into a perfect circle! As Christians to-day, we can look into the empty sepulchre, and say in full unflinching faith, "Not here, but risen." No dust of earth can retain the real you and I. What we call death may come, and stop the machinery of these bodies of ours, but it can never destroy the life within. When our earthly house of this tabernacle of the flesh is destroyed, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Thus what the word calls "death" is only a breaking down of these earthly houses in which as mortals we dwell for a time, that we may go out into more stately mansions, the buildings of God, more suitable for the spirits' higher needs.

To the young, the thought of death is too often fraught with dreadful fears. This is in part due to education and influence, and also to the natural and wholesome antagonism existing between opposing forces. "Death" is the opposite and antagonist of "Life," and is to be avoided if possible. All animated nature is witness to this. But the child can be so educated and influenced as to overcome this natural fear; an understanding that dying is not a fearful thing, but a going out from the body, into another and more beautiful world.

When a little son of Horace and Mary Greeley lay dying, many years ago in the city of New York, these thoroughly Christian parents gently told him of the beautiful land to which he was soon going, and the dear little fellow who had been suffering so much, looked up in perfect trust, and what his loving parents told him, saying, "Please, mamma, take off my plaster and let me go." There was no fear there! Horace Greeley and his wife were distinguished people, and the world has given them their meed of honor, but we have never seen anything that raised them higher in our estimation than this simply beautiful episode, at the bedside of their dying child.

Death should never be dreaded unless it comes by violence or accident. It is true, it is our duty to preserve our health and life here so long as possible, first, because it is in accordance with the laws of nature that we should; (and nature's laws are God's laws); second, because we may prolong our usefulness in the world and improve ourselves in knowledge and goodness, so that we may reach the diviner side of life the better prepared to enter upon its new and higher phases of existence, because while here we have made the best use of our opportunities.

Let us understand that the unreasonable and especially unchristian views of death as being a fearful calamity, is largely the result of false teaching and a mistaken theology. This is not to be denied.

Pious divines, sincere and honest we believe, have called death "the king of terrors"; have clothed this event in garments of darkness; have quoted, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The living God, though not as crude and bad as the heathen death's head and cross bones carved upon the tombstones of our ancestors, are yet relics of old superstition that still cling to Christianity, and regarded as true in the estimation of many excellent people.

But let us, my friends, upon this glad Resurrection Day, turn from all such gloomy and depressing mistakes, and raising our eyes toward the blue of heaven instead of allowing them to look sadly down to that which is only the death of the earthly, and perishable, let us see only the glorious reality of ascended life, life immortal, perfect, endless life! Thus looking upward instead of downward always, we shall find ourselves strengthened, refreshed, and cheered. We shall find a consciousness of our immortal nature that will go with us in our daily experiences, lightening every burden, comforting us in sorrow, making this earthly existence of ours always bright with the reflected glory of that heaven in which Jesus dwells, whose spiritual rising we celebrate at this time.

As heirs of immortality, the grave has no power to bind us. Though sooner or later we shall pass through the change called death, we know it will be to our souls only a new birth, a resurrection into a higher condition of life. May God give us faith to believe and realize this, and grace to live here on earth as becometh the heirs of life immortal.

BEYOND.

Clear Vision of the Feet and the Feet.

It seemeth such a little way to me Across to that strange country— The way Of every human being, could not be. The home of those of whom I am so fond, They make it seem familiar and most dear, As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear I think I almost see the gleaming strand, I know I feel those who have gone from here.

Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand, I often think, but for my veiled eyes, We should and heaven right round about us lies. I cannot make it seem a day to dread, When from this dear earth I shall be hurled away.

To that still lean country of the dead, And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about, I love this world; yet shall I love to go And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see The seal of death set on some well-loved face, But that I think, "One more to welcome me."

When I shall cross the intervening space Between this land and that one "over the sea," One more to make my passage Beyond seem fair.

And so for me there is the stinging death, And so the grave has lost its victory. It is but crossing—with averted breath, And white, set free—a little strip of sea, To find the loved ones waiting on the shore, More beautiful, more precious than before. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Were we to pour out the psalm of praise upon the gentle, earnest, who, years ago, gave us these beautiful lines, we would find that the things we forebear, and the things we are grieved by, are all things, demands for man there.

During the process of his resurrection from the material body, man is in a state of total unconsciousness. He has no power to direct his resurrection himself. His soul does not escape from the body as the "frigate" vessel, by its compass, and the things are held by the law of attraction. His spiritual organism must be drawn from the material body, by the power in nature through the ministry of angels, by a spiritual attraction.

When the delicate task is accomplished without pain or consciousness on the part of those who are undergoing the change, man is gradually and gently

ly awakened to find himself among angels and friends in the spiritual world. He is in the same form and he does not even know that he is dead until he reflects upon what he sees around him. He has all the bodily organs he ever had. He sees, hears, and uses his senses the same as he ever did. He talks with those present and walks from place to place. He has only thrown aside the garment of clay. The spiritual body is as before, but has been lifted up.

No change in his intellectual or moral character has been effected by his death and resurrection. He is no better and no worse. We each take our memory, and our mental faculties act as before. We love, hope, fear, reason, desire, reflect, judge and express judgments as before. Our identity remains, and we know it.

All who believe rationally in a future life will admit this as abstract truth, but many persons deny it, by denying to man as a spirit those qualities which constitute his personal being or identity. But this seems irrational. There is no ground for believing that a man would know himself if his identity did not persist. There can be no identity where there is no form, or where the form is totally changed. Every one has some idea or conception of himself. Suppose, the next time you look in a mirror you should see nothing but what a spirit is ignorantly supposed to be—an empty void. Would you recognize yourself in that? Or suppose you should see a distinct human form, but totally unlike "that is not I?" How do you say at once, "That is my friend?" By their having the same form they have when you saw them last. If the change has been very great, you do not know them on sight. You never know them until you recognize some familiar feature.

The same principle applies to the case as well as to persons. You could not find your house to-day if it was totally changed, with everything around it. You could not recognize your horse or dog if form and color and qualities were changed—there would be no recognition. Identity surely is sameness or similarity. If it did not exist in the spiritual world in some form such as we possess here, we shall never rise. Our identity would be missing.

But not only is outward form essential to the preservation of our identity, but the inward character. We must surely preserve our affections, our knowledge, our experience, our memory. We are what we have thought and done. We preserve our identity as intellectual and moral beings, by comparing every step in our mental and spiritual progress with the last one. Gradual development is absolutely essential to the preservation of our personal being. We must be able to see how one state grows out, or evolves from another, to know that we are the same beings to-day as we were in the past. All the laws of man's life demand, therefore, that he shall preserve his form and character and rise in the spiritual world the same being that he was here. As the meat of a chestnut differs from the rind, and that again from the burr, so the essential spirit varies somewhat from the spiritual body, as that varies from the material husk or shell.

The lifting up of this finer, inner body, gives us a grand look forward, to the careers which may follow. If one is persuaded that he shall enter on another sphere of existence when this is ended, that his activities will go on with increasing power and usefulness, blessing and to bless, till their possible achievement is accomplished, that his affections will find new objects, his dreams new fulfillments, his longings new developments, he surely will rise to a greater moral dignity than he would otherwise. The sense of limitation being withdrawn, and the disabling consciousness of mental and moral inability being removed, the natural result will be patient resignation, trust on the one hand, and a cheerful alacrity vivified by a great hope on the other.

What we need for the noblest mental life is a sense of harmonious proportion and adjustment to the ever living and loving Oversoul. The goodness that is, and will be and shall ever be.

Well may that favored child sing out: "I into life so full of love was sent, That all the shadows which fall on the way Of every human being, could not be. But bled before the light my spirit lent, I saw the world through gold and crimson dyes; Men sighed, and said, 'Those rosy hues will fade As you pass on into the glare and shade!' Still beautiful the way seems to mine eyes." J. P. COOKE.

Boston, Mass.

Causal Reasoning.

It is often asserted that a pure spirit wants a pure body of flesh to live in, or that a harmonious soul needs a harmonious body. Perhaps so. But what makes the body impure if not by permission of the spirit; or inharmonious if not by the inharmonious existing in the soul?

As the spirit or soul wills, the body is formed. When the spirit wills to deny the brutish propensities, it will purify the body, or become "harmonious" as some prefer it.

Matter per se has no desires; and only a human body that is still inhabited by a spirit manifests needs, tastes or desires. The body is therefore not a factor. We should reason from causes, not effects. ARTHUR F. MILTON.

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