

The Progressive Thinker.

SPIRITUALISM--The Bright Star of Hope That Stands Eternal in the Heavens; Our Beauteous Guiding Star, Shine On for Aye!

VOL. 29.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 12, 1904.

NO. 746

The Center of Creation

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Continued.)

In his search for mankind within the solar system, Mr. Wallace begins with Mercury as nearest to the sun. Mercury is not only very near the sun, but, like our moon, keeps its face perpetually turned to its lord and master. It is, therefore, almost red hot on one side, and cold as space on the other. It has almost no atmosphere, and is too small to hold by attraction either hydrogen, oxygen or nitrogen. There would be a constant turmoil all over its border lands, where heat and cold meet. So, of course, man could not have been evolved under such conditions.

The next planet is Venus. It is large and dense enough to retain the same gases as the earth, and has even a deeper atmosphere. But, alas! it has been recently discovered that it has no day and night. It turns the same face to the sun all the year around, so that it is a constant furnace of heat, while freezing it on the other. Like Mercury, it would have cyclones and hurricanes galore playing perpetually at its border lines between the heat and the cold. Thus Venus is as unfavorable to human life as Mercury.

After the earth comes planet Mars. Poor Mars is but one ninth the size of the earth so cannot hold any gases lighter than carbonic acid. This alone would settle the question of any beings such as we call human existing on that planet. So it is not necessary to allude to the so-called "canals," now acknowledged to be due to natural causes. The planet is simply impossible to human life.

It is unnecessary to discuss the outer and larger planets, since they are acknowledged by every astronomer to be without a sufficiently solidified surface to support or maintain human life. We need not discuss the moon. Its conditions, like those of Mercury and Venus are simply impossible. We thus, after examining carefully the goods on Nature's counter, find nothing outside of earth that would be of any service to man.

Most certainly the learned doctor seems to have proved his assertion that earth is the only probable, not to say possible, mode of man throughout the whole of Cosmos. The evidence he presents will suffice for all practical purposes when they see it, and, for the rest, arguments are needless and useless. But having these facts we propose to ask what they mean in the light of other knowledge, some of it but recently acquired by man?

We stop a moment to acknowledge our indebtedness to the learned outline of "Man's Place in the Universe," but how his responsibility ceases, for the writer is proposing to go to work on his own account, and take a broad view of life from a standpoint not approached in that work, but of equal importance to the human race.

PART SECOND.

This theory of an entire cosmos without a man in it, were on the one we little earth, is startling and apparently proved. Of course there are other kinds of beings on planets and suns, but, most assuredly, we cannot guess what they look like, nor the kind of food on which they subsist. If intelligence be at work in a form not human, there will be nothing in its nature, process to change its nature. We have that lesson here upon earth.

Nature offered intelligence the choice of two clearly defined lines of advance. She could either take a backbone and become a vertebrate, or adorned with rings in sections, pose as an insect. On the one line she achieved manhood. On the other the ant has evolved a civilization just as remarkable, with some virtues, and even arts, impossible as yet to humans. But though living on the same little planet, and equally in harmony with its conditions, no insect course is possible, nor apparently would be possible in the spirit life of to-morrow. This law of intellectual separation must apply to all forms of UNHUMAN life everywhere; and not only through time, but possibly into eternity.

So the writer is not going to claim cousinship with the beings of life, but he would like to find out as much as he can about man, whether white, brown, black, yellow or red, with a view to his present and future possibilities, and relation to Cosmos.

The first singular fact is that you can take a man to pieces, to a large extent, and yet leave him as a man. Take off his legs and arms—remove his teeth and shave his head, yet nobody will object to his voting at the coming election, if otherwise qualified. His wife and family would not claim him, and his will probably be untroubled for usual causes. Of course that is only physical manhood, which we thus see has no fixed proportions, and is regulated only by the survival of the fittest.

But it is very little different when we come to the mental manhood of life. Just a little twist to one side or the other, and off he goes to an asylum. He must act, and even think very much like his neighbors or he will be viewed with suspicion. And as a most singular fact certain rare cases have proved that his mentality can be broken up into a number of personalities one apparently, with as good a right to possession of the body as another. One of these new personalities may pose as a saint, and the very next hour a common-place sinner may hold the fort.

The extraordinary cases of Mollie Fancher and Miss Beauchamp—scientifically attested—with many others more recently recognized, tell us that personality is just as evanescent as form. If one of Miss Fancher's half-dozen personalities commits forgery or arson, no judge would know how to deal with the case other than by incarcerating the whole crowd in an asylum. Paints and stencils alike would have to

go to the same hell. It is beginning to be recognized that personality is a very unreliable expression of manhood. The personality you knew twenty or thirty years ago, and have not met since, is gone for you. At best you exchange memories, and so believe yourself into the old relation with each other.

I have elsewhere, in other articles, given abundant reasons for believing that death itself, like birth and accident during life, sometimes disrupts the old personality, producing in that way much of the confusion and mystery of spirit return. Fancy Mollie Fancher over there and trying to come back. Sometimes you would feel to recognize some mutual fact, and cry "wonderful test." But then would come appearance one after the other, each a true Mollie Fancher, with which you could make no connection. We must, therefore, have something far more reliable than personality if we are to make a real gain out of our mortal or spiritual experiences. It's no use John Smith speaking that he wants to be always John Smith. The shrikeater is himself only one of a lot of possible personalities, each with an apparent selfhood, with as good a claim to individual immortality, so far as we can see, as the rest of the crowd.

Of course this is a very interesting thing, and perhaps includes rather more than our talented Wallace was thinking of when he was limiting mortal humanity to just one speck in the universe. For the census says, one times one is one, and nothing over, whereas personality becomes mathematics if you follow it out far enough.

Once again, what do all these facts mean for us? To answer that query it really seems as if we must start in our quest all over again. Let us see what we really know about it, rather than what we merely believe.

It was not a joke when we said that a man could be cut up into a great many pieces and still remain a man. But you can't cut up Nature. She has done that for herself, and her "cut ups" are the units which blend into temporary personalities. Sometimes they blend into a unit as a universe; sometimes into a man or a mile. It's only a question of shaking a lot of them together, and calling the result a personality. But if you shake them into a form you recognize, and perhaps admire, you can just as easily shake them out of it, and begin all over again. The point of importance for the student to note is this—there are but three kinds of raw material—using the word material for want of a better—and they are indestructible, and always found together. Energy, substance and intelligence are all there is to play or work with, and they never separate.

It is no use hunting for the origin of will or mind, since they are only phases of intelligence, working through substance, by means of energy. Just the triple godhead, if you choose, which no chemist can analyze, nor mortal comprehend. The unit has all three. You can't have energy alone, or substance alone, or intelligence alone, and the very moment two or more such units clasp hands, all three become visible in every movement. You may fancy that some intelligence is working outside the molecule, when you are told to call it "chemical attraction and repulsion." But just a step or two further and your chemistry falls, for the intelligence is at work inside, and then the learned doctors of philosophy tell you that you must be mad.

Herein is a stupendous fact. Every gathering of units is a form personality that, in one sense or another, marries, rears a family, and then retires. That is the entire history of creation. But all the time the unit—the eternal three—is lord and master of its own indestructible self. Since these are facts, scientifically attested, the question is, what do they mean to the reader and writer of this article?

(To be continued.)

San Leandro, Cal.

KEYS.

We hold the keys of our destiny To employ them just as we choose. The keys of the undivided Will be free And no longer your "fate" abuse. "Bound by the forces of circumstance?" Then call on the deathless I, Rouse up your courage and give a chance.

To the wonderful key of Try. Meeting a frown or a bitter word For the good your hand has wrought? Silence, and see how the depths are stirred.

By the key of a loving thought. Holding the sense of an injury Which has caused your heart to bleed?

Pardon, and set the blood black free With the key of a kindly deed.

Health and wealth you can claim no more

And adversity's blasts are chill? Place in the iron of that stubborn door

The key of the undivided Will be free And no longer your "fate" abuse.

Mourning the loss of a loved one dead, Released from the toll and strife? Silence, and take in your hand instead, The key of eternal life.

Friends are faithless and love untrue, And the sky is Godless above? Then open the heart and the soul of you

With Loyalty's key of Love, And give of mercy or pity or self

And wake to each mad heart's call: In losing self you shall find yourself.

The master key of them all.

For we hold the keys of our destiny If only we understand.

And place in each difficult lock we see The key that lies in our hand.

Silence, Patience and Pardon. These are proof against every test, But stronger than all, the master keys Of a selfish Love is best.

NORCROSS AGAPA.

Through Beatrice St. George, Wilmette, Ill.

THE SILVER BOAT.

When Saunders had taken his young wife to the old manor house on the bayou, she had said to him:

"We will stay here forever. It is a place I have seen in dreams."

And Saunders, being newly wedded and seeing all things through the glamor of love, had freely consented. Yet, when spring came and the halo of the honeymoon had dimmed, he remembered his friends and his home. For Saunders was strong with youth—used to the buffet with Nature and contentions of the field. He suggested that they should return North—that at least they should spend some weeks at the resorts. She shook her head.

"No, no," she pleaded, "not now. Let me have this now. It is a realization. I can find it nowhere else in the world. Let me remain in it."

So Saunders had his yacht down and some friends. They made the old house merry for a time, then went away on a cruise, leaving the young wife, who loved better than all to sit on the long jasper gallery at evening and from amid the vines look down to the little moonlit harbor, with its shining water, the draping moss, and the cypresses on the point that touched a path of light where the water bent outward to the sea. Filled with a great happiness, her summer became a summer of dreams.

Saunders came and went. Devoted and tender, he meant to be kind; but the quiet, half-enchanted round of the old manor where he had passed his childhood no longer satisfied his robust nature. So the yacht sailed in and out of the little moonlit harbor, the young wife waving good-bye from the veranda stair. Sometimes she sighed as she watched his sail pass beyond the cypress point; then, lost in her happiness and her fancies, she would forget and find a comfort that was real in the things we have been taught to call intangible.

Thus it was her world became not altogether as the world of other people, but a curious half-world wherein she seemed to be near, almost to commune with, gentle, unseen forces, that offered the peace of a sweet companionship. Sometimes she even fancied a light touch on her cheek. Again, something that was like a whispered word came as on the perfume of the jasmine. Once, in the moon light, a face, ever so faint and filmy, floated between her and the vines. But when she looked again only the vines were there, and she could not be sure. It was as if she had seen a sort of border country, between that which we know and that of which men have never ceased to speculate. The negroes of the household—old family servants most of them—held her in awe and reverence, and whispered the traditions of the manor—of other women who had been as she was, and had sat thus among the jasmine on moon-clear nights.

When the baby came it was Saunders who had meant to be there, but the yacht had been held by a stress of weather. Lying with her baby boy by the open window, where the scented air and the white moon rays came in, she seemed so like a creature from some far, dim meridian, that those who served her were filled with deep superstition and marvelous beliefs.

When, one morning, the old nurse, who had been leaning from the casement, saw something come into the path of light that lay between the cypress point and the landing dock. She crept to the bed eagerly.

"De boat am comin', Missus. It jes' turn de point!"

"The boat? The silver boat?"

"Oh, no, Missus! Dat ain't comin' now. I mean Mas' Saunders' boat."

Saunders remained longer than usual this time. The boy was a new interest. The picture presented by the beautiful mother and babe crowded out other attractions. Then he urged her to go with him for a cruise, and take the boy along. But it was the stormy season, so Saunders went with some friends instead. After that he went much as before. Once, when the boy was rather more than a year old, walking about a little and saying a few words, he saw a longer cruise than usual—as far as Havana this time. When he returned the boy was in the family graveyard, the mother at her old place among the vines, with the boy's playthings on the floor beside her.

It was a blow to Saunders. The boy had learned to kiss him good-bye, to know him when he came, and had loved to be carried in his strong arms. The place without the boy was unbearable. He urged the mother to go with him, anywhere—to give up her lonely life. She still refused.

"I shall go with the silver boat," she said. "I shall wait for the silver boat."

"The silver boat?" Saunders regarded her, only half understanding.

"The silver boat that comes for the women of the manor. You must have heard of it."

Saunders' look became one of annoyance.

"Oh, the old tradition. I thought that boat was forgotten long ago."

"It came for your mother," nurse says, "the night you were born. She saw it."

"Old negroes see many things—whatever they expect to see, in fact. She saw the moon on the water. I have seen it look strangely myself."

He went alone and continued to go at intervals, remaining away longer each time. While at the end of the jasmine gallery, with the boy's playthings strewn as he left them that last day, the woman sat as she had loved to sit on those summer nights before he came, looking down on the little harbor and the point of cypresses, where the path of light led outward to the sea.

She was sitting thus on the night when the boy would have been two years old, leaning back in an old armchair and looking down through the vines at the moonlight. A white wrap was drawn about her shoulders, and in the fragrant dimness she seemed a fleeting, insubstantial being that might vanish at a sound.

Presently the moon, lifting higher, threw a flood of radiance into the wire gallery entrance. Some of his toys lay in the moon light—a little cart, a toy boat and some soldiers. It was close upon the hour of his birth, and looking at these things the mother fancied how he might have looked had he lived to be there with her to-night. Her eyes drifted away to the point, where the roadway of light was broad and wonderful because of the full moon.

Then she leaned forward a little, looking more intently. Something had turned the point and was coming down the shining way. It could not be a boat, she thought, for a boat would show a dark outline, while this was white, almost as bright as the way itself. But then she saw it was a boat—a boat of light, coming steadily in, its white sails filled, though the air seemed without motion.

"Oh," she breathed, "the silver boat!"

She began to tremble. Should she go to meet it? No, no, it was not like that. She leaned back in the big chair and closed her eyes, as one waiting a summons. Then presently she opened them, remembering what her husband had said of the moon on the water. No, she had not been deceived. The silver boat lay at the landing dock, and there it was her baby boy who had come in the silver boat. He was once more beside her, amid his toys.

At first she did not speak, fearing he might vanish. Then she called to him, very gently, using his pet name. For a moment he did not notice her, intent with his neglected playthings. Then, a toy in his hands, he came nearer. She had known he would look just so. When he spoke, it was as she had known he would speak at this time.

"I wanted my toys," he whispered, "I wanted to come."

She leaned forward hungrily, yet feared to touch him. She saw now that he was not as one of the tangible world, but a semblance, something as we may see reflected in plate windows.

"May I give you?" she asked. "Will you take mamma in the silver boat?"

He shook his head. The silent, hair fell about his cheeks.

"No, only for me. They said you would see me if I came to-night, and would have my toys for me."

"Yes, oh, yes! I always have them for you! Will you come often?"

An often they will let me. Perhaps you will not always see me. I have been here before and you did not see me."

"But I felt that you were near—oh, my baby! my baby!"

He returned to his toys. The moonlight flooded in and

made him a white playground. Sitting in the shadow, the woman watched, scarcely breathing, while something that was not sleep but a great harmony of peace fell upon her and upon all the land about. The breeze died. The moonlight shed a fuller glory. The perfume of the jasmine became a scent with unseen life. When consciousness returned to her, the square of moonlight was gone, the silver boat was no longer at the landing-place.

After that he returned to her each year. When the hour of his birth came she watched the silver boat pass the point of cypresses, and then he was beside her. And each year she found him a little older, as of course he must be, and each year she had prepared herself for the change.

Thus she saw his growth from childhood to youth, much as she would have seen it had he remained in her daily life.

As he grew older his early toys were laid aside, and she thought other things such as she thought he might care for, and hid them ready for each coming. The household, seeing this, grew more and more silent in her presence, more deeply superstitious than before; while Saunders urged her again and again, to leave the old manor and go with him back to the world, his world, and to what he termed realities of life. She gently resisted each appeal. Her world, her life, and her realities were there on the old jasmine gallery. The outside world had grown vague, dim, insignificant—the shadow of a half-forgotten dream.

As the boy grew older he spoke to her each time at greater length, and often tried to tell her something of his existence. She listened hungrily, understanding little. She realized that it was a life without material need, and with other senses than hers. He had pleasures, he had companions, he was taught, by and by he would have duties. She comprehended this, but when she tried to understand the nature of it all she grew confused and gladly came back to him as he sat before her, a semblance and part of the life she could comprehend.

Often she spoke to him of his father. She had found that the boy, too, loved the strong man of the world, and knew much of his life and needs. Yet when she spoke of having the father with them at these times, he only shook his head and said that it could not be so.

"Do not say that," he said to her once. He had grown a tall, young man, with much of his father's face. "Do not blame him for his life. He has a good, true heart, but he is not as you are. He is of the world of substance; the tangible world. You are of our world—the real world!"

"Oh, I do not blame him—I have never blamed him!" she answered. "But the world of substance, and—the real world, do not quite follow you."

He smiled gently. How beautiful he was! How she longed to strain him to her heart!

"The tangible is not real—that which you perceive with your material senses. It fades, perishes, goes into other forms. Only the intangible is real. It may change with growth, but it is always the same in substance. Thought, spirit—these are intangible, and there are forces, some of which, when you call electric, they are really as one—a part of the great light which is life. That which you see and touch with the material senses—these things are for the day only."

"But I see you, and oh, you are real, are you not?"

"Yes, and it is with the real vision that you see me—the eye of spirit. I would be as nothing to your touch."

"But why do I see you clothed, as in the material life?"

"Because the real eye must perceive the material life, which supplies what it has been trained to see—the form and dress which the conscious mind expects."

"Then are you not as I see you?"

"I am as you see me, yet I am more than you see. When you see me at last only with the eye of the real, you will know, and you will not be startled."

"And the silver boat," she asked, "is that, too, of the material life?"

"The boat which you see, yes. Yet there is a boat—a boat of light."

Then once more he tried to convey to her something of the spirit life and feeling, but she became afraid presently, and only vaguely followed him. It was as when we try to convey colors to one born blind.

"Oh, when you I to see?" she asked.

"There is a life in which you see, now," he answered, "in that life you have been with me from day to day. It becomes the conscious life when you waken. Then you will both see and understand."

"And that will be—?"

"When you come to us wholly."

"In the silver boat?"

"Yes, in the silver boat."

"Soon? Will it be soon?"

"Yes, soon. Perhaps it will seem long, waiting. But it will be soon."

When Saunders came home that time, she was even more gentle, more tender than before. He thought her more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Lingered together by the water's edge, under the moss-draped live-oaks, they were almost lovers again.

He came oftener that year. Oftener, too, he spoke of her to his friends, the baby who would have been almost a man now, and now that once she was ready to tell him of the silver boat. Yet something always made her hesitate. September found him on his autumn cruise, yet expected daily, for he had promised an early return.

She was in her old seat on the baby's birth-night, looking down the way of light, to the cypress point. The moments always passed so slowly until he came—and the waiting—she was weak and tired to-night—it seemed to her that he must come, he must come soon! She would close her eyes a little, and rest.

And then, all at once, he was there. She had missed the coming of the boat, but lo, there he stood in the moonlight! Tall, strong and beautiful, and now as never before, holding out his arms to her, his face filled with the joy of welcome!

And at first she could not move, and started to cry out. Then, suddenly, she was standing before him, while from between them, something that was like a wall of mist fell away, and behind, she saw him with the eyes of light, in the glory of the real!

Saunders' yacht came in at daybreak. He hurried up the path and called to her, as he mounted the veranda stair. She had been there all night, he thought; it would not do. The servants must take better care of her.

He took her hand to lift it to his lips. Then quickly he let it fall. The old nurse, roused by his voice, came out on the gallery, half awake.

Saunders beckoned to her.

"Your mistress—she is—she has gone with the silver boat," he said. From The Delineator.

OUR SICK AND DISABLED MEDIUMS.

The Treasurer of the N. S. A. has \$1,000 he is anxious to contribute towards the support of sick and disabled mediums and speakers. While he is so exceedingly liberal, he wisely insists that the 10,000,000 of Spiritualists in the United States shall contribute as a body a like amount. If each one of that large number will contribute ONE CENT each, \$10,000,000 instead of \$1,000 will result, therefrom. As many of these 10,000,000 of Spiritualists are negatively minded and stingy, and as bad, if not worse, than the meanest orthodox Christian, they will not contribute one cent, hence it behooves the intelligent, whole-souled element in our ranks to assume the burden, and put their hands deep in their pockets and send out their dollars to aid in sustaining the sick and worn out mediums and speakers.

St. Louis, Mo. J. A. T.

The spirit of the fathers challenges the boldest repudiation of Ethicality. I cannot reconcile an ethical Jesus and an honest manhood with what is now known of the canonical history of both the Old and New Testaments.—Rev. W. T. Higginson.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.—Spurgeon.

THE SOPHIST.

Some Cogent Reflections Thereon.

There are those who believe that departed spirits concern themselves about the affairs of men. There are others who believe that superior beings from higher planes of existence interfere with the affairs of men. Still others maintain that God mixes himself up very extensively with the affairs of men. And yet others who hold that fate or destiny fixes every thing, even to our volitions.

But the courts, and all men in the practical affairs of life, while not passing on the absolute truth of any of the foregoing propositions, hold the position that every man has a will of his own and that he must successfully resist all "controls" which would place him outside the law and the proprieties.

The man who kills another is not excused because he says God commanded him to do it, and it is not worth while for the man who maltreats us to urge that he is under the domination of a spirit not his own. Maybe he would be if he brought these parties, God and the spirit, into court and they corroborated his testimony.

The Great Sophist stands for one of those off-recurring periods in the history of religion and philosophy when men lose faith in the ability of human capacity to solve the problems with which religion and philosophy concern themselves. Those who for that reason turn from these questions to the practical affairs of life. It is quite natural where there is so much conflict of opinions, as there was in Greek philosophy at that time, for the Sophist to conclude that none of these opinions were absolutely true.

Anyhow, the position of the Sophist was that there is no such thing as abstract truth, nor abstract good. What appears good and true to one man, does not appear true and good to another man, because of a difference—not in the thing, of course, but in the view point. The Sophist, however, held that there are "healthy and profitable" opinions, and that the state and the individual should encourage these and discourage all unhealthy and unprofitable opinions. Evidently it would not be a healthy and profitable opinion for the state or society to hold that men may be as good as dead, or that the fates, spirits and gods, are not to be accountable for what they do. And we take it that no opinion is healthy and profitable for the individual which takes away his self-reliance, for self-reliance is self-aid, and self-aid is self-development.

As it is according to certain opinions, after what the gods, fates and spirits do for us there is nothing left for us to do for ourselves, but sit by and see the thing go.

But can man have no aid intellectual, except such as comes to him through the ordinary channels of education, and no aid physical except such as comes to him through the alimentary canal or in the food he eats and the air he breathes? Can he have no aid direct from the infinite, eternal and omnipresent sources of all existence, which some believe, is channel-developed or created from an infinite, eternal, unexpressed and incomprehensible ethereal substance, which to give it personality and thus facilitate discussion, we have named Ethical—hence Ethicalism.

Of course this concept may not be absolutely true, but as it is founded on scientific, reason and common sense, perhaps it is as nearly true as are the concepts of those who fancy themselves inspired of the gods, or controlled of the spirits, turn their imaginations loose, unrestrained by any consideration of what the gods, fates, spirits, inspiration, or any other control, can substantiate their claim by applying the facts of science, reason and common sense to what they say. Why not stop at the end of these capacities and have done with it?

Anyway, in the Ethical view the world we know is "fixed" ethereally, and of this fixed substance we eat three times a day, and breathe much oftener, and in the process of digestion we reduce it to a state more or less "free." It then passes into the blood and out to organs and tissue where it takes on the precise form of organs and tissue and does it without volition on our part.

The infinite Ethical or ethereal substance is ever present in organs and tissue, and in all other space; and absolutely "free," much more free than what we have as floaters in food, in inspiration, or any other control, can substantiate their claim by applying the facts of science, reason and common sense to what they say. Why not stop at the end of these capacities and have done with it?

Anyway, in the Ethical view the world we know is "fixed" ethereally, and of this fixed substance we eat three times a day, and breathe much oftener, and in the process of digestion we reduce it to a state more or less "free." It then passes into the blood and out to organs and tissue where it takes on the precise form of organs and tissue and does it without volition on our part.

The infinite Ethical or ethereal substance is ever present in organs and tissue, and in all other space; and absolutely "free," much more free than what we have as floaters in food, in inspiration, or any other control, can substantiate their claim by applying the facts of science, reason and common sense to what they say. Why not stop at the end of these capacities and have done with it?

Anyway, in the Ethical view the world we know is "fixed" ethereally, and of this fixed substance we eat three times a day, and breathe much oftener, and in the process of digestion we reduce it to a state more or less "free." It then passes into the blood and out to organs and tissue where it takes on the precise form of organs and tissue and does it without volition on our part.

The infinite Ethical or ethereal substance is ever present in organs and tissue, and in all other space; and absolutely "free," much more free than what we have as floaters in food, in inspiration, or any other control, can substantiate their claim by applying the facts of science, reason and common sense to what they say. Why not stop at the end of these capacities and have done with it?

Anyway, in the Ethical view the world we know is "fixed" ethereally, and of this fixed substance we eat three times a day, and breathe much oftener, and in the process of digestion we reduce it to a state more or less "free." It then passes into the blood and out to organs and tissue where it takes on the precise form of organs and tissue and does it without volition on our part.

The infinite Ethical or ethereal substance is ever present in organs and tissue, and in all other space; and absolutely "free," much more free than what we have as floaters in food, in inspiration, or any other control, can substantiate their claim by applying the facts of science, reason and common sense to what they say. Why not stop at the end of these capacities and have done with it?

Anyway, in the Ethical view the world we know is "fixed" ethereally, and of this fixed substance we eat three times a day, and breathe much oftener, and in the process of digestion we reduce it to a state more or less "free." It then passes into the blood and out to organs and tissue where it takes on the precise form of organs and tissue and does it without volition on our part.

The infinite Ethical or ethereal substance is ever present in organs and tissue, and in all other space; and absolutely "free," much more free than what we have as floaters in food, in inspiration, or any other control, can substantiate their claim by applying the facts of science, reason and common sense to what they say. Why not stop at the end of these capacities and have done with it?

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Harrison D. Barrett Doing Missionary Work.

From Jan. 10, 1904 to Feb. 12, I tried to do missionary work in the state of Maine. Funerals, lectures, parlor talks were all attended to according to my ability, and such inspiration as can be extracted from an unusually severe New England winter. Wherever I went the good people of my native state gave me a hearty welcome, and with the exception of three meetings, the audiences that greeted me were large, attentive and sympathetic. The intensely cold weather, long stage rides and drives, chills and fever, neuritis and throat trouble proved too much for me, and I was compelled to desist for a time ere I turned my face westward. Nature's storms and man's cunning when united make a most formidable enemy for even a Yankee. My experience was no exception to the rule.

On Feb. 13, I started westward, making my first stop in Albany, N. Y., where I was most hospitably entertained in the spiritual home of Hon. E. A. Doty and family. Their home was charged with spirituality in its every part, and a soft glow of light and peace was most soothing to a tired brain and pain-racked nerves. Wit, humor, pathos, sentiment of all kinds were indulged in and were mentally and spiritually refreshing. Such spiritual uplifts cheer every pilgrim evangelist, and give him strength with which to meet the storms and vicissitudes of every-day life. Would that there were thousands of such spiritual homes as Brother Doty's in all sections of our land to-day! This nation of ours would be much nearer being a civilized aggregation of mortals than it is to-day.

After a slight rest in Albany, given in the vestry of the Unitarian church, I journeyed on to Syracuse. Here I was greeted by that stout-hearted worker for the "good cause," Brother E. G. Kelley, and given a warm welcome to Syracuse. The lecture of Tuesday evening was well attended, and when it was found that I was not expected in Little Valley, arrangements were at once made for a second address on Wednesday evening. Despite the storm a goodly number of the devoted friends of truth braved the elements to listen to the message of the Gospel of Spiritualism. Here I received one of the greatest compliments ever paid me in my life. The Spiritualists of Syracuse, alive to everything that benefits the cause as a whole, and anxious in particular, are moving the director of engaging a settled speaker. They honored me with a call to a two months' engagement looking to this very end, my labors to begin March 1, 1904.

I then saw nothing in my way to interfere with this arrangement, and accepted the director's offer with a thankful heart. But there has been a slight hitch in carrying out this plan, owing to the fact that my mail had been delayed in reaching me. Missionary work for the N. S. A. and the Ohio State Spiritualist Association had been planned for me for the month of March in the state of Ohio, and dates assigned accordingly. This arrangement, antedating that of Syracuse, of course takes precedence, hence I shall work in the great "Buckeye State" during the present month, and open my Syracuse engagement April 1, providing there is no change of sentiment on the part of the interested parties.

Leaving Syracuse in the midst of a driving snowstorm, with the mercury hovering around the zero point, I made my way to Anderson, Ind., to take in the State Convention to be held at Feb. 26, 27 and 28, under the leadership of that veritable Boanerges in Spiritualistic work, Rev. E. W. Sprague. With what delight the passengers found their train over four hours late into Anderson, the readers of The Progressive Thinker may well imagine. As the train reached at last, and a few hours' rest accorded the storm-blessed (?) passengers whose destination was that busy Indiana city.

I need not dwell upon the convention or its work. A full report of its proceedings will appear in the columns of The Progressive Thinker, from which even the casual reader can see that the convention was a signal success. It was one of the most representative gatherings I ever attended, and every delegate was anxious to do his part to make the convention a success. In Indiana, all of the representatives did their best, and that best has given us a well-equipped, finely-organized state association, with a splendid corps of officers at its head. The president, E. A. Schram, of Peru, is an energetic business man of wide experience in secular pursuits, and brings business methods as well as spirituality to his new duties. He has excellent help in all of the members of the board of trustees. The state Association of Spiritualists of Indiana starts out under promising skies, and "Success" is already emblazoned upon its banner.

Rev. E. W. Sprague was at his best in the discharge of his many duties, and has lost none of his old-time ability as a money-raiser. Mrs. Sprague was most happy in her work, and her genial presence added much to the convention's pleasure.

Dr. Julia M. Walton's psychic work pleased recipients of her spiritual bounties while her lectures delighted all who heard them.

Rev. Thomas W. Smith, one of Anderson's best speakers, and Dr. Gardner Haines, the president of the Anderson society, each gave addresses of great merit.

The Temple choir, led by J. A. Wertz, discoursed excellent vocal music, and the two soloists, Miss Hazel Wertz and Mrs. Flora Russell, drew forth many encomiums of praise for their splendid work.

Little Miss Mosher gave two violin solos of great beauty, and rendered them with the skill of a master. The E. Z. mandolin orchestra rendered two selections that evoked salvos of applause.

From Anderson I journeyed to Toledo, to begin the work laid out for me in Ohio. Sandusky, Toledo, Elyria, Cleveland, Ashabua will all be visited, and week ending addresses will be given in smaller cities and towns during the same. Dates are filling up rapidly, and societies desiring week ending lectures between March 13 and 20, should apply at once. I have no objection to speaking every day in the week, and twice on Sundays, provided dates can be made accordingly.

The Ohio State Spiritualist Association is doing splendid work this season, its board of trustees being a unit in their desire to advance the best interests of Spiritualism in all sections of the state. The President, Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran, is tireless in her efforts to serve the cause she loves. This is true also of every member of the board of trustees. With such a devoted band of workers at its head, the state association cannot fail to render the cause efficient aid.

For the present my address will be 123 Indiana avenue, Toledo, Ohio. HARRISON D. BARRETT, President N. S. A.

Some Modern Miracles.

LITTLE CRIPPLE SKIPS AND PLAYS.

Mother Believes in Miraculous Cure by Water from Lourdes Grotto—Three Years' Affliction Ended After Devotions.

A cripple for three years, his left leg absolutely useless, Willie Murphy, the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Murphy, of No. 232 Hull street, Brooklyn, has in a day cast away crutches and iron braces, stands erect and romps and plays like other children. The cure is ascribed to a miracle performed a week ago at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Aberdeen street, near Broadway, Brooklyn.

The anniversary of Our Lady of Lourdes was celebrated last Thursday week. In the church are hundreds of crutches and canes that have been thrown away by those who have been healed. Ever since Willie became a cripple through tuberculosis of the bone his mother has taken him daily to the church to pray for his recovery. In addition to this the family has spent several thousand dollars consulting the best specialists and surgeons in the city in an effort to cure the lad.

"We had almost given up hope that Willie would ever be well," said Mrs. Murphy to a World reporter yesterday, "but I had faith in the Lord and continued to pray day and night, that my boy might have the use of his leg restored."

"On Lourdes day I took Willie to the church, where he bathed in the water from Lourdes in the grotto, in the rear. 'Mamma, I believe that I am going to be healed,' the boy said to me. He was so impatient to get to the church. This gave me renewed hope and faith and I prayed the harder as Willie batted."

"There were many other little crippled children there, and I felt so sorry for them. All took a little bottle of water home with them. When Willie and myself got home I rubbed his leg with some of the water and we kneeled and prayed together. That was on Thursday night."

"On Friday morning I called Willie to me, took off his raised shoe and iron brace and rubbed some of the Lourdes water over his leg. 'Why, mamma, how good my leg feels,' Willie said to me. 'I believe I can stand on it.'"

WONDER OF WONDERS.

"Then, wonder of wonders. Willie threw down his cane, stood erect and walked across the floor. For a moment I could not believe my own eyes. Then I realized that a miracle had been performed. I ran through the house shouting, 'Willie's cured, Willie's cured!' 'Thank God, my boy is no longer a cripple.'"

Mrs. Murphy was so overjoyed that she sent the good news to her husband, a prosperous machinist; to all her relatives and friends in the neighborhood. In a short while, the Murphy home was crowded with rejoicing relatives and friends. All wondered at the great miracle. Willie was hugged, kissed, petted and showered with presents. He ran around the house, kicked up his heels and was just as jolly as his younger brother.

Up to the time of the cure, Willie wore a raised shoe, while his leg was supported on each side by iron braces. The knee was so tender that he could not bear any one to touch it. For the last three years he has slept in bed alone. He was only able to attend school three or four days during an entire month. When the remarkable cure was announced in the classroom, thanksgiving prayers were offered by all the pupils. The boy expects to begin attending school regularly on Monday.

Willie's lameness came almost as suddenly as his cure. When he was seven years old he was playing in the street one day, when his mother noticed that he began to limp. She thought nothing of it until the next morning, when Willie could not put his foot to the floor. There is only a slight limp in the boy's walk now, which will disappear, his mother hopes, as soon as the leg becomes a little hardened and stronger.

Father Porcille, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, was asked by a World reporter about the miracles performed in his church. He dictated this statement:

"Although I often hear of cures that have been obtained through the prayers of the people and the use of the water of Lourdes, yet I consider that it is not my place to pronounce these cures miraculous. The church is very conservative on such matters, and recognizes no miracles unless a minute investigation has been made by the church authorities. It seems too much like advertising, and the church will not allow any pastor to advertise his own parish."

"What is to be understood by a minute investigation?" Father Porcille was asked.

"Before we pronounce a miracle, the authorities seek the physician who attended the person cured and obtain from him a statement that the cured person

could not possibly have been cured through medical aid," he answered.

The above from the New York World illustrates the important fact that spirits did the healing—Catholic spirits interested in promoting the cause of truth, as they understand it. When will people learn that spirit manifestations are common to all sects, and that no one has a monopoly of the same?

WOMAN MYSTIFIES SCIENTISTS.

Performs Astonishing Things While in Somnambulistic State—Psychologists of Bavaria Interested in Strange Phenomenon.

Doctors, scientists and psychologists throughout Germany have been greatly perplexed in the last few days by the mysterious performances in Munich of a French woman who goes by the name of "Mme. Madeleine G. —," her surname having been kept a profound secret. She has been appearing here before small private gatherings and doing the most astonishing things while in a somnambulistic trance.

MYSTIFIES ALL PARIS.

The mysterious "Mme. Madeleine G. —" is supposed to be the same woman who was mystifying artists and literati a few weeks ago in Paris, with her weird performances under a hypnotic influence. There she was hailed as a Trilby in real life. Not that she sang entrancing songs while under the hypnotic spell of a Svegliati, but that she followed with her body in strange rhythm the strains of music and in perfect harmony with its spirit and mood. Several rehearsals were given in private and scientists had to admit that the woman undoubtedly was swayed by the mysterious influence and that it was not possible for her to simulate all the emotions she passed through in the hypnotic spell. After the rehearsals in Paris nothing was heard of the woman and it is believed that she is the one who is now puzzling the scientists of Germany. She is a woman of much grace, but on no account can she be regarded as attractive in person. Under the hypnotic influence, however, she appears to undergo a complete physical transformation. She becomes strangely composed and moves with a grace that seems almost supernatural. At these private rehearsals the woman is introduced by Dr. Von Schrenck. Then Dr. Magnin of Paris places her under the hypnotic spell with a few passes in front of her eyes and a little hard staring. Within a few minutes she appears to fall into a soft sleep in an easy chair.

MUCH AFFECTED BY MUSIC.

Then someone begins to play on a piano in the room and the subject forthwith shows that she has some somnambulistic knowledge of the music. She rises from the chair slowly, her eyes wide and staring, and follows every note with the most graceful and rhythmic motions of her hands and arms.

While she was deep in a waltz performance the pianist suddenly began to play a funeral march. Mme. Madeleine stopped and stalked across the little stage sadly and solemnly, her face downcast and pale as death.

Then a chapter was read from a romance. In it was an interview between a woman character and the man she loved. Mme. Madeleine followed in pantomime every motion brought out in the reading with the most remarkable accuracy. In her face was clearly depicted all the feelings aroused in the heart of the woman in the romance.

HAD A PROPHETIC VISION.

Russian Writer Foretold Disasters That Recently Befel His Country's Navy.

One of the most remarkable instances of political prophecy that have come to light in recent years is reported by Dr. E. J. Dillon. A Russian named Levitoff published recently at Port Arthur a pamphlet urging that the Russians do everything possible to gain time and that they withdraw the fleet as an incumbrance, and depend upon their numerical superiority on land. With great clearness he pointed out the perils of meeting Japan on the sea.

"The Yellow Peril" (the Straits of Korea) "is a trap into which the Japs, at England's instigation, are trying to entice us. So long as we steer clear of a sea fight," he continues, "the command of the sea and the Anglo-Japanese alliance are not worth a sucked egg. If we resolve to keep out of an engagement on water and if we are further prepared to do without our fleet, not only by refusing to increase it but by getting rid of it wholly and without reserve, then the Japanese doctrine, Asia for Asiatics, becomes meaningless and we have a free field on which to continue our work of culture in that part of the globe."

THE ANGEL QUEST.

As I felt in the silent gloaming,
And think of the loved one gone,
My soul is filled with longing,
And my heart seems very lone.

But a sweet voice, out of the dimness
Sends greetings my heart to bless,
And tells me my loved ones are living
In the home of Eternal Rest.

Living and loving as in former years,
With hearts as tender and true,
And they reach out their hands in the twilight,
To those whom on earth they knew.

They whisper in accents most tender,
From out the evergreen shore:
"Our spirits are nearer than ever,
We love you the same as of yore."

"We come to you often to cheer you,
We hover around you at night,
We tenderly watch over near you,
We'll your soul oft with delight."

"We speak of our Heavenly Father,
We tell of His love and His care,
We dry all your sad tears of sorrow
And help you life's burdens to bear."

"Then welcome us, friend, to your household!
Make room for each heavenly guest!
We bring only love and good wishes,
From the bright world of the blest."

EMMA M. HARRINGTON.
DeWitt, Iowa.

An Easy Way to Make Money.
I have made \$500.00 in 30 days selling Dish-washers. I did my housework at the same time. I don't canvass. People come and send for the Dish-washer. It is the best on the market. It is easy to use. It washes and dries the dishes perfectly in two minutes. Every lady who does it wants one. I will devote all my future time to the business and expect to clear \$500.00 this year. Any intelligent person can do as well as I have done. Write for particulars to the World City Dish-Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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

"Death Defeated; or the Psychic Science of How to Keep Young." By J. M. Peablies, M.D., M.A., Ph.D. Price 40 cents.

IMPORTANT QUERIES.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW THOUGHTFULLY CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN REASON AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

The physical attributes of the human form in times past were the same as now. Why did not man wrest from nature the essentials of comfort and refinement that prevail at the present time? If "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," why could not man entertain superior thoughts, or manifest superior mentality when he was living in a cave?

Why was he comparatively contented with the adobe dwelling, the mud hut, or rude cabin located in the wilds of the forest?

Why did the crude means of transportation satisfy his requirements—modes of communication with his fellow so far inferior to what obtain at the present time? Why was he so indifferent to the cultivation of the beautiful, and neglected to embellish his surroundings which would thus render the external more pleasing to the eye, or an improvement upon the native crudity of the wilderness?

Why was he so prone to barbarism in the treatment of others, in such marked contradistinction to the magnanimous policy pursued in this enlightened age? To travel down the stream of time beyond and anterior to this early period of our history, and conditions coarse and less refined, and in proportion to the perception of the race. Nature, like the human, was undeveloped, rough and uncultured, manifesting morbidity and crudity, until aroused into activity and refinement by a higher culture of mental and moral part of man. The reason why coarser conditions obtain now than then was because man was not so individualized; in other words he had not unfolded the progressive element of his being.

This object lesson presented to us in every-day experience is an earnest of what should be, and should continue to progress eternally to unfold from within, directing and unfolding impulses which will eventually endow him with the powers and possibilities of a God?

Seeing that we have no wish or inclination to adopt such moral and social conditions, which we have long ago outgrown, why should we cling tenaciously to the religious ideas that were only sufficient for the requirements of the people existing at that time?

Why should not man progress in thought along the lines of spiritual speculation in proportion to the unfolding and refinement that he demands and elicits from nature?

Why should man's conclusions respecting the spiritual be absolute, fixed, and unchanging when he is forever changing, moulding and remoulding his external by his wonderful mentality?

Are his spiritual faculties to remain dormant while his intellectual capacity is striving to grasp the very soul of being?

During the Middle Ages, after endeavoring to fetter and control man by the imitations of those horrible engines of torture, the rack, the iron boot, the thumbscrew, and other operations too numerous to mention, man's spiritual activities became morbid and lifeless for many years, until it required the intervention of a great seer to arouse him to a true sense of his relationship to the higher requirements of his nature. Even as the violent elemental storm becomes absolutely essential to maintain animal and human life on earth when the equilibrium is disturbed, and in nature a corresponding storm, threatening man's very existence, so in the spiritual realm of thought a tremendous disturbance becomes necessary to arouse the soul from its sleepy condition; fiery arrows of thought-lightning flash to and fro; thunder, roaring, deafening, and loud, shake the very earth to its center; but eventually the atmosphere becomes pure as the breath of morn.

Then man feels the throbbing and pulsation of individuality knocking at the external for expression; he girds on his armor like a mighty warrior, and his defiance to conservative systems of thought and obsolete ideas. He seeks glory and power in other fields of investigation and research, bravely enters the holy of holies to the spirit, ultimately standing forth conqueror and controller of everything beneath him.

Thus endowed with creative possibilities, that principle of individuality must eternally unfold in infinite expression and power.

The lion spirits of progress, Voltaire, Paine, Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, applied the dynamite of iconoclastic thought, and a terrible explosion followed, and the spiritual atmosphere enveloping the civilized world became lashed into rapid vibration, and man became rescued from spiritual death.

Fancy a soul that can conceive the idea and maintain the possibility of depicting intelligence, reason, power, and the world independent of a visible material medium, believing that man is a "creature full of bruises and putrefying sores." THINK OF A BEING WHO CAN EXTRACT LIGHTNING FROM THE MIGHTY CATARACT, AND MAKE IT HIS SERVANT, AND WHO IS DISPENSER OF MATERIAL BLESSINGS TO HUMANITY, ENTERTAINING THE CONVICTION THAT MAN IS A LOATHSOME REPTILE, WORTHY OF ETERNAL DAMNATION OR SPIRITUAL DESTRUCTION.

Tell that fond mother while she is dancing on her knee that "repository of infinite possibilities," that her child is naturally depraved, and may ultimately be consigned to eternal torment, and she will freeze your very soul with a contemptuous look of honest indignation.

Where is there a man endowed with all the sympathy, moral integrity, and spiritual development possible here on earth who will sneakily, cringingly, cowardly and despicably allow another man—innocent—to suffer for his misdeeds? Nay, even the noble red man of the forest? would not submit to this. The popular barbarous conception of man's relationship to the spiritual is a relic of the serfdom of the past. While feebly and half-apologetically striving to express his soul attributes, the being is hurried to eternal perdition, and upon him positive commands of obedience, and threatens him with dire calamity if he refuses to submit to these imperious dictates of a despotic will.

Man being determined to assert his individuality, dares to "beard the lion in his den." As a result, he is not only cursed, ostracized, and thrown out from the cold world, friendless and hopeless, but succeeding generations must also incur the wrath and displeasure of the tyrant, with the probability of being hurried to eternal perdition.

The sweet emblem of innocence and purity which the mother loves dearer than life itself, is not exempt from the merciless rapacity of the fiend, but he pursues that child with vindictive hatred, resolved to wreak his vengeance even upon a helpless babe. Nothing will gratify his outraged feelings, but that his own soul should come to earth, and be put to a horrible death, as a means of reconciliation. Those who receive

the divine approval when they pass over to the spiritual condition will be rewarded with a harp and a crown, on condition that they stultify their manhood and sink their individuality in a syncretistic prostration of all that constitutes them grand, noble and intelligent beings. And this is to be their future destiny; to honor, applaud, praise and glorify a despotic monarch, whom they must despise and detest with all the loathing of their souls.

Man's sense of justice, reason and intuition, even a native herself, protests against this awful rendering of the purpose of life. The great yearning cry of the soul is for a philosophy of existence in harmony with its aspirations and progressive needs.

Seattle, Wash. C. G. OYSTON.

OSTEOPATHY AT FAULT.

Was Dr. Still's Diagnosis Correct?

I write the following article with two purposes in view, first with the desire to inform the many friends of Mrs. C. M. Chown of the progress and development of her long, tedious, and as I believe unnecessary illness. My second purpose is to express in no uncertain way my opinion of the criminal carelessness, or else pernicious ignorance of Dr. Still, the celebrated founder of Osteopathy. It will be remembered by the friends of Mrs. Chown, at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, that the day following one of the camp dances at which she had indulged freely in that delightful pastime, she was taken ill with strong indications of rheumatic trouble in her right limb.

As Mrs. Chown was suffering severely, and the famous Dr. Still was on the grounds, I was urged to secure his services, which she accordingly did. As soon as he came into the room, Mrs. Chown, and after he had made a hurried examination, he immediately pronounced her trouble a dislocation of the hip. I was greatly surprised at such a diagnosis, as I could not understand how a woman with a dislocated hip could have danced up to a late hour, and then returned home, to go to bed and without any knowledge on her part of how and when, reach such a condition as revealed by the alleged diagnosis of Dr. Still, but I did not consider that it was for me to question the ability of the celebrated osteopath, as I contented myself with submitting to his treatment (for which I am heartily sorry now). In accordance with the indications of his diagnosis, he manipulated the limb for the supposed purpose of reducing the alleged dislocation; such manipulations produced no relief, on the contrary, causing her to faint, and the strange part of it is that until after his manipulations she had suffered no trouble in the hip, but with the cessation of his manipulations the agony did not cease. After he had left the house her sufferings were terrible. I found it necessary to call him later in the evening, as her sufferings were unbearable. He then declared that a nerve was pinched in the articulation of the hip, and by further manipulations endeavored to remove the difficulty, but with what measure of success may be judged, when I say that Mrs. Chown remained flat on her back for twenty-one weeks, and even now after six months can only get about the house by the use of crutches.

Now my contention is, that before Dr. Still's first visit there was no dislocation of the hip, and that his diagnosis was entirely wrong, and if at any time there was a dislocation, then it was produced by his manipulations on his first visit, but the injury to the joint had been so severe by the violence of the manipulations, that her long disability followed as a consequence. There may be virtue in Osteopathy, but I have mighty little faith in it as administered by its celebrated founder, Dr. Still.

I have been instigated to write the foregoing after witnessing for six months the terrible sufferings of Mrs. Chown, which I feel sure are the direct result, as I have said, of either the deplorable carelessness or reprehensible ignorance of a man who is supposed to be a teacher. Yours for justice and right, Lima, Ohio. C. M. CHOWN.

So Easy to Forget.

In 999 cases out of every thousand, the directions which accompany a physician's prescription or proprietary medicine, tell you to take a dose three or four times a day, either before or after meals, and on going to bed. In 999 cases out of a thousand, this rule is never strictly followed. You start in to observe it religiously and succeed pretty well at first, but soon you begin to skip doses, then the medicine fails in its intended effect. It's so easy to forget.

If the remedy is in liquid form, the business man loses a dose in the middle of the day unless some thoughtful wife, mother or sister gives him a spoon and makes him take an extra bottle to the office. Most men hate to do this. If the medicine is in tablet form, the chances are that he will never think of it until he reaches for car fare on his way home. It's so easy to forget. This applies to men and women alike. The proprietor of Vernal Palm-Etonia (formerly known as Vernal Palm-Etonia Berry Wine) had sense and foresight enough to make their remedy so that only one dose a day is necessary. It is easy to remember to take it after the last meal, or on going to bed. It stands in a class by itself. If you are pestered with indigestion, constipation, liver trouble, bowel trouble or any skin affliction resulting from bad blood, Vernal Palm-Etonia is what you need. Try it at our expense. Write for a free sample bottle. It will do you good. Address, Vernal Remedy Co., 423 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold at all druggists.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Fred Wm. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature, and presents his views as to the relation of the spiritual to the material. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. For sale at this office. Price, 25 cents.

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

"The Light of Egypt." Volumes 1 and 2. An occult library in itself, a textbook of esoteric knowledge as taught by Adepts of Hermetic Philosophy. Price \$2 per volume. For sale at this office.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with choice poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal ministry. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

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

"Child Culture, According to the Laws of Physiological Psychology and Mental Suggestion." By Newton N. Riddell. A most excellent work for all who have the care or training of children. Price 65 cents.



OUR PREMIUMS.

BEAR IN MIND.

Remember, please, that we send many of our Premium Books by express. If you do not receive your order promptly by mail, notify us at the express office. If not there, notify us at the nearest post office. Remember, please, that it costs ten cents to get a personal check cashed at a bank in Chicago. If you send a personal check, add ten cents to the amount sent.

Remember, please, that we have only two books which we send out now, 25 cents each. We cannot allow you to select any other book or books in their place.

Remember, please, that you are not entitled to any of these Premium Books unless you send in with your order a year's subscription to The Progressive Thinker.

Remember, please, that the safest way to get a remittance is to secure a postal order.

Read our Premium Offer, AND DO NOT WRITE TO US FOR ANY OTHER TERMS. You must send \$1 for The Progressive Thinker when you order one or more premium books. Please bear this in mind.

Remember, please, that mistakes and trouble may be avoided by dealing direct with this office, instead of through a news agent.

Every person who sends in a yearly subscription to The Progressive Thinker can have until further notice, the two following books for 25 cents each: "The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science," by Hudson Tuttle Wood, and "The Ages, or Spiritualism Past and Present," by Dr. J. M. Peablies. Both exceedingly valuable, and though widely distributed, each one fills an exceedingly important niche in the literature of Spiritualism.

If you order only one book, and that one neither of the books mentioned above, the price is 50 cents.

If you order two books, and neither of the above mentioned, the price is 80 cents.

We have TEN Premium Books only, and you can select from them as follows:

Any three of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$1.10.
Any four of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$1.50.
Any five of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$1.80.
Any six of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$2.10.
Any seven of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$2.35.
Any eight of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$2.65.
Any nine of the ten Premium Books you may order, price \$2.95.

Lastly all of these TEN valuable Premium Books here announced are sent out, all postage prepaid, for \$3.10, a price never before equaled in this country, or Europe. The following is the list:

TEN REMARKABLE BOOKS FOR \$3.10.

- 1—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 1.
- 2—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 2.
- 3—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 3.
- 4—Art Magic, or Mundane Magic, Sub-Mundane and Super-Mundane Spiritism.
- 5—Ghost Land, Spiritualism, Occultism.
- 6—The Next World Interviewed.
- 7—The Occult Life of Jesus.
- 8—A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands.
- 9—The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science.
- 10—Seers of the Ages, or Spiritualism Past and Present.

Read This Carefully Before Remitting.

When you send in your subscription to The Progressive Thinker, carefully look over the books which you desire in this list, and their price, and send for them. They are very valuable. They are intensely interesting. They are elevating in tone and will do you good in remitting do not fail to enclose a dollar for The Progressive Thinker.

These ten books, substantially and elegantly bound, and printed in the standard type of the printer's art, will be furnished to our subscribers for \$3.10, a price which modern machinery and labor has rendered possible in The Progressive Thinker office only. Sending out these books, however, at the prices we do, does not reduce the price of the subscription of the year, apparently or otherwise, a single cent, that cannot be afforded for less than one dollar per year, in view of the fact that we publish such a vast amount of reading matter.

In conclusion, bear in mind that the postage on these ten premium books is about ONE DOLLAR, leaving this office only \$2.10, illustrating the great bargain you are getting—a bargain the like of which was never known before on this material plane.

CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!

To Clubs of ten or more we offer the following terms to each one: The Progressive Thinker one year, and ONE of the following books, \$1.15: "The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science"; "Seers of the Ages, or Spiritualism Past and Present"; "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands"; "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit

It Will Spiritualize You.

"AMBER" ON BEING PLEASANT.

A Woman Without Gracious Manners Is Like a Blossomless Stalk in a Garden.

Somewhere in New England in a wayside graveyard a little distance out from town, on a side-hill, perhaps, overlooking a quiet valley through which a slender river winds, or far up the heights where the air is thin and clear these frosty nights, and the clustering stars are tangled in the deep spaces of the sky like swarming bees, they tell me there is a half-sunken headstone which bears these words: "She was so pleasant." Nothing more to load back the memory of that one vanished woman from the eternal hills, the record of my dead she did or word she spoke, and yet what a picture we have in the stroke of those simple words. Not a great woman, perhaps, but O, what a comforting one to have around! Likely as not she was little and plain, and wore nothing more elegant than calico and homespun all her days. If we had strolled that way in any of those long departed years when she dwelt upon earth, telling us of the summer road and looking into the old red house where she made her home, we should have seen between the rows of dusty hollyhocks about the door her trim figure bustling about tidying up the place with a woman's brisk and happy touch; no great work, surely, but it went a good way towards the making of her pleasant home. Or between the old songs that filled the old orchard with their mellow sound, we should have caught the cadence of her voice, never scolding, but often admonishing, encouraging, cheering.

Though we listened long we should have heard no advocacy of suffrage or reform, no well turned sentence that bespoke a superior mind and a brain active in its search for the higher sphere of woman, but we should have caught the echo of her good-night as she tucked the sleepy boys in bed, or held the curly-headed mite of a girl in her arms a moment between the pauses of her work. We should have listened to the comfortable voice as it encouraged this one in a difficult task, or smoothed the tangles out of that one's perplexity. We should have seen her catch her sun-bonnet from its nail and fly across the meadow-lot to take the men folk a bit of work of comfort to the neighbor whose baby was but lately dead and buried. Every thing she did, or said, would have

been like the blowing of a breeze through a bed of balm, shaking a thousand sweet influences through the air. Leaving her to go back among the more gifted and restless leaders of earth would have been like leaving a June rose to take up with a milliner's stock of artificiality. She has been in heaven for many a year (we can imagine it is sweeter living, even there, for the charm of her presence), and of her earthly record there remains nothing but the words on the crumbling headstone in the village among the hills.

But what could you or I ask better to be said of us, my dear, when those heads are lying low in the eternal sleep? It is easy enough to win plaudits for bravery and good service in momentous things. The soldier who marches to battle behind a banner and the woman who by her executive skill shapes a home and brings up a family are both deserving of praise, but Lord bless you! they are forced to march whether they will or no. The courage to health and the other to destiny. It is one thing to go about our life work from a sense of stern duty, and another to go about it in a way that shall make both ourselves and everybody about us happy. With you and I life is a forced march half the time, but with the blessed woman asleep among the hills it was like the advance of a summer day through a land of blossoms.

It was a greater thing perhaps to be Joan of Arc, but it was a sweeter thing to leave this earthly on the wayside headstone for strangers to read. In the eyes of the big and critical world it would have been more to her credit had she written a book or championed a cause, but to the young heart of common humanity it is better to be loved than to be admired, and she of whom it could be said, "She was so pleasant," won a sweeter plaudit than she of whom it might be written, "She was so gifted," or "So great."

To be pleasant is a consummation that lies within the power of every one of us. There is nothing that sits so gracefully upon a bright woman as gentleness and pleasantness. The brightest intellect the Lord ever struck out from the eternities is devoid of charm without the gift of affability and sweetness of manner. A man without either natural or cultivated civility is the most disagreeable thing in nature outside of a burdock or a hedgehog, but a woman without the gift of gracious and pleasant manner is like the sight of a blossomless stalk in a garden meant to grow roses.

AMBER.

REPORT, EDITOR-AT-LARGE

For the Quarter Commencing Dec. 1, 1903, and Ending March 1, 1904.

Executive Committee N. S. A.: I have the pleasure of submitting to you for the past quarter the following report:

Reliability of Frazer: A Reply to Editorial in the Register, Sandusky, Ohio, at request of the Psychological Society of that city. The Register is one of the most influential papers in Northern Ohio.

The Case of Mary Kiddle. In the Telegraph, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Reply to Sermon of Rev. Howard. In Evening News, Wheeling, W. Va.

Reply to Dr. Frazer. In Daily Truth, Elkhart, Ind. Especially devoted to his assertion that Placemarian had rejected Spiritualism. The same furnished the Banner of Light.

Scientific Men and Spiritualism. Written by request for the Mount Carroll News (Ill.).

The Growth of Spiritualism. Furnished by request to the Missouri Historical Society.

Historical Facts Concerning the Fox Sisters. Revision of MS by Miss Meritt. Published in The Progressive Thinker.

Reply to "Modern Spiritualism Exposed." In The Progressive Thinker and Banner of Light.

"Is Mediumism a Crime?" Reply to Hon. Geo. H. Peake in Register. Radium vs. Spiritualism: Review of Prof. Ramsey. Copy furnished all the spiritual papers.

Reply to Rev. Lasswell. In Bureau County News, Princeton, Ill.

Something About Spiritualism. For Journal, at Amery, Wisconsin.

"Spiritualistic Proof Scouted." Reply in Record-Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Kellar, the Magician's Exposure of the Mediums of Cassadaga. Copy furnished all the spiritual papers.

It is a remarkable fact that many sermons have been delivered mostly from orthodox pulpits favorable to Spiritualism, and reported in the daily press. Some of these discourses are everything the most ardent Spiritualist could desire. Most denunciations of Spiritualism have appeared in the secular press, and many favorable have been published. The exposures of fraudulent "materializers"—I will not write mediums—has given occasion for sharp criticism, well deserved, but it has not been made to do justice in denouncing the cause as a whole.

"These 'Materializations,' the constant exposures of mendacious fakirs who have been endorsed by Spiritualists, and too often have credentials from Spiritual societies, is the heaviest load Spiritualism has to carry, and it is impossible for it to maintain its high claims unless it frees itself from these vampires.

I am respectfully,
HUDSON TUTTLE,
Editor-at-Large N. S. A.

Soul Culture and Brain Culture. In the course of a lecture given to the Soul Culture Club of St. Louis, Dr. A. A. Lindsay linked love to chemistry, and "suggestion" to soul and brain culture, in a clear and philosophical manner, worthy of close study. The following gives an idea of the trend of his discourse, which, as will be seen, was highly instructive.

"Suggestion," said Dr. Lindsay, "plays a most important part in every love affair. Though the individual may be unconscious of the fact, yet his or her every thought and act which in any way concern the loved one, may be construed into a suggestion, which will have either a good or a bad effect. The degree either may attain is determined by the nature and strength of the suggestion."

Dr. Lindsay asserted also that chemistry enters into love affairs when they reach a certain stage. This assertion is based upon the psychological fact that continued thought upon a given subject produces new brain cells.

"This change," he said, "the building of new cells, is a chemical action. When the thoughts of an individual continually dwell upon another person, new cells are formed, and the individuality of the other person enters."

"When two persons meet, certain mental impressions are instantly formed by each. A word or an unconscious gesture may convey a suggestion from one to the other. This suggestion may be repel or attract, and though the impressions are formed unconsciously, they instantly manifest themselves."

"We frequently are unable to assign any reason for liking or disliking a new acquaintance. Still we either like or dislike, and the reason is present, and it is due to the unconscious suggestion, which are given and received when a meeting occurs."

"The color of a lady's eyes may be attractive to a man she meets. This fact shapes itself into a suggestion, which he receives. He then goes and tells the society of each is pleasing to the other. Each of them is continually throwing out suggestions which are favorably received by the other. Repetition strengthens these suggestions, and all the time the suggestions are building up new brain cells, which are purely the result of one thinking of the other."

"Unless adverse suggestions which are equally effective are formed, the natural result is that the two arrive at a condition or state of affection known as love, which either grows stronger or weaker upon repeated suggestions which may be given or received."

"A woman may give a man, and after a time something he does gives her pain and displeasure. This pain and displeasure act as a suggestion, forming new brain cells, and if it has more force than the suggestions which have caused her to love, a new feeling of dislike will spring up."

MAUD LORD-DRAKE.
To the Editor:—The book "Psychic Light," by Maud Lord-Drake, was received this week, and I have commenced to read it, and I must say I am perfectly fascinated with the work, and I think no Spiritualist family in the country can afford to do without buying this book. I have been reading it since the summer of 1872, when after parting with a dear and only son, as I then supposed, never to meet again, but being in Chicago just seven weeks after Robby had passed away, I was induced by the advice of a friend who was a Spiritualist to visit a seance held by Maud, on the north side of Madison street. I think about or near 400, it being the first spiritual seance I had ever attended, and he called me papa, and was described by Mrs. Lord better than I could describe him, though I had known him over eleven years, and you may be assured it was a pleasant meeting to me, as I was now perfectly convinced that my darling son still lived. And Maud's manner was so kindly and instructive to a novice, as I was, I was raising fruit near Benton Harbor, Mich., and I went on to Chicago, to attend several of Maud's seances after that, and at last found her so good, kind and instructive, it was a great treat for me to meet her.
D. BOYNTON.
Riverside, Mich.

Very Plain Talk to You.

Dr. A. Caird, a Prominent Spiritualist of Lynn, Mass., Sets a Bee to Buzzing Around the Heads of Spiritualists.

Why Are Spiritual Societies Declining?

We hear and read considerable of late of the decline of Spiritual societies; of what large audiences used to attend Spiritual meetings as compared with the audiences of today, and there seems to be a tendency to place the blame upon the local workers and the methods of conducting societies. Perhaps there might be something said in regard to the speakers and their influence on the work. In OUR OPINION ONE REASON LIES IN THE FACT THAT HARDLY TWO SPEAKERS ON THE ROSTRUM TO-DAY AGREE IN MORE THAN ONE OR TWO POINTS OF BELIEF.

How many speakers present spiritual truths to their hearers from the same point of view? One Sunday we may listen to a good, practical lecture on the everyday duties that confront us, one that may be helpful and uplifting, giving us new courage to go forward in the right path; perhaps next Sunday the speaker will come with the Bible in his hands, telling us of the truths, beauties and grand inspirations to be received from its study; then some one will come before us and take from us the Bible, hymn book and everything that was ever of any service to the church.

Why is it that so many public lecturers seem to feel called upon to tear down all our old faiths and beliefs before building up something to take their place?

The tearing down process has been going on for over fifty years, and what is the result? The last census informs us that only twenty-five per cent of the population of the United States belong to any church, and only thirty per cent of those who do belong attend regularly.

IS IT WORTH WHILE WASTING SO MUCH AMMUNITION ON SUCH A SMALL MINORITY, when the great field of psychic study is open before us with so much to learn and so many anxious for knowledge concerning the philosophy of Spiritualism; something to help us on the way?

The Revelations of Buried Cities. The Egyptian Exploration Fund is an organization set on foot many years ago by Christians, the principal object of which was to find some trace of the Jews in Egypt, hoping thereby to find confirmatory proof of Bible narrative in regard to the residence of that people in Egypt, and perchance their exodus and forty years' wanderings in pursuit of the "Promised Land."

So early as July 23, 1887, Edward Naville, who had been engaged in making excavations in the Delta, of Egypt, in pursuit of relics, wrote a letter, published in the then New York "Church Press," the American organ of that fund, wherein he said:

"In all the excavations which the Egyptian Exploration Fund has made in the Delta, there is one remarkable fact to be noticed. Absolutely no monuments of the XVIII Dynasty have been found."

This was the reigning Dynasty when the alleged Jews were supposed to have been in bondage.

That Exploration Fund is yet active. A few weeks ago we published an account of relics collected by W. M. Flinders Petrie, which he had transferred to the Stanford University of California.

Now we find in a late issue of the London Times, a recent letter from that great Egyptologist, Petrie, in which he says of quite recent excavations at Abydos:

"The continuation of the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Abydos this year has given a wider view of the early civilization, of which the general lines had been fixed by the previous work on the Royal Tombs and the town. The clearance of the old temple site over several acres has brought to light in a depth of about twenty feet no less than ten successive temples (superimposed one above the other), ranging in age from about 5,000 to 500 B. C.

"The first time we came on one spot the change from age to age through the whole of Egyptian history. To separate these buildings was an affair of anatomy, rather than spade work; the walls of mud brick were so commingled with the soil that incessant sections cutting with a sharp knife was the only way to discriminate the brickwork. Often only a single course of bricks, or a thin bed of foundation sand, was all that told of the great buildings which had existed here for centuries."

"Over 5,000 measurements were taken for the plans and levels. The discoveries of the civilization of the first dynasty, the beginning of the kingdom, expand what we already had from the work in the Royal Tombs. Of Mene, the founder, we have part of a large globular vase of green glass, with his name inscribed in hieroglyphs, and a chrome glazing is taken back thousands of years before it was previously known to exist. The free use of great tiles of glaze for wall coverings shows how usual the use was then. In the highest art of delicate ivory carving there are several pieces of this age."

Nature, Is Not Dumb. "Where certainly prevails in fields of knowledge we are entitled to speak with the authority which indicates no doubt; but when we come to the point where science is silent and nature is dumb, we bow our heads in reverence before the inscrutable mystery of the universe, and wait for further light. Should that light ever come, we will gratefully hail its approach and walk by the luminous power of its beams."

Such is the language of a distinguished English Agnostic, in a late issue of the Truth Seeker.

The great mass of Spiritualists insist that LIGHT HAS COME; that those considered dead have returned and communicated with mortals yet in the flesh, and are doing so continually. They give facts, with detailed occurrences, which seem to settle the question beyond the possibility of doubt. Events long forgotten are detailed by returned spirits in such a manner as to remove every suspicion of collusion, or fraud. Other events, only known to the departed, are communicated to the living, and are found by concurrent circumstances to be in the minutest detail truthful.

The prejudices of education may prevent the general recognition of the facts stated for a time; but the revolution during the last fifty years is so great, and is still going on so rapidly, as to make it certain time is only necessary to complete the reception of the great truth, that there is no death; that what is usually denominated such is only the laying aside of the robes of mortality, to reappear in forms not visible, save to those of abnormal vision.

"Koradine, By Alice B. Stockham and Lida Holt Talbot." In the form of an entertaining story, it contains lessons which every girl should know. Price, cloth, \$1.

"The Child Eternal." I heard their prayers and kissed their sleepy eyes, And tucked them in all warm from foot and head. To wake again with morning's glad sunrise— Then came where he lay dead. Those other children long to men have grown— Strange, hurried men, who give me passing thought. Then go their ways. No longer now my own. Without me they have wrought. So when night comes, and seeking— mother's knee. Tired childish feet turn home at even tide. I fold him close—the child that's left to me. My little lad who died. —Katherine H. Terry.

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

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

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

Doesn't it seem a pity to waste so much time disproving the Bible and exposing the old fallacies? We have heard enough about what we don't believe and what we ought not to believe. What we want to tell people now is what we do believe and how to apply that belief and the knowledge that has come to us, to our lives, that they may be more helpful to those with whom we come in contact.

We need educated speakers to come before our people and present spiritual truths in such an accurate manner that it will draw into our societies some of the many who believe in the spiritual philosophy, but cannot endorse all the vagaries and inconsistencies that so frequently accompany it. We often hear it said: "I like to go to spiritual meetings, but I don't care to take any of my friends that belong to the church, for fear something may be said that will arouse their antagonism and prejudice them against it."

Don't spend so much time on our old ideas; give us something new. Does not Spiritualism give us new truths—truths that will make our lives brighter and happier, and that will help us to nobler and better modes of living?

The people want Spiritualism when they come to spiritual meetings. They don't want Christian Science, nor Theosophy, but to hear something about the spirits and what truths they have to impart to us.

It is all very well for confirmed Spiritualists to explore these by-paths if they so desire, but if you want to make converts, if you want to draw in the outside public, you must give them what they want, and that is Spiritualism. Don't try to take away the old stuff on which they have leaned so many years; get them in leaning somewhat on the staff of Spiritualism, and they will soon discard the old ones; they will not need them any longer. The bright Angel of Spiritualism has ever new truths and new beauties which she is anxious to unveil to inquiring minds and inquiring minds all over the world are eager to receive them and apply them to their lives.

LYNN, MASS.

ODE TO MOTHERHOOD. Motherhood! sweet motherhood! Life's fountain bowl, Filled with love to its utmost; Thou source of soul!

Grand, beautiful motherhood! Most sacred state Of all being; the whole world Callest thee great.

All worship thee, motherhood, Bosom of love; All know that thy mission comes Down from above.

Thy pathway, O motherhood, Rocky and rough Though it is, motherhood; That is enough.

What could be more to thy praise When understood, Than that thou art divine, Sweet motherhood.

Thy love has no follies As to the good Of thy children, O loyal, True motherhood.

No hands with thy tenderness Furnish the food For those of thy family, Grand motherhood.

Thy passionate love will e'er Stand over all, While passionate love with Passion may fall.

No force in the universe Thy duty could Ever in life execute, Sweet motherhood.

Tender young motherhood! Beautiful wife! Darling old motherhood! Beautiful life!

DR. T. WILKINS.

THE BUTTERFLY. I hold you at last in my hand, Exquisite child of the air, Can I ever understand How you grew to be so fair.

You come to this linden-tree To taste its delicious sweet, Flitting here in the shadow and shine Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand, You marvelous butterfly, Till you help me understand The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust To this shining bliss in the blue, God give me courage to trust I can break my chrysalis too.

—Alice Freeman Palmer.

IMPORTANT TO SPIRITUALISTS. A Move in the Right Direction.

To the Editor:—A meeting was held on Monday evening, Feb. 15, at 77 3/4 street, of three delegates from each Spiritualist society in Chicago. Dr. G. B. Wane was in the chair. The object of the meeting was to form an organization for the protection of societies and mediums, and to obtain recognition by the press of Chicago; also for the upbuilding of the cause in the city. Committees were appointed to meet a week later, on the West Side, and on Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, the following societies were represented: Illinois State Association, Psychic Force Society, Hyde Park Society, Universal Occult Society, Rising Sun Mission, Students of Nature Society, Progressive Spiritualist Society, Research Society.

Resolutions were adopted and committees appointed to draft the by-laws and charter. The name adopted for the organization was, "The Chicago Spiritualists' League." The next meeting will be held on Monday evening, March 7, at the home of Sister Hilbert, on the North Side.

C. KIRCHNER, Secretary pro tem.

A Valuable Work. Concentration, Meditation and Inspiration. How to develop these desirable gifts according to the most approved methods of ancient and modern teachers, together with a set of six symbols comprising six months' study. By Laura G. Faxon.

A course of practical experimental lessons, of especial value and assistance to those who desire to be benefited by the development of powers of concentration of thought, clear meditation and superior inspiration.

Sent complete for 50 cents.

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Sent complete for 50 cents."

"The Kingship of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crime of the tongue; the Red Tape duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 30 cents. For sale at this office.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: This Progressive Thinker will be furnished until further notice at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
Three Months......25
Single Copies.....10

REMITTANCES: Remit by Postoffice Money order, Registered Letter or Draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10 to 15 cents to get checks cashed on local banks, so do not send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Address all letters to J. R. FRANCIS, 40 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE: At the expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers.

If you do not receive your paper promptly write us, and any error in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it has been going or the change cannot be made.

TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES. The price of The Progressive Thinker per year to foreign countries is \$2.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

TAKE NOTICE.

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

HUDSON 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.

An Address by
Mr. E. Wake Cook.

afford to be without the paper. Its price is within the reach of all.

THE

**THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS,
DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.**

Age of Reason.....25 cts.
Rights of Man.....25 cts.
Crisis.....25 cts.
Common Sense.....15 cts.

This is a splendid opportunity to secure these standard works, as the price is within the reach of all. Buy at this office.

THE SPIRITUAL ALP
And How We Ascend Them.

How to reach that attitude where spirit is supreme and all things are subject to it. By M. H. H. P. Cloth. 40 cents; paper 25 cts. For sale at this office.

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 bearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse as a telegram. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his turn, and place and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTE—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. 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.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

R. S. Bell: Q. On page 235, at the bottom of the article on "The Bible," by Kersey Graves, is a statement of how John Calvin died. A collaborator says: "He died forlorn and forsaken of God, blaspheming to the end. He gave up the ghost despairing of salvation, and evoking devils from the abyss, and uttering such horrible and blasphemous most frightful words. Most always he gives the authority by name. Is the above true, and what was the cause of his death? It seems a just ending for one who taught such a creed."

A. This story has been widely circulated, and as this correspondent says, such a "death-bed scene" is a just climax to a life devoted to the promulgation of his terrible creed. The story grew, probably, out of a sense of poetic justice. It may have been true, at least difficult to prove. Of course his biographers would suppress every word reflecting on his sanctification, just as they did his dastardly actions in the arrest and burning at the stake of Servetus.

The probabilities are in favor, for Calvin was a hypochondriac, the insanity of poisoning by a diseased liver, which left him in a morose and morbid state. He mistook the fever in his blood for the fires of hell.

Miss Pearl M. Smith: Q. Wishing to study Chromosophy, exhaustively, what books are most reliable and essential?

A. The works of Prof. Babbitt contain about all that is at present known on the subject. He was among the first to advocate the use of the sun's rays for the cure of disease and the first to elaborate a systematic treatment by the color method.

All the speculations as to the curative virtues of the "X-rays," of "sun-baths," and the latest "radium cure," are "outgrowths of what should be called the "sun-cure."

It may be accepted as a fundamental proposition that the light of the sun contains all the forces of nature, which by winning of the visible spectrum, to the wave tension beyond the violet, and indefinitely passing out of vision into the actinic and unknown "X" vibrations, and the forms of force and energy manifested by "radiation" or other agencies. The sun-light, as it is called, is the sun's vortex from which they are dispersed into space. It is nature's creative or evolutionary force for the production and advancement of living beings, and her destroying energy as well.

From this proposition may be deduced the conclusion that the rays of the sun are more powerful, directly received, than they are from any substance in which they may be stored. Thus coal will not give more light or heat than was stored by the leaves of the plants from which it was made. A storage battery returns no more force than it receives. As in the sun's disc all known elements mingle in incandescent gas, and in the light of that luminary all forces mingle and radiate.

It is a catchy trick to exploit some portion of this force and advertise it as a new and marvellous remedy. The electric light, magnetism, heat "X-rays," have special sanitariums, and are widely advertised, and it would seem that if any one dies it shows criminal neglect of the means thus furnished for prolonging life indefinitely. Yet we know that when a man dies, he has blended in the light of the sun and if we bask in that we receive a stronger influence than from these artificial contrivances.

The air through which sunshine passes is purified and its oxygen polarized into that which is most readily absorbed by the human system, and is transformed into vitality.

Hence of all "cures," the "light cure" is among the most important. Yet we should not be carried away by a hobby and allow one idea to exclude all others. There is no universal panacea, and a "golden mean" which includes the best of all systems, most to be desired.

J. M. Scofield: Q. Who are the Jains, and their belief?

A. According to their own holy writings the Jains originated about 700 B. C., and became established 200 years later. It has been conjectured by those who have studied the subject, that this account was mythical, and that this Hindu sect originated in a reaction of the old Brahminism against Buddhism, and that this occurred in the fifth century of our era, after Brahminism had been subject for at least a thousand years to Buddhistic control. The cunning priests who guided the movement, adroitly wove the two systems together, thus silencing objections of either sect. The reverence for holy men who by self mortification and suffering had become next to gods, was imitated, and thus Gautama Buddha was enshrined as worthy of worship. They restored the order of castes, which had been abolished and interpreted the Sacred Vedas to suit their purpose. They avoided mention of that portion treating of animal sacrifice, and favored the Brahmin priests to the exclusion of the Buddhists. The name is derived from the Sanskrit, Jina, meaning one who is a victor, and Jaina, one who has conquered all passions, desires, aspirations, hopes, pride, affection, love, and reached a state of perfect apathy. When he gets to this point, and can sit bowed over, unconscious of everything passing around him, absorbed in the contemplation of vacuity, he becomes "all wise," "all-merciful," "god of gods," and above the necessity of corporeal acts. He has "crossed the ocean of births," that is passed through numberless reincarnations, and thus had all experiences.

Instead of seven reincarnations of the Buddha, as held by the Buddhists, the Jains have seventy-two Jinas or holy saints, who have reached in earth-life the sublime state of absolute apathy.

It requires all the descriptive words in the Hindu vocabulary to describe these Jinas. They are of excellent beauty, without hunger or thirst; they did not grow old or infirm. Their heads were surrounded by a halo. As there was nothing but imagination to draw from, the description could be as the fancy pleased. The first Jina was 500 poles high and lived 8,400,000 years. He was a being of a high order, gentleness, charity, honesty, and truthfulness are inculcated. But with this is a mass of ritualistic ceremonies, repulsive to western intelligence.

The priests officiating at the temples are Brahmins, the Jain priests are alms collectors, necromancers, fortune-tellers, jugglers, mendicants, and arrant knaves. They profess extreme sanctity, and regard for life, and carry this to absurd extremes. They would not disturb the most filthy parasite, or annoying insect, and under the stress of this doctrine the people become a prey to the most horrible and blasphemous whom none dare destroy for fear of killing some great personage or near friend, reincarnated in them.

Recently this country has been visited by a Jain priest and strange as it may appear a good deal of favor has been shown for this sanctified doctrine, that has nothing more in its favor than a few moral platitudes. It has been asserted that the vast literature and knowledge was something entirely unknown to the western mind. There were mysteries, and "occult science," which might be gained by fasts, prayer, and suffering, reached a state of the supreme negation.

It is true that there is an overwhelming mass of writings, poetry, fables, myths, polemics, and speculations on the impenetrable mysteries of God and his relation to mankind. There is nothing on science or history. The Hindu mind had a singular disregard of passing events and made no record of them. Equally careless were the best thinkers of India of facts, as facts, for they were so absorbed in contemplation they had no time or inclination to observe.

It is interesting to read these books illustrative of the psychic growth and condition of a great race, but beyond that they furnish nothing more than moral precepts which are the common property of mankind. There is absolutely nothing in the writings of India that would be of practical value to the western mind.

Terrific as the career of life through interminable reincarnations, is presented, the methods and results do not appeal to active intelligence. Life's meaning is lost in a mist of all sensations, and the priest, sage or monk, scarcely knows what to call him, who has reached the stage of sainthood according to the Jain conception, is about the most worthless and contemptible creature that can exist.

Not is the reward promised for this sacrifice of everything that makes life valuable inspiring to a healthy mind.

The end was Moksha, the final liberation of the spirit, which it would not be required to again clothe itself in flesh, but those who have studied this doctrine at last now, to understand the obscure and mystical language, whether this is the meaning, or whether it is a cessation of being, and absorption into the bosom of the infinite Brahman. It has become divided into many sects, among some of which the most horrible rites are observed, and superstition shows its most degrading form.

The two great parties into which they are divided are the "white-robed" and the "sky clad" naked ones.

Their moral code is like the Buddhists, forbidding killing, lying, stealing, adultery and worldly-mindedness, and commanding mercy to animals, alms-giving, reverence for the sages and worship of their images, confession of sins and fasting.

Blessedness of Immortal Life.

Ah, futurity; it is established, it is grounded on immovable rock, having an unshakable light-house, for the safety of the poor mortals who are tossed on the waves about it. We are yet mortals; we have caught a glimpse of immortality, and through our spirit guides and friends, we have gained entrance to fairer fields than we had dreamed of; we have heard whispers from the eternal side, and our spirit faculties have arisen to claim affinity with the unseen.

Having reached the high plane where Benevolence delights to walk, instead of harkening to her pleading tones, they spurn angel visitants and shut their eyes upon the dismal prospects toward which she turns with mild and pitying look. When a friend accosted the prince of the Latin poets with questions why he studied so much accuracy in the plan of his poem, the propriety of his characters, and purity of his diction, he replied: "I am writing for eternity."

We are sowing here, and the harvest will not be until the sun of the last day has shone upon it. "Homeward bound" to our spirit home—to a country beyond, except the indestructible love, the variety and beauty blend in untold richness; intelligence has reached us of the wonderful scenery there, of unsurpassed architecture, beautiful mansions, lovely streets, delightful fields watered by crystal streams. We hear from the spirit side of victory and possession in another land; and their hope had its influence. But we who live under the spiritual influence, "within the veil," may sing with triumph the songs of immortality, and shout with exultation as our banner is lifted before this conquering life, and immortality is brought to

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

P. A. Seguin, a Victim of Catholic Hatred.

There is no more needed reform amongst Spiritualists than to teach them to quit sending their children to any theological school, seminary, college or church, to be educated to disrespect the religion of parents who have their eyes opened to the truths of the spiritual philosophy. Children thus educated bluntly refuse to employ a Spiritualist speaker at time of demise of their parents—catering to popular opinion. I think children have rights, but parents have, also. I grant that a proper child properly educated will act properly about this matter, but let us Spiritualists see to it that none of the sectarian ministers, preachers or prelates officiate at our funerals and end up their prayers with a "For Christ's sake."

Let us protest against such nonsense being mumbled over our bundle of clay, while we live, and not wait till we commit that great psychological crime of returning through some medium and giving the protest second-hand.

There is no teaching that can appeal to the heart of a child, as you would find as that of spiritual science. What is greatly needed is a children's paper, devoted to subjects of practical every day importance.

Unless we look after the enlightenment of our little children, we are criminally culpable as parents and teachers. It is much harder work to unlearn what we were taught in childhood, than to learn anew when older grown.

Book education falls far short of true enlightenment. Practical education means practical usefulness, along any line of duty and service, and a happier and healthier when they can combine book study with brain and hand study, giving their own expression in mechanical results.

Save the children!

P. A. Seguin.

Let me urge all those who feel interested in helping the worthy workers to send donations and a cheery letter to P. A. Seguin, Amboy, Minn.

In October last he was attacked by a Roman Catholic mob while lecturing at Dike, Iowa. His arm was broken and he was otherwise injured. He is sadly in need of money to keep his family from suffering. I trust this will meet the eye of some person who sees the importance of helping one who risks his life to expose the truth about the Roman priesthood and confessionals, for he was a prominent priest for fourteen years, and knows whereof he speaks. It proves beyond a doubt that he tells the truth, for the Roman Catholics would not try to kill him, instead of having him arrested and tried.

Mr. Seguin and his wife are earnest, conscientious speakers and should be kept in the field. Every camp in the United States ought to arrange for two or three lectures from these very reliable victims of the Roman church, because they speak from sad experience, and of all people, Spiritualists should be fully informed upon this momentous question. Better let the glorious beauties of the Summer land rest for a while and pay some attention to the welfare of this earth land.

FLORA W. FOX.

WHEN RAW WINDS SNARL AND BITE.

The raw winds struck like water cold; They almost angered me. A mind rough as a chisel cut burr, Hurt me distracting.

What if I do live in a place where the sharp winds snarl and bite? Shall I fight them till I fall? Shall I line up my face with frowns, and hate them with all my might? Till my good blood seems as gall?

Oh, no! I'll not strike at the wind, if it gnaws me to the bone;— I can never conquer it! I will meet it, this unseen force, like a piece of smiling stone, Wasting good strength no bit.

This rugged sense, which I have learned, applies to human kind; Some are worse than snarling winds. They bring to us discontent, and a most unwilling mind. Till even Love's labor grinds.

They will curse what they cannot change, till the bad work mars and blights. Why not be self-absolute? It is only weakness to cry, and sob through the rayless nights, Or eternal law dispute.

It is folly to cry down law because one collides with it. Best say, "I was out of place! I will learn the law; it is good, and remember where it hit. By my bruised and blackened face."

I will smilingly keep my strength; not flatter it all away. On something which wounded me, I am not God's pet, who must hedge, be that I may not go astray! That would not develop me!

The sooner I fall in line and march with the universe, Not stopping to catch each lie, The richer am I in my gains. It were waste of strength to curse, And the sooner one must die.

To love, and to try to help on to the good of the whole is best; It meets more to all, and you. Sow low, not hate; push! don't pull back! as the world creeps on to rest.

When the farce show is through. To rest?—not rest! but dying, worlds, Do as human corpses die. But Nature holds, and whisks them on, disperses and re-evolves. New stars in some new sky.

Ah, me! the mote I am to-day! and yet I am part of all. Never dropped out from the plan. What countless things I've been, till now, industriously in thrall. Would aces of ages pass.

So heart, hope and my soul, aspire! work true in your place to-day. Good work brings its own rich dues. I know that the atom which make up me only a space will stay. But cannot be barred from use.

EMMA OOD TUTTLE. Berlin Heights, Ohio.

light, adorned with an arch enrolling all, upon which may be seen in ever-during characters, "He that overcometh shall go no more out."

MRS. L. A. HARRIS.

"Cosmic Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This "Hymn Book" is a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price 50 cents.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods. From grave to gay, from solemn to fun, it is a book to be treasured and rightly so, by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

A Characteristic Letter From George F. Perkins.

To the Editor:—Perhaps a few lines from the writer may be admissible, inasmuch as so many readers of your truly progressive instrument of Divine humanity have shown such a generous interest in the letters who are unfortunately enough to be slain.

I have been extremely busy day and night with duties pertaining to the care of Mrs. Perkins, and answering the letters sent me, which contained not only grand benevolent suggestions, but financial demonstrations as well, from 10 cents to \$10, thus enabling me to pay up some old bills of small disbursements and house rent; also purchase the necessities of life. By being as economical as possible, I have provided for at least the house rent for the coming March. The surplus of time I have spent during January, and included a whooper from the N. S. A., which itself was a great surprise, and still up to the feelings of gratitude with which we are possessed.

I am more than ever before impressed with the idea that Spiritualists, especially in the United States, are the most generous people in the world. There is no class of people that respond individually so quick to the cry of a fellow being in pain and distress, which is, the strongest evidence that if they were properly organized, they would be a great power in the world. Spiritualism would rapidly rise to a powerful and influential body of whole-souled, intelligent people.

The N. S. A. rightly pleads for funds of worthy workers, and is anxious to earn money to contribute to the relief fund. If any one doubting my condition could follow me 48 hours he would be convinced that I am driven day and night, and strung up. To the highest pitch, as Mrs. Perkins has been suffering with an extremely nervous and painful phase of the combination. I have given quite a number of written readings under great difficulties, but think I can do more and better work in the future month. Not a few reply favorably, and the majority assure me of the wonderful correctness of the delineation of their condition, and the great amount of household duties appeared many times at public halls in the capacity of a test-medium, singer, or general entertainer. The Ladies' Aid and several organizations have been extremely kind to us this winter.

Mrs. Perkins, speaking of the Progressive Spiritualists, having been especially prominent in conducting beneficiary meetings, has endeavored herself to us all, and stimulated a large body of Spiritualist ladies to be on the watch for the sufferer wherever found. The Chicago ladies, and the members of the Progressive Educator has stood out like a beacon light, shedding the rays of benevolence over the entire world as an example for us all to imitate. I am trying very hard to perform the duties set before me with a proper patience, an inclination in my condition, and I fear I am lacking; I therefore ask for more patience. Soon I hope to be speaking for the uplifting of humanity every Sunday. Allow me to send my soulful thanks to all friends.

GEORGE F. PERKINS.

1220 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal.

ANOTHER NOBLE WORKER GONE TO THE HIGHER LIFE.

One by one the noble workers—those who have done valiant service on behalf of our cause are leaving our ranks and going to join "the great majority."

Friday forenoon, the 24th ult., Mrs. Mary Severance, (better known to the Spiritualistic public as Mrs. A. B. Severance), passed to spirit life from her late home, 1300, Main street, White-water, Wis.

Mrs. Severance had been confined to her room during the winter months, but was hopeful of the return of physical strength until a short time before her transition. When the change came, she passed out of the worn out body that had served her for more than seventy years, as quietly as she ever passed into a restful sleep.

The subject of this notice was a medium of more than ordinary reputation; her correspondence as a psychometrist, extended to foreign countries. For more than twenty years her work was familiar to the Spiritualists of Australia and New Zealand.

The funeral services were held at the family residence, 1300 Main street, on the 28th ult. The occasion brought together a large concourse of people, among whom were many residents of Whitewater, who probably for the first time listened to the message of Spiritualism. The services were simple and impressive.

Mrs. Sanford of the Morris Pratt Institute, rendered beautiful and appropriate vocal selections at the opening and close of the exercises. Rev. A. J. Weaver, superintendent of instruction and teacher, connected with the Morris Pratt Institute read the old poem:

"He who died at Azam sends Back this message to his friends."

At the conclusion of the reading, he offered a soulful invocation, most fitting for the occasion. The writer followed with a brief address, setting forth the Spiritualistic ideas of death and the after life. She referred to Mrs. Severance's grand work on behalf of the cause she loved, and left a message with the loved and loving ones who mourn the physical absence of the mother, sister and friend, such as Spiritualism can only give.

Mrs. Severance was a resident of Whitewater for forty years. She was a faithful exponent of her principles everywhere. The town, with few exceptions, is largely orthodox, but souls are larger and better than creeds. In times of sorrow love and sympathy reach beyond sectarian lines. Let us rejoice that even at such times hearts beat tenderly for one another's needs. Her sentiments have been verified in the going away of Sister Severance. Tender, loving tributes are paid to her memory. The near relatives, including a son, daughter, two brothers, and Mr. T. B. Watson, who for more than a third of a century was the faithful amanuensis and companion of Mrs. Severance, have the sympathy of many friends. In spite of one's opinions and professions, nothing tells like a true life.

Thy voice, dear one, though hushed to mortal ear, Shall reach the souls of those to thee most dear, And they shall know thy blessed presence here.

MATTHEW HULL.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods. From grave to gay, from solemn to fun, it is a book to be treasured and rightly so, by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

"Cosmic Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This "Hymn Book" is a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price 50 cents.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods. From grave to gay, from solemn to fun, it is a book to be treasured and rightly so, by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

"Cosmic Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This "Hymn Book" is a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price 50 cents.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods. From grave to gay, from solemn to fun, it is a book to be treasured and rightly so, by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

"Cosmic Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This "Hymn Book" is a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price 50 cents.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods. From grave to gay, from solemn to fun, it is a book to be treasured and rightly so, by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

"Cosmic Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This "Hymn Book" is a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price 50 cents.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

ORDERED TO QUIT CITY.

CLAIRVOYANTS AND MEDIUMS UNDER POLICE BAN.

Preying on Foolish Women—Maj. Sylvester Determines, in View of Many Complaints Received, to Rid the Capital of the Entire Profession—Extracts from Letters on File at Headquarters—Would Amend the Law.

The police department announced yesterday that war is to be waged on all clairvoyants, fortune-tellers and mediums in the District. One of these practitioners has been ordered by Maj. Sylvester to leave the city, and although his wife was at headquarters yesterday pleading for an extension of time it is understood that the order will be enforced at once.

Maj. Sylvester, in speaking on the subject, said that he most probably would recommend to the Commissioners the adoption of an amendment to the present license law which will exclude the class of people. The law as it now stands, he said, puts clairvoyants and fortune-tellers on the same basis as business men.

Approximately, the detectives have received numerous complaints recently. All the victims were women, and they were mulcted, so they said, of sums ranging from \$1 to \$100, but women like they refused to prosecute for fear of publicity. Consequently Maj. Sylvester determined to take the law in his own hands, and issued the order above mentioned as a measure of protection for the gullible women of the District.

Complaints from Victims.

A collection in one of the pigeon-holes of Capt. Boardman's desk, illustrates to what distances the victims have allowed themselves to be led. There are several anonymous letters. One of these reads as follows:

"I want to call your attention to this wonderful man, Prof. [Name]. His name should be Prof. Dead Beat, for he is the biggest humbug I ever had the pleasure of meeting. He talked me right out of my money, and instead of bringing back my husband, as he promised, he seemed to drive my husband away, for I am now alone. My husband has gone to Pittsburgh. When I told this alleged professor about it, he would give me neither my money back nor any satisfaction. He is a shrewd fellow, for he said that if I had him arrested he would tell all my story, and would swear besides that I was another man instead of my husband. He guaranteed all his works of conjure and mesmerism, but he failed on me. I met other women in his office and each of them has given up money in varying amounts."

"From a Foolish Woman in Trouble."

In another letter was a card advertising "a famous English clairvoyant and psychic palmist," and the writer characterized the advertised one as "fake."

One of Helmsman's Victims.

Still another woman confessed to having been robbed by Frederick Helmsman, who was recently arrested here for the Boston authorities on their complaint that he had persuaded two trusting women to give him their entire fortune of many thousands of dollars.

One other contribution to the stack of complaints is a tiny yellow envelope stamped on the outside, "Phycho Magnet, Nepal, India." The woman who gave it up confessed that she had paid \$5 for the envelope, which was supposed to contain a "life-powerful" powder, which had only to be placed under the pillow for so many nights to accomplish as many wonders as Aladdin's lamp. The powder failed of its purpose, and the remnant of it still left in Captain Boardman's desk needs only a taste to prove that it is nothing more than common table salt.—Washington Post, Feb. 19, 1904.

THE LITTLE INDIAN LASS.

One eve in dreamy stillness, as I lay upon my cot, I came a little heathen who never heard of God.

She had never seen a city, a church, or heard a prayer, Nor heard of Adam's sinning, or of the "Golden Star."

She knew no sun, made flowers, and winter rains made grass, But never heard of Jesus—this little Indian lass.

I plied her in silence, and told her of my God, When doubtfully she asked me why I quite forgot.

To tell her how I knew him—if he's the real thing, Or like the feathered gnomon whereof the Indians sing.

And if he came to visit the "paleface" prayer shop, And why he never entered the red man's "wickeyup."

And when I told of Jesus, how he our sins forgives, She asked if that's the reason the pale-face lies and thieves,

And drinks the fiery water, and steals the Indian's hay, When the Christian Jesus, takes all the blame away?

Or is he like your other—the God you said you saw, Or is it but a story made up of grass and straw?

I told her of our heaven, where good men went to dwell, And of the fiery furnace where bad men roamed in hell.

This statement quite unnerved her, With fear she looked around, And said that she had no the Indians' hunting ground.

She said, "Yes, by their actions, few'll go to that good place, And there'll be place in plenty for our untutored race."

I thought the lesson over which my angel mother taught Of God, Jesus and the trinity, and the dear life wrought;

But when this life is ended—when I will have to go, Will I then tell St. Peter that mother told me so?

For she has never seen them, nor I. Could we be wrong? Then was it truth or fiction that I was taught when young?

I asked my spirit mother to clear my wicked doubt, And she the light of knowledge upon my heavenly route, And plainly said to me, "Those lessons taught in childhood, which I have given thee, Were all that men could fathom in history's early age, As step by step they groveled in each progressive stage."

MINNESOTA.

Spiritual Enterprise Near the Twin Cities.

Many of your readers will be pleased to learn that the Ladies' Aid, under the auspices of Lake Minnetonka Spiritualist Association, has the honor of the ground for a Spiritualist temple, the second one in the state. It has a deed to the lot donated by Joel and Margaret Stubb. The society hopes to have the temple completed by September 1, 1904. The society has several clairvoyant speakers who will lecture Sundays. There is a great awakening here, several being developed for different phases of mediumship. There will be a lyceum for the children as soon as the temple is finished. In connection with the temple are several acres of beautiful timber, giving fine grove to hold picnics, grove meetings and camp meetings. The temple is located between two lakes, giving us cool breezes in mid-summer heat; one and a half to two miles from two railroad stations. During the summer months there are from 12 to 14 daily trains which pass that point with the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, which have over five hundred thousand inhabitants. The excursion rates are low.

The Ladies' Aid has nearly thirty working members, and the society nearly fifty members.

The street cars will run out to Lake Minnetonka next summer. Lake Minnetonka has 400 miles of lake shore. It consists of a number of lakes connected by outlets; a number of islands and points extending in between lakes, making fine scenery. The lakes abound with abundance of fine fish. It is one of the largest and best watering places and summer resorts in the Northwest. Hundreds of cottages dot the many shores. Cottages range in price of construction from \$300 to \$500.

In connection with our temple are 30 or 40 acres of land that can be bought on reasonable terms. We wish that some good Spiritualist, or our State Spiritualist Association would buy it for camp grounds. Lying between two lakes, it would have two front views. It could be placed on a beautiful site, with cottages for Spiritualists to build on. It lies close to the great cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and accessible to the twin cities by railroad or electric lines. In the vicinity and around our temple grounds there are a great many small fruit farms. The farmers have organized into a Minnesota Fruit Growers' Association. The land around is well adapted to small fruits and cereal grain.

As soon as our temple is completed one member has offered to donate his library consisting of all of Andrew Jackson Davis' works. Other members will donate some of Moses H. H. and Dr. Peck's works.

Let the good work go on. We need more spiritual temples throughout the states, where we can hold our meetings and social gatherings without trespassing on other people's rights. One can feel better to have place to their own.

We would like to have other good Spiritualists come and settle near our beautiful Lake Minnetonka, buy property, and help build up our association. We have free rural delivery throughout our district. The farmers are very thickly settled here. There is no one now being made to have telephones put into everyone's house that wants one, and connect with the main lines that run around us. We think this will be done this summer.

ROLLA STUBBS.
The Commandments Analyzed, price 25 cents. Big Bible Stories, cloth, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

INDIANA CONVENTION NOTES.

Thirty-five or more local societies represented. Every delegate was in his place in good season at almost every session.

The presence of John B. Charnley, of Chicago, Ind., and John F. Harms, of Tell City, did much to encourage their fellow-delegates.

Brother Newman, of Pennville, has lost none of his vocal power, neither has he taken any backward steps in his thoughts. He fairly made the welkin ring.

Brothers John Congdon, Dr. F. P. Hitt, A. W. Heine, W. S. Woods, J. H. York, J. H. Hess and J. A. Wertz were at their posts of duty and were not afraid to speak out in behalf of organization.

Brother Gardner Haines' Methodist fire has followed him into Spiritualism. He was frequently under the "power," which made him a co-operation and brotherhood.

Brother O. L. Harvey, of Lafayette, a recent convert to Spiritualism, was on hand, and had good reasons for the faith that was in him. His muse sings all the answer now that Bro. Harvey is a Spiritualist.

Brother Newcomb, of Elwood, was an earnest worker at all meetings he attended. He was called away by a telegram announcing the serious illness of a relative, before the convention closed.

Sister Carrie H. Mong, of Muncie, the secretary of the state association, was the secretary of the convention. Her position was no sinecure, as the delegates were there for business, and kept "motions, substitutes and amendments" flying thick and fast.

It is said that Rev. E. W. Sprague, when he saw delegates from more than thirty-five churches file into the church, went into the vestry, leaped into the air some four or five feet, and brought his heels together three or four times before he touched the floor, in the exuberance of his joy. N. B.—This statement is only hearsay testimony; it is not a verified fact.

A stray dollar or two got into the assembly one afternoon, and Rev. Sprague at once sensed that fact, he having exceedingly sensitive faculties. In ten seconds or minutes, those dollars rolled toward the treasurer of the association, and he had them magnetically drawn to the place where the gifted missionary stood.

In studying Brother Sprague, even the casual observer recognizes that fact, that our talented N. S. A. missionary prefers his apple pie seasoned with sugar rather than salt, and that he does not fear even a dose of exorcism of Christianity; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

When the convention adjourned Bro. Sprague's deep sigh of rejoicing at its success echoed through the church. It brought Bro. Charles A. Gaines up on stage to give a few words of commendation; in brief, he is a whole team in himself.

Catarrh Cured

Have Suffer from Catarrh in nose, throat, lungs, bladder, and bowels. Read this book. It will be worth money to you.



THIS TREATMENT FREE
Dr. J. M. Peckham, the noted specialist in Catarrh and Bronchitis, has found a sure, speedy, and permanent cure for Catarrh. It not only quickly relieves and permanently cures Catarrh, but also cures all other ailments of the throat, lungs, bladder, and bowels. It is a simple, safe, and effective treatment, and is free of charge. Write to Dr. J. M. Peckham, 111 Madison St., St. Paul, Minn., for a free copy of his book, "The Cure for Catarrh." It will be worth money to you.

NERVE HEALER.
Magnetic, wonderful cures of all diseases. Treatment and advice sent by mail, 10¢ per week.
Dr. Benson Elliott, California Healer.
Address, 411 1/2 St., Denver, Col.

VOGEL'S ORCHESTRA AND BAND.
Full Dress or Uniform. Victor Vogel, Manager and Leader. Music furnished for all occasions. Dance music a specialty. Give us a trial and we will guarantee you entire satisfaction. Price, 50¢.
Address, 1111 Broadway, New York City.
Telephone Oakland 1111.

The 4 Great Problems: What, How, Who and Where Are We?
The contents of this book cannot be found in ancient nor modern literature. By registered mail, 10¢. DR. GEORGE MILLER, Diamond, Ark.

FRED P. EVANS.
The Noted Psychic for Independent Spirit Writing and Clairvoyance.
Has recently left New York, and is now located at 1111 Broadway, New York City. Send stamp for circular on Mediumship.

The New and the Old.
Or the World's Progress in Thought. By Moses H. H. An excellent work by this veteran writer and thinker. Price, 10¢.

In Tune with the Infinite
By Ralph Waldo Trine.
Within yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life. To come into the full realization of your life, you must first be able to condition your life in exact accord with what you desire. Price, 10¢.

CONTENTS: I. The Infinite. II. The Supreme. III. The Universal. IV. The Supreme. V. The Universal. VI. The Supreme. VII. The Universal. VIII. The Supreme. IX. The Universal. X. The Supreme. XI. The Universal. XII. The Supreme. XIII. The Universal. XIV. The Supreme. XV. The Universal. XVI. The Supreme. XVII. The Universal. XVIII. The Supreme. XIX. The Universal. XX. The Supreme. XXI. The Universal. XXII. The Supreme. XXIII. The Universal. XXIV. The Supreme. XXV. The Universal. XXVI. The Supreme. XXVII. The Universal. XXVIII. The Supreme. XXIX. The Universal. XXX. The Supreme. XXXI. The Universal. XXXII. The Supreme. XXXIII. The Universal. XXXIV. The Supreme. XXXV. The Universal. XXXVI. The Supreme. XXXVII. The Universal. XXXVIII. The Supreme. XXXIX. The Universal. XL. The Supreme. XLI. The Universal. XLII. The Supreme. XLIII. The Universal. XLIV. The Supreme. XLV. The Universal. XLVI. The Supreme. XLVII. The Universal. XLVIII. The Supreme. XLIX. The Universal. L. The Supreme. LI. The Universal. LII. The Supreme. LIII. The Universal. LIV. The Supreme. LV. The Universal. LVI. The Supreme. LVII. The Universal. LVIII. The Supreme. LIX. The Universal. LX. The Supreme. LXI. The Universal. LXII. The Supreme. LXIII. The Universal. LXIV. The Supreme. LXV. The Universal. LXVI. The Supreme. LXVII. The Universal. LXVIII. The Supreme. LXIX. The Universal. LXX. The Supreme. LXXI. The Universal. LXXII. The Supreme. LXXIII. The Universal. LXXIV. The Supreme. LXXV. The Universal. LXXVI. The Supreme. LXXVII. The Universal. LXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXIX. The Universal. LXXX. The Supreme. LXXXI. The Universal. LXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXV. The Universal. LXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXIV. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXV. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVI. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXVII. The Universal. LXXXXXXXVIII. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXIX. The Universal. LXXXXXXXX. The Supreme. LXXXXXXXXI. The Universal. LXXXXXXXII