

Science and a Future Life. SCINTILLATIONS

Critical Remarks by a Prominent Lawyer and Ex-Congressman.

To the Editor:—I read with great interest the recent article by A. M. Griffin, Esq., of this city, published in your issue of the 22nd ult. It makes a very lucid and interesting presentation of the salient points of the recent book by Prof. Hyslop, entitled "Science and a Future Life." Prof. Hyslop could hardly ask for a more satisfactory introduction to the many readers of The Progressive Thinker, and Mr. Griffin has done a real service both to Prof. Hyslop and the cause of Spiritualism in thus calling the attention of investigators to this work.

Prof. Hyslop is unquestionably a man of robust erudition and seemingly enjoys the unique distinction in this country of belonging to a limited class of scientific men who are not chilled through and through by the shadow of religious bigotry. His book will reach a large body of investigators with whom his arguments will be largely regarded as conclusive.

There are, however, one or more passages of Prof. Hyslop's views on this subject which seem to have been overlooked by Mr. Griffin in his article and which appear to justify a further consideration of the work.

Professor Hyslop throughout his whole book is seemingly pleading for a fair hearing on the merits of his cause at the hands of the "hard-shelled" Spiritualists. He presents numerous suggestions of the most cogent character why he should not be misjudged, and why he should be given a fair hearing although he may be advocating an unpopular cause. He presses home his desire for the truth no matter where it may lead. It is in this that he shows an excess of confidence or perhaps a lack of philosophical penetration. He should know that upon the mass of evidence presented in its support the doctrine which he advocates would have been unreservedly accepted by all classes of men long years ago had the spiritual faculties been in a higher stage of development; in other words, had men generally the ability to really believe what the Spiritualists claim to be true.

The trouble is not in the doctrine or in the proof offered in support thereof. The difficulty is quite otherwise; it is in the man who is called upon to accept the proof submitted, as reliable, and as establishing the facts claimed to be shown. In spiritual matters the spiritual faculties are brought into action; without such faculties man is but an animal.

Professor Hyslop is a psychologist, also a physiologist, and is presumably familiar with human anatomy. The human brain is recognized by the medical world as a great mystery not yet fully developed. Recent writers on anatomy tell us of the embryonic cell which in its full development may disclose a new power or faculty in the human mind.

Before calling for a verdict upon the evidence submitted in support of the spiritual theory, therefore, it is proper to consider what proportion of the human race have brains so developed that they are capable of a real belief in the after life. Surely not all men. One historical race of men, great in history, appears to have lost the ability to believe in any after life altogether. One life at a time seems to be their creed. In the recent language of one of their leading teachers in this city, "They take no interest in Celestial Real Estate. When therefore we see the spiritual faculties of an entire race in a state of atrophy, we may well pause to inquire as to the stage of development reached by races many centuries younger.

A race not fully developed in its spiritual faculties differs in no wise from one whose spiritual faculties have been

come strophied by suppression or disease. It should therefore be no matter of surprise, when the keenest scientific intellect is found to be undeveloped in its spiritual faculties.

How, therefore, can Professor Hyslop expect this class of scientists to regard the facts claimed to be shown, as credible, or to accept his conclusions drawn therefrom? He might as well present his proofs and make his arguments to a Chinese idol; the hard-shelled scientists will surely mock at him and the idol will remain dumb; by the harsh criticisms which Professor Hyslop has heretofore encountered it must be apparent at this time to him that a large portion of the human race is still undeveloped in its spiritual faculties; that the individual man often is incapable of a belief in the after life. To such men it is useless to present proofs or make arguments. It is this undeveloped condition of the brain cells which gives us a Podmore or a Jameson in the face of all the evidence which you may present to them. It was this that made Browning the real Sludge,—not Slade.

While Professor Hyslop's book will undoubtedly be a boon to the young and sincere investigator, it will not meet with favor with the hard-shelled scientists, and his appeal to them for a fair hearing upon the merits of his case will be in vain; and in this connection I may be permitted to suggest that the attitude of Professor Hyslop is not altogether consistent. He seems to be prompt when he so desires, to exercise the same arbitrary spirit displayed by the hard-shelled scientists of which he seemingly complains. He does not hesitate to stigmatize materialization and certain physical manifestations as unsupported by any evidence worthy of consideration. In this coolly whittling the works of Crookes, Zöllner, Hare and others of his scientific predecessors down the wind, he imitates the hard-shelled scientist. It may be that he regarded this back-hand slap at the investigations of these great men, as necessary in order to put himself upon a level with the "hard-shelled" Spiritualists. He seems to be prompt when he so desires, to exercise the same arbitrary spirit displayed by the hard-shelled scientists of which he seemingly complains. He does not hesitate to stigmatize materialization and certain physical manifestations as unsupported by any evidence worthy of consideration. In this coolly whittling the works of Crookes, Zöllner, Hare and others of his scientific predecessors down the wind, he imitates the hard-shelled scientist. It may be that he regarded this back-hand slap at the investigations of these great men, as necessary in order to put himself upon a level with the "hard-shelled" Spiritualists.

Professor Hyslop's work is only an extension of that great record. While his book may be a labor of love, largely inspired by a desire to present to the world the work of the Psychological Research Society in its most attractive form, he should remember that it will not do to assume that the only testimony possessing any value in favor of the spiritual theory is to be found in the proceedings of the Psychological Research Society; not should he expect life-long students of this cult to adopt this narrow view of the situation.

Spiritualists, while appreciating at their full value the labors of Dr. Hodgson and his associates, are by no means ready to leave their case entirely in the hands of the Psychological Research Society. Mr. Griffin in his article properly remarks, Spiritualism has its mission and will follow it regardless of the attitude of the hard-shelled scientists or Psychological Researchers.

Professor Hyslop is careful to make a reservation in regard to his ultimate historical race of men, great in history, appears to have lost the ability to believe in any after life altogether. One life at a time seems to be their creed. In the recent language of one of their leading teachers in this city, "They take no interest in Celestial Real Estate. When therefore we see the spiritual faculties of an entire race in a state of atrophy, we may well pause to inquire as to the stage of development reached by races many centuries younger.

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"If I Do Not Keep Step With My Companions, It Is Because I Hear a Different Drummer."

BY HENRY MORRISON TEFFT, NORWICH, N. Y.

You cannot stop the spread of flunkysm. It spreads more rapidly than measles, whooping cough, small pox or any contagious disease. It is more prolific than vermin. Every year the crowd of servile, cringing wretches to power and place grows larger, the realm for independent thought and action grows narrower. The nearer on an equality people live, the happier they are.

Inequality always breeds discontent and unhappiness. Hero worship is vulgar; bowing to those in authority is servile. I am no worshiper of kings. Their places can be easily filled. If every ruler in the land should die, it would not be as great a loss to the world as the death of the same number of skilled mechanics, inventors, or men along many of the lines of science, literature and art.

Kingship is but a relic of barbarism. It has come down along with the myths, fables, legends and ignorance of the past; and as the myths, fables and legends continue to repeat themselves in every language, long after the facts and substance they represent have become obsolete and forgotten,—so it is with kings, they remain long after the needs and requirements of the times demand their services or attention.

Parliaments and the law-making power of a country tolerate rulers but are continually hedging them in and curtailing their authority. They have "about as much to do with governing realms as the wooden figure-head of a ship has in determining its course."

It is better to be a low-born genius than a high-born fool. The man who shines only by borrowed light; who feeds and thrives on the fame and reputation of departed ancestors, is a dead weight in the world.

"Thrones may totter in the tempest, Empires, too, may rise and fall, But a king, by right of genius, Stands secure above them all."

I bow before genius, but not before rulers. It is more natural for men to follow than it is to lead. It is easier to tread a beaten path than to pioneer a new route. Not from the cities and centers of learning and wealth, but from the country, have come our wisest statesmen, our ablest judges, and our most brilliant orators.

The great men of the world have been born in the cottages of the poor and not in the palaces of the noble and rich. Iron is said to be a better gauge to the civilization of a race than gold and silver. The intellectual strength of a country is recruited from the great body of the common people and not from the higher classes. "The ready-made fortune of an ancestor, like ready-made clothes, rarely fits the man to whom it falls." The boy of genius soon outstrips the boy of wealth and position.

Desires, aspirations, in time, ripen into actualities; pictures of the imagination, at length crystallize into facts. All hindrances vanish in the presence of an all-consuming purpose. When the difficulty of taking his army across the Alps was presented to Napoleon, he replied, "There shall be no Alps." There are no obstacles that perseverance and determination cannot overcome.

It is said that Bach, the great composer, when a boy studied music by moonlight; Henry Clay practiced reading by the light of a pine knot and Daniel Webster manufactured his own ink out of soot and his pen from the quill of a goose. The oyster converts a grain of sand into a precious pearl. The most brilliant star can be traced back to dust, and atoms from whence it came. Evolution, progression, advancement is the law of nature and life.

A belief to-day is no standard for an opinion to-morrow. The person who has got some particular tenet to defend soon becomes a slave to his doctrine. Whatever hampers free speech, free thought, is a hindrance to progress and the development of truth. The tendency of all political parties, all sects, creeds and dogmas, is to narrow individual action. Instead of teaching the people to rely upon priests, temples, images, rituals, and the pictures of saints and the bones of martyrs; they should be taught to rely upon themselves for "The Kingdom of God is within you." Every one should be his own doctor, lawyer, priest and confessor.

Emerson says: "••• nothing is more rare in any man than an act of his own. Any work looks wonderful to him, except that which he can do. We do not believe our own thought; we must serve somebody; we must quote somebody; we dote on the old and the distant; we are tickled by great names; we import the religion of other nations; we quote their opinions; we cite their laws. The grayest and learnedest courts in this country shudder to face a new question, and will wait months and years for a case to occur that can be tortured into a precedent, and thus throw on a bolder party the onus of an initiative."

But some day all that is transpiring now will be old, venerable, and authoritative. A little farther on our beautiful cities will be buried ruins; our history fable, and our great men heroes, saints, and martyrs. And the time will come, to use the thought of another, when upon the sites now occupied by the capitols of the world some future archaeologist, historian or philosopher will stand and meditate upon their vanished grandeur and wonder at the strange law, fate or destiny that, wrapped them in oblivion and obliterated their glory.

Everything passes away; the singer and his song will be forgotten, the poet's dream will vanish, and the painter's most beautiful conception upon canvas will fade. All history in time becomes fable, legend, myth, and finally oblivion covers the record.

Man is always in a hurry; nature never hurries. She has all time, all

point of duty they owe the cause in representing the state and national Spiritualist associations to which they belong?

Who will answer these questions? I will tell all Spiritualists that I will not, who have honestly accept it a fraud hunter by these very mediums and professed Spiritualists who refuse to defend their cause. And this they do because my eyes are open, and will not any more accept what is clearly a flagrant untruth, but which passes around among credulous gullibles as Spiritualism, have no true understanding of mediumship, nor of the grand underlying principles of truth revealed in nature embraced in our teaching. And why is this? My answer is given by repeating the old true saying: "As the preacher, so the people."

If we had public teachers who were qualified to explain the principles of Spiritualism in all their bearing, with perfect uniformity, as stated in the six principles that form the basis of our professed faith, you would find an intelligent and united people constituting the organized body of Spiritualists in this country. Were this the case, when any one or number of that body were persecuted, and an attempt made to deprive them of their rights under the law, the whole body as one man would rise up to the rescue of their cause in the support of every one who is made a victim of the cruel and unjust attack.

We have now shown the cause of this great misfortune which has come upon the Spiritualist ministers.

There is but one remedy, and that is in the hands of the officers of the state and national associations.

To apply this remedy the official board must be constituted of men and women of repute; not for their financial standing, nor for their ability for seeking honors of which they are not worthy, neither for the pittance which they may receive from the state or official standing; but they should be persons who are honest, self-sacrificing and as well, an intelligent and thorough qualification in the true teaching presented in the six principles expressing our faith, adopted and confirmed by the National Spiritualist Association. Let the official boards require all the ordained mediums and public speakers to pass a kind of "Civil Service" examination that demands a prescribed standard that shall command the respect of all people who prize intelligence and morality; then Spiritualism, which em-

braces all of truth within its teaching, will have prestige and become a power in the whole world, to lift humanity to a higher plane of life on earth.

ROBERT T. HALE, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE INFINITE FORCE OR POWER. It Embraces All There Is in the Universe.

The Infinite Force or Power, which embraces all there is in the universe, is soul, mind or matter. It is self-existent, is capable of the utmost perfection, and possesses all of the elements of eternal progress. Its vast possibilities are as limitless as eternity. It is at once omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent.

The conception of that power has been very vague since the dawn of civilization. But centuries have come and gone, and conception has slowly approached nearer and nearer to the domains of reason, and has receded farther and farther from the influences of barbarism. And that conception has from time to time, and at all times, been accepted as sufficient evidence of the attributes of that Power.

The religions world has always worshipped a Deity, which has been wholly evolved by human thought and human sentiment. As such thought and sentiment has changed continually, so have the supposed attributes of deity changed inhumanly and contemplation.

It is not very long ago when a goodly portion of the human family assumed to believe in the existence of a personal God. And there is quite a number who now indulge in the luxury of that belief. But among all of the pretended believers in the existence of a personal Deity, there is not one who can, and there never was anyone who could, give an intelligent description of him, or who knew anything about his real attributes. The trouble has always come from the utter impossibility of the finite to comprehend the Infinite. And this identical trouble will always be insurmountable, so long as mankind are human. This belief in the personality of God, is becoming less and less enlightened, as mankind become more enlightened. In due course, it will be numbered among the relics of past eras.

Closely allied to the belief in a personal God, has been the belief that God

is a jealous and revengeful being, who has created a clever and unprincipled Devil to induce men to sin, so that the Lord may have the supreme satisfaction of punishing his children. In other words, it is claimed, in substance, that God gave men a code of laws with severe penalties, which He surely knew that through weakness and ignorance man would violate, in order that He might have the pleasure of punishing him for not doing better than he knew how.

"They all must err who have to feel their way As bats that fly at noon; for what are we But creatures of the night, dragged forth by day Who needs must stumble, and with staggered steps, Spell out the paths in syllables of pain."

This cruel and unnatural idea of God's justice is fast becoming obsolete. It cannot much longer withstand the higher intelligence which the world has evolved, and it must be soon entirely abandoned.

There is another notion which cannot endure a great while longer; and that is that God divinely inspired a number of men, a number of years ago, among the Jews, and freely communicated to them his will and pleasure, and that we must depend wholly upon the testimony of those men for our knowledge of Deity and his works. Strange it is that men have actually believed such fiction. How any professed religious teacher has been able to look his congregation in the face, when promulgating such nonsense, without laughing, is almost miraculous.

That Infinite Power inspires men to thought and action, goes without saying; but such inspiration has been confined to no particular age or nationality. Its existence is more marked and apparent to-day than it has ever been before in the history of the world. "The noblest Roman of them all," the gifted Tully, once used these truthful words: "There never, therefore, was a great man, without divine inspiration."

Another one of the driving notions of religious dogma, is the belief in the existence of a devil, who shares with God the management of the affairs of men; and who, according to religious teachings, has succeeded in most instances in getting the advantage of Deity in the control of mankind. It is, indeed, a miracle of the first magnitude

how such a notion first found lodgment in the human mind.

The Christian hell is another wonder, but as its lurid fires are now almost extinguished, it is remembered as one of the most transparent follies that ever had an abiding place upon the earth.

So, one after another of the institutions of the man-made religions of the world have been weighed in the balance of common sense and common humanity and have been found sadly wanting. They have strutted their brief hour upon the stage of incarnate life, and will soon be banished from the earth.

But there is a higher and nobler belief, transcending itself in the hearts and minds of men, which teaches that God is another name for Infinite Power, which is ever in touch with all of the children of men; that such power is all in all, "Too wise to err and too good to be unkind;" that the world is advancing satisfactorily along the paths of progress, and that in the last analysis everything works together for good.

When the soul shall be released from the fetters of the body, and shall advance to that higher plane of existence on the other side of the border line of death, it will be able to solve the riddle of human existence. Then the emancipated soul will have a better appreciation of the Infinite Power—God.

"When we have found him worthy of our love, Tried by our poor hearts and not before; He must be truer than the truest friend, A father better than the best of sires; Kinder than she who bore us, though we sin."

CARL C. POPE, Black River Falls, Wis.

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Will the reader take the Old Testament in hand, and kindly read for himself, unaided by priestly sophistry, what is clearly taught in regard to the Hebrew Jehovah, every time occurring where the translators used "Lord," save four times, when it is rendered "Jehovah." It may be well to mention, in passing, the Hebrew Elohim is uniformly translated God, though it is a plural noun, and should have been rendered Gods, to agree with the original.

Open to Exodus 25: The first nine verses are devoted to instructions how to build the tabernacle, otherwise tent, in which, verse 8, "I (the Lord) may dwell." Instead of the boundless universe for a dwelling and filling every part of it with his presence, he wanted a tent in which to reside!

The next fourteen verses give instructions how to make an ark, he, the Lord, was to occupy. The word ark signifies a box or chest. It was to be adorned with two cherubs of beaten gold with outstretched wings. Above the cherubs was to be placed a mercy seat. Then, verse 22:

"And there I (the Lord, otherwise Jehovah or Jahvah) will meet with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel."

Now we have the direction of the Lord how the ark, altar box and appendages, were to be built, let us pass to chapter 37, where an account is given of its building.

This ark, on the cover of which were the cherubs, doubtless suggested to Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, his "peeping stone" which placed in his hat enabled him to translate the inscriptions on his pretended gold plates, from which the Mormon Bible.

When new, or vexatious questions arose Moses visited the Lord who was seated between the cherubs on the mercy seat, and inquired of him what he should do in the premises. Numbers 9:8 is an illustration of this communing with Jehovah:

"And Moses said unto them, 'Stand still, and I will see what the Lord will command concerning you.'"

It is not necessary to detail the reader with an account of the war propensities of this Lord, Jehovah or Jahvah, with his instructions to "smite every made with a two-edged sword," and "thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth." This command to exterminate the people of Palestine, extended to the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Perizzites the Hivites and the Jebusites, the latter occupying the city since known as Jerusalem. See Deuteronomy 20: 13, 16, 17. Beautiful women among the captives desired, were saved on special occasions, one tenth of whom were the Lord's share, whom the priests claimed as his representatives.

"So Jehovah smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded."—Joshua 10:40.

But don't leave this subject yet. The best is to follow:

Chapter 4 of I. Samuel relates how Israel went out against the Philistines, and were smitten by them. Having implicit trust in this Lord who dwelt in the ark, so on the direction of the elders, they brought forth "the Lord of hosts which dwelleth between the cherubims," verse 8. "And when the ark of the covenant of the Lord came into camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so the earth rang again." Verse 10. "And the Philistines fought, and

Israel was smitten," and "the ark of the Lord was taken." This Jehovah, "the Lord," fell into the hands of the Philistines, "the glory departed from Israel, because the ark of the Lord was taken."

Chapter 5, I. Samuel, tells the sympathetic reader that the Philistines removed the ark of God, carrying it to Ashdod, and set it up in the house of Dagon and by his side.

Dagon was the Philistine's fish god, having the head of a man, and the tail of a fish; but he was no match for Jehovah, trusting to the truthfulness of the inspired penman, for he says, verse 3:

"When they [the Philistines] arose early on the morrow, behold Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again."

The next morning Dagon was found again fallen to the ground, with his head, and hands cut off, only the stump remaining.

Then the ark of God was removed to Gath, but the Lord smote the men of the city with emoroids. Removed from Gath to Ekron "the ark of God" frightened the people, so they determined to send his belligerent majesty, the Lord, in a box, to his own place, so he should not slay the people.

Seven months, according to chapter 6, I. Samuel, the ark of the Lord remained with the Philistines, then it was thought advisable to return this captured ark in a box to Israel with presents. So they made a new cart, put jewels of gold in a coffer, tied two milch cows to the cart, shutting up their calves at home; then they laid the ark of the Lord on the cart. The kine took a straight line for the camp of Joshua, lowing as they went, turning neither to the right nor left until they came into the field of Joshua, where there was a great stone.

"And the Lord smote the men of Bethshemesh, because they had looked into the ark of the Lord, fifty thousand and three score and ten men; and the people lamented because the Lord had smitten many of the people with a great slaughter."

Thus far we have followed the Bible account of the ark of the Lord. Unlike the God we adore, whose home is everywhere, this Jehovah of the Jews, who dwelt in a box, was carried on the shoulders of men from camp to camp, was hauled over the country by cows, and was noted as a successful warrior God, who boasted, Joshua 22:13—

"I have given you [Israel] a land for which you have labored, and cities ye built, and ye dwell therein; and the vineyards and olive yards which ye planted, not ye eat." He should have boasted in the same breath, that he had slaughtered "all that breathed," but after all his powers failed him:

"The Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." Judges 1:19.

This is why the Jews were limited to the fastnesses of the Libanus mountains, never in possession of the coast, because the people there were able to successfully resist the thieving marauders who usurped the uplands.

Christians, we again beg of you to drop this feeble, fighting and turbulent Jew God, Jahvah, out of your liturgy, your hymns and your sacred books, and enthroned Infinite Intelligence, Eternal Goodness, and Limitless Power, and adopt a God worthy the progressive age in which we live. The Progressive Thinker will join you in adoration of such a God, but the heathen idol God, never.

Next week we will cite Bible authority to prove this Jew Lord came from Egypt; then we shall show he has a brother whose name appeared on the monument as his equal; that he became a murderer; his name was of faced, and he became generally hated, and it is probable he is now doing service as his Satanic majesty, the Devil!

A Merry Christmas.

While we may not hold the accepted Christian idea of Christmas, we can join with them in the ideal of making it a day of good cheer, good wishes, and kindly beneficence manifested in helpful ways.

Kind thoughts expressed in words or in gifts that incite good feeling and gladness of heart, work happy results in the mentality of both giver and receiver. Their tendency is toward the betterment of humanity in happiness and goodness.

We have no fear that the mythical Santa Claus will work harm to any child—however implicitly believed to be a veritable reality. Much of the happiness of children comes from the natural element of wonder in their mental faculties, and Santa Claus, though a mythical personage, excites both their wonder and their love.

Much of a child's child-life is spent in Wonderland—much of child happiness is found in that realm in which it is child nature to roam. The sober realities of prosy earth-life will soon enough crowd out the happy thoughts that pertain to the Wonder World of childhood.

Let the children have their Santa Claus—with all the good things thereto pertaining.

For the old children—grown to womanhood and manhood, Christmas may also come as a benediction, in mutual well-wishing and in mental and spiritual helpfulness.

While the children are made happy with toys, playthings, and the various things that delight the child heart, older people may be made happy with other expressions of kind feeling and good will.

Just for instance: How many a friend might be made glad every week during a whole year, with a gift of a year's subscription for The Progressive Thinker. Is it not worth thinking of? And if you would wish to make Santa Claus' beneficence still more valuable, there are the premium books at slight additional expense.

The soul feast of good things embodied in The Progressive Thinker and the premium books cannot be excelled or equaled elsewhere at the same cost.

What is Love?

Humanity is governed by thought, action and feeling.

The combination constitutes the creative force or divine principle.

Either may be exercised for a negative or positive effect—that is, materially or spiritually.

The materiality of thought is impregnated with action in selfishness; of feeling is hate.

The spirituality of thought is reason; of action—humanity; of feeling is sympathy.

The materiality or animalism of the creative force is lust; and the spirituality thereof is love.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

Victory for Spiritualists!

WORDS OF APPRECIATION.

Mrs. Maud Chesbro in a Court of Justice Establishes an Important Precedent That Will Be Received With Applause by All Spiritualists.

To the Editor:—Your favor of the 1st inst. is at hand. The encouraging words you have allowed have fallen like healing balm upon wounded hearts during our contest in the courts for four years to obtain for mediums who are THE MINISTERS OF SPIRITUALISM EQUAL RIGHTS BEFORE THE LAW WITH THE MINISTERS OF OTHER SYSTEMS OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

The substantial proof of the interest

you share in this is shown by your voluntary donation of twenty-five dollars to apply on expense incurred in securing this final decision of Judge Austin in the Police Court of this city, who ruled that PRIVATE BUSINESS READINGS FORM A PART OF THE SERVICE in the performance of our duty to the religious organization of which we are pastors. For this kind and generous consideration there are no words that can express our united personal thanks. This will prove to be seed sown in good ground which will return, though after many days, many fold.

Again we thank you and remain as ever, your friends,

G. B. AND MRS. MAUD CHESBRO.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Trouble Brewing In Iowa.

DO SPIRITUALISTS

NEED A LICENSE?

Question Brought Before City Government of Davenport, Iowa.—Mrs. Sarah J. Henderson and Mrs. Kittie Gifford Are Asked to Explain Their Work.

Whether or not the ordinance which states that clairvoyants and people practicing a like profession must secure a license includes Spiritualists, is the question that is confronting the city officers and the police department at the present time.

The question arose when Mrs. Sarah J. Henderson, who resides in the South Putnam block at Second and Brady streets, invited Mrs. Kittie Gifford, a well-known Spiritualist of Clinton, to Davenport to aid her in the work here.

The police department was notified a few days ago that a meeting was to be held at Mrs. Henderson's rooms and sent an officer there to make an investigation.

The result was that Mrs. Henderson and her companions were asked to come to the chief's office the next morning to explain the details of the work. Nothing was done at that time but the matter was further taken up by the police department and the case was to have come up this morning.

In the meantime Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Gifford had engaged Attorney C. H. Murphy to represent them and as Mr. Murphy was busy at the court house the case was postponed until a week from to-day. The chief states that in the meantime the matter will be investigated and legal advice will be secured to see whether the work carried on by the two women comes under the ban when they have no license.

The ordinance, which it is thought Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Gifford have violated, provides that clairvoyants, mediums, fortune tellers, etc., must procure a license of the city clerk, at a cost of \$10 for one day, \$25 for one week, \$50 for one month, or \$100 for one year.

The ordinance does not name Spiritualists, specifically, but it is claimed that it is so broad that the letter of the ordinance includes them.

The police state that as near as can be ascertained the women were holding a reading for which a charge is usually made, and that this is what is included in the ordinance.

Ladies Talk.

Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Gifford were seen this morning in regard to the question and denied emphatically that their work was in any way similar to that of fortune telling or clairvoyance. They stated that there could be no possible construction of the ordinance that would include them and were firm in their statement that they considered their occupation the same as that of any other scientific movement that was conducted in the city.

Mrs. Gifford stated that she had a license the same as any clergyman, and that she was authorized to perform marriages, preach, or do any kind of religious work that a clergyman had the power to do. She stated also that the work that she carried on was nothing more than a spiritual work of this kind, and that it was as far from fortune telling, and the like as any religious movement in the city.

In support of her statement, Mrs. Gifford produced her certificate from the Rising Sun Spiritual Mission of Chicago, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the west.

She stated also that she was a member of Golden Rule Spiritual Society, the Ladies' Union, which is a like institution, the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Society, the Philosophical Spiritual Society of Clinton, the Band of Silent Aid, the Philanthropic Society of Chicago, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Rising Sun Spiritualistic Society of Chicago.

Mrs. Gifford stated that she had been connected with all of these institutions in an active way, and that never had her work been regarded as anything but a religious movement.

She closed her remarks by emphasizing the statement that she did not deal in love affairs by anything of a like nature and did not consider her work anything of a fortune-telling character.

Mrs. Henderson had much the same to say in regard to her work, and stated that as evidence that she had been recognized in the Spiritualistic movement throughout the country, she had been admitted to membership in the National Spiritualistic Association, the Mississippi Valley Spiritualistic Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary.

"The case is one that will be watched with interest, as it is one that will establish a precedent not only in Davenport, but throughout other cities in the state as to how far as can be ascertained, the question has never arisen before.—The Times.

An Important Announcement.

It Ought to Have a Million Circulation.

We shall publish some time in January of the coming year a most remarkable paper, grouping together exceptionally important matter that should have a world-wide circulation. We will lead off with that remarkable letter by Colonel Ingersoll on THE DEVIL That will be followed by a most extraordinary article by Baron Harden Hickey, illustrating the "Parallels Between BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN Stories, and Showing how Buddhism Was Transported to the West."

It is rich in facts and incidents, and it alone will be worth one dollar to every reflective mind.

Mrs. M. T. Longley, the efficient secretary of the N. S. A., under the control of Spirit John Pierpont, will have something especially interesting to say of the BRIGHT AND DARK SPHERES OF SPIRIT LIFE.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, another

of the leading lights in promoting the grand truths of Spiritualism, will discuss this question—"A NAME TO CONJURE WITH," illustrating the prevalence of fakes in the Spiritual and Industrial Fields of Thought and Work.

This special edition will be valuable throughout, and should be read by every Spiritualist in the land.

We published one edition of The Progressive Thinker that reached 150,000. Another edition, 60,000.

No other Spiritualist paper on earth has reached the altitude of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. This edition will be a MISSIONARY TO ILLUMINATE THE WORLD.

No order received for less than ten copies. Stamps will be acceptable.

Commence sending in your orders. You can furnish any number of different addresses, and the paper will be mailed to them. Write plainly.

Some Good Christmas Gifts.

In casting about for a Christmas Present for a relative or friend, we ask the special attention of the readers of The Progressive Thinker to our Catalogue of Books. Nothing nicer and more useful could be chosen than a Book Full of Rich Thought—a feast for the soul—a permanent good. Send in your orders at once and be on time with the gifts.

A Precocious and Godless Child.

To abridge an abridged account of the wonderful boy Odin Adolph Thomas, six years old, of 172 West 72d Street, New York, as related in a late issue of the New York World, is what we set down to do; but it seems impossible.

He seems a child of nature. He has never heard of God; has never been taught a prayer; does not read fairy stories; never tasted cooked food; does as he pleases; lifts 50 pounds with either hand; visits the morgue with his father, views hundreds of dead bodies, is not shocked, but expresses great sorrow. His first toy was a human skull.

The boy is an athlete, could swing on horizontal bars when ten months old, reads fluently; operates a type writer; was never the subject of corporal punishment but once, and then did not cry, but philosophized: "Some things are something, most things are nothing."

Odin is an inventor, and it would seem a very successful one in a small way. He is reported to be well-built,

but slender; fair-haired and blue-eyed; impulsive; strong in his loves and hates, generous to a fault, and keenly alive to new impressions.

Reared as this child has been, and born of parents who had brains enough to guide him, there is hardly a doubt the unseen forces have the boy somewhat in their keeping. His future will be brilliant as has been his past. We would keep an eye on him, for he will teach it many a useful lesson.

—The Times.

A Gem From Ingersoll.

"Sacred are the lips from which has issued only truth. Over all wealth, above any station, superior to the noble, the robbed and crowned, rises the sincere man. Happy is he who neither loves nor hates, who neither blesses nor curses the person who wears no mask."

"The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features. The Cultivation of Personal Beauty, Based on Hygiene and Health Culture. By twenty physicians and specialists. Edited by Albert Turner. Of special interest and value. Price \$1.

SOME TRENCANT THOUGHTS.

Spirits Not Guided by Earthly Time In Communications—Unexpected Visitations Said to Be Due to Absence of Measurement by Days and Hours in Other Realm.

To the person endeavoring [as set forth in the Record-Herald] to satisfy himself regarding the truth of the phenomena of modern spiritualism, there is ever one great stumbling-block, and that is expressed by the word conditions.

Knowing himself to be open-minded, unprejudiced and earnestly desirous of knowledge, he cannot understand, until after much—very much—experience, why he cannot have the proofs in the way that he assumes such should be given. He is ever puzzled by the fact that when he does receive anything it is so entirely different from that which he had mentally formulated and expected that he at times will not only doubt the phenomena, but doubt himself, to say nothing of doubting the medium, in connection with whom the phenomena may have occurred.

Herein is where the seeker so often errs, and condemns that which he does not understand, to the detriment of himself and to the prejudice of his spirit friends, who are endeavoring as best they can under the natural laws that govern the manifestations to give proof to him in this life of the individual existence and ability to be known from the realm of spirit life.

If everything occurred as I might anticipate, then I should question the truth of that given. But in actual phenomena, in real spirit work of proof among mortals, I am inclined to accept, from the experience that I have had, the proposition that it is ever the unexpected that are the real proofs.

There is so much to be considered in this that from the standpoint of a mortal it is quite difficult to present what one has learned of the laws that govern in the realm of occultism. Still such laws do exist and spirits must do their work under such laws just the same as we work in this life.

Forget Element of Time.

I have learned that the spirit condition of life is more intense than mortal life; and that the element of time, as we know and measure time, is soon forgotten. In the spirit realm it is not used.

Events are the marks by which eternity is measured in that realm. Consequently in communications where earthly time is given to satisfy a query of the mortal, it is rare that the time given for a future occurrence is accurate.

I am sure this is understandable when we stop to think of the basis of measurement of time in earth life. It is wholly based on the revolution of the earth upon its axis, making for us day and night, which divisions are again emphatically divided into hours and minutes; in addition to the journey of the earth around the sun, which is divided by days, weeks and months; each revolution added to those recorded before making our data of years.

This, so important with us in our daily planning, is of no influence in the spirit realm. It does not exist. Therefore it is not reasonable to expect accuracy of earthly time in spirit communications.

It is true there are some spirits who seem to make a special study of this mortal measurement in relation to events in their own realm, and give astonishingly accurate prophecies marked by earthly time, but these are rare. In some life we know an astronomer who does a similar thing, but the mass of humanity are not astronomers—not by any means, nor are the mass of spirits.

My experience is that those in spirit life remember their earth conditions, their sorrow and despair, when some dear one dies, and under that emotional memory are over-eager to be known to the dear ones left behind, and so seek out of accurate statements provided they can find the way that will satisfy the seeker, even in a small degree, that they will still live, are still themselves and live more intensely than ever.

Attitude of the Doubter.

But the man who can only comprehend a material fact—the doubting Thomases—cannot understand how intangible beings can possibly make themselves known, and any evidence that will be tangible to the five recognized material senses.

I will take his own material basis and see how far I can use that in presenting the thoughts I wish to express. It is several decades since physiologists became aware of a force generated by the mere action of living. That is to say, that a recognized force that can be proved by scientific instruments does emanate from the human body. The same emanates from all forms of animal life. I am sure this will not be disputed by anyone in this day.

In later days it has been proved by the use of sensitive photographic plates, and otherwise, that this force called animal magnetism also gives light strong enough to produce evident material results.

This human force surrounds all human bodies as an aura, or personal atmosphere. In theosophy that is so well known that sensitives of that cult will assert that they can diagnose the temperament of the individual by the color of the aura, as seen by the sensitive. The same assertion is made by some spirit mediums.

Sees a Connecting Link.

Now I have it proved to my understanding that this aura is the connecting link between earth conditions and the realm of spirit. That into this spirit enters and so know of our acts and work as we do in this life. This aura is the spirit house while in earth life, into which we receive our spirit friends, this being true, it is well that we know it, and endeavor in every way to keep our spirit-house clean, that our friends may love to be with us.

Physiologists also assert that of the hundreds of millions in earth life at one time, there are no two alike. This we are sure is true. Hence, as no two are alike, there must be just that relative difference in the force emanating from each body. Consequently that marvelous battery—the human body—presents for the use of spirits just as many variants of force as there are bodies upon earth. Further, no human body is precisely the same for any two seconds of time.

It is this force that is used by spirits in their manifestations, and this does account for all of the varying phases of mediumship; all of the variations of conditions, and why manifestations are never exactly duplicated.

Bearing this knowledge in mind, the seeker after proofs of immortality outside of his own organism will be more patient in his search and more careful in accusing others of wrong-doing.

ERNEST HARDY.

"Science and the Future Life." By James H. Hyslop. Is one of the most valuable acquisition to the literature of Modern Spiritualism that has appeared of late years. It is scientific in its method, profound in its logic, and above all sympathetic to the truth whatever it may be and wherever it may be found. Price, cloth, \$1.50. 10 cents postage extra.

Surging Ahead!

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is Surging Ahead! Its weekly receipts are large, and it was never in a more favorable financial condition than at present. It has been crowned with sixteen years of unparalleled prosperity. It is the Head Light of a Pure Spiritualism and Honest Mediumship! It is the STANDARD BEARER OF TRUTH. Its editor is in close touch with the spirit world, and the higher denizens thereof are in harmony with its work. It is a breezy paper, a stirring paper, a paper that makes vibrations wherever it goes, a paper that is never in the rut, never standing still, but ever on the ascending plane; ever dispensing the higher thought. When one important movement ends another opens, and its readers ask, "What next?" Yes, what next? It will come like a meteor, and will, perhaps, dazzle you with a meteoric display. LOOK OUT FOR THE "SPECIAL THOUGHT CHANNEL!" It will astonish you as never before! It will be educational. It will give your mind new vibrations. It will teach you something of the mysteries of the Dark Cabinet, and show some of the rank deception carried on there in the name of "Spirit Return," one of the grandest truths that ever came to the world.

WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS.

Trenchant Remarks by That Prince of Orators, Colonel Ingersoll.

I had the power to produce exactly what I want for next Christmas, I would have all the kings and emperors resign and allow the people to govern themselves.

I would have all the nobility drop their titles and give their lands back to the people.

I would have the Pope throw away his tiara, take off his sacred vestments, and admit that he is not acting for God—is not infallible—but is just an ordinary Italian.

I would have all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests and clergymen admit they know nothing about theology, nothing about hell or heaven, nothing about the destiny of the human race, nothing about devils or ghosts, gods or angels.

I would have them tell all their "flocks" to think for themselves, to be manly men and womanly women, and to do all in their power to increase the sum of human happiness.

I would have all the professors in colleges, all the teachers in schools of every kind, including those in Sunday schools, agree that they would teach only what they know, that they would not palm off guesses as demonstrated truths.

I would like to see all the politicians changed to statesmen, and men who make their country great and free—to men who care more for public good than private gain—men who long to be of use.

I would like to see all the editors of papers and magazines agree to print the truth and nothing but the truth, to avoid all slander and misrepresentation, and to let the private affairs of the people alone.

I would like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good and prohibition both abolished.

I would like to see corporal punishment done away with in every home, in every school, in every asylum, reformatory, and prison. Cruelty hardens and degrades, kindness reforms and ennobles.

I would like to see the millionaires unite and form a trust for the public good and profits between capital and labor, so that the toiler could save enough to mingle a little June with the December of his life.

Are Thoughts Things?

A Lecture Delivered by Capt. L. W. Billingsley, Attorney, before the New Psychology Club, Lincoln, Neb.

"There is an unseen world and invisible currents of thought and astral realities full of bright and beautiful things. The time will come with enlightenment, when many will have faith in the existence of these things, and faith in the simple means of attracting them, when they will fix their thoughts persistently on the bright side of life, and will cease to look upon the shady side. By our thoughts we can make our own heaven and hell."

The character and quality of one's thoughts experience a change by every person they associate with. In thought elements you are a different man each day, caused by the suggestions, information, experiences, material and other environments that come to you each day. Each thing grafts on a quality or shade of thought. Thoughts all spring from and rest in consciousness. A dead man has no thoughts because consciousness has departed. Thoughts have spiritual chemicals that have attractive or repulsive; positive and negative affinities and combinations. If your associations are with evil-minded persons, then you attract that kind of elemental mind stuff, and through thought chemicalization with their's, you too will become weighted down with their vicious thoughts.

THOUGHTS SHALL BE AS VARIED AS YOUR FOOD.

The old aphorism, "evil communications corrupt good manners" is founded on truth. If our associates are pure, refined and intellectual, then we grow in the same mental qualities. Let a refined, pure woman come into the company of the degraded and all pass to a respectful recognition, with vice put in the background. Whatever weakens the mind weakens the body and enervates the power of thought. Many noble souls, through constant contact with spirits saturated with gross, lower natures are physically and mentally sick thereby. Innumerable people lose vigor of body and decay because they continually think over and over daily the same round of thoughts. Your thoughts should be varied as your food, otherwise you will have much unrest, uneasiness and other forms of bodily disease.

Thought is as much food for your spirit, as bread is food for your body. One of the great causes of senility is looking back and dwelling on things of the past. To keep fresh, hopeful, buoyant and optimistic is to live resolutely in the eternal now, and not keep looking back. Some dried up mentally and physically old men, and women, are ever looking back into the past, and talking of what occurred years long ago—and measuring up things by the decayed and warped mental yardstick of the past.

HAPPINESS IS ALL A MATTER OF THOUGHT.

"I die daily," says Paul, by which we may infer that the thought of yesterday is dead today, and thrown aside like a worn-out coat. We cast off old thoughts from our minds, and millions of old cells each day from our bodies. Happiness is all a matter of thought. Some can be happy in a dungeon, while others will be miserable in a palace. All impure thoughts are harmful to one physically, mentally and spiritually; they are rubbish, garbage, rags and carion around the mental premises. Some men at times have given expression to lofty sentiments like Robespierre and Mirabeau—yet most of the time were the entities of inordinate passions, defects and vices. They often soared to sublime heights, yet their known lives were low, groveling and coarse. All intellect abounding in richness of thought and visions of grandeur and beauty of life's possibilities, give expression to thoughts that harmonize with their plane of life. Take a man like Emerson, Beecher, Gladstone, Talma and others whose spirits were exalted with great thoughts; they had to give to the world those thoughts in profusion. They lived in a thought atmosphere far above the ordinary level. They were ever and anon inspired by their thoughts. They all possessed what we call "magnetic influence"—that secret, intangible, invisible attraction that one person has for others. Poets, artists, sculptors and orators work under such thought inspiration. We find the same secret attraction working in the world of business, and of all grades from the highest to the lowest.

THOUGHT FORMS OF STRENGTH HAVE BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED.

We are all parts of a great whole in the mental world but we live on different levels. We live in an ocean of thought forms, thought elements and thought stuff—from very crude material to strong and beautiful thought forms. Thought forms of strength have been photographed repeatedly on delicate plates as easily as the X-rays and N-rays are used. Scientific journals have in the last few years given well authenticated accounts of many such phenomena. This has been done in Paris, Washington and San Francisco. These pictures have been taken in this wise: A person, say of strong concentrating mental powers, takes a seat to be photographed—he makes in his mind an image, say of three friends, one on his right, one on his left and one

behind him—when the group is well fixed in his mind, the signal is given, then the photograph takes the impression—the person and his three thought-imaged friends, are distinctly taken in a group. This demonstrates that thoughts are things, though invisible and intangible to mortal eye or touch. What that substance is that makes up thought, no one knows, any more than one knows what composes electricity, force, gravitation, attraction, magnetism and many other things in nature. We see the phenomena and manifestations in innumerable ways. We simply go up against the impenetrable wall of the unknown—we will not say unknowable, as agnostics say; for sometime man may penetrate the mystery and know the essence of some of these things. It is not wise to put a limitation on man's tireless investigations and researches. Thousands of minds every hour are sounding and dragging the depths of the unknown—from time to time treasures of knowledge are brought up and made manifest to humanity.

WITH SOME, IDEAS ARE ORGANIC.

They are creators as well as absorbers of thought. Such persons try to live up to their highest ideals, and in the greatest variety of life and occupation. When one has such inspiration and mission in life he feels an urgent necessity of bringing to himself all that is best in the universe that he is able to appropriate. He absorbs of spirit all about him. He weaves into his spiritual fibre, and gives it out again, colored with his individuality. The flames in a series of lamps may be of the same character and color—but we have lights of as different colors as there are globes stained of different colors. So in a series of individualized persons, though each is fed of the same spirit, yet each reflects a peculiar light of his own.

"We can be creative and original as we absorb of any thought and make its expression original." We can assimilate thoughts of others with our own. This is as it were an actual chemical operation of unseen element. There is a combination of other thoughts with your own resulting in the formation of a new element. The more unselfish and purer your own thought and motive, the greater the rapidity of such combination, and the more original and striking your thoughts. By such means are many thoughts born in you.

THE MAN STEEPED IN SELFISHNESS.

The qualities of justice, unselfishness and other high ideals, are themselves elements and scientific factors in such birth. The man who is steeped in selfishness and greed does not hesitate to steal the ideas of others bodily. He knowingly appropriates the thoughts of others, without crediting them to their rightful owner, or with any credit. He is a mental poacher from the thought estate of his superiors. But the time will come when he will find himself in a desert place, with no chance to appropriate; dependent entirely on his own resources; then he will find himself poor and crippled in mentality; because the bad habit he formed, has dwarfed his faculties and made him helpless by habitually appropriating the property of others and branding it as his own—though he only has mental mavericks.

No matter how high or useful the thoughts of others may be, yet the continual absorption of predigested ideas, begets a habit and desire that is enervating to the mind. The mind that is organized, balanced and harmonious, is daily increasing its output of originality. It does this by seeing and participating in many shades and kinds of life, with pure motives, from cooking to computing the movement of planets. To have our conceptions characterized by great originality, we need to mingle with many kinds of people in all manner of employment and professions, as well as with the idle, poor and rich. If all your ideas are borrowed or stolen from others, then you will be a mental patchwork, but if thoughts taken from others are assimilated with your own, and with your own individuality, then you may form a beautiful and useful mental mosaic.

ORIGIN AND SOURCE OF THOUGHT.

Very few people outside of the students of psychology have concerned themselves as to the origin and source of thought. When we come into the world we find after a very short time that a child has a great store house of ready made thoughts which have been, and are called "innate ideas." These are conceptions brought into the world and form what is called the individuality. So we have this stock of mentality on hand, which readily unfolds and gives outer manifestations. But no one has as yet given the real beginning of thought. It belongs to consciousness,

to the life side, whereas the mental and physical bodies belong to the matter side, and are transitory. The mind is simply the instrument of mind that knows or gets knowledge. We gain much knowledge of mind by watching an infant. It has sensations in response to feelings of pain or pleasure, that precede any indication of intelligence. That is, it has vague sensations that precede definite cognitions. Through our adult mentality we are ever drawing mind stuff beneficial or injurious—pleasant or agreeable.

There is a state of mind that strongly tends, if permanently kept to draw to you health, wealth and prosperity as well as happiness.

IT IS A MENTAL ATTITUDE

that is ever calm, serene, determined, persistent, self-composed, self-reliant but on some purpose bent, whose aim is lasting good, first to yourself, next to others. There is another attitude of mind, of worry, fear and suspicion that will drive prosperity, health and happiness from you. Calm demand will bring all good things in time. Impatient demand will drive them away. Whatever you persistently think, you make. If you only think a thing for a second, you make it an unseen reality for a second. If you think of a thing for minutes, hours, days, months and years, you will in some way bring that reality to you in the physical world.

WHATEVER YOU THINK OF YOU ATTRACT

its like from the unseen current of realities. If a person thinks of any form of crime, that person will attract and draw to himself criminal realities from the unseen side of life. Persons who read from their daily papers accounts of murders, scandals, burglaries, wars and accidents by land and sea, are attracting to themselves unseen thought elements of the same character. "If you take a delight in reading of acts of burglars and thieves, you are the more likely to have burglars and thieves about you at your residence, because you are in the same kind of current of thought as that kind of people." If you think only a few seconds of something pleasant, agreeable, cheerful and beautiful, you set in motion a force to bring some of this pleasure to you. "The longer you fix your mind upon a thing, be it good or evil, the more you make it an unseen reality."

Many people you know only think of what they will eat, wear, pleasure trips, how they will be housed, with furnishings and entertainments—they have no great purpose in view, either for the betterment of humanity, or their own intellectual or spiritual advancement; they drift along in that way from day to day, week to week, and year to year. In that mode of life, their mental forces pull a little while on one thing, then pull a little on the next whim, fancy and caprice and abandon it. They remind you of a boat loosely moored, knocking against shore rocks. Such people accomplish very little in life, and are generally well stocked with worry and ill health, as their intellectual diet consists of petty sensations, small gossip and newspaper trash, gathered from yellow journalism. Such people are fond of the drama depicting violence or emotional torture. A vast amount of spiritual and mental force is in this manner expended and evil thought elements drawn to them which if expended in some useful and unselfish thought channel would bring them power, health and happiness.

INVISIBLE CURRENTS OF THOUGHT

There is an unseen world and invisible currents of thought and astral realities full of bright and beautiful things. The time will come with enlightenment, when many will have faith in the existence of these things, and faith in the simple means of attracting them, when they will fix their thoughts persistently on the bright side of life, and will cease to look upon the shady side. By our thoughts we can make our own heaven or hell. Constant contact with crime or misery of any kind, so that one's thoughts dwell on it much, will in time bring injurious mental and physical conditions; be it as jailor, keeper of insane, or feeder of paupers, the depressing and deplorable thought currents of the inmates in time drag down all, somewhat in that zone of mentality. Nurses and doctors who continually have thoughts on sickness, will have sickness of their own. Earnest students of the disease of insanity often go insane. Millions of minds that dwell intently in the thought currents of sickness, pain, misery, crime, worry and poverty, never fail to feel the injurious effect of such thought environments. It is every one's duty to bar out, as far as possible, all book, newspaper, conversation and sight suggestions of horror, evil and misery in life, and live in bright, hopeful and optimistic thought currents for they make deep impressions on body, mind and spirit.

THOUGHT AND THOUGHT ELEMENTS.

"The influence of thought and thought elements is far reaching in many ways, even in matters that appear trivial to us." Do not forget the trite aphorism of the wise seer and magician, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." You lose power by engaging with others in any conversation on a plane of motive and sentiment lower than your own, such as tattling, sarcasm, fault finding, fretting, scolding, gossip, slander, gossip and unwarranted inquiry into the affairs of others. All shades of jealousy, malice, envy, hate and anger are hurtful to both mind and body. These things if persisted in will bring you into the world of ill health and failure. Your possibilities of excellent health and success in your affairs are ever in the ascendant in the best thought currents, where the vibrations are harmonious and stimulating. It never pays to be much in the company of despondent, reckless and purposeless people, for unless you are on your guard you will absorb their discouraged, undecided, purposeless thoughts. If you are necessarily thrown into such company, then before-hand you can put a thought shield about you by resolving intently for a moment that you will not absorb any of their thought. This psychological truth you should bear well in mind, if you give a great deal of your thought and sympathy to those who are in a thought world below you, if you make their troubles your troubles and their cares your cares, you lessen your drawing mind power and increase your enervating stock. For your faith optimism and faith with their lack of faith and pessimism. You cripple your courage and force with their despondent indecision.

ARE LITERALLY BUILDING OUR MINDS WITH THOUGHT.

We are literally building our minds with thought each day. If you constantly make use of the predigested thoughts of others, then you make of your mind a receptacle, and not a creator. If you constantly accept thoughts from outside instead of forming within; if you go through life with your purposes and desires created by the thoughts of others, then your mind will become congested with second hand creations and you will remain an undeveloped individual. It is only by persistent exercise of the mind faculties creatively, that the mind body can develop, and that the truly human evolution can proceed from life to life.

Review of Passing Events.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE, EDITOR-AT-LARGE, N. S. A.

Devils.

Troy, N. Y., has in Rev. Bane, a survivor of the old-time belief in demonic obsession. He has "wrong" Bible grounds therefore, and largely quotes the example of Jesus, whom he takes as a model for his exorcises. Rev. Bane is one of the positive, overbearing kind, who runs a mission in that city, receiving liberal donations because he labors for the poor. Lately he has received extensive advertising by the press, because he preached against ungodly ornaments and costly furnishings. His audiences, drawn from the lower classes, were not conspicuous for this "sin," but many were struck with conviction and showed their sincerity by throwing on the altar—that is giving to the preacher—what they had. Rings, brooches, etc., of gold and silver were given that when melted down gave a value of twenty-dollars, and hat ornaments of feathers, ribbons and fancy things were freely bestowed. One woman gave her sixteen-dollar mourning bonnet—worn for her husband—as too costly for one in her condition.

This giving has become a part of the conversion program. It is a revival of the ancient virtue of poverty and innate fullness of beauty of adornment.

But this is not the main theme of Revivalist Bane. He is a believer in demons, and in his own power to "cast them out." To a reporter he said:

"No one who believes the Scriptures can deny the fact that a person can be possessed by demons. I believe demons are all about us. I believe there are almost as many demons there as there are people in the world, and any observing person can see these possessed persons almost any day. I do not know as there is much literature on the subject. But I know that there are many who are suffering from this horrible possession or obsession, and I have had some remarkable experiences along that line."

Rev. Bane has not read some of the recently published books supposed to be endorsed by Spiritualists, or he would have found himself disappointed. What a refreshing book "Demonism of the Ages" would be to him! What nuts "The Great Psychological Crime!" He substantiates his belief by personal experience. The pastor of a Baptist church became ill, the doctor could not cure him, and he could not diagnose his case. As a last resort a conference of ministers was called.

In Rev. Bane's words: "Among these ministers was Father Raymond, a venerable Baptist clergyman. The conference over, the dying pastor was prepared for anything, which was to be done by Father Raymond. As soon as the pastor laid his hands on the minister's brow, the sick man's body began to contort. Father Raymond gazed on him for a moment, and then with a loud voice cried, 'I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of this man.' A fearful struggle ensued, and the sick man lay quiet, and soon after was about his work as usual. The sick man was possessed by a demon without doubt."

His crowning experience was with "seven devils." Seven is a mystical number. It is biblical.

"Last spring I was working with a band of religious workers. Suddenly there seemed to come a frightful change over the meetings. The services would go on smoothly without excitement, women would faint, men bark like dogs, some hiss like snakes, and others shout and scream like madmen. One of the workers was a girl, of finest religious character, a woman of strong principles, and a consecrated life; but one evening this girl also began to contort her body, to groan and cry, and finally to froth at the mouth. I became convinced that she was possessed by a demon, and I began to labor with her. Seven different times I commanded the evil spirit to come out from the girl, and seven times her body was convulsed by the egress of a demon. The fifth time, when the struggle was over, the demon entered again, and the girl was again possessed. A great strong fellow of the highest religious character. For two hours this man lay like a corpse, with a face of ashen hue, and if the demon had not been exorcised he would have lived but a short time. After the seventh struggle the girl was herself once more."

These demons, Rev. Bane says, are "supernatural spirits, who, finding persons susceptible to their influence, enter such persons and possess them."

It is singular that in all his examples of evil, Christian people who are "obsessed." The dear old Baptist minister and the girl of "finest religious character" are victims. Not an instance of anyone outside the church! It becomes an interesting subject of inquiry, what there is in religious character so inviting to demonic possession; What there is in revivals, that brings herds of demons, to make those who

seek salvation "bark like dogs," "hiss like snakes," and "shout and scream like madmen."

On the other hand, what keeps these demons away from gatherings of scientists, and liberal thinkers? Never do they obtrude in Spiritual conventions or Palmé celebrations, where it would be inferred they ought to be as plentiful as autumn leaves.

Jesus cast out devils and allowed them the delectable privilege of entering a herd of swine—with Bane they enter one of his "Christian workers." Would Rev. Bane have thought out his story, if he had not read of this miracle? How much the Bible is responsible for!

Rev. Bane before going into the business of casting out devils should have a herd of swine ready, and not allow the devils to steal a march on him, and make choice of a "Christian."

He is influenced by one evangelist who makes the number of devils seven, and hence contents himself with seven. Had he read the account of the other evangelists, he would have found that they were "legions," an indefinite number equal to the number of swine in the herd. Rev. Bane will have to try again before his story equals his model.

Felix Schelling—A Worthy Example. Felix Schelling is a noted musician and composer. Many of his compositions have met with remarkable success. He is a student in character, and all his life, of more than four score years, has lived and moved in an atmosphere above the affairs of ordinary men. After many years in this country, where he engaged in teaching and giving public entertainments, he returned to his early home in Switzerland, where he is enjoying his declining days, among the mountains which present to his fervent imagination their sublime beauties.

He read of the work the National Spiritualists Association was engaged in to assist needy mediums who had given more than they had received, and his sympathy was aroused. He had seen all his life, too earnest by his art to give time to making money and he found himself unable to give as he desired.

And now I come to the point which cannot otherwise than be regarded as a most delightful instance of filial love and duty. He wrote to his daughter in this country telling her what he desired, and she to gratify her father, though not identical with the cause, sent the five dollars he wished to contribute. Such a daughter is a treasure of whom a parent may be justly proud.

True, the donation is not large, but the sympathy and appreciation of the objects and aims of the Association are assured only by his earnest spirit. The gift of the five dollars, the money kings are dwarfed in comparison.

In a letter accompanying the gift, he speaks of his wonderful preservation and remarkable endurance with the bicycle. Last May at a great festival of the Bicycle Union of Italy, held at Milan, with an attendance of 14,000, he received a silver medal over a host of competitors.

Magnetic or Spiritual Healing.

Healing has been an acknowledged credential of the religious teacher since a thought of religion entered the mind of man. At the great and small religious systems present to our eyes, evidence of their divine source. To the Christian Scientist it is the sheet anchor of his faith. Christ was acknowledged as divine because he healed the sick.

Spiritualism is not an exception. In its early years, "healing mediums" were efficient in making converts. The seemingly miraculous cures by Dr. Newton made thousands of believers. Yet, and it is a remarkable fact, this phase of mediumship has received little attention from "researchers," and the Psychological Society has not investigated it. The thousands of magnetic healers, and those who heal by spirit power, have pursued their quiet way and no one has sought to record their manifestations or explain them. There are, probably, many fraudulent healers, but no one has sought to expose them, and the public cannot by any credentials know the genuine from the false.

Yet healing is among the most common forms of the manifestations and has been and is an important factor in ameliorating suffering and making converts. That it is not more generally recognized, is because it is usually developed in the home circle, and few make it a business. Whenever this is done there is usually waning or departure of the power. While it must be admitted that the laborer is worthy of his hire, the most successful results of magnetic healing must come through devotion to the object, pure, unselfish love which prompts desire to assist others, without a thought of pecuniary recompense.

Such a magnetic healer is Margaret Coe of Norwalk, Ohio. For more than twenty years she has been before the public as a healer. Quiet, unassuming, and refined, without the least touch of the positive, assertive manners supposed essential to the magnetist, she comes into the presence of the sick like a benediction. Wherever called by sickness she has attended and gave her best efforts to heal and save. The most indigent received the same attention as the wealthy. She never asks if she will be rewarded. Her reward is in the consciousness that she has alleviated the sufferings of others.

It would require a large volume to record even a part of the cures she has made during the twenty years. Some of these, by my personal knowledge, border on the miraculous. Setting no price on what she regarded as a gift too sacred to sell, we doubt if any one who has demanded fees has been better rewarded. Because of her helpfulness her patients have been generous, and although she gave all her time she has not suffered.

There is no distinction among those who employ her. Her clients are of all beliefs or of no belief, and there is not the least prejudice expressed by the doctors of the various schools, in her home city. Recently she has, at the request of prominent physicians established a quiet sanitarium where they can send their patients whose illness is complicated or critical for her care. She has gained this enviable position by the success of her practice. She has not advertised, and her name has never appeared before in a Spiritual paper. She is one of the army of workers who conscientiously do their duty, and shrink from the blazoning reporter.

Low Observatory, perched on Echo Mountain, California, he looks out through his mighty telescope across the abysses of space, and notes the revolution of the spheres. It is a sublime occupation and should more than any other spiritualize and uplift the mind.

Prof. Larkins, one of the most eminent astronomers of his time, gazes on the resplendent stellar systems, and seeing no footprint of the God of popular theology, refuses to see anything more than the conflict of forces. With an intellectual endowment equal to the understanding of the laws of the universe, he would believe that he is simply a wave thrown up by those forces, to sink again into the great current.

In an article in the English Mechanic of course written to please the mechanics of England, he attacks Spiritualism in a manner unique for a "scientist."

He says: "But another monster, so terrible that statesmen are beginning to tremble in its presence—Spiritualism—malignant hypnotism—is growing faster than any historic religion. Every town and city is infested with horrible mediums. Gold, in rapidly rolling streams, is flowing into their awful clutches. Our social state is being disturbed, while as yet the insane are being filled to the doors. This horror will disrupt this great nation; the government is powerless to wipe it out, because advantage is taken of that clause allowing freedom of religion."

It is not called for to make an argument against this frantic attack, which is, as every Spiritualist well knows, false, unjust and unworthy. Being written by any one calling himself a scientist, Science is calm, impartial, slow to admit and slow to condemn. It is not true that "statesmen tremble" in the presence of Spiritualism. Many of the greatest are Spiritualists. It is not true that "asylums for the insane are being filled to the doors" with Spiritualists.

It is not true that there is danger "that the horror will disrupt this great nation." The inference that this government desires to "wipe it out," but is restrained by the Constitution, is not true. There has been no demand made on the government to restrain Spiritualism.

Prof. Larkins writes for the information of foreign readers. What idea would they form from this paragraph which is a distilled poisonous libel, sent out to prejudice and harm a cause of which the writer, by his own words, knows nothing.

I admire Prof. Larkins, I am gratified to write his name on my list of friends. The more am I bewildered by this paragraph which seems to rant of insanity, and I doubtless question: Has the observer of Echo Mountain gazed and gazed until he has fallen under the malign influence of Satan or the Dog Star?

We regret that Prof. Larkins has thus expressed himself—regret not for the harm his publication may do the cause, but for himself. He may sometime investigate the phenomena, and if he does this honestly, he will have to change his views. It will not be pleasant for him to say: "That was all rot as I asserted in the days of my ignorance."

HUDSON TUTTLE, Editor-at-Large N. S. A.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

To the Editor:—"The Infant's Dream" I send you is not of my composition, but is very old. I am sure it when a little child, and I saw it when the advanced age of 69 years, so you see it would be some time to most of the children of to-day. I think the sentiment is fine. "The Infant's Dream" has a beautiful tune attached, and I would like to send that also, but don't just see how I can accomplish it.

MRS. SARAH E. TINKCOM, Franklinville, N. Y.

The Infant's Dream.

Oh, cradle me on thy knee, mamma, And sing in that holy strain, That soothed me last as you fondly pressed My glowing cheeks to your loving breast, For I saw a scepter when I slumbered last.

That I fain would see again. I fancied I roamed in a wood, mamma, And rested me under a tree. When near me a butterfly flitted with pride, And I chased it away through the forest so wide, But the night came on and I lost my guide, And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma, And I loudly called for thee. When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air, She flung back the curls of her golden hair, And she kissed me so sweetly, ere I was aware, Saying, Come, pretty babe, with me, My tears, and fears she soothed, mamma, And she led me far away, Till we entered a door of a very dark tomb.

And we passed through a long, long vault of gloom, And I opened my eyes in a land of bloom, And a sky of endless day. And heavenly forms were there, mamma, And beautiful angels bright. They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed, And wandering around me gazed and gazed, While angels I heard, and sunny robes I saw, All fair in that land of light.

Do you mind when Sister Jane, mamma, Lay dead not long ago, Oh, you gazed on that sad, but lovely sight, With a full flood of woe that you could not check, And your heart was so sore you wished it would break, But it lived and you still sobbed on.

But, oh, had you been with me, mamma, In the rounds of unknown care, And seen what I saw, you ne'er would have cried, Though they laid Sister Jane in the grave, when she died; For blessed was the blessed adorned like a bride, And sweet sister Jane was there. Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma, And dream as I dreamed before, For sweet was my slumber and sound was my rest, When my soul in the mansions of light was blest, And the world I would give, if the world I possessed, Again that land to see.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results," by J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Bar. An absorbingly interesting volume, of decided value. A narrative of wonderful psychical events in the author's experience. Cloth, 560 pages, illustrated, \$1.25.

Prof. Edgar L. Larkins Hits Out With His Silalah.

Prof. Larkins is the observer of the

REMARKABLE INVENTION

AN INSTRUMENT THAT RE-STORES EYESIGHT.

Spectacles Can Be Abandoned. This instrument is in the form of a pocket battery, which the inventors have patented and which they call "Actina," a word which is its trade mark and owned by them.

In the treatment of eye diseases the inventors of "Actina" claim that there is no need for cutting or drugging the eye for any form of disease, cataracts, pterygiums and other abnormal growths can be removed and weakened vision restored by the new and more humane method. If this is a fact, there will be no need to go blind or to wear spectacles. "Actina" has been tested in hundreds of cases and has effected marvelous cures. So confident are the inventors that this device is an article of great merit that they give an absolutely free trial. They want every eye interested to make a thorough investigation and a personal test of the "Actina." As it is sent on trial postpaid, any person can give it this test.

They issue a book of 100 pages—a complete dictionary of diseases—which tells all about "Actina," the diseases it will cure, and others think of it, what marvelous cures it has effected, and all about the responsibility of its owners, and it is sent absolutely free upon request. This book should be in the library of every family. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 342, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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NOTICE!

The Woolly Sanatorium, the only institution in the United States where the Optium, Codine and Whisky intake can be cured without exposure, and with no special case for the patient. Only 30 days in the cure required. Describe your case and I will write you an opinion as to what treatment you should receive. Write your physician to investigate. Dr. B. M. Woolley, 106 N. Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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The above is the number of the present issue of The Progressive Thinker, as printed at the top of the first page, right-hand corner. If this number corresponds with the figures on your wrapper, then the time you have paid for has expired, and you are requested to renew your subscription. This number at the right hand corner of the first page is advanced each week, showing the number of Progressive Thinkers issued up to date. Keep watch of the number on the tag of your wrapper.

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They are our own publications. They are neatly and substantially bound in cloth. No other publishing house in the United States can show them in the mechanical work—binding, printing and paper.

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And lastly, our latest premium book, "Letters from the Spirit World," written through the mediumship of that remarkable medium, Carlisle Peterson. All these TWELVE PREMIUM BOOKS are furnished to our subscribers for \$3.75 (postage prepaid)—a price never before known in ancient or modern times. Read over our premium list and then send us the price of a year's subscription. They will constitute a personal fountain of knowledge for you and your family—an achievement only accomplished by the Progressive Thinker—a miracle in modern business enterprise!

BEAR IN MIND when ordering Premium Books, that you must always accompany the order with a year's subscription for The Progressive Thinker.

Father Tom and the Pope.

Or a Night at the Vatican. Written probably by Sir Samuel Ferguson. From Blackwood's Edinburgh Review. It is a humorous account of a roguish visit to the "Pop of Rome" by Father Tom, an Irish priest, armed with a superabundance of Irish wit, two imperial quart bottles of Irish "potent," and an Irish recipe for "concocting" the same. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to brevity. It is requested that questions be clearly stated, and that the answers be given in a concise manner, so that they may be of service to all. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the name is made, the name will be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give what ever information I am able, the courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Frank L. Newman: Q. Will you give a list of the religious denominations in this country and the number of members belonging to each?

A. In 1898 the New York Independent published what it claimed to be an accurate list and estimate of membership. It was as follows:

| Denominations. | Members. |
|--|------------|
| Adventists, six bodies | 84,484 |
| Armenians, two bodies | 3,924 |
| Baptists, thirteen bodies | 4,364,427 |
| Brethren (Ritter) three bodies | 4,739 |
| Brethren (Plymouth) four bodies | 6,722 |
| Catholics, four bodies | 8,395,178 |
| Catholics, Apostolic | 1,491 |
| Chinese Temples | 1,277 |
| Christadelphians | 124,398 |
| Christians, two bodies | 14,000 |
| Christian Catholics, Devotee | 754 |
| Christian Missionary Ass'n. | 18,214 |
| Christian Union | 38,000 |
| Church of God (Winnebren- sian) | 384 |
| Church Triumphant (Schwein- furth) | 6,720 |
| Church of New Jerusalem | 3,930 |
| Communistical Societies, six bod- ies | 625,861 |
| Congregationalists | 1,085,616 |
| Disciples of Christ | 109,184 |
| Dunkards, four bodies | 117,904 |
| Evangelical, two bodies | 118,626 |
| Friends, four bodies | 340 |
| Friends of the Temple | 35,000 |
| German Evangelical Protest- ant | 199,234 |
| German Evangelical Synod | 48,030 |
| Greek Church, two bodies | 1,200,000 |
| Jews | 340,639 |
| Latter Day Saints, two bodies | 1,626,552 |
| Lutherans, twenty-nine bodies | 55,318 |
| Mennonites, twelve bodies | 20,000 |
| Waldensians | 14,653 |
| Methodists, seventeen bodies | 5,898,084 |
| Moravians | 1,642,401 |
| Presbyterians, thirty bodies | 689,347 |
| Protestant Episcopal, two bod- ies | 370,277 |
| Reformed, three bodies | 40,000 |
| Salvationists | 306 |
| Schwenkfeldians | 913 |
| Social Brethren | 45,039 |
| Society for Ethical Culture | 3,000 |
| Spiritualists | 285,940 |
| Theosophical Society | 75,000 |
| Unitarians, three bodies | 48,856 |
| Universalists | 2,000 |
| Volunteers | 14,126 |
| Independent Congregations | 27,714,523 |

Total in the United States... 27,714,523

To this list probably sixty, more or less, new denominations have been started by restless, ambitious and selfish innovators since the publication of a single Bible text, or different interpretation, is sufficient to the sprouting of a new branch from the old theological stem. When a tree is diseased and dying, it is noticeable that new growths rapidly appear, sprouting spring up at the roots and suckers grow from the limbs. There is the appearance of vigorous growth, but it is only apparent. The roots are dead.

The membership of these denominations are, of course, only estimates, and in many instances are far from correct. Thus the Catholics which lead by eight millions, are nearer twice that number. As is well known the Catholic population of this country is quite twelve millions, and every child born to a Catholic family is a Catholic. Nearly a million immigrants are yearly landed on our shores, nine-tenths of whom belong to that church.

The number of Spiritualists is taken from the census report, and how it was arrived at is one of the mysteries of census taking. It may mean only those enrolled in organizations, and even then would be far less than the real number. An exceedingly small minority are members of associations.

Granting, however, the correctness of this statement that there are twenty-seven millions enrolled, of the eighty millions of the population, there remains fifty-three millions outside any form of sect, subject to conversion, and it would seem that the home field furnished the most profitable place for missionary effort.

J. W. Boyd: Q. For the second time I am devouring the Occult Life of Jesus of Nazareth, and now very much wish to know if there is any probability of the story being the truth, for that is the main thing I am after. Please answer through The Progressive Thinker. The story seems to me reasonable, and

Gifts for the Holidays.

From Soul to Soul. By Emma Rod Tuttle. To this collection of her spiritual poems is added four songs, with music by James G. Clark, which are published nowhere else except in sheet form. These are "Claribel," "The Unseen City," "We Shall Meet Our Friends in the Morning," "The World is Growing Good." 222 pages. Price \$1. Asphodel Blossoms: Poems and Stories, by Emma Rod Tuttle. These volumes are attractively printed and bound, making them especially desirable for presentation. Price \$1.

Arcana of Spiritualism: A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy. Price \$1. The Morris Pratt Institute has adopted the last as a text-book on the subject.

For the holidays, all the above, with Mediumship, Its Laws and Cultivation—answering the question, "How Shall I Become a Medium?" will be mailed, postage paid, for \$3. Address HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The Light Among the Hills.

A Charming and Interesting Narrative.

Most Beautifully Suggestive is "The Light Among the Hills," by Mrs. I. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vt. It is a narrative founded on facts alone, and every Spiritualist should read it.

(Continued from No. 838.)

The seventeenth of April was the day fixed for the end of the world, and as the time drew near Mr. Smith talked of little else from morning until night. I asked Aunt Ann if she thought he really believed it.

"I believe he thinks he believes it, but that he has really thought how terrible such a belief is, I do not believe," she replied.

"This delusion will have to have its end. This delusion will have to have its end, like a fever or any similar disease, and after it is over there will come a reaction and then it may be possible to show him how narrow, cruel and unjust his present belief is. A great many of the foolish, reckless and unreasonable actions and beliefs indulged in by mortals are traceable to the law of reaction, and I am wondering what opposite extreme Mr. Smith will run to."

The victim had the hardest time of any of us, for she was afraid her father might be right. She would start and tremble at every unusual sound, or if anyone made a sudden exclamation of fear or surprise. She would scream with terror in her sleep, dreaming that the world was enveloped in flames. We all pitied the poor girl and tried to keep her mind upon other subjects as much as possible, but the terror seemed to be ever lurking near even in her happiest moments.

One day I told the victim about you, Martha, and the experience you had when your brother was a baby, and the knowledge that the time had been set for a final conflagration several times before and passed without so much as a wrinkle appearing on the sky, seemed to comfort her more than anything else.

The 17th of April was a beautiful day. All nature thrilled with life and happiness, and it was a real joy to live and work. Toward evening it grew unusually warm for the time of year, and great billows of masses of clouds golden-edged rolled majestically across the western sky. Aunt Ann, who is very sensitive to Nature's moods and tenses, said to me when we were putting away the supper dishes, "If we do not get a thunder storm before morning I shall be greatly mistaken." A little later John came in and made the same remark.

After the day's work was done Mr. Smith, dressed in a new suit of clothes, walked into the sitting-room where we were all gathered. He wore a high and mighty look, and there was an unusual glitter in his restless black eyes. The victim looked at her parent and her face quivered, "O father, where are you going?" she asked excitedly.

"To the room our friends allotted me, there, to await the coming of my glorious king," was the swift reply.

The man gazed at his daughter attentively for a moment, but his face did not soften, then turning to us he said, "My friends, mercy lingers even at this late hour, and whoever will may enter the Ark and be saved. O, my friends, I implore you to accept salvation now, without a moment's delay, that a few hours hence you may welcome your Lord with joy, otherwise you will call upon the rocks and mountains to hide you from his presence."

Something in the deep, solemn tones of the speaker sent a thrill through me, and I, for the first time, comprehended how a person thrown into an element of religious excitement might be led to accept something entirely contrary to his knowledge and judgment. We were

more than probable. But to depend on its being the truth, or not, is what is puzzling me, as well as hundreds of others.

A. Regarded as a work of pure fiction, "The Occult Life of Jesus" would be regarded, if on any other theme, one of the most remarkable literary productions. There are in the spirit world many great masters of this style of writing, and it cannot be denied that possibly this "Occult Life" is their work. And again it may be true in every line, and yet as a history have no authority. History rests on evidence, and the records of the times, and these records must agree, or the historian is compelled to compare and accept the most probable.

Thus if a manuscript was found for which was claimed an antiquity of 2,000 years, which gave a story covering a period presented by other historians, conflicting in essential points, and without corroborative evidence of any writer of the times, critics would at once declare it unauthoritative.

"The Occult Life" always runs along the line of probability. It gives no indication that it is impossible. It may have been written by spirits having direct knowledge, and yet it cannot be quoted as authority.

Jacob Fulmer: Q. Is sugar a healthful article of diet? Is it not poisonous from methods of refining?

A. Pure sugar is a concentrated food, and in large quantities might be productive of indigestion. As generally used it is the least objectionable of the pure foods. Practically, refined sugar, whether from corn or beet, is pure. In the refining process, the impurities are all extracted, the last being separated by filtration. No harmful chemical is used in working the juice at any point. The raw or unrefined sugars have more or less impurities but none harmful.

Glucose which is substituted for sugar in many processes, especially in candies, often carries with it traces of sulphuric acid, used in its conversion from the starch in corn, and it seems difficult to free it from this small part, which makes it poisonous. Other sugars are a food, one stage nearer being digested than sugar.

all silent, and seeing he was to meet with no response from us he turned to his child and said, "Scripture saith come ye out from among them, and be ye separate." It is the last call of mercy that fingers for thee; wilt thou come with me, daughter?

"Come," he added in a commanding voice.

"Oh, I can't—I can't," wailed the victim.

"Let the child alone," said Aunt Jane, angrily. "I guess if the Lord wants her he can find her where she is."

As the bedroom door closed behind the man we heard him exclaim, "Deserted by my own, forsaken and alone—O, God, I come to thee!"

I was much disturbed and I saw another and Mr. Dale, who had just come in, shared my feelings, and as for the victim, she had thrown herself upon the lounge and was sobbing violently.

"We must lead our own lives, and learn our own lessons," said Aunt Ann calmly. "Do not be disturbed, this will soon be over."

"If the Day of Judgment was come, I want to be found doing the work that would need doing most if it was some other day," said John, and he went to his desk and began to take down papers and account books.

"O, wisdom, thy name is John," said Aunt Ann, laughing, "and I follow thy example, and she produced the basket of mending. Mother got some skeins of yarn and gave them to me and said with a smile, 'Mr. Dale, will help you wind them, and in a few minutes we all were as busy as could be. Even the victim partially forgot her terror while learning how to darn her own stockings."

Toward midnight the air grew so hot and close mother opened a window, and shortly after, Aunt Jane exclaimed, "What's that?"

I looked up in season to see an odd looking white object glide past the open window.

"Night-birds flying by, most likely," said Aunt Ann.

"More likely its ghosts," said Aunt Jane stoutly then she started and flushed. She had forgotten herself.

Aunt Jane spoke quietly: "I make it a rule never to place any occurrence among the so-called supernatural unless I am sure it belongs there. A great many honest and well-meaning persons show a deplorable tendency to accept everything which they cannot easily account for as spiritual manifestations because they have been forced to accept some things as such."

"And their credulity has done much toward encouraging fraud, and disgusting honest people generally," said Mr. Dale.

At that moment Pete, who had been lying asleep by the stove suddenly sprang to his feet, bristled for a moment and then with a most unearthly howl leaped for John, nearly upsetting him.

"Something is in the wind or Pete would not act like that, for he certainly is not afraid of man or beast," said John, as he stroked the head of the trembling dog.

Shortly after, Mr. Smith appeared among us, looking wild-eyed and haggard.

"Look!" exclaimed Mr. Dale, and he pointed to a peculiar shadow lying upon the bare floor where the lamp-light was shining brightly. We all knew there had been no shadow there a few minutes before, and none of us had changed our position, besides it was a very black, strange-looking shadow, looking like nothing any of us had ever seen before.

Speaking about it afterward we all agreed that however ridiculous the idea might seem to others, that mysterious shadow lying there upon the floor tried our nerves more than anything else of an occult nature that ever came to us.

"What can it be?" asked mother, and her voice sounded strangely.

"Coming events, perhaps," said John. "It is the last sign before his coming," said our prophet solemnly, and he pointed his long bony forefinger at the clock, which told us it wanted but a moment of midnight.

"This clock may be a little slow," said John, but the words were barely spoken when there came a gust of cold air rushing into the room, extinguishing the light instantly.

John stumbled toward the window to close it. The room filled with a blaze of lightning followed by a heavy crash.

For one wild instant I thought Mr. Smith was right. Both mother and I clutched Mr. Dale, who put a protecting arm about each of us. The victim threw her arms around Aunt Jane and shrieked wildly with terror, but the most marked effect was produced upon Mr. Smith.

Instead of welcoming his Lord with a shout of joy as he had always told us he would, he shrieked: "He has come, he has come! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" Again the room filled with a sheet of flame, followed instantly by a terrific crash of thunder, which shook the house to its foundation.

The next day we found that the lightning struck a tall tree but a little way from the house, but we did not know it at the time.

Down on his knees went Father Abraham: "O Lord, let it pass for this time; O, stay thy hand and spare thy servant for this once. Be merciful to thy child, O Lord, and withhold thy wrath."

We heard him cry, for his voice rose above the roar of the elements.

At last John succeeded in re-lighting the lamp; he then went to Mr. Smith and laid a firm hand upon his arm and said cheerily, "Come, come, man, brace up—this is only a thunder shower and we have already seen the worst of it."

Mr. Smith staggered at his feet and after gazing about him for a moment went to his room without a word. He arose and went about his work as usual the next morning, but our most earnest persuasions failed to get him to touch food or enter the house during the entire day.

"I wish I could know what is being evolved in Father Abraham's mind to-day," said Aunt Ann to me. "I have made human nature my chief study for forty years, but it still remains an unsolved riddle, and yet the solution lies within myself."

Quite late in the evening Mr. Smith came in and asked mother for some food which she gladly gave him. After he had eaten he came into the sitting-room with his hat in one hand and a fair-sized bundle in the other. He looked about wistfully and asked "Where is my daughter?"

"She is in bed and sound asleep," I replied.

"It is well with the maid—disturb her not," and he drew a long breath. Then looking about the little family group, he said haltingly, "My friends, it has come to my knowledge this day that over yonder hill a family is dangerously ill with that dread disease small-pox, and God has revealed to me his servant that it is my duty to go and minister unto them. The town has tried in vain to furnish them with a nurse and they are suffering and dying alone. I have not many more years to live. I look back over a wasted life. I will give what is left of it to these young people who are so sorely smitten and who through my aid may perchance live and do what I have failed to do. The Master has said that whoever loses his life for his sake shall find it, and it may be that the life now given to him I shall sometime, somewhere find and having found it may never have farther cause to grieve over past mistakes."

"This day, while I labored in the field, I heard my mother's voice call, 'Abraham, my son, even as she used to call in days long past. Looking up I beheld a glorious vision of her who bore me, and for one brief instant looked upon her face, and then the clouds that enveloped her concealed her from my sight. What this vision may mean I know not, but all the year has gone from me. I am a poor ignorant creature, but such as I am I give myself to my fellow creatures in the Master's name. Cousin Jane, I will give my child to you, and I pray God that she may prove a strength and comfort to you in your old age, and however you deal with her I know she will no more be the victim of a haunting terror."

"As for you, my other friends, I thank you for the kindness and patience you have given me, and I know you will always think kindly of me. You will behold my face no more—good-bye."

We women were all crying when he finished speaking, and John sat staring fixedly at the door, and the man had passed out into the darkness before we fully realized it.

John was the first to recover. He rushed out into the road and called, and so did Aunt Jane and mother, but Mr. Smith paid no heed, and so he passed out of our lives into the darkness of that April night a gray, gaunt, solitary figure trudging bravely on over field and hill on his errand of mercy.

They said he met his death without a sign of fear, and we trust that the mother who was so faithful to him has claimed her son and led him into joy and peace.

Your letter saying that Aunt Laura is ready to come to us has just arrived, and as John will go after her to-morrow, I will send this letter by him.

Lovingly yours,
MARAH WESTON.

Spruce Grove Farm.

My Dear Marah:—A few mornings after your brother left us, the food having subsided, mother got up looking ill. She had a burning spot upon each cheek and a vacant look in her eyes, and moved about in a wholly preoccupied way. She did not complain as usual, only when she was not feeling well, so I watched her and said nothing. I noticed she would pick up her Bible every few minutes and read a few words, after which she would stare into vacancy for a while.

I had to drive to town that day and when I got home about dark father said to me: "I don't see what ails your mother, but she has got so queer under queer. She put some salt into the teapot to-night and went down cellar to get some butter and brought up the wash tub instead."

The next day things were no better, and after mother had carried the tea-kettle to the table in place of a flat-iron, I went and put my arms around her and begged her to tell me what was troubling her. After a good deal of coaxing on my part and a good many tears on hers, she finally disclosed her secret. It seems that while lying awake in the night she had seen her sister Susan and her brother James standing beside the bed looking at her.

"The moon was shining so bright I could see real plain," she said, "and I saw 'em just as plain as I would have seen you and Charlie. I know I wasn't asleep, for I was thinkin' how your old blue dress could be fixed over to look most as good as new, and as I wasn't thinkin' of 'em it warn't my imagination that made 'em there and—and I feel dreadfully queer about it."

The next day Aunt Laura came, and to my great surprise and delight Mrs. Austin was with her. Mrs. Austin did not intend to stay but a few hours, but I coaxed her to stay over the next day which was Sunday—her first unengaged Sunday for nearly a year, she told me. She went with me to Mrs. Lee's in the afternoon and took my place as speaker and medium, and it did seem good to sit in the audience and listen. She is just grand, Marah, and so kind and lovable that everyone is attracted to her. I do hope I may some day get up where she is, even if I have to make my way through years of trial and pain.

When Mrs. Austin was giving the messages she told me that an elderly man stood beside me, and she described Uncle Ezra accurately. She said he gave me this message: "A candle will give just as much light in a tin candle stick as in any other, but keep the tin bright and shiny."

It was Uncle Ezra, and no mistake and how glad I was, not only to hear from him, but to know that he came so closely into my life that he knew what I had never told anyone; that I was troubled and annoyed because of the poverty-stricken appearance of the only room where I can receive those who seek me regarding spiritual matters.

When we got home from meeting, we found father had cut himself badly while splitting kindling wood, so I must take his place at house and barn again. Late in the evening mother was taken very ill and Mrs. Austin stayed three days and took almost the entire care of her. After she had gone away I heard mother say to father, "That Mrs. Austin is a real good woman. I liked her first rate."

"She is a Spiritualist," said father, and there was a ring of triumph in his tone.

Mother hesitated for a moment, and then said stoutly, "I didn't know it, but I don't care if she is—she's a good woman anyway."

"You would find good in 'em all if you knew 'em," said father.

Mother is about the house now and calls herself well, but she has changed much. I never saw her so quiet and patient before. I have a feeling that something is going to happen. There is ever with me an invisible presence, not an individual but—Something. I believe the day is coming when I shall be able to translate such feelings as easily as I now read this writing, but at present I am groping.

Aunt Laura and I are having a nice time together just as we always do. Mother said to me to-day, "It seems to me you ought to belong to your Aunt Laura—you're a good deal more like her than you are like me." Aunt Laura and I have known this to be a fact for a good many years.

Well, your brother has come and gone, and Aunt Laura with him, but that invisible something still remains. It seems each day to grow more and more tangible, but yet I cannot define it. I thought I would finish this letter and send it over by Mr. Wilder, but for some reason I could not. Mr. Wilder and I went to Uncle Ezra's old place the afternoon he was here. The sun was low in the west when we reached the top of the hill and the windows of their little sitting room, now silent and empty, were a blaze of dazzling light.

As we went up the path to the front door Mr. Wilder exclaimed, "Why, there is someone in the house—see!" I looked up quickly and there at the window looking out at us stood Aunt Lydia. She had on her white cap and spectacles and her white collar with the deep lace, and looked just as she did when I bid her good-bye after her brother's funeral, only happier. I found the door locked and we waited for a minute or two and then hearing nothing I concluded that for some reason she had gone to the back door to meet us. We found the back door fastened upon the outside, and we stood regarding each other questioningly. I was greatly puzzled.

"I cannot understand it at all," I said, "it was certainly Aunt Lydia who stood at that window, and as she is still in the flesh she must be in this house somewhere. I cannot understand why she should be here, how she got into the house, nor why she should not come to greet us. There must be something wrong somewhere."

"I will open the door and we will go in and see if we can learn anything," said John—I mean Mr. Wilder. He removed the fastenings and threw open the door and we entered the kitchen. There was dust everywhere but not a trace of life. We opened the door into the sitting room and as we stepped in two mice scampered across the floor. Spiders had woven webs across the front door, also the door leading to the chamber. We looked at all the windows and found them fastened.

As we stood in the middle of the floor silent and perplexed, I heard Uncle Ezra's voice say, "I'm glad it's over; Marthy, child, be glad."

For some time after we silently waited and then made our way home through the early twilight. The next morning a neighbor called and informed us that Aunt Lydia had been found dead in her bed the morning before. Just think of it, Marah! and yet people will scoff and refuse to believe such things. I am very glad your brother was with me and saw Aunt Lydia as plainly as I did, but if forty persons had seen her, forty who had not, would refuse to believe.

(To be continued.)

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Mahomet the Illustrious. An apology for the life and character of this celebrated prophet of Arabia, containing 118 neatly printed pages. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq. Price, 25 cents.

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Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development. An every-day useful instructor in Psychic Science. By W. H. Bach. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Mollie Fancher, or the Brooklyn Enigma. Giving an account of the most marvelous case of spirit control on record. By Judge Abram Dailey. Price, \$1.50.

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Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake, or Circumstantial Evidence. By Hon. A. B. Richmond. Cloth bound. Price, 75 cents.

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Philip Carlisle. By Carlyle Petersilea. A romance, and full of spiritual thought. Price, \$1.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUBSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to brevity. It is to be regretted that the style becomes thereby ascriptive, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is so great that several weeks elapse before the space given, and hence there is an unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full names and addresses must be given, and letters will not be returned. If a letter is to 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 can, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUBSON TUTTLE.

Frank L. Newman: Q. Will you give a list of the religious denominations in this country and number of members belonging to each?

A. In 1898 the New York Independent published what it claimed to be an accurate list and estimate of membership. It was as follows:

| Denominations. | Members. |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Adventists, six bodies | 84,324 |
| Anglicans, two bodies | 1,924 |
| Baptists, thirteen bodies | 4,364,427 |
| Brethren (River) three bodies | 4,739 |
| Brethren (Plymouth) four bodies | 6,722 |
| Catholics, four bodies | 8,395,178 |
| Catholics, Apostolic | 1,491 |
| Chinese Temples | 1,277 |
| Christadelphians | 124,398 |
| Christian, two bodies | 14,000 |
| Christian Catholics, Dowie | 754 |
| Christian Missionary Ass'n. | 18,214 |
| Christian Union | 38,000 |
| Church of God (Winnemac) | 384 |
| Church of the Nazarene | 6,720 |
| Church of the Holy Spirit | 3,330 |
| Congregationalists | 1,085,616 |
| Disciples of Christ | 109,194 |
| Dunkards, four bodies | 117,804 |
| Evangelical, two bodies | 118,826 |
| Friends, four bodies | 3,400 |
| German Evangelical | 36,500 |
| German Evangelical Synod | 199,234 |
| Greek Church, two bodies | 48,030 |
| Jews | 1,200,000 |
| Latter Day Saints, two bodies | 340,639 |
| Lutherans, twenty-nine bodies | 1,626,552 |
| Mennonites, twelve bodies | 59,318 |
| Methodists, twenty bodies | 20,000 |
| Methodist, seventeen bodies | 5,898,094 |
| Moravians | 14,553 |
| Presbyterians, twelve bodies | 1,542,401 |
| Protestant Episcopal, two bodies | 689,347 |
| Reformed, three bodies | 370,277 |
| Salvationists | 40,000 |
| Schwenkfeldians | 306 |
| Social Brethren | 913 |
| Society for Ethical Culture | 1,300 |
| Spiritualists | 45,030 |
| Theosophical Society | 3,000 |
| United Brethren, three bodies | 288,940 |
| Unitarians | 75,000 |
| Universalists | 45,856 |
| Volunteers | 4,000 |
| Independent Congregations | 14,126 |
| Total in the United States | 27,714,523 |

To this list probably sixty, more or less, new denominations have been started by restless, ambitious and selfish innovators since its publication. A single Bible text, or different interpretation, is sufficient to the sprouting of a new branch from the old theological stem. When a tree is diseased and dying, it is noticeable that new growths rapidly appear, sprouting spring up at the roots and suckers grow from the limbs. There is the appearance of vigorous growth, but it is only apparent. The roots are dead.

The membership of these denominations are, of course, only estimates, and in many instances are very incorrect. Thus the Catholics which lead by eight millions, are nearer twice that number. As is well known the Catholic population of this country is quite twelve millions, and every child born to a Catholic family is a Catholic. Nearly a million immigrants are yearly landed on our shores, nine-tenths of whom belong to that church.

The number of Spiritualists is taken from the census report, and how it is arrived at is one of the mysteries of census taking. It may mean only those enrolled in organizations, and even then would be less than the real number. Practically, refined small minority are members of associations. Granting, however, the correctness of this statement that there are twenty-seven millions enrolled, of the eighty millions of the population, there remains fifty-three millions outside any form of sect, society, convention, and it would seem that the home field furnished the most profitable place for missionary effort.

J. W. Boyd: Q. For the second time I am devouring the Occult Life of Jesus of Nazareth, and now very much wish to know if there is any probability of the story being the truth, for that is the main thing I am after. Please answer through The Progressive Thinker. The story seems to me reasonable, and

Gifts for the Holidays.

From Soul to Soul. By Emma Rod Tuttle. To this collection of her spiritual poems is added four songs, with music by James G. Clark, which are published nowhere else except in sheet form. These are "The Day of the Year," "We Shall Meet Our Friends in the Morning," "The World is Growing Good." 222 pages. Price \$1. Asphodel Bloom: Poems and Stories, by Emma Rod Tuttle. These volumes are attractively printed and bound, making them especially desirable for presentation. Price \$1.

Arcana of Spiritualism: A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy. Price \$1. The Morris Pratt Institute has adopted the last as a text-book on the subject.

For the holidays, all the above, with Mediumship, Its Laws and Cultivation, answering the question, "How Shall I Become a Medium?" will be mailed, postage paid, for \$1.

The Light Among the Hills.

A Charming and Interesting Narrative.

Most Beautifully Suggestive is "The Light Among the Hills," by Mrs. I. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vt. It is a narrative founded on facts alone, and every Spiritualist should read it.

(Continued from No. 838.)

The seventeenth of April was the day fixed for the end of the world, and as the time drew near Mr. Smith talked of little else from morning until night. I asked Aunt Ann if she thought he really believed it.

"I believe he thinks he believes it, but that he has really thought how terrible such a belief is, I do not believe," she replied.

"This delusion will have to have its run, like a fever or any similar disease, and after it is over there will come a reaction and then it may be possible to show him how narrow, cruel and unjust his present belief is. A great many of the foolish, reckless and unreasonable actions and beliefs indulged in by mortals are traceable to the law of reaction, and I am wondering what opposite extreme Mr. Smith will run to."

The victim had the hardest time of any of us, for she was afraid her father might be right. She would start and tremble at every unusual sound, or if anyone made a sudden exclamation of fear or surprise. She would scream with terror in her sleep, dreaming that the world was enveloped in flames. We all pitied the poor girl and tried to keep her mind upon other subjects as much as possible, but the terror seemed to be ever lurking near even in her happiest moments.

One day I told the victim about you, Martha, and the experience you had when your brother was a baby, and the knowledge that the time had been set for a final conflagration several times before and passed without so much as a wrinkle appearing on the sky, seemed to comfort her more than anything else.

The 17th of April was a beautiful day. All nature thrilled with life and happiness, and it was a real joy to live and work. Toward evening it grew unusually warm for the time of year, and great billows masses of clouds golden-edged rolled majestically across the western sky. Aunt Ann, who is very sensitive to Nature's moods and tenors, said to me when we were putting away the supper dishes, "If we do not get a thunder storm before morning I shall be greatly mistaken." A little later John came in and made the same remark.

After the day's work was done Mr. Smith, dressed in a new suit of clothes, walked into the sitting-room where we were all gathered. He wore a high and mighty look, and there was an unusual glitter in his restless black eyes. The victim looked at her parent and her face quivered, "O, father, where are you going?" she asked excitedly.

"To the room our friends allotted me, there, to await the coming of my glorious king," was the swift reply.

The man gazed at his daughter attentively for a moment, but his face did not soften, then turning to us he said, "My friends, mercy lingers even at this late hour, and whoever will may enter the Ark and be saved. O, my friends, I implore you to accept salvation now, without a moment's delay, that a few hours hence you may welcome your Lord with joy, otherwise you will call upon the rocks and mountains to hide you from his presence."

Something in the deep, solemn tones of the speaker sent a thrill through me, and I, for the first time, comprehended how a person thrown into an element of religious excitement might be led to accept something entirely contrary to his knowledge and judgment. We were more than probable. But to depend on his being the truth, or not, is what is puzzling me, as well as hundreds of others.

A. Regarded as a work of pure fiction "The Occult Life of Jesus" would be regarded, if on any other theme, one of the most remarkable literary productions. There are in the spirit world many great masters of the style of writing, and it cannot be denied that possibly this "Occult Life" is their work. And again it may be true in every line, and yet as a history have no authority. History rests on evidence, the records of the times, critics are compelled to compare and accept the most probable.

Thus if a manuscript was found for which was claimed an antiquity of 2,000 years, which gave a story covering a period presented by other historians, conflicting in essential points, and without corroborative evidence of any writer of the times, critics would at once declare it unauthoritative.

"The Occult Life" always runs along the line of probability. It gives no incident that is impossible. It may have been written by spirits having direct knowledge, and yet it cannot be quoted as authority.

Jacob Fulmer: Q. Is sugar a healthy article of diet? Is it not poisonous from methods of refining?

All silent, and seeing he was to meet with no response from us he turned to his child and said, "Scripture saith come ye out from among them and be ye separate." It is the last call of mercy that lingers for thee; wilt thou come with me, daughter?

"Come," he added in a commanding voice.

"Oh, I can't—I can't," wailed the victim.

"Let the child alone," said Aunt Jane, angrily; "I guess if the Lord wants her he can find her where she is."

As the bedroom door closed behind the man we heard him exclaim, "Deserted by my own, forsaken and alone—O, God, I come to thee!"

I was much disturbed and I saw another and Mr. Dale, who had just come in, shared my feelings, and as for the victim, she had thrown herself upon the lounge and was sobbing violently.

"We must lead our own lives, and learn our own lessons," said Aunt Ann calmly. "Do not be disturbed, this will soon be over."

"If the Day of Judgment was come, I want to be found doing the work that would need doing most if it was some other day," said John, and he went to his desk and began to take down papers and account books.

"O, wisdom, thy name is John," said Aunt Ann, laughing, "and I follow thy example, and she produced the basket of mending. Mother got some skeins of yarn and gave them to me and said with a smile, 'Mr. Dale, will help you wind them, and in a few minutes we all were as busy as could be. Even the victim partially forgot her terror while learning how to darn her own stockings."

Toward midnight the air grew so hot and close mother opened a window, and shortly after, Aunt Jane exclaimed, "What's that?"

I looked up in season to see an odd looking white object glide past the open window.

"Night-birds flying by, most likely," said Aunt Ann.

"More likely its ghosts," said Aunt Jane stoutly then she started and flushed. She had forgotten herself.

Aunt Jane spoke quietly, "I make it a rule never to place any occurrence among the so-called supernatural unless I am sure it belongs there. A great many honest and well-meaning persons show a deplorable tendency to accept everything which they cannot easily account for as spiritual manifestations because they have been forced to accept some things as such."

"And their credulity has done much toward encouraging fraud, and disgusting honest people generally," said Mr. Dale.

At that moment Pete, who had been lying asleep by the stove suddenly sprang to his feet, bristled for a moment and then with a most unearthly howl leaped for John, nearly upsetting him.

"Something is in the wind or Pete would not act like that, for he certainly is not afraid of man or beast," said John, as he stroked the head of the trembling dog.

Shortly after, Mr. Smith appeared among us, looking wild-eyed and haggard.

"Look!" exclaimed Mr. Dale, and he pointed to a peculiar shadow lying upon the bare floor where the lamp-light was shining brightly. We all knew there had been no shadow there a few minutes before, and none of us had changed our position, besides it was a very black, strange-looking shadow, looking like nothing any of us had ever seen before.

Speaking out at afterward we all agreed that however ridiculous the idea might seem to others, that mysterious shadow lying there upon the floor tried our nerves more than anything else of an occult nature that ever came to us.

"What can it be?" asked mother, and her voice sounded strangely.

"Coming events, perhaps," said John.

"It is the last sign before His coming," said our prophet solemnly, and he pointed his long bony forefinger at the clock, which told us it wanted but a moment of midnight.

"This clock may be a little slow," said John, but the words were barely spoken when there came a gust of cold air rushing into the room, extinguishing the light instantly.

John stumbled toward the window to close it. The room filled with a blaze of lightning followed by a heavy crash.

For one wild instant I thought Mr. Smith was right. Both mother and I clutched Mr. Dale, who put a protecting arm about each of us. The victim threw her arms around Aunt Jane and shrieked wildly with terror, but the most marked effect was produced upon Mr. Smith.

Instead of welcoming his Lord with a shout of joy as he had always told us he would, he shrieked, "He has come, he has come! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" Again the room filled with a sheet of flame, followed instantly by a terrific crash of thunder which shook the house to its foundation.

We heard him cry, for his voice rose above the roar of the elements.

At last John succeeded in re-lighting the lamp; he then went to Mr. Smith and laid a firm hand upon his arm and said cheerily, "Come, come, man, brace up—this is only a thunder shower and we have already seen the worst of it."

Mr. Smith staggered to his feet and after gazing about him for a moment went to his room without a word. He arose and went about his work as usual the next morning, but our most earnest persuasions failed to get him to touch food or enter the house during the entire day.

"I wish I could know what is being evolved in Father Abraham's mind to-day," said Aunt Ann to me. "I have made human nature my chief study for forty years, but it still remains an unsolved riddle, and yet the solution lies within myself."

Quite late in the evening Mr. Smith came in and asked mother for some food which she gladly gave him. After he had eaten he came into the sitting-room with his hat in one hand and a fair-sized bundle in the other. He looked about wistfully and asked "Where is my daughter?"

"She is in bed and sound asleep," I replied.

"It is well with the maid—disturb her not," and he drew a long breath. Then looking about the little family group, he said haltingly, "My friends, it has come to my knowledge this day that over yonder hill a family is dangerously ill with that dread disease small-pox, and God has revealed to me his servant that it is my duty to go and minister unto them. The town has tried in vain to furnish them with a nurse and they are suffering and dying alone. I have not many more years to live. I look back over a wasted life. I will give what is left of it to these young people who are so sorely smitten, and who through my aid may perchance live and do what I have failed to do. The Master has said that whoever loses his life for His sake shall find it, and it may be that the life now given to him I shall sometime, somewhere find, and having found it may never have farther cause to grieve over past mistakes."

"This day, while I labored in the field, I heard my mother's voice call, 'Abraham, my son, even as she used to call in days long past.' Looking up I beheld a glorious vision of her who bore me, and for one brief instant looked upon her face, and then the clouds that enveloped her concealed her from my sight. What this vision may mean I know not, but all the fear has gone from me. I am a door-significant creature, but such as I am I give myself to my fellow creatures in the Master's name. Cousin Jane, I will give my child to you, and I pray God that she may prove a strength and comfort to you in your old age, and however you deal with her I know she will no more be the victim of a haunting terror."

"As for you, my other friends, I thank you for the kindness and patience you have given me, and I know you will always think kindly of me. You will behold my face no more—good-bye."

We women were all crying when he finished speaking, and John sat staring fixedly at the door, and the man had passed out into the darkness before we fully realized it.

John was the first to recover. He rushed out into the road and called, and so did Aunt Jane and mother, but Mr. Smith paid no heed, and so he passed out of our lives into the darkness of that April night a gray, gaunt, solitary figure trudging bravely on over field and hill on his errand of mercy.

They said he met his death without a sign of fear, and we trust that the mother who was so faithful to him has claimed her son and led him into joy and peace.

Your letter saying that Aunt Laura is ready to come to us has just arrived, and as John will go after her to-morrow, I will send this letter by him.

Lovingly yours,

MARAH WESTON.

Spruce Grove Farm.

My Dear Marah:—A few mornings after your brother left us, the food having subsided, mother got up looking ill. She had a burning spot upon each cheek and a vacant look in her eyes, and moved about in a wholly preoccupied way. She did not complain as she usually does when she is not feeling well, so I watched her and said nothing. I noticed she would pick up her Bible every few minutes and read a few words, after which she would stare into vacancy for a while.

I had to drive to town that day and when I got home about dark father said to me, "I don't see what your mother that makes her act so queer."

She put some salt into the teapot to-night and went down cellar to get some butter and brought up the wash-tub instead."

The next day things were no better, and after mother had carried the tea-kettle to the table in place of a flatiron, I went and put my arms around her and begged her to tell me what was troubling her. After a good deal of coaxing on my part and a good many tears on hers, she finally disclosed her secret. It seems that while lying awake in the night she had seen her sister Susan and her brother James, standing beside the bed looking at her.

"The moon was shining so bright I could see real plain," she said, "and I saw 'em just as plain as I would have seen you and Charlie. I know I wasn't asleep, for I was thinking how your old blue dress could be fixed over to look most as good as new, and as I wasn't thinking of 'em it wasn't my imagination that made 'em there and—and I feel dreadfully queer about it."

The next day Aunt Laura came, and to my great surprise and delight Mrs. Austin was with her. Mrs. Austin did not intend to stay but a few hours, but I coaxed her to stay over the next day which was Sunday—her first unengaged Sunday for nearly a year, she told me. She went with me to Mrs. Lee's in the afternoon and took my place as speaker and medium, and it did seem good to sit in the audience and listen. She is just grand, Marah, and so kind and lovable that everyone is attracted to her. I do hope I may some day get up where she is, even if I have to make my way through years of trial and pain.

When Mrs. Austin was giving the messages she told me that an elderly man stood beside me, and she described Uncle Ezra accurately. She said he gave me this message: "A candle he gave just as much light in a tin candle stick as in any other, but keep the tin bright and shiny."

It was Uncle Ezra and no mistake and how glad I was, not only to hear from him, but to know that he came so closely into my life that he knew what I had never told anyone; that I was troubled and annoyed because of the poverty-stricken appearance of the only room where I can receive those who seek me regarding spiritual matters.

When we got home from meeting, we found father had cut himself badly while splitting kindling wood, so I must take his place at house and barn again. Late in the evening mother was taken very ill and Mrs. Austin stayed three days and took almost the entire care of her. After she had gone away I heard mother say to father, "That Mrs. Austin is a real good woman. I liked her first rate."

"She is a Spiritualist," said father, and there was a ring of triumph in his tone.

Mother hesitated for a moment, and then said stoutly, "I didn't know it, but I don't care if she is—she's a good woman anyway."

"You would find good in 'em all if you knew 'em," said father.

Mother is about the house now and calls herself well, but she has changed much. I never saw her so quiet and patient before. I have a feeling that something is going to happen. There is ever with me an invisible presence, not an individual but—Something. I believe the day is coming when I shall be able to translate such feelings as easily as I now read this writing, but at present I am groping.

Aunt Laura and I are having a nice time together just as we always do. Mother said to me to-day, "It seems to me you ought to belong to your Aunt Laura—you're a good deal more like her than you are like me." Aunt Laura and I have known this to be a fact for a good many years.

Well, your brother has come and gone, and Aunt Laura with him, but that invisible something still remains. It seems each day to grow more and more tangible, but yet I cannot define it. I thought I would finish this letter and send it over by Mr. Wilder, but for some reason I could not. Mr. Wilder and I went to Uncle Ezra's old place the afternoon he was here. The sun was low in the west when we reached the top of the hill and the windows of their little sitting room, now silent and empty, were a blaze of dazzling light.

As we went up the path to the front door Mr. Wilder exclaimed, "Why, there is someone in the house—see!" I looked up quickly and there at the window looking out at us stood Aunt Lydia. She had on her white cap and spectacles and her white collar with the deep lace, and looked just as she did when I bid her good-bye after her brother's funeral, only happier.

I found the door locked and we waited for a minute or two and then hearing nothing I concluded that for some reason she had gone to the back door to meet us. We found the back door fastened upon the outside, and we stood regarding each other questioningly. I was greatly puzzled.

"I cannot understand it at all," I said, "It was certainly Aunt Lydia who stood at that window, and as she is still in the flesh she must be in this house somewhere. I cannot understand why she should be here; how she got into the house, nor why she should not come to greet us. There must be something wrong somewhere."

"I will open the door and we will go in and see if we can learn anything," said John—I mean Mr. Wilder. He removed the fastenings and threw open the door and we entered the kitchen. There was dust everywhere but not a trace of life. We opened the door into the sitting room and as we stepped in two mice scampered across the floor. Spiders had woven webs across the front door, also the door leading to the chamber. We looked at all the windows and found them fastened.

As we stood in the middle of the floor silent and perplexed, I heard Uncle Ezra's voice say, "I'm glad it's over; Marah, child, be glad."

"Uncle Ezra," I cried, "I am glad, so glad to have you speak to me!"

For some time after we silently waited and then made our way home through the early twilight. The next morning a neighbor called and informed us that Aunt Lydia had been found dead in her bed the morning before. Just think of it, Marah! and yet people will scoff and refuse to believe such things. I am very glad your brother was with me and saw Aunt Lydia as plainly as I did, but if forty persons had seen her, forty who had not, would refuse to believe.

(To be continued.)

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