

FADS, OLD AND NEW

San Diego, Cal.

Whatever we have dared to think
that dare we also say.—Garrison.

A Little Pilgrim.

This is a charming narrative illustrating the beauty grandeur and sublimity of the spirit side of life, the realms of souls, the immortal spheres of existence. Margaret O. W. Oliphant is the author. And while it has been read by millions in the past, it will prove refreshing and soul-inspiring to our readers to again peruse it and feel its thrills of inspiration, and enjoy its uplifting influence.

Chapter IV.—Continued.

And then at last he stirred, and turned around and opened his eyes, for the genial warmth had reached him. But his eyes were heavy and dazed with the light; and he looked round as if confused from beneath his heavy eyelids. "And where am I?" he said; "and who are you?"

"Oh, brother!" said the little Pilgrim, and told him in his ear the name of that heavenly place, and many comforting and joyful things. But he understood her not, and still gazed about him with dazed eyes, for his face was still towards the darkness, and fear was upon him lest this place should prove no more than a delusion, and the darkness return, and the anguish and pain.

Then he who had been her guide, and told her his tale, came forward and stood by the side of the newly come. And "Brother," he said, "look upon me, for you know me, and know from whence I come."

The stranger looked dimly with his heavy eyes. And he replied, "It is as a dream that I know you, and know from whence you came. And the dream is sweet to lie here, and think that I am at peace. Deceive me not, oh! I deceive me not with dreams that are sweet; but let me go upon my way and find the end, if there is any end, or if any good can be."

"What shall we do," cried the little Pilgrim, "to persuade him that he has arrived and is safe, and dreams no more?"

And they stood round him wondering, and troubled to find how little they could do for him, and that the light entered so slowly into his soul. And he lay on the bank like one left for death, so weary and worn with all the horrors of the way that his heart was faint within him, and peace itself seemed to him but an illusion. He lay silent while they watched and waited, then turned himself upon the grass, which was as soft to the weary wayfarer as angels' wings; and then the sunshine caught his eye, as if he had been a new-born babe awakened to the light. He put out his hand to it, and touched the ground that was golden with those heavenly rays, and gathered himself up till he felt it upon his face, and opened wide his dazed eyes, then shaded them with trembling hands, and said to himself, "It is the sun; it is the sun."

But still he did not dare to believe that the danger and the toil were over, nor could he listen, nor understand what the brethren said. While they all stood around and watched and waited, wondering each how the new-comer should be satisfied, there suddenly arose a sound with which they were all acquainted,—the sound of One approaching. The faces of the blessed were all around like the stars in the sky,—multitudes whom none could count or reckon; but he who came was seen of none, save him to whom he came. The weary man rose up with a great cry, then fell again upon his knees, and flung his arms wide in the wonder and the joy. And "Lord," he cried, "was it Thou? Lord, it was Thou!—Thine was the face. And Thou hast brought me here!"

The watchers knew not what the other voice said, for what is said to each new-comer is the secret of the Lord. But when they looked again, the man stood upright upon his feet, and his face was full of light; and though he trembled with weakness and with weariness, and exceeding joy, yet the confusion and the fear were gone from him. And he had no longer any suspicion of them, as if they might betray him, but held out his trembling hands and cried, "Friends,—you are friends? and you spoke to me and called me brother? And am I here? And am I here?" For to name the name of that blessed country was not needful any longer, now that he had seen the Lord.

Then a great band and guard of honor, of angels and principalities and powers, surrounded him, and led him away to the holy city, and to the presence of the Father, who had permitted and had not forbidden what the Lord had done. And all the companies of the blessed followed after with wonder and gladness and triumph, because the great love of the Lord had drawn out of the darkness even those who were beyond hope.

The little Pilgrim saw them depart from her with love and joy, and sat down upon the rocky edge and sang her own song of peace; for her fear was gone, and she was ready to do her service there upon the verge of the precipice as among the flowers and the sunshine, where her own place was. "From the depths," she said, "they come, they come!—from the land of darkness, where no love is. For Thy love, O Lord, is more than the darkness and the depths. And where hope is not, there Thy pity goes."

She sat and sang to herself like a happy child, for her heart had fathomed the awful gloom which baffles angels and men; and she had learned that though hope comes to an end and light falls, and the feet of the ambassadors are stayed on the mountains, and the voice of the

placed me here, that I may be the first to see when one comes who is in the dark places below. And also because there are some who say that love is idolatry, and that the Father will not use us long for our own, therefore am I permitted to wait and watch and think the time not long for the love I bear him. For he is mine; and when he comes I will ascend with him to the dear country of the light, and some other who loves enough will be promoted in my place."

"I am not worthy," said the little Pilgrim. "It is a great promotion; but oh, that we might be permitted to help, to put out a hand, or to clear the way!"

"Nay, my little sister, said the watcher, "but patience must have its perfect work; and for those who are coming help is secret. They must not see it nor know it, for the land of darkness is beyond hope. The Father will not force the will of any creature He has made, for He respects us in our nature, which is His image. And when a man will not, and will not till the day is over, what can be done for him? He is left to his will, and is permitted to do it as it seems good in his eyes. A man's will is great, for it is the gift of God. But the Lord, who cannot rest while one is miserable, still goes secretly to them, for His heart yearns after them. And by times they will see His face, or some thought of old will seize upon them. And some will say, 'To perish upon the dark mountains is better than to live here.' And I have seen," said the watcher, "that the Lord will go with them all the way—but secretly, so that they cannot see Him. And though it grieves His heart not to help, yet will He not,—for they have become the creatures of their own will, and by that must they attain."

She put out her hand to the new-comer and drew her to the side of the rocky wall, so that they felt the sweep of the wind in their faces, but were not driven before it. "And come," she said, "for two of us together, will be like a great light to those who are in the darkness. They will see us like a lamp, and it will cheer them, though they know not why we are here. Listen!" she cried. And the little Pilgrim, holding fast the hand of the watcher, listened and looked down upon the awful way; and underneath the sweep of the icy wind was a small sharp sound as of a stone rolling or a needle of rock that broke and fell, like the sounds that are in a wood when some creature moves, though not too far off for footstep to sound. "Listen!" said the watcher; and her face so shone with joy that the little Pilgrim saw it clearly, like the shining of the morning in the midst of the darkness. "He comes!"

"Oh, sister!" she cried, "is it he whom you love above all the rest? Is it he?"

The watcher smiled and said, "If it is not he, yet is it a brother; if it is not he now, yet his time will come. And in every one who passes, I hope to see his face; and the more that comes, the more certain it is that he will come. And the time seems not long for the love I bear him. And it is for this that the Lord has so considered me. Listen! for some one comes."

And there came to these watchers the strangest sight; for there flew past them while they gazed a man who seemed to be carried upon the sweep of the wind. In the midst of the darkness they could see the faint white in his face, with eyes of flame and lips set firm, whirled forward upon the wind, which would have dashed him against the rocks; but as he whirled past, he caught with his hand the needful of the opposite peaks, and was swung high over a great chasm, and landed upon a higher height, high over their heads.

And for a moment they could hear, like a pulsation through the depths, the hard panting of his breath; then, with scarcely a moment for rest, they heard the sound of his progress onward, as if he did battle with the mountain, and his own swiftness carried him like another wind. It had taken less than a moment to sweep him past, quicker than the flight of a bird, as sudden as a lightning flash.

The little Pilgrim followed him with her eager eyes, wondering if he would leap thus into the country of light and take heaven by storm, or whether he would fall upon the heavily hills and lie prostrate in weariness and exhaustion, like him to whom she had ministered. She followed him with her ears, for the sound of his progress was with crashing of rocks and a swift movement in the air; but she was called back by the pressure of the hand of the watcher, who did not, like the little Pilgrim, follow him who thus rushed through space as far as there was sound or sight of him, but had turned again to the lower side, and was gazing once more, and listening for the little noises in the gulf below.

The little Pilgrim remembered her friend's hope, and said softly, "It was not he?" And the watcher clasped her hand again, and answered, "It was a dear brother. I have sounded the silver bells for him; and soon we shall hear him answering from the heights above. And another time it will be he." And they kissed each other because they understood each the other in her heart.

And then they talked together of the old life when all things began; and of the wonderful things they had learned concerning the love of the Father and the Son; and how all the world was held by them and penetrated through and through by threads of love, so that it could never fall; and the darkness seemed light round them; and they forgot for a little that the wind was not as a summer breeze.

Then once more the hand of the

watcher pressed that of her companion, and bade her hush and listen; and they sat together holding their breath, straining their ears. Then heard they faint sounds which were very different from those made by him who had been driven past them like an arrow from a bow,—first as of something falling, but very far away, and faint sound as of a foot which slipped. The listeners did not say a word to each other; they sat still and listened, scarcely drawing their breath. The darkness had no voice; it could not be but that some traveler was there, though hidden deep, deep in the gloom, only betrayed by the sound.

There was a long pause, and the watcher held fast the little Pilgrim's hand, and betrayed to her the longing in her heart; for though she was already blessed beyond all blessedness known on earth, yet had she not forgotten the love that had begun on earth, but was forevermore. She murmured to herself and said, "If it is not he, it is a brother; and the more that comes, the more sure it is that he will come. Little sister, is there one for whom you watch?"

"There is no one," the little Pilgrim said,—but all.

"And so care I for all," cried the watcher; and she drew her companion with her to the edge of the abyss, and they sat down upon it low among the rocks to escape the rushing of the wind. And they sang together a soft song, "For if he should hear us," she said, "it may give him courage." And there they sat and sang; and the white of their garments and of their heavenly faces showed like a light in the deep gloom, so that he who was tolling upwards might see that speck above him, and be encouraged to continue upon his way.

Sometimes he fell, and they could hear the moan he made,—for every sound came upwards, however small and faint it might be,—and sometimes dragged himself along, so that they heard his movement upon some shelf of rock. And as the Pilgrim looked, she saw other and other dim whitenesses along the ravines of the dark mountains, and knew that she was not the only one, but that many had come to watch and look for the coming of those who had been lost.

Time was as nothing to these heavenly watchers; but they knew how long and terrible were the moments to those upon the way. Sometimes there would be silence like the silence of long years; and fear came upon them that the wayfarer had turned back, or that he had fallen, and lay suffering at the bottom of some gulf, or had been swept by the wind upon some icy peak and dashed against the rocks. Then anon, while they listened and held their breath, a little sound would strike again into the silence, bringing back hope; and again and again all would be still.

The little Pilgrim held her companion's hand; and the thought went through her mind that were she watching for one whom she loved above the rest, her heart would fail. But the watcher answered her as if she had spoken, and said, "Oh, no, no; for if it is not he, it is a brother; and the Lord give them joy!" But they sang no more, their hearts being faint with suspense and with eagerness to hear every sound.

Then in the great chill of the silence, suddenly, and not far off, came the sound of one who spoke. He murmured to himself and said, "Who can continue on this terrible way? The night is black like hell, and there comes no morning. It was better in the land of darkness, for still, we could see the face of man, though not God." The muffled voice shook at that word, and then was still suddenly, as though it had been a flame and the wind had blown it out. And for a moment there was silence; until suddenly it broke forth once more,—

"What is this that has come to me that I can say the name of God? It tortures no longer, it is as balm. But He is far off and hears nothing. He called us and we answered not. Now it is we who call, and He will not hear. I will lie down and die. It cannot be that a man must live and live forever in pain and anguish. Here will I lie, and it will end. O Thou whose face I have seen in the night, make it possible for a man to die!"

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS.

A grain of sand upon the shore,
A bubble on the ocean wave,
A dream, and then this life is o'er,
A cradle, hammock, and a grave.

This is the situation here,
It is God's way, we know 'tis right;
Believing this we have no fear,
Death brings us nearer to the light.

Dismiss all doubt and trust the One
Who gives you life without a curse;
Look up and say: Thy will be done,
Author of this grand universe!

The pessimistic, creed-bound soul,
Dwells under shadow dark as night;
Our outlook is a home and goal
Among the stars in heaven's own light.

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SPIRITUALISM AND OCCULTISM.

J. C. F. Grumbine Makes Reply to Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor:—I was much pleased to read the letter from Mr. Lyman C. Howe on the position I took relative to the Dr. Hodgson test. I yield to none my admiration for the beautiful character and noble work of Mr. Howe. He has been and is a Spiritualist worthy the name, a pioneer whose courage equalled his faith in the trying times when to be a Spiritualist meant social ostracism and popular persecution. He is not a coward, and is an earnest, sincere advocate of Spiritualism.

I am glad to know that he has challenged my position for it not only permits me to tell frankly and to the face what I have just written, but to state my position in unequivocal language. That I have been a Spiritualist and that it has cost me considerable money proves one thing, and that is that I have faith in what I advertise, and further, that others who, reading the advertisements and applying my system, have as much faith in what I do as myself. In as much as the N. S. A. did not see fit to publish a worthy cause, I like my good brother Lyman C. Howe had to paddle my own canoe. I knew the cost and bore it happily, and never sent my bills to the N. S. A. Well, the college and the system thrived, despite the calumny of its enemies and to-day numbers hundreds of students. This is a pretty good showing, if not an endorsement of a work done in the face of opposition, slander and persecution. Perhaps its success was to be, or the spirits were on my side, or hard work brought or forced the idea before the people. At any rate the college and its cause are here to stay, thanks to both its enemies and friends.

Now, Brother Howe, occult science is a branch of pure, universal Spiritualism and is therefore not opposed to it, as is supposed. True, it stands for higher Spiritualism, rather than for lower, for the power of spirit rather than that of spirits, for possession and self-consciousness rather than for obsession and trance. This, however, is only a matter of difference and not one of opposition.

Let me make that clear. Occult science not only teaches one the knowledge of the mysteries of life and death of the material and the spiritual world, but reveals the philosophy of expressing one's own powers; that is, feeling clairvoyantly, hearing clairvoyantly, feeling clairaudiently, in fact, turning or subjectifying the ego in upon its occult self and so realizing and actualizing its supernatural powers. It may be disputed that certain phenomena called materialization can be done by one's own will under perfect concentration, as is claimed to be done by magicians (not sleight-of-hand performers) and fakirs of India. It would be silly to deny that it could be done, and so limit one's power, before the experiment is made.

I believe that it can and will be done and without any aid whatever from exorcise spirits and without resorting to any material or occultic means. We have mastered more than the most hopeful ever imagined could be possible, in the independent realization of occult powers and spiritual powers, natural powers which every human being potentially possesses, as clairvoyance, mind reading, inspiration, healing, hypnotism, telepathy, moving tables, planchette writing, automatic writing, that who will limit the human spirit or say that fate-writing, materialization of flowers, faces and hands, or full forms may not be one of the possible feats of the future adept?

Does this disprove Spiritualism as a branch of Spiritualism? No, spirits can, do and will continue to communicate with mortals and attest their post-mortem existence by such phenomena? Not at all. Remember, Mr. Howe, it is here emphatically stated that occult science does not disprove Spiritualism.

What does it do? It affirms that what exorcise spirits do, incarnate spirits can do.

That is a pretty fair, rational, probable proposition, and that it can be demonstrated, I, with others, am ready to prove. Indeed, I go so far as to prove that as neither an owl, bat or cat see in the dark by mediumship, or because obsessed by spirits, and yet see because normally clairvoyant, so man can see, by unfolding or expressing his potential clairvoyant function.

Why does he not do it? Because, first, he did not know that he is clairvoyant, and second, because he did not know how. In 1893 I published the first book ever written on the subject of clairvoyance, which attempted to teach the "how" the philosophy of independent clairvoyant realization. Since then the book had a wide sale and a most favorable reception. It is now in its third edition. It does the work. I was taught how to see clairvoyantly and to enter into daily clairvoyant communication with spirits not through the trance, or by control or obsessions of any kind, but open-eyed, face to face, with my full self-consciousness and every faculty keyed to its highest pitch of activity.

Am I a medium? Well—I guess! I have had every phase from slate-writing and raps to clairvoyance and inspiration, but I am no longer permitted spirits to do my work. I am doing my seeing and hearing, smelling and tasting, eating, drinking or sleeping! In short, I am doing my own work, and they are co-operating with me. They know their place. I have learned mine! We understand each other.

To co-operate with the spirit world and not to be obsessed by it, is and produces a better Spiritualism, as Dr. Peckham shows in his great book on Demology of the Ages, than that form of it which handicaps the sensitive, stultifies his brain, atrophies his senses and makes him often a tool of their material, selfish, sordid will! These would mark him to the earth, as often as mortals hold them. Indeed, my experience with the higher intelligences is that they never control but inspire, and such is the nature and form of inspiration that it cannot be construed to be obsession. That control of the medium's will and organization is necessary to produce certain phenomena, I will admit, but whether such phenomena should be made the corner stone upon which the structure of Spiritualism should rest, is to be questioned. They are abnormal and not supernatural results, and plagiarize rather than express normally the powers of the spirits, a medium being a vessel rather than an independent force in the working out of these results.

Now, Lyman C. Howe is at fault when he implies that I boasted that I could secure the coveted test locked in a box in a safe in the rooms of the Society of Psychical Research in London. I said that it could be gotten by an occultist or one up in the audience of the use of occult power, without resorting to the aid of spirits at all, proving, if gotten that way, that it

could not be received or accepted as proof of Dr. Hodgson's immortality. The fact is and is eternally true, that upon the logic of its recognition, that such tests of mind-reading, clairvoyance, telepathy, psychometry, in which spirits are dissembled, at least are not operative, are done, and the securing of the Hodgson test would not at all be remarkable, not that spirits could not get it not that Dr. Hodgson's spirit could not and will not give it, not that mediums are not able to make the test and succeed at it, but after the test is gotten who is there on earth can guarantee that the test is from Dr. Hodgson's spirit even though it is the very test he gave? That is my point, and since so far not even Dr. Funk's medium, Mrs. May Pepper, or Dr. Funk's psychic Mrs. Piper, have yet given the test it is not necessarily up to me or any other person to secure it. Such a test will mean nothing to the rabble and it will mean less to me.

Hundreds of scientists have published their researches on Spiritualism to the world, witness Zollner, Hare, Crookes, Epes Sargent, Wallace, Flammarion, Myers, Hugo, Hyslop, and yet do the ignorant and bigoted accept their unimpeachable proofs? No! They must know for themselves, and after a million seasons' learning as men and women are day by day the exposure of such mediums as Elsie Reynolds and Winans, whom hundreds would even now swear by, and thousands would lose all confidence in mediumship, is it not best to have a man learn that he is now an immortal spirit, that now he can unfold and use occult and psychical powers, that in the sphere of life in which he has been placed he can "temper the wind to the shorn lamb" by realizing that as an unfolded immortal soul he can pierce the veil of sense, commune with the departed, see spirits, and so satisfy himself in a normal, conscious way, that he is immortal, that death has no terror for him, and that life rounds out into the eternal spheres beyond.

Finally what I say in my advertisements I say now, that under my system I can help any man to unfold his divinity, express his occult powers, realize his immortality, without yielding to control, obsessions, spirits, or going into a trance. I can give proof and I stand ready at any time to only to demonstrate all that I claim here in Boston, but among my students, if a man will not follow my simple conditions I can do no more for him than an incubator could do for a stale egg, or Lyman C. Howe could do for the best medium who refuses to sit for development.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

THE GROWING FAITH.

As Comprehensively Illustrated by Love.

I wonder how many of my brothers and sisters who enjoy your good weekly visits have seen in Olive Schreiner's little book "Dreams," that one of "The Hunter?" The whole volume is inspired and is, most of all, a woman's book. The dream of the Hunter is for those who are seeking the bird of white plumes, the glorious bird of Truth.

I often think of this Hunter when I find an ancient soul seeking relief in Faith, be it Spiritualism, Theosophy, New Thought, Christian Science or the older cults, Universalism and Unitarianism. Of the Hunter I say, "Ah! dear trusting, living soul, you have found your white feather." And as we go blazing our way up the Mountain of Spiritual Knowledge, we know by this sign that we are on the right path. We each find our white feather, for I think none of us have found all the truth. We are such babes that we learn slowly—just a word or a syllable at a time. But I think we are all nearing the same dear home, and will find it by our own efforts, led always by that strong light of the God-spark within; and so I say, "Thank God for the growing religious faith that you will so long as it teaches Love." In that is all patience, forgiveness, tolerance, charity and hope—all, all in one. And the one other great teaching of the new faith is the non-recognition of evil, knowing it is only the reverse, or wrong side of a shield that turned around to the light shows beautiful figures, and that the hand of Love can turn it.

I reverse our own high priestesses, Mrs. Richmond, and bless her as the interpreter of God's messages to us. The good that she and our other loved sister, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is doing for the cause of the Growing Faith, cannot be estimated.

Minneapolis, Minn.

GOD'S KISS.

A little lad at Lady Henry Somerset's Home for Slum Children, after he had finished his prayers, put in another petition as a kind of postscript, "And, please, God, would you mind giving my mother a kiss?"

Please, God, I have finished my prayers.

But there's one thing I want to say, My mother lives up at the top of the stairs.

And she's lonely now I'm away.

You'll be sure to know her, because The ain't nobody half so good; And she's just the dearest that ever was—

I'd die for her if I could.

The neighbors are not very bad, But, of course, they aren't like me. I've got for to think what will make her glad.

And to get her a cup of tea.

And sometimes, please, God, she ain't strong.

She has got such a lot to do, And it frets her so much when folks do wrong.

And she thinks no end of you.

When she's tired, she likes to sit On the floor and lean against me, For it comforts her aching head a bit To rest it upon my knee.

I sit all so still and don't stir, And she calls me her bit of joy, And tells me I'm like a mother to her, As well as her sonny boy.

It does hurt me to think of her, All alone by the firelight, And she ain't got me to comfort her, To love her and hold her tight.

So, please, God, I hope you won't mind If I ask you to do this— I'm sure she'd take it so very kind If you'd please to give her a kiss.

She'll miss me before going to bed, And she'll feel so lonely then, It will be nice if you'll kiss her instead.

And I'll thank you, dear God, Amen.

—Mark Guy Pearse, in Wisdom.

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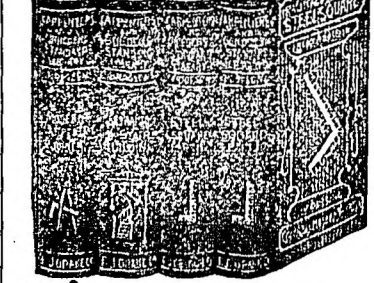
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Affirmative Principles of the Church of the Soul.

Address Given by Mrs. Gora L. V. Richmond, at the Meeting of the Chicago New Thought Federation, Sunday, March 11, 1906.

It is our usual custom to open every address with voting the silence; you will join, therefore, in an invocation: Unto the Infinite One: Love and Wisdom, Mother-Father God, we bend in praise; at the visible altar of the visible universe we turn, knowing that atoms and worlds and systems and suns are governed by the Infinite law, the Divine purpose; and to that majesty of moving worlds, to that splendor of starry nights, unto the ineffable glory of day we turn in praise. But unto that other altar, invisible, unto the shrine eternal, unto that which is within the soul we bend in silence, knowing that there abideth the answer unto every longing; there the response unto every need; and we praise without ceasing. Amen.

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Federation:—Not as a representative of the Church of the Soul officially, but, however, as its founder and pastor who enunciated its principles, and as being one with the Federation and with the thoughts that are here represented, your speaker appears before you.

In stating the affirmative principles of a society one must not forget that there are universal principles that, however well known, require iteration and reiteration. The infinitude of God is an undisputed proposition, the world over, whether we are in India, in China or here at the very antipodes. But we do not always remember this. People in the outside world, as a rule, live wholly in bodies and things and do not know, that if you pierce nature anywhere you find life, and if you probe that life still farther you find law, and wherever you find law you find intelligence, and the intelligence that is universal is God.

People do not always remember that the soul is immortal, that we have come thitherward and are going hence, that this is a portion of eternity. So it must needs be stated over and over again, that men are not houses of clay; that people are not the habitations in which they live. Therefore, one must needs forever remind them, that if they penetrate humanity anywhere they find soul. If you would know of man, the deeper and diviner humanity, you must always remember that the soul is here.

Dr. Thomas said: "People talk about eternity as something we are going into." We say, this is eternity here and now. When Vivekananda came with the great message of the Orient to the Occident, telling the Christian nations the most sublime truths of Christianity, and doing great work among the heathen of Chicago, he said, that people here were accustomed to say: "Man is, and has a soul." As if the soul was some sort of an appendage of the human race. Whereas the truth is, all are souls and have the use for the time being of their material instruments, or forms, which they use more or less perfectly, according to their mastery over them. People forget this when speaking of human life, so it is necessary and needful that they shall be reminded that they are souls and possess human bodies. The Church of the Soul stands for this.

Then there are other great and living truths. Among them that for which we are all striving, each to do his utmost, that which is in the thoughts and minds of all thinking people: the Fraternity of Nations, but which can only come by the recognition of the fraternity of souls. So we must cease to believe in any exclusive immortality, in any apartness of any class in the "Kingdom of Heaven." Therefore, that which is represented by your speaker tonight is: Fraternity of Souls first, which must necessarily produce a fraternity of nations on earth. For even as souls have been apart because of their lack of knowledge of infinite love and of one another, so they are drawn to greater recognition of God and of one another by knowing more of the soul and forgetting the limitations of the dust. These three essentials: The infinitude of God, the eternity of the soul, and the fraternity of all human beings on earth and in other worlds, or wherever they may be; these constitute the bases of all religions, and are the essential factors in the religions of the world.

When Dr. Pratt said, "dead earnest people," I wanted him to say, live earnest people. We want to talk about live, earnest interest in the work of living people. Of course, "immortality" and "eternal life" hereafter do not trouble people who are alive now and living here; those who know, those who understand—the great knowledge that is coming to the human race—that the avenues of information open upward and inward, according to human perception.

We are second to none in our admiration of the sciences and the knowledge that must ensue from these. But, as Dr. Pratt said, "if we close the doorways of intuition we close the avenue of knowledge"—of a priori knowledge, of that which comes to the human race of knowing that it knows. Emerson said, "the evidence of immortality is not to be given to the intellect, that knowledge is in the quickened spirit of the understanding." If the spirit is quickened we not only have no concern about immortality, but we are perfectly aware that here and now is eternity, that eternity extends backward and forward to an unlimited degree.

The basic principles and aims of the Church of the Soul are to overcome error with Truth. It is a well known principle among agriculturists that if you plant the best seed, that which is unworthy will disappear. Weeds are more easily crowded out by sowing grass and grain than in any other way, therefore plenty of seed will insure a harvest.

To overcome hatred with Love is the divine mandate of all divine people. We stand for this; we must, there is no other way. We cannot use the weapons of the world to conquer the world with. Divine weapons only are given. Those must be centered in the great Christ-life or love, whatever name you choose to call it, Buddha, or another. But whatever represents the highest degree of that love on earth, that is the name.

Then we know injustice disappears with justice; and the first, last and greatest conquest is the overcoming of selfishness and self-seeking by self-forgetfulness. Many dominate it "self-sacrifice." But the word sacrifice shows we are too much aware of doing something. You say: "I have sacrificed so much for Truth." What does Truth say in return? Anyone who is conscious of making a sacrifice for Truth has not found the truth. For so perfect and supreme is that which truth brings because of her possession that one cannot make a sacrifice. It is an added triumph, an added possession. Self-forgetfulness in the pursuance of truth, in benefaction to others, is the great conquest; even that which seeks under the guise of self-sacrifice becomes after a while self-forgetfulness. Therefore, we need that these things must come, to the people of earth and be again reiterated.

We look to the present time as being the recurrence of one of those great spiritual cycles which visit the earth periodically, and which are known in the realm of the soul as culminations. Because, as we know that planets are governed by law and these move in certain cycles, so if we understood better the law controlling the sun we would know the meaning better of the atmospheric conditions of the earth; and if we knew better about that more distant sun, far off beyond the Pleiades, perhaps, around which this solar system moves, and other systems revolve, we would know more about the Earth and its conditions and about this solar system. By and by, when those invisible etheric vibrations shall reach Mars, and those thought vibrations shall be translated properly we shall know still more about those planets that are not yet understood; but when we do know, when we do understand all this intellectually, if we are not aware of the

great relationship of souls we shall have little knowledge. Therefore, when we know more about lives we must know more about that which is nearest; when we know more about individual souls we must know their relationship to the Infinite; we must keep forever in mind the spirit of that knowledge, knowing that souls are co-related by their relationship to the Infinite.

This will not only enable people to govern their own lives, will not only enable people to govern their own lives, will not only make them less and less afraid of the shadows of the senses, but it will make them unaware of death, will make them unaware of anything but life; that the passing on from the form is only another state of existence, nay! is simply a change of life. This life being continuous there can be no loss. That as the Infinite is immanent in all lives, as all life is the culmination in its absolute being of the Infinite, so are all souls immanent to each other, and time and space, and birth and death, and all those human conditions that are transient do not affect these relationships of souls; that those who are alive here, in time and sense whether they are separated by oceans and mountains, are nevertheless near in sympathy.

We find as systems of science improve and there is an increased knowledge of material laws, so-called, people are becoming more and more ready to have knowledge of those inner and higher methods. Supposing the Marconi system had been preached or announced to the world before telegraphy had existed in its cruder form; no one would have been ready for wireless telegraphy. There had to be telegraphy with wires first, as people could not otherwise be made aware of those wonderful vibrations of electrical circles that go out and out until they meet kindred vibrations. Because there is a "transmitter" and because there is a "receiver" attuned to each other, those wonderful wires are dispensed with, and the atmosphere and the finer ethers become the means of transmitting the message. By and by people will know the transmission of intelligence. They will understand the meaning of these "silences" that are so valuable; they will understand the setting themselves apart for the inner communion with one another.

How often people who are alike; husband and wife, brother and sister or friend and friend, will be sitting together when one will say: "I was just thinking of so and so." "Why! that is very strange," says the other, "for I was just about to speak your names also." This in modern language is called "Telepathy." But it is that same kind of intelligence that, being immanent, proves that there is neither time nor space nor separation to those who are in sympathy. By and by some one sitting in London will send you a thought here in Chicago, and as there is no time nor space to thought you will receive it as well as if that one was sitting in the next room, or the next chair. Because where there is one in harmony with another, you will understand there can be no limitations of time and space. This instrument [a piano in the room] here attuned to a certain vibration will make another instrument attuned to precisely the same vibration respond, even in another room. Strike a note here and there will be the sound of the responsive note there. Lives are thus attuned and touched by the Great Invisible sources of intelligence until one man in America will discover an "invention," so-called, and another in Europe will discover the same thing at the same time, then there is a claim of infringement, but it is not so. What shall prevent those in the same mental or psychic condition from receiving the same idea or principle which is in the universe of intelligence? It only needs that the "receiver" shall be in accord with the "transmitter."

There are only two sources of intelligence: the Infinite and the finite, and the finite is only one degree removed from the Infinite. If one has an idea it must be from a finite intelligence with which that mind is in rapport, or it must be from the Infinite intelligence. Other minds being in a similar state will receive the same idea. Poets the world over have given expression to the same thoughts, sometimes in nearly identical words, giving the charge of plagiarism great plausibility.

This can be easily understood; because if there is a perfect word or form of speech for the expression of a perfect idea, two minds may use the same form of speech for the expression of the same perfect idea. There can be no two perfect ideas. If it were possible that there were two persons capable of expressing their thoughts in the most perfect language both being able to perceive a perfect thought, that thought would come to each perhaps from the same source.

The scoffer will tell you, "the Golden Rule is nothing, the Golden Rule was preached before Jesus came; we find its synonym in the teachings of Confucius, we find it far back in the writings of Zoroaster, and find it in many of the scriptures of the ancients." But we say so much the better. Whoever has stood upon the same height will receive the same message. Beneath the Buddha tree did not Buddha partake of the same conditions of rapture that Jesus did on the Mount of Transfiguration? Are not all at equal heights in similar conditions? Shall one neutralize the other? On the contrary, this is only added evidence; height added to height and glory to glory. Whoever, not having heard of the Mount of Olives, shall give the Sermon on the Mount of Peace to-day will also touch that height.

Do we not understand it? Do we not realize that all those who are turning to the light must each and all, at some given time, receive the same inspiration. Shall we claim in this little room, or in our own little church ministrations that we have all the Truth, and the only Truth? Shall we not understand that those who are walking toward the same goal must receive their guidance from the same light? Shall we not also understand, that in each of these cycles of spiritual truth, there come similar outpourings of the spirit upon the earth?

As said a few moments ago: we understand by astronomy what time certain comets are due; we are aware of the time of the perihelion and aphelion of planets, and of certain conditions that ensue from their positions and relations to the sun and other planets. Then why not of these greater spiritual laws? Why not of those lives that move like orbs of splendor upon the earth and pass to their appointed places, still holding the light and bearing the message.

It is not the dead Christ that men seek at Jerusalem. Neither in the mountain nor yet in Jerusalem do men worship, but the spirit of God who is everywhere. Neither is it in looking backward that we always find the best message. Could you feed the starving of Chicago on the wheat that Joseph stored away for the Egyptians and his brethren? Not the wheat that grows on these vast prairies is yours. It is another harvest, and the great cycle of time has brought around the great unfolding of this vast granary of the world. Shall we look, therefore, for spiritual sustenance in the past alone? Is not the "Living God" as near to-day as then? Is there not another to bring this people out of bondage as well as Moses? Is not Olivet quite near to those who seek it? Are not those angels who some upon Olivet in the night time still the ministrants? Do they not through those ineffable, yet invisible, vibrations reach you here as there? "All houses," the poet said, "in which men have lived and died are haunted houses." But they are not haunted by ghosts, they are haunted by living, immortal beings. In this great and wonderful "silence" wherein you cross the visible, so-called, and enter the invisible, you do not go away to the "kingdom of heaven"; you do not pass beyond the boundary of time and sense into the upper world,

but it is here and now. Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, both when you wake and when you sleep." Milton, Hesiod, all the poets saw and understood this and this great pulsation of infinity that reaches you from afar.

Who was it at the little Court of Weimar where Goethe and Schiller gave forth the first glimpses of that wonderful, mystical period that was coming to Germany? Who was it that out of that wonderful silence of the spirit made known through the voices of poets ("The Mysteries of Reminiscence," by Schiller), the divine perceptions that transcend all outward knowledge? Shall we not perpetuate and keep these avenues open? Shall we not also find the ministrations of God and the ministrations of souls near? Shall we not reach out with those invisible arms, appealing to such as are longing and desire to minister?

Across the sea the mother hears the voice of her child, it is not a physical voice, but the great love that calls and sometimes beckons.

We affirm the value of this is keen; that it is not vain, that no soul reaches out to another asking for help and giving help, that is not responded to. Nothing can miss you that is yours. Nothing can fail to reach you that belongs to you. But that which does not reach you may be the outward word, the spoken message, the interrupted letter, the communication by telegraph; but the great invisible, yet palpable forces of the universe bring you the thought and the love that is yours in its abundance and in its fulfillment. Today the world is reaping this harvest. Science would have no such harvest as today but for these impelling forces of the earth that are from within. Nay! in its most external form, in its crudest analysis the materialist can find that there is nothing to its thesis without the soul that is beyond.

We liked what your chairman said about faith. It is not blindness, but knowledge because the soul eyes are opened. It is that which the soul knows, the things that are perceived. Faith is the a priori knowledge of the soul. Is that which you know because you know, and it is because you know it from the highest authority, the soul, and the eternity within the soul. Therefore, when speaking of these things—and the voice proclaims them—the power that belongs to the invisible, yet palpable, realm is the power, not only of the Omnipotent, but of every human life, and every human life is entitled to its highest activity, to its noblest endeavors in the domain that is potential. Blindly and deafly have people walked. Now they are no longer obliged to be blind and deaf. If people have been led by the senses, they are no longer obliged to be led by the senses and the allurements of the dust. The type of life that belongs to this age is that of the great renewal of life.

We are now approaching one of those great recurrent cycles. We are told it not only by present planetary conditions, but by that which is known from the knowledge of the cycle even as far back as the astronomes and tables of Egypt. We understand that the great cycle is about due at the present time. Shall it be a physical cataclysm that shall reach the outer world only and not pertain to the upper and inner world? Is there not a corresponding mental agitation like the physical disturbances, volcanoes and earthquakes? In fact that which pertains to the "new earth" pertains to the "new heaven" as well. Aye! it is the New Heaven that precedes the New Earth. "And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth." Which means that the spirit is first and the material will respond. Each new reform, each new growth of thought that comes to the world is preceded by the spirit of it. You do not build the body first and then breathe into it a spirit, but the spirit impels the body forth and then the life ensues. So where all things are surging in human life this great cyclic change is upon the earth. The new Messianic period is about to be: The new Christ in humanity is to be born, the new day of announcement is here. Not the visible form perhaps, not that which shall be in the great reconstructed humanity, but each human life is bearing its prophecy of this New Kingdom of Heaven that is coming on earth. Do you think it pertains simply to houses and lands, to physical existence and warfare among nations? Aye! Count Tolstol breathes of peace in the midst of a great revolution. Lives spring forth from the midst of the shadows to declare the light. The great elements are here that make for peace among nations while there is still vast preparations for war. That which finds humanity in the slums, as Jane Addams does. That which sings the people out of the shadows, as the Salvation Army does. That which reaches them in their own conditions, as do some of these thoughts that are going forth into the world. Showing the signs of the great new life, and betokening that the great cycle is here.

Who are the announcers? They come up from many lowly places, they are found among many walks of life, they write books and poems, they declare it in the literature of the world, it percolates through every department of life. You cannot take up a book, or read a page in any volume that does not contain its heraldings. Even if there be "false christs," as they are called, and "false prophets," there never was a shadow without the light, there never was that which is said to be false without the true. No coin that does not exist was ever counterfeited; and those who mistake their small amount of inspiration for messianic inspiration have only mistaken their proportion of the light. It is very easy for anyone to feel very much exalted by a little inspiration. So what must it be when the great floodtide of these invisible forces is let loose upon the world and those powers that are in human life are strengthened to go forth?

Time was when you did not know you were breathing oxygen, and the time was when you did not know how great a percentage of it is destroyed in the very air you breathe in your dwellings. How, then, shall you know the amount of intuition that day by day is exercised in your midst? How, then, shall people know the great spiritual forces of their own beings that, underlying the obstacles of human life, press forth into every blessed endeavor, every beautiful and useful thing?

God's manifestations are in the universe, but God is the voice of the soul. You do not know anything about God from the material universe, this knowledge is not there. The great book of nature is for men of science like our friend here, but he did not find Soul, God, Intuition there. He will tell you so. The materialist stops there. But the voice of God is from the soul; its avenue is intuition and its voice the thought of humanity. Listen to it, it beckons you forever on and on, it tells you that there is no soul that ever has found expression in human life that still does not exist, voicing that voice of God somewhere, anywhere, in this world or in other worlds. Time and space are nothing, but across these barriers that seem to intervene this great floodtide is yours.

Shall you close the only avenue through which you absolutely know anything? No observation of science, no experimentum crudum in the very crucible of chemistry, no analysis by mathematics can make you know this knowledge that is impalpable, elusive, that no chemist can analyze, this something that makes your body not chemically different to-morrow from what it is to-day, yet to-morrow it may be what is called dead. To-day whatever is you, that has knowledge and pervades your form with its intelligence and activity, pervades it with its beauty and loveliness, that makes your life dominant, but will do nothing for it to-morrow if summoned into the inner and higher estate. Therefore, it is this state that is important, that you are calling you ever into the higher chambers of your being. Have you ever been down in a coal mine? (Your speaker has.) If so, you have seen people existing there, and you know that they are pulsating, thinking, loving lives; and there are people in the world who think those lives are entitled to some degree of sunshine and fresh air. So in these habitations that are below the level of intuition, if some one tells you there is another, higher

portion of the dwelling, there is a great stretch of life that you know nothing about, that you have your place in the many mansions of the Father's house, and that you need not to die below in order to gain them, that you have but to occupy these many mansions while here. Inhabit the best that is yours, of the intuitions, of the intelligence that is connecting your lives together, and the vista is so much better for life.

Mr. Ingersoll said, "One world at a time is enough for me." But if that is a cellar it is not enough. If you live in a basement it is not enough. Down below there (lower floors of the Masonic Temple) they could not see that brilliant moon our friend (Dr. Pratt) just spoke of, nor the beautiful shimmering radiance the moon cast abroad on the lake; but here, higher up, you can see it all. So in this altitude of the soul you can see humanity so much better; you can understand life so much better. A great many persons have crossed the ocean just to ascend the Alps or the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of the view. Come up to the Mount of Transfiguration, to Mount Olivet; come up to the height of Gayha and see what a view of life is there; see the souls, those that have come up "through great tribulation," with the "new name" upon their foreheads, the "white stone" of immortal love. Why should you not? This great height does not only not unfit people for daily life, but it makes every duty plainer and stronger, it is the larger measure of knowing that the next step is all the step that can be taken, it is the larger measure of comprehending that the earth is entitled to the best instead of the worst in human life.

All that we claim to stand for, is that human beings shall express every day the best that they know. No God, no angel, no spirit, no human beings can ask for any more.

The best that you know to-day; to-morrow there may be other heights, other attainments, but to-day the highest that you know. And that highest does not consist simply in the knowledge of the things pertaining to the "best" expression; because if the knowledge is there, the expression will come. The doing good is the result of perfectly knowing good. We begin at the other end of the line from that usually taught. We begin with knowing and then doing, precept and example. But knowledge ere the precept can be given. The growth of the plant is from within, the outward sun shines upon it like Infinite love and wins it forth.

Dear friends, these heights are not far away in some other realm, are not "unattainable," are not things that are dim, distant or vague. Occult things are only mysterious because they are unaccustomed. But it is the "unfrequent way" that is being appealed to now; it is the voice by that unfrequent door that is calling to humanity! Overrun with briars and brambles it may be, but it is the voice of the spirit, the light of the soul, the divine intelligence pleading to you to inhabit your many mansions here and now. Make them, create them. You are building your habitations now; not of the dust, that will crumble, not of material things that will pass away in cyclones or earthquakes, or storms, or the induration of time, but the great impalpable, invisible, eternal things they endure forever. We appeal to this within you, we ask you to make this structure, we know you are helping to build it, and every one who builds brings unto the Master Builder the most perfect thing that he knows.

That is why it is best to meet together. That is why the New Thought claims the best that you have. You must give it, not only in daily life, but when you meet; the best that you know, the best that you have, the highest endeavor unto the harvest of truth.

Come unto this larger habitation, for as all temples in ancient time were upon heights in symbol, and the journey thither was forgetfulness of self, so all spiritual building must be toward the highest that humanity expects of you. Does the artist present for exhibition his first imperfect picture? Do the sculptors ask you to look at the experiments in their studios? Is the chemist satisfied with exhibiting what might be called his failures, which are only stepping stones? No! he says: "I have found it, this is what I wish you to see, no matter by what ways I have come, no matter by what experiments I reached it, here it is." This is the height, this is the perfect truth, this is the one attainment. Call it what you will, but in its divinity, and its perfection it is the prophecy of the perfect human race.

Jesus never declared anything impractical. You will hear sometimes, that these things, like the Golden Rule, were never intended to be practiced. Then they never would have been announced. That which is announced and followed by one is the prophecy for the whole human race. You hear a song somewhere, you wish to sing it; you hear a divine symphony somewhere, you wish to compose one; you hear of a life that is perfect; sometime your life will be perfect, and somewhere and sometime on this earth the great longing shall be fulfilled, and that which shall come after will be added fulfillment. For if down the steps of eternity, or across the spaces there is some planet as obscure and shadowy as this earth, sometime and somewhere in the great cycles of eternity you, too, may climb the heights as Buddha did, or as Jesus did, and say unto the people of that shadowed world, come up unto my Father's dwelling; come up unto "the habitations not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE REASONABLENESS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

That women should have equal suffrage with men seems so reasonable to the unprejudiced mind that it has no need of argument. The burden of proof surely ought to be with the denier of this contention.

It is a universal proverb that no great man has ever been born who did not have a great mother. And yet the wisdom of the centuries must find its Waterloo when the ballot takes this field.

The old stock argument that woman ought not to have the joint privilege with man of making the laws which govern them both, because after these enactments have been made she has not the power to bear her part in their enforcement and defense, has reached such a condition of senility as to be listed along side of Kipling's "Man Who Was."

When Madame de Stael was banished twice by the haughty Napoleon because her pen was mightier than his sword; when Harriet Beecher Stowe could say the last word in her immortal "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that was vitally instrumental in changing the civilization of centuries, freeing both slaves from their masters and masters from their slaves; when that great martyr to the cause of vice annihilation and race emancipation, Frances E. Willard, could accomplish what no man has been able to accomplish, a world federation for righteousness, it is too late in the day to talk about the helplessness of femininity.

With women predominating in our high schools and hinting at it in our colleges it is high time to allow the educated mind, without reference to physical markings, to rule in the realm of government.

EVERETT M. HILL.

HUNGER.

"It's sweet to think they guard us day by day;
"Tis well to tell us they are blest,
That naught disturbs their blissful rest,
Peace-crowned where doubt and pain once sat;
But O we want them in their dear old way,
The tender touch of hand and lip,
The daily sweet companionship,
And only death can give us that."

O. HARCOURT.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.—Rousseau.

Eye Glasses Not Necessary.

Eye Sight can be Strengthened, and all forms of Disease by a Cure without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye glasses can be dispensed with in the great majority of cases, has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of thousands of people who have been cured by the wonderful Little Instruction Book, which is now being distributed free of charge. It is a small, handy, and easy to read, and it contains all the information necessary to cure eye disease, and it is the only book of the kind that has been published. It is a book that should be in every home, and it is a book that should be read by every person who is afflicted with eye disease. It is a book that will save you from the expense and pain of cutting or drugging, and it will give you the best of eyes for the rest of your life. It is a book that is worth its weight in gold, and it is a book that is worth its weight in silver. It is a book that is worth its weight in copper, and it is a book that is worth its weight in iron. It is a book that is worth its weight in lead, and it is a book that is worth its weight in tin. It is a book that is worth its weight in zinc, and it is a book that is worth its weight in nickel. It is a book that is worth its weight in cobalt, and it is a book that is worth its weight in manganese. It is a book that is worth its weight in phosphorus, and it is a book that is worth its weight in sulfur. It is a book that is worth its weight in chlorine, and it is a book that is worth its weight in fluorine. It is a book that is worth its weight in bromine, and it is a book that is worth its weight in iodine. It is a book that is worth its weight in selenium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in tellurium. It is a book that is worth its weight in arsenic, and it is a book that is worth its weight in antimony. It is a book that is worth its weight in bismuth, and it is a book that is worth its weight in mercury. It is a book that is worth its weight in silver, and it is a book that is worth its weight in gold. It is a book that is worth its weight in platinum, and it is a book that is worth its weight in palladium. It is a book that is worth its weight in rhodium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in ruthenium. It is a book that is worth its weight in osmium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in iridium. It is a book that is worth its weight in nickel, and it is a book that is worth its weight in copper. It is a book that is worth its weight in zinc, and it is a book that is worth its weight in iron. It is a book that is worth its weight in lead, and it is a book that is worth its weight in tin. It is a book that is worth its weight in antimony, and it is a book that is worth its weight in bismuth. It is a book that is worth its weight in arsenic, and it is a book that is worth its weight in selenium. It is a book that is worth its weight in tellurium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in sulfur. It is a book that is worth its weight in phosphorus, and it is a book that is worth its weight in chlorine. It is a book that is worth its weight in fluorine, and it is a book that is worth its weight in bromine. It is a book that is worth its weight in iodine, and it is a book that is worth its weight in mercury. It is a book that is worth its weight in silver, and it is a book that is worth its weight in gold. It is a book that is worth its weight in platinum, and it is a book that is worth its weight in palladium. It is a book that is worth its weight in rhodium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in ruthenium. It is a book that is worth its weight in osmium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in iridium. It is a book that is worth its weight in nickel, and it is a book that is worth its weight in copper. It is a book that is worth its weight in zinc, and it is a book that is worth its weight in iron. It is a book that is worth its weight in lead, and it is a book that is worth its weight in tin. It is a book that is worth its weight in antimony, and it is a book that is worth its weight in bismuth. It is a book that is worth its weight in arsenic, and it is a book that is worth its weight in selenium. It is a book that is worth its weight in tellurium, and it is a book that is worth its weight in sulfur. It is a book that is worth its weight in phosphorus, and it is a book that is worth its weight in chlorine. It is a book that is worth its weight in fluorine, and it is a book that is worth its weight in bromine. It is a book that is worth its weight in iodine, and it is a book that is worth its weight in mercury. It is a book that is worth its weight in silver, and it is a book that is worth its weight in gold. 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PSYCHOGENETIC ASTROLOGY,
essentials of Astronomy and Solar Men-
struation, with Tables of Ephemerides to 1910. By
V. V. Vodra. With 6 illustrations. 85
pages. 10 original drawings by Holmes W.
Holmes, author of "Descriptive Mentality." A
system of personally determining the pri-
ncipal Mental and Physical forces and
results in mental aptitudes that dominate
the nature of the individual as based upon date.

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 sacrificed to brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse, 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 always several weeks ahead of 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 name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request is made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.
Mrs. J. Ackenhead: Q. Please give the exact location of the church in Brooklyn where Mrs. May Pepper holds her services, and her address?

A. Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford avenue and Madison street, Mrs. Pepper's address is 258 Monroe street.

Peter Thurston: Q. Where can I procure the books of Minot J. Savage? Where in New York is his church located?

A. Of Geo. H. Ellis Co., Boston, Mass., or at the office of The Progressive Thinker. They publish his sermons weekly at \$1.50 per year. Church of the Messiah, 34th street and Park avenue.

Louis S. Carroll: Q. Do Spiritualists believe Jesus was the Christ and Son of God?

A. A great and exemplary man, such as the Spiritualists believe Jesus to have been possible. A son of God, virgin-born, is unbelievable. In this age when we know that everything is controlled by unchanging law, which never fails or allows of interruption, any past event which calls for a miracle—suspension or change of law—cannot be received.

Levi Wood: Q. Was there an arctesian well located by a medium in Chicago?

A. The medium was Dr. James. He told the depth to water, and the strata that would have to be passed through. The boring confirmed the spirit communication completely.

L. M. Champion: Q. Why is it that although we most earnestly desire to hear from our spirit friends, not one of them through other phases of mediumship, have notified us that they have; could or would, appear to us by materialization?

A. It is because genuine materialization is something no spirit can promise with assurance of success. It requires conditions difficult to induce and rarely met, and for a spirit to promise such a materialization with so small a chance of fulfilling it, would be almost equivalent to falsehood. This holds with genuine mediums, and there would be more urgent reasons why they do not offer to appear before the side-showmen, with their mountebank exhibits. That the spirit friends know full well the characters with which they deal, and their silence is more significant than words. The recent exposures of nearly every "materializer," those who have been giving the most impossible manifestations under "strictly test conditions," is the best answer to the question of this correspondent.

Mattie E. Hayden: Q. Will you please explain the difference between the "mortal" and "divine mind" as so often spoken of by Mrs. Eddy?

A. It is difficult to define Mrs. Eddy's meaning, for she does not appear to know, herself, or have any clear ideas on the subjects she treats. Perhaps this is left purposely obscure. Probably we are to understand all spiritual tendencies the divine part, and ordinary common sense, the senses and perceptions relating to this life, as the "mortal mind." But as everything is a part of God, or God is the whole, it is difficult to understand how any part can be separated from him, and made antagonistic. All religions have their mysteries, are founded on mystery!

Mrs. Alice Thompson: Q. I am very anxious to possess a magic crystal, as I think it would assist my development. Where can I procure one?

A. Such crystals or spheres are advertised largely in the English Spiritualist papers. I could not give the address of any seller in this country. These "crystals" are advertised as having extraordinary properties. They are "Egyptian," "magical," "occult," and anyone can become clairvoyant by their means. The whole is as misrepresenting as a patent medicine ad. They are only glass spheres, such as boys use for marbles, and cost perhaps a cent each. If this correspondent thinks one would be useful, she can secure one at any notion shop. It is wanting in the "suggestive" quality, of mystery, "Egypt," and the "occult," but otherwise the same. The usefulness of all such objects, as a bright coin, a set in a ring, or glass of water, is in fixing and concentrating the mind. A glass of water or a brilliant set, have just as much potency for this purpose as "magic mirrors," "crystals," etc., all duly "magnetized." It must be understood that the "influence" does not come from these objects, but the state which the mind attains by its attention. The object gazed at is secondary and inconsequential.

Highly recommended as this method has been it is by no means to be cultivated. It is the process by which

the Hindu gains his "wisdom," and becomes the type of passive immediacy and hopeless laziness. The way to receive the highest spiritual gifts is to strive for spiritual strength. The way to become impressive to great thoughts, is to bring the mind up for their reception.

B. F. Graves, Attorney: Q. Please give a short sketch of Judge John Cleveland Symmes, noted for his hollow globe theory.

A. In the accounts given of this eccentric character, I fail to find that he at any time was a Judge. There was a Judge of the same name, who presided over the Northwestern Territory in 1788.

Symmes of "Symmes Hole" fame was his nephew, born in 1780, in New Jersey. He served as Captain in the war of 1812, after which he removed to Newport, Ky. It goes without saying that he had only a smattering of learning, or he would not have conceived the fanciful theories for which he became notorious. No one versed in the laws of planetary motion would give such notions more than a passing thought. He believed the earth was a hollow sphere, with several concentric hollow spheres within it, one inside the other, and that the inner surface was inhabited as well as the outer. These spheres had polar openings, through which it is possible to enter. Symmes, after this idea had seized him, devoted his life to its public advocacy. He wrote and published his arguments, and gave many lectures. He even went so far as to petition Congress to fit out an expedition to find the north polar opening. Of course, no notice was taken of the matter. A great deal of fun was made of "Symmes' hole," which to this day preserves the memory of this ill-informed enthusiast. He died in 1829, having given so much of his time to his visionary ideas, that he was in dire poverty.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

An Eminent Lawyer and Spiritualist.

In the dispensation of natural law our dear colleague and co-worker, Mr. Ernest H. Benn, has been promoted to the higher life, and by his translation he has bereaved and our loss is great and keenly realized.

We fully recognize his sterling qualities, his strong and abiding loyalty, and his ever ready assistance in all emergencies of whatever kind. In our association we have lost a strong link in the chain of progress and spiritual development. For many years our ardent brother served faithfully upon the board of directors of our association. Nothing short of an obstacle which could not be overcome kept him from the meetings and his wisdom, sanity and discretion, coupled with his earnest logic many times prevented us from straying into error or inharmonious. His genial words, his keen interpretation of all sides of a question, will linger in our memories until we close hands with him beyond the river of time. We hold in memory his brave deeds and valuable assistance, and strive to emulate his example in the fearless and confident advocacy of the cause of Spiritualism.

We extend to his wife and children our tender sympathy, knowing full well how great is their burden of sorrow, how great the void in their home life, and how sadly they must realize that the prop and stay upon whom they leaned so confidently, has been removed beyond their earthly vision. Spiritualism has lost an ardent worker and a staunch adherent.

We, the board of directors of the First Association of Spiritualism of New York City, in offering this tribute to the memory of Mr. Benn, feel the inadequacy of words to convey our loyal appreciation of, and our sense of bereavement in his transition.

Mary A. Newton,
Harriet M. Rathbun,
George D. Emerson,
Myra A. Everett,
A. T. Riedinger,
Martin V. B. Ethridge,
F. A. Staab.

New York.

BOOK REVIEW.

Our musical friends will be glad to learn that Mr. Longley has issued an edition comprising in one volume the four parts that have been separately published, of his Beautiful Songs, to which he has added part five, and also a number of his most popular songs, including "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," and its "Companion Piece." The price, bound in cloth, is 75 cents. In strong board covers, 60 cents.

Marriage in Free Society. By Edward Carpenter. Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Paper.

Prenatal Culture. Systematic Method of Moulding the Tendencies of Offspring Before Birth. By A. E. Newton. Introduction by Alice B. Stockham. Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Paper, 25 cents.

"Seventy-Six Years Young." We have received a little brochure, from our author, Winslow Whitthrop Tucker, of Watertown, N. Y., with the above introduction. Mr. Tucker is a retired architect, and in his leisure amuses himself by writing as he feels inspired and inspired influences. On his last birthday he treated his friends to this souvenir in verse, which reminds one of the lines of Whittier. We quote a few stanzas as a sample of its flavor.

With many a faint and weary step,
Midst mortal hopes and fears,
I've climbed the mountain steep of life,
The pyramid of years.

And through the vast, ethereal realms,
That lie the world between,
Catch glimpses of the higher life
To outward eyes unseen.

I feel a strange, mysterious thrill,
Stealing my senses o'er,
And hear the voices low and sweet,
Of loved ones gone before.

The author has no fear of death. His knowledge of the great hereafter makes his song jubilant.

For death prevailing everywhere
Through nature's ceaseless strife,
Is ever still an upward step
To higher forms of life.

May the poet reach the ripest age assigned to man.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

LEGERDEMAIN.

The Part It Has Played In Injuring Honest Mediumship, and Corrupting Our Ranks.

The Articles Published under this Head are Especially Directed to Camp-meeting Officials, Hoping there Will be a Decided Change for the Better in their Management.

When a devout and influential Spiritualist thoroughly investigates the Legerdemain side of Spiritualism, as MR. J. A. WERTZ, of Anderson, Ind., has done, and gives THE RESULT of his investigations to the world, it certainly can not fail to make a deep and lasting impression for good.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is now awakening Spiritualists everywhere,

and they are beginning to realize the EXACT STATUS of our cause. Only those who read it are fully posted as to what is going on in our ranks. The data we furnish is invaluable to every reflective mind. Legerdemain in Spiritualism will receive an airing that will do honest mediums a vast amount of good. They are now rallying around this paper as their organ.

Letter Number Three.

Some years ago a man who traveled extensively, giving entertainments, would not say his work was genuine or otherwise. He gave what many Spiritualists believed was the genuine phenomena. They declared that if he was not a genuine medium, there were none genuine. His slate-writing tests and his WORK IN THE CABINET WERE WONDERFUL. The committee might be and seal the knots—bind him hand and feet, and within twenty seconds after he entered the cabinet, he would toss the ropes out into the audience. All the knots WOULD BE INTACT.

The inference was, of course, that the spirits had released him. This man, who has been in the field under different names, admitted that he possessed no powers of the occult order.

"With me," said he, "it's simply 'bread and butter.'"

He was, in other words, a dextrous sleight-of-hand performer. This incident is related here to illustrate the fact that many persons are always ready TO ATTRIBUTE ALL MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCES TO SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

Before entering upon the subject of this article, a word in regard to the term, medium. One writer says there is no such person as a fake medium; that if persons are endowed with the gifts whereby they may discern the presence of spirits they are mediums—nothing less, and that others who claim to possess such gifts are simply impostors.

Let that be as it may, we shall continue to speak of these impostors as fakes—or fakes.

It is the Spiritualists themselves who are largely to blame for this deplorable condition of our cause. They extend sympathy and patronage to mediums who have been thoroughly exposed—mediums who have even confessed to the fact that their work in the past HAS BEEN STRICTLY FRAUDULENT.

We will always have fraud mediums as long as we patronize them, unless the enactment of STRINGENT LAWS TO PROHIBIT FAKE MEDIUMSHIP BE SECURED. THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO PASS IN THE MIDDLE OF FIVE YEARS, UNLESS, IN THE MEANTIME THE SPIRITUALISTS THEMSELVES DESTROY THE GROWING EVIL.

The very life of the cause is in the balance. That life must be preserved. And it will be preserved if all the sincere workers in the cause will unite in this movement to drive the frauds out of our ranks.

THE FRAUDS MUST GO! THAT EDITORIAL FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD. There will come an era of education—an era of enlightenment, and Spiritualism will be the dominant religion of the earth, when peace shall be perpetual—when the great problem of life and its purpose, will be solved.

LEGERDEMAIN SPIRITUALISM.

It Is Prevalent in Our Ranks—Reward—Look Out for the Rascals!

The undersigned offers a liberal reward for information leading to the arrest of the following persons, who left Chicago, February 27, 1906, carrying with them \$250 in gold, and jewelry worth \$300—entrusted to them by a patron:

Man—Apparently forty-one years old, weight about 200 pounds, raven black hair, black eyes, fair skin, smooth face and dark clothing, when last seen. He travels extensively and is out for graft. Has been a cook and caterer, and paints on card board, canvas, porcelain and china. Posed as a materializing medium in Chicago, with an Indian named Wabanau for control, who speaks broken English. He uses liquor as freely as aliases, although James Francis O'Hara is said to be his right name.

Woman companion—Above medium height, weighs 175 pounds, raven black eyes and brown-black hair. Gives trumpet manifestations and trance readings under control of Dr. Oakes. Wore black clothes. Said to have left her husband at Pottsville, Ohio, and has her four-year-old daughter, having black eyes and light brown hair, with her.

MRS. JENNIE DAVIS,
2229 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"Materialization." By Mmes. E. d-Esperance and Rev. E. F. Austin. Excellent. Price 10 cents.

"The Present Age and Finer Life: Ancient and Modern Mysteries Classified and Explained." By Andrew Jackson Davis. We have a few copies of this work by the celebrated seer. Cloth, \$1.10.

"The Spiritualist's Guide, or, Death as an Event in Life." By Lilian Whiting. One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, intensely interesting, spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. Price \$1.

"Success and How to Win It." A lecture and course of twenty-four success lessons by Dr. E. F. Austin, B. A. D. D. The titles of some of the lectures are as follows: Self Help; Personal Success; Idleness; Economy; Planning; Attraction; Courtesy; Kindness and Tact; Angel Help. Price 25 cents.

"New Testament Stories Comically Illustrated." Drawings by Watson Hepson. With Critical and Humorous comments upon the Texts. Heston's drawings are incomparable, and excruciatingly funny. Price, in boards, \$1; cloth, \$1.50.

"Harmonies of Evolution: The Philosophy of Individual Life Based Upon Natural Science, as Taught by Modern Masters of the Law." By Florence Huntley. A work of deep thought, carrying the principles of evolution into new fields. Price, cloth, \$2.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

First Association of Spiritualists, New York City.

The fifty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was fittingly celebrated by the First Association of Spiritualists, New York City, in two services, at Lyric Hall on Sunday, April 1. The attendance was large, and seemed interested, while the greater number were evidently eager for spiritual food.

Mrs. Henry J. Newton, president of the association, occupied the chair, and from time to time in introducing the speakers, mediums and musicians, and in supplementing their service, spoke words of forcible, pertinent and comforting; thereby impressing upon the audience the dignity and value of Spiritualism. Especially welcome were her references to the host of notables who have been promoted to that other life of which we yearn to learn, that we may intelligently anticipate our own promotion to spirit realms. Although we had a fine musical program, congregational singing was an inspiring feature of the occasion.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, at the afternoon service offered an uplifting invocation, and improvised several poems upon the subjects offered by the audience. These were listened to with rapt attention and loud applause followed the recital. Mrs. Brigham is a wonderful instrument in the hands of the guides, and is so widely known, not only in America, but in other countries, there need be no description of her veritable gifts. She is justly welcomed with heartiness whenever she appears, and wears her honors with becoming deprecation, void of affectation.

Mrs. Helen L. Palmer-Russogue, of Hartford, Ct., delivered two masterly addresses. Her language, pure English, and grammatical, was logical, convincing, in fact unanswerable, although the most sweeping claims were made for Spiritualism. Arguments sustained statements, and statistics, the hitherto indifferent, and Spiritualists alike were held spell-bound under the magic influence of her powerful oratory. She, also, is too well known to require introduction or comment. The strangers to Spiritualism, however, asked: "Who is this marvelous woman?" "Where does she hail from?" The request was made so generally, and answered so well, that Mrs. Russogue was prevailed upon to serve our association again on Sunday, the 8th, inst., afternoon and evening, at The Tuxedo, our usual place of meeting.

An able and carefully prepared lecture upon "The Dawn of Man's Infancy" was delivered by Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, the popular author and lecturer. He was closely followed by his hearers, who manifested their enthusiasm by applause.

Mr. John Templeton, an editor, and of newspaper fame, favored us with an instructive and versatile address; one moment provoking merriment by some witty recital or conclusion, which was banished by the serious propositions put forth earnestly and so lucidly by this honest, earnest advocate of Spiritualism. The ring of courage in his clear voice without doubt, brought strength to many; would that there were more of his kind.

Miss Margaret Gaulé, our regular ministrant, prefaced her wonderful spirit messages, at both services, with earnest appeals on behalf of our Cause in its well-being. She was, as always, received with hearty applause, and commanded the complete attention of the audience while she gave in clear, concise language, tests to the friends whose arisen beloved could control conditions sufficiently to manifest. Her descriptions were gratefully, and in many instances, tearfully recognized.

Miss Gaulé is known so widely as a wonderful psychic, it is unnecessary to take time and space to recount her work. It is not, perhaps, so widely known that she and her good husband, Mr. Augusta T. Riedinger, devote much of their time and energies to the Cause, opening the doors of their spacious and beautiful home so often for the good of the Cause, one sometimes wonders if their doors are ever closed. Much of the prosperity of our association and of the Ladies' Aid Auxiliary to it is due to their continuous, and disinterested effort.

Messages from spirit life were also given, afternoon and evening, by Mrs. Robert Roughsedge, of Brooklyn, New York, and were favorably received. Mrs. Roughsedge is a new worker in the field; one unique feature of her mediumship is, that her messages are given in rhyme.

She has been largely instrumental in making the Ladies' Aid of great interest, as well as helping so much in increasing its treasury.

Mme. J. Keunert, who arranged and conducted the musical program, deserves much commendation for the music so carefully rendered.

Miss Cora De Anguera favored us most pleasingly with soprano solo. She was accompanied by Mme. Keunert, piano, and Miss Jessen, violin.

Great applause testified to the appreciation of the audience.

Mr. A. Soanert, in his rich bass voice, sang: "My God, My Father" by Marston, so acceptably all hearts were captured. We venture to predict that his name will ever prove a "drawing card."

Miss Anna H. Jessen, besides the obligate already mentioned, favored us with violin solos.

Mr. Robert Roughsedge of Brooklyn, N. Y., rendered most acceptably a tenor solo.

Near the close of the evening session the president called upon Mrs. Milton Rathbun to represent the Ladies' Aid Society. Mrs. Rathbun occupied a few moments in setting forth the claims, objects, efforts and aims of said organization.

We were proud and happy to have with us upon the platform in the afternoon Miss Victoria C. Moore, secretary of the Freeville, N. Y. Spiritualist Camp Association, who, besides being a lecturer, is a talented elocutionist. She was pressed into the service for the evening meeting and charmed the assembly with a reading most impressively rendered.

When we had in closing the exercises sung the doxology, and received the benediction of peace pronounced by Mrs. Russogue, we agreed, one with the other, in happy assertion that our meetings were a success from all viewpoints.

MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

Kansas State Association.

The State Association of Kansas will hold its fifth annual convention in Topeka, June 1, 2 and 3. I desire to engage a good speaker and test medium for this occasion. We will welcome visitors from all over the state and from sister states as well.

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