

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

NO. 918

others more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe.—Montaigne.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. A fool in revolt is infinitely wiser than the philosopher forging a learned apology for his chains.—Ressiter.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt nor his wife a

An Interesting Book.

"Broken Beams From the Summerland," by Many Authors—Published by Hon. A. Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., in Devoted Memory of Her who for Forty Years was his Companion, Counselor and Friend—A Book Beaming with Refined Spirituality.

We Come Not From Ethereal Homes.

We come not from ethereal homes
Which fancy shapeliness rears;
But from the new unfolding domes
In wisdom's shining spheres.

We come not from the silent mound
Beneath the marble urn;
But with immortal being crowned,
From realms of light return.

We come not at the trumpet note,
Nor do we march to high refrain,
But near the loving soul we float
Drawn by attraction's golden chain.

We come not 'neath the stately spire,
Where earth taught clergy con the page
O'er which they labor to confer
New life to truths grown dull with age.

But inspiration's child we seek
And whisper truths unknown before,
And kindle up the glowing cheek
With sparks from wisdom's un-
taught lore.

—Imogene Gaston.

There is a deep, unfathomable fountain
Of inspiration within every soul,
Whose pure and effulgent waters attract
And reflect the divine rays of
Truth and Wisdom and will, ultimately,
Drench the spirit in a halo of holy light.—Imogene.

Love and good will toward all men
Sweeten every bitter drop in the cup
Of human life. Cheerfulness pro-
motes health, spirituality and phys-
ically. Smiles are the sunlight of
Heaven. Heaven is not a place but
a condition. It may be here as well
as elsewhere. If not within your own
soul it is not anywhere.

Query: Do not the surroundings
have an influence upon the spirit?
Answer: In some degree, but the
soul (or spirit) is the centre of all
conditions, just as each sun forms the
centre of its own solar system and
gives light and coloring to the planets
that revolve around it.—Imogene.

"Charity suffereth long and is
kind." By this is meant that broad,
universal Love which looks with pity-
ing eye on all the unhappily passions
of inharmonious man. Remembering
then how much suffering man
bears before he knows the wrong in his
conduct, strive to subdue all rebellious feel-
ings.—I. G.

We are here, happy, joyful to greet
you home again, yet do not forget
to play each sorrow and sadness
as each sorrow and sadness. There
is a balm for all human weakness.
The world is bright and beautiful.
Jewels of love and kindness are scat-
tered all around you. If you will
open your spirits to the benign in-
fluence, all may be well with each and
of you.—I. G.

On the happy festal days when you
meet in the social circle to enjoy the
dear intercourse of kindred, remember
there is another invisible circle hover-
ing around rejoicing in your every
word and sorrowing over every cloud
that darkens your spiritual horizon.
That band is composed of the dear de-
parted ones. A father, a mother, a
daughter and sister would unite on
this holy day and greet you with a re-
newal of love, thus drawing you nearer
to the realm of spirit, where you may
all be united—an unbroken family
in the beautiful home above.—Imogene.

There is no period of time when
the spirit of man is so inaccessible
to spiritual influence as during the first
bitterness of grief at the loss (by
death) of a dearly loved friend. The
"spirit seems to sink, stifled for a
season, within a gloomy void, where
its own divine character in sacred, silent
communion with the indwelling
God of the universe, is forced to seek
consolation from its own interior
Being. It finally emerges from the
darkness of sorrow, purified and re-
solved, thus fully prepared to receive
intelligence from the higher world.

Thus, my friends, would I bring
you joyful tidings of the morning
which succeeds the night of darkness,
from the dear spirit so recently re-
leased from the shores of Time. She
is as happy a new-born spirit as
ever I knew. Many of her little fol-
lows sprang from a weak physical con-
dition from which she is now entirely
released. She has no regrets for her
departure. Simply says she has been
warned of the change that occurred,
she would have visited you all. You
will soon hear from her personally.
Good night.—Imogene.

My dear friends, the pleasure of the
spirit are subtle and all the entire
being. In man's transitory life, easily
thrown off the balance, a false
word, thought, or idea, often mars
the spirit's harmony. I would fain
give you a precious pearl from the
treasure-house of wisdom, but I cannot
point them out. It is for you to sow
and garner and reap the reward of
your own labor and diligence.

Do not get discouraged and faint
by the way. The journey of life
is often toilsome, but it is only
through mortal life that the crown of
immortality is attained—that boon to
which all nature is aspiring. There
is a rich reward for the lowliest la-
borer and the most ignorant, if honest
in the bright scenes of immortal life.
I speak of what I know by actual ex-
perience. "Straight is the gate and
narrow the way, that leads to eternal
life" and all mankind must walk
therein.

Live more for the spiritual and less
for the external and future genera-
tions will reward you.—Imogene.

Believe on! We will help you in every
season of trial. We strive to
strengthen the bonds of fraternal af-
fection, that, united you may assist
and save each other. Not from un-
iversal rule, but simply from many of
the little, petty life that destroy so
much of human happiness.
Heaven is not a haven of rest.
Neither is it a place fitted up for pure
spirits. It is simply a condition of
harmonious love; of perfect trust in
the Supreme Power that governs the
universe; and a well grounded Prin-
ciple that is entirely impervious to every
artifice with which temptation may
seek to stain the spotless robe of the
spirit. This condition may be at-
tained as well on earth as in spirit.

life. Strive for it, it is more precious
than any earthly treasure. Yours in
love.—Imogene.

The shifting scenes of time and cir-
cumstances bring me here again, to
speak in behalf of your whilom little
daughter now grown to full and com-
plete stature—a tall, fair maiden with
yellow curly hair, that winter winds
or summer sun has never deepened to
a darker shade. She sees many other
bright-eyed maidens around you
and is attracted here much by their
songs and merry laughter and wishes
very much to be one among you. At
least she wants to be remembered.
May her memory be a living, unfading
source of peace and joy to your trust-
ing, believing souls; and make you
tender and kind to the young and un-
developed around you. She retains
only the glow of the eyes, and the
unsuspected complexion and tint of hair.
All else is changed. You would scarce-
ly know her, unless aided by spiritual
perception, which will certainly be
yours, when released from the phys-
ical.—Imogene.

The happy meeting of friends long
separated is a pure and fitting emblem
of that higher and holier reunion of
kindred spirits in the eternal home.
Knowledge is the key that unlocks
the human soul and fills it with the
gentle light of a warm and living
faith. Then know that I, Ephraim
H. Gaston, still live and enjoy a real
individualized existence, entirely dis-
tinct from all earthly form. I can,
and do visit and love you; still join
in the family gathering with even
more than my former interest, al-
though unseen and unheard by your
outward senses, yet my presence is
tangible and felt by you all.—Ephraim
H. Gaston.

Dear Brother, I am anxious to im-
part some of the love and joy that
flow through your means, to the rest
of the dear loved ones on earth. I feel
and appreciate your great desire to
hear from me, and will respond as
far as lies in my power, but I find
this is more difficult than I anticipated.
There are few mediums pure and un-
selfish enough to be reliable messen-
gers for intercommunication; but thanks
to the kind Father of Light, there are
a few noble ones, and is not their
work a glorious one?

Do you desire to know how I feel
and how I am? I am much hap-
pier and better satisfied than when I
lived on earth. I felt a void for some
time because I missed my home soci-
ety; but now I am employed in im-
proving. I feel serene in the knowl-
edge that we shall all be united soon.
I keep your affections warm and
bright. Love is the only bond be-
tween spirit and spirit. All others
are mortal and perish with the body;
this alone is deathless.

I realized the whole process of dy-
ing as I had ever desired to do. It
was without spiritual suffering, and
the old body was worn out by pre-
vious pain, that it gave way without
a struggle.

When I found myself actually free
and looking down silently upon my
now deserted body, and saw my dear
friends sorrowing so tenderly around
it, how long I longed to speak to
them, that they might know I was still near.
But while I had reached the much-
desired haven of repose, I found I
could no longer speak to, or even be
seen by, those dearest to me. It
seemed so strangely unnatural to be
so close to them and yet be so com-
pletely powerless and unable to commu-
nicate with them. There, before me,
lay the silent form through which I
had so lately spoken and acted con-
sidering it a part of myself almost.
For a moment I felt a strong desire to
return to it, with its pains, for the
sake of speaking to those I loved.

"This is the bitterness of death;
Take me away, I cannot bear the
separation," I cried. In a moment the fa-
miliar room with its loved occupants
had vanished, and for the first time,
I felt the presence of spirit be-
lieving like myself. One near me
I knew immediately to be Aunt Lucinda,
by her resemblance to mother. I
felt comforted by her presence, she
seemed so good and loving. Then
Grandmother Gaston met me with a
child again, so fresh did the memory
of my early days come back to me in
her dear face.

Many others also came to welcome
me. Among them our spirit sister,
Imogene.

There was a bright, intelligent spirit,
whom I felt at once to be a superior
being, came forward and said: "Is
there no one else you desire to see?"
Then I thought of Alma, and there she
stood sure enough, looking so nat-
ural, her head leaning on her little
hand, as if she were waiting for me.
She was looking at me from the cor-
ner of her eyes, just as she used to do.
She is a beautiful child and I could
but wish that I had such a one to meet
me here.

It was a number of days, nearly a
week, before I was permitted, or even
desired to visit the scenes of my home
life, the parting had indeed been so
painful. I felt I had passed the bound-
ary where I could no longer associate
with them; and the thought of
seeing them in sorrow, without the
power of speaking, was dreadful. I
derived much comfort and strength
when I first visited Arthur and was
able to draw nearer to him than to
the others. Not that I loved him
more, but the very he took of my
death coincided with mine and there
is sympathy between us.

Then, too, he felt my death to be good,
rather than evil. My spirit derived
strength from him and I felt com-
forted and happy within his influence.
When at last I visited my dear wife
and mother—those two so closely united
in affection—I felt a real glow
of tender emotion. When I saw their
spirits clothed in the shining light of
resignation, and yet their love as pure
and deep as before, I felt a glow of
love and joy in their presence which
I cannot describe. Grief, not even
death can separate us, so long as you
remain true to my love and memory.

I am with you much and desire much
comfort guarding your footsteps. I
know of your sorrow and loneliness,
and sympathize earnestly with you,
but brighter days will dawn for you
and you will be able to see me and
remember me in joy the same as in
sorrow. Our love is not the only
thing which binds us, and let us keep it
pure, unadulterated and enduring.

The shady side of life is past and
all is clear and plain to me now. As
I was satisfied with you there so am
I better satisfied now—more full of
joy here with all my old-time friends,
I want to give you all the evidence
I am able to cheer you along for
the future. We are all well and
parents to you all.—Edmund W. Gas-
ton.

Dear father and mother, I know
you will remain unchanged. Though
you love your children ever so
dearly, they will not occupy my place
in your affections; and I am glad to
say so. Trust me, I shall never forget
to give you a warm return; and when
you are done with the scenes of earth,
I will meet you with joy, beyond the
Valley of Death.—Ephraim.

Father, Mother, Arthur, Grover
and all, I am here, just across the
narrow way. So near that my im-
palpable touch may rest upon your
unconscious brows; happy in your
presence, yet not without alloy, for
you see me not.

I have been learning many of those
coveted lessons in wisdom, which my
brief, broken, earthly life denied me.
The spirit here reveals in an infinite va-
riety of means of improvement,—all
he or she is capable of enjoying. You
must know I am delighted with such
a life. It exceeds my wildest flights
of fancy.

Aunt Lucinda is one of my dearest
friends and teachers of the Christian
virtues, of which she is a shining ex-
ample. Good night.—Ephraim.

Life has been called a vapor. I
would say Physical Life is indeed a
dark vapor swept away, vanquished
by Death, leaving the real life free
and untrammelled. Death is not en-
tirely like the unfolding of a door to
an interior compartment. It is like
the breaking of a shell from a misera-
ble, rayless old tenement into the free
pure air of a fair spring morning, yet
strange to say, I longed for a time to
return to it, shattered as it was, for
the sake of those I loved.

Time and broader Light however,
have purified my earthly loves, and
freed me from all the shackles of the
world, where my body was born,
suffered and died without my volition
or consent. All that is worthy in me
and in my love, lives purified.—Im-
ogene. The rest is swept away
with the vapor.

Now do you believe this is
Ephraim? If so, it is well. If not
it is no matter. I have but made a
beginning, yet it must be my ending
for this time. Immortal love to all.
—Ephraim.

I love to communicate, yet what
can I say that will profit you, beyond
words of love and remembrance? You
know such words grow stale and
pointless. I have seen Alvin, he is
not yet quite reconciled to the change.
His clinging to earthly things, but will
soon be O. K.

Arthur, I am nearer and more de-
pendent upon you for strength and
comfort than any other earthly
friend. Don't become entirely ab-
sorbed in business or family affec-
tions, but keep your spirit brother, and
losing your influence in the upper
world. Influence is what man strives
for, you know.—Ephraim.

I am here brother, still rejoicing
in your joys, and sorrowing in your
sorrows, unless you are by a broad
faith to see real good in seeming evil.
All wrong is right, not understood.
The spiritual view is not a material
one. The mind when free to act un-
trammelled, will work itself clear of
all impurities. Be not absorbed in
the material, but keep your spirit brother.
Strive at all times to follow your high-
est conceptions of Duty and Right
and you will finally rise above all the
shadows of malice and the clouds of
Material Sense.

Welcome, good mother. Good
night.—Ephraim Gaston.

My Brothers: As one I loved you.
Love and appreciate each other while
you may. Counsel and strengthen
one another for the conflict. Life
should be something more than a
pleasant holiday, or a feverish
grasping for the things of earth.
It should be the birthplace of noble,
unselfish aspirations and struggle
for spiritual growth.—Ephraim.

I am glad you seek me, Brother,
Arthur. It helps to make me strong-
er with a belief in heaven, and
friends. I may be more advanced
spiritually than you are, yet you are
attaining a strength, by your phys-
ical life, that my short, blighted earth
life can never hope to bring.
Strength and wisdom combined form
powerful weapons for the spiritual
warfare. Strive to rise above the
sins of up and down. So you see
I am not so much ahead as you
thought. If I can give you spiritual
knowledge you may give back
strength of character by longer con-
tact and battling with the forces of
the physical world.—E. H. G.

The river rolls rapidly onward to-
ward the sea and the swift current of
your earthly lives will soon bring
you all with me into the free, open
expanse of spirit life.

Though I do not
hover around my earthly idols so
much as formerly, yet I love to visit
and mark the progress of my old-time
companions and earthly loves, none
more earnest and steadfast than those
formed in boyhood days. And I love
to watch you pass the portals of
heaven, and feel that I am nearer to
you nearer home to Heaven and me.

I see father and mother much and
often.—E. H. G.

My children, I am here. A moth-
er's presence still thrives, for the form
I used to wear is yours (or mine), no
longer, yet I am among you. Love
one another as when you were my
little children playing around my
knee. Live worthily. Deal justly
and kindly by each and all. Be pleas-
antly and friendly to all your neighbors.
Try to be happy yourselves and you
will be sure to impart happiness to
others.

If I can never manifest my presence
satisfactorily during your natural life,
it is a consolation that I may meet
you all at the dawning of spiritual
life, just as I met you all at the birth
of physical life, with love and tenderness.
That is all.

My language was broken and im-
perfect. I meant that my spirit was
with you often, though my body is
gone.—Phyllida Gaston.

Yes, I am with you all and bless
you with a mother's blessing. But
my words are few; my words are
weak; and incredulity is strong.
False sophistry weaves its web of
doubt and unbelief around nearly all
I would reach. What can I do but
watch and wait for the uplifting of
the veil, thin though it is, and
breathe a silent blessing?—Phyllida
Gaston.

The shady side of life is past and
all is clear and plain to me now. As
I was satisfied with you there so am
I better satisfied now—more full of
joy here with all my old-time friends,
I want to give you all the evidence
I am able to cheer you along for
the future. We are all well and
parents to you all.—Edmund W. Gas-
ton.

Little world of greeting, your father
and I. Our home is now here, and
our interests in life and its changes
centers here in our new and broader
sphere; yet we shall never forget the
little nest of joys and the one girl
we left in the life behind us—left to
fulfill the duties and responsibilities
of their first estate, then to join us in
this higher, holier life, the glory of
which is beyond comparison in earthly
scenes of human life. So you see
that while earth is fair to you, it
is dark and uncomely to us, and love
alone can attract us back over the
thorny surface. Yet we do visit you
often, I assure you, and love and care
for you still.—Phyllida and Edmund
Gaston.

My Daughter, my Children: I can-
not express to you how happy we are
to see you all together again. It will
do you all good to meet on the young
child of mortal life and renew your
childhood again when your hair is white
with age. Try to unite the simple
love and faith of a child with the wis-
dom of ripier years. Be harmoni-
ous and loving; live faithful and
true, and when you are done with
time, you will have a good cause for
praise.—Phyllida Gaston.

We come—a shining band from the
approaching borders of the spirit land.
We do not change except that all
"unbroken" like "eternity" and that
is from good to better. (Now your
mother smiles and says, "They will
think we are growing self-satisfied!")
I do feel well satisfied with this side
of life. When an old man wakes and
finds himself suddenly made over—
young again—he has good cause for
praise. Don't you think so?

Love and kind remembrance for
all.—Edmund and Phyllida.

The light of a beautiful faith,
founded on a knowledge of cosmic
science, has shined through the
unbroken life beyond the dark Val-
ley, glides even the most painful scenes
of earth life with a golden halo of
hope and praise. As the brown earth
contains within its dark, clammy
mold, the promise of the every varying
verdure of spring, so the crude, bar-
ren spiritual sphere contains the germ of
humanity's highest hope made a liv-
ing, certain reality; the mingling of
the upper and lower life in one.

Do not be discouraged for we are
with you always, and never tire. Our
presence is unseen, our joy is added
to your spiritual life, and new and
spirits filled with joy and love un-
speakable.

Fathers and mothers are here, sis-
ters, brothers and children, all smiling
a happy welcome to some loved, earth-
ly face. Why do you not meet often-
ly? I have not much to induce me
to return to your muddy sphere. It
is no longer a home to me, even in
name, since my "worthy progenitors
have passed into the skies.—Ephraim.

MRS. GEORGIA GLADYS COOLEY
CLOSES LOCAL ENGAGEMENT.

A Large Audience Heard Her Splendid
Lecture and Spirit Messages were
Satisfactorily Received.

Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley on Sun-
day evening delivered the last lec-
ture of her engagement with the Spir-
itual Society of Meadville. The Odd
Fellows temple was filled to over-
flowing, the spirit messages were sat-
isfactorily received, and all things con-
sidered it was one of the most suc-
cessful meetings the society has held
during the past year.

In the lecture for the evening the
speaker showed the relation that the
new conceptions of Spiritualism hold
to the old teachings of heaven and
purgatory. She said, in part, that no
man was so wicked that he deserved
to be tormented eternally, nor no per-
son could be so exalted as to be ready
at once for a transition into a state of
heavenly bliss. No true mother, how-
ever great her grief, could be so cruel
as to become reconciled to the
thought of her boy being consigned to
eternal suffering. A mother who
would thus dare to abandon her own
son in his life would at once be an
inhuman. Would she be any less
loving to the child she had borne? He
toward him while she enjoyed a state
of heavenly bliss?

Spiritualists think of the future
state more as a condition than as a
location, and recognize three differ-
ent states, which in some measure cor-
respond to the idea of hell, purga-
tory and heaven.

The lowest state is the hell of con-
science—a state of unhappiness and
remorse for wrongdoing. The sec-
ond sphere is one of congeniality,
where kindred souls meet and are
drawn to each other by entrance in the
third or wisdom sphere. Here in the
highest sphere selfishness is thrown
aside and others in the lower spheres
are visited, instructed and raised up.

Instead of the old idea of a devil,
we believe that each one has a devil
within. This devil
within, instead of the one outside,
is the cause of evil acting, and one of
the greatest of evils is intemperance.
There is not only the intemperance
of drinking or eating to excess, but
there is an intemperance of speech which
manifests as gossip.

If there was a Carrie Nation to
break into places of intemperance
speech, there would be many of our
fine homes which would be broken
into. We cannot love our neighbors
as we should if we are so full of
gossip about them unless the respect
we have for ourselves is very small.
Angels come to bid us be kind and
charitable to one another, to live and
let live, and thus learn to know the
meaning of true respect.

Mrs. Cooley leaves in October for a
six-months engagement in New Zea-
land.—The Messenger, Meadville, Pa.

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Intensely Interesting.

Prof. Edgar Larkin of Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, Cal., Has Something Intensely Interesting to Say about "The Corpuscular Base of Nature."

For here comes Brother B. F. Loomis
is up out of Viola, Cal., on page one
of the Progressive Thinker, No. 907,
in the vain hope of overthrowing my
article of March 9, '07 in The Pro-
gressive Thinker, No. 902. Speaking
of planetary positions at the winter
solstice at the beginning of the Chris-
tian era, he says: "I have computed
the planetary positions for the date
myself, the date handed down to us
by the early fathers of the Church as
being the birth day of our Savior,
and this is one of the leading features
of my book."

I am simply amazed that Brother
Loomis has computed these ancient
positions of the planets. He is the
only man living that could perform
this impossible-to-others feat. There
are perhaps fifty men now living who
know more about mathematics than
the entire human race combined.
They are astronomers of the highest
rank, and devote their entire lives to
mathematical computation. None of
these is able to compute the position
of the planets 1900 years ago. All
modern astronomical calculations are
of the planets on each other.

Thus the mean distance of the earth
from the sun is 92,882,000 miles;
but it is rarely if ever at that exact
distance. It is "off the track" nearly
all the time, and all the other planets
know more about mathematics than
the entire human race combined. They
are astronomers of the highest
rank, and devote their entire lives to
mathematical computation. None of
these is able to compute the position
of the planets 1900 years ago. All
modern astronomical calculations are
of the planets on each other.

But Uranus did not behave very
well; he became cranky, and left the
computed pathway. Every astron-
omer a once knew that there must be
still another planet beyond. Then
came solution of one of the greatest
of all problems, and the direction
of the earth of the unknown world,
its distance from Uranus and from the
sun, and the quantity of matter it
contains.

LeVerrier and Adams, one in
France and the other in England,
any work, and both solved the
problem unknown to each other;
but neither owned a telescope, so they
wrote to one who did and told him
where to look. He obeyed, and found
the distant Neptune very near the
computed place, on September 23,
1846.

Now, can Mr. Loomis perform a
work like this? If he can he ought to
leave Viola, and go to the U. S. Naval
Observatory in Washington, or to the
Lick Observatory.

To make a working table of pertur-
bations is the incessant task of mod-
ern astronomers, and with the most
delicate micrometers and telescopes
that human hands can make. With
this equipment, they cannot compute
a track which the moon will follow.
Astronomers are wondering what
force is making the moon deviate.

Small as the work of the astronomer
of the United States says: "Small
as these deviations are, they show that
something is wrong, and no one has
as yet found out what it is. Worse
yet, the deviation is increasing rapidly.
The observers of the total eclipse
in August, 1900, surprised to find
that it began 20 seconds before the
predicted time. The mathematical
problems involved are of such com-
plexity that it is only now and then
that a mathematician turns up any-
where in the world who is both able
and bold enough to attack them."
(Newcomb, Slide-light, p. 118.)

Now will Brother Loomis be good?
And see this: "He computed the po-
sitions from the date handed down by
the early Fathers of the Church!"

But they were a set of men sunk in
superstition, and with no knowledge
of the laws of nature. They thought
that Greece was larger than the
earth is round; did not know that the
earth is round; did not know that it
turns on its axis.

These same "fathers" caused more
human misery and death than any
other set of men that ever lived. They
distorted the true teachings of the
occult Masters to suit their own su-
perior ignorance and bigotry. Mr.
Loomis asks: "Why should not man
believe in the influence of the stars
and planets? Every astronomer be-
lieves in their influence, for they
draw each other off their orbits con-
tinually."

I have received, perhaps as many as
a hundred letters from astrologers.
Some implore me to believe, and some
consign me to the lowest hell. They
others seek to elevate my form to airy
regions as by dynamite; but many of
these letters contain small if for I,
and their English is worse than mine.
How can these know anything about
position of planets?

I have asked four astrologers if they
had studied astronomy, and they had
not. For centuries astrologers cast
horoscopes with "great accuracy" be-
fore Uranus and Neptune were heard
of the planets and moon are so
near the earth that they can be seen
with the naked eye. For centuries
that private astronomers who usually
have trouble in getting new store
suits of clothes, could not think of
publishing them. So governments
took the vast work in hand. France
began in 1673, England in 1676; but
this came to an end for lack of data.
Finally, England began again in 1834.
France and Germany kept up publica-
tion, and then the United States made
publication in 1854. These books
taught the mathematician, armed with
the calculus, to their limit. Twenty
skilled mathematicians beginning now
might be able to compute positions
of planets at the beginning of the
Christian era, if they could find out
when that occurred, in three years
work. And then they would sign
their names, saying these are approx-
imate positions. So the computer in
Viola had not better begin the col-
ossal job.

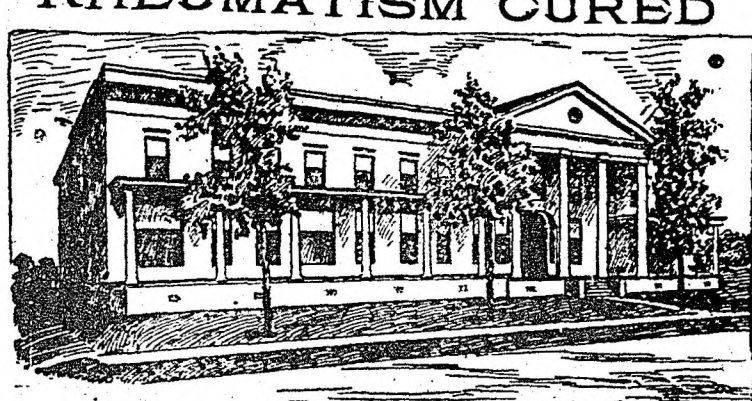
All astronomers take their po-
sitions of planets from the great gov-

ernment Almanacs; the last contains
555 pages of long columns of figures,
but these give places for only 3 years
in advance.

All astrologers who know how, also
take their planetary aspect from the
same Almanacs. But the poor astrolog-
ers who never heard of the book,
and would not know how to take out
a position from the wilderness of num-
bers, have a hard—no easy—time of
computing "accurate horoscopes for
life," and how to find gold mines and
"buck the Board of Trade" up in Chi-
cago.

And the man of Viola wants me to
believe that the "earth is now in the
fourth, or kamik, or desire round."
But over there are books saying that
it is in the fifth. But here in a little
drawer alone is a book greater than
in any huge library,

NESTOLA,
H. D. C. MILLS.



THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

Printed at the Chicago Postoffice as Second-Class Matter

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

The Progressive Thinker will be furnished

to all subscribers at the following rates, in

advance:

One Year, \$1.00

Six Months, .60

Three Months, .30

Single Copies, 10 Cts.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1907.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter.

You may do so a dozen times

safely, and then the next remittance

may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal

order for five cents, and then you are

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Full reports of the proceedings of

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The POSTAGE on papers has been

increased to all the British posses-

sions on this continent. On a single

paper we are compelled to pay ONE

CENTS each week, amounting to 52

cents a year, whereas previously we

only paid the pound rates—a mere

trifle. Hence, to all the British pos-

sessions on this continent the paper

hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

Never Made Laws for Us.

The Nottingham Guardian, an Eng-

lish journal, in reporting a murder

trial, quotes Justice Ridley, in review-

ing the case, as saying:

"If I remember rightly, the Bible

says, 'Whoever sheddeth man's

blood, by man shall his blood be

shed.' This was the original decree

of the Almighty, and he had yet to

learn that they were to have it called

in question."

The Justice was mistaken; the

"Almighty" never said any such

thing. It was the Jehovah, the tribal

God of the Jews, the fictitious Moses

as his mouthpiece, who gave utter-

ance to that declaration. That God

kept concealed in the ark, otherwise

a box, was the "God of Israel." In

chapter 4 and 5 of I Samuel we learn

this "God of Israel," the Jehovah

of the Bible, when captured, was placed

by the side of Dagon, otherwise Fish

God. The next morning Dagon was

found prostrate on his face, with his

head and both hands cut off. The

Philistines soon found they had an

"elephant on their hands," so they

gathered all their lords, who decided

to send the "ark of the God of Israel"

to Gath. But the God of Israel smote

the people with hemorrhoids, and

made it so unpleasant for the cap-

tured that they sent him to Ekron.

Because of the "deadly destruction"

which followed his arrival at Ekron

it was determined to "let" this Jew

God "go again to his own place."

In chapter 6 we are told the Philis-

tines procured a new cart on which

they placed the "ark of God," with

"jewels of gold as a trespass offer-

ing." They tied two milch cows to

the cart, keeping their calves at home;

then the kine took the straight way

to the camp of Israel, lousing as they

went. On arrival in camp the men

were curious to know if their God

was yet in the box, so they raised

the lid and looked in. For doing

this, says the sacred record, "The

A "New Theory" Stolen From Spir-

itualism.

The celebrated scientist, Ray Lau-

caster, in his work "The Kingdom of

Man," has announced as a new discov-

ery that the primary cell which

represents living beings is the same

in plants and animals. In other

words, that in the beginning the two

great kingdoms were united in the

primordial cell. Hitherto biologists

have regarded the vegetable cell as

distinct from the animal, by being

incased in a wall of cellulose, while

the cell classed as animal is free to

communicate with others. This discov-

ery the author declares, is "no less

epoch making than the discovery of

the circulation of the blood.

It appears that the most careful

investigators have been misled in

drawing distinctions between these

microscopic organisms in which animal

and vegetable life blend. They have

transferred them from one king-

dom to the other repeatedly. Now it

is affirmed with demonstration that

this primary cell-being has essentially

the same factors of growth, and that

the plant is a "form of animal, and

the animal is a moving plant."

This may be new to "science," and

seem to make the reputation of its

promulgator, but simple justice de-

mands a plain statement of the truth

in the case.

Nearly fifty years ago this theory

was clearly stated in the Arcana of

Nature, a book claiming to have been

written by spirit inspiration through

Hudson Tuttle. The following brief

quotations are in evidence:

"The lowest and universal arch-

etype is the cell. The cell combines

all forms. The great subdivisions of

natural history arise from the differ-

ence in aggregation the cell assumes.

In their wide divergence from the

primitive type it is easy to draw the

distinction of class; but in their point

of contact, difficult, indeed, is it to

define their characters. Great are the

differences between the oak and the

bird caroling in its branches; the bee

and the flower from which it sips

the nectar; but when we trace the

widely separated chain of beings—

vegetable and animal—downward,

they meet and inseparably blend (in

the cell-being). Naturalists have been

unable to assign the proper position

to the zoophytes, and the lower mem-

bers of this division have been repeat-

edly transferred from vegetable to

animal, and animal to vegetable. They

have been confounded because they

have thought they must belong to one king-

dom or the other—a mistake, for

their structure is strictly intermediate.

They are the links which unite veg-

etable and animal."

There is an accompanying diagram

of the Tree of Life, showing how with

its roots in these primary cell-beings

or "amoeboids," as the authors desig-

nate, the trunk rises and is di-

vided, first into branches of animals

and plants, and these again in the

different subdivisions. This diagram

is represented as extending up

through the strata and thus in be-

ginning with the primitive rocks in-

dicates in what age the branches were

thrown off.

Now the choice is given to those

who refuse to honor its spiritual

source, to accept the statement that

it was written by the medium—then

scarcely seventeen years of age—on a

remote farm, uneducated, without

books of reference, or any external

sources of instruction or information.

Had Hudson Tuttle been worldly

wise and published this matter in sci-

entific journals as conclusions of his

personal research, he would have at

once ranked with the most advanced

leaders of science. Instead he has

given its credit absolutely to the spir-

itual teachers whom he affirms are its

authors.

Agnostic Spiritualism.

It is a pleasure to note that a

goodly number of the correspondents

of the Truth Seeker—one of the

ablest agnostic papers now published

—in communications are expressing

themselves as believers in the truths

of Spiritualism. There would be

many more were it not for the dis-

credit the impostors, the fraud med-

iums, are imposing on us.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Evans is one of

the ablest and most forceful writers

for the Truth Seeker. She is the

author of several pamphlets which we

have read with profit, all from an

agnostic standpoint. In a recent arti-

cle Mrs. Evans makes an important

future life ought to be, Mrs. Evans

concludes:—

"We have no right to say there is

no future life. It is more likely

when one door is shut another will

be opened before us, and our oppor-

tunities for knowing and doing will

be endless. It is time most of the

so-called messages from the Spirit-

world are unsatisfactory, and we have

the option of rejecting testimony

which appears unworthy; but there

may be difficulties in the way which

we do not understand; at any rate,

we can catch hold to the agnostic

standpoint, and say, with regard to

all these questions, "I don't know."

There is practical good sense.

Sorrow for the Distressed.

We grieve for the evident distress

of churchmen who are conscious of

the constant inroads of skepticism as

regards pulpit teaching. In every

large assemblage of the clergy the

general lament is the apostasy of the

age. "God help us," is their constant

prayer. But is it not apparent he is

helping the other fellow?

The age is too intelligent to admit

of further fabrication of holy books.

When education was almost wholly

confined to the priesthood, and critics

were subjected to inquisitorial fires,

any controverted question could be

met by adding a paragraph or two to

the Gospel; but when education be-

came more widely diffused, and the

art of printing, aided by the Reform-

ation, placed the Bible in nearly

every home, then whole books were

forged, and were claimed to have been

found in some old monastery. Only

those who have made a study of the

subject can form any idea of the ex-

tent of such priestly vice. Large vol-

umes are everywhere found on our

library shelves, supposed to have

been written in the early centuries of

our era, which were forged during

the first half of the 15th century. A

magazine employing the best scholar-

ship of the age is needed, to be

devoted exclusively to the literary

frauds of the Christian church. It

would be in great demand. Who will

undertake its publication?

A Hired Assassin.

No character of modern times has

been presented to us in such obnox-

ious colors as that of Harry Orchard,

and he, while on oath, in the trial

of Haywood, at Boise City, Idaho,

tells of his own many crimes. His

great forte was murder, and he

seemed best pleased when he could

destroy men in large groups, eighteen

at a time. One hundred dollars, it

seems, was about the fee required to

kill any one. His victims were usher-

ed into eternity without warning—

all unprepared. The assassin was

arrested in his career of wholesale

murder. He turned informer, hoping

thereby to escape just punishment.

With plenty of leisure he "got reli-

gion," is on friendly terms with God;

is sure of eternal reward for believ-

ing, whilst his unfortunate victims

are writhing in the flame of a burn-

ing hell.

Out upon such damnable teaching.

The man who lives a worthy life,

and wrongs no one, whether he believes

or doesn't believe Christian creeds,

will gain the highest seat in glory;

and he whose hands are dripping in

human gore will experience the woes

he has pronounced on others. Worthy

lives win the crowns, and belief cuts

no figure before a just judge.

Self-Convicted.

Some one—a confessed liar and

fraud—wrote the Chicago Daily

News recently that he was "a full-

through leaving the air mmittce

By Thomas Carlyle.
A remarkable book by a r
man. Marked by terse stre
vigor, deep thought, philosop
matic tensiy of earnestness.
literary effort. A fine editio
Price 50 cents

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General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

KEEP COPIES OF YOUR poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

The Song Cards for sale at this office at \$4 per hundred, by mail \$4.50, are the help you need in society work.

W. V. Nicom, prominent as lecturer, writes: "In this day of confusion and through a culmination of circumstances I expect by the 1st of July, 1907, to withdraw from the commercial world, for a time, at least, in which I have been engaged for years; therefore I shall be open for engagements as a lecturer, either for a short time or for a permanent engagement of six months or a year. I hope the time will come ere long when associations will engage speakers or mediums of their choice, and keep them long enough to show their worth and give them the opportunity to build a Constructive Spiritual Church, which means in time a spiritual Spiritualism. Address me at my home, 631 River street, Dayton, Ohio."

Mrs. E. L. Nicholson, a cultured lady and a most excellent medium, late of San Diego, Cal., was in the city last week. She will visit Lily Dale Camp.

George B. Warne lectured last week at St. Paul, Minn.

E. R. Fielding writes from Washington, D. C.: "Harrison D. Barrett will remain in Washington most of the time during the summer. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bakman was the scene of a very happy event, it being the birthday of Mr. Bakman; he was surrounded by his children and grandchildren. Beside his family, those who came to do him homage were, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Longley, Secretary N. S. A., who made some congratulatory remarks. Harrison D. Barrett, President N. S. A., spoke kindly words to the dear brother, and others followed. Mr. F. A. Wood, our genial president of the Joint Association of M. H. Steinburg, Mr. Allen Hodge of Lynn, Mass., and others, followed with remarks. After a musical selection by Mrs. M. B. Bakman Brown of Baltimore, Md., and Bertha and Lloyd Bukman, and Deulah Emmerson, refreshments were served, and with good wishes to the host and hostess, we all departed to our homes. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bakman will depart for his summer home at Lily Dale, about July 1. He will be accompanied by his wife and son, Earl. Mrs. Holly, sister of Mr. Keeler, has departed for her home in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Mary Keeler and her daughter, Miss Helen, spent a portion of the summer at Lily Dale, accompanied by her daughter, Maude. The Temple League meets every Wednesday evening, at the home of Mrs. Farrow, the President, No. 50 M. street, N. W."

Mrs. Laura G. Fiken delivered the opening address at the Paducah, Ky., convention. She has also recently lectured at the Kingsley, Okla., Chattanooga, and last Sunday she lectured in Kansas City, Mo., and then on to Atchison, Kansas.

A very pretty home wedding was celebrated June 12, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stegall of Owosso, Mich. The contracting parties were, Thomas A. Veit of Indianapolis, Ind., and Miss Nellie May Stegall. Mrs. A. E. Sheets closed the meeting June 9, of the First Spiritualists' Society, of Jackson, Mich.

Samuel A. Huntington of Malden, Mass., writes: "Mrs. M. A. George, of Boston, was the speaker and message bearer on Sunday, June 10, at the home of Sister Jennie S. Adams. The afternoon meeting was taken up with readings, by the following mediums: Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. H. Lichtig, Sisters J. S. Adams, Knapp, Minor, Bloom, Hoves and Brother Traver, and Thompson. They served supper at 6 p. m. for 15 cents a plate, which was a credit to the society. In the evening we had a 'snapping' party, which was attended by a very nice crowd of friends, who showed their appreciation of the untiring efforts of Sister J. S. Adams, who had her home decorated very artistically with orange and green streamers, and every one seemed to be very much interested in trying to see who could get the best 'snap' when blindfolded. When our meeting came to close we were able to add another good round sum to the treasury of the 'Fraternity Daughters.' Our next meeting will be held July 3, at the home of Sister Roe, 1151 West Monroe street, at 2:30 p. m. On this occasion we are going to have what we call a 'Black-Bird' party. Come and bring your friends, and have a 'Fraternity Good Time,' as Brother Dr. T. Wilkins said a few weeks ago, 'Let us all get Fraternized.'"

Mrs. C. A. Thompson writes: "The Fraternity Daughters held their semi-weekly meeting, Wednesday, June 19, at the home of Sister Jennie S. Adams. The afternoon meeting was taken up with readings, by the following mediums: Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. H. Lichtig, Sisters J. S. Adams, Knapp, Minor, Bloom, Hoves and Brother Traver, and Thompson. They served supper at 6 p. m. for 15 cents a plate, which was a credit to the society. In the evening we had a 'snapping' party, which was attended by a very nice crowd of friends, who showed their appreciation of the untiring efforts of Sister J. S. Adams, who had her home decorated very artistically with orange and green streamers, and every one seemed to be very much interested in trying to see who could get the best 'snap' when blindfolded. When our meeting came to close we were able to add another good round sum to the treasury of the 'Fraternity Daughters.' Our next meeting will be held July 3, at the home of Sister Roe, 1151 West Monroe street, at 2:30 p. m. On this occasion we are going to have what we call a 'Black-Bird' party. Come and bring your friends, and have a 'Fraternity Good Time,' as Brother Dr. T. Wilkins said a few weeks ago, 'Let us all get Fraternized.'"

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DEAR IN MIND that the editor of The Progressive Thinker is in no wise responsible for the views expressed by contributors. He may or may not agree with their respective views.

J. R. Bruer writes from Sterling, Kansas: "May I take the opportunity of speaking a word for your splendid paper? It is eagerly waited for, and when it arrives our hearts are made glad, our minds enlightened, and our souls comforted by the experiences and lessons therein portrayed. You are reaching the multitudes, and not only touching the great souls of humanity, but making conditions that these millions of unfolding souls may manifest the philosophy of philosophy, the science of sciences, the religion of religions."

Georgia Gladys Cooley is home again for a short season of rest. She cannot rest long, however, for she goes to fill an engagement in Michigan, on Sunday, June 30. She proposes to spend her glorious Fourth of July round about these parts, with friends. Good mediums do not find much time to rest; the people are so hungry for spiritual food. The people of Decatur, Mich., claim her promise to preside at a grove meeting on the occasion of the Fourth of July, and the occasion hinges upon her and her corps of guides.

A. F. Lee writes from Meadville, Pa.: "Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley has just finished a very successful series of lectures here, followed by messages. Her work has been excellent, she holding the large audience that greeted her at each meeting, and which she heard the proverbial pin drop, showing she was greatly appreciated by all. Her messages were all recognized. She has, as on all previous occasions, added a number of new names to our society, and started many more to investigate the claims of Spiritualism. It is with regret we learned of her intended trip to New Zealand, and thence onward around the world; but we must not be selfish, as others have a right to her time as well as us, as she will do a good work in whatever field she may choose to go. We wish her a safe and prosperous journey, and await patiently the time for her return."

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake is in Chicago for a few weeks, stopping with her daughter, 16 St. James Place, and will shortly return to her home at Brookline, N. Y. Mrs. Mary Keeler and her daughter, Miss Helen, spent a portion of the summer at Lily Dale, accompanied by her daughter, Maude. The Temple League meets every Wednesday evening, at the home of Mrs. Farrow, the President, No. 50 M. street, N. W."

Mrs. Laura G. Fiken delivered the opening address at the Paducah, Ky., convention. She has also recently lectured at the Kingsley, Okla., Chattanooga, and last Sunday she lectured in Kansas City, Mo., and then on to Atchison, Kansas.

A very pretty home wedding was celebrated June 12, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stegall of Owosso, Mich. The contracting parties were, Thomas A. Veit of Indianapolis, Ind., and Miss Nellie May Stegall. Mrs. A. E. Sheets closed the meeting June 9, of the First Spiritualists' Society, of Jackson, Mich.

Samuel A. Huntington of Malden, Mass., writes: "Mrs. M. A. George, of Boston, was the speaker and message bearer on Sunday, June 10, at the home of Sister Jennie S. Adams. The afternoon meeting was taken up with readings, by the following mediums: Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. H. Lichtig, Sisters J. S. Adams, Knapp, Minor, Bloom, Hoves and Brother Traver, and Thompson. They served supper at 6 p. m. for 15 cents a plate, which was a credit to the society. In the evening we had a 'snapping' party, which was attended by a very nice crowd of friends, who showed their appreciation of the untiring efforts of Sister J. S. Adams, who had her home decorated very artistically with orange and green streamers, and every one seemed to be very much interested in trying to see who could get the best 'snap' when blindfolded. When our meeting came to close we were able to add another good round sum to the treasury of the 'Fraternity Daughters.' Our next meeting will be held July 3, at the home of Sister Roe, 1151 West Monroe street, at 2:30 p. m. On this occasion we are going to have what we call a 'Black-Bird' party. Come and bring your friends, and have a 'Fraternity Good Time,' as Brother Dr. T. Wilkins said a few weeks ago, 'Let us all get Fraternized.'"

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TAKE NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested when writing for this paper to use either a typewriter or a pen with blue ink, and to write on one side of the paper, and in a plain, legible hand, and thus avoid the necessity of preparing your copy for the printer. Please bear this in mind.

Boston Meetings.
The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton street, Boston, Mass., every Friday.
The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets in Dwight Hall, 14 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., every Wednesday.
The Ladies' Industrial Union meets in Dwight Hall, 14 Tremont street, every Thursday.

The Illinois Sunflower Club will have an excursion and picnic to Michigan City, on Saturday, July 13, on the famous new steamer, Theodore Roosevelt, Chicago's greatest ship. Leaves Chicago 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Leaves Michigan City 4:20 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. Tickets, only 75 cts. round trip. Children, 5 and under 12 years, 40 cts. Get your tickets early. Dock: South end Clark St. Bridge. Tickets can be purchased of Mrs. Belle Curtis, 615 Otto street; Mrs. A. W. Bloom, 1113 Lincoln avenue, on the North Side; Mrs. Dr. C. W. E. Smith, 15th street, and Mrs. O. B. Wilson, No. 8 East 47th street, on the South Side; Mrs. Poet, 874 W. Madison street, and Mrs. E. J. Bloom, 806 Turner avenue, and Mrs. J. R. Francis, 40 Loomis street, on the West Side, and also at the boat landing. We expect a delightful time, and invite everyone to come and join us. Remember the date, July 13, in the sultry summer time, for what is so healthful and invigorating as a day spent on beautiful Lake Michigan.

ward and downward, inward and outward—all making the history of the day; of the epoch in which it is our good fortune to take part. Success is assured. We have banished fear."

Emma Ellis writes: "The social of the 'Band of Harmonies' was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Harmon on Thursday last. As usual the weather was fine and a very delightful time was had. The afternoon was given over to cards and beautiful prizes were awarded. In the evening a most enjoyable social was held in the home of the hostess and son of the hostess, who sang some fine duets. A number of selections were read by members of the 'Band,' and altogether a perfect time was had. Too much cannot be said of the efforts of the hostess and family to make everyone have a delightful time. It was decided to hold the next social at the home of Mrs. Stone, 331 York Street, Elmhurst, on Wednesday, July 3, from 3 p. m. to 8 p. m. The card game will begin promptly at 3 o'clock. Prizes: supper at 5, return trip to city 8 o'clock. Everybody is invited to come for a good time."

GROWING OLD.

We may follow all "directions" that the Doctors give for health; And may make the wise selections, in accordance with our wealth; We may live to warmer climates to escape the Winter's cold; Yet these things are all in vain, we will find we're growing old!

We may eat the choicest viands that the markets can afford; And may drink the purest liquors that ever graced the festive board; We may wear the finest garments that were ever brought to market; Yet with all of these provisions, we still will be growing old!

kg t. reet. at" h bm bm bmm We may guard our passions even, to keep us free from sin; We may pray to God in Heaven, that no devils enter in; We may have the true religion, that is better far than gold; Yet with all of these provisions, we still find we're growing old!

We may try to keep in training with this moving world of ours; While we feel our progress waning with decreasing strength and powers. We are loth to "put on glasses;" but the tale is quickly told; As time so swiftly passes, and leaves us growing old!

They may say "old age is honored," but I fail to see it true; Except with favored geniuses, who number but a few— Who bring the world great blessings through their labors strong and bold; Yet with all of these provisions, we still find we're growing old!

Yes, growing old!—I ponder, if "three score years and ten," Is time enough to wander and gather earthly ken? I must journey onward to the higher world; Where all the lambs are gathered, and never more grow old?

Will the angels note my query, and the spirit life unfold? As I am sad and weary with thoughts of growing old!

A Spirit's Reply.

Since you desire an answer to your query at the last, I come, a spirit, messenger, who hath the portal passed, To give you my opinion of existence farther on.

In Nature's grand dominion (as far as I have gone); The great eternal mansions of which you often hear, Are Nature's vast expansions, we enter sphere on sphere; And as we gain the graces our developments unfold.

We change our forms and faces, and thus discard the old! Our progress here is measured by an inward true desire, And a corresponding effort to mount the ladder higher.

A gradual ascension is assured by works of love, And each succeeding mansion that we enter is above.

The former lower station that for a time we hold, And thus by transformation we are casting off the old!

No graceful form is changeless in these angelic bowers; A constant metamorphosis goes on among the flowers;

That which was first material; where all forms must begin; Becomes form ethereal, to clothe the life within;

With Nature's law prevailing in all celestial spheres; And matter never falling through endless years and years;

We're sure of a provision adapted to our mold; And in the realms elysian have no fears of growing old!

But what we may become through progression, sphere on sphere, As our higher path said, "It doth not yet appear!"

A. H. REYNOLDS!

Auburn, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

The Grand Lodge Camp, Michigan. Grand Lodge, Michigan, Spiritualist camp meetings, opens July 21. The speakers and mediums engaged this year are among the best known on the Spiritualist platform.

The programme for the forenoon, Sundays and Mondays excepted, will be varied and interesting, consisting of mediums' meetings, conferences, etc. Mediums who are developing, as well as others, will have an opportunity to participate. These exercises are a great aid to those expecting to take up the work.

The fact that Oscar A. Edgerly is being engaged for the fourth season as speaker and chairman of our camp is sufficient warrant of his congenial and affable manner as chairman and entertaining and instructive as a speaker.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, our former president and chairwoman for many years, is so thoroughly established in the hearts of the progressive and initiated public mind that the mere mention of her name is sufficient to attract upon the list an agreeable insurance of intellectual eminence in spiritual ethics and oratorical pleasures for the opening session. Her homely welcome to each and all will be a cordial sympathy and feature in the social environments of the camp.

Mrs. R. S. Little, known throughout the length and breadth of America as the "Queen of the Rostrum," is comparatively a new speaker with the patrons of Grand Lodge Camp, but who has been in the spiritual field since (nearly) the advent of modern Spiritualism, but because of the unremitting demand in other fields for her labors have been unable heretofore to secure the services of this far-famed orator. That her inspirational gems of thought will be a delightful treat is forecast in her presence with us.

Elizabeth Harlow, who was a new speaker with us last year, proved to be one of our best and will be with us again. She comes highly recommended in the highest manner, having been long in her adopted vocation of aiding souls to higher and brighter spiritual aspects of life here, while the future of eternity will take care of itself, and none should miss hearing her.

Mrs. A. Atchison, of

LIST OF CAMP MEETINGS

made laws, for everyone would
a law to follow. If the law
being written upon the page
of a book, they would be indelible
written within the lives and hearts
of humanity. If every individual
rights were held as being of equal
importance to the rights of every
individual, there would be no
necessity of so-called courts of jus-
tice. Neither would there be
occasion for judges or jurors, to be
drawn through trials of their fellow
beings. Everyone would seek to
understand the rights of every other
person. Everyone would admit the rights
of every other person by simply at-
tending to his own affairs and permit-
ting all to have their rights without con-
tention.

It is my honest opinion that the
entire human race will yet attain
this glorious height of mental, moral,
physical and spiritual unfoldment,
and, not till then, will all the
peace, harmony, happiness and per-
fect health be ours.

MRS. MAGGIE NORTON
Springfield, Mo.

Occultism, Hypnotism, Hævistic Magic, Psychic Phenomena, Telepathy, Clairvoyance, and Memory, and its secondary Influence, Dreams, Multiple Personality, The Occult in English Literature, etc. Annual Subscription post free, \$2.00; single copies, 15 cts. American Agents, The Western Book Company, 204 Madison street, Chicago.

The International News Co., Duane street, New York.

London Office, 164 Aldersgate London, E. C. England.

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land, Eden, Pa.
Queen City Park Camp, Vt.
Queen City Park Camp, South
ington, Vt., commences July 29,
ends September 3. For programs
dress A. F. Hubbard, president,
son; S. N. Gould, vice-president, R.
dolph; or Effie L. Chapman, R.
bridge, Vt. After the camp opens
dress each of the above at Queen

[illegible]

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