





# A Sermon of Life.

"What Is Man, that Thou Art Mindful of Him?"  
"Man Hath No Pre-eminence Over the Beast."

I once heard an orthodox preacher use this first sentence as a text for a sermon for his church. But how vague were his conclusions compared with the light of to-day.

Man was viewed in that discourse as a created being, created by some divine potentate as a servant to ponder to the potentate's pride and vanity, and to sing his glory forever. No other use for man on earth was claimed during that hour of conservative obsequiousness.

At that time, and while yet a boy, I thought the preacher's claims were eminently just; that what he called God had the right and the power to go as he pleased in all things; that if he saw fit to ordain some of his creatures to eternal happiness while others were ordained, or left, to sink to eternal woe, that was his own business, of which his creatures had no right to complain.

But in later years I found there was an element at work in my mental make-up leading me far away from the preacher's plane of thought. I could find no personal God anywhere, no absolute First Cause, no Nature, as we view it to-day, is an eternal fact that cannot be destroyed or injured in the least, and harmony pervades infinitude, and by virtue of this harmony the entities of the infinite life were moulded into objective form.

Some claim there was intelligence running through all the moulding of form. But what? Intelligence? Intelligence, as we understand it to-day, presupposes eternal knowledge by an organization who knew all things from the beginning. From the beginning of what? No man can tell.

The best definition of intelligence I can find to-day is conscious relationship, or harmony of forces by virtue of which separate objective entities from the thickest sea-shell, only visible through a thousand-fold magnifying lens, to the most ponderous world of four million miles in diameter.

This gives a rational view of what we might call animal life. But is animal life eternal?

Forms may dissolve, disintegrate and fade away, but there seems to be an eternal force-essence that can never die, of which man's inner nature is a part. But how this force-essence, or these force-essences, come to assume so many forms is not clear to my mind.

Some claim that man is the culmination of Nature's efforts at unfolding, after which, like the trees of the forest, disintegrate to what we might call complete decay, to be brought up by the same forces again to the plane of man, and that the brute and lower animal formations were but steps or rungs in the ladder to regain this estate.

But for lack of more interior knowledge, I will let this claim pass as a blank to be filled in by and by, only this: I cannot conceive that the dog or horse, or forms of life on what we call the lower planes, will ever reach to man's estate, any more than I can conceive that man, in soul-essence, will ever be, or ever was, other than human.

The horse, the dog, the cat, are distinct life entities, distinct from all other life entities, and could not unfold to other than horse, dog or cat, and with man may and do survive the ordeal we call death. That man survives the change of death, many perhaps believe, some on faith alone, whatever that may be, or the saying of someone who may have lived thousands of years in the past, while others discard faith as an idle dream and boast a knowledge of both spirit existence and spirit return, not only of the existence and return of the human spirit, but also of the horse, the dog, the cat, and of other forms of life.

It was on an autumn day in '56, and while at work in my field here in Oregon, and not having seen my sister Jane, whom I had left in the East, for eleven years, nor knew of her demise, I heard her familiar voice calling my name, "William, am here." I turned in the direction of where the voice came, and saw my sister standing in open sky, surrounded by what appeared to be a fleecy cloud. The same form, the same appearing garments, the same curls and shade of hair, and with all the same sweetness of soul. Sister taking the lead we conversed for perhaps fifteen minutes on matters of which we alone were concerned.

In those days we had only a monthly mail from the East to Oregon, but I hastened by writing letters to the old home to ascertain if there was any foundation for the vision I had seen, and learned that Sister had been in spirit life about nine years at the time of the vision.

One night in later years, and in winter time, a beautiful dove came, or seemed to come, through the walls of my dwelling, and into my bedroom, and, seemingly without the least fear, walked over my bed as though seeking for food. But before the bird appeared in my room, I heard a soft, sweet cooling as of an earthly dove. And I have heard other and similar coolings since that time, when no dove appeared.

It has been said that the dog is man's best friend. Be that as it may, I will admit he is a faithful friend of man.

In the early days in this country old Lion seemed to be the junior partner of the farm—ever watchful to keep cattle from breaking in to the injury of the growing crops, or hawks from sailing low to carry off a fowl, and to bark the wolves away that would prowl around at night. It was reported one day that old Lion was killed. I saw nothing of his spirit for a long time, and in my feelings had said, "Good bye, old doggie!"—never expecting to see him more. But early one morning as I was going to the barn to attend my stock, old Lion, seemingly in all the perfection of form and activity of the days of his youth, met me at the gate and was as watchful and seemingly as solicitous for my safety among the cattle as in days of yore.

I have owned several other dogs that, after their death, returned to me in spirit.

Nor should we forget the faithful

Susie, on whose back I rode, and who pulled my plow and drew my cart for twenty years. Susie was gone one patient animal, and at times seemed really to have a care for the home. And when Susie became weak from age, it was necessary for my sons and myself to raise her to her feet every morning, at which time, at our approach, she seemed to express her thanks in her own peculiar way. But the poor brute could live no longer, a friend around whom our affections twined passed away, but returned again in spirit form in a few months' time and was seen in the barn-lot, seemingly as contented as ever, and with the appearance of her prime of life.

As Ella Wheeler Wilcox seems to think cats survive the ordeal we call death, I feel more free to add my testimony in that direction.

There were three cats about our home: Old Tom, Big Puss and Little Puss, and as we needed but one cat about the premises, the question arose which two of the three should be given away. I suggested Big Puss and Little Puss, but when Tom, I had no thought but that the matter was settled in that way, and was quiet about the affair, until a few days later, in the darkest shades of night, two of the cats, Tom and Little Puss, seemed to come through the walls of my house, into the room where I was sleeping, and actually began to talk to me. Big Tom began first.

"We heard the talk about getting rid of us, but I felt safe from danger under your care; yet we have been cruelly slain. I hoped for several years yet of happy life in your home,"—and seemed grieved at his loss.

Then Little Puss took the floor and said: "I, too, was slain, and the deed of the dog, as before mentioned, in which I should have been happy. We leave our home with sorrow."

Next morning I inquired about the cats and learned that what the two cats had told me in regard to their fate was only too true—drowned in a pool of water.

A few weeks later the same two cats made me another visit in spirit, and told me they more reconciled to their fate.

Birds and beasts live in spirit life, and have a language in common with men—man being but a higher grade of animal.

Deep in the shades of night, in this the 45th degree of north latitude, when all things were measurably still, I have heard the shrill notes of the Florida redbird, weeper, weeper, weeper, when at that time—winter season—such birds were, in all probability, buried within two thousand miles of Oregon. The bird seemed to come to my home to renew old acquaintance, as in my childhood days the redbird was my favorite of all the fowls of the leafy world, thus, perhaps, unfolding a soul or spiritual relationship, which relationship is ever new, is ever sweet to enjoy.

And in similar shades of night not only have I heard the sweet cooling of the dove, as before mentioned, but seemed to catch waves of thought as they emanated from the wild bird—thoughts that were pure and refining and seemed to say, in part, "In our home all things are common. A divine relationship runs through all Nature. We live in love, one with another."

Carlisle Petersilia, in his portrayal of "Lionel" over the years, presents a picture of a small boy and girl, who, it seemed, recognized a fond relationship on sight, and sought wherewith to pass the happy hours away. It was agreed that dogs would be favorite playmates for the children. But where could they find them? "Oh, I know where mine is," says the boy, "I have heard him bark."

"Where?"

"In the valley where dogs have their home."

It was implied that there was quite a distance between the boy's home and the country of the dogs, yet there was such congenial relationship between the boy and the dog as to enable the boy to make choice from the sound of voice, and judging from the sequence of a later selection could scarcely have been made.

This universe is a unit of life, an endless sea of harmonious entities, and from this sea sprang objective Nature, or rather of this sea objective Nature has ever formed a part. Consequently life is one continuously flowing stream, not one drop too much nor one drop too little, and though turbulent at times may mark its pathway, yet in the great march of Time, such turbulence is more seeming than real. And when we come to the more sweet relationship of entities—spirits at home in summerland, whether in prison or out of prison—there is a fellow-feeling there that "surpasseth understanding." No mortal tongue can tell the depths and force of love prevailing there—love which lifts the fallen up and comforts the mourner. No matter for race or color, all are children of our Father and Mother Nature, and each eventually shall be bountifully fed on the sweet bread of life.

Thus seeing man's relationship to the Deific Life, it is well we should be "mindful of Him," and that, except he degree, "Man hath no pre-eminence over the beast." WM. PHILLIPS, Clackamas, Oregon.

The Riches of To-Morrow.

The far-off, unknown lands are where we tollers ever long to roam; We dream of splendid chances there, Neglecting those we have at home; We risk our lives on stormy seas And travel over desert plains, Forsaking scenes too dull to please, Proceeding far for golden gains.

We venture forth and then we learn That fairest of all lands were those To which we never may return— The lands of happy long-ages; To-morrow is a realm in which The feet of men were never set; To-day's a country fair and rich That we may think of with regret. B. E. KISER.

## Some Experience with the Ouija Board.

To the Editor:—To prove that our spirit friends, our invisible helpers, are constantly near us trying to impress helpful ideas upon our minds, I will relate a peculiar occurrence happening at our house recently.

I am the possessor of an Ouija board, and have had some remarkable messages from the same, but seldom use it because of the many unreliable spirits getting control.

A friend, whom I know to be as honest as the day is long, sat down with me one afternoon and endeavored to get a comforting message for herself, when a spirit tried to send her home, telling her that her stepson was killed by a boiler explosion. Neither of us could feel that there was any truth in the message, and I induced her to remain until 5 o'clock. True enough, there was no truth in the message, but ten days later my husband had a boiler explosion, and spirit helpers aided him to jump from the locomotive, a distance of 15 feet, and to escape with badly burned hands and face.

Thinking I would hear of his accident, which happened through defective boiler work, he sent me a message. After walking one and a half miles to his home, and scolding him for not coming to see me, stating he was O. K., was smoking his pipe.

Angels must have helped me all that day. He came home at 2 o'clock the next morning. I have had to dress and undress him as I would a child. It will be several weeks before he will be able to walk. His friends tell me he must have carried horsehoof nails in his pockets; but we both thank our spirit friends. He wasn't thinking about our "Heavenly Father" when trying to find a way to escape. He said it seemed as if he were entering a room 3 feet by 3 feet, and surrounded by flames inside and outside.

Truly, I feel sorry for the editor of Higher Science, knowing he is crippled bodily. It seems terrible that he is so materialistic that he can see nothing to comfort him in occultism.

I do believe in telepathy, thought transference, and it is a comfort to me to know we do not have to talk always to convey our thoughts. The Progressive Thinker is like wine: "It improves with age."

MRS. CHAS. W. HAY, Herington, Kan.

## Results Not Satisfactory to Him.

To the Editor:—The statement made that four Spiritualist journals have suspended publication seems to argue one of two or three reasons why they suspended: They must have become unpopular to the mass of Spiritualists, or the editor has become indifferent to the teachings of Spiritualism, as set forth in the suspended publications; or perhaps some or all of them lacked good financial management.

Whatever the cause, certain it is that no subject is paramount to that of spirit return, and the blessing it is able to bring to this life. If I do not yet know that the dead return and communicate with the denizens of earth; I hope that they can and do. If we have immortal souls, we should know that such is the fact, and should conscientiously avail ourselves of all the proof we can get to substantiate the same. This I am doing, and doing it with the thought that no one can be engaged in a better cause.

I journeyed four hundred miles last May to St. Louis to attend materializing seances given by a noted medium of that city. I went with the hope and belief that materialization is a fact, and that I would witness a demonstration that would carry conviction to my mind. I regret to say that the manifestations were not satisfactory. It is true that forms appeared, and talked with the sitters, but the room was so dark that only a dim outline of the forms could be discerned. Their faces, in some instances, appeared to be veiled in darkness, while their hands appeared to be made of white.

It is my hope that spirits can materialize, and that I may at some time and place receive proof of its reality. If it be true that we are not immortal, that death ends all, then I am sorry, indeed, that I was ever born. I cannot see what great importance is attached to this life. If there be no other in which man can unfold his powers in unending progression. S. A. WOODMANSEE, Springfield, Ohio.

## Indian Spiritualism in Mexico.

After a year's sojourn in the mountains and wilds of old Mexico, I have mingled with the wild tribes of Indians I found there and noticed their customs and manners of simple life, etc.

While with them I found they all have a belief in the return of spirits, or ghosts as they seem to think they are, and tell tales of having seen the departed forms of friends and relatives moving around the burial places where their bodies were laid at rest.

Many of these children of the wild forests and hills have a religion of their own, and if no Catholic teaching has reached them, are not bigoted in following their own ideas. Spirit return seems to hold a strong place in their minds, and I have seen many look upward to the sky murmuring some request to the spirit they think they can reach with their voice. I have sensed much spirit influence when among them, and have found a number of lessons that I find are useful in helping development of my own mediumship. These Indians are descendants of the old Aztec races of the past. They isolate themselves in these high mountains, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet elevation, follow the hunting of game, deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, etc., and cultivate a little corn, beans and sugar cane for their own use. I found them to number about 10,000 people, of all ages. Their country is very rich in minerals, and soils suitable for agriculture, with numerous streams of water running the year around. I found there the large species of locusts; their voice made the trees ring with sharp notes that one finds hard to become accustomed to; also wild honey of the purest kind. I was led to think of the life of St. John in the Bible history in the wilderness water running the year around. This was a climate. WM. H. BRIGGS, Los Angeles, Cal.

## CLINTON CAMP.

A Few Notes from Its Retiring President.

Summer has come and gone once more. Nature, that incomparable artist, is already tinting the trees and herbage with the fallible hues, and the rustle of the falling leaves, chased by the autumnal winds, sounds the preliminary notes of the annual regular played by her orchestra over the dying year.

The strenuous "vacation" period, otherwise the camp-meeting season, is ended, and the various camps have folded their tents, put out the lights, closed up the cottages, boarded up the porches and have retired into their yearly hibernation, while those of us who have toiled and planned to make them a success may sit down to take an account of stock and figure out the net results of the season's work.

What that result has been through out the entire field of camp work I cannot undertake to say, but if I may take Clinton Camp as a fair example, I should conclude that it was highly satisfactory.

A great deal of pessimistic talk has been indulged in regarding the backwardness—even failure of the camp meetings, but I am persuaded that this phase of the work has, at least, kept pace with the movement in general. Twenty-five years of intimate association, including nine years of active management, qualifying me, I think, to speak with some authority upon this matter, and I do not hesitate to say that the properly conducted camp meeting is one of the best and most successful means for the dissemination of the truths, facts and phenomena of Spiritualism.

True, many trials, disappointments and discouragements meet us at every turn, but earnest, unselfish labor, with an eye single to the good of the cause and camp, will overcome every obstacle and rout every enemy. As the history of the M. V. S. A. is, in the main, the experience of all camps, no doubt, a record of struggles, conflicts and dissensions, largely the result of inexperience.

But slowly these disagreements have grown less until to-day there is practically a unanimity and harmony in the management that is good to see. Along with this better feeling came the lifting of a mortgage of nearly \$5,000 that for years had glung like a wet blanket to our beautiful park. Still we were not "out of the woods." Obligations in the form of promissory notes aggregating several hundreds of dollars came in, demanding payment—obligations which, partly through careless book-keeping, partly through frequent changes of management, were unknown to and unexpected by the officers and board; but they were paid in full out of the current revenues.

The failure and bankruptcy of a mutual insurance company in which our property was insured not only sunk the premiums we had paid in, but mulcted us of several hundred dollars in assessments to meet the liabilities of the defunct concern, while, of course, we had to pay heavy premiums for new insurance in other companies. These are only a few specimen examples of the difficulties the management has met and overcome in the last few years, while many hundreds of dollars have been put into valuable and needed improvements.

The entire debt of the Association is not over \$500, all of it held by its own members, while we have unnumbered titles to property valued at from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars—a park of twenty acres—one of the most beautiful and best fitted for the purpose in the country.

The last session of the M. V. S. A. was, in every respect, the most successful it has ever known. The bounty of Nature and the skill and industry of Brother Chambers, of the park committee, combined to make the grounds delightfully pretty. The lectures were of the highest order and the mediums among the best and most satisfactory we have ever employed.

Through the economy in management, aided by the persistent efforts of Brother N. G. Omstead, our financial returns were such that we were able to liquidate several hundred dollars of back indebtedness and have a snug sum in the treasury after paying all running expenses.

Brother N. G. Omstead, in his office as president and chairman for the last nine years, I felt compelled to ask to be relieved from further service in that capacity, and Mr. E. L. Kilby, a well-known business man of Ottumwa, Iowa, who has been identified with the camp from the start, was chosen to fill the position. Brother Kilby is a man of great energy, and with the aid of the efficient and experienced secretary, Mrs. Anderson, and an excellent board, will not only continue the success of the past, but probably exceed it.

A personal word in conclusion: As I am now footloose for the camp-meeting season, I would be pleased to arrange to come and speak at many camps next season, if possible. I desire especially to visit the Eastern camps; and those en route, and renew the associations of the years ago.

My long experience in camp-meeting work enables me to choose the subjects best adapted to camp-meeting audiences. W. F. PECK, 3038 Magazine street, St. Louis.

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river voices are calling, Calling to me from the spirit zone; Softly they whisper: "Be not disheartened, Angels are watching over their own."

Soon will the Harper come with his children, Bear from our bright some loved one away; Into each life must come times of parting— Someone is missed from some home each day.

Over the river faces are smiling, When the pale boatman brings us ashore; Eager hands waiting there to receive us, For they well know when earth-life is o'er.

Then in that mansion where all are gathered, Once more united never to part; O, when their souls are forgotten, Pleasure and joy in every heart.

EMMA H. WELLS.

## BUSINESS AND MORALITY.

The Exposure of Wrongdoing and the Injury Wrought Thereby—An Important Lesson to Spiritualists.

An ingenious communication to the "Outlook" on "A New Standard of Morality" deals with what the writer seems to consider a new aspect of the American moral conscience. The letter is written from San Francisco, and its author is evidently under the happy impression that the ideas which he protests are peculiar to San Francisco and perhaps Wall Street.

"I have talked with a number of leading business men," he writes, "and I find the same thing running through all their statements. The fundamental doctrine seems to be that this country exists to do business, to make money in, to get rich in; anything that interferes with the essential purpose is wrong, including the ten commandments."

The writer goes on to say—what anyone knows who has been in San Francisco since the graft prosecution began to threaten the bribe-giver as well as the bribe-taker—that while it is generally conceded that bribes were given by business men, these men should not be prosecuted because their prosecution would injure the credit of the city and unsettle business.

The writer must have been living on a mountain top. Have not the clerks, "You are injuring the city," "You are shaking the confidence of capital," "You are unsettling business," been raised to check every attempt at social or political reform? And are we not in the very midst of a general waking to the dangers, the suicidal dangers, of this conception of the republic as merely a device for carrying on the processes of money making?

It is true that owing to special circumstances, and perhaps because of the natural bluntness of speech prevailing in the West, these ideals are there more candidly and definitely expressed. But throughout the nation, especially since the civil war, the American people have been doing their thought and energy upon material acquisition, and have come more and more to decide every question with that in view.

The writer from San Francisco cites as if it were a novelty another very familiar American fallacy. He refers to the theory expressed in all the clubs and wherever San Francisco business men congregate, that when a corporate official is solicited by a public official for graft under threat of official oppression, it is the duty of the corporate official to protect the stockholders. That is, the duty of men who are officials of corporations is first to their company, and second, if at all, to the commonwealth.

The prevalence of the "Outlook's" astonished correspondent calls a "new standard of morality" is the fact which in men who think causes the greatest anxiety to-day. But if our awakened realization of the existence of this standard has caused anxiety, it has brought with it the will to destroy it, and to renew in the national life that great principle of obedience to the law upon which all civilized society is based.

In this spirit to-day we are renewing our truer ideals of civic and social duty. The above from the Chicago Evening Post illustrates an important point which it would be well for Spiritualists to remember. I have felt for the first time the off-repeated, sonorous cry, "Let the frauds alone; you injure our cause when you expose its weak points." Just as if the exposure of wrongdoing could injure the truth!

T. RUTH.

## WASTE \$4,000,000!

"The Civilization of the Civilized."

On Spirit John Pierpont's Lecture.

To the Editor:—In your issue of September 14 you publish a lecture from spirit John Pierpont through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary T. Longley, in which many good things are said, but which in its summary as to the value and quality of our civilization, will make a very false and unfortunate impression, when it sums it all up to say this:

"While thousands and millions of human souls are obliged to labor industriously for a scanty pittance until long after dark in order that they may keep a footing upon this planet earth, the world civilization is a disgrace to humanity."

If the fact part of the above statement is true that the masses of the millions have to labor their whole time to support self and family, it must be remembered that the first place, that actual labor employment is a blessing rather than a curse; but if the masses have to work more hours than they should be required to for self support, it must also be remembered that these laboring and less privileged classes—say in the United States as a sample country—each year make the waste four billions of dollars in the direct outlay of money for tobacco, narcotics and intoxicating beverages, not to count the unknown millions of expenses that the use of this will indirectly tax and levy upon the same class of persons for doctor bills, court costs, and the never-to-be-known expenses involved by what hygienic abuse of the human system that are incident to this blot of human conduct.

The billions and billions of money yearly thus more than thrown away by the poorer and laboring classes would more than meet their lack of sufficiency, and also, if applied, lessen the length of the laborer's liability to work.

Can the masses of the people violate their known moral and industrial obligation and then lay most of the hurtful consequences on the character of the civilization that is projected and planned for the social and political fabric of the nation? A person in a lecture or editorial can often and easily take a fragmentary view of the truth, and seemingly make an argument that is full of fallacy when viewed from the standpoint of the whole truth and all the facts. The argument that John Pierpont tries to make is for the laboring classes, who mean to decide against the validity of our civilization because they have to work too long and hard; but these people who complain waste annually in wasteful, riotous living, enough money that would more than supply

all the needful lack of supply. It is very important that before we see and complain of the mote in our brother's eye, that we pull the beam out of our own. AMOS STECKEL, Bloomfield, Iowa.

## IS IT TRUE?

That We Get What We Deserve?

Success is not fortuitous, and, on the whole, we get what we deserve in and from life. In its widest connotation success means the fullest development; narrowed, it indicates the fullest acquisition. The true success is that which develops all faculties pro rata with the means of satisfying them; and the great secret of this work—enthusiastic work, lawfulness cannot bring success; that can only be attained by one whose heart is in his task, whose brain is one fire, whose energy, concentrated hour by hour on the hourly task, will drive difficulty away.

The man or woman in any and every sphere who has a true joy in what he does, makes his own opportunities, creates his own ladder, plants, against the steep, and is strong to climb. CONCENTRATION THERE MUST BE ON THE STRUGGLE CANNOT AVOID. Work for something definite. Aspire to the possible, not the impossible; know your own capabilities and use them to the utmost; believe in your power to conquer. And never let another's failure be the stepping stone to your success; the success so gained will not satisfy.

A great compensation balance, Emerson assures us, regulates human life, and it is too true that success often is purchased at the cost of happiness. This need not be. Working with enthusiasm and concentration, working that we may advance in life, yet even into living peace, we may legitimately attain a true success. H. F. BIRKETT.

## HUMANE EDUCATION.

Take The Progressive Thinker and Make the Acquaintance of Advanced Minds.

To the Editor:—In the July number of The Progressive Thinker I read a lecture delivered by Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle on "Humane Education." This lecture would well pay for three years subscription to The Progressive Thinker. In these thoughts there is surely furnished food for progressive thinking. I would like to thank this lady for her most highly interesting views. Those who can leave with us food for noble thought have left a legacy of untold riches. Let us learn to appreciate these blessings. Take The Progressive Thinker and make the acquaintance of advanced minds.

In looking into the eyes of the animal there seems to be a voice saying, "I am of God; he who loves me, loves God, otherwise they know not that God is love."

In the quiet of our highest moods our expanded consciousness may be touched with that harmony which sings through the weeds as well as the flowers, and we would hesitate to break the stalk that gives it life. So universal is this God that we do not realize the fullness of his love. Let us try to see wisdom's ways in each struggle as we go from day to day on our way to better knowledge of life's true meaning. If you are seemingly quite alone in life, be cheerful. If the world should never find you, find yourself. In the silence of your own soul feel kindly and have courage, for the time will come to you when brighter, sweeter hopes shall be yours. Learn to gather from all that comes along some deeper meaning than the surface of things. It will not be long, if you are true to duty as a private soldier, before you may be promoted, and the world may need you, as you will need a greater world to act in.

A. VIRGINIA REED, Little Valley, N. Y.

## PIONEERS OF PROGRESS.

BY T. A. BLAND.

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Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many old friends, even from old settlers whose grave stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and that the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severest loss I have had of son, daughter, and their mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychic matters, writes as follows: "I am much pleased with



# Reincarnation.

Its Meaning and Its Proofs, as Presented by  
Mrs. Anna Besant, the Greatest of  
Living Theosophists.

To many people—as set forth in the Chicago Tribune—the round of reincarnation carries with it an idea alien, almost grotesque. Even men who in their youth studied "the humanities" and were familiar with the many allusions to it in Greek and Roman authors—men who had taken joy in Plato's lofty philosophy and Cleopatra's polished periods—such men never regarded as serious the belief on which the greatest classical authors based their views of life and framed their romances of morality. However deep their reverence for the master minds of antiquity, this universal belief has been waved aside as a pagan superstition, ignored rather than rejected, too little thought of to be considered.

When from classical authors the student turns to the vast range of oriental teachings, reincarnation is found to be interwoven with the texture of all schools of philosophy and all systems of religion. It is imbedded in every scripture and forms the corner stone of common daily life.

In India now, as in the older days, every peasant recognizes as an unquestionable fact that he has many times re-born on earth, and prepares himself for a coming rebirth; rebirth is an active factor in his daily life.

In the early days of Christianity, as previously among the Hebrews, the pre-existence of the soul was taught, and, as Origen said, each man receives a body according to his desert and his former actions. Only in medieval Europe did the teaching slip for a while out of sight, and even then the heretics whom Rome persecuted kept alive the doctrine despite rack and stake.

In the time of Charles II. of England the doctrine again raised its head, and some curious pamphlets still are in existence wherein it is asserted. Geniuses like Goethe saw its necessity; poets like Wordsworth sang:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,  
Hath elsewhere had its setting,  
And cometh from afar."

But the ordinary man, the man in the street, knows naught of it, and ever asks, when told that he has lived on earth before:

"Why don't I remember it?"

How should we answer him? First, there are many who remember their past lives, both in the East and in the West—some clearly and definitely, others in flashes, in detached scenes. But the fact remains that for most their past lives are a blank. The reason is simple enough: Man is an immortal intelligence, clothed in material bodies; and while this immortal, in his spiritual body, knows and remembers his past lives on earth, he falls, as a rule, to impress on his mortal body the memory of the experience that it has not shared.

This brain, this body, has not lived before; it is a new garment for an ancient spirit, and knows naught of the experiences through which that spirit has passed, clad in other bodies. Our present bodies do not keep even a record of their own past; we forget more than we remember. Only if we throw a man's body into a trance and unbind his brain, can we summon from the storehouse of his memories of this life the details that have vanished from his waking consciousness. But while we can, in the trance, reach the memory in his astral and mental bodies, we cannot by such means draw down his spirit and compel him to reveal the memories he treasures in the spiritual body, which alone passes from life to life, unaffected by birth or death, unborn and undying.

Only the free spirit can impress upon his new brain the memories of his past, and what chance does the ordinary man give for the making of such impressions? His mind ever is rushing outward to surrounding objects and filling itself with ideas belonging only to the present or the immediate future. As easily might the most delicate and tender breathings overlap the rattle and the whistling of the trains, the cars, the motors of a Chicago street as the subtle music of the spirit overbear the rush of thronging activities in the human brain.

He who would remember the past must step aside from the tumult of the present, and in the stillness of the senses and the quiet of the mind the figures of the past shall mirror themselves in silence and memory shall dawn in the darkness, and he shall know what he has been. Concentration, deep and silent calm, these enable the spirit to impress the brain.

Apart from memory, what proof of past lives is there for our man in the street? One experience most have had. On a first meeting one sometimes is more at home with a stranger than with one beside whom one has lived for years. A stranger? Nay, an ancient friend, and spirit calls to spirit across the veils of unfamiliar flesh. And sometimes, instead of a sudden attraction, an equally sudden repulsion springs up; it is spirit calling to his mortal body.

"You are in the presence of an ancient foe." Who has not known these affinities and these repulsions—voices of the past sounding in the present?

A child is born with certain faculties; one has a marked facility for figures, another for languages, another for music, or for painting. Whence come the differences?

Modern science assures us that mental and moral qualities are not transmissible; but the qualities are there, prior to all training and education.

One child is born a genius, another an idiot; one is born a saint, another a criminal.

Is Nature a lucky-bag-out of which come newly-created souls, dowered so differently born with blessings or curses wrought into the substance of the body?

Unless each of us has a past, in

which we are born, by what law, by what justice, are we born with tendencies that carry us to fame or draw us to crime?

A man's innate character determines his destiny in this life. Who gave him that character?

His parents? Science says no. God? Justice and love forbid the new creation of a criminal soul. Himself? Aye; we reap in this life what we have sown, and if the harvest be poor, none but the sower is responsible.

When once we realize the grandiose scheme of human evolution, the germ of divinity sown on earth, to grow into the perfect likeness of its Parent, then we see that what we call sin is only ignorance, lack of experience, youth of the unfolding life.

There is no height of splendor into which man may not grow, for he truly is God incarnate upon earth, and the Christ of the race are but the fair first-fruits of the universal human harvest which the future shall disclose.

**POWER OF BRAIN, STRENGTH OF WILL, DEFTNESS OF FINGER, NOBILITY OF CHARACTER—THEY ARE ALL OF OUR OWN WEAVING. WE MAKE THE GARMENTS THAT WE WEAR. NONE OF THE MISERABLE WAIVES OF OUR FOLLEST SLUMS BUT SHALL, BY REPEATED BIRTHS, RISE TO PERFECTED MANHOOD, TO MANIFESTED DIVINITY. SUCH IS THE PROMISE CONTAINED IN THE WORD REINCARNATION.**

**Schools and Infidels.**

The dogma of many theologians, that infidel writings are suppressed by law, is a remnant of the old spirit that used to burn infidels at the stake. Thousands of people were executed because they would not swallow the absurd creeds of the ecclesiastics.

This world-insanity lasted about a thousand years. Theologians have a poor opinion of infidels indeed. Infidels are looked upon as monsters by a certain class of people who use their names to scare children with.

Many infidels have struck terrible blows for liberty, political and religious; liberty of conscience. If it was not that scientists had drilled reason into the minds of the people, Christians would be burning heretics yet and cutting each other's throats.

There being now, many hypocrites in the churches now, peace is preserved. An infidel is a citizen who takes no part in certain creeds of his accuser.

Mohammedans call "dogs of Christians" infidels. The founders of this nation, to keep peace and secure religious liberty, kept religion out of the Constitution and laws. They did not want to favor any special brand.

We will have domestic peace so long as fanatics do not force religion into the Constitution or enact church ordinances into laws. They have no right to force religion into the public schools, therefore Catholics are perfectly content in objecting to Bible reading in the public schools.

While Catholics have a right to maintain sectarian schools, we think it unfortunate that they shut themselves off by walls and fences. This policy of isolation has been, and always will be a failure. It would be just as lawful to read the Talmud or Koran, and no public school teacher has any more right to use her position to influence them to become Christians, than she has to influence them to become Buddhists, Mohammedans or Shintoists.

Neither Jews, agnostics, infidels, atheists, freethinkers, Spiritualists nor Theosophists desire it.

The founder of Confucius was drilled into our pupils, we would not have so many impudent boys and girls with no respect for their elders.

DR. C. C. CARTER.  
Lancaster, Ohio.

**WHY DID GOD CREATE SATAN?**

Oh, why was life to Satan given? He knew he would make war in heaven.

For God did surely see That Satan, clothed with might and power, Would wait his most auspicious hour, And then a traitor be.

Would use the power God had given, Draw to fight against the hosts of heaven, To fight against his king, And thus one-third of heaven's host To God, their author, all were lost, His praise no more they'd sing.

When hur'd from heaven, like lightning, Swiftly to our young world he came, With all his demon host, To circumvent our mother Eve, With lies and guile he did deceive— Thus all mankind were lost.

But God devised a counter play— God would himself become a man To groan and bleed and die, Thus make a sacrifice for sin, That some from Satan he might win, To reign with him on high.

But how can God's atoning blood My record change, make evil good, And pay the debt I owe To those I've wronged by vile deceit, Whose ruined lives I've made complete.

And who to hell must go, For how can God the pardon give Of those I've wronged? If still they live, I must their faces see; I must from them this boon receive, For they alone this gift can give, And from remorse set free.

But God says no, all who believe Shall of my pardoning grace receive, This is the gospel plan; But all who will not thus believe, I never, never will receive.

But will forever damn. THEODORE SIMPSON.  
Vancouver, B. C.

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# "The Garden of Allah."

A Trenchant Criticism of a Preposterous Roman Catholic Book.

Having heard so much in praise of a novel by Robert Hicks, called "The Garden of Allah," I recently perused it; and I should like to comment on it in your columns from the Spiritualist's standpoint.

Whether or not the writer is a Roman Catholic, I do not know, but the whole tone of the book is to show that disobedience to a religious vow made to a priest of the Catholic church is a most awful and unpardonable sin, as terrible and wicked as murder, seduction, or robbery.

The entire teaching of the book, inculcating, as it does, an utterly false sense of duty to God and man, is so false and misleading that I feel compelled to enter my protest against it.

The story is very simple: A young English lady of high ideals and strong character goes to North Africa for the winter and meets, in the train from Tunis to Beni-Mora, a mysterious stranger, a strong and fascinating character, with whom she falls in love. Three-fourths of the book is taken up in describing the feelings of these two lovers, their words and thoughts, and particularly a graphic description of their African environment—the scenery, gardens, native life, atmospheric effects, life in the desert, etc., all of which is very interesting.

There is an air of mystery about this stranger around whom seems to hang a shadow of some awful crime, that makes him gloomy, morose and unhappy, and yet he passionately loves the English girl and they marry, and set off for a tour in the desert.

He is a man who has led a perfectly pure, blameless life, from a Spiritualist's standpoint; but his wife is a bigoted Roman Catholic, and suspects her husband to be somewhat of a freethinker, as he seems to shrink from priests. The latter and other true Catholics also shrink from him, and warn her against him; and it is darkly hinted that he must be a man with an awful crime on his conscience.

When finally comes "The Revelation," the husband confesses all to his wife. The reader's expectations are worked up to believing surely that this man has an awful past, must be a criminal of the worst kind, and when he has fully confessed all, his wife, who passionately loves him and is about to become a mother, thinks she is called on by God, which means the Catholic church and the advice of her Father (Confessor) to abandon her husband and the father of her child and separate from him, and in the final chapter we read the pitiful story of a heart-broken, lonely mother, watching over a fatherless little boy in a beautiful African garden. And all this self-inflicted torture is supposed to be the "Will of God," and to be a sublime sacrifice to duty and religion! Anything more utterly false and untrue it would be difficult to imagine. The lesson is to glorify the church and priesthood, to endorse the machinations and love of power over men's souls, which originated with a combination of designing, self-seeking, crafty men working for their own aggrandizement and glorification in centuries past, and who had the assurance to call themselves the True Church of God on Earth, and to place their "rules" of life, and the "vows" they succeeded in exacting from weak and ignorant young people, on a par with the will of God.

Their law means the dogmatically conceived of God and his laws for man's conduct on earth are to be taken by all the world as gospel truth, as a divine revelation, and if the priests can only catch their dupes young minds so as to believe that the useless, ascetic, self-absorbed, prison-like life of a monk or nun is the only way to the salvation of their own souls and the counting of their beads, and the mumbling of empty prayers, is the kind of life that is most acceptable to God, then of course it is easy to understand how they can persuade their poor dupes that (as they, the priests, represent God on earth) any breach of their vows is a heinous sin.

Now all this crime this young man has committed was that after being immersed for nineteen years in a monastery he met a man of the world who inspired him with the desire to see life, and he ran away—went to the desert where he met this English girl, and showed every wish and capacity to become a model husband and father.

In his confession he speaks of the torture he has been undergoing, the "knowledge of the unpardonable nature" of his act. "It can never be wiped out. It is black on my judgment-book forever."

"I believe in God, I love God, and I have insulted him. I have tried to forget God, to deny him, to put human love higher than love for him."

The blind, priest-ridden bigotry of the wife's mind is shown by the author's remarks where she is made to feel that in marrying this man, stained with this unpardonable sin, her personality had been outraged: "She saw it, like a cloth that had been white and that now was stained with a fadable filth." \* \* \* \* \* "Anger came upon her, a bitter fury. \* \* \* she was on her knees hating him, hating—yes, surely hating—God. It was a frightful sensation."

In her husband's confession of his "crime," he is made to say, "Always I have known that I was sinning against God, against you, against myself and my eternal vows."

Eternal vows, indeed! Just as if a merciful God could hold any human being to "vows" sweated out of him (so to speak) by crafty priests taking advantage of a youth's entire ignorance of what he was doing, of the world he was giving up.

The truth is we are sent into this world to learn each his lesson, and this cannot be accomplished, the soul cannot really grow, except by familiar association with our fellow creatures. We have to help others and love our neighbor as ourselves, to resist temptation, to do unto others as we would be done by, to be pure in heart, and to set a shining example to our weaker brothers, and fur-

ther to perpetuate the race, to increase and multiply; to raise a family of noble sons and daughters who will be a credit to us when we are gone. This kind of healthy, vigorous, manly and womanly existence is ten times more acceptable to God (no matter what priests may teach to the contrary) than the prison-like life of a monk or a nun who shut themselves out from the world and selfishly think only of saving their own souls.

I except those who do useful work: teach school, nurse the sick, etc., but even they, when they go about dressed in gloomy black, with pale, drawn features, seeing nothing but woe and God's wrath, are objects of pity, and miss half the joy of life.

The whole teaching of the book is false; the hero committed no crime against God or man, and the fact that he and his wife could work themselves up into believing he had committed an unpardonable sin, simply shows the distorted views of life and truth and God's will toward us that crafty priests can instill into the minds of good Catholics if they can only have the training of them from childhood up.

There never was a truer saying than this: "The nearer we are to Nature, the nearer we are to God," and this man and woman are de-sensitized as passionate lovers of Nature and pure and stainless in their past, and yet the man is branded as a criminal of the deepest dye because he refused to live the unnatural (therefore ungodly) life of a hermit when the God in him was calling out for a higher life and he found it.

The last words in the book tell us that this misguided wife rejects the man who has brought her back to the fold, and we are told "she sees a wanderer who at last has reached his home."

Certainly this poor, misguided creature has a singular idea of what constitutes "home."

Anyone who has the least glimmering of God's truth must know that the most holy place on earth is a home of love, and that implies the loving association of husband and wife, and the loving guidance and care of both father and mother (and by one only) of these children during infancy, childhood, and youth, and the greatest sin against God is to neglect this duty, and yet, here we see H. W. Hicks leaving his hero, the husband of a good woman, whom he loves and who loves him, to lead a lonely, unhappy life, depriving his only child of fatherly care and immuring himself in a monastery "to save his own soul," whilst he is really an ignorant oaf hypnotized by priests (and she too) into committing a crime against his wife and a crime against his child.

Verily, the distorted view some people look at truth is a mystic past finding out.

The fallacy of the whole lesson taught by the book lies in the blasphemous assumption that because a youth is hypnotized by the ceremonies of the Catholic church into the belief that a vow of lifelong celibacy, silence and self-imprisonment in a monastery, made to a priest, is a vow made to God! In other words, the priest is God! and to change his mind about it and wish to be released of his vow is an unpardonable crime.

As a matter of fact, God has nothing to do with it; it is preposterous pure and simple, and it was really the voice of God urging him to live in the world and learn his lesson in life like other men.

FRED A. BINNEY.  
San Diego, Cal.

**Spiritualism and Religion.**

To the Editor:—In The Progressive Thinker, August 31, I noticed an article entitled "Why Do Christians Reject Spiritualism?"

The writer says, "Spiritualism is the coming religion of the world." I would like to ask why he makes such a statement with so little to back it up.

I would answer by saying it has been scientifically demonstrated that when a person goes through the changed called death such persons can, under favorable conditions, communicate with mortals in this life. Is there any more religion about it than there is when a person telephones from New York to some one in Boston?

What is religion?

"It is a certain system of faith, and the worship of God," or "human effort to obtain Divine favor."

Religion has no more to do with Spiritualism than it has with the telephone or the telegraph. It is just as sensible to say the telephone is the coming religion as it is to say Spiritualism is the coming religion of the world. Spiritualism is a science, and in accordance with science is a delusion or a fraud. Religion has no scientific basis; it is merely a belief.

I have been a Spiritualist during the past fifty years. I accept it as a scientific fact, not as a belief or a religion. Persons who call Spiritualism a religion have not been emancipated from old superstitions of the past.

Many Spiritualists say "Spiritualism is my religion." It would be just as sensible to say the steamboat is my religion, or any other scientific invention. Therefore when we hear a Spiritualist say Spiritualism is the coming religion of the world, we may be sure that such a person has not advanced very far from the superstitions of past ages.

EDWARD PAGE, M. D.  
No. 38 West Newton St., Boston.

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**FRUITS OF CHRISTIANITY.**  
As Exemplified by Absolute Facts—A Condition of Things that Indicate a Dark Future Unless Remedied—A Problem for Spiritualists.

Once speaking of the "forties" of great men, Artemus Ward suggested that George Washington's forte was in not having any of the modern statesmen resemble him to any remarkable extent. The same might be said of Jesus and his professed followers. He said a tree should be judged by its fruit and not by its professions.

This is a Christian country, but Judge Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, went further and officially decided that our government was technically a Christian government; for surely the church controls it as it does our educational system, and our social system as well.

The church is in the saddle—monarch of all it surveys; and what are its fruits? Saying nothing of ex-communicants and those not found out or not convicted, here is the number of adults (not juveniles) actually in prison at the times the United States census has been taken, and the ratio of same to population:

1850.	6,737.1	to	3,442
1860.	19,086.1	"	1,647
1870.	32,901.1	"	1,171
1880.	58,609.1	"	855
1890.	82,329.1	"	760

For, some mysterious reason the prison statistics of 1900 have never been given out, but an alleged "special census" of prison population was taken June 1, 1904, and reported at 81,772, as quoted in this paper for September 14. It is evident that the 1900 census returns of our Christian prison population was above 100,000, and the church being in supreme authority ordered the officials to either reduce it or entirely suppress it and accept a fake census given up to conceal the rapidly increasing crime ratio of our "Christian Civilization."

The "special" report quotes the prison population of 1890 at 66,803, but any person who will take the trouble to refer to the census report itself will see that it is 82,329. The juvenile delinquents (14,846) added the total in "duration vile" was 97,175. Paupers, 73,043; insane, 58,866; inmates of all other asylums and eleemosynaries, public and class, 111,910.

The above census reports show that in the short space of forty years our prison ratio increased 500 percent, reminding us of the oft expression: "going to hell as fast as lots." Such rapid moral degeneration as that is simply appalling. As the crime ratio of "pagan" lands is not one-twentieth of what it is in Christian countries, it shows that the pagan religions bear fruit twenty times better than that borne by the Christian religion.

One important function of good government is to keep watch over the world, and if it sees anything anywhere—grain, fruit, bread, machine, method, weapon or system—that produces better results than our own, to get it, adopt it and avail ourselves of it. No difference what we want the best.

Many of our great writers, scientists and men of learning have studied Buddhism and pronounce it superior to Christianity, and if they are right, why, as sensible people, should we not invite its transplantation in our soil and encourage its growth and development? S. R. SHEPHERD.  
Leavenworth, Kan.

**Forest Home Camp, Mich.**

The 16th annual session of Forest Home Camp proved to be very successful. Camp opened August 4 and closed August 25. Our speakers were of the best, and highly appreciated. Mrs. Nellie Baude, of Detroit, Mich., was with us the first two Sundays. She came to us a stranger, but we soon learned to love her. Her lectures and messages were fine. She also gave a baptismal service which was very beautifully rendered.

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Cora Fuller Williams, of Vicksburg, Mich., musician and elocutionist, was with us through the entire season, and was the life of the camp, was every ready to respond with song or recitation.

Mrs. D. A. Morrill, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was with us the last two Sundays. She spoke to large audiences, which drew all attention to her wonderful discourse. She is also a fine message bearer. We will not forget Mr. Morrill, who has been a great help to our camp in various ways.

We had our



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Evolution of a Sacred Symbol:

The origin of the halo—or nimbus around the head of saints and martyrs, and of Jesus—now common on paintings and statuary, designed to represent them as holy, is interesting as a matter of ecclesiastical history. It is supposed to represent the crown of glory that awaits the favored immortal, a sort of label equivalent to the schoolboy's "This is a hussy" which he inscribes under a badly painted equine, fearful the onlooker may be deceived, and call it a donkey.

In the earliest paintings of the artist Giotto, it is said, these halos were simply opaque discs, something like mortar-board hats, not at all like the halos with which the holy figures are now crowned in works of art. This started Giotto on the road of research. He found the halo had its origin in certain small circular coverings used in the eleventh and twelfth centuries to protect the figures of saints, always plentifully distributed around the churches. It was found that the drippings from the roofs of buildings stained and discolored the statues. To protect them it became the custom to place these wooden sheds or umbrellas over them.

When Giotto began painting, he was an ignorant country boy. He evidently supposed these little sheds were parts of the figures, and always painted them in his portraits of the saints. As he advanced in art he began to idealize things, and these little solid coverings became circles in his pictures, and circles, otherwise halos, as they have been, badges of sanctity ever since.

Thus this sacred symbol was born, like the picture of Jesus, of which we gave a history several years ago. With many thousands of new readers it should be repeated.

An Unintentional Deception:

The editor of the Aurora Argus has a copy of the Ulster county (N. Y.) Gazette, published January 4, 1890, which contains the death notice of George Washington and the comments from other papers.—Ex.

About 1850 an Eastern Journalist duplicated with old-style type the Ulster County Gazette. A couple of generations have come, and are mostly gone, since then, and he who chances to fall in with a copy of the imitated sheet imagines himself the possessor of the real thing.

The writer of this was complimented by the printer with a copy when published, and the factitious sheet was noticed at the time in his journal. A multitude of sheets were printed and placed on the market, and each copy preserved is held by its owner as a relic of the past, but it is only a copy of such relic.

A Priestly Murderer:

Ludwig Szczygiel, formerly a Roman Catholic priest in Chicago, was lately convicted of two murders in Pittsburg.

These priestly murders are scarcely noticed by the secular press. If such crimes were committed by a Spiritualist it would be heralded world-wide as proving the demoralizing influence of the new philosophy.

## All About the Gods:

"The name God," said the late John Fliske, librarian and assistant professor of philosophy in Harvard University, in a note on page 105 of his Myths and Myth-Makers, "is derived from Guodan, the original form of Odin, the supreme deity of our pagan forefathers." He tells his readers in the same connection: "The French Dieu is descended from the pagan Romans."

Some late writers, wholly ignorant of the classics and its history, have ignorantly claimed the word God is but an ellipsis of the word good. Such is not the case. The word God is of pagan origin, and was the title of Odin, the supreme deity of the Scandinavians, "the god who gives victory," identical with Woden, the German tribes, from whence our name Wednesday, or Woden's day. And Zeus is the Roman form of the Grecian Zeus, better known as Jupiter. Thus Zeus, Jupiter, or Jove, was the supreme god of nearly all the barbarian nations bordering on the Mediterranean. He was governor of heaven and earth, the father of gods and of men, the lord of the elements, and the dispenser of every blessing to man. He was also known as the Thunderer, using the lightning as one of his weapons. He was represented as a majestic man, with a venerable beard, seated on a throne, holding a thunderbolt in his right hand and a scepter in his left. He was the personification of the Christian's God of a century ago, just the character Catholics enshrined and Protestants copied. He had numerous sons, born of mortal maidens. These were known as demi-gods, or half-gods.

The Greek Zeus in process of time appears as Theos, still meaning God. During the fifth century of our era, when a severe intellectual contest was raging between that wing of the Grecian philosophers who were unwilling to recognize the pagan deities as the true God, and they who clung to the old order of thought, the latter invented and applied the term Theist to their more advanced opponents. It was a compound word, from a—with-out, and Theos—God.

Thus a term originated which opposing sects have been hurling at each other ever since Roman Catholics adopted it and applied it to Luther and his associates. The Protestants in turn threw it back to Catholics. And now, surprising as it may seem, a writer in The Progressive Thinker of September 21, professing to be a Spiritualist, hurled it at a large wing of the same faith, who reject the narrow concept of God as taught in the Bible, and have enlarged their ideas of such a character, so as to comport with the present knowledge of the great universe, of which all concede he is the energizing spirit, by whatever name designated.

The National Spiritualist Convention a few years ago saw fit to call this universal spirit "Infinite Intelligence." The Progressive Thinker would prefer the title Soul of Nature, or Spirit of the Universe, believing either more expressive than the one adopted; but the other gets us away from the old pagan gods which Christians adopted and then falsely claimed to be worshipping the one now known as the barbarous Jew god, which they have endeavored to dignify by capitalizing his name.

The Jews—if there were such a people independent of the Phoenicians, of which there is reason for doubt—borrowed their idea of an avatar, or Messiah, from the Persians; but no such personage figures in the pseudo-Jewish history; but Greece and Rome were over-stocked with sons of gods, having enough to satisfy the ambition of any nation or sect. When Catholicism usurped the Roman religion and government, and paganism was reconstructed and adapted to their somewhat advanced thought, then the gods, both major and minor, of Greece and Rome were canonized, and are now found with Latinized names in the long list of beatified saints. These were the gods the most learned of the pagans repudiated in the fifth century, and for which they were contemptuously called Atheists.

Spiritualists should be very economical in the use of this reproachful term, for none of us, however discordant our views on lesser subjects, deny that Universal Energy, by whatever name designated, pervades all matter. Alexander Pope, the poet, well expressed the enlarged thought in his Essay on Man: "All are but parts of one stupendous whole. Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul; That, changed through all, and yet in all the same, Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame; Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze; Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees; Lives through all life, extends through all extent; Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breaths in our soul, informs our sense; As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart; As full, as perfect, in vile man who mourns, As the rapt seraph that adores and burns; To him no high, no low, no great, no small; His, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

No Christian, however much inclined to deal in terms of opprobrium, dares classify the great poet with atheists; and it is hoped no intelligent Spiritualist will dishonor himself by doing so.

The "Old-School Atheists" were, and are, in full accord with Pope's idea of a god. They have no sympathy with a 7-by-9 god, such as is described in Genesis, hailing "Where art thou, Adam?" setting up a tailor shop in Eden, taking measures to prevent the creatures of his creation from scaling heaven, and driving him from his throne; his wrestling match with Jacob, breaking his thigh, and doing a thousand other things beneath the dignity of a well-informed human.

And as to a "grudge against Jesus," the critic writes like a superannuated preacher, who has adopted the phenomena of Spiritualism, and brought along with him the obnoxious teachings the biographers of Jesus have ascribed to him. He and those sympathizing with that critic will do well to send 15 cents to this office and procure a 48-page pamphlet entitled "The Teachings of Jesus Not Adapted to Modern Civilization." Before concluding the reading, if critically inclined, it will be discovered the Jesus character is not what churchmen have represented, if "Inerrant" Scriptures are trustworthy.

Trying to Change the Meaning of Words:

Language is used to express ideas, and many words of immemorial usage have acquired meanings difficult to change. Anger is one of these.

How is it possible to mistake what is meant when this word is used? It is synonymous with the Anglo-Saxon "mad," defined, "Excited with wrath; enraged; furious with anger; angry." The good prophet, God-inspired, declared (Ecclesiastes 7:9) "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Certain it is, an angry person is very liable to act the fool when under its influence, and all thoughtful people use great care to not give way to it.

Mark 3: tells of a man with a withered hand who approached Jesus on a Sabbath day and desired to be healed. But Jesus was watched to see if he would disregard the right Sabbath laws. Then says the report (verse 5): "When he had looked round about on them with anger," he performed the cure. Man, God, myth or Jesus, ought to have kept his temper, and we protest against his giving way to passion on such an occasion. It is an example none of us should imitate.

But the preachers will meet us with the declaration: "Anger does not mean what is generally understood by the term when used by Jesus." Had he, a God, so poor command of language he could not find a word which would express his meaning, so he had to leave it to the clergy to revise that meaning, or patch it up to suit their need? On nearly every page of the gospels, wherever the language of Jesus is quoted, the good cleric wants to reconstruct the language of their God, so he will not appear in an offensive light. Hate is one of those words they are ashamed of, and have reason to be.

Japanese Rationalism:

The Ecclesiastical Review, published in Philadelphia, quotes Claudius Terrand, a Catholic missionary in Japan, as saying public opinion there is adverse to Catholic thought, and then: "Protestant propaganda has, without wishing or even suspecting it, been the occasion, more than any other agency, of throwing this country into the fatal current of atheistic rationalism, which predominates everywhere among the educated." Our influence has not been felt among the Japanese upper classes—that is to say, among the officers and functionaries, judges and advocates, professors and students.

The Beginning of a Funeral Trust:

Down there in Coffeyville, Kan., the clergy have formed a combination and fixed the price for preaching funeral sermons. The union rates, however, only apply to members of the churches. Those not in the "ring" must pay a higher rate. The idea of a fixed price for funeral services will prove contagious, and may even become universal. All the great trusts, like Christianity itself, had an humble beginning.

The Pith of a Long Chapter:

The strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone.

## In the Realm of Science.

Scientist Says We Have All Lived Before and Will Live on Earth Again.

Prof. J. Ellis McTaggart, of Cambridge University, England, says we all have lived on earth before and are all going to live on earth again.

Prof. McTaggart thinks there is a much better chance of proving immortality than without it. There are two ways in which a proof of immortality may be attempted. The first he calls the directly metaphysical way. We may attempt to show that the nature of man is such that he cannot cease to exist while the universe continues to exist; or that his nature is eternal, and that an eternal nature cannot have an end in time; or, perhaps, some similar line of thought.

In this case it seems to him that immortality almost necessarily would stand or fall with the theory of pre-existence. He does not see how existence in future time can be shown to be necessary in the case of any being whose existence in past time is admitted. It is necessary, "if the universe got on without me a hundred years ago, what reason could be given for denying that it might get on without me a hundred years hence?"

Or, "if my nature is compatible with its temporal manifestation having begun at some point of time, could we find any reason for supposing it to be inconsistent with that nature that its temporal manifestation should cease at some point in time?" His conclusion, then, is that any demonstration of immortality is likely to show that each of us exists through all time past, as well as future, whether time be held to be finite or infinite.

Improvement Goes on After Death:

There are some considerations which the Cambridge professor finds strongly to suggest that we existed before the formation of our present bodies. In the first place, even the best men are not, when they die, in such a condition of intellectual and moral perfection as would fit them to enter heaven immediately. If heaven is to be taken as a state of perfection which renders all further improvement unnecessary and impossible. This fact is generally recognized, and one of two alternatives commonly is adopted to meet it. The first is the hypothesis of immediate improvement out of proportion to that which can be observed in life is effected in the moment of death, at any rate in the case of those who die under certain conditions. For this view Prof. McTaggart knows no argument.

The other more probable view is that the process of gradual improvement can go on in each of us after the death of our present bodies. If we adopt this view, he finds it only reasonable to take one more step, and to hold that this life will be followed by other lives like it, each separated from its predecessor and its successor by death and rebirth. For otherwise we should be limited to the hypothesis that a process begun in a single earthly life should be continued in one indefinitely long life not divided by death and birth at all. And to suppose without any reason such a sudden change from the order of our present experience seems unjustifiable.

Single Lifetime Always Incomplete:

Our lives, too, the professor finds to be not only incomplete in their results, but fragmentary in their nature. All continually find that a process is cut short by death; that one life holds a fault without retribution, a preparation without an achievement, while in other cases, where the life has lasted longer, the process is complete between birth and death. The more probable conclusion is that the process which is worked out in an earthly life in the one case will be worked out in an earthly life in the other case also, even though death has intervened.

Such problems as these never have been put with more force than by Browning. Both in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and in "Evelyn Hope" he adopts, at any rate for dramatic purposes, the hypothesis of a number of earthly lives. If a number of earthly lives once is granted it would be gratuitous to suppose that this was the first of the long chain, and since even the lowest man is high above many living beings, there would be strong reason for believing that it was in previous lives that he had gained this relative superiority.

Again, as a man grows up, certain tendencies and qualities make themselves manifest in him. They cannot be due entirely to his environment, for they often are different in people whose environment has been similar. We call these the man's natural character and assume that he came into existence with it. Now, if we look at the natural character of men, we find that they have a great resemblance to those differences which can be produced in the course of a single life. One man seems to start with the impotence to resist some particular temptation which exactly resembles the impotence which has been produced in another man by continued yielding to the same temptation.

Benefits by Experience of Previous Lives:

One man again through life has a calm and serene virtue which another man gains only by years of strenuous effort; the first again has instinctive powers of judging nice and difficult questions of quality, in pictures, for example, or precious stones, which place them soon after they have turned their attention to the subject in a position to which less fortunate men can attain, if at all, only by the experience of years.

A still more striking instance is found in personal relations. Two people who have seen but little of each other often are drawn together by a force equal to that which could be generated only by years of mutual trust and mutual assistance. The significance of this fact Prof. McTaggart thinks has been much underrated. As a rule, the only case of it which is considered is the case

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## An Interesting Phantom.

It haunts the field of Chickamauga—Weird story of Ghostly Experiences by men camped on the old field at the time of the war with Spain—Was the apparition that of a Union Soldier who in the '60s was shot for sleeping at his post?

I told one man this story, and he laughed at me, and I have not told it since. It happened eight years ago during the early part of the Spanish-American war, when my regiment was camped at Chickamauga, on part of the field occupied by "Fighting Joe" Hooker after the terrific "Battle of the Clouds."

It was a secluded spot, more wooded than open, dotted here and there with monuments indicative of the heroism and heavy losses of the regiment that participated in the battle. We went into camp there on Tuesday, May 17, 1898, as I remember, and remained there thirteen days, until ordered to Port Tampa.

I was a sergeant in my company, and the second day there was selected as sergeant of the guard. We mounted guard in the afternoon, and after the provost marshal had gone through with and the old guard had been saluted by the new, we quick-stepped to the shrill music of the solitary life and drum to the guard-house for twenty-four hours' sentry duty.

The guard line extended around the regiment, through the woodland and over near Reed's creek, a small creek where it is said the confederate ran blood red from a sanguinary skirmish between a body of union and confederate forces just preceding the big battle.

It was a lonely place during the day, but at night was rendered a hundred times more so by the dismal croaking of bass-wood frogs or the melancholy night cry of birds.

The waters of the run seemed to leave a strange, sad sound as they rushed along over the stones or lapped unceasingly against the reed-grown banks.

About 2 o'clock in the morning a drizzling rain began to fall. The guards of the first and third regiments, who were off post, lay sprawled out in the guardhouse, sleeping in the strange positions suggested by men in overcrowded quarters, when out of the gloom and rain came the cry of a sentry on post:

"Corporal of the guard No. 7!" The call came around to the guardhouse by the endless chain of communication of each guard until it reached home. The cry had hardly been received when another came again, this time more impatient.

I looked around for the corporal of that relief, but remembered that I had let him go to his quarters for his poncho (rubber blanket). The other two corporals were asleep some where in the guard tent. I was going to awaken one of them, but on second consideration decided to go myself.

Wrapped up in my poncho, with my campaign hat drawn far down over my eyes, and with lantern in one hand and rifle held under my rubber blanket in the other, I started out. No. 7 post was in the woods, near the creek. It was the loneliest sort of a place for night sentry duty, and was not enhanced by such a night.

I was halted by each sentry in succession, gave the countersign and passed on toward the man who had sent in the call.

I came upon him in the woods. He halted me sharply with "Halt, who's there? Halt! Halt!" I have heard the challenge many times, but never heard it given with more earnestness of command. His "Halt! Halt!" tacked onto the end of the regulation "Halt, who is there?" indicated that he was very sincere in his order.

I stopped short in obedience to his challenge. "Sergeant of the guard," I answered. "He kept me there, with his gun at his shoulder."

"Well, why don't you advance me?" I said sharply. I had to speak to him the second time before he slowly took his rifle down and let me advance. He was very much agitated, and so nervous that he could hardly talk.

His eyes had a hunted look. His hands twitched from fear. "He keeps going through my line," he gasped. "I've halted him, but he won't stop. I thought he was one of the sentries of the other regiments. I called out to him what outfit he was in, but he never answered. He came nearer. I could see his big U. S. on his belt plate, but his uniform was so old that I could not tell him. He carried his musket at a right shoulder, but not like we carry it. It was a musket, not a rifle. He was dressed like these old photographs of soldiers you see in the family albums. He came to my post. I challenged him, but he came on. I challenged again, and the third time said I would shoot. I put the rifle up to my shoulder, although I knew it contained no ball, looked over the sights, but the man was gone. I am not a coward, sergeant, but I'm afraid to stay on this post without ball cartridges."

The man was badly startled. I knew him well, and after posting a relief for him, took him to the guardhouse, where he told me that he had been sitting on a log in the woods thinking of his mother and his sweetheart away off in Pennsylvania. He became drowsy, a sense of sleepiness came over him, he closed his eyes a moment and slept.

It was only a second, but a sentry on duty, with the lives of thousands of men depending on his watchfulness, such a second of slumber spells disaster. Next to the traitor, it is the most ignominious offense of which a soldier can be convicted. He awoke a moment later, but the sense of sleep was so overpowering that he closed his eyes once more.

"I could not have been asleep more than a few seconds," he said, "when I felt a cold draft strike me full in

the face. I jumped up, fully awake. I grasped my rifle in both hands and peered forth through the gloom. I looked again. There in the woods I saw a sentry asleep. He shifted his musket from an order to a right shoulder with a dextrous twist familiar to experienced sentinels and started to walk post. He came toward me, and you know the rest."

At 3 o'clock the third relief went on duty. Wet and tired, the second relief was just getting asleep on the hard ground of the guard tent when a faint cry came in:

"Corporal of the guard, No. 7!" I increased in volume as it came nearer, being repeated by each sentry. When the corporal came back I asked him what it was.

"No. 7, out in the woods there," he replied, "says a soldier crossed his post without stopping at his challenge, and he wanted to know what to do if he came back."

Curious, I went out to see for myself. Under my questioning No. 7 acknowledged that he had sat down on the log, had closed his eyes for a second, but had not slept, when a cold chill had struck him. On jumping up he saw a strange-looking soldier come walking toward him.

He called him to halt, but the stranger walked on. He ran to the edge of the woods after him, but when he reached there the man had disappeared.

I sat down on the log and wondered. The sentry had walked to the upper part of his post. He passed and repassed, but, finding me not communicative, did not speak. I was curious. I wanted to think the thing out. Gradually the trees in front of me changed into a solid black wall. A sense of sleep crept slowly over me.

I was about to close my eyes when a cold draught struck me in the face. I jumped up, startled.

I grasped my gun instinctively and ran forward, hardly knowing what I was doing. My eyes took in the gloom slowly, but when I could see I saw plainly. It was the soldier. He came marching on with slow, steady tread, like an old picture of '61, with low, old-fashioned infantry leggings, a short four-buttoned blouse, an old-time leather cartridge box and funny visored cap, with slanting cardboard disk falling rakishly over the peak.

He passed within fifty feet of me, and as he did he turned his head and gave me a look of such sadness that the thrill of it went to my toes. I followed it with my eyes and called it to halt, but when I looked nothing was there. I even ran forward over to the fringe of trees near the creek, with bayonet fixed, but he had gone.

On May 31 we were ordered to Tampa, and married to Ringgold, Ga., fifteen miles distant. During one of our short rests I met an old planter, and in response to my questioning he told me that a sentry of the union army, years ago, on duty near the creek in the woods, which I fixed as the exact place covered by the post of No. 7, was caught asleep on post, was court-martialed and shot at sunrise.

Whether it was the spirit of the soldier of '61 coming back to warn the soldier of '98 is more than I can say, but I have my private opinion of the same. I do know that no one went to sleep on duty in our regiment in the lonely stretch of woods near the melancholy murmurings of Reed's Run on post No. 7.—Southern Paper.

TO GEORGIA GLADYS COOLEY.

Written for and read to the Farewell Reception of Georgia Gladys Cooley, previous to her departure for foreign lands.

Blessed sister, in your travels you may never need these things, But you only need to touch them to discern what each one brings—Of soul value—worth in friendship—and the wealth that interblends Both in mortal and immortal, 'twixt yourself and your dear friends.

May your trip be one of pleasure and of profit all along; May your inspiration heighten as you feel the hungry throng; May you lift the souls of strangers as you do your old-time friends; May you safely come back to us when your foreign journey ends.

But be sure these small mementoes are true tokens of respect. And will bring you love-vibrations in sweet softness direct. We present them with devotion and with gratitude to you For your sacrifice and honor in your labors ever true.

May they be a bit of comfort to your soul where'er you go. May they often whisper softly, kindly words you wish to know; May they lift your inspiration to the height you would attain, And impress you with assurance that your truth is not in vain.

May your messages of comfort echo round and round the earth, And all peoples know your value—know your spiritual worth; May you long be spared to help us in our urgent truth ahead, By your sacred psychic presence 'twixt the earth and so-called dead.

DR. T. WILKINS.

Shun passion; fold the hands of thrift; sit still—and truth is near.—Emerson.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.



## THE DIVORCE EVIL SO-CALLED.

Divorce Is the One Door Open for the Escape of Outraged Wives.

The Catholic clergy are a unit against divorce on any ground. Many Protestant preachers agree with their Romanist brethren, especially of the Episcopal church. Do others of the more liberal denominations would permit divorce for but one cause—adultery. There is a concerted movement of Catholics and Protestants to secure the enactment of statutes making divorce almost impossible for any cause. The preachers say "divorce breaks up happy homes and leads to race suicide." Ever since reformers laymen are afraid that not enough boys will be born to keep up the supply of soldiers for future wars unless women are forced to become mothers whether they desire to be or not.

These people evidently look upon marriage from a very low standpoint. They hold that when a clergyman joins a man and woman in marriage, making the woman promise to "love, honor and obey the man until death do them separate," the woman is irrevocably bound to love, honor and obey him, even though he is a depraved scoundrel, brutal, cruel monster, outraging all her finer feelings, assaulting and even murdering her. Though she, for good reasons, may fear, hate and abhor him, she shall still continue to bear his name and be the mother of his children begotten in drunkenness and lust. The laws of man, and the saying of a few words by the clergy, are to be held as more binding than the laws of nature and of God. Others of the champions know anything about prenatal influences and the laws of heredity. Evidently not.

Do they know that God has ordained and planted it deep in the heart of the female, that there can be no true marriage without love, and no true motherhood if the mother is forced to become such? Do they know that children who are the fruits of brutality, drunkenness and fear on the part of the father, and fear, hate and abhorrence on the part of the mother, come into the world depraved, and are mental and moral cripples with strong criminal tendencies? Some of these advocates of the law, though they teach that all children are "conceived in iniquity and born in sin" through Adam's fall, and are doomed to an endless hell unless saved through the blood atonement, hence their contention that once a wife always a wife whose duty it is to submit to unspeakable cruelty and outrage on the part of her husband. If she has been so unfortunate as to marry a man of that sort. Although bruised in body and tortured in mind, she must be the mother of the children of a brutal monster, to the end that the nation may not commit suicide and the "home" be broken up.

A few years ago in an eastern state, a drunken brutal husband came home because his supper was not ready, he fensively kicked his young wife nearly to death, crippling her for life, after which assault he snatched his young baby from the cradle, held the infant on a hot stove and roasted it to death. In every city, town and county of this world, the agonizing moanings and wailings of battered, bleeding, heart-broken wives who are as afraid of their ferocious husbands as they would be of an untamed tiger. Can any anti-divorce law or any clause in a marriage ceremony make these wretched wives love the inhuman monsters whom the law and the preachers make are their husbands? No; for the law of God and nature is higher than are the statutes made by men.

Divorce is the one door open for the escape of outraged wives. Take that right from them and millions of women will be crowded to deeper depths of mental and physical slavery, and into hopeless degradation and despair.

If the clergy succeed in repealing all divorce laws they may diminish the fear of race suicide by preventing the diminishing of the birth-rate of depraved children, but what kind of children will there be?—what sort of citizens will they be? I ask, would it not be better for the nation to have fewer marriages, and fewer children, and have those unions based on love, and those children well born, than to have marriages based on force and made indissoluble by law, and children brought into the world—the product of hate, brutality and lust.

Fortunate are the editors, the lawyers, the legislators and the court judges hold broader views than the clergy. They are more practical, see more clearly the needs of society. They are less influenced by precedent and "scriptural authority" than the preachers. They have keener sympathies and higher ideals. They are more slowly but surely emerging from the degrading slavery enforced upon them by the so-called Christian church the past two thousand years. When woman is emancipated and cannot be compelled to continue as the wife of the man who beats her and whom she hates, nor be forced to be the mother of his children, but can control her own body, and bear children who are the fruits of love, then will we have more happy homes; then will inebriety and prostitution, and suicide and murder be greatly diminished if not entirely abolished.

As nations advance from savagery towards civilization, divorce laws become more liberal, each century. The more civilized a people are the less brutally and tyrannically does the male biped treat the female. Many women accord credit to the church for the enlarged liberty they now enjoy compared to their privilege of a few centuries ago. The truth is that the orthodox church is entitled to little credit. The honor belongs to the liberal religious sects and other so-called heretics, and the growing intelligence of each successive age. The "infallible scriptures" command wives to submit to and obey their husbands whether they are good, bad or indifferent, and for twenty centuries orthodox Christian husbands have regarded their wives as menials, inferiors and slaves. Many of them considered they owned the wife as they did their horse or dog. No the non-orthodox belongs the chief credit for whatever of freedom married women enjoy to-day.

R. A. DAGUE.

## Sometimes It Is Delightful to Die.

NEARLY EVERY LIVING BEING LOOKS FORWARD WITH TERROR TO THE MOMENT OF DYING; VAGUELY HE IMAGINES IT TO BE A MOMENT OF GREAT AGONY.

A DISTINGUISHED GERMAN DOCTOR, G. H. BERNDT, HAS COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT IS AN UTTER MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE THAT DYING IS PAINFUL. HE HAS COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED IN A BOOK A GREAT NUMBER OF AUTHENTIC STATEMENTS FROM PERSONS WHO WERE REGARDED BY THE DOCTORS AS DYING, BUT WHO UNEXPECTEDLY RECOVERED. THEY CAME AS NEAR TO BEING DEAD AS IT IS POSSIBLE.

NEARLY ALL OF THEM TESTIFY THAT DYING WAS PLEASANT INSTEAD OF AGONIZING. THEY WERE ALL INTELLIGENT PERSONS, CAPABLE OF DESCRIB-

ING THEIR SENSATIONS ACCURATELY. FROM THEIR NARRATIVES IT APPEARS THAT WHAT HURTS IS THE TERROR OF DYING. YOU MUST BE ALIVE AND COMPARATIVELY WELL TO FEEL THIS. WHEN YOU HAVE PASSED A CERTAIN POINT ON THE ROAD TO DEATH, PAIN CEASES. MOST OF THE PERSONS SAY THAT AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THEY ARE PRONOUNCED DYING, THEY WERE SUPREMICALLY HAPPY.

WHEN THE SUFFERER LIES IN THE ARMS OF DEATH THE NERVES AND THE BODY ARE PARALYZED AND INSENSIBLE TO PAIN, BUT THE BRAIN IS ACTIVE AND CONCEIVES THE MOST DELIGHTFUL VISIONS.

SOME OF THE MOST REMARKABLE NARRATIVES COLLECTED BY DR. BERNDT ARE REPRINTED BELOW.

## —Delightful Sensations of Arnold Siegrist as He Fell from the Korpstock Peak in the Alps.

My accident on the Korpstock is now well known to all those who are interested in Alpine climbing, as it is, perhaps, the most remarkable of its kind that has ever occurred. No person, as far as can be ascertained, has ever fallen from so great a height as I did and lived to tell the tale.

By a fortunate coincidence two expert amateur photographers were with our party at the time of my accident. While the other members of the party set about recovering my remains, the photographers naturally busied themselves taking pictures of me. Thus they secured a series of photographs showing nearly every stage of my fall from its beginning to the point where my lifeless body lay in a patch of bushes. These photographs are now among the most interesting possessions of the Swiss Alpine Club.

On this eventful day we had succeeded in making the very difficult ascent of the Korpstock. We had reached the highest peak—a lofty, narrow projection separated from the main mass of the mountain except at its base. This sharp peak rises 2,000 feet above the rest of the mountain. Between the peak and the mountain there is a very deep and narrow ravine. We had crossed this ravine by means of a rope ladder in order to reach the pathway to the peak. This was a very arduous task and one of considerable danger. It was followed by an exceedingly steep and difficult ascent. Consequently when the party reached the summit they were fatigued and more or less exhausted.

I had, probably, more energy than the others. Exhilarated by the success of this daring expedition, I was anxious to enjoy the scenery to the utmost, to make observations from every point of view and to examine thoroughly the lofty summit we had reached. I therefore rashly detached myself from the rope which, as usual in such cases, connected me with my companions, and proceeded to explore the peak by myself.

After climbing about by myself for about half an hour I sat down near the edge at a point where the peak drops down almost vertically for several thousand feet. I enjoyed the superb scenery immensely and my mind was full of high and noble thoughts.

Suddenly I felt the ground beneath me beginning to slide outward toward the abyss. A portion of the peak near the edge had been disintegrated, probably by the action of frost, and the slight addition of my weight was sufficient to separate it completely and cause it to topple over.

I made a frantic endeavor to save myself by rolling backward away from the edge, but it was too late. In another instant I was falling through the air.

There was a strong wind blowing and, as those who are familiar with mechanical phenomena are aware, the greatly retarded progress of a body falling through the air. The effect of the wind in sustaining a body may be seen very clearly in the case of a bird, which can remain aloft in the wind without the slightest motion of the wings.

## Thoughts in Mid-Air.

Consequently I was a very long time falling down. I noted this fact with great interest. I had ample time to consider my surroundings and to think of many things. I realized perfectly that I was falling to my death, but I suffered neither fear, pain nor discomfort. I dare say that if I had been in a position to struggle for my life, however ineffectually, I should have been in an agony of terror, but as I was absolutely incapable of helping myself, I did not have any cause for anxiety. For a moment I felt a regret for the new gold chronometer which I was wearing, and which was certainly going to be broken, but this idea quickly passed out of my mind. My sensations were distinctly agreeable. Probably they resembled those of a person in a very swift automobile, but they were incomparably more exhilarating. I caught a glimpse of my companions looking at me in dismay, while the photographers fixed their instruments upon me.

The wind blew me out from the mountain, which probably saved my life, for although it increased the distance which I fell, it prevented me from striking a bare place, where I should certainly have been smashed to pieces.

When I was some distance from the mountain I saw its outlines with considerable distinctness, just as you are able to see the country at a distance from a swiftly moving train, while the ground close at hand is blurred. My mind worked with marvelous rapidity. I must have lost all conception of time, for, although I could only have been a few seconds in the

air, it seemed to me a very long time. I thought of my dear wife and little ones and deeply regretted that I was leaving them, but remembered that a handsome sum of insurance money they would receive, and I smiled gleefully at the thought that the insurance company would have to pay this amount after receiving one premium only!

I then began to feel ecstatically happy. I had shaken off the bonds of the flesh and had entered into the realm of immortality. Every problem of human existence became absolutely clear to me. I understood exactly how men should live in order to avoid all strife, sorrow, misery and poverty. I possessed the secret of perfect happiness.

"If I can only return to the earth again," I said to myself, "I shall be able to do more good to the world than any philosopher has yet succeeded in doing."

It seemed to me that a delightful harmony was sounding in my ears, as if the sun and the mountains and the woods were singing to me.

I was only vaguely aware of a sensation that I was brushing through something. It was repeated many times. I can only explain what happened from what I learned afterward.

When I had fallen about one thousand feet my body reached an almost perpendicular slope, thickly covered with trees. Had I struck any object strong enough to arrest my fall completely, I should have been shaken to pieces, but I fell into the light branches of a young tree and swiftly crashed through it. Then I struck another, and the process was repeated again and again. Each time I struck something was taken from the momentum of my fall. After going through the last of the trees I shot downward into a little gully.

When my friends found me they believed that I was dead. They carried me into a house and laid me tenderly on a bed. My clothes were torn to rags; my breathing was imperceptible and I exhibited no signs of life. Nevertheless I was perfectly conscious and enjoying myself thoroughly. "Poor fellow," said my old friend Dr. Helm, as he bent over me, "I am afraid there is not the slightest chance of his being alive. It is remarkable, however, that he is not more severely mutilated."

Several of the women members of the club began to weep bitterly. This troubled me greatly. I wished I could let them know how delightful it was to die.

The doctor bent over me, examined my pulse and felt my bones. He declared he was greatly perplexed. He could not tell whether I was alive or dead. The fact was I had suffered a severe shock to the backbone and base of the brain, which had produced a kind of paralysis and a partial suspension of the physical functions.

For several days I lay in a critical condition. I was, however, in perfect comfort and the process went on. I enjoyed a delicious sensation of rest and freedom from care. My mind was not as active as during my fight through the air, but I indulged in many long speculations concerning the new life on which I felt I was entering.

After hovering in the balance for a remarkably long time I began to waver. I was under the sea, as experienced pain and discomfort once more. When I was convalescent I suffered acutely, and often did I regret the happy moments when I was dying.

## Other Remarkable Instances in Which Persons at the Point of Death Describe Their Experience as Delightful.

James Barton, a fireman in the Metropolitan Fire Brigade of London, was caught in the ruins of a burning building in Aldersgate street, London, and remained hidden beneath the debris for eight hours before he was rescued.

When his body was recovered he was lying beneath many tons of hot bricks and burning wood, and he was naturally supposed that he was dead. His body was laid aside while the doctors attend to the more urgent work of looking after the living. In the course of three hours one of them examined his body and found that life was not extinct.

Barton was carefully nursed and eventually restored to health. The doctor who was attending him obtained a statement of his experiences, which he forwarded to Dr. Berndt. "Dying," said Barton, "and if it were not for my wife and children I should be sorry that I have recovered. I have not suffered at all during my illness. Of course, I do not mean to say that burning and suffocation are not painful, but I was fortunate enough to miss those sensations almost entirely. I was on my wife across the first floor of the burning building when it gave way and I fell down into the cellar. Before I could think about my predicament a beam hit me on

the head and I knew no more. When I regained consciousness I was lying in a cold bed, but I did not exactly know where I was. I did not seem to be on earth. I was perfectly happy and delightfully comfortable. In fact, I had never been so happy in my life before. I was entirely free from any pain. I did not prevent me from thinking that I felt the most delightful sensations—as though I were lying in a bed of roses and being caressed by gentle hands."

The Rev. Hermann Stockler, a Swiss minister, who was lost in a snowstorm on Mount St. Bernard and rescued in a state of insensibility, furnished his experiences to Dr. Berndt. His statement in part was as follows:

"When I found myself blinded by the snow and unable to trace my path I was greatly alarmed. I struggled for hours to find my way to a place of refuge, but was finally compelled to give up the fight and fall exhausted in the snow."

"From the moment that I ceased to struggle I was perfectly comfortable. My hands and feet were frozen and I was incapable of movement or sensation, but my sight remained keen for a long time and I watched the great, big snowflakes with intense enjoyment. This was the most delightful experience of my life. I said, 'I hope no one will come and interfere with me.' Finally my eyes grew dim and I fell into a delicious, dreamy slumber."

Of a most extraordinary character was the experience of Percy Williams, an English divinity student, who sustained a terrible compound fracture of the skull. During the period when he was suffering from the injury, and even when he was on the operating table, his mind was filled with the most ecstatic visions.

"I believed that I was in heaven," he explained.

Dr. Berndt obtained from many of his fellow physicians statements concerning the experiences of their patients at the point of death. For instance, Professor Metchnikoff, the celebrated scientist of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, who is conducting remarkable researches with the object of prolonging human life, furnished a very interesting statement of his personal experience. He says:

"There are many illnesses and accidents which approach the approach of death and evoke no painful sensations. During the crisis of an intermittent fever, when my temperature fell suddenly from 110 degrees to below the normal, I experienced a sensation of extraordinary keenness—similar, no doubt, to that which heralds the approach of death. Strange to say, this sensation was pleasant, rather than painful."

"It is probable, indeed, that the approach of natural death, in many instances, accompanied by the sweetest sensation which can possibly exist on earth."

Miss Bertha Kuhlmann, of Munich, contributed an interesting statement of her experience.

"I had been stricken with a severe attack of pneumonia. During the early days I suffered keenly, but as the disease grew worse, I suffered less and less, until at last I became perfectly comfortable. When the crisis was reached I was apparently lifeless and was quite unable to move even a finger."

"My relatives had assumed that I was dying, sent for a priest to administer extreme unction to me. When the priest came he said he doubted if I knew anything of what was being done, but nevertheless he proceeded with the ceremony, according to custom. In spite of what they thought, I was entirely conscious of everything that was being done, and the remarkable addition of the feelings of peace and comfort which I experienced."

Toward the end of last winter I was skating upon St. Mary's Loch, near Edinburgh. The weather had turned suddenly warmer during the day and the ice must have grown thin in several places.

Darkness had fallen, but I was thoroughly intoxicated with the joy of exercise and thought neither of time nor of my surroundings. I skated to an out-of-the-way part of the lake, far away from the place where most of the crowd were amusing themselves. I was going with tremendous speed. I skirted near some bushes at the edge of the lake, when suddenly I heard a sharp crack, and then my feet began to sink under me.

I knew instantly that I had hit a soft spot, and I threw out my arms to save myself by catching hold of the surrounding ice. But the hole was large and I was going hard and fast. I went straight down through the freezing water, and when I came up I was under the ice, yards away from the place where I went in.

I tried to swim around and swim toward the hole, but I missed my way and I had no strength to try again, hampered as I was by heavy clothing and chilled by the freezing water.

My extremities were chilled into insensibility. I gave up the struggle to hold my breath and the water flowed into my stomach and lungs. From the moment I ceased to struggle for life I ceased to feel any pain.

I knew that I was dying and I was astonished to find how pleasant it was.

I had no longer any sensations of cold or suffocation. I felt that I was floating on a cloud of exquisite softness. The most beautiful music I had ever heard sounded in my ears. It was soft and sweet and melodious, and was being carried gently upward and unseen angels or spirits were discoursing sweet music to me. I could not identify the melody as resembling any I had ever heard.

It seemed to me like a combination of sound and sight, the human voice and of the most exquisitely-played stringed instruments. Then a soft, white light flooded my eyes and filled the space about me entirely. I could not understand whence it came. There was neither sun nor lamp. There was something unearthly about it, yet very soothing and delightful. It was a light that I never saw on land or sea.

Without beginning to grow softer, but without ceasing to grow brighter, my past life ran before my eyes like the scenes of a play. Strange to say,

I saw only the pleasant things that had happened to me. I was so delightfully situated that I could only imagine pleasant things.

I felt a desire to see all my old and dear friends, and immediately their faces began to press about me. I began to converse with them. I am not ordinarily a fluent speaker, but in my dying state I enjoyed a fluency of speech such as I had never possessed before. I was able to express the finest shades of thought and feeling with the precision of a philosopher and the eloquence of a poet. I was able to express all the clever and noble ideas which I had felt before, but had never been able to convert into distinct articulate speech. My friends, like myself, were gifted with an eloquence far beyond anything which I had known them to possess before.

After a time the throng of my friends faded away and I was left alone with my sweetheart. Her face wore an anxious expression as if she were vaguely aware that some disaster had happened to me.

I told her that I was dying, but that I hoped we should meet again.

"Now," I said, "I have still a little time that we can spend together. Let us enjoy ourselves."

"Most willingly," she answered. She smiled sweetly at me and then came and nestled by my side. As we sat there a most wonderful pageant unrolled itself before us. We visited all the beautiful places on earth that we had longed to see and had planned to see when we should have time and money. We went to London and saw the shops along the Strand, and then we visited the Tower of London, and after that we called at Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen received us most kindly.

At that we passed over to the continent, where we saw all the sights of Paris, climbed up to the top of the Arc de Triomphe and viewed the tomb of Napoleon. We also witnessed the grandest theatrical performance we ever saw. We traveled on to the Mediterranean, stopped at Florence, Rome, Naples and Venice. We journeyed leisurely through Switzerland and made our way toward the Rhine. Then we came back to dear old Scotland again.

I had a premonition that it was time to part from my sweetheart, although I had still no feeling of pain or fatigue. We kissed one another good-bye without any sadness and she faded away.

Then the face of my dear old mother, who was dead, appeared and leaned over me. She whispered to me to rest and be happy, and that she would watch over me. I then began to enjoy the most delightful sensation of rest and happiness that I could possibly imagine. It was infinitely beyond any feeling of happiness that I had ever experienced on earth. I felt as if I were in heaven, and that this was the place that I had so often tried to picture to myself from my reading of the Scriptures and the sermons of my pastors. I remained in this happy condition for a very long time, as it seemed to me. It might have been thousands of years.

Then came a period of absolute black unconsciousness. Presently I was suddenly awakened by the most excruciating pain I had ever suffered. The fact was, as I learned afterward, that I had been rescued from the water and that the strenuous methods of resuscitating the drowning were being applied to me. It was the moment of my return to life that caused me such trouble and pain.

"Why don't you let me stay dead?" I groaned. "I was so happy."

From subsequent consideration of my experience I believe that when I was under the water my body became completely dissociated from my brain and insensible to feeling. My mind remained active and, being freed from the ailments and sensations of the body, it was fully capable of conceiving happy ideas.

## Chaufeur Sissy's Swift Visions of Joy as He Was Hurled from an Auto Going 64 Miles an Hour.

My astounding experience occurred during the trial races for the championship of the Sarthe. They were held near Evreux in Normandy.

I was driving my 90-horsepower Renault racing machine. I was on a magnificent level stretch of road and was pushing the machine to its utmost speed capacity. Eventually I worked up to a speed of 94 miles an hour. We were no longer sensible of contact with the earth. It was as if we were flying; objects at a distance were visible and then in an instant they vanished, for it is hardly possible to see anything which you pass at a speed of 94 miles an hour.

The road was about fifty feet wide and perfectly straight for a stretch of ten miles. Suddenly I discovered at a probable distance of a little less than two miles another auto standing still on the left side of the road, where it should have been. I kept straight on my course, as the other machine was not in my way.

Suddenly, when I was not more than 45 feet away, I saw, to my horror, the other machine move directly upon me. Such a distance is practically nothing when you are going at a speed of 94 miles an hour. I was within a few feet of the other machine in two seconds. I made a tremendous effort to avoid a collision and keep on the road. I shot past the other machine, missing it by only an inch or two, and for a moment I thought I was out of danger. I caught a glimpse of the road behind the other auto. I saw two soldiers leading motor cycles, and one of my wheels struck the last cycle. I saw its fragments fly into an adjoining field. The soldier was not hurt.

In another instant I realized I had started just a fraction too far to the right in trying to avoid the other auto. It was just enough to take me off the road. I shot across the ditch, and there I encountered the most peculiar series of obstacles an automobile ever had to negotiate. I was in a great field filled with irrigating ditches. They ran parallel to one another, and each was about one hundred feet away from the next, and about four feet wide. There were twelve of them and my machine was headed straight across them.

The auto covered the space of a hundred feet of ploughed land in a fraction of a second. As it struck the irrigating ditch it leaped high into the air, then it dashed across another hundred feet of dry land until it came to another ditch. Twelve

times it repeated this extraordinary performance. On the bank of the last canal stood the hub of the people who take care of the road. A shout and the machine flew past the hub, grazing the door as it did so. The hub of one wheel drew a line across the door as sharp and straight as if it had been made with a pencil and ruler. It was only a lucky accident that I did not hit the house squarely, in which case I and all the people in the building would have been killed.

I looked upon myself as a dead man. All the breath was shaken out of me, and I was unable to use the brake. I knew that in another second or two I should strike some unsurmountable obstacle, and that would be the end. Nevertheless I did not feel alarmed, but thrilled with a sensation of the most delightful excitement.

For a mile or more I sped across the country, leaping ditches and hedges. Then the machine ran on level ground for an appreciable period and I was able to apply the brake. Before the machine stopped, however, I ran into a tree and was sent flying through the air, but the speed had been reduced sufficiently to make the shock less destructive than it would have been a few moments earlier.

Even as I hurtled through the air I was not terrified, but experienced what I may call swift visions of joy. I lay unconscious for many hours. There was scarcely a whole bone in my body, and I had suffered the severest internal injuries. For instance, my heart was moved four inches from its normal position.

When I recovered consciousness I was still unable to move or speak. I was able to open my eyes and see what was going on about me. I heard the doctors shaking their heads and saying that there was no chance for me.

They handled me in order to ascertain the character of my injuries, but this did not hurt me. I felt as light as a balloon.

I heard them say, "Poor fellow, it would be better if he were out of his misery." I was not in a misery, but this remark did not frighten or annoy me. I was not afraid to think that they might let me die, for I enjoyed dying immensely.

My sensations were of delicious peacefulness, and such as I had never experienced even in the remotest degree when I was thoroughly alive. I felt no shocks or jars, no little annoyances or inconveniences. My mind seemed incapable of weariness or fatigue, and troublesome questions that had formerly perplexed me appeared perfectly clear. I said to myself that, if my mind had been as clear as this at the time of the accident, I could easily have avoided it.

I calculated with absolute clearness how I could make a fortune of 100,000 francs in a few months by selling a certain machine. As I was dying I said I should not be able to carry out my plan, but now it appears just as feasible as when it entered my brain that was half-detached from my shattered body.

I lay in a state of delightful happiness, in which I had visions that were half dream and half reality. I thought that I was riding in the swiftest and most luxurious automobile that had ever been created. It was even faster than the one in which I had met disaster. It flew along with a speed of 100 miles an hour, and sometimes I fancied that I was riding on the clouds, but then when I looked at the landscape about me I changed my mind and concluded that I was on a road of inflated rubber.

This machine was steered and driven by thought. I had only to wish a certain speed and immediately I had it. I had only to wish to be at a place and immediately I was there. Sometimes I amused myself calculating the speed of the machine. I looked out my watch and looked at a splendid palace on the hillside about twenty miles away. Then I said: "I will go there." Almost instantly my machine was in the courtyard of the palace. I looked at my watch—two seconds had passed. I had been traveling at a speed of sixty miles a minute. That was good, but I could do better.

I did not always scorch. Often I glided softly along on my magically smooth roadbed, enjoying scenes of entrancing beauty.

Then I fell into a dreamy state in which I conversed with my family and friends, or just spent my time in silent communion with them.

There were moments when my mind was absolutely clear; when I knew that I had had a terrible automobile accident and that I was dying. I believe that these were the moments when I was nearest to the point of death. I was just balancing between this world and the next. Even at these times I was entirely free from pain or unhappiness. The fact that I was dying did not seem terrible, as it would have done when I was thoroughly alive and well, but on the contrary, it filled me with happiness.

I felt that pain and labor and anxiety and unhappiness were done with forever.

It was not until I began to recover, to everybody's surprise, that I began to know once more what pain and unhappiness meant. I shall always look back to the days when I was supposed to be dying as the jolliest holiday of my life.

## "WE SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN."

We shall not pass this way again. If there be aught of secret pain 'Tween you and me, In the great sea Of all men's pain let it be cast. This night, that only love may last.

We shall not pass this way again. My heart, in pain shall we refrain From tenderness, And cease to bless Each added hour that love may give Us in this piteous space we live?

We shall not pass this way again. Happily to-morrow comes in vain, If we shall part. With heavy heart This night, Ah, then could I love forget. The little griefs we cherish yet? Let us be done with pain— We shall not pass this way again.

—Emery Potlie.

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and General Progress, the World Over.**

Dr. Schaffer, President, writes: "The First Church of Spiritual Science will commence a series of meetings on Sunday, October 6, at 3 p. m., and continuing until 10 p. m. The specific music, solos, recitations and poems. A circle will be formed at 4:30 p. m., when all will have an opportunity of receiving a test. Good speakers will be engaged for each week, and the service will be the best that can be procured. A lunch will be served by the ladies of the society, and those wishing to remain for the evening service will be welcome, and no charge will be asked. We can make it pleasant and profitable for all. We meet in Kenwood Hall, 4303, and 10 Cottage Grove ave., corner of 43rd st. One fare for the West Side on Halsted to 43rd st. We are a Spiritualism Society, and demonstrate the truth by the law of spirit return."

Prof. J. Madison Allen has been busily at work in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, since the latter part of June. Points made, Decatur, Ill.; Mulberry, Indianapolis, Anderson, in Indiana; Dayton, Xenia, Yellow Springs, Cincinnati, Camp Brady, Akron, Cleveland, Conneaut, Ashtabula, in Ohio, and Newport, Ky. Societies and camps desiring his services can address him at Washington, D. C., care of H. D. Barrett, 600 Penn. ave., or South Bridgewater, Mass.

who, in a more conservative and orthodox community, were ready and willing to stand for an unpopular cause because to them it was the truth. To-day, one or two of that body of pioneers are with us, the rest having passed on; but the work still goes on. Fifteen years after the organization, the society purchased and dedicated a building to the propagation of Spiritualism, under the name of the Norwich Spiritual Acad-

But all honor to our President, he has refused to endorse this affair, and every true Spiritualist should uphold him in these trials he has to meet. I hope, too, this convention will be prepared to act wisely and well on the Definitions—this is one of the BUSINESS NEEDS. I #1

In fact let us go there not to "BLOW HOT AIR," but to legislate in the interest of Spiritualism CLEAR, INTELLIGENT and PROGRESSIVE,

The noticeable feature of the meeting was, the freedom with which all the students were encouraged to "speak their minds," which they certainly did. An experimental arrangement was made for one month, and if they did not like the plan they

At a late hour, with loving kisses (which were confined to the ladies) and a general hand-shake the little band of friends parted; but not until Mrs. Cooley had asked the glad hand be given the new Mrs. Warne, which was done with congratulations to the twain.

She may anticipate a still warmer and a welcome reception when she returns.

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It was late noon and the servants, of whom we had an endless retinue, came trooping in bringing the native fare—coconut milk, fruits, shell fish and fished baked, and a small dish of fish—on a plain diet, unpoisoned by microbes or preservatives. After this we were conducted to our prison pen and securely fastened. Weary from the effect of the awful voice, Cowtell arose and said he was glad to have direct communication with the world, and he offered that he was pleased with the work of his humble servant. Then persuasively he asked if they were satisfied, and how many were ready to join the cause which he had established among them.

dered into English, they would be the most comical books in all literature.

I believe you, yet a Book of Books we must have, and in the translation I can make one better adapted to the requirements of the occasion than the Bible is.

Cowtell, just as you made the 'phoné' grew better than a real god,

That day was indeed marked as a red-letter day, for we were feasted and taken from one village to another, and the chief men allowed no others to wait on us. They wanted to stand next to the gods, and no sacredness was menial enough to satisfy them.

In consultation with the missionary that evening I suggested that as the scheme was working so well, it might be extended, and a complete redemption of these fallen savages effected. Let Bimbumbo do the preaching.

"I can go," said the excited Coswell. "It strains my conscience, and only did I consent because of your imminent danger. What will the missionary board at home say about it when it is reported?"

"Nonsense," I replied; "it will not be reported or known except by the report you send home yourself. Talk into the phone, and you think the people ought to hear and know it the force of their superstition."

After lengthy parley he yielded, and the heralds went out to call the people together the next morning. The scene was repeated. The war-cry thrilled them into awful silence. Then came the command from the Incarnate:

"I, Bimbumbo, command you, my chosen people, you are no more to war on each other. You are to plant your spears in front of the temple; let them be there. You are to attend to the meetings. Bring the best nuts and fruits, the largest fish, the most tasteful shell-fish, to the house of my messengers, who are to obey them. If you do, I will guard and protect you. If you do not, I'll smite you with thunderbolts, send tempests to level your fruit groves, and drive the fish away from your shores. Hear me, for thus saith Bimbumbo."

After the people had recovered

and when finished I shall attempt to return home with the manuscript and urge on the board the immediate publication for use in the schools I shall establish.

"Why have no writings then?"

"Not a page, not a letter, had to invent an alphabet and the combinations to express modified sounds."

"So if you had your testament they could not read a line until they had learned your alphabet and how to read."

"Just so, and for this purpose I shall have to establish schools and educate the people."

"Dear Coswell, you have more than Christian grace. I mean hope, I ever expect to gain. I would as soon translate Matthew into gosa language and attempt to teach a flock of geese. I have no doubt you have succeeded as well in your translation as any of the countless ones who have given good time to such tasks. Did you ever think into mental translation of your translation back into English? It strikes me it would be more comical than a comic almanac. For instance for 'the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost' you say 'three-branched coral'; 'cast into the bottomless pit,' 'cast into a brushwood fire' and that Jesus went up into the temple and was tempted by the chief shark."

"You misunderstand," he quickly interposed. "It is the native mind I appeal to, and they get a different meaning."

"I hope so," I responded. "It is not your fault, but of the natives. They have no words because they have not, and never had, the ideas. I am not prepared to say they cannot read. All the translations of the Bible into the hundreds of savage tongues into which it has been translated have met the same difficulties. If their Bibles could be literally read

Ozone, and the cupidity of these foreigners had been excited. A great expedition had been planned, and the chiefs were to be taken to the chiefs were alarmed, for they knew the strength of their fierce neighbors and that in numbers they could not resist successfully. They clamored for their spears; called for advice from Bimbumbo; reproached Coswell, and ended by defiantly setting their weapons.

Then Coswell authoritatively commanded them to wait for the oracle, and after a short seance with the "phone," called them into the temple. "As Bimbumbo says, so shall it be," he said. And the instruments spoke:

"You may take your spears; you will not need use them. I will smite the foe with thunder and flame. I will keep you safe. Wah! wah! wah!"

"The effect was magical. With loud strides the chiefs marched out and reported the news to the warriors. Out of "Wah! wah! wah!" there might have been heard on the farther shore. The great Bimbumbo was with them, and few as they were, against the swarms of the northern isles, what he had decreed would be accomplished.

There was one point where the enemy would be, and the path leading to the village was through a tangle of tropic growth and this they were sure to follow. In this path the Captain and I dug a pit in which we placed the canister of powder, after taking out a portion for use. The natives were covered it carefully, finishing with surface of leaves. We estimated that the enemy would be ten minutes from the landing to that point, and prepared the fuse accordingly. The Captain's duty was to be on watch at sunset, and the fuse the proper time. Having thus arranged, we returned to the mission and cleaned two

guns. They were so-called

and when finished I shall attempt to return home with the manuscript and urge on the board the immediate publication for use in the schools I shall establish.

"Have you no writings then?"

"Not a page, not a sign," I had to invent an alphabet and the combinations to express modified sounds.

"So if you had your testament they could not read a line until they had learned your alphabet and how to read."

"Just so, and for this purpose I shall have to establish schools and educate the people."

"Dear Goswell, you have more than Christian grace, I mean hope, than I ever expect to gain. You would as soon translate Matthew into goose language and attempt to teach a flock of geese. I have no doubt you have succeeded as well in your translation as any of the countless ones who have given good time to such tasks. Did you ever make a literal translation of your translation back into English? It strikes me it would be more comical than a comic almanac. For instance for 'the Father, Son and Holy Ghost' you say 'three-branched coral,' 'cast into the bottomless pit,' 'cast into a brushwood fire,' and that Jesus went up into the temple and was tempted by the chief scribe."

"You misunderstand," he quickly interposed. "It is the native mind I appeal to, and they get a different meaning."

"I hope so," I responded. "It is not your fault, but of the natives. They have no words because they have not, and never had, the ideas: I am not prepared to say they cannot have them. The natives have no words to give to the hundreds of savage tongues into which it has been translated have met the same difficulties. If their Bibles could be literally ren-

Ozone, and the cupidty of these people, Bimbumbo had been excited. A great number of his friends had been planning to take revenge on the white men, and which rumors came to us. The chiefs were alarmed, for they knew the strength of their fierce neighbors, and that in numbers they could not resist successfully. They clamored for their spears; called for advice from their warriors; reproached Coswell as well, and abused by defiantly setting them upon him.

Then Coswell authoritatively commanded them to wait for the oracle, and after a short seance with the "phono," called them into the temple. "As Bimbumbo says, so shall be," he said. And the Instrument spoke.

"You may take your spears; you will not need use them. I will smite the foe with thunder and flame. I will keep you safe. Wah! wah! wah! wah!"

The effect was magical. With lofty strides the chiefs marched out and returned to their villages. They said that of "Wah! wah! wah!" they might have been heard on the farther shore. The great Bimbumbo was with them, and few as they were against the swarms of the northerne islands, what he had decreed would be accomplished.

There was one point where the sea was narrow, and the path leading to the village was through a tangle of tropic growth, and this they were sure to follow. It was this path the Captain and I dug a pit in which we placed the canister of powder, after taking out a part of the powder, and the natives, who discovered it carefully, finishing with the surface of leaves. We estimated that the enemy would be ten minutes from the landing to that point, and prepared the fuse accordingly. The Captain's duty was to be on the watch at the set of the fuse as the proper time came, and I was to stand guard against the mission and cleaned two of the guns. They were so-called

own crude way offered thanks to their protecting God. Then they fell at our feet, for we, too, had been thunder-bolts.

It was a great victory, and made our position secure. It turned the tide of events in that little empire, as Marathon, Waterloo or Gettysburg did in greater civilizations. Henceforth the State and the church were one, and that one an unlimited theocracy.

When a god backs a nation it becomes a slave to his priests, and the greater its victories in war, the more abjectly it is crushed by superstition. The priest holds the stirrup for the king to mount the saddle. Poor human beings, you know, and ancient recorded days, have been crucified between these two thieves.

There was trouble ahead, to keep the heridity of ages in check, and it showed itself before we left the battlefield. The warriors at once began quarreling in the dead as hunters' bag game.

"The pots will boil to-morrow," sententially said, the Captain.

"No, they must not," replied Coswell. The lesson must be taught now. No more heathen feasts, no more pagan ceremonies.

"No you'll have to," said I, "and let them be in your law in this," I said. "They are in no humor to be crossed now, and this will probably be their last opportunity."

"I will not yield!" he said pettishly; "I will argue this matter with the Chief. If he refuses, I shall call on the Oracle."

"No, you must not," I said positively. "We must not put that stain on Bimbumbo, or the spell will be broken. He must not contradict their conceptions of him." He was headstrong and said that the gods would not allow him to take up your old customs and offend the God you have vowed to worship."

them had meaning.

The Christian seers and the greatest thinkers of the ages, with thousands of years of civilization wrought into the fiber of their brains by heredity, utterly fail to explain or understand the nature of the religion. What then of this same religion presented to savages?

No, they did not understand, yet were impressed and ready to say yes to all its requirements.

The "phono" shouted: "I, Bimbu, have saved you, my chosen people, and now I desire a sign from you. My messenger must take you into the water and make you a sacrifice to me. Then when you come out you will be like my messenger: free from sin, and when you die you will come to me, where the cocoanuts grow with much, much, the size of yours, and are filled with honey, and the fish are already baked for the feast."

(To be continued.)

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## Mrs. Annie Besant

She is a leading character in Theosophy. She is a brilliant Lady, and a Profound Thinker along Occult Lines. There is very little difference between Theosophy and Spiritualism, and the following report made by Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, a devout Spiritualist and a prominent lecturer, will be read with interest.

Through the ceaseless hours of toll, along the years we count a few days which we set apart in the inner chamber as special days, because some great unexpected joys were bestowed upon us. These days are so few we can count them each New Year's night on our fingers—such have been the experiences of mankind since old Sol sent out his first morning edition of sunshine, and since then down through the ages, great lights have appeared in the world of spirit, invention, commerce and statesmanship, great masters who pushed mankind upward another notch and helped them into a wider horizon.

A great light shone in Chicago for one week, during September. A chosen few were expectantly looking forward to her coming. A few more went to see and hear her, largely, perhaps, from curiosity, but the great majority of our citizens heeded her not, the mart and daily toll, claimed their time and attention.

Mrs. Annie Wood Besant, the head of the Theosophical Society of the world, came quietly to town, with a hatched full of clothes, a brain full of great thoughts, and a soul illuminated. She brought her Karma, Aura and other Theosophical paraphernalia and her charming companion, Mrs. Marie Russak, an American lady with a large solar plexus, engaging manner and becoming gown.

The special occasion of Mrs. Besant's visit was the 21st annual convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society. This cult was founded September 17, 1875, by Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and Colonel Henry Steel Olcott, to form a nucleus of spiritual brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, color, creed, sex or caste. To promote the study of Comparative religion, philosophy and science, and to investigate unexplained laws of Nature, and the powers latent in man.

Madame Blavatsky, H. P. B., as she is called, became the head of the society. She was a superior physical medium, with a large variety of phases, including materialization, and was also a strong mental medium. She worked with great energy and several societies were founded in different parts of the world.

At her death a few years ago, Colonel Olcott became her successor. He was a broad-minded altruist, with fine inspirational gifts and other excellent mental and some physical phases of mediumship.

At his death Mrs. Besant became the leader. Since May 1899, when she offered herself a pupil, she had proven herself a faithful and advanced teacher and leader, and in May, 1897, she was elected the President of the World's Theosophical Society.

Mrs. Besant delivered her opening lecture in Orchestra Hall, 169 Michigan Boulevard, on Friday evening, September 13, choosing "Psychism and Spiritualism" for her subject.

The large auditorium was crowded with an exceptionally intelligent audience anxious to hear her.

The stage was devoid of flowers and all other decorations. A prelude was played on the magnificent pipe-organ, and as that was finished, a side door opened and the speaker stepped upon the platform. She wore a white cashmere embroidered robe, is unassuming, yet possessing a certain bearing and acquaintance was renewed, new workers met, and then everybody had a chance to meet the "Light of Asia," who was good to look upon.

Saturday evening Mrs. Besant delivered her second lecture in Orchestra Hall, speaking on "The Place of Masters in the World," showing how present at that meeting. It will not attempt to culminate from the rich part.

On Sunday morning promptly at 10, the National Theosophical Convention was called to order in Kim-

ball Hall. None but members were admitted, even reporters were rigidly excluded, though they urged permission to be present. There were about 166 delegates present from 67 societies, distributed in 23 states including Canada and Hawaii. Mrs. Besant held the convention well in hand, and the preliminary business was disposed of easily and quickly. She then gave her annual address, full of ideal teachings as to what the aim of the members should be. Our brothers are ours, she said; our brothers' victories are ours; and our brothers' losses are ours. As much as you have expelled the least of our brethren you have expelled us.

Spirituality knows no personality, and therefore, under the law of separateness the excluder becomes excluded.

Imputation and persecution are offenses often committed by those who consider themselves very moral, yet these are deadly sins against the law of love. Sins of the mind are more far-reaching than of the body. The criminal is locked up, but the criminal against the code of the brotherhood of man triumphantly escapes. We are no agony, but today ideals of morality, such as will affirm our brotherhood with the lowest. Flight ignorance with knowledge, darkness with light and console the bereaved by tearing the veil from their eyes, showing them there is no death, teach the erring he is the author of his own errors.

Ye are the threshold of the coming civilization, the bringers of glad tidings, cease bickering as children, become the conscious living men and women, conscious in your own strength and divinity, the strenuous co-workers with your elder brother, Christ.

At the close of the address the business of the convention was again taken up, and Mrs. Besant proved her self Supreme Commander of the gavel as well as the tongue or pen.

I have attended no State or National Conventions for 30 years which were conducted with more business-like order and enthusiasm. Every corner was occupied and no one spoke until recognized by the chair.

If an impulsive delegate would jump upon his feet and begin to pour forth the fullness of his mind, the chairman, with a smile and the most gracious of manner, would ask him kindly to "defer," until the matter under consideration or some matter about to be considered was settled.

The confused, irregular "defers" and so did everybody else until proper time, and recognition.

Questions came up in that convention in which the opinions were as decidedly divided as they were intense, questions which would have put some conventions into an uproar, but the tactful pilot guided the members around the Charybdis Colofaro into smooth waters with the diplomacy and skill of a veteran general, and the delegates did themselves proud.

The value of their high teachings, exemplified in their acts in trying moments, spoke louder than all else, proclaiming that this splendid convention was composed of the cream of the world who did not teach mere and practice skin-deep, but lived and practiced what they taught.

The Secretary's report showed that there were 74 branches in America, with 2559 members. Their total income had been \$3,868.33 and the expenses \$3,120.02, leaving a balance of \$748.31 in the treasury.

Much of their progress work is done by a field committee whose courage had never failed, whose persistence had never flagged and whose faith never cooled, sending the word into every land of the world.

The election of the American Secretary resulted in the election of Dr. Weller Van Hook of Chicago, who will be the head of the society in the U. S. in the absence of Mrs. Besant, who makes her headquarters in Adyar, India.

To see all the departments of a National Convention carried out and finished in one day between breakfast and supper is a new experience, belonging to the times of rapid transit and hurried living, but the Theosophists did this and did it well.

Before closing Mrs. Besant gave her followers a few parting words, advising them that within the hour there is room for every view, and by expressing principles openly, each to strive to serve the master in his own way, giving each the credit for the same earnestness and desire to serve.

When knowledge becomes wider, intuition will be more complete. We may differ, no one of us is great enough to see it all; no one is strong enough to hold the great pole of truth within his feeble hands, and the most opposite truths on this plane may unite on higher planes.

Tolerance is to see how the world looks through another man's eyes. In many ways we cannot dictate how man shall walk. Two members or societies do not agree, separate and let each work in his own way, the

ball Hall. None but members were admitted, even reporters were rigidly excluded, though they urged permission to be present. There were about 166 delegates present from 67 societies, distributed in 23 states including Canada and Hawaii. Mrs. Besant held the convention well in hand, and the preliminary business was disposed of easily and quickly. She then gave her annual address, full of ideal teachings as to what the aim of the members should be. Our brothers are ours, she said; our brothers' victories are ours; and our brothers' losses are ours. As much as you have expelled the least of our brethren you have expelled us.

Spirituality knows no personality, and therefore, under the law of separateness the excluder becomes excluded.

Imputation and persecution are offenses often committed by those who consider themselves very moral, yet these are deadly sins against the law of love. Sins of the mind are more far-reaching than of the body. The criminal is locked up, but the criminal against the code of the brotherhood of man triumphantly escapes. We are no agony, but today ideals of morality, such as will affirm our brotherhood with the lowest. Flight ignorance with knowledge, darkness with light and console the bereaved by tearing the veil from their eyes, showing them there is no death, teach the erring he is the author of his own errors.

Ye are the threshold of the coming civilization, the bringers of glad tidings, cease bickering as children, become the conscious living men and women, conscious in your own strength and divinity, the strenuous co-workers with your elder brother, Christ.

At the close of the address the business of the convention was again taken up, and Mrs. Besant proved her self Supreme Commander of the gavel as well as the tongue or pen.

I have attended no State or National Conventions for 30 years which were conducted with more business-like order and enthusiasm. Every corner was occupied and no one spoke until recognized by the chair.

If an impulsive delegate would jump upon his feet and begin to pour forth the fullness of his mind, the chairman, with a smile and the most gracious of manner, would ask him kindly to "defer," until the matter under consideration or some matter about to be considered was settled.

The confused, irregular "defers" and so did everybody else until proper time, and recognition.

Questions came up in that convention in which the opinions were as decidedly divided as they were intense, questions which would have put some conventions into an uproar, but the tactful pilot guided the members around the Charybdis Colofaro into smooth waters with the diplomacy and skill of a veteran general, and the delegates did themselves proud.

The value of their high teachings, exemplified in their acts in trying moments, spoke louder than all else, proclaiming that this splendid convention was composed of the cream of the world who did not teach mere and practice skin-deep, but lived and practiced what they taught.

The Secretary's report showed that there were 74 branches in America, with 2559 members. Their total income had been \$3,868.33 and the expenses \$3,120.02, leaving a balance of \$748.31 in the treasury.

Much of their progress work is done by a field committee whose courage had never failed, whose persistence had never flagged and whose faith never cooled, sending the word into every land of the world.

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