

The Progressive Thinker.

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

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HELL'S HORRORS.

As Vividly Portrayed by Dr. J. M. Peebles.

A very grim and gruesome pamphlet (grim considering its contents) of 32 pages, from the facile and pungent pen of Dr. Peebles, has just reached us. This pamphlet, handsomely put up in a black paper cover, is entitled, "The Orthodox Hell, Church Creeds, and Infant Damnation." It abounds in quotations from the sermons of orthodox preachers, past and present, with selections from their creeds, their hymns, their teachings concerning infant damnation and a real hell of fire and brimstone.

Here is a sample of their hymns sung to the "praise of God":
"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there."

"There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed by the weight of both his hands."

"The guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,
But they incurred a dreadful God."

"Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Savior's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide, to wait your fall."

"Tempests of angry fires shall roll,
To blast the rebel wrong;
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm."

"The breath of God, his angry breath
Supplies and fans the fire;
There sinners taste the second death
And would, but can't, expire."

"Eternal chains and heavy plagues,
Tormenting racks and fiery coils
And darts to inflict immortal pains
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls."

Here follow some of the headings in this breezy pamphlet: "Hell in the Original," "The Devil in Hell," "Hell Within Hell," "Infants in Hell," "Eating Delicious Grapes in Hell," "Hell Being Modified and Cooled Down," candidly, then, what is hell?

The Doctor published a pamphlet similar to this, though much smaller, a number of years ago, an issue of a thousand copies, which was soon exhausted. The surprising energy and amount of work in travels, lectures and writings that the Doctor at 86 brings out yearly, is a study that may well interest both physiologists and psychologists.

The price of this pamphlet, "Hell's Horrors," is 15 cents. For sale at this office.

SUGGESTS A RELIGION.

And a Very Sensible One.

To the Editor:—There is a saying which goes:

"For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it."

The evil which has been attracting the attention of the Spiritualists for the last six months is the persecution of mediums.

It is about time we got to business. To be hauled into police courts and harassed by lawyers is no pleasure, and our people are finding out that the public needs some concise information or knowledge of Spiritualism. "Beautiful Fields of the Summerland," "Happy Hunting Grounds," etc., may be all right for demented spirits, but we who are still clothed in the flesh need to learn how to live here.

The N. S. A. convention, to be held in October, will be watched earnestly for the solving of this problem.

Are we not to have pamphlets or the equivalent, which can be purchased by all societies and individuals, defining the terms of Spiritualism in intelligible language?

Are we to have (and Spiritualists, heaven knows, can be) that we cannot accept a broad definition of religion as:

"Religion is that which tends to the best development of the spiritual within man, and brings him into more perfect sympathy and harmony with his fellowman," etc., as defined by Dr. J. A. Marvin in No. 931 of The Progressive Thinker?

The adoption of that will place Spiritualism in that class, and at the head.

One of our greatest speakers has urged the study of the dictionary, and while about it, English grammar might be reviewed, and it seems we ought to be able to find words and expressions ample and suitable to show the world we are not ignoramuses, and our religion, Spiritualism, too lofty in sentiment, too honest in practice, to allow a believer to be a villain or an impostor.

BLEANOR K. EAGER.

Waterford, Conn.

When a man finally does graduate from the school of experience, the flowers he receives are hauled to their destination by the undertaker.

In trying of the workers of every nation standing to assist each other from the means of existence, let them know each other more intimately, and war would soon become impossible.—Hoyden.

The practice of self-restraint and renunciation is not happiness, though it may be something much better.—H. Huxley.

A MODERN TRAGEDY.

Beautifully and Comically Illustrated.

A can of nitro-glycerine was lying on the ground.
A full-blown Christian Scientist was pronounced "round."
"Look at a little boy cried out, 'there's something harmful there!'"
He did not heed, he did not hear, but kept his forward stare.

With lungs inflated, head erect, he said: "All things are mine!
I am a part of God! All Good traces my life's design."
Fearless am I! I dare to do what ever I desire,
For I am life! I choose, I make, suggest, command, aspire."

"I am peace, joy, prosperity, power, wisdom infinite,
I am a soul, I can control matter with subtle might.
A man is what he thinks; I pulse with God's almighty heart!"
That nitro-glycerine went off and blew him all apart.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

A Spirit Initiated by a Saint.

Speaking about death, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, in his book, "On the Other Side of Death," says: "It is impossible for us to calculate the vast amount of utterly unnecessary sorrow and terror and misery which mankind in the aggregate has suffered simply from ignorance and superstition with regard to this one most important matter. There is amongst us a mass of false and foolish belief along this line which has worked untold evil in the past and is causing indescribable suffering in the present, and its eradication would be one of the greatest benefits that could be conferred upon the human race." Now the incident I am going to narrate will go a great way in showing that the spirits of the departed can come to us and we may speak with them and, if they so please, they may as well show us their bodies, that is, the bodies in which they lived in this world.

Satchidananda Balakrishna Brajaban, a devoted Brahmin of Brindaban, dictated to me the following incident which I took down in my note-book in Bengali, a translation of which is here given. It may, therefore, be said that the narration is not secondhand, but by the man who himself is connected with the affair.

While the Swami was in Bhagalpur, he used to spend his nights in the verandah of a Mandir on the banks of the river Ganges.

One night when he was alone there, a luminous body approached him from a distance of a few yards.

On approaching him, the luminous figure, which seemed to him to be a vapory and indistinct human form, asked him that some Nam (name of a God, by way of Diksha or initiation) might be given to him. Swami replied, "I know not who you are, I don't understand whether what is happening before me is merely a product of imagination or is a real fact. Let me see your form distinctly." Whereupon the form became distinct. His body, as it was before his death, appeared in full form and size, and he had a bald head. The form said, "I am the father of your disciple, Pran Krishna." However, to make himself positive and to ascertain the earnestness of the spirit, Swami directed him to depart that night and to come back on the next day. The time when Swami would be in Sankirtan. The form then melted away in his presence.

Next day, when Swami was bathing in the Ganges, Pran Krishna came to bathe. From the look on Swami's face, he was judging him all the while he presumed that Swami had something to say to him. On being asked, Swami enquired whether his departed father was paid in his head. He was answered in the affirmative. Whereupon Swami related to him the affair of the previous night.

Pran Krishna also made arrangement for the Sankirtan that evening, brought flowers, etc., and the Sankirtan that evening became a little grander in the course of which the spirit of Pran Krishna's father came. Swami embraced him and gave him a Nam and thus the spirit was initiated and he departed fully satisfied.

HERE THE FIRST THING TO BE NOTED IS THE MATERIALIZATION. THAT IS TO SAY, "THE BUILDING OF THE PHYSICAL MATTER ROUND SOME ASTRAL FORM OF THE SPIRIT BODY." ORDER THAT THROUGH IT THE ASTRAL FORM MAY BE ABLE TO PRODUCE RESULTS UPON THE PHYSICAL WORLD."

The spirit in the first appearance became so materialistic as to be able to make himself visible to the Swami and on the next day it became so much materialized that Swami was able to embrace him just as a living man would be. "The form of the spirit on the first night appeared surrounded by a halo of light; this is why the body of the departed is called an etheric body. Astral means starchy or shining like a star. Secondly, it can be inferred that spirits in the Bhubaloka live in carrying out those of their pursuits which they loved most while in this world. Here Pran Krishna's father might have been devout man initiated in his physical life, who felt the need of initiation very much—Kartik Chandra Benerjee, B. I., in the Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

When any one of the prouder passions are hurt, it is much better philosophy to let a man slip into a philistine than to attack him in a bad one. Thomas Paine, in Crisis.

Duty is carrying on promptly, and faithfully the affairs now before you. It is to fulfill the claims of to-day.—Goethe.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

An Old Worker Depicts the Situation in the Silver Gate City.

As usual, spiritual matters are well at the front in the "Silver Gate" city, and under the intelligent and faithful guidance of Chas. A. Buss we are more than holding our own. Our annual State meeting at Santa Barbara was a decided success, and prominent workers there decided to pay a visit to this locality gave a new impetus to the work here. Mrs. Kate Heusmann-Harveston, Mrs. Sexton, and Mrs. Wells of San Francisco, held three meetings in our temple, which were largely attended, arousing an interest of uncommon degree.

As a test and message, medium, Mrs. Harveston has few equals; none better has appeared upon our platform. Mrs. Sexton's work was also highly appreciated, as were the lectures by Mrs. Wells, who claims to be eclectic, as she freely concedes and recognizes the good in all cults and organizations, and is none the less a Spiritualist on that account.

These workers have a decidedly pleasant personality and are ladies in the true sense of the word.

On Thursday evening, September 19, our temple was filled to overflowing, necessitating an extra meeting in the gymnasium hall, and even then quite a large number were compelled to stand. Here, as elsewhere, are a number who are disgruntled and who decided to start another meeting in G. A. R. hall, but they have already subdivided—another case of "who shall be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

In the meantime there is no diminution of interest in the First Society, whose members are moving steadily on to unqualified success. Just now we are blessed with the services of Dr. Ada Horman-Patterson, who speaks with no uncertain sound, always good, but it seems to the writer, has added powers with the advancing years.

It is the policy of the management to have none but first-class workers, possessing ability and character as well, hence negotiations are pending for the services of W. J. Colville, for October, who is always a favorite with San Diego people, and there is much pleasurable anticipation in the return of John W. Ring, who is to begin a five-months engagement the first of November.

There was never a time when more interest was manifested by the general public than now, and the First Society is fully equipped to meet the demands of investigators. Truly we are on the top wave of prosperity, and during the fall and winter months there will be something doing in San Diego.

W. C. HODGE.

A HAVEN OF REST.

There dwells one bright immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her not
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
Sons of oblivion.

To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful,
And then she passed by. "And who art thou?" he cried,
"That lookest on me and art not appalled."
That seem'd so fragile, yet defiest Death?

Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?"
But she no answer made; silent she stood;
Awile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on through the enamored air,
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows:
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

—Reprinted from The Century for January, 1892, in the June Century, Thomas Baily Aldrich.

WHEN I GO HOME.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black uncertain shadows
Seem within of the long ago;
Always with that of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of a home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces odd and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away
And it seems the hand of angels,
On a mystic harp to play,
Have touched with a yearning-sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which my fond heart worships—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in,
Sobbing, the night winds murmur
To the plash of the autumn rain,
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—Eugene Field.

Nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is.—Stubbs.

I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.—Macaulay.

Things unknown are the true scope of imposture and legend; and, whence it follows that nothing is so firmly believed as that which a man knoweth least.—Montaigne.

A ruffled mind makes a restless pillow.—Anon.

MENTAL HEALING.

Something in Reference Thereto from a Scientific Standpoint.

Those who preach the gospel of mental healing (as set forth in the Medical Brief) tell us that sickness is to be cured by believing it, and firmly believing in the universality of divine truth, goodness, or God. As to just what is the curative agent that brings healing to the sick man who thus denies sickness, they speak in vague and general terms, and leave us somewhat at a doubt.

They cannot mean merely to affirm that mind acts on body, and that our beliefs may, and to a considerable extent do affect our physical health; for that is admitted by medical men. It is a fact, however brought about, it is by themselves. I have known more than one physician, finding the patient not seriously ill, and needing nothing more than mental treatment, administered bread pills.

And surely, mental healers do not mean to affirm that physical disease can be cured by the mere act of believing. Physical disease is either a fact, or it is not a fact. On the assumption that it is not a fact, it cannot be cured at all; for there is nothing to cure. On the assumption that it is a fact, however brought about, cannot be cured by the mere act of believing it. In the nature of things, facts cannot be made other than they are by our beliefs of them. If a man eats poisonous mushrooms, believing them to be esculent, his belief cannot alter the fact that they are poisonous, and save him from their poisonous effects.

If a man's lungs are diseased whether by mortal mind or something else, his belief that they are sound does not make them so. Besides, if the relief of pain depends on the sufferer's belief that he has no pain, it can not possibly be effected; for such a belief gives the lie to his consciousness, and is a mental impossibility. The main thing is that he is conscious of it. He may persistently deny it, but he can not more believe that it does not exist than he can believe that he himself does not exist.

Mental healers then, as I understand them, do not mean that the cure is effected by the mere belief of the patient, but that the patient's belief calls into exercise in the healing power of God. They cite the alleged miraculous cures wrought by Jesus in support of their claims, and lead us to infer that their cures are effected in the same way—that is, by the power of God.

They tell the story of the man who was healed of the palsy, and the power which gave him strength, and felt. The life divine which healed the sick of the palsy restored her.

Thus the theory of mental healing seems to be in line with the old conception of divine providence, according to which God, as Luther said: "powerfully and miraculously preserves and defends" those who trust in him. The mental healer, in substance, says to the sick man: Deny your sickness; believe in the all-pervasiveness of God; thus bring yourself into contact with truth, love, goodness, or God, and you will be healed by divine power, as the sick were healed by Jesus. In some wonderful way, your organs, however diseased they may be, will be restored to perfect health, so that they will perfectly perform their proper functions.

But what is the nature of the power that said to have been wrought on blind Bartimeus.

Of course, men of the medical profession deny this theory. They do not believe in miraculous cures. They do not deny that God heals the sick; but they deny that whatever power we may call the power that heals, it effects the healing through the action of natural forces—cures by the use of natural means.

In many cases (such as are said to be cured by mental healers), the natural forces of the body, making for health, are able to throw off its ailments. In other cases these forces are so weakened that they cannot throw off disease without the aid of medicine, which, by its action, works with them to produce the desired result. In any case, it is nature effecting the cure.

But God is in nature. (The forces of nature, animate and inanimate, are but different forms of the one divine energy.) The properties of medicine, as truly as the powers of mind, are expressions of this energy. Hence, what is effected by the one, as well as by the other, is effected by God; and, if mental healing were true, it would be no more divine than healing by the use of medicine.

R. G. CAVE.

CORPSE SITS UP, CAUSES PANIC.

Woman Surprises Mothers' Assembly for Her Funeral.

Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 30.—Relatives of Mrs. Frederick Hartzell, the young wife of a farmer living near Huntington, were bombarding her death-to-day a few minutes before the minister arrived to conduct the funeral rites, when she suddenly sat up in bed and exclaimed: "There was a rush of mourners for the open air, windows being used as exits. The minister swooned when a pale-faced woman over whose body he had been called to conduct services met him at the door."

The family was too poor to have a physician, and the woman fell into a swoon in which state she remained four days. Her husband believed her to be dead and sent for the undertaker. He prepared her for the interment without discovering that life lingered in the body.

People may outgrow natural ignorance, but ignorance carefully cultivated, polished, and propagated, called divine truth, can rarely be outgrown, because it paralyzes the power of growth.—Moncure D. Conway.

LOOKING BEYOND.

The Future State of Existence as Viewed From the Higher Spiritual Standpoint.

That the soul survives the body, and continues its existence in another state, is the belief of the Christian religion; this belief is the foundation of the Christian religion and is based on faith and divine revelation; said divine revelation is believed by Spiritualists to be spirit revelation.

Spiritualists believe that the truth of an existence after this life, has been verified by the return and manifestation of the spirits of those who once lived here in a physical body.

Christians are disposed to contend that the spirit has no power or inclination to return to earth and manifest its presence to the living.

Spiritualists affirm that sympathy survives death, and is an element of attraction by which the spirits of the dead are able to approach and remain near the loved ones of earth; that there are persons so endowed with a natural constitutional attribute, that they are able to transmit messages of disembodied souls to their friends in earth life; that by this means the truth that the soul survives the body is verified.

Why the church contests this doctrine with the Spiritualists, is because it is not the doctrine of the church. It is a matter of dogmatism.

The church is not a person in the world who would not gladly believe the doctrine of spirit return and communion if their minds were not entrained by prejudices.

The church opposes progress in this direction; progress is not a principle of the church. Progress would disrupt the foundations of the church's dogmas, and disrupt their church organization. Ecclesiasticism is too strong for this. The preacher would be deposed unless a medium, hence the influence of position which the minister occupies is arrayed against reform.

The church and the Spiritualists are directly arrayed against each other in the matter of the origin of phenomena.

The church stands for supernaturalism, and Spiritualists believe the possibilities of nature are sufficient to account for all things.

The church is continually importing God to turn aside the laws of nature and grant favors to its members.

Spiritualists expect to pay the penalty for violation of nature's laws.

The powers of the Christians avail them nothing, and yet they profit not from their failure, but continue to pray.

Spiritualists expect a benefit from the influence of good spirits. They have no Jesus to cast their sins upon, but expect to bear the consequences of wrong doing.

Christians do good to please God. Spiritualists do good to please God. Their fellowman, that they themselves may be benefited. The only responsibility that they recognize is to their fellowmen. The "wrath of God or fear of hell has no influence with Spiritualists. The only thing they have is a consciousness of moral degradation for wrong doing.

Christians do not believe in progress in the other life; they propose to pray and sing around the great white throne of the New Jerusalem forever, conscious, but not caring for the suffering of the eternally damned in hell.

Spiritualists believe in eternal progress here and hereafter; that it is our duty to try and elevate the degraded of earth while here, and hereafter as spirits to continually strive to influence mankind to lead better lives, also to seek to aid the undeveloped spirits to improve their moral condition. They believe that progress is moral improvement; that all will eventually develop out of sin into a better life; that happiness consists in doing good. They do not believe that sin can be forgiven, but that it did for them that they might be saved. Their duty is to save themselves and others by moral improvement.

Now, in reply to the annihilationists as to the nature of the soul. Both Christians and Spiritualists believe that the soul is of a material substance, more intangible than the matter of the physical form.

The Christian doctrine of rewards and punishments indicate that the sensation of pleasure and pain in the other life, is the same as in the life here, and they have a material conception of their spiritual heaven. The inhabitants of heaven are the same in many respects as the inhabitants of earth, but there is one exception: They are divested of a moral consciousness as to the inhabitants of earth, and are free to do as they please, and are not bound to come back and influence the inhabitants for their good, or to let them know that they have survived death; neither have they sympathy for those that they have eternally damned.

This loss of moral consciousness is strictly an orthodox view. I believe that there are many good Christians who do not share in this belief, but there are diverse views among Christians in regard to this matter, yet the Christian heaven is a place of physical or material enjoyment, and their hell is a place of material suffering.

The Spiritualists believe that the spirits are material; that their joys and sorrows are the same as the physical, and that moral-consciousness is not changed by death. There is no difference between Spiritualist and Materialist in this matter is properly understood.

The primitive idea of spirit is much to do with this misconception, as also has imagination.

There are some who try to convince themselves that they can think of something that is not material.

The ancients thought that the spirit was the wind, and when the body had ceased to breathe the spirit or breath had gone. The word "soul" gives a better idea of corporeality; pertaining to that which survives the body after death. There can be no conception of a thing that is not material. A thing that is not matter has no

THIS WAS THE SONG.

We have forgotten. This the rowers knew,
Straining within the galley's reel-
ing night,
Life bent on breaking, while their
souls grew
Strong in the ancient purpose of Time.

This was the song whereby they made their fight,
Laughed as they swung. Gods! how the cord bit through!

This was the song the lovers heard,
Wakened by flowers in a rose-red dawn,
Through the bright dew they fled, like
ocean stirred
With morning. Bare and beautiful
they ran.

Holding each other's hand,
Through leaves they're gone,
Cleaving the silver pool with flash of
bird.

Carven in stone, Abydos holds it fast:
The little, Eastern dancer with her
lute,
Wild Erin's faeries crying for the
past.

They keep the deathless secret of
the word
Hid behind Nature's lips who, krave,
remote,
Guard from the profanation till the
last.

Not unto us who bide the ebb and
flow.

The senseless order of the tide of
law,
We have forgotten to be free, we
know
Only the iteration of the day.

The priceless moon, white pearl
without flaw,
Drowns in the muddy stream of
worldly woe.

We take the petty part and leave the
whole
Lost to our ken the song of Nature's
youth,
The great barbaric winds that sweep
the soul
And leave it emptied of all else but
truth.

—Helen Hay Whitney in Baltimore Sun.

existence; it is nothing. Even thoughts are things.

Every sense of the body depends on the material out of which the body is composed.

We cannot receive or give out an idea that does not involve the existence of matter, yet with matter, in whatever form it is presented, there is ever present force that is eternally persistent. There is no matter without force, nor force without matter. Life is a form of force by which the spirit animates the body. There is no vacuum in space; attenuated matter as ether fills all space.

Death is only a change in the form of matter. The matter of the physical body is thrown off, leaving the etherealized spirit body, and nearly all the characteristics of physical life with the spirit.

Now as to the eternal existence of the soul, no one can say.

Proof of immortality is impossible, as it involves the idea of infinity.

We have evidence that the soul survives death, but the duration of that other life we do not know.

The primary concepts of science are the indestructibility of matter—(No matter was ever created or ever destroyed), and the eternal persistence of force. Force varies and changes into different forms of manifestation, but never is less persistent.

Life and intelligence are presented to us as forms of force in connection with matter. All the phenomena of nature are presented to us in the same way.

Force is presented in connection with organic matter, as motion without cessation.

There is no stability; change, eternal change is the order of nature. The soul of man is exempt from this immutable law of nature. We change from birth continuously through life to the old age that ends in death, when radical change is made into another life, and where according to the testimony of those gone before, change unending, continues.

When more perfect means of communication between that other world and this is established, we will be better able to understand the development of the soul involved in this change.

The soul of the infant is not the soul of old age. Even the trace of identity is lost in the lapsing memory of age. Memory alone identifies with the past. When memory fades identity is lost.

The soul of earth is not the soul of a future life. Change has marked its advent into that better land, free from the environment of earth.

There is reason to believe that the soul comes into being with the body, and develops with it, and when the body is cast off continues to develop in another condition of life, and may continue on in this way for all eternity; but infinite existence would necessarily be accompanied by infinite transmutation.

Having survived the change of death in the ending of this life, who would say that the soul of man may not survive all the changes which eternity may bring.

It has been urged by annihilationists that matter would in time all be made into "souls"; but I would urge that the quantity of matter is infinite.

Great is the reasoning powers of the human intellect, but the infinite potentiality of nature transcends its capabilities.

J. F. BAKER.

Chicago, Ill.

Platitudes against sin are as harmful as applause for sin.—Anon.

I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul.—Ingersoll.

The world is continually growing better to all who are honestly trying to make it better.—Everett McNeil.

FROM A PRISON CELL.

Sweet spirit voicing over me
Tuteful and jubilant. How can it be
That the songs of gladness which float
so far,
As if they fell from an evening star,
Are the mates of one who never may
see
Visible music of flower and tree?
Purple of mountain, or life of the
free,
Or ruby and gold of the sunset's glow,
Oh never the sight of a loving face—
Must not my cell be a desolate place?
For my soul is sealed with the seal of
years,
Mine eyes are opened only to tears.
How can I live in the dark like this?
Where is my fountain of life and
bliss?

Oh! My spirit can see! My spirit can
see,
And it's sight is strong, and swift and
free.
Never the ken of a mortal eye
Could pierce so deep, and far and
high.
As the eagle vision of hearts that
dwell
In the lofty sunlit citadel
Of Faith, that overcomes the world;
Its banners of Hope and Joy unfurled;
Garrisoned with spirits of perfect
peace.

A MOST EXCELLENT MAN.

The Passing on of Another Lifetime Spiritualist.

To the Editor:—I think it due our long-time upholders and workers that we erect, mausoleums of loving remembrance to their memories and keep the flowers of appreciation ever fresh upon them as we too journey along the pathway they have gone.

On July 29, there passed over the divide, our friend and brother, George L. Congdon, of Elgin, Ill. I say our friend because he was the friend of every Spiritualist in the world. To him the name was precious, the phenomena were precious and the philosophy a delight.

When a prosperous merchant, and manufacturer in Chicago the cause was dear to him, and when he came to Elgin his business and social life in the north part of the city of Elgin, on what was at one time a part of the large estate which he purchased in 1881, when he built the first shoe factory in Elgin, and opened up Congdon's addition to the city.

Those who attended the grand picnic of the Spiritualists of Chicago and outlying towns the last summer, will recall the beauties of our brother's home and his genial presence even though then he was rapidly nearing the day of transition. It came by growing weakness until he could not rise from the bed and in a week's time the silver cord was loosened and the golden bowl was broken without guilting of any kind.

Mr. Congdon was born in Northbridge, Mass., May 7, 1839, and began the work of manufacturing boots and shoes in Grafton, Mass., when little more than twenty-one. After a few years he went to Chicago and became one of the builders of the new city's great industries, running both factory and stores. The great fire destroyed these, but not his intrepid energy and enterprise. Putting up a board shanty, he was soon under way again with a remnant of machinery, tools and stock which two hours' time had enabled him to save. One by one his men who had to hold a fourth wheel on as they trudged out to the west of the fire line. When the change was made to Elgin, ten years later, he stood for twenty thousand dollars before the business world.

The same enthusiasm he put into his work he put also into Spiritualism, but one misfortune followed another until ill health brought him to the place of rest, his work all done except to hold still true to the religion he had held from his boyhood days, the best he could find.

His funeral was largely attended, the Silver Leaf quartette rendering fine music, Mrs. West officiating as speaker. Although a Mason of high degree, the Modern Woodmen, of which order he was a member, attended to the funeral rites. The worn casket of the soul was laid beneath the evergreens in the cemetery of McHenry, the former home of Mrs. Congdon, while that soul revelled in the new delights of freedom and resurrection. To your correspondent he has given back the word that "It was the happiest experience of all his life." He has left his earthly home in fleshly form but in conjunction with his arisen friend, George Bowen, there is a work to be done in Elgin, of which we shall hear before many years.

MRS. M. A. CONGDON.

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

"Thy silence o'er the midnight plain,
I saw your gentle voice again,
My soul delights to view the scene,
The valley fair in fertile green.
The moon whose silvery brightness
spreads
Around the vale, and nature sheds
Her emerald mantle on the trees—
Your voice is wafted on the breeze.
Of summer night like long ago,
As we too ramble to and fro.

Methinks it is that night again,
When first I whispered love's sweet
sain.

Into your ear, with loving voice,
When soul to soul we did rejoice,
You vowed to be my very own,
But now my life is cold as stone,
For death's fair angel came one day
And bore my gentle love away
To mansions far in Spirit light,
And now she lives with angels bright,
In home of beauty by the shore
Of Beulah Land, and pain no more
Can reach her soul so pure and true,
Alas, my love, I mourn for you.

In path of life I'll e'er incline
To keep my soul pure and thine,
And know when I throw off the coil
Of earthly chain and free from toll,
I'll come from earth to your bright
home
And clasp your loving hand and
roam
Through fair, bright landscapes
studded o'er
With gorgeous flowers and birds that
soar.
And sing among the happy bowers
Where we shall spend the happy
hours,
And dwell and sing forevermore
With angel bands on Beulah shore.

LOUIE HOLYOAK.

Woman Completes a Voting Machine.

A Columbus woman has submitted a voting machine for formal approval of the State Commission, and it is said that the machine will do more and better work than any other machine brought to the commission's attention. Women get a vote only at school elections in this state, but it appears that this fact did not destroy interest in voting and the possibilities of a voting machine, upon which the Columbus woman's husband spent 10 years of toil and study, he dying 6 years ago, leaving the machine in an unfinished stage. She took up the work and finished it and now has a voting machine which it is said will do all that is required of such a machine.—Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lillian Whiting. An excellent, suggestive, intensely interesting, spiritual book. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spirituality. Price 1.00.

Four Great Sins the Church Is Called Upon to Combat.

One Is Viewed from the Catholic Standpoint—Three from the Protestant—Some Comments Thereon, by R. A. Dague.

The Pope of Rome has issued an encyclical in which he condemns modern thought as a great sin. Among other commands are the following:

"MODERNISTS ARE TO BE REMOVED FROM PROFESSORSHIPS AND THE DIRECTION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

"THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL ARE NOT TO BE ALLOWED TO READ MODERNIST PUBLICATIONS.

"A COMMITTEE OF CENSORSHIP IS TO BE ESTABLISHED IN EVERY DIOCESE, TO PASS UPON THE PUBLICATIONS WHICH THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL SHALL BE PERMITTED TO READ."

This is in keeping with the custom of the Catholic church since the days of Constantine. Science, philosophy, inventions, education, liberal government, the right of men to think, has had to fight the church inch by inch in the long weary centuries past. The early astronomers, philosophers—reformers of every kind, were persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, burned, and beheaded by the church. Gutenberg and Faust, who invented printing, were imprisoned because the church said they had invented a black art and were in league with the Devil. The inventor of the umbrella was persecuted as a heretic for his wickedness in "inventing a contrivance which would prevent God from sending his rain on the just and unjust."

The Catholic church has always taught, and now teaches, the impossible doctrine of transubstantiation, which is, that when a priest mutters some words over some wine and fragments of bread, that those substances are instantly changed, and become the REAL, ACTUAL body and blood of Jesus Christ.

In the long ago, on one occasion, it has been stated, a mouse ran out of the wall, seized a morsel of this divine bread and carried it into his hole. A council of Right Reverend and holy bishops, priests, archbishops and cardinals, discussed earnestly and protractedly this proposition:

"CAN A MOUSE EAT A PORTION OF THE BODY OF GOD?"

It was finally decided that the animal had committed a heinous sin; the walls were torn down, a mouse captured which was then burned to ashes and the ashes sprinkled over the altar with solemn and befitting ceremonies. Poor old Pope! Doubtless he is sincere. Amid the blaze of enlightenment of this progressive age he is pained and bewildered, and hopes to turn the world about face, and compel it to go back to the good old times when the roasting of astronomers, inventors, scientists and philosophers, was a frequent pastime of "holy men."

And now a few words about our Protestant friends. An annual State Conference of a powerful Protestant denomination, held at Seattle, adjourned last week. They discussed several propositions. None elicited more eloquence and denunciation than the awful sin of dancing, playing cards for social recreation, and attending the theater. Vivid word pictures were drawn of how Satan was destroying the rising generation, and luring them to an endless hell through whist, and euchre, and the waltz, and Virginia Reel, and the awful theater. So far as I could learn from the published proceedings, nothing was said about the small sins of the killing of Jews by Christians in Russia, nor about war, nor the enslaving of two millions of children in the shops and factories of this country, nor about wholesale land stealings, political thievery, and stock watering, and grafting, and the exploiting of the working people; nor about infanticide, and abortion, and race suicide so prevalent among church people and others.

Evangelist Hart, who is one of the same faith as those who composed the conference referred to, held a great revival in Tacoma last winter, in a tabernacle erected for that purpose. Night after night he thundered against the awful sins of dancing and theater-going—especially the latter. Scores of converts flocked to the altar, a large portion being schoolgirls in short dresses. These children were frightened at the preacher's awful threats of what his God would do if they didn't repent of the heinous crime of "tripping the light fantastic toe" when they heard a fiddle, and going to matinees. Scores of these boys and girls—mostly girls—were frightened into the folds of the church. Two went insane, one of whom is now in the asylum.

Are some Protestants any less superstitious and narrow-minded than the Catholics?

Here is an incident which would indicate that they are not. A few days ago tiny Countess Magri, aged 65, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb, was in this city. In an interview she said that when many years ago she traveled with P. T. Barnum, the country people would not enter a tent to see an exhibition. Mr. Barnum had to hire a hall or put up a wooden structure. Quoting from the published interview she said:

"We traveled with Barnum, but did not appear under canvas. That was 45 years ago. The church people would not go near anything under canvas, nor would they go to a place where there was a stage curtain that rolled up or down. Barnum therefore arranged a curtain which drew back on a wire. The church people thought that was all right, but for my part I could not see why it wasn't as sinful with one kind of curtain as another."

Now, seriously, were not these church people about as superstitious as their brethren of the long ago who thought God would damn the inventor of the umbrella?

Ought simple amusements to be held up by the clergy as soul-destroying sins? Take the theater for instance. But little progress was made against slavery in the United States until "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was dramatized and played in the theaters all over the land. I am informed that nearly all the great authors of the drama were educated, refined, moral men and women. In their plays they have extolled honesty, justice, mercy and love. I do not remember any play of note in which villainy was not defeated, and honor, and justice, and virtue

vindicated. I have, at the theater, heard high-class music, seen beautiful scenery and paintings, and have been stirred by the thrilling, bratry, and have had my deepest sympathy and sense of justice aroused. I have, with hundreds of others, lustily cheered the hero who fought for honor and justice, and who defended the defenseless and weak. I have scorned and hissed the seducer, the oppressor, the tyrant and the vile. Often have I heard great audiences applaud over some act in which intrigue and villainy were thwarted, and virtue and innocence defended and made to triumph. I have seen thousands weep over the representations of the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, the oppressed and the friendless. The stage has its faults, but it is a powerful educator. The pulpit is a great educator also, but it lives too much in the past.

I have a son whom I devotedly love. Shall I sometimes send him to theatrical plays where he will hear excellent music, and where hypocrisy, sensuality and villainy are defeated, and truth, virtue and honor are made to triumph, or shall I send him to those Sunday schools and churches which present to him old Bible characters guilty of all the crimes in the calendar as "holy men" worthy to be patterned after? Shall I send him to those places to be taught that God put lying spirits in the mouths of his own prophets; that he approved of the lie told by Jacob to his old blind father, through which he cheated Esau, his brother, out of his portion of his father's estate; that he authorized Moses to kill all the wives and mothers taken prisoners in war, and turn over the virgins to the soldiers; that he confirmed and carried out and confirmed to this day the curse pronounced by the drunken Noah, of everlasting slavery on unnumbered millions of the descendants of his son, whose offence consisted in chiding his father for getting intoxicated and indecently exposing his person; that the murderous, adulterous King David, who burned prisoners of war, sawed off their arms and legs, and tore away their flesh with harrows of iron—that this monster was "a man after God's own heart;" that God demanded the cruel death of his only begotten son to appease his wrath toward the other children of his own creation, and that now, no matter how immoral or criminal may be our lives, we may escape all the consequences of wrongdoing through the "vicarious atonement," and that if we do not accept this "free salvation," no matter how good we may have been, God will torture us in hell forever?

Yes, I think I would prefer that my boy should occasionally go to a good theatrical exhibition than to the "sanctuary" where such "religion" is taught. Doubtless there are theaters whose exhibitions are not of a high character, but for fifty years I have frequently attended the theater, and I never saw a play which did not teach higher ideals than those taught by the above-mentioned orthodox beliefs and doctrines.

John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and other "holy men," taught that God eternally damned babies before they were born for his own glory; that Satan once thwarted God's plans, and that in consequence of that, this world has ever since been a vale of woe; that all joy, and happiness, and worldly amusements and pleasures, are but cunning schemes of the Devil for the destruction of our souls. The dark shadow of those dismal teachings still befalls the brains of many of our Christian ministers to-day.

Poor, old, deluded Pope! He is a back number. By his bulls he hopes to stop progress and the working of the law of evolution.

Narrow minded and frightened, however good their intentions, are many Protestant orthodox pulpiterers. Blinded by creeds and theological teachings formulated in an ignorant age, deluded by the idea that the Bible is inerrant and infallible, and that all wisdom was revealed in the infant age of the world, they tremble with fear of their God if they should dare to indulge in a little freedom of thought, and they sit looking backward for light and inspiration while the Car of Progress and unfettered thinking goes by them.

Spiritualists and Christian Scientists, and Universalists and Unitarians, and all New Thinkers, should pity our dear brethren of the cloth. They are in "fogland," they are confused; they believe their "holy scriptures," which say that "Satan is going up and down in the earth seeking whom he may devour;" they believe "Old Scratch" invented the fiddle, the theater, and the games of euchre and "seven-up," and they cry aloud their warnings, but the people will take no heed of their cry; their pews are nearly empty; but few students are found in their theological colleges; the young people prefer going to the skating rink, the parks, the theater or other places of amusement to attending church to hear eulogies pronounced upon the savage, adulterous, polygamous slave-holding old kings and warriors of the past, and to listen to the threats of what the wrathful, jealous, changeable orthodox God will do with them if they don't stop their fun and hilarity.

Come, you brethren of the sanctuary, out of the dismal theological caves, and get into the glorious sunlight of New Thought. But aside for a while the writings of men who lived centuries ago, even before printing was invented, and when the earth was believed to be flat, and investigate what is taught now by able, thinking, illuminated men on science, inspiration, immortality, life, death, and God. The minds of men of this day, unfettered by the cobwebs of old theories, are being flooded with light. Old theories, as well as old machines and old methods of doing things, are rapidly passing away. A glorious new cycle is being ushered in.

DO NOT MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT BECAUSE YOUR SYSTEM OF RELIGION IS VERY OLD IT IS THEREFORE INFALLIBLE. OLD THINGS MAY HAVE BEEN USEFUL ONCE AND BE WORTHLESS NOW. ABOUT FACE, BRETHREN; FORWARD MARCH INTO A BROADER, A MORE SENSIBLE, A MORE CHEERFUL AND A HAPPIER THEOLOGICAL CAMP.

R. A. DAGUE.

638 North Fifth St., Tacoma, Wash.

A Noble Man's Ascension.

IN MEMORY OF HON. A. GASTON.

Impressive Services Held at the Home—A Large Number of Relatives and Friends Were Present to Pay Their Respect to the Memory of a Man Beloved by All.

Athelston Gaston was born in Castle, Wyoming County, N. Y., April 24, 1838. At the age of two years his parents moved to Allegany County, where they resided fourteen years.

They moved to Crawford County, Pa., where his home has since been, with the exception of four or five years.

He was a farmer in early life and later became engaged in the lumber business, in which he was very successful, combining the qualities of strict attention to business, hard work and sterling integrity in all his dealings.

He became interested in Spiritualism when seventeen years of age, and after a careful investigation of the phenomena, became convinced of its truth and has always been a devoted student of its teachings and a fearless supporter of the cause. He was elected one of the trustees of Cassagauga Camp (Lily Dale) in 1884, and upon the resignation of Mr. Skidmore as president, in 1887, Mr. Gaston was unanimously chosen as his successor.

He was most efficient and far-reaching in his work and influence for the good of the camp. In 1861 he married Miss Thankful C. Hammond, a lady of great culture and refinement. There has always been the deepest sympathy between them both in the matter of Spiritualism (their mutual religion) and all great purposes of life. Mrs. Gaston was a fine medium for messages from their personal friends, and the hour of "communion" was ever held sacred and inviolable by them.

She passed on four years ago to join their lovely daughter and many friends awaiting them in that better land.

He was twice chosen Mayor of Meadville by popular vote, and once represented his district in Congress, but he did not care for political life, and in later years lived for his friends and family.

In the last few years his health has been failing and it was in the hope of gaining somewhat of his impaired strength that he joined a club having for their camping and hunting grounds the wilds of Canada. It was during one of these trips, in company with friends and the hunters or guides, that he met his physical death by a fatal shot from one of the party, he having remained behind to rest and one of them mistaking the figure in the canoe for the coveted game, he having changed his position after they left.

It was a great shock to the entire community, but more so to the unfortunate friend who unwittingly fired the gun.

A human loss that none can fill has come to us all, but we know he, with the hosts of ardent ones, liveth and worketh for the truth and for all who need his aid. C. L. V. R. Rogers Park, Oct. 1, 1907.

The Meadville Messenger says: "The funeral of Hon. Athelston Gaston was held at the home, 681 East Chestnut street, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, who came to pay the last tribute of respect to an honored and distinguished citizen of the city and the State, and a generous and sympathetic friend of the community in which he lived."

"Assembled beneath the shadow of a great sorrow, the friends who knew Mr. Gaston in all his relations in public and private life, and who recognized his integrity of character, his kindness and his generous deeds of charity toward those who were in need, manifested an especial and added sorrow in the thought of the sudden and tragic ending of his life. But they recall that for years he had been a sufferer, and would possibly have fallen long ere this were it not for the indefatigable will and determination that withstood all trials, and was still cheerful and thoughtful for the sufferings and afflictions of others. His time had apparently come, and God in mercy called him by a sudden and painless death. His friend who became the unconscious instrumental-ity of the final ending of the life that was aimed as dear to him as his own, has the sincerest sympathy of all who realize the sad and sorrowful circumstances under which it occurred."

"The impressive funeral ceremonies were opened by a quartet composed of Miss Helen DeArmet, Miss Gillespie, Mr. E. L. Lawrence and Mr. H. S. Robinson, who sang with fine expression the hymn, 'Some Time We'll Understand.' This was followed by an earnest and eloquent prayer by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill. The choir then rendered another selection entitled 'My Jesus as Thou Wilt.' Mrs. Richmond then paid an eloquent tribute to the life and character and faith of the deceased."

"The great, noble, generous-hearted friend and brother now lies with arms folded across his breast cold in death. The man whom those who knew him best, loved him most. As a citizen and a man he held a place in the hearts of friends and acquaintances to which few, if any other, can ever aspire to occupy. He was not afraid to die. He often spoke of death and the future life as a living change from earth and its turmoil and its trouble. He felt that he had nearly served his time here; that his activities of life were nearly ended, and though he was not hastening, yet he longed to go. His faith was ever strong and steadfast that he would meet the loved ones that had gone before. His faith and his religion were his own, but he granted to others the full enjoyment of their faith and hope and consolation that he enjoyed, however theirs might differ from his own."

"All who knew him can testify his interest in every great movement for the relief of suffering humanity throughout the world. As a friend he was faithful and true; as a husband, thousands have witnessed his loving care and ministrations to relieve the suffering and cheer the despondency and make the years of an invalid wife comfortable and happy. As a brother, he was always helpful and kind and generous."

"The eulogy of Mrs. Richmond was a masterpiece of poetic imagery and beauty of expression. Mrs. Richmond was followed by Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y., who paid a beautiful tribute to the life and personality of Mr. Gaston, with whom he had a near and dear relationship as a friend and brother of the same faith. The addresses of Mrs. Richmond and Mr. Howe were given marked attention by the large audience, many of whom were affected to tears."

The choir closed the services by singing 'Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.' The benediction was pronounced by Mrs. Richmond and the audience took their last view of the departed friend. The remains were laid to rest in Greendale cemetery. The services at the grave were conducted by Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y. By the special request of Mr. Gaston eight nieces assisted as honorary pallbearers: Mrs. H. H. Haseltine, Mrs. O. H. Hood, Dr. Sarah Gaston-Franks, Mrs. William Dunbar, Mrs. John Whiting, Mrs. Glen Hawkins, Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. G. G. Gaston. The active pallbearers were John J. Shryock, W. S. McGunnegle, Thomas Roddy, James P. Colter, E. W. McArthur and F. E. McLean."

Resolutions of Respect. The following resolution was passed by the Meadville Spiritualist Society at its regular meeting on Sunday evening, and it was voted that a copy be sent to each of the Meadville daily papers for publication, and that copies be sent to the members of the family:

Resolved, That the members of the Meadville Spiritualist Society, by the passing to the higher life of their president, the Hon. Athelston Gaston, has lost the bodily presence of an efficient and beloved worker in the cause of Spiritualism. The Society as a whole hereby acknowledges the eminent service he has rendered to the cause of liberal religion. Prominent for long-continued and loyal service, his name stands honored among his co-workers. He was fearless in promoting the cause of religious freedom and in his declaration of truth. With a heart open and loyal in the service of good works to his fellow man, he gave his willing help, his constant support and best judgment to the cause he loved.

W. W. KINCAID,
B. W. MORRISON,
L. BARR,
Committee.

A Prominent Medium Passed to the Region of Souls.

To the Editor:—Mary Wakeman, at her home, 437 West 57th street, passed to spirit realms at the age of 87 years, on the 26th inst.; also the home of her sincere friend, Joseph P. Sutphen. He has supplied her physical needs for many years, and has been as dutiful as a son could be. The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, on the evening of the 28th ult. She is a gifted inspirational speaker. I have heard her during the last thirty years on many funeral occasions, and do not know of one that can excel her in rendering rational consolation to the bereaved.

There was an abundance of beautiful floral tokens at Mrs. Wakeman's funeral, including "Wishes of Life," and flowers from the First Association of Spiritualists; Mary A. Newton, president, and Margaret Gault Reidinger, psychic and speaker.

Mrs. Reidinger, at the meeting on the 29th ult., rendered a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Wakeman, who was one of the oldest Spiritualists of New York. She was a trance medium from childhood, and gave comfort to hundreds of sorrow-stricken friends during the last 34 years, and is deeply mourned by them. She had a gentle, loving nature, and was charitable to the poor.

A few days before her departure, a friend called upon her, and as she left, bid her good-by, and said: "I will call again Friday." Mrs. Wakeman replied: "That will be too late, as I shall pass away Thursday" (which was the 26th ult.).

Mrs. Wakeman was a member of a club called The Society for Political Study, whose president, Mrs. John S. Judge, was a personal friend. The remains were cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I., by her earnest request. Those who have attained to four-score and over are unconscious but a few moments when dying, and to one who had lived the principles of love and wisdom or true, exalted Spiritualism, how glorious must be the awakening in spirit realms. The heavenly visitors descended to enfold Mrs. W. in their exalted love. I have been three months in my 81st year, and realize that I am approaching the period when I shall take the grand excursion of my life—to the Summerland, to mansions not made with hands, on beautiful islands floating upon a still finer ether than Mother Earth. TITUS MERRITT, Mills Hotel, N. Y.

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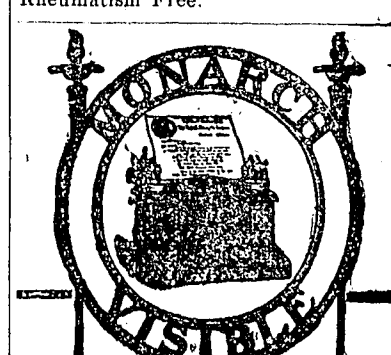
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A MOST EXCELLENT MAN.

The Passing on of Another Lifetime Spiritualist.

To the Editor:—I think it due our long-time upholders and workers that we erect monuments of loving remembrance to their memories and keep the flowers of appreciation ever fresh upon them as we too journey along the pathway they have gone.

On July 25, there passed over the divide, one friend and brother, George L. Congdon, of Elgin, Ill. I say one friend because he was the friend of every Spiritualist in the world. To him the name was precious, the phenomena were precious and the philosophy a delight.

When a prosperous merchant, and manufacturer in Chicago the cause was dear to him, and when he made Elgin his business and social home he abated none of his interest in the workings of the spirit world in our behalf. He gave us a means and opened the door of his rooming house for seances and meetings and was instrumental in bringing many into the light of the new dispensation.

In later years, after marrying the third time, he lived in a lovely home in the north part of the city of Elgin, on what was at one time a part of the large estate which he purchased in 1881, when he built the first shoe factory in Elgin, and opened up Congdon's addition to the city.

Those who attended the grand picnic of the Spiritualists of Chicago and the city of Elgin, will recall the beauties of our brother's home and his genial presence even though then he was rapidly nearing the day of transition. It came by growing weakness until he could not rise from the bed and a week's illness, and the golden bowl was broken without suffering of any kind.

Mr. Congdon was born in Northbridge, Mass., May 7, 1833, and began the work of manufacturing boots and shoes in Grafton, Mass. After a little more than twenty years, he came west and went to Chicago and became one of the builders of that new city's great industries, running both factory and stores. The great fire destroyed these, but not his intrepid energy and enterprise. Putting up a board shanty, he was soon at work again with a team of machinery, tools and stock which two hours' time had enabled him to save in two wagons drawn by horses and one by his men who had to hold a fourth wheel on as they trudged out to the west of the fire line.

When the change was made to Elgin, ten years later, he stood for twenty thousand dollars before the business world.

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His funeral was largely attended, the Silver Leaf quartette rendering fine music, Mrs. West officiating as speaker.

Although a Mason of high degree, the Modern Woodmen, of which order he was a member, attended to the funeral rites. The worn casket of the soul was laid beneath the evergreens in the cemetery of McHenry, the former home of Mrs. Congdon, while the change was made to Elgin, ten years later, he stood for twenty thousand dollars before the business world.

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Four Great Sins the Church Is Called Upon to Combat.

One Is Viewed from the Catholic Standpoint—Three from the Protestant—Some Comments Thereon, by R. A. Dague.

The Pope of Rome has issued an encyclical in which he condemns modern thought as a great sin. Among other commands are the following:

"MODERNISTS ARE TO BE REMOVED FROM PROFESSORSHIPS AND THE DIRECTION OF EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS."

"THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL ARE NOT TO BE ALLOWED TO READ MODERNIST PUBLICATIONS."

"A COMMITTEE OF CENSORSHIP IS TO BE ESTABLISHED IN EVERY DIOCESE, TO PASS UPON THE PUBLICATIONS WHICH THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL SHALL BE PERMITTED TO READ."

This is in keeping with the custom of the Catholic church since the days of Constantine. Science, philosophy, inventions, education, liberal government, the right of men to think, has had to fight the church inch by inch in the long weary centuries past. The early astronomers, philosophers—reformers of every kind, were persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, buried, and beheaded by the church. Gutenberg and Faust, who invented printing, were imprisoned because the church said they had invented a black art and were in league with the Devil. The inventor of the umbrella was persecuted as a heretic for his wickedness in "inventing a contrivance which would prevent God from sending his rain on the just and unjust."

The Catholic church has always taught, and now teaches, the impossible doctrine of transubstantiation, which is, that when a priest mutters some words over some wine and fragments of bread, that those substances are instantly changed, and become the REAL, ACTUAL body and blood of Jesus Christ.

In the long ago, on one occasion it has been stated, a mouse ran out of the wall, seized a morsel of this divine bread and carried it into his hole. A council of Right Reverend and holy bishops, priests, archbishops and cardinals, discussed earnestly and protractedly this proposition:

"CAN A MOUSE EAT A PORTION OF THE BODY OF GOD?"

It was finally decided that the animal had committed a heinous sin; the walls were torn down, a mouse captured which was then burned to ashes and the ashes sprinkled over the altar with solemn and befitting ceremonies. Poor old Pope! Doubtless he is sincere. Amid the blaze of enlightenment of this progressive age he is pained and bewildered, and hopes to turn the world about face, and compel it to go back to the good old times when the roasting of astronomers, inventors, scientists and philosophers, was a frequent pastime of "holy men."

And now a few words about our Protestant friends. An annual State Conference of a powerful Protestant denomination, held at Seattle, adjourned last week. They discussed several propositions. None elicited more eloquence and denunciation than the awful sin of dancing, playing cards for social recreation, and attending the theater. Vivid word pictures were drawn of how Satan was destroying the rising generation, and luring them to an endless hell through whist, and euchre, and the waltz, and Virginia Reel, and the awful theater. So far as I could learn from the published proceedings, nothing was said about the small sins of the killing of Jews by Christians in Russia, nor about war, nor the enslaving of two millions of children in the shops and factories of this country, nor about wholesale land stealings, political thievery, and stock watering, and grafting, and the exploiting of the working people; nor about infanticide, and abortion, and race suicide so prevalent among church people and others.

Evangelist Hart, who is one of the same faith as those who composed the conference referred to, held a great revival in Tacoma last winter, in a tabernacle erected for that purpose. Night after night he thundered against the awful sins of dancing and theater-going—especially the latter. Scores of converts flocked to the altar, a large portion being schoolgirls in short dresses. These children were frightened at the preacher's awful threats of what his God would do if they didn't repent of the heinous crime of "tripping the light fantastic toe" when they heard a fiddle, and going to matinees. Scores of these boys and girls—mostly girls—were frightened into the folds of the church. Two went insane, one of whom is now in the asylum.

Are some Protestants any less superstitious and narrow-minded than the Catholics?

Here is an incident which would indicate that they are not.

A few days ago tiny Countess Magri, aged 65, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb, was in this city. In an interview she said that when many years ago she traveled with P. T. Barnum, the country people would not enter a tent to see an exhibition. Mr. Barnum had to hire a hall or put up a wooden structure. Quoting from the published interview she said:

"We traveled with Barnum, but did not appear under canvas. That was 45 years ago. The church people would not go near anything under canvas, nor would they go to a place where there was a stage curtain that rolled up or down. Barnum therefore arranged a curtain which drew back on a wire. The church people thought that was all right, but for my part I could not see why it wasn't as sinful with one kind of curtain as another."

Now, seriously, were not these church people about as superstitious as their brethren of the long ago who thought God would damn the inventor of the umbrella?

Ought simple amusements to be held up by the clergy as soul-destroying sins? Take the theater for instance. But little progress was made against slavery in the United States until "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was dramatized and played in the theaters all over the land. I am informed that nearly all the great authors of the drama were educated, refined, moral men and women. In their plays they have extolled honesty, justice, mercy and love. I do not remember any play of note in which villainy was not defeated, and honor, and justice, and virtue

vindicated. I have, at the theater, heard high-class music, seen beautiful scenery and paintings, and have been stirred by the thrilling, oratory, and have had my deepest sympathy and sense of justice aroused. I have, with hundreds of others, lustily cheered the hero who fought for honor and justice, and who defended the defenseless and weak. I have scorned and hissed the seducer, the oppressor, the tyrant and the vile. Often have I heard great audiences applaud over some act in which intrigue and villainy were thwarted, and virtue and innocence defended and made to triumph. I have seen thousands weep over the representations of the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, the oppressed and the friendless. The stage has its faults, but it is a powerful educator. The pulpit is a great educator also, but it lives too much in the past.

I have a son whom I devotedly love. Shall I sometimes send him to theatrical plays where he will hear excellent music, and where hypocrisy, sensuality and villainy are defeated, and truth, virtue and honor are made to triumph, or shall I send him to those Sunday schools and churches which present to him old Bible characters guilty of all the crimes in the calendar as "holy men" worthy to be patterned after? Shall I send him to those places to be taught that God put lying spirits in the mouths of his own prophets; that he approved of the lie told by Jacob to his old blind father, through which he cheated Esau, his brother, out of his portion of his father's estate; that he authorized Moses to kill all the wives and mothers taken prisoners in war, and turn over the virgins to the soldiers; that he confirmed and carried out and confirmed to this day the curse pronounced by the drunken Noah, of everlasting slavery on unnumbered millions of the descendants of his son, whose offense consisted in eliding his father for getting intoxicated and indecently exposing his person; that the murderous, adulterous King David, who burned prisoners of war, sawed off their arms and legs, and tore away their flesh with harrows of iron—that this monster was "a man after God's own heart"; that God demanded the cruel death of his only begotten son to appease his wrath toward the other children of his own creation, and that now, no matter how immoral or criminal may be our lives, we may escape all the consequences of wrongdoing through the "vicarious atonement," and that if we do not accept this "free salvation," no matter how good we may have been, God will torture us in hell forever?

Yes, I think I would prefer that my boy should occasionally go to a good theatrical exhibition than to the "sanctuary" where such "religion" is taught. Doubtless there are theaters whose exhibitions are not of a high character, but for fifty years I have frequently attended the theater, and I never saw a play which did not teach higher ideals than those taught by the above-mentioned orthodox beliefs and doctrines.

John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and other "holy men," taught that God eternally damned babies before they were born for his own glory; that Satan once thwarted God's plans, and that in consequence of that, this world has ever since been a vale of woe; that all joy, and happiness, and worldly amusements and pleasures, are but cunning schemes of the Devil for the destruction of our souls. The dark shadow of those dismal teachings still befalls the brains of many of our Christian ministers to-day.

Poor, old, deluded Pope! He is a back number. By his bulls he hopes to stop progress and the working of the law of evolution.

Narrow minded and frightened, however good their intentions, are many Protestant orthodox preachers. Blinded by creeds and theological teachings formulated in an ignorant age, deluded by the idea that the Bible is inerrant and infallible, and that all wisdom was revealed in the infant age of the world, they tremble with fear of their God if they should dare to indulge in a little freedom of thought, and they sit looking backward for light and inspiration while the Car of Progress and unfettered thinking goes by them.

Spiritualists and Christian Scientists, and Universalists and Unitarians, and all New Thinkers, should pity our dear brethren of the cloth. They are in "fogland"; they are confused; they believe their "holy scriptures," which say that "Satan is going up and down in the earth seeking whom he may devour"; they believe "Old Scratch" invented the fiddle, the theater, and the games of euchre and "seven-up," and they cry aloud their warnings, but the people will take no heed of their cry; their pews are nearly empty; but few students are found in their theological colleges; the young people prefer going to the skating rink, the parks, the theater or other places of amusement to attending church to hear eulogies pronounced upon the savage, adulterous, polygamous slave-holding old kings and warriors of the past, and to listen to the threats of what the wrathful, jealous, changeable orthodox God will do with them if they don't stop their fun and hilarity.

Come, you brethren of the "sanctuary," out of the dismal theological caves, and get into the glorious sunlight of New Thought. But aside for a while the writings of men who lived centuries ago, even before printing was invented, and when the earth was believed to be flat, and investigate what is taught now by able, thinking, illuminated men on science, inspiration, immortality, life, death, and God. The minds of men of this day, unfettered by the cobwebs of old theologies, are being flooded with light. Old theologies, as well as old machines and old methods of doing things, are rapidly passing away. A glorious new cycle is being ushered in.

DO NOT MAKE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT BECAUSE YOUR SYSTEM OF RELIGION IS VERY OLD IT IS THEREFORE INFALLIBLE. OLD THINGS MAY HAVE BEEN USEFUL ONCE AND BE WORTHLESS NOW. ABOUT FACE, BRETHREN; FORWARD MARCH INTO A BROADER, A MORE SENSIBLE, A MORE CHEERFUL AND A HAPPIER THEOLOGICAL CAMP.

R. A. DAGUE.

638 North Tife St., Tacoma, Wash.

A Noble Man's Ascension.

IN MEMORY OF HON. A. GASTON.

Impressive Services Held at the Home—A Large Number of Relatives and Friends Were Present to Pay Their Respect to the Memory of a Man Beloved by All.

Athelston Gaston was born in Castle, Wyoming County, N. Y., April 24, 1838. At the age of two years his parents moved to Allegany County, where they resided four years. They moved to Crawford County, Pa., where his home has since been, with the exception of four or five years.

He was a farmer in early life and later became engaged in the lumber business, in which he was very successful, combining the qualities of strict attention to business, hard work and sterling integrity in all his dealings.

He became interested in Spiritualism when seventeen years of age, and after careful investigation of the phenomena, became convinced of its truth and has always been a devoted student of its teachings and a fearless supporter of the cause. He was elected one of the trustees of Cassadaga Camp (Lily Dale) in 1884, and upon the resignation of Mr. Skidmore as president, in 1887, Mr. Gaston was unanimously chosen as his successor.

He was most efficient and far-reaching in his work and influence for the good of the camp.

In 1861 he married Miss Thankful C. Hammond, a lady of great culture and refinement. There has always been the deepest sympathy between them both in the matter of Spiritualism (their mutual religion) and all great purposes of life. Mrs. Gaston was a fine medium for messages from their personal friends, and the hour of "communion" was ever held sacred and inviolable by them.

She passed on four years ago to join their lovely daughter and many friends awaiting them in that better land.

He was twice chosen Mayor of Meadville by popular vote, and once represented his district in Congress, but he did not care for political life, and in later years lived for his friends and family.

In the last few years his health has been failing, and it was in the hope of gaining somewhat of his impaired strength that he joined a club having for their camping and hunting grounds the wilds of Canada. It was during one of these trips, in company with friends and the hunters or guides, that he met his physical death by a fatal shot from one of the party. He having remained behind to rest and one of them mistaking the figure in the canoe for the coveted game, he having changed his position after they left.

It was a great shock to the entire community, but more so to the unfortunate friend who unwittingly fired the gun.

A human loss that none can fill has come to us all, but we know he, with the hosts of arisen ones, liveth and worketh for the truth and for all who need his aid. C. L. V. R. Rogers Park, Oct. 1, 1907.

The Meadville Messenger says: "The funeral of Hon. Athelston Gaston was held at the home, 581 East Chestnut street, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, who came to pay the last tribute of respect to an honored and distinguished citizen of the city and the State, and a generous and sympathetic friend of the community in which he lived."

Assembled beneath the shadow of a great sorrow, the friends who knew Mr. Gaston in all his relations in public and private life, and who recognized his integrity of character, his kindness and his generous deeds of charity toward those who were in need, manifested an appeal and added sorrow in the thought of the sudden and tragic ending of his life. But they recall that for years he had been a sufferer, and would possibly have fallen long ere this were it not for the indomitable will and determination that withstood all trials, and was still erect and thoughtful for the sufferings and afflictions of others. His time had apparently come, and God in mercy called him by a sudden and painless death. His friend who became the unconscious instrumentality of the final ending of the life that was the sincerest sympathy of all who realize the sad and sorrowful circumstances under which it occurred.

The impressive funeral ceremonies were opened by a quartet composed of Miss Helen DeArment, Miss Gillespie, Mr. E. L. Lawrence and Mr. H. S. Robinson, who sang with fine expression the hymn, "Some Time We'll Understand," which was followed by an earnest and eloquent prayer by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago. The choir then rendered another selection entitled "My Jesus as Thou art," Mr. Robinson then paid an eloquent tribute to the life and character and faith of the deceased.

"The great, noble, generous-hearted friend and brother now lies with arms folded across his breast cold in death. The man whom those who knew him best, deemed him most a citizen and a man he held a place in the hearts of friends and acquaintances to which few, if any other, can ever aspire to occupy. He was not afraid to die. He often spoke of death and the future life as a living change on earth and its turmoil and its trouble. He felt that he had nearly served his time here; that his activities of life were nearly ended, and though he was not hastening, yet he longed to go. His faith was ever strong and steadfast that he would meet the loved ones that had gone before. His faith and his religion were his own, but he granted to others the full enjoyment of their faith and hope and consolation that he enjoyed, however theirs might differ from his own.

"All who knew him can testify his interest in every great movement for the relief of suffering humanity throughout the world. As a friend he was faithful and true; as a husband, thousands have witnessed his loving care and ministrations to relieve the suffering and cheer the despondent, and make the years of an invalid wife comfortable and happy. As a brother, he was always helpful and kind and generous."

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mediumistic lady has held seances for years, and done some excellent heal

medicinalist lady has held seances for years, and done some excellent healing work. She has a book, "Golden Pen," which she has written, and which she has brought along through her guide, "Golden Pen." Her seances would be considered unique in America. During the week she magnetizes a bottle of water, and on the day of her weekly seance she takes but one meal. She keeps a light burning night and day in her seance room, and the majority of the circle are Nazarene. When the seance members become seated, she spruikles each person with this magnetized water. Then a prayer; then a hymn in song; then another prayer, or invocation; then come the manifestations of clairvoyance, clairaudience, and inspirational address, and close with the benediction, all done in the name of the Holy Trinity, and facing the west, where materializations have been promised by the spiritist, "Golden Pen."

There is a great demand in India for materiallyistically inclined investigators for physical phenomena. I visited several Yogis while there. They generally live in the suburbs of the city or out in the mountains districts. They there live for meditation, concentration and self-undoing. That they perform astounding phenomena, few if any in India dispute and they do these marvels for the reason that they live for such results.

Aided by sympathizing workers such as Mr. Armitage, Shishur Kumar Ghose and others, I was enabled to make a Spiritualist tour of Calcutta. The Calcutta Spiritualist ashram is doing an immense amount of good. Two of my books are being translated, one into the Bengalese and the other into Hindustani.

Colombo, Ceylon.
Ceylon, one of the most important of the British crown colonies, was invaded by the Portuguese, then the Dutch in 1658, and then the English. The capital, Colombo, was named after Christopher Columbus.

"Colombo is a charming, yet unique city, the most of the people being Sinhalese, originally from India. There are all Buddhists. While in this city I was the guest of Mrs. Higgins, an American, and the reigning spirit of the Buddhist School for Girls out of Cinnamon Gardens. Her husband many years ago was a Spiritualist leader."

I met only two or three Spiritualists in Colombo, unless Theosophists be classed as Spiritualists. This they deny, while their founder, Madam Blavatsky, was not only a spiritist but a powerful physical medium.

Happening to be in Ceylon when Col. Olcott passed to the higher life from Adyar, I attended his memorial service in the Buddhist Ananda College. Knowing Col. Olcott for nearly thirty years as Spiritualist, Theosophist and Buddhist, I was invited to address the audience assembled in his honor. My address was interpreted, as I delivered it, by the President of the Ananda College. There were about forty Buddhist priests present all clad in their yellow robes.

Melbourne and Sydney, Australia.

Twelve days from Colombo on a P.

O. steamer, brought me to Melbourne, the largest city in the Australian Commonwealth. It was in 1872 that I visited this country for the first time. There had been a few lectures delivered upon Spiritualism at the time. It had, however, no standing in the press. I remained three months, lecturing Sunday evenings and what changes, what progress since! On my recent visit I lectured two and a half months for the Victoria

rian Association of Spiritualists for Sunday evenings, and there were twenty-seven other Spiritualist meetings in the city, in addition to the different localities. This reveals the status of the cause at the present time in the city. It is not wisdom to mention the dissensions.

W. H. Terry, former editor of the Harbinger of Light, W. T. Stanfor, J. Ross, and Chevalier Smith, venerable standard bearers, remain still in the city, and are doing good work. Genuine Spiritualist to recant and go back to the boggary elements of theological sectarianism.

There are several lyceums for orphans in Melbourne, and all prosperous, the one meeting in Odd Fellows Hall having the most members.

In Sydney there are a large number of Spiritualist societies, and a few societies. The inharmonies among those who profess to walk and talk with spirits and angels are deplorable. In this city, noted for its magnificent harbor and thriving business accomplishments, I delivered fourteen lectures, six of them in the Unitarian Church, of which the Rev. George Walcott is the minister. The general reacher, past large congregation

Sundays, writing for the city press, and teaching elocution classes were day evenings, is an outspoken Spiritualist. His independence and moral bravery are most commendable.

My mission ended in Sydney, I went by steamer to Brisbane, Queensland, getting a severe cold on the passage, ultimately in a case of severe muscular rheumatism, disabling me to walk, and putting me in bed between the third and three weeks; and these good people, afire with zeal, took me from a room in a chair, carried me to the carriage, and from thence into the hall and up onto the platform, where

sitting, I addressed the audience Sunday evening. This Brisbane Society is not only harmonious and energetic but is composed of a class of harmonious and cultured people. It was a pleasure to address them and their friends, many of which were Theosophists. In fact, the Theosophists and Spiritualists, during my stay in Brisbane, worked together, and why not? I am both believe in a future conscious existence, both believe in the return of spirits, both believe in progress.

beyond the grave, and both," believe that Heaven, be it what it may, may be attained only through good works. -b-

Definition of Words.

Thoroughly endorsing the Hebrew Barrett's and Charles R. Schirmer's movement for the "definition" terms, I would intensify the suggestion by making the following words more synonymous, yet often interchangeably by many of our writers and speakers: Soul and Spirit, Jehovah and God, Religion and Theology, and Christianity and Skepticism. Christianity with cramping creeds and the Christianity of Christ, who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another, and these signs shall follow them (my disciples) that believe in Spiritism and Spiritualism. They shall be no juggling of words. P-

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Professor F. T. McIntyre, a well-known scientist of this city, has created a sensation in the hypnotic world. Through delving down in the realms of nature:

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have done if they understand the system. I would be a grand thing if every man, woman and child in this country learned the use of this wonderful system. There should be no more disease, immorality, drunkenness, despondency, separations, poverty or failure. I have sent four illustrations of pamphlets to people in many parts of the world, which explain the principles of my new discovery, and find that I can do the same wonderful things. I have done, and for which some persons think I possess a special power. I have printed pamphlets without any charge whatever, as I am anxious to have everyone truly understand the system.

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Spiritualism and Modern Thought.

An Address Delivered by the President, Mark A. Barwise, at the Opening of Temple Heights Spiritualist Camp-meeting, Maine.

Mrs. Vive-president, co-workers and friends:—Last year as we met for the formal opening of our camp meeting I took "Spiritualism and Its Critics," as the subject of my introductory address. The greater part of my remarks was directed toward showing the inadequacy of the various theories which the opponents of Spiritualism put forth as explanations of mediumistic phenomena. Spiritualism was then approached from its negative side. We concluded that it was philosophically sound because it survived all the tests under which its rival theories failed. To-day I wish to approach the subject of Spiritualism, perhaps still from its negative side, but along quite another avenue, and have chosen for my subject "SPIRITUALISM AND MODERN THOUGHT."

In the short time which we have before us, little more than the merest outline of the picture can be attempted.

I shall leave it to you to fill in all the fine shadings and cloud tints to give color in one place and in another to tone down spots that in our haste have been left altogether too glaring.

Let it be understood in the beginning that in speaking of "modern thought" the philosopher of our time makes no reference to the so-called "New Thought," or "Mental Science," or "Spiritual Science," or "Christian Science," or "Metaphysical," healing cults or propagandas; but the term "modern thought" is used for the MATURE thought of the human race—for the world-conception which the last six centuries of scientific research, experiment, exploration and invention have patiently built up. In the days of Dante and Chaucer the human race, generally, was just casting off its swaddling clothes. To all but an isolated few this world was then a very small affair, only a few thousand miles across in any direction. The Ptolemaic astronomy was not generally diffused among the masses. The universe was regarded as a three-storied structure—the gilded city above, inhabited by God and his angels, and inclosed within jasper walls; next below the earth, which was flat, like a trencher; and beneath this the underworld where fires raged and fiends tormented the multitude who did not satisfy priestly requirements. The air was filled with spells and enchantments, goblins and elves ran riot, and crucifixes and saintly mascots were as thick as leaves in autumn. The Pagan pantheon had been supplanted by the Christian saints, and superstition was at its height.

MEN LIVED CRINGING AND COWERING AMID A VORTEX OF CONTENTING FORCES. GOD AND HIS ANGELS ON THE ONE HAND, AND THE DEVIL AND HIS IMPS ON THE OTHER, EACH WAGING ETERNAL WARFARE FOR THE MASTERY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

No such thing as natural law or order in the sequence of events was dreamed of at this time. Everything that happened was due to the agency of a demon or a friendly power. Potent charms, hallowed sayings, trinkets that had been blessed, and relics of saints were resorted to to ward off all sorts of ills and approaching calamities. In fact, try as we will, we cannot mentally put ourselves in the position of the common people of the fourteenth century.

Slowly and painfully through the centuries has superstition given way to natural law. Here a discovery, there an exploration, now an experiment, then an invention, each proving the open sesame which unlocked storehouses of knowledge yet undreamed. With every new truth established the world's knowledge increased on a geometrical ratio. Merely to mention the sacred names of science brings to mind the remarkable achievements of these men, and emphasizes the paucity of knowledge before their age. Copernicus, Kepler, Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Priestley, Joule, Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Tyndall, Fiske, and many others, each have opened up new realms of truth and added so much to what we know of the nature of things that it is impossible to conceive what the course of knowledge would have been if either one had never lived.

Because of the labors of these men, and men of science in general, our universe to-day is incomprehensibly greater and grander than anything the Middle Ages could grasp. Everything that occurs now, whether it be the formation of a raindrop or the launching of a planet, takes place in obedience to natural law. Boundless, illimitable space stretches out on all sides. Myriads of suns surrounded by myriads of planets are scattered through unexplored depths. Myriads of nebulae in all stages of condensation in the fullness of time will make other suns. The awful drama of creation is actually going on about us.

The great universe is not inert, quiescent, dead, but is throbbing and pulsating with energy, animation, life. Instead of the fallen nature of Calvin, merely an inert machine, it is one stupendous, living organism, teeming with activity and giving birth to new forms of life.

FROM THE STAR-DUST TO SIRIUS, FROM THE AMOEBA TO THE ANTELOPE, FROM THE PROTOPLASMIC GERM TO JESUS, SHAKESPEARE AND HERBERT SPENCER, THERE IS NO BREAK IN THE PROCESS, NO CREATIVE CAPRICE, NO SUSPENSION OF IMMUTABLE, INEXORABLE LAW.

God on this new view is not an enlarged Hebraic personality, eternally clothed with dictatorial powers, but the great Soul of Nature permeating every minutest part—animate and inanimate—as much the source of the oratorio or the mother love as of Niagara or the Alps.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Christ has been reduced from the Godhead to a man with an advanced spiritual unfoldment, such as Buddha, Confucius, or Zoroaster. Heaven and Hell, as definite localities in the universe, do not exist in modern thought. The evil in our natures is

seen to be an inheritance from our brute ancestry, which, as ages come and go, is being slowly eradicated. From beginning to end, from primordial fire-mist to the modern university town, there is nothing capricious, nothing supernatural, nothing extra-natural, enters into the universe of the modern scholar. Everything unfolds from the preceding, slowly, gradually, naturally, just as the rosebud becomes the full-grown flower, in accordance with unvarying, unchangeable, unhesitating law.

The only test of truth in these days which we may apply to a single idea, or a system of ideas, is whether or no it squares with what we know of the sum total of things. This is as true of the generalizations of philosophy as in the affairs of everyday life. A rumor on the street, testimony in court, or the newest theory of comets, is accepted or rejected because of its congruity or incongruity with accredited facts.

On this test of truth the Spiritualist has no apology to make for any of his views. The teachings of Spiritualism are in complete harmony with the world-conception of the modern thinker. Ten years before the advent of the "Origin of Species" Spiritualism was proclaiming universal progression here and hereafter. It relegated Satan and his abode to the limbo of forgotten superstitions. It robbed death of its hidden terrors and demonstrated the continuity of life. It transformed the orthodox god, who took pleasure in tormenting nine-tenths of his children, to the beneficent energy which is immanent in all things. It taught that none was so high but what greater heights may yet be attained; and none so low but what in the fullness of time, through their own soul-strivings, they would attain a well-rounded, mellow, spiritual unfoldment. It destroyed vicious atonement and forgiveness of sins, and pointed out that every sin leaves its scar, which must be slowly and patiently outgrown; that our own better nature is our only savior; that strength of character comes only through self-reliance, and not through calling on Christ to bear our burdens.

IN A WORD, THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM IN RELATION TO GOD AND THE WORLD, AND THE LIFE HERE AND THE LIFE TO COME, IS IN PERFECT CONSONANCE WITH THE ESTABLISHED TRUTHS OF MODERN THOUGHT.

If the test of truth of any idea is its congruity with accredited facts, the modern world-conceptions, being a grand resume of the sum total of accredited facts, is the best possible measure of truth. And as Spiritualism in every point of its contact with other divisions of knowledge is in perfect harmony with our modern world-conception, it follows that we have a proof presumptive for its truth of the highest degree of validity.

So much for the relation of Spiritualism to modern thought taken as a whole. We will now consider it in relation to one or two of the larger divisions of modern thought.

EVOLUTION.

First with respect to the law of evolution. It is considered among students of philosophy to be a strong point in support of any doctrine or theory if such doctrine or theory is able to live through any great revolution in general philosophy. Spiritualism has not only lived through the mightiest revolution in the history of modern thought, but has gained added strength and support from the new system. During the decade from 1858 to 1868, when evolution was becoming established, theological doctrines were knocked helter-skelter, and religious idols were scattered on all sides. Andrew D. White has well said that the "Origin of Species" came into the theological world like a plow into an ant-hill, and the little theologians hurried and skurried about to save what they could from the general doom. Darwin's epoch-making work knocked the last prop from under the so-called "natural theology" school of thought, and God as an anthropomorphic being ceased to exist in modern philosophy. The Copernican astronomy, the laws of Kepler, and the Newtonian gravitation had previously relieved God from the immediate direction of the "dead matter" section of the universe. The last great stronghold of personal divine supervision, according to Paley, Bell, Chalmers and Whewell, was in the nice contrivances and beautiful adaptations of the innumerable species of plants and animals to the complex conditions in which they live. But when the adaptability of a species to its environment, all the nice adjustments to surrounding conditions, were seen to be the result of the survival of only those individuals that through slow modification were adapted to their changing environment, and not to intelligent contrivance, the de-anthropomorphism of the Deity was wellnigh complete.

For more than ten years previous to 1860 entranced mediums were teaching this same view—that God was not anthropomorphic, not in the form of man, not centralized in one personality in some far-off heaven, but was the great life-force, the great Over-soul permeating the whole universe, giving itself expression in all the beauties of Nature and in all the activities of matter. Spiritualism, unlike its sister religions, had nothing to unlearn when the doctrine of evolution became established.

Not only does evolution as a whole harmonize with the teachings of Spiritualism, but certain milestones in the progress of the life development of this planet are especially striking.

Spiritualism teaches that man has an ethereal body, something like his physical body, only so rarefied and attenuated that it is not discernible by our physical senses when we are in a normal condition; that when death takes place the physical body only ceases to be animated; and that the ethereal body escapes and continues to live in the spiritual realm, where the mind retains all its faculties and affections, and where mental and spiritual unfoldment may continue ages to come.

Many materialists have hastily asserted that the idea of a soul or spirit apart from a physical body

in the light of evolution is preposterous; but a little careful study of some phases of evolution will show that the idea is not quite so outre or preposterous as might at first appear.

If comets and eggs, a prophet could have viewed the matter which has since been evolved into our sun and his attendant planets, when all was a nebulous gas, much more attenuated and rarefied than ordinary chemical gases, how preposterous it would have seemed to have prophesied that out of that filmy vapor could have been evolved anything so stable and solid as Mt. Waldo!

Again, when the earth became a sphere and sufficiently cool to retain water on its surface, the prodigious leap from the apparently non-living to the living had to be made. Somewhere the cosmic energy became focused and polarized in such a way that out of inorganic matter sprang the living protoplasmic germ, the forerunner of all our fauna and flora. How preposterous, indeed, would it have seemed to an observer to have been told that out of the black, oozy mud of an Eocene ocean was springing the potential orchid and rose, the antelope and the lark!

Likewise when the mammalian order had dominated the life of the world and mastodons roamed as kings, how strange it was that one particular species of ape-like beings should have had the peculiar nervous organism which was capable of unfolding an intellect. What a delicate and long-sustained balance of conditions was necessary to have crossed the great gulf between a non-thinking and a thinking being! How preposterous it would have been for even an archangel to have prophesied that from **THE CROUCHING, CRINGING, HALF-APE, HALF-HUMAN BEING, WHO WAS JUST ABLE TO THINK OF GRASPING A CLUB AS A WEAPON OF DEFENSE, THERE SHOULD BE DESCENDED A LINCOLN, A DARWIN, A SPENCER, A SHAKESPEARE, A BUDDHA, OR A JESUS.**

Enough has been said, I think, even in these scanty paragraphs, so that it will be seen that there is no reason on antecedent grounds for thinking that there would be anything outre or preposterous in the evolution of a spiritual body which might exist independently upon the death of our physical body. The gulf is much narrower than many which evolution has bridged. The first organism that could move itself through its own exertions was the forerunner of Stevenson and Fulton. It had started on the first steps of its career which later was to render it independent of grosser matter. In all stages evolution has been from the unorganized to the organized, from the dependent to the independent.

When our Silurian ancestors were wriggling about in the water, would one of them, if it had been possible for him to ponder on the subject, ever dared to dream that a form of life could be developed that could live in such a rarefied medium as air? Would it ever have seemed possible that out of those forms of life of the gnatlike variety a form could be developed like that of the swallow that dips and dives through the air currents in utter abandon?

The perfect independence and freedom of action with respect to its former environment is what makes the idea of a spirit to some minds seem unnatural. Yet Nature has produced greater leaps from the gross to the ethereal, over and over again.

FROM THE LOATHSOME CATERPILLAR, WHOLLY GROSS AND LIMITED IN MOVEMENT, WHOSE WHOLE LIFE IS TAKEN UP WITH GOURMANDIZING, SPRINGS THE BEAUTIFUL AND ETHEREAL BUTTERFLY THAT FLITS AMONG THE FLOWERS SO AIRILY, AND WHOSE MATERIAL WANTS ARE SUPPLIED BY NECTARED SWEETS.

Someone may say, all this may be true, but how does this prove the existence of a spirit?

I would answer that we are not occupied this afternoon with proving the reality of spirit existence, for such proof rests on wholly independent, complete and adequate evidence, but with pointing out that an evolutionist on a priori grounds has no reason for ignoring the philosophy of Spiritualism.

If in these few paragraphs it has been possible, in however small a degree, to clear your minds of the supposed incongruity between Spiritualism and evolution, I shall have been pleased.

We will now take up the relations of the teachings of Spiritualism to our modern ideas of

MATTER AND MOTION.

Nature, although completely unified as one existence, may be divided, for our purpose, into two great sections: the organic and inorganic—the so-called living and dead matter. The study of organic life on this planet in all its various forms, vegetable and animal, has culminated in the doctrine of evolution, and as we have just seen, this doctrine is in complete harmony with the philosophy of Spiritualism. Now let us see if what we know of the nature of inorganic matter and its laws of motion contains anything antagonistic to, or in harmony with, this philosophy.

Following the conception of Greek speculative thought, educated men universally held, until within about three centuries, that matter was "dead," and only exhibited motion as acted upon by some extraneous power. When Newton proclaimed that each particle of matter exerted gravitative force on every other particle, directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distances, the clergy with one accord declared that he had removed God from the universe, and substituted "blind force" for intelligent control.

One after another of the discoveries in astronomy, in chemistry, and in physics, have reduced the entire universe of inorganic matter to the reign of law. And it is not necessary to point out that this is in accordance with the Spiritualist's idea of the universe and its mode of existence.

The modern physicist affirms that all matter is atomic, and that the various degrees of solidity are due to the distance the atoms are from each other and the rapidity of their motion. That is, a piece of steel or granite is not one homogeneous mass, but is made up of millions of atoms which are vibrating very rapidly. If we can increase these vibrations in any way, the nature of the matter is at once changed. For instance, if we subject a certain piece of metal to intense heat it becomes molten; if we still further apply heat, the liquid will become gas. All that we have done in applying heat is to increase the pitch of atomic vibration, and what seemed solid and material has become so rarefied and attenuated that it is imperceptible to our sense of vision. That is to say, by increasing the

atomic vibration of any piece of matter we can cause it to pass from the perceptible to the imperceptible. And it thus dawns upon us that perhaps the grossness of materiality is not such a hard and fast matter as we have hitherto supposed.

Conversely, if the pitch of vibration in an imperceptible substance can in any way be lessened, matter will pass from the imperceptible to the perceptible, or from the seeming nothing to something substantial.

Now, it is not necessary for me to point out to a body of Spiritualists that this is apparently what takes place in the phenomena of materialization—out of the imperceptible appears the perceptible, and disappears again into the imperceptible. All that is needed to be assumed is a slowing down of the pitch of atomic vibration, and not that something suddenly has sprung into existence from nothing. The universal testimony of controlling intelligences is that nothing has been created in producing the phenomena of materialization, but that there is merely a utilization of matter already existing. Thus we see a striking conformity between a particular phenomenon of mediumship and a fundamental doctrine of modern thought.

Another axiom of modern science is known as the persistence of force, or the conservation of energy. This doctrine proclaims that not even the smallest amount of energy is ever annihilated; that energy arrested in one form must reappear in some other. A hammer is raised and brought down on an anvil and molar motion is arrested, but it reappears in the form of heat on the face of the hammer and the surface of the anvil. Thus molar motion may be transformed into molecular or atomic motion. Instances could be multiplied.

Contrariwise, atomic motion may be transformed into molar motion. Witness the locomotive and the trolley car.

If we are to think of energy at all in the spiritual realm, we must needs think of it as vibratory, that is, as causing atomic motion. And as we have seen, an arrested atomic motion may reappear as the movement of a ponderable mass, we have the explanation, at least on its physical side, of what takes place in the seance when ponderable bodies are independently moved. Another striking example of the complete congruity of Spiritualistic phenomena with known laws of matter and motion in general.

Spirits, whether controlling an ignorant girl in a backwoods kitchen, or a society queen in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room; whether controlling an untutored boy or the learned William Stainton Moses, invariably claim that they live in a finer degree of vibration; that the spirit world is just as real as ours, but that everything is more attenuated; that they are free from the trammels which grosser matter imposes upon us, and that when they control a medium's brain, to a certain extent he becomes clairvoyant, that is, perceives things which are beyond the powers of the normal physical senses. Let us see what modern science has to say on the range of vibration and its effects on consciousness.

Passing over the three lower senses, as having to do with that which is nearly or quite contiguous with our physical bodies, we may accept the dictum of science that all we know of the universe is borne in upon our minds on vibratory waves of a definite pitch. Waves producing the sensation of sight and sound are now measured almost as accurately as yards of calico. A vibration less than sixteen times per second does not appear as a tone even to the most acute ear, while from sixteen up to twenty-four produces the very lowest bass notes. Each octave on the piano represents many hundreds of vibrations per second above the octave next below, and the highest tone which the best trained ear can catch is vibrating at about 30,000 times per second.

There is a wide gulf between sight and sound, and the medieval saying that "there may be things in heaven and earth of which we have never dreamed" may be only too true. However, as the pitch of vibration reaches 458 trillions, out of the imperceptible emerges the color red. Infra-red vibrations appear as actinic or heat rays. Each succeeding color in the order of the spectrum appears as the pitch of vibration increases, violet, being the last, vibrates at 727 trillions per second. Beyond this the normal and unaided senses cannot go. What we know of the universe immediately surrounding our lives compared to what we do not know may be infinitesimally small. Whatever may be going on, if not within a definite range of vibration, is wholly unknown to the mind of man.

But happily we are not wholly dependent on the normal senses; and in the last few years science has discovered aids to them which allow us to penetrate a little farther into the realms of the unknown. The Crookes tube in the X-ray apparatus is merely an appliance for separating vibrations beyond the violet end of the spectrum from the coarser ones, and directing them through any given piece of matter. Although spoken of as "rays" of light, the X-rays are not visible to the eye; but only the shadows which they cast in passing through varying densities of matter are seen. That is to say, a very rapid pitch of vibration may pass through matter vibrating at a lower pitch and reveal an imbedded substance vibrating at a still lower pitch.

Differently from other denominations, this transcendent fact was neither new nor startling to Spiritualists. Our psychics for half a century have been enabled, when in clairvoyant condition, to penetrate so-called solid matter.

Just as the X-ray, which has increased the world's knowledge of matter, is found beyond the violet, so photographic rays are ultra-violet. These, too, have increased our knowledge of matter. It is a commonplace in astronomy that nebulae and stars too distant for the most powerful telescope to reach are revealed on the delicate photographic plate. And since the researches of Sir William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace and Lombroso, spirit photographs are too good only by the uninformed. Sir William is the greatest living chemist in the world to-day, the inventor of the tube above referred to, and is credited with a long list of chemical discoveries. In one of his books he gives an account of getting several distinct photographs of a spirit, using five separate cameras with simultaneous exposures. Hundreds of lesser names have had like experiences.

As to clairvoyance and impressions which psychics receive from the spiritual realm, wireless telegraphy and recent psychology ought to render such ideas less startling to the intelligent student. The controls say that the mind of a medium must be in exactly the right condition to receive an impression from them. Recent experiments in wireless telegraphy show that if the coherer vibrates even one in a million out of tune with the transmitter, the wave rays are not able to be received and there is no message. Similarly with Prof. and Mrs. Sidgwick, (Continued on page 8)

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of
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Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes terse by necessity. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of material is always several weeks ahead of space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full names and addresses must be given. If the request be made the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessive by large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and I freely give whatever information I am able, but the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Religious Student.—Q. What was the origin and date of the Christian Israelites?

A.—This sect was founded in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Its high priestess was Johanna Southcote, an English peasant, born in 1749, and in youth engaged in domestic service. She was not an illiterate as Ann Lee, founder of Shakerism, for she could read and write, and in 1801 published a book containing a narrative of her life and other writings, principally doggerel verse, which she claimed was "inspired by the same spirit that inspired the Bible." She was forty-three years old when her first visions came, and she began to prophesy. Gradually she became possessed with the idea that she was "Jesus Christ in woman's form," but this she abandoned when "Jesus appeared to her and told her she was unworthy to be his bride," and became the father to the child, virgin born, to which she was to give birth.

It is a singular fact, although no more singular and unaccountable than what the present time presents, that the crude and verbose writings of this woman attracted attention of cultured men and clergymen, and that she gained a respectable following.

At a meeting of her disciples, held in London, twenty-four men were chosen to decide on her writings and their verdict was that they "were of divine origin," and then began the promotion of societies under the name of Christian, or True, Israelites.

Great expectations were raised in the minds of her followers for "the man-child" which was to be the sign and seal of her mediumship. The great event was postponed from time to time, but in 1814 she died, and post mortem examination showed that what had been mistaken for a coming god was dropsy. The societies nearly went to fragments under this staggering blow, but a leader arose, one George Turner, and allowed the dissonance by providing himself the true "Messenger of God," and his prophet, and by visions wherein he saw "Johanna and her son in glory." He proclaimed that the son, Shilo, would come in person. The day appointed came, but not the son, yet the deluded followers continued to believe, and other leaders came to carry on the fraud.

Some writers on Spiritualism have introduced Johanna as a medium, like Ann Lee, Mrs. Eddy, and others. It strikes me that anyone who reads her writings and the blatant prophecies attributed to her can not otherwise than regard her as an ignorant, vain and conceited pretender. There is nothing in her thoughts or language above the low sphere in which she was born and reared.

If we admit that she was under control of spiritual beings, they must have been of the same grade as herself, and enjoyed the credulous devotion of the dupes. Astonishing manipulation of the weakness of human nature, but what will not mankind believe if in the garb of religion? What will it not do at its command and in its name?

Harvey Brown.—Q. Does Spiritualism teach that as soon as the spirit is disembodied it sees and remembers clearly all past thoughts, words and actions, and that spirits see clearly the thoughts, motives and actions of others from the beginning of their lives?

A.—It does not. Memory may be more active than in this life; it may be lethargic. For spiritual beings to read each other's thoughts, they must be on the same plane—attuned alike, or in harmony. This law once and for all puts an impenetrable wall around every spirit, which can only be broken through when there is mutual co-operation, otherwise the future life would be one to awaken terror for its unknown tortures. It has been accepted as proven by psychologists that memory holds latent, if not active, every thought and action of the past life, but a very small part are vividly recalled. It is this that happens that at some future time, when the right conditions call them out, the memory of every forgotten event will be awakened. But this will not be at once. It does not occur at death. The old saying that "a dead man knows more than all the living" is an erroneous statement.

Like the most of current sayings. Some things the dead know which are unknown to mortals, but as a whole their knowledge is of the same kind, and often is even more limited. As illustration, take one from any trade or art to which they have exclusively devoted themselves. When they depart they awake to find they have no use for the pursuits which galvanized them sustenance and honor here, and in everything else they are as children.

Joseph Challand.—Q. I have heard it remarked several times, that the Japanese, as a people, are such liars that the merchants of New York will not ship them goods without a guaranty accompanies the order. Are they not as truthful and as reliable in such matters as other nationalities?

A.—The Japanese are not Christians, and therefore the attempt is made by the abettors of the missionaries to show they are immoral and in great need of conversion. To do this, misrepresentation is resorted to, and it is a forgone sin to lie about the heathen. There have not been as many crimes committed in Japan since the founding of its empire, as many robberies and murders, as occur in this country in a single year. Crimes of personal violence are almost unknown.

The statement in regard to their business honesty is one of those assertive lies most difficult to meet—difficult because of its falsity. It is possible that there may be dishonest merchants, but they are less in number proportionately than in this country, as the ratio of criminals is astonishingly less.

After all the missionary labor, and the constant assertion that there can be no true morality or correct living aside from Christianity, to find a nation entirely outside of its pale, who count remotest times have never been subject to its influence; who have a religion distinctively their own, yet with a standard of moral excellence at least equal to that held forth by Christians, is humiliating and destructive to all foreign missions.

J. R. S.—Q. M. was a gentleman whom I would have married had he lived during his illness, which lasted a week, and of which was totally ignorant. I had frightful dreams of hanging over an abyss or clinging to precipices. I at times thought I was dying. One day M.'s brother came and said he had died the night before of smallpox. He had been taken to Brother's Island and died without relatives or friends near him. The night before his death my dreams seemed more horrible than ever. I was awakened by a choking sensation—a feeling as though my breath had left me, and I thought I was dying. How can this be explained?

A.—Volumes might be easily filled with a record of dreams similar to this, and their explanation is by the telepathic influence of mind over mind. It is not a mystery here, but a revealing instrument of the wireless telegraph responds to the influence sent out by the transmitter. By exactly the same process and law, a receptive mind receives vibrations from another. The one condition essential is that it be in a receptive condition. Applying to this instance, the attachment of the lady would predispose her to the receptive state, and the patient, alone, and suffering, would think intently of her. Yet in his condition his thoughts would go out, not clearly, but carrying impressions of pain, gloom and disaster, which would be reflected on her mind, impressing the sensations of death.

The question may be asked, why are such manifestations confined to dreams? They are not exclusively, but in such instances the recipients are in an impressionable in the border-land of sleep than when fully awake. They do not reach true sleep, but an intermediate state, where their spiritual faculties partially escape the influence of the physical body.

GROWING OLD.

They tell me that my hair grows gray; That wrinkles burrow in my cheek; My eyes are dimming day by day; My voice is broken as I speak;

That I no longer stand erect; My step has lost its springing tread; That those my childhood did respect Have passed upon the silent dead.

If this frail house of clay were I, I would admit their words were true; But not I hear my soul reply, And answer bravely back to you:

"This tenement has much endured—Its windows stained, its walls askew, But when my harvests are secured I shall remove to one anew."

"Not I, the one of whom ye speak 'Tis only that which I possess, I am not feeble, old or weak, Nor time may wrinkle or repress;

"My childhood friends whom ye call dead, Have merely wrought their work and gone; Moved into mansions on ahead Where youth's immortal day springs dawn."

"And I approach so near the line That I can hear their silent tread; Their voices answer back to mine Assuring me they are not dead."

"Ah, no! friends, I am young and strong, 'Tho' bound by time's dull cordage here; When Death shall break the weakened throng Then youth and liberty shall cheer."

"Ah, Death! thou rider, pale and cold, I do not fear thy gentle touch, 'Thou only canst the bars unfold Which hinder now my progress much."

B. F. SLATER.

Missionary Effort On Osmon Island

Starting a New Religion, and What Came of It. By Hudson Tuttle.

I shall never forget that Sunday morning. We thought it was Sunday, for we had lost our reckoning, having neither calendar nor almanac; it really was Friday. In no part of the world is the sky as blue, the sea as green, the shore as dreamy. The tide was at full and the water smooth from the church followed by the entire populace down the pathway to the white strand. Pausing, he offered prayer, then walked into the water, the two chiefs following, disputing for precedence.

He quickly decided by seizing one with his left and the other with his right hand and plunging them into the water. When they reached the shore he beckoned, and one by one less haste, repeating "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Weary as he must have been, after such excessive exertion, he wrote in his diary regarding his work, stating that over six hundred souls had that day received the rites of baptism and been emancipated from sin. Had it been possible for him to have been read by pastors when the boys went around for pennies for the missionary cause, greatly to the increase of the contribution.

Every convert believed he or she was made an especial ward of the titular God, and of the trinity knew nothing and cared less. Religion it fanned their imaginations, for there was nothing to do in that favored isle. It was an endless play-day. They sang religious hymns as they did war songs, and no doubt felt the influence, the delight, in some scant measure, of awakening thought. The religion, however, they accepted, was not Christianity. It was a blend of their own and Christianity; and had they been allowed to explain their views, would have been an astonishing system. I hold that we had founded a new religion, which, if it had been planted in a wider field and properly protected, might have blossomed into world-wide acceptance. The foundation had been laid. By what to the natives was superhuman—hence divine—power we had established our claims. Every religion rests its evidences on miracles, as we rest ours, and it had demonstrated its adaptability by gathering in the entire populace.

Bimbumbo had advised the delay of the expedition for a year. If they were going, they should have followed at once, he had told them. The advice seemed good to them. Coswell mingled with the people; was one of them, and had their confidence. He settled their petty disputes, chided them if cruel, and had their love as far as that sentiment holds with such people.

With the coming up of occasions he might have introduced "Thus saith Bimbumbo" until a set of laws had been given, usages and customs established, and imparting his secrets to his son or successor, an order of self-elected priests been established, to aid the rulers and hold the people in spiritual, as well as physical, bondage.

What had been done in six months! What could be done in a lifetime—in a hundred years! A sprinkle of wisdom and common sense would preserve the conditions of growth, and the historian a thousand years hence would record the story of their unknown wise men claiming divine mission, landing on the island and founding a new religion.

Such were the reflections one sunset, as I watched the red orb plunge slowly beneath the horizon's edge, and thought of the morning rays just awakening my old home. As for physical enjoyment, this was Eden, yet this is only the beginning, the first coarse husk of the inner spiritual kernel. The old, hard life was preferable to this idleness, the cold, northern clime to the softness of the isle. I knew well the danger of an attempt to escape unless successful, yet felt the time would come when I would be driven by necessity.

As I said, the government had rapidly consolidated, and there was every promise of continuance and stability. It required tact, common sense, and a rather shrewd knowledge of savage character; what they would bear with, and what object to.

In these qualities Rev. Coswell was woefully deficient. He had been taught in a theological school, and not in practical life. He knew more about creeds and commentaries than savage mentality. He did not know when he had pressed to the limit, and was not content unless he had full toll, and the grist into the bargain.

Had the Rev. Coswell only stopped with baptism! Had he only had the ordinary common sense to have known when he held trump and played the game! He did not. The opportunity was too alluring to be resisted.

From the beginning of his labors among the islanders he had objected to the fashion of their clothing. His modesty was shocked by the wisp of grass girdle or palm leaf apron. As there was no cloth, except that laboriously woven from grass fiber into narrow belts, there appeared no way out of the difficulty. There was no need of garments for protection. There was more comfort without them, and he found his own a burden and a weariness, yet it was ground into the tissue of his mind that somehow, because of the fall of Adam and Eve, everybody should have on European clothing. If Adam had worn a dress coat and stovepipe hat, he was fully persuaded the temptation would have been rejected and Eve had she worn a long skirt and high-neck dress, would have remained in the Garden of Eden, tending the fig trees she

afterward stripped of their leaves for an apron. To his perverted eyes there was something essentially vulgar in the human form, and he would put a Mother Hubbard on the exquisitely-moulded Venus Medici, and a frock coat on Apollo.

He was constantly bringing the subject up, and I as constantly endeavoring to make him see that a custom so consonant with the climate could not be changed. However he might regard it, the natives thought nothing of it, and it would be puerile to other thoughts to make them clothe themselves, on account of modesty—a feeling they knew, nothing about. He was obtuse and threatened to appeal to Bimbumbo to a full assembly.

"It will be our ruin if you do," I hotly exclaimed—"our ruin and yours. You must never make the god run against racial traits or traditions. A god is supposed, even by the most credulous, to have common sense. You can't make a people take a god not one of them."

The Captain beseeched more than reasoned, yet all was vain. Unwillingly Bimbumbo talked to a full assembly. "Thus saith the great Lord: I have borne with you long, but now, your women must wear cloth, and your men gather the rush and fiber of the cocoa and weave cloth to cover you. You must make a skirt for your loins, ye men, and ye women a waist as well; only two pieces I give you. The chiefs were first to don their new attire. At first they put on alms, and plumed themselves. As the coarse fiber chafed and the heat increased they became disgusted and threw them off. They met Coswell.

"Where are your clothes," he asked sternly. "We can't wear them—too hot—too bad feeling." "You are not to rebel against Bimbumbo, are you?" "Bimbumbo is our father, and hence is like us, and we know he would not wear this grass cloth when he felt better without it. He'd never command us to do so, if he has, he's been lied to—you have lied to him. I go to him, I tell him that with such clothing, living is not a pleasure, but a torment."

The rebellious spirit was alive, and the chief of the village, on the opposite side of the island, who had been a medicine man, or priest, and as such a leader until Coswell came, fomented the discontent.

"What misery is ours, with these hot garments," was the moan, and then followed: "If we are to keep ourselves clad in this manner it will be worse from morning till night." "Don't do it," whispered the discontented chief. "Return to the old Bimbumbo, and shame this mockery. And thus it happened that on the fatal day when all were to come in the new attire, not half the assembly had on more than a waist-band, and some had none.

Coswell was fairly or unfairly caught. The terrible threat of Bimbumbo could not be executed, and if it was not, deception and weakness was confessed. He had prepared for this denouement by an excuse given by the "phone." It began to speak, and was received with derisive shouts and mockery.

The rebellious Medicine Chief addressed the people: "If Bimbumbo talked to us, would he not speak our language correctly? The wily savage waits for this question to be well thought over, then went on: 'Did this Bimbumbo? He made mistakes; he made the mistakes the missionary does in talking to us. They are funny mistakes for a man; we have laughed at them. What do you think of Bimbumbo making them? He is the missionary's god, not ours.'"

As I said, Coswell had not at all complete knowledge of the language as he thought he had. In the glide of vowel sounds his harsh consonants grated harshly, and the natives, when their attention was called to it, saw through the trick. Their god must speak their tongue correctly, for he had given it to them. I had in mind this very thing when I so closely questioned the missionary as to his ability to speak the language. He could make himself understood, but he spoke in an ungodly brogue, which revealed the donkey set up for Bimbumbo.

Riotous madness raged around the Chief. He went to the horn and shouted defiance into it. As he remained unscathed, others came and struck the instrument. It was knocked from the pedestal. With this, rage seized on the assembly, a sort of insanity and cruel lust for blood. Someone threw smbers from a fire in the open court against the grass thatches of the temple, and like a flash it was in flames. In scarce the time of telling, only ashes remained—ashes and the post on which the "phone," now ashes, rested. It was hailed as an omen. "See! see! the rebels," the fire burns the false Bimbumbo. His sacred emblem remains unscathed! "

Then, as though seized with one thought, they cried: "Seize the messengers; we will make sacrifice of these traitors." The Captain and I had slowly withdrawn from the crowd, and seeing the surging, angry tide rise higher and higher, in the confusion accompanying the fire had ran to our boat and rowed from the shore, taking time to throw in a few coconuts from another near by. Scarcely had this been done than

we saw Coswell running toward us, pursued by a swarm of natives. He had no chance at all, and was plighted and dragged back.

At that moment we became objects of attention, and they swarmed down to their boats. Had we had only our oars to depend on we would have been easily captured. They could send their light canoes with the paddles with flying speed. The wind blew strong off shore, and we ran up the big sail, which no sooner felt the strain than our boat seemed to jump from the water. None too soon, for they were already alongside. Luckily for us, they had for once, in their haste, left their spears. The Captain could not repress his delight, which he expressed in a word they could appreciate: "Wah! Good riddance, ye pirates!"

We were safe, but poor Coswell was beyond our aid. To have returned for him would have been to share his fate. That fate required no prophet to foresee. He would be sacrificed to the old Bimbumbo. He had needed "The Missionary Board would never receive his report, and his translation of Matthew met the fate of his palm-roofed cabin. His congregation of six hundred Christians might petition for another good missionary as tender as the missing one."

Thus perished one of the most promising attempts to found a new religion; perished, not for want of material, but want of tact in uniting credulity and deception in proper proportions, and by pressing measures in too radical conflict with traditions, which must be allowed to be outgrown, and cannot be obliterated by fiat of man or the gods.

The story I set out to relate has been told. The reader may be interested to know how we managed to save ourselves from the perilous position of an open boat, unregimented, in an unknown sea. Briefly, for two days the coconuts sustained us. For the next two we were hungry and thirsty. The wind blew steadily and we made good speed, and at the sunset of that final fourth day, saw a ship's sail rise on the western horizon, and before the dusk, hailed, as by miraculous fortune, a free sailer like our own good vessel and found ourselves safe on board.

As I said in the beginning, I have had my experience; others may get converting the heathen; it is of no interest to me.

THE END.

WEATHER PROPHECIES.

Are Not All Prophecies, Whether Made in Spirituality or Out of It, Founded on Law, Like that of the Weather?

The why of the weather is on the verge of a great advance; first through the possibility of a general daily survey of pressure the world over, which will enable meteorologists to make a chart covering the whole of the northern hemisphere, and, second, through a clearer understanding of the relation of variations in the sun's radiation to change from season to season in the weather and climate. The weather in the northern hemisphere runs eternally from west to east in a great swirl around the poles. Once there is a chart covering all the pressure centers of the northern hemisphere, the weather to the eastward of any given condition can be predicted accurately for several days, and, on special occasions, for relatively long periods. If the weather man knew more precisely just what sort of barometric pressures were making weather in Siberia, China, the mid-Pacific, and Alaska, in connection with India and eastern Europe, they could provide a far more exact weather prophecy than now for the United States, since the movement eastward of the weather over the United States is determined by these antecedent conditions lying west of the Pacific coast. The subsequent pathway across the United States, and later toward Western Europe, is due to a further interaction with the Atlantic conditions; and the Atlantic weather again is a result of the interaction of conditions farther eastward, so that until the whole zone is understood with one comprehensive chart the weather man is much handicapped. The hot summer in the United States is due to an increase of pressures in the sub-tropics. A summer of this type means a strong, persistent circulation of air from the south with the interiors baked under excessive sunshine and hot stroke winds which have been known to blast vegetation in twelve hours. The variations depend on the changes in Old Sol himself. So Old Sol himself is being studied by Prof. F. H. Bigelow of the United States weather bureau.

JOHN A. HOWLAND.

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