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## SPIRIT RETURN WITHOUT AN "ISM"

### It Is Being Manifested the World Over Among All Classes.

SPIRIT RETURN is receiving the attention of the whole world. When we say SPIRIT RETURN we only have reference to that one important fact, independent of any "ISM," whatever its nature and kind, and in that respect we speak of it as an ESTABLISHED FACT, without any reference, as said before, to any "ISM" whatever. Considered in that light it reflects the most important event of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. As AN ESTABLISHED FACT it is world wide, but as an "ISM" it is restricted to those leading minds who wish to consider it such and work in harmony therewith, and who

Fortunate the playwright who has something to say. Lucky the author who can arouse controversy. In the business of the theater to be talked about is to be successful, and nothing in all the elaborate schemes of advertising horn of press agents equals the word of mouth comment of playgoers.

In "The Witching Hour" Augustus Thomas has trod ever so lightly on the toes of a half dozen cults. He has invited the criticism of a thousand cranks. He has appealed to the fascination of the mysticisms that every superstitious mother's son acknowledges. In a word he has had something to say regarding psychic forces, and in the saying of it has provided a measure of that popular commodity known as "food for thought." He has set the brains of the country to work, and they are working in his interest.

"The Witching Hour" is popularly presumed to be built upon a theme of which telepathy is the center and circumference. But in reality telepathy is a mere incident in the metaphysics of a play that touches upon hypnotism, mesmerism, mental science, Christian Science, theosophy, Spiritualism, mind reading, thought transference, auto-suggestion, predestination, and common everyday "fate."

Students of each of these branches of what Mr. Thomas himself in his curtain speech spoke of as the "new thought" of the time will find, if not a comprehensive exposition of his theories at least a reference to them reverently and purposefully made. But the wonder of the work lies not in this fact so much as in the accomplished blending of all the thought into a play that is essentially dramatic and theatrically entertaining. Its exposition is natural and reasonably logical, its characters are possible human beings if not convincingly typical, its situations are, with one exception, expertly approached and skillfully projected, and its underlying suggestion of romance is true and sufficiently appealing to carry that traditionally requisite portion of the play.

But to the point the argument that all sorts and conditions of new thought are indeed represented by Mr. Thomas in this new drama, let us consider certain excerpts from the dialogue. For instance, in the first act, there is this frank reference to mental healing:

Alice—Why don't you let Viola cure your headache?  
Jack—No; no, Viola. It isn't enough for that. I'll conserve your mesmeric endowment for a real occasion.  
Helen—Is Viola a magnetic healer, too?  
Alice—Yes; a remarkable one.

Viola—Well, for myself, I'd rather have Uncle Jack sit by me than any regular physician I ever saw.

A little later we come upon the first suggestion of telepathy. The lovers, Clay Whipple, a young architect, and Viola Campbell, are planning their future and talking of their own home, and Clay is explaining his "dreams" and "impressions," which convince him that in some way a master mind is assisting in the working out of their destiny. Says he:

Clay—The pictures of you don't come just when I want them to come, and they don't go when I want them to go—especially in the dark.

Viola—Why, how funny!

Clay—Sometimes I've had to light the gas in order to go to sleep.

Viola—Why, I never heard of anything like that.

Clay—Well it happens with me often. I designed this room for your Uncle Jack, but before I put a brush in my color box I saw this Genoese velvet and the picture frames in their places, and that Corot, right there—I got a kind of a superstition about that picture.

Viola—Superstition?

Clay—I said to Jack: "Have anything else you want on the other walls, but right there I want you to put a Corot that I have seen in a dealer's in New York"—and he did it. My idea of this house really started with and grew around that canvas of Corot.

It is this Corot that brings Justice Prentice of the Supreme Court to Brookfield's place, and it is Prentice who convinces the gambler, Jack Brookfield, of the power of thought as a dynamic force. There is a further reference to this gift of Brookfield's in his talk with Mrs. Whipple, a former sweetheart of his.

Helen—You had a way, Jack, when you were a boy at college of making me write to you.

Jack—Had I?

Helen—You know you had—at night—about this hour—I'd find it impossible to sleep until I had got up and written to you—and two days later I'd get from you a letter that had crossed mine on the road. I don't believe the word "telepathy" had been coined then, but I guessed something of the force and all these years I've felt it—nagging! nagging!

The first meeting of Justice Prentice and Brookfield sounds the keynote of the telepathic theme. The justice stands looking at the Corot while Brookfield idly jots some figures on a pad. Without a spoken word the justice suddenly turns and answers a question mentally put by Brookfield. The following explanation follows:

Jack—One moment, Judge Prentice. You said your address was Washington?

Prentice—Yes.

have been instrumental in doing a great amount of good—a work of vast importance to the world. Of course that "ISM" is based on SPIRIT RETURN. But the fact is, SPIRIT RETURN without any "ISM," is shaking the whole world from CENTER to CIRCUMFERENCE. The churches are all feeling to a certain extent its benign influence. It modifies to some degree the teachings of theology. The secular press are devoting COLUMNS AFTER COLUMNS to it and cognate subjects, and now it has invaded THE THEATRES, as comprehensively illustrated in the following, "THE WITCHING HOUR," played in Chicago at the present time, as set forth in The Daily Tribune:

Jack—You thought at the time that I was about to ask you the question?

Prentice—I thought you had asked it.

Jack—And you thought a moment before that I had said sixty-five hundred for the picture?

Prentice—Yes.

Jack—Do you often pick answers that way?

Prentice—Well, I think we all do at times.

Jack—We all do?

Prentice—Yes; but we speak the answers only as we get older and less attentive and mistake a person's thought for his spoken word.

Jack—Do you mean that you know what I think?

Prentice—I do not mean to claim any monopoly of that power. It's my own opinion that every one reads the thoughts of others. That is, some of the thoughts.

Jack—You really believe that—that stuff?

Prentice—O, yes; and I'm not alone in the belief. The men who declare "the stuff" most stoutly are scientists who have given it most attention.

Prentice—Every thought is active—that is, born of a desire—and travels from us; or it is born of the desire of some one else and come to us. We send them out, or we take them in—that is all.

Jack—How do we know which we are doing?

Prentice—If we are idle and empty headed our brains are the playrooms for the thoughts of others—frequently bad. If we are active, whether benevolently or malevolently, our brains are workshops—power houses. I was passively regarding the picture. Your active idea of the price registered—that's all. So did you wish to know where I was from.

The first act ends with the murder of a young roisterer by Clay Whipple, who had been taunted with a cat's eye jewel, for which he had an inherited horror. The second act, a year later, finds the boy's mother, his fiancée, and Brookfield in Washington in an effort to see Justice Prentice and induce him to grant young Whipple, who has been convicted of murder in the first degree through the influence of a jealous district attorney, a new trial. Prentice and Henderson, a fellow justice, are playing chess and talking of the Whipple case. Incidentally they fall into a discussion of the strange influence exerted by departed spirits, and the sentimental Prentice reads his prosaic visitor a Bret-Harte poem. Henderson is deeply impressed.

Henderson—You don't believe in that Bret Harte stuff do you—the dead coming back—ghosts, and so forth?

Prentice—Yes, in one way I do. I find as I get older that the things of memory become more real every day. Why, there are companions of my boyhood that I haven't thought of for years—that seem to come about me—more tangibly, or as much so, as they were in life.

Henderson—Well, how do you account for that? Spiritualism?

Prentice—O, no. It is Time's perspective. My boyhood's horizon is very near to my old eyes now. The dimmer they grow the nearer it comes—until I think sometimes that when we are through with it all, we go out almost as we entered—little children.

Brookfield acknowledges, on his entrance, that he has paid considerable attention to what the justice told him a year previously concerning the power of thought. Thus we get mesmerism.

Jack—I've tried this mesmerism business. I can do it. Within this year I've put people—well, practically asleep. In a chair, and I've made them tell me what a boy was doing a mile away. In the last month I've put a man into a hypnotic sleep with half a dozen waves of the hand.

Prentice—Why any motion?

Jack—Fixes his attention, I suppose.

Prentice—Fixes your attention. When in your own mind, your belief is sufficiently trained you won't need those passes. You'll simply think.

This scene is followed by a bit of mental healing, in which the justice "thinks" Jack's headache is cured, and Jack admits that it is.

Then comes the mother to plead for a new trial for the boy. She brings with her an autograph album in which Judge Prentice, years before, had written to her mother. What he had written concerns a duel (rather a momentous happening to be so strangely indistinct in the mind of the justice, Mr. Thomas) which Prentice had fought with a man who had insisted on tormenting his boyhood's sweetheart with a cat's eye.

The mother's plea, a scene that is beautifully written and acted, is successful. Justice Prentice tentatively agrees to grant the new trial and promises to appear as a witness and testify that Margaret Price, the convicted boy's grandmother, was subject to the spell of the cat's eye, and that heredity was undoubtedly responsible for the emotional insanity that prompted the murder. And he, too, brings in a further suggestion of Spiritualism when he closes the act.

Prentice—Margaret Price, people will say that you have been in your grave five and twenty years, but I'll swear your spirit was in this room to-night and directed a decision of the Supreme

Court of the United States. [He smells the handkerchief of his departed sweetheart, and repeats the lines of Bret Harte's poem]:

"The delicate odor of mignonette,  
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,  
Is all that tells of her presence—yet  
Could she think of a sweeter way."

In the third act the second trial of the boy is proceeding and Brookfield admits that he is endeavoring to influence, mentally, one member of the jury. Thought transference is thereby relied upon.

Jack—One juror among the twelve is with us. I am in thought with him. Judge Prentice told me that he could sit in his room and make another man get up and walk to the telephone and call him by simply thinking steadily of that other man.

Alice—Superstitious people imagine anything.

Jack—But this isn't imagination.

Alice—O, Jack, I don't like my big, strong brother, who used to meet men and all danger face to face, treating this terrible situation with silly mind cure methods—hidden alone in his rooms.

Jack—You can't acquit a boy of murder by having a strong brother thrash somebody in the courtroom. If there was anything under the sun I could do with my physical strength, I'd do it, but there isn't. Why not, if I believe I can influence the jurymen by my thought, why not try.

Brookfield also causes the publication of a story in the newspapers that the district attorney, who is working for motives of revenge to secure the conviction of Whipple, planned the assassination of Scovill (a slightly veiled reference to the Goebel murder in Kentucky), and through the circulation of this story, which he heard from a drunken gambler, he hopes to so influence public opinion that the jury will "feel" it. Justice Prentice likewise is confident.

Prentice—Do you think that all these 500,000 minds can be at white heat over the knowledge of Hardmuth's crime as blazoned in the newspapers to-day, and none of it reach the thought of those twelve men.

Lew—You mean you think the jurors get the public opinion without anybody telling them or their reading it?

Prentice—Yes. In every widely discussed trial the defendant is tried not alone by his twelve peers, but by the entire community.

At the close of this act the boy is acquitted and the district attorney, aroused by the published charges against him, comes to Brookfield's house to kill him. He rushes into room, presses a derringer to Brookfield's side, and is about to shoot, when applied hypnotism saves the gambler and produces the only cheap theatrical scene in the play.

Jack—to Hardmuth, who has pistol close to his side—You can't use that gun! You can't pull the trigger! You can't even hold that gun!

Hardmuth (dropping derringer)—I'd like to know how in h— you did that to me.

Mr. Thomas insists that he has drawn upon his imagination for no single act or situation in his play. They are all founded on personal knowledge, or personal observation. And so it is altogether likely that the episode of the hypnotized assassin is known to him to have occurred. In the play, however, it becomes rather baldly heroic. Yet it is accepted gracefully by the audiences, which is another tribute to the hold of the piece upon its public.

The last act brings about the regeneration of the gambler, and the application of the lesson he has learned through his two years' study of psychic phenomena. And so he tells young Whipple, who is determined to be revenged upon the district attorney responsible for his conviction, that revenge is not as sweet as some hardened soul declared. Thus we get this modern application of the "new thought" as taught originally by the Nazarene:

Jack—You can carry your hatred of Hardmuth and let it embitter your whole life—or you can drop it. The power that any man or anything has to annoy us we give him or it by our interest. Some idiot told your great-grandmother that a jewel with different colored strata in it was "bad luck" or a "hoodoo." She believed it and she nursed her faith and passed the lunacy on to your grandmother. It was only a notion, and an effort of will can banish it.

There is but one speech to satisfy completely the followers of Christian Science, but that is a strong one. Brookfield has broken the cat's eye spell by throwing young Whipple into a spasm with only a penknife closed in his hand, which he tells the boy is a cat's eye, and when he proves to him the foolishness of the superstition he dramatically declares:

"Now, be a man. Show that you're not a neuropathic idiot. You're a child of the everlasting God, and nothing on the earth or under it can harm you in the slightest degree!"

In the end there is a bit of mind reading or second sight that serves as a basis for a legitimate comedy relief. Brookfield is trying to explain to a hardened old gambler, Lew Elmon, why he (Brookfield) has reformed. He sends the doubtful one to a corner of the room with a deck of cards, has him shuffle them and deal a poker hand. Then he thinks a moment and suggests that the other holds three queens.

Lew—How did you know I had three queens?

Jack—I didn't know it. I just thought you had.

Lew—Can you do it again?

Jack—Draw one card. Is it the ace of hearts?

Lew—It is.

Jack—Turns me into a rotter, doesn't it? I've always had "luck" and I thought it was because I took chances on a guess—same as any player—but that doesn't look like it, does it? It is telepathy of a very common kind—and I guess it's used in a good many games, old man, that we're not on to.

Ellinger is immediately possessed of an inspiration. He and Brookfield will go to Cincinnati and, with the aid of mind reading, simply "clean up" the town. He is sadly disgusted when Brookfield insists he will never play again. "Godamighty gives you a mind like that," he ejaculates, "and you won't go to Cincinnati with me! H—!"

To be a good drama a play must be sufficient unto itself. The mere exploiting of a mysterious or interesting theme is not enough. It must be an actable and an understandable play that

makes for a good and profitable evening's entertainment, reasonable in its conception, interesting in its execution, true in its characterization. "The Witching Hour" fulfills these demands and is withal a purposeful drama. It treats, if not with superior insight at least with good understanding and a reverent tolerance subjects that are in the minds and on the tongues of a majority of thinking people of to-day. Ten years ago it might have been hoisted from the stage, but with the broadening influence of the "new thought," whatever phase of it may appeal to the individual makes its success not alone possible but practically certain.

The company that has been brought to Chicago gives the play a sound reading. The mother should not be more effectively played, or with a finer, more womanly appreciation of the emotional content, than she is played by Amelia Gardner.

BURNS MANTLE.

#### THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

On Various Matters Which Deeply Interest the Writer.

To the Editor: I am interested as much as ever in the great work of reform that your valuable paper is doing. "Give us a feast of good things for spiritual souls who are seeking for truth and knowledge of the here and hereafter. I will try to review briefly some of the subjects that made deep impressions upon my mind and thoughts; and no doubt they were a blessing to others who read them: "The Spirit World Views," in No. 939, given through the mediumship of W. C. Colville, the Colville Colville is a spiritual teacher of a high order and how inspiring it is to read spiritual doctrines that are so ennobling and elevating as character builders on this mundane sphere.

"Set the Bells of Heaven Ringing," in the same number, by James C. Underhill, is an immortal poem, the sentiments of which should go down the centuries of time as inspired truth.

"For the Christ of Love and Light has Come to Reign Forevermore." How long will it take for those grand principles to conquer the evils and savagery in human nature?

If all mankind could act and live the life of love and truth, it would be more like heaven here.

Many sincere souls in each generation have sought that love and light, and received that peace and consolation that is born of the spirit.

"Sparks from the Anvil," by our philosopher, Henry Morrison Telford and other articles by him are productions of knowledge, wisdom and deep thought.

His scintillations about society ills in general among the people, are akin to the proverbs of Solomon of Old Testament times. I have carefully read the old proverbs of the Bible, as they contain so many maxims of truth.

If Solomon was the author of those wise utterances, he became vain before his old age, or matured years of life.

Too many wives and concubines, with so much wealth and influence among his people, caused him to degenerate from virtue. He is credited with writing, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"The Holy Roman Empire," by Dr. J. D. Buck, in No. 947, should stir the thoughts and arouse to duty and action, all lovers of liberty, free thought, free speech and free press everywhere. The patriots of every nation bow with reverence to the great spirits of all periods of time who have battled for the liberties and rights of the common people.

Church and state must be kept apart by the sentinels upon the watch-towers of our great American Republic, and throughout the world, if possible.

I wish with all my might and strength that all of the old and cruel systems of the present and past ages could be crushed out of existence by truth, right, and justice.

The nations of the earth need the help of the spirit world, and all of the higher intelligence everywhere, to put down the powers of ignorance, superstition, selfishness, prejudice, and darkness that love, wisdom, knowledge and truth may rule the world in righteousness, justice and equality.

Men and women of honesty, morality, intelligence, with high ideals of right and wrong, should have control of the best interests of humanity in the world.

W. S. FRANKLIN.

Bedford, Ia.

#### Those Evening Bells.

Those evening bells; those evening bells! How many a tale their music tells.

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time— When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away; And many a heart that then was gay Within the tomb now darkly dwells.

And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tuneful peal will still ring on. While other bards shall wait those bells.

And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—Tom Moore.

"Thou shalt be left behind Powers that will work for thee, all earth and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;

Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and man's ungodly mind."

—Wordsworth.

Who plays for more than he can lose with pleasure stakes his heart—Herbert.

Hold your thoughts, your mind, your will in principle and you will succeed.—Huffing.



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# Evolution and Life Forms.

(Continued from page 6.)

studies the etymology of the atom, but even this doesn't get away from the basic idea of an ultimate, as it still holds the thinking in the old channel. So we come to this alternative, either to abandon the concept of an ultimate of matter, or deny the claims of chemistry and electricity—and polarity as the working method. And why not change?

Up to near the close of the sixteenth century—1543—the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, that made the earth the center of the universe, was universally accepted by the learned world. This idea governed all thought—religious and philosophic. Of it were born gods, god, creation and matter as the primal element in all things. Copernicus changed that as to form, but the world went along, not making the new truth practically potential.

But in the presence of the discoveries of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth centuries, the thinker must abandon the old atomic or material concepts and read the fast-accumulating facts from differing premises. As one of these is, that all life being chemical in its manifestations, in form, we must not only revise our position as to spontaneous generation but to accept it as in harmony with the chemical theory—being the only method by which form-life is "created."

And now as to this question: Is there anything at present existing or known that looks like the manifestation of life without seed, or fertilization, as it is called by the material evolutionists? Of course the conditions that dominated on the planet when organic life was born, do not obtain now, but there are things in nature that afford a sign, so to speak, or an example of life without seed, and that answers the question or solves the problem as to its possibility. And once admit the fact that spontaneous generation is possible, the conclusion logically follows that it disposes of the miraculous creation of the old cosmogony. But to return:

For one example, take a pond of still water in the hot summer months, when the nights are warm and the temperature is high for days at a time, and you will find it covered by a green scum, like cream on a pan of milk. Next, put some of that green scum under a strong glass and you see a forest of vegetable forms. Throw a stone into it or let a wind break it up, and it floats to the margin, and in course of time springs up into visible life—a new crop of vegetation. Still there was no seed, no fertilizing agent—nothing but the spontaneous advent of life in a new beginning. As generation is thus produced now, "without seed, in the present earth conditions, the question is answered for the possibilities claimed for the advent of life without the "creative" method held by dogma in terms and by science inferentially.

Ocean life, also, might be invoked in the case of the jelly-fish, that reproduces, or rather produces its vast numbers without agencies other than chemical. But the opposing theorists have so tortured plain facts by theories of self-fertilization, bi-sexual organisms, etc.—that are the despair of clear-thinking—that too much space would be taken to discuss it in detail. But the new discoveries in the domain of chemistry make it so plain that there need be no hesitation in setting it beside the green scum as an example of animal life by chemical agencies alone—or spontaneous generation.

And so, to the modern student the claimed discoveries of Loeb and Littlefield are not a surprise but very gratifying.

And if sufficient how to produce life, all that was requisite for life's advent was its presence potential enough to so introduce or produce all life. And it must be remembered that this theory includes the holding in either of all substance, or matter, in solution and that this solution is in space after the manner of the clouds in our atmosphere, of differing densities and areas vast in extent. Oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, and those things science calls gases, are primal elements of space, floating in boundless realms and through which the planet travels in its evolutionary journey of growth and ripening.

Why do we manure our fields? To get from nature the chemical conditions for plant life. Space filled with these fertilizing agencies by which planets are fed, moving for thousands of years through these denser regions, with temperatures stimulative of chemical activity, is, by light of known conditions now, the only thinkable method by which organic life became possible. It is, too, so reasonable and so plausible that even the atom disciple can think out results without entirely abandoning his idea. Like all truths, it can modify even crude conceptions as to its action.

There is another fact in nature that neither science, theology, philosophy or evolution has touched, and which is full of suggestion on this theory. And that is the periods of gestation in animal life. Man, nine months; elephants, two years; lion, five months; hog, sixteen weeks; dog, nine weeks; goose, thirty days; hen, twenty-one days—and so on. And here is one of the hardest nuts for the germ-evolutionist to crack: There is not on record in all historic, tradition or fossil time, that any form of life ever changed its period of gestation. And there is no evidence of a new species "created" out of another—for hybrids are infertile—the chemical conditions for the production of the ancestor is lacking in the abnormal descendant.

It is not straining if we speculate legitimately within these ascertained or fixed conditions. In all periods of the planet's unfolding it has been subject to the variable phenomena induced by its astromic relations—its zones, latitudes, elevations, and depressions, oceans, deserts, and its elliptic mutabilities. The period of the advent of organic life was simply that the earth was in a dense region of space, the commingling of atmosphere and substance more intimate, and quickened by the more blended inherent energies of the planet and its envying forces.

There is nothing in all this that does violence to a single logical deduction; but it does furnish reason with a chain of possibilities, entirely in harmony with existing facts and that runs counter to no discovery of science, nor to any requirement of evolution. Indeed it is much more rational that the theory of differentiation from a single germ, that marries man to the animal despite the facts of to-day, and of the teaching of the fossil world from the earth's foundations. And if so, what then?

It then, it is demonstrated that life—living things—can be produced or is originated without seed, then that must be accepted as the one way and miracle discarded. For there cannot be two ways for the one "creation." On the other words, that the old cosmogony based on a pantheistic ideal must be set aside forever. It does not follow that the knowledge that dismisses the one and demonstrates the existence of the other, should furnish a theory or "law" embracing the ultimate infallible truth. That prerogative is not given to limited intelligence. But the fact once established as a concept the method becomes a problem for the human mind to investigate and solve according to its capability. This

the process, the incentive, the inspiration of growth—or, if you prefer it, evolution. It is, too, the manner of science itself and of philosophy as well.

Nor is it necessary to inject into it the anthropomorphic or any other God theory or idea. No hypothesis affects the fact—nor does it matter practically in any way at all. Because whichever or whatever may be accepted, investigation has settled the fact that what may be behind phenomena, if nature, if anything is, the process of growth, development and unfolding is one. If a God is postulated it doesn't unfix the law of phenomena or change planetary conditions—he must work without miracle.

If God is set aside and Nature assumed, the same facts are there and unchangeable. Be it God, be it Nature, be it "law," or be it anything else, everything is so fixed, so uniform and absolute that you can tell for a century ahead, or for any future century when there will be an eclipse of the sun or a transit of Venus, and at what places and at what second of time it can be observed. So what is the use of quarreling over the echo, what or why behind these facts, when the best we can do is to guess—but never know. You can not carry your soul in your pocket, nor define God by tables of quantity or force. In other words you can't lose your soul, nor can you find out God. Then let us investigate what the mind can conceive—for imagination is not infinite—it never transcends form.

And to close this already too long dissertation, when we arrive at the fact of spontaneous generation, we are at the beginnings of an entirely new cosmogony to science, at the turning point of our premises of thinking and philosophy. And it is not necessary here to enter upon speculation. The problem is about this:

As all form-life is the result of chemical action, the planet is the parent.

As all life exists within certain degrees of temperature, its advent originally must have been when planetary conditions were thus favorable.

As the planet is untold millions of years old, passing from incandescence to its present state, it must have been at all intermediate conditions. And as its fossil records tell us those periods were thousands of years in passing, the incubating period was long enough to evolve all we know and see of form-life.

As every form of life has its fixed period of gestation, and as law is universal, a planet must have its time to incubate and bring forth its living children in form.

And lastly, as to speculation: At the end of the miracle cycle of thought as to the "beginning," it may be allowed to see the lesson as to the end. It is this:

As the earth's temperature only admitted of form-life when it had cooled to present conditions, so if in the lapse of ages it falls below the normal, form-life as now must cease. As in the case of primeval form-life when present conditions supervened, propagation will fall and life become extinct. And so to the "end," as peaceful as sleep.

A rule in homiletics imposes a peroration as the close of a deliverance—but this is not one. Only to ask what is the lesson of all this as a basis ideal? That though slowly, yet with the inevitableness of truth, the human mind is coming to the realization that the functioning power behind creation is Motion.

This concept is and will be widely traversed by terminology, suited to the mentality of the user—vibration, telepathy, the subconscience, the occult, etc. But after all it is motion—the unseen. So to us, the science, and to the knowing of philosophy, "The All" is Motion. Motion is the quickener that infuses substance—"germs"—with life. Motion is the producer of heat, of light, and of all phenomena. Electricity is but intensity of motion. Motion forms worlds, controls planets, and in its cosmic manifestation is life. It is the unseen and potent. Motion creates conditions, and conditions are what we call law.

Science is beginning to awake to this truth, and at the threshold is met with the mystery of form-life. Chemistry is its mode of manifestation through form. And man is its interpreter—completing the circle of use.

## TRENCHANT THOUGHTS.

As Comprehensively Expressed by the Harbinger of Light—"The Still Small Voice Has at Last Made Itself Heard When the Noise of the World Has Been Shit Out, and the Peace That Passeth Understanding Takes Up Its Abode."

A letter came to me the other day from a correspondent, N. S. Wales, asking me to tell him by return of post: First, if I was an eye-witness of the remarkable phenomena produced at Mr. Stanford's circle with the medium Charles Bailey; and, second, if I believed the manifestations were free from fraud. He told me that he was announced to speak publicly on Spiritualism, and desired to take these wonderful seances as an illustration of spirit power. Other similar letters have come from time to time, and as this is somewhat of a personal number, I am glad to take the opportunity of giving my opinion publicly for the benefit of readers both far and near. In the first place, I replied that I was always present at these seances, and that they had been for myself a remarkable education in psychic possibilities, demonstrating, as they do, the imponderability of matter and its government by the laws of vibration now being investigated by science. And I further assured my correspondent that it is simply the knowledge I have of the genuineness of these wonderful "apports" that makes me give them such prominence in every issue. Arrived at even more important matter is that I have arrived at the conviction that more can be done in the world by forcing the scientific aspect on the attention of intelligent people than in any other way. In Italy, as has been pointed out constantly in these columns, men of the very highest scientific reputation—men like Lombroso, De For, and others whose names loom large in European professional circles—have investigated physical phenomena with Eusapia Palladino, with a convincing result that would never have been attained by other methods. And for such a marvelous thing as the demonstration of occult forces and intelligence, working in unseen realms each one must have his or her own experience. Every investigator of this kind is, moreover, on a road that may lead to results we have not yet dreamed of in psychic manifestations.

It is not possible to over-estimate the good that comes from such demonstrations. For myself it has led me to a closer study of nature's laws which has always had for myself a great fascination. Nearly thirty years ago, when the Law of Vibrations, since taken by Sir W. Crookes as an illustration of unseen psychic powers, was occasionally used to illustrate lectures on Sound, Heat and Light, I hailed it with delight, little thinking that my then dawning belief in Spiritualism would later receive its greatest impetus from this source. Discovery upon discovery, since then by scientific investigators have brought to our ken first the X-rays, then the N-rays, and last of all that marvelous product, Radium, as the result of the highest rates of vibration yet measured. As Sir William Crookes points out, vibrations do not stop at the almost inconceivable rate of motion indicated at Radium on his chart, but pass on to psychic realms of which we all get glimpses, either as mediums or when

in a highly spiritualized natural condition. Thus the X-rays only do what clairvoyants have done amidst jeers and scoffs for half a century, namely, with extended vision describe the internal organs of the body and their condition. Sir W. Crookes thinks that it will be ultimately proved that the Law of Vibrations is the basis of communication between, incarnate and disembodied spirits, and of the flashes of thought that pass between souls in union, whether close to each other or widely separated. It is, Sir W. Crookes maintains, the same law that makes wireless telegraphy one of the marvelous facts of this era. When we have advanced a little farther, and understand more of these occult laws of nature, we shall no longer need telegraph wires, telephones, or even wireless telegraphy, to connect those in sympathy with us. Our thought will go with more directness than by any wire or mortal messenger.

In one of Mr. Stead's articles, he stated that after gaining a knowledge of this law he no longer sent a telegram to anyone he wished to see. All that he did was to project his thought in the right direction, and sooner than in any other way would his friend respond to the mystic appeal and appear at his office door. Many similar experiences have happened to myself, and beyond any doubt I have established the fact of being able to send messages of strength and comfort to loved ones hundreds of miles away. In this respect, as in many others, I am convinced that spiritual agencies assist, and that some of our potent and invisible helpers not only, as in my case, bring the request for such message to be sent, but actually help to set the vibrations in motion. This brings the spiritual interpretation that the world will eventually arrive at. I would like to assure my readers that this power can come to all, and is simply the

result of a natural spiritual development. It is just one of those "Gifts of the Spirit" that Prentice Mulford tells us of, and which come to the tireless and earnest seeker after truth. There is no miracle about it. The still small voice within has at last made itself heard—when the noise of the world has been shut out and the "peace that passeth understanding" takes up its abode in our hearts. Then when some miracle to outsiders happen. My first experience came some ten years ago, when in the early hours of the morning, just after midnight, I was woken up to a sense of pain and anguish connected with one of my children some thousands of miles away. Then I was told an accident had happened. It was almost a month before confirmation came of the truth of this intimation, more subtle than wireless telegraphy, more impressive than the spoken voice. As Miss J. Savage says, when once a knowledge of a power outside ourselves is recognized, the Rubicon is passed, and a great world of psychic possibilities lies before us ready for exploration.

Good! It is for all of us when it leads to the great underlying truth of all, that Spiritual Force is Love and that Love is God—the all-pervading spirit that is at the back of all phenomena of nature, the source of all our inspiration, the very breath of life. And so I have come to see that the future of Spiritualism lies in the scientific study of phenomena and in the realization that the spiritual force we gain for ourselves, more health, more power and a realization of our at-oneness with spiritual things will be the blessed result. And—

"When thy struggling heart has conquered  
When the path lies fair and clear,  
When thou art prepared for heaven  
Thou wilt find that heaven is here."

## Letter From Pittsburg, Pa. Interesting Particulars In Reference to the Cause of Spiritualism.

It is in keeping with the spirit of the times that our brethren throughout the world should be informed of the condition of our cause in Pittsburg. Recent events in this city have served to make it the center of thought and interest on the part of those who believe in mediumship, and the free exercise thereof in all sections of the nation. Rev. Geo. H. Brooks was not the only medium who was arrested at this point, but he was thought to have a perfect right to do so, independently of the church for his own profit.

His case and all others of like nature are not assaults upon the church, but are rather direct attacks upon mediumship under the specious claim that mediumship and fortune telling are one and the same thing.

If the National Association had officially stated the difference between these two classes of mediums, we should be in much better shape when the case of Brother Brooks is called for trial. Borrowing the language of the former president of the N. S. A. we can say: "It is time the Spiritualists defined their own terms."

As is well known an appeal was made to the country at large for funds which to meet the expenses of this suit, and if necessary to take it to the Supreme Court of the United States for final consideration. The responses have been numerous and generous. The cash received has been sacredly consecrated to the purpose stated, and is now on deposit in the safest bank in Pittsburg to be drawn upon as need may require. The N. S. A. has a fund which was known as the "Mediums' Defense Fund," from which money was drawn to defend worthy mediums or to pay their fines in case of necessity. This fund has not been sustained as it should have been, and is now practically exhausted, hence we were forced to appeal to the nation at large for aid.

Had the N. S. A.'s "Mediums' Defense Fund" been well supplied with money, we could have appealed to the National body for the help we so sorely needed. It is but fair to say that the writer looks upon all of the offerings to this fund for the defense of Brother Brooks as contributions to the N. S. A.'s "Mediums' Defense Fund."

The writer, Brother Brooks and all of the members of the First Church of Spiritualists of Pittsburg ARE MOST GRATEFUL TO EACH AND EVERY DONOR FOR HIS GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION. To each and all of these good friends we return our heartfelt thanks.

The "Angel of Life," often mis-called "Death" by mortals in their blindness, has made us frequent visits during the present winter. One to whom release was given that she might take the next progressive step in life was Mrs. C. Mahey, an orthodox clergyman officiated at her funeral, and the hopelessness of his utterances made a decided contrast with the cheer and consolation of Spiritualism.

Our church enjoyed the ministrations of Miss Elizabeth Harlow, of Columbus, Ohio, during the month of January. Miss Harlow is always a host within herself, but she excelled even her best efforts of past years while with us this time. She was eloquent, enthusiastic, constructive and instructive in her every address. Our people are largely committed to the Theistic principle, and Miss Harlow's marked support of this position was

once seen that his friends will only have three or four days' notice.

This will not be due to any prejudice against Spiritualism, or against Brother Brooks, personally, but to the provisions of the law of the state and the customs of the court.

It will be seen that Brother Brooks was not arrested for any special or general service that he rendered the church as its pastor, but for the exercise of his mediumship, as he thought he had a perfect right to do so, independently of the church for his own profit.

His case and all others of like nature are not assaults upon the church, but are rather direct attacks upon mediumship under the specious claim that mediumship and fortune telling are one and the same thing.

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health to enable her to do so Mrs. Mahey was always in her accustomed place in our little church on the speaker's right. Spiritualism, to her was the light of her life, a veritable staff of support for her illumined spirit. Many months, perhaps several years ago, she requested that Mrs. C. L. Stevens should officiate at her funeral, and that Prof. Evans, the gifted blind musician, should render two of her favorite songs.

From her bed of pain and weariness, with weak and trembling hand during the last week of her earth visit she repeated her request in writing. She went home the last week in January, and her son saw to it that his ardent mother's wishes were carried out to the letter. A good woman has been entered the spheres of the soul, having made this earth of ours the better by reason of her sojourn here.

Another who has recently rounded out her earth visit is Mrs. A. Noble, well and favorably known as a medium through the changing events of our city's life for these many years. She will be remembered by all of the speakers who have served our church since it was organized, as she was always a willing worker for it. In local circles as a medium she was the central figure in a large group of friends, many of whom no doubt had been led to take an interest in Spiritualism through the influence of what they received from her as a psychic.

She was faithful unto the end of her earth journey, and went back home, ripe in years as mortals count time, and rich in spiritual possessions, gleaned by her in the fields of honest endeavor through her long and useful life. Her earth visit covered a period of more than seventy years, hence she was ready to return home. Her desire for a Spiritualist funeral was gratified.

Miss Elizabeth Harlow was the officiating minister, and eloquently voiced the consolations of Spiritualism to those who mourned. Still another of the friends of our good cause, and an interested worker for our little church in days gone by, in the person of Miss Saille Law, has become weary of her stay on earth, and has recently re-entered the world of souls.

Miss Law will be remembered at Lily Dale, and by all of the early workers in this city as a zealous friend of progressive thought. Early in January, 1906, she became a paralytic, and gradually declined until the Life-Angel kissed her mortal eye-lids asleep, and awakened her to soul-consciousness in the real life within the veil.

Miss Law is a sister of Mrs. Mary E. Taylor, who was once a resident medium in New Castle, Pa. Miss Law's many friends will give her a loving thought as they read of her re-entry into the world of souls.

They will rejoice in her release from the bondage of physical suffering, and bid her "God-speed" in her quest for the Holy Grail of celestial travels. An orthodox clergyman officiated at her funeral, and the hopelessness of his utterances made a decided contrast with the cheer and consolation of Spiritualism.

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her many new friends, besides pleasing all of her old admirers. She is now one of the trustees of the N. S. A., and advocates its claims with great zeal.

During February our pulpit will be supplied by Mr. H. D. Barrett. During March that noble veteran worker, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Stoneham, Mass., will be with us. Our people are looking eagerly forward to her coming. She has many friends here, and certainly deserves well at the hands of the Spiritualists everywhere.

We hold our own in respect to membership, and our attendance will compare favorably with that of other churches, excepting of course—the Catholic and Methodist. When messages follow the lectures our little church is always packed to the doors.

Our faithful secretary, Mr. Wm. Fetzner, has been seriously, even dangerously ill during the past four or six weeks. He is now convalescing, and will, no doubt, resume his official position within a few weeks. Brother Gray is now our acting secretary, and a most capable officer.

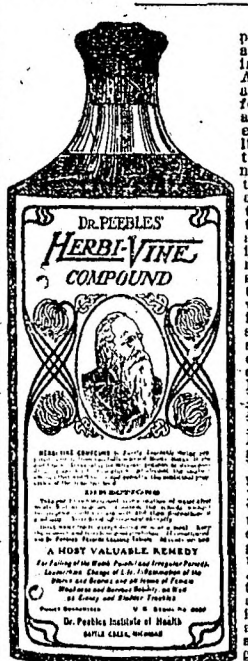
On the whole, Spiritualism is making progress in Pittsburg, and our people are on the alert to serve the "good cause" to the best of their ability. We hope much from the State Association that may be organized during the present month. If the brethren throughout the state will be on hand on that occasion we shall be able, by means of united action, to put our enemies to flight.

Now is the time to organize! Pennsylvania Spiritualists to Pittsburg, February 24, 25 and 26, 1906, and help us.

Yours for Spiritualism,  
D. H. VINCENT.  
Pittsburg, Pa.

## FREE TO SICKLY WOMEN

Dr. Peck's Offers to Send Every Lady Reader of This Paper a Sample Bottle of His Famous Herbi-Vine Compound.



Little booklet, "Womanhood," which contains a full and complete history of the female system, and a full and complete description of the various diseases of the female system, and a full and complete description of the various remedies for the same, and a full and complete description of the various methods of treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various results of the treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various benefits of the treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various dangers of the treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various precautions to be taken in the treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various contraindications to the treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various indications for the treatment for the same, and a full and complete description of the various symptoms of the disease for the same, and 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## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1908

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You should not send money to a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEAL

The POSTAGE on papers has been increased to all the British possessions on this continent. On a single paper we are compelled to pay ONE CENT each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid the pound rate—a mere trifle. Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

Overwhelming and Crushing Facts

We frankly admit the statement of Manes, the founder of the ancient Christian sect known as Manichaeans, that "Mithra and Christ are one," has aroused new interest in the origin of Christianity, and we are not willing to abandon the subject until it is thoroughly investigated.

Dr. Brown, under his own name, devoted some five articles to this subject in these columns a year and a half ago. He was then of the opinion, and found much to confirm it, that Christianity was a reflection of Buddhism through the Essenes and Therapeutae; but Buddha was not born until B. C. 622, and his teaching was not reflected on the West until about B. C. 250, during the reign of Asoka; whereas the Mithraic worship seems to have prevailed in Persia, and had been moving westward with the waves of emigration for full 2,000 years. Before we leave the subject we shall show the Doctor was partly correct; that Buddhism was the parent of monism, and that Mithraism and Buddhism met in antagonism in Alexandria, and after warring for a time, when removed to Rome they really merged into each other. It would be curious, would it not? If it should finally appear that Isis, the Egyptian goddess, with her son, Horus, whose temples have been found at Puzzolana, Italy, and have been unearthed at Pompeii, shall prove to be the Virgin Mary and her son of our religious faith. There is much evidence to sustain this theory, far more than is seen on the surface.

Moshelm the learned Christian scholar, Chancellor of the University of Göttingen, author of the most reliable "Ecclesiastical History" extant, as also of "Historical Commentaries on the State of Christianity During the First 325 Years, A. D.," devotes 161 large octavo pages, mostly in small type, to an account of Manes, and the Manichaeans, who, he says, "were divided into several sects, and existed until late in the fourth century." In a note on page 253, Vol. 2, of his Commentaries, Moshelm says:

"Of all the sects in the first ages of the church, none were more numerous, none were more difficult to be subdued and put down, none had a greater number of friends, than that founded by Manes; a prodigy of a man, and venerable in a degree, even in the frenzy by which he was actuated."

On page 304, second volume, Moshelm says:

"It is manifest that Mithras [the Persian sun-god whose history is traceable from 2350 years before our era, down to the ninth century], and the Manichaean Christ actually differed in name except in name."

At the head of the note on the preceding page, Moshelm said:

"Manes, being a Persian, estimated the Christian religion by the principles of the Magi; and what he teaches respecting the Son of God and the Holy Spirit, agrees entirely with the speculations of the ancient Persians respecting Mithras and the ether."

What the Persians taught respecting Mithras, the very same taught Manes respecting Christ, or the Son of God. The vulgar among the Persians did not distinguish Mithras from the sun; but the wisemen did so, and held Mithras to be inferior to the Supreme God, yet a great Deity, and resident in the sun."

Each of those 161 pages in Moshelm's Commentaries, devoted to Manes and the Manichaeans, may be read with profit by scholars who shall investigate the subject. They who

have his Ecclesiastical History and not his Commentaries, will find on page 93, second column, first volume, the following, credited to Manes:

"Christ is that glorious intelligence which the Persians called Mithras; he is a most splendid substance, consisting of the brightness of the eternal light; subsisting in and by himself, endowed with life, and enriched with infinite wisdom; and his residence is in the sun. The Holy Ghost is also a luminous and animated body, diffused throughout every part of the atmosphere which surrounds this terrestrial globe."

But for a shameful fraud, characteristic of the English translators of the Bible, possibly the truth regarding the relation between Mithras and Jesus would have been sooner detected.

Old readers, wipe your glasses with care, then open your New Testament at Matthew 2:1, 2, and read, when Jesus was born, "there came WISE MEN from the East to Jerusalem." They inquired: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

Good reader, Who were they who came from afar to worship the just born Jesus? From whence came they? And how long had they been en route? Miracle-like, they arrived at the fortunate moment. The time is accurately noted; not when he was a day or a week old, but when he was born in Bethlehem, a small village six miles southerly from Jerusalem. It was then these "wise men," led by a star, which had guided them thus far, sought knowledge of the people in Jerusalem; then that star stood right "over where the young child was." Many a time in youth this writer wondered who those persons were. Opening the Revised New Testament the other day we found in the margin, opposite "wise men," and read "or Magi." A ray of light flashed on us: "Magi, why they were the priests of Mithras, the Persian sun-god, just as Levi was the name by which the Hebrew priest was known. These Magian priests had voiced the will of God, to the Persians for more than 2,000 years. The ancient capital, Persepolis, by the nearest traveled route, was near 2,000 miles from Jerusalem, requiring 200 days at 10 miles a day for these priests to make that journey.

But that wonderful luminary, the "star," that beckoned the "wise men" on, and led the way: In the constellation Pleiades there is a cluster known as "Seven Stars," but for ages only six have been visible. Did that missing star, perhaps a thousand million miles distant, and many times larger than the sun, leave its place in the cerulean vault to guide these wandering priests to the manger where this infant Jesus first saw light?

"Christian reader, are your glasses well polished? And are there no catarracts on your eyes? Are you sure your mind is clear? If yes, then open to pages 131, 132 of Prof. Cumont's "Mysteries of Mithra," the product of a learned Christian historian, and read an account of a "star" that did service when Mithra was born out of a rock: Our Jesus, you remember, was born in a cavern where the ox was stabled; and the Mithraic shepherds witnessed the birth of their sun-god, and this way back before this earth was peopled by men.

We quote, slightly abridged:

"The tradition says Mithra was born on the banks of a river, under the shade of a sacred tree. Shepherds alone, ensconced in a neighboring mountain, had witnessed the miracle of his entrance into world. They had seen him issue from a rocky mass, his head adorned with a Phrygian cap, armed with a knife, carrying a torch that illuminated the somber depths. Worshipfully the shepherds drew near, offering the divine infant the first fruits of their flocks and harvests. But the young hero was naked and exposed to the winds that blew with violence. He concealed himself in the branches of a fig tree, and detaching the fruit from the tree with aid of his knife he ate, and stripping off of leaves he made himself garments. . . . Although the shepherds were pasturing their flocks when Mithras was born, all these things came to pass before there were men on earth."

The above comes to us as a very ancient account of Mithra's birth, etc. The story transferred through Babylon to Rome, and adapted to a later age, is less miraculous; but in the full account of Mithra's birth, which we omit for want of space, the "star" does service, as do the shepherds.

Quoting from page 81:

"We can only determine in a general way the high degree of splendor to which the Persian religion attained in Rome. Its vogue is attested by a hundred or more inscriptions; by more than seventy-five fragments of sculpture; and by a series of temples and chapels situated in all parts of the city and its environs."

Says Prof. Cumont, on page 140:

"Perhaps no other religion ever offered to its sectaries in a higher degree than Mithraism opportunities for prayer and motives for veneration. To the initiated . . . the stars that shone in the sky, the wind that whispered to the foliage, the spring or brook that babbled down the mountain side, even the earth he trod under his feet, were in his eyes divine, and all surrounding nature provoked in him a worshipful fear for the infinite forces that swayed the universe."

And Manes, the founder of an early Christian sect, which dominated the East for ages, declared:

"MITHRAS AND CHRIST ARE ONE."

## Farewell, Good Friend.

About a month ago we received a very good likeness of Col. J. Clement Smith, of Topeka, Kansas, lawyer, poet, philosopher, Spiritualist. Accompanying the excellent photograph was the following beautiful, yet pathetic poem. We had dined with the Colonel in July last, at his home in Topeka. He was then nearing the close of his 90th year. Unaccompanied by any note in his familiar hand it was feared the silence denoted want of ability to write. A little later the Topeka Capitol contained a notice of the Colonel's surrender of all that was mortal, and his passage on Jan. 19, 1908, to a higher, and a more real life, having but recently entered on his 91st year.

A native of Vermont, he removed to Illinois in his youth, was admitted to practice at the bar, held a place on Gen. McClelland's staff during the civil war, and for 26 years practiced law in the United States Supreme Court. The Colonel was a devoted Spiritualist, twice president of a society in Washington, and was an eminent friend of Col. Ingersoll, and a long time patron of The Progressive Thinker, and an occasional contributor. His poem, "Life Triumphant," one of the choicest in our language, shall have place at an early day in these columns. But to the advance familiar poem, which will find sympathy in many a saddened breast:

## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

By Elizabeth Akers.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night!  
Mother, come back from the echoes of shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silvery threads of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears—  
Toll without recompense, tears all in vain—  
Take them and give me my childhood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many the summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;  
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,  
None like a mother can charm away pain,  
From the sick soul and world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair, just lightened with gold,  
Fall over my shoulders again as of old;  
Let it drop o'er my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Happily will throng the sweet visions of yore;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,  
Since last I listened your lullaby song;  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
Clasped in your heart like a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

## In Prison, Awaiting Trial.

Harry Orchard, the multi-murderer, the confessed assassin, who killed Gov. Steiensenberg, and tried to shift the crime on W. A. Haywood and G. A. Pettibone, is to be put on trial for his life. He announces:

"I am ready to stand trial, to be convicted and punished. . . . I have made my peace with God."

The wretch should know that the twenty-one persons whose lives were sacrificed by him, will be in evidence "over there," and possibly, he will find there are others than God whose hatred of assassination will need placating. Justice has demands which attempts to involve others in his guilt will not be atoned for by regrets that he was not successful in what seem his perjuries.

Heart keeping is the secret of happy housekeeping.—Amon.

## MASS-MEETING

and

## Annual Convention

—of—

## The Illinois State Spiritualists' Association,

## AT HANDEL HALL,

40 Randolph St., Chicago.

Beginning Tuesday Evening, February 18,

Continuing Through the Following Wednesday and Thursday, 19 and 20.

The Official Board of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association hereby extend to the Spiritualists of the State their cordial greetings and give notice of the Annual Meeting of the Association, which takes place on the morning of Wednesday, February 19, at 10 o'clock, in the Blue Parlor, on the third floor of HANDEL HALL, 40 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO. The Annual Convocation of the State Association will also convene at HANDEL HALL, in the large assembly room on the second floor, beginning on the evening of Tuesday, February 18, and continuing through Wednesday and Thursday, afternoon and evening sessions. Auxiliary Societies and Individual Members will please make a note of this fact, and be on hand in full force, and let us make this the best Convention we have ever held, and so adjust ourselves to the Cause and each other as to make ours the banner State Association of the United States, and the most harmonious. Good Speakers and Message Bearers are engaged, and the program will soon be issued. Of all the years of its existence, this is the most important for uniting Spiritualism, and IT MUST BE UNITED IN SPIRIT AND IN PURPOSE. The Music has been placed in the hands of THE MEYERS' MANDOLIN CLUB, with a retinue of vocalists. On Wednesday, afternoon and evening, the sweet singers of our colored auxiliary, The Church of Progressive Spiritualists, will have charge of the musical part of the program, which will be decidedly an interesting feature of the Convention.

Keep in Touch With the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, and Push the Cause of Truth Along. Let Us Band Together as a Unit, Strong for Success.

GEORGE B. WARNE, President.

By DR. T. WILKINS, Secretary, I. S. S. Ass'n.

## SPIRITUALIST LYCEUM LESSONS.

Issued quarterly by the National Spiritualists' Association. Edited by an able committee of Lyceum workers. First issue of lessons of sixteen pages now ready. Prices: one cent per copy, in lots of five or more; single copy, two cents. Lessons solicited from any one. Address, George W. Kates, secretary, 600 Penn. Ave. S. E., Washington, D. C.

## VISION OF HUSBAND'S

## DEATH CAME TRUE.

Mrs. Coyde Knew He Had Died Before Messenger Bearing the News Arrived.

When a messenger went to the home of John Coyde, for many years employed on the Brooklyn bridge, yesterday morning, Mrs. Coyde opened the door and said:

"I know what you have come to tell me. My husband is dead. Is it not so?"

"Yes, he dropped dead on a street corner when he started home this morning."

"Did you know he started at 6?" asked Mrs. Coyde. "He did? I heard his footsteps in a dream and I knew that he would die."

Mrs. Coyde told of dreams she has had on three successive nights. "Sunday night," she said, "I saw him walking about the kitchen with a silver platter in his hand. On the platter was beef. I could not guess the significance of it, but the dream impressed me so vividly that I worried over it all the next day with foreboding."

"Monday night I had a second dream. This time it was my mother who walked about with the beef on the silver platter. She seemed to be searching for some one she could not find. My mother has been dead for many, many years. I wondered why she came to me."

"This morning I was awakened at 6 o'clock, sure I had heard the footsteps of my husband. He was lame, and I knew his walk. I heard him at the door and I sprang out of bed with all the vividness of the dream on me and hurried to the door, but he was not there."

"And just now," said Mrs. Coyde, "when I heard you coming up the steps I said, 'John is dead and a messenger is coming to tell me.'"

Coyde was sixty years old and the son of an army officer in England. He died at No. 534 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn.—New York World.

## To the Spiritualists of Indiana.

The fourth annual convention of the Indiana State Association will be held at Orpheum hall, 135 N. Delaware street, Indianapolis, March 20, 21 and 22, 1908. We will have the best talent obtainable, both in speakers and message bearers, and trust that the society will be promptly in sending in their annual reports and per capita tax, and that each one will have their full representation at the convention.

We would like to put on one or two mass meetings at different points over the state, between now and the time of convention, so if there are any towns desiring this work, let us know and we will arrange for it at once.

The State Association may be rearranged to send out organizers to build up and strengthen the societies already in existence and try to organize societies in towns where there are none.

At our last convention there was an amendment adopted by which persons who live in localities where there is no society, and not enough Spiritualists to organize one, may become personal members of the State Association by the payment of \$1 per year, and thus have a voice and vote in the proceedings. Spiritualists, send in your personal memberships, come to the convention and help to encourage and build up organization, for on the success of our State convention large-

ly depends the success of the National convention which comes to Indianapolis in October, and we want to show the Spiritualists of the nation that we, the Spiritualists of Indiana, can make the convention of 1908 the banner convention of the N. S. A.; and this can be done with just a little effort on the part of each one. Every Spiritualist in the state ought to feel it not only a duty but a privilege to put their shoulder to the wheel and lend their support to the state officers in carrying on this work.

For any information, address E. A. Schram, Pres., Peru, Ind., or Carrie H. Mong, Sec'y, 415 S. Franklin street, Muncie, Ind.

## WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING.

## It is Making a Strenuous Effort to Uncover the Soul.

Science is not content with measuring the human heart beats or weighing the human brain. It is not even satisfied with locating the physical source of particular human emotions. It must delve into the mysterious chambers of that peculiar phase or condition of mentality which man is pleased to call the "soul."

Why does a man weep? Why does he laugh? Why does he get angry and vent his rage in the idiotic language of hate and denunciation? These are manifestations of mentality which have occupied the study of the scholars for ages. Man has made some progress in tracing these phenomena to certain sensor nerve filaments and other physical causes, and has attempted to present his observations and conclusions under the general head of "psychology." But in spite of the psychologists science is still baffled by many of the manifestations of the human mind. It is unable to classify, or explain, what are generally called "soul phenomena."

And yet the psychologists have made wonderful progress in their efforts to unravel the mysteries of man's mentality and spirituality, as is shown in a most entertaining manner by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University in Harper's. He goes back seventy years to the experiments of Water upon the sensibility of the human skin, the results of which he embodied in his epoch-making article on the sense of touch published in 1846. This work, President Hall believes, marks the beginning of "the new psychology," which experiments on the soul, and has made former knowledge of it definite and has added vastly to it.

Through the skin, the retina, the ear and the sense of taste and smell, the psychologists have patiently traced the way to man's inner self—the emotions that reign in the citadel of the soul. The new psychology begins with the senses and insists upon an education that opens the gates of the sensory nerves. Since the days of Weber and Helmholtz the psychologists, by means of ingeniously designed apparatus, have succeeded in measuring the time rate at which an impression moves along a nerve. In their laboratories they can measure with great accuracy the time required for a sensation to move from a finger up the arm to the brain, the time to transform it into a motor impulse, and the rate of the latter down the arm.

Imagination, sentiment, reason, volition and memory are all taken into the laboratory as we used to take the frog's foot or the heart of a rabbit. The brain, which is "the mouthpiece of God" and the most highly organized of all substances, anatomical or chemical, is being studied, in all its manifestations in the forty or fifty laboratories now established for psychological investigation. From these explorations of the mind we are pushing on to know the history of the human soul from the dawn of sense, through the study of instincts in the higher animals, the studies of childhood and the final stages of psychic evolution in the development of the highest human organism.

## A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

The Longleys

Moving On.

The Spiritualist Society of Philadelphia, Pa., the eminent G. TADOR THOMPSON, Pastor, has subscribed for ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to be distributed among inquiring minds of the congregation. It is probably the leading Society of the United States at the present time. Every Spiritualist should subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, or remain in the rear of the advancing procession. You cannot by any possible way realize what is going on in our ranks without reading this paper. It is the LARGEST PUBLICATION devoted to Spiritualism in the world to-day. It EXCEEDS THEM ALL in circulation. It contains the news with which all Spiritualists should be familiar. SEND FOR IT! Induce your neighbor to subscribe for it.

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

Good Advice to Those Who Write on Certain Important Subjects.

To the Editor: Please send The Progressive Thinker another whole year. I tried to get along without it, but I could not. I have read several of this year's copies that were sent to me from Indiana, but I want my own papers as I look for them regularly. I gave away all the copies I had so have forgotten the names of the premium books, but think I should like the Great Debate. I hope I am not too late for the second article on Divine Healing, Spirit Cure by Dr. R. Greer. We are all anxious to know the methods used by the magnetic healers, and the Doctor surely can tell how it is done. Not like the well written articles we find, "How to Raise Children," "How to Cultivate Your Love for Your Mother-in-Law," "How to Make Them Love You," etc., and finally find out the writer never had any children, nor mother-in-law, either, thus saving the good effect of showing they have only pretty theories and no experience at all. Let some one write on these subjects who knows something about them. Truth is stranger than fiction, and facts are what we need instead of theories.

The Progressive Thinker grows better instead of getting weaker, and it certainly is doing right in exposing the fakirs.

Hoping this will be a prosperous year and that all of our Spiritualists may afford to subscribe for The Progressive Thinker, let us all thank Brother Francis for keeping the price within our reach. \$1 a year, when Mary Baker G. Eddy has raised the dollar mark one higher for her Sentinel. Rich or poor of her dupes have to pay \$2 per year for a "word of testimonials." Haven't noticed any sign of Brother Francis building any million-dollar homes, but look at the homes made lighter through his help giving us so much mental illumination.

MRS. MINNIE C. HAY, Herington, Kans.

PASTOR TO TELL TRUTH; HITS BIBLE AND CHURCH.

New York Preacher Says That If He Is Given Permission He Will for Two Years Preach of What He Really Believes.

Stanch church members awoke Feb. 3, after a night of restless sleep following a strange sermon by Rev. William H. Babcock, pastor of the First Reformed Church, Bayonne, N. J., one of the largest in the town. The minister had made the statement that he would ask the authorities of his church for "permission to preach the truth for two years as an experiment." It apparently followed from his statement that during at least a large part of the twenty years which Dr. Babcock had spent in the ministry he had been preaching what he believed was not true—in fact, the preacher himself said as much. He had declared that he had known what he was doing when he entered the ministry he would not have gone into it.

Dr. Babcock made a few perfunctory remarks and then suddenly launched forth in an attack upon the Bible and upon both Protestant and Roman Catholic churches.

He said he had studied science and philosophy, geology, biology, anthropology and metaphysics and he had reached the conclusion that the Bible was "not a solid chunk of truth." Maintaining that the description of the creation of the earth as found in Genesis was in conflict with geology and biology, he declared that he must accept the latter.

"I ask for freedom to preach the truth," he continued. "If granted, I will apply to the classes for a special dispensation for two years for experimental work, and I will lay aside all present forms and systems."

"If I had known as much about the ministry twenty years ago as I do today I never would have put my head in the noose, but now that it is there I will fight for freedom."

"I am sorry my attitude has caused a stir," said Mr. Babcock to-day in discussing his sermon yesterday and its effect on the people of his congregation. "I have no hesitation in saying I believe the present methods of preaching—the system I will call it—are out of date. They are practically the same as they were in the sixteenth century and we have progressed a great deal since that time."

"Why have you any idea of the number of ministers who long for an opportunity to speak out and overstep the barriers that have been placed about them? There are a vast army of them. For twenty years I have thought and studied the Bible and I have wanted persistently to get away from the system. By that I mean the doctrinal and ecclesiastical system—the mode of thought and method of action of the church. It is unadapted to the modern mind and to modern needs."

"My desire has been to break away from the system and preach the truth as I see it. But every time I have found myself hemmed in."

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

The only time when a person is too old to learn is when he is on his death bed.—Woman's Daily.

## The Longleys

Moving On.

My last chronicle of events for The Progressive Thinker was made in Santa Cruz, where we were sojourning during the greater part of January. Our work in the beautiful city by the sea was crowned with success, and we left with the loving commendations and blessings of a host of friends, singing in our ears.

When we reached Santa Cruz, Jan. 3, we went among strangers. Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Fanning, staunch and true Spiritualists, were the only residents there whom we had met before. For nearly four weeks we made our stay alternately in these two hospitable homes. No pains at either place were spared to add to our comfort and happiness. Mr. Frank H. Parker is a member of the State Spiritualists' Association board, a genuine and fervent Spiritualist, who is ever determined to keep the cause alive and active in his city—his estimable wife is a fine medium of rare gifts; their three children, two young men and a young woman, are talented, full of music and artistic talent. The Longleys songs have been sung in that home by the entire family for nearly twenty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Fanning are ardent Spiritualists. Their pretty home is the scene of many a spiritual seance and gathering. Mrs. Fanning is a powerful mental medium. We received many beautiful messages through her agency.

For four Friday evenings we held seances at the Parker home, and these gatherings gave much of social pleasure to all who came, as well as many good things from the spirit side. The musical renditions by Miss Anna Belle Parker, piano, and Mr. Chas. Parker, cornet, the sweet musical selection by Mrs. Calender, and the vocal favors of her gifted daughter, Miss Stella, gave great enjoyment to the company at each of these meetings.

It had been the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Fanning to hold a reception at their home on the Cliff, for Mr. Longley, in honor of his approaching "birthday," and for the spiritual dedication of their new home—three nights during the last week of our stay were to be successful, but each of them proved so boisterously stormy, the plan had to be abandoned. However, Thursday evening, Jan. 23, was taken by the spirit friends, who, in an impromptu gathering of our hosts, two lady friends and ourselves, opened the floodgates of immortal glory and poured upon us—through the mediumship of Mrs. Fanning and Mrs. Longley—a veritable storm of golden messages, the sweetest and most beautiful poem addressed to Professor Longley, by our friend, James G. Clark, the theme of which was "Down by the Musical Sea." Our regret has been that we could not preserve this poem as it rolled from the lips of our scribe, but it has gone, like so many beautiful things that spirit life has given us, never to be lost, for their essence and memory abide with us forever.

When we began our work in Santa Cruz, our cause there seemed at a low ebb, the foremost workers were disheartened, and a general air of discouragement saluted us. But to our surprise and gratification, the announcement of our work called out a large attendance of workers on each of the four Sunday evenings every available seat in the commodious hall was taken, and "standing room only" found by those who came in late. A revival seemed at once to come in, and the interest continued to grow up to the very last moment of our stay. We went among strangers, but we left a host of friends behind us who begged us to come again.

On Monday, the 27th, we took our departure, laden with bright flowers, branches of palm and good wishes. A delegation of sweet singers accompanied us to the train and ere we pulled out from the station they clustered around us in the aisle and sang, "God be with you till we meet again."

Our hearts and eyes were full, and we could only give the silent hand-clasp as our "Good-byes" were said. We first saw the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, the well known medium, at some of our meetings, and of renewing long ago associations and reminiscences with her and her good husband. Time deals lightly with them as with all Spiritualists and they are still in the harness and at work.

We are now in San Francisco, at the low cost of a few dollars. Mr. Wink, to-day, Jan. 30, bright and sunny, Mrs. Wink is planting sweet peas—a garden day of delight, is the birthday of Mr. Longley, eighty-one and youthful, happy, full of active energy. Our friends are feasting and feeling him, and of course I am coming in for a share. Baby Payson, two years old two days ago, is wishing Papa Longley happy birthday. It is a happy day, last night we had a home seance, and a glory of spiritual greetings and blessings from above. We were surprised by and favored with a visit and message direct from Theodore J. Mayer—a happy event.

While in Los Angeles we called on Prof. Loveland, our old friend, the veteran Spiritualist, though nearly ninety, but crippled by the cruel rheumatism that holds him in its power, a grand old man in our cause. Love to all!

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Birds Teach Lazy Man a Lesson.

Go to the birds, thou sluggard, for birds can do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins, when nesting, will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro an hour, or about 1,000 a day. On each journey the bird has the added work of catching the insects. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes; and the



# Evolution and Life Forms.

A Paper Read Before the Greenwood Club, Kansas City, Mo., by  
Col. R. T. Van Horn. The Colonel Is a Profound Thinker along  
Scientific Lines; His Mind Is as Clear, and His Thoughts as Forcible  
as when he was Congressman, and Editor of the Leading Daily  
in Kansas City.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The great advance made in scientific discovery in recent years has unsettled everything we had thought fixed: Astronomy, geology, chemistry—in fact the whole field of thinking is undergoing change. Hypotheses are giving way because what has been accepted does not work out in presence of later discovered facts. Gravity itself is being reviewed, and the nebular hypothesis is not now the solution of world formation. And why is this?

Is it not because even scientific people, as a mass, have thought from the old concept that this "made" world? This criticism is not here used as a theological idea, but that the concept that the earth is alive is not yet the fundamental one from which we think. The old idea that our world was made and then peopled by a special exercise of power does not, in the face of present knowledge, give us a working hypothesis.

But the modern thinker, looking at the work of the modern discoverer and inventor, asks the question: "As we know that all life is supported, sustained, and perpetuated by planetary resources, why not let it be the creator of its own family?" And this question is now the leading problem among the world's accredited thinkers. The topic for this evening is set down as "Evolution and Life-Forms," and to be fully discussed should embrace two papers, but as two sections their consideration shall be as brief as possible—more as a statement than an exposition of a theory.

And first as to evolution: What is it? The Century Dictionary defines it as:

"The fact or the doctrine of the derivation or descent, with modification of all existing species, genera, orders, classes, etc., of animals and plants, from a few simple forms of life, if not from one; the doctrine of derivation; evolutionism. Opposed to creationism—that all living things were at some time created substantially as they now exist."

Huxley says: "Evolution in biology is a general name for the history of the steps by which any living being has acquired morphological and physiological characters which distinguish it."

Herbert Spencer says: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

Or, as Huxley more lucidly says in his American addresses: "The hypothesis of evolution supposes that in all this vast progression there is no breach of continuity, no point at which we could say 'this is a natural process,' and this is not a natural process."

This is evolution defined by the masters. Does the present state of knowledge sustain this hypothesis? In this paper the "creation" theory will not be traversed, as in scientific discussion it has been entirely eliminated. And this because miracle is no longer conceded by the intelligence of mankind.

Popularly understood, Evolution is the theory propounded by Darwin, and the basis of a philosophy by Herbert Spencer. Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published in 1859. In 1860 Herbert Spencer announced the beginning of his life work, his "System of Synthetic Philosophy." Darwin's work was that of an investigator and discoverer based on a life-long exploration as to facts and details. That of Spencer was the construction from these facts of a system—the scheme of a student rather than the theory of an explorer. It has so turned out that much, most, it may be said, of what is taught in our schools and by our scientific literature is Spencerian rather than Darwinian. But, as a result from the works of these two men, in less than fifty years the philosophy of life and human progress has been changed and the ancient ideals utterly confused and confounded.

There is, however, growing up a difference in the scientific view which is more from the point of view than of substance. Or rather a different theory as to the office or function of the planet itself. And this idea rejects the "made" concept that we associate with creation—that our world was or is finished, a completed product. And strange to say the scientific schools as a whole have predated their theories from this basic ideal. They still cling to the atomic ultimate, and although very recently some of them are, in violation of its etymology, cutting up the atom into ions and electrons, yet the concept of an ultimate is still there for a beginning. And with it, life from such beginning. And this finished ideal in the face of what science itself tells us of the geologic ages of the globe and of the fossil records of the rocks.

This concept permeating the early theories of evolution naturally led to the idea that life-forms are but the variations of a primitive germ, or germinal condition. And science has been seeking for that. It was thought they had it in what they called "Bathylus"—an ooze at the bottom of the ocean—and are yet hunting for the missing link between the animal and man. Tell them that this is but a reflex of the old creation idea and they would be offended, but when you bring theory and fact together the old disability has not disappeared. A grain of dust and a cell with its nucleus is, in thinking, but the one dry and the other wet.

But so long as science discards what it chooses to call spontaneous generation, so long will evolution, in part, be a debatable hypothesis. Evolution, in its broader sense is the explanation of life-forms, and if the term unfounded was more in use as to its processes of growth, the understanding would be clearer, and you would not so often be met with the "involution" refrain from dogmatic objectors.

There is no essential difference, practically, to the thinker by the terms creation and evolution—to create is only to produce—except that the theological definition produces something from nothing. Scientifically it means as to life-forms simply differentiation or individualization from the same conditions. Save for the one definition it is much like two statements from one fact.

Later theories are not wanting, and they have one recommendation—they do not confuse the mind with antithetical conclusions, nor do they ask anything from miracle or revelation. Life is here and is maintained by what we call chemical agencies and conditions. Being so its advent must have been under like agencies as sustain it. Science itself made the great suggestive discovery of the nineteenth century—the law of valence—or equivalence in chemical action—the secret of form, and the demonstration that all life-forms, so-called, is chemical. To say that the earth and all that is in it and on it was created in the sense of "made" is to present a

concept that leads to speciality in everything—a congeries of miracles. But to say it was formed and its contents formed from it, is to suggest an idea of processes.

And when this concept is taken in connection with the law of equivalence in chemistry the two logically harmonize. Synthetic chemistry suggests that all forms are but the results of this law of equivalence, and analytic chemistry endorses the hypothesis—consequently it is not only a fact but it is the fact.

You are all familiar with the germ theory, and the elaborate illustrations by Haeckel, showing the sameness in appearance of all embryonic life. How else could it be and be form-life at all? It has been a curious fact in the study of form-life that almost the entire attention has been centered in germ-cells and cell aggregation as the seeming all of biology. This principle logically and practically culminates in the jelly-fish. But how about the other factor—the mechanical principle? When you come to individualize this protoplasmic congeries of cell life, to have it swim, crawl, walk or fly, what do you require? A new power or another principle without which motion or movement in form is impossible—the mechanical principle as expressed in the joint and lever—the ball-and-socket joint and the muscle. See the snake, a simple form of moving animal life. This organic life-form is as much a thing of mechanical principles as of the protoplasmic properties. And why this fact so generally ignored by the schools?

But now that science has postulated the fact that all life processes are chemical and that form is but a thing of chemical expression, the evolutionary concept can be discussed freed from the nightmare of superstition.

The strict evolution school treats form-life as coming from a single germ beginning. The law of "valence" removes the necessity of this idea, which was but the first step in the emancipation of science from "creation."

It has been a query with later students how this theory could be held by those who accepted the facts and teaching of geology. They tell us that certain strata of rocks are millions of years old, yet their fossils are as distinct and individual as the living forms of to-day. The when and where of the homogeneous primal organism seems as far away from Paleozoic fossils as from the Permian or Recent.

Diversified individual life is ever present in all that man has been able to discover. Science had to creep before it could walk, and the "descent of man," or the ascent of the monkey was but an effort to break away from the creation concept. To realize what a nightmare this antique "made" idea was, and to an extent, needs only to recall that such great naturalists as Agassiz and Quatrefages were led to refuse their assent to the conclusions of evolution and to insist that they did not account for man. But now that science has accepted the theory that all form is simply the requisite chemical equivalence, the processes, progress and differentiation of form-life becomes more amenable to a concept of law and system. Crystallization is the one process of form, from the simple to the complex. And individuality or variety is, so to speak, but the arrest of development and the infinite play of this law of chemical equivalence. This harmonizes with the hypotheses of science as to the homogeneity or oneness of all substance or matter, and simplifies the ideals as to worlds and the phenomena of life and form.

Evolution, then, is not an infinity of form life from a common germ or cell, but the result of attractive properties, in primal substance—as fixed proportions produce, or if you like it better, "create." Whether God, infinite intelligence, force, gravity, or what not, the fact is that certain chemical proportions in this primal substance produce a new form with differing properties—no matter who or what uses the fact—if any user is insisted on. For all practical and logical uses the fact is "it."

Now, as chemical affinity, or some prefer it, polarity of substance "creates" form, the conditions as to substance is the controlling factor as to the nature of the form-life produced, or is that we call environment and climate. Take the facts of to-day: Beginning within the arctic circle and coming down through the north temperate zone, the tropics and on to the antarctic continent, we find form-life, vegetable, animal and marine changing with the degrees of latitude. And then from any locality, going from tide-water over plain, mountain, valley, desert or morass, we find form-life responding to environmental conditions. The "law" is the same in any period of our planet, so that in one geologic age we find plant life dominant, in another the reptilian, the saurian and other so-called geologic times—but the same biologic conditions, the same principles of locomotion present—modified only by the atmosphere or climate that over-spread the planet at the time. Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, Descartes and Newton could not have lived with the cave man, but the cave man was not a monkey; nor can the jungles of Africa to-day produce a Grant, or a Dowe, nor could a gorilla be domesticated with a thoroughbred or a short-horn.

Consider that all the gods, all the religions, all the arts, all the sciences, all the inventions and discoveries, all the poetry and literature of the world had their origin and development in the north temperate zone, and the influence of planetary conditions on human evolution needs no other proof.

So evolution is first of the planet, and when it produces the air to breathe, the soil to yield and the climate that affords the conditions, the law of valence supplies the forms of organic life suited thereto, and the human race and its animal companions have evolved with the highest elements that are present to them. This is the view of evolution as held by many modern thinkers and students.

And why, you may ask, does not the so-called scientific mind accept a theory so reasonable? Because of this very law under consideration. Some do and some can't. To illustrate: Let us take mankind as we do a school or college. A mass of students enter and are given the same curriculum of studies, and recite at the same time and in the same study each day to the end of the term. On Examination day they are graded according to proficiency from zero to 100. Some grade 25, some 50, some 80 to 90—and perhaps a prodigy is given 100. Why this difference? Simply a matter of capacity, or natural endowment, modified by temperament in exceptional cases—but all making up the individual. So with the body of a people. According as the person is born so is his grade. It is not needed in this intelligent age to urge argument to show that the planet at different epochs, as well as now in localities, furnishes the forces that produce higher and lower forms of life. The zones and altitudes

of the globe present the fact before us every day, year and age.

Science has recently postulated an ether. But its office or function is not vouchsafed by science. That we call space is but substance or matter held in solution by or in ether. There are two things in the universe—ether and matter—one is the solvent of the other. The barometer tells us every hour of the differing densities of the atmosphere. As in the lesser so in the greater—the substance of space varies in density. Oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, etc., are but conditions of space, as is iron, copper, granite—all held in solution by ether—their condition as solids or liquids is but a change in density. For example, what is coal? Simply stored carbon. Our calling oxygen, nitrogen, etc., gases, with the nomenclature attached, only dwarfs the conception of their nature. They are primal elements of the universe. As our planet travels in an orbit of untold ages through this space of differing densities, it must from time to time be influenced by the conditions through which it moves. These periods for convenience are called cycles. And as the progress of life on the planet as we see it is governed by its conditions, so is it influenced by those of the cycles. In no other logical way can the dark or middle ages, or the rise and decay of former civilizations be so well explained—as seen in the Chaldean, Hindu, Egyptian, Greek and Roman cycles, and in the growing enlightenment of the present time, which at a venture we may date from the discovery of America—and printing.

No thinker can ignore the evidence before us that this is a period of great mental activity, and of necessity underlying it a condition of the planet and its forces that, contrasted with the dark ages that preceded it, must be regarded as a cycle of light. And being so, the mental condition of all the peoples of the planet feels and responds to its influence, in action alone its traditional lines—the effect acting as a stimulating force.

For a homely illustration, but a familiar one: Take a party of men and fill them with wine or strong drink, and each will disclose his personal trait or governing disposition. Or speaking philosophically will manifest along the lines of least resistance. One will be jolly, another will want to fight, either for his religion, politics or other thing; a third will curse and swear, while a fourth will sing songs; some want to steal, while some will give away all they have. So in kind as to peoples, even of nations and races.

Suppose, as in the dark ages, the planet being in a dense region of space and its inhabitants as a mass are in a low grade as to intellect, say 30, such a people desire war and are controlled by its influences, destruction, violence, lust and death. Suppose another people, grade 60 and 70: While still warlike, yet intellect, oratory, music and men of great genius will result. But should a people grade higher to a considerable extent, the religious will manifest most actively and worship of numerous ideals as to God and superstitions, rites and ceremonies appear, and along with these in social life a tendency to things that appertain to the sexes will be notable.

Without going into more extended discussion, these suggestions are sufficient to inspire the thinker with wider charity for the differences and shortcomings of his fellows. On kind of corn in a field will produce a stalk from three to five feet high and an ear six inches long, while another will have an ear a foot long on a stalk twelve to fifteen feet high—owing to the kind of corn. People are from five to fifteen feet high mentally, according to their kind—and manifest character according to their grade.

The dark ages culminated about the time of the discovery of printing and of America. This period is what the literary and art world call the Renaissance, and the religious people the Reformation. In one direction it gave rise to Savonarola, Luther, Loyola, Menno Simons, Calvin, Knox and others. These were the forces that gave to their century its creeds. They founded the basic concept of the orthodox creeds and power from that period to the present. These were followed at a later day by those who sought to reform those creeds, people of a differing grade, as George Fox, Ann Lee, Wesley, Rapp, Joseph Smith, Noyes, Blavatsky, Eddy, and others whose name is legion.

But to return to the Renaissance period again and see, the galaxy of great names of another grade: Bacon, Shakespeare, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Descartes, Newton, Gutenberg, Lorenzo de Medici, Michael Angelo, da Vinci.

Now, these earlier men, philosophers, artists, statesmen, religionists, were practically within a century, and came when Gutenberg had prepared the agent of their propaganda—printing—without which they could not have reached the then or now intelligent world. They are enough to illustrate the idea that influence of cycles affects different minds along different lines, as illustrated by the grades.

When we look at it in this light the progress is marvelous indeed. Let the world have a cycle of this light equal in time to that of the dark ages, or even another generation or two, with the rising grades as in the past one, the march of human progress will be beyond prophetic telling.

But our "application" seems like getting away from the evolution text—yet is only a parenthesis, the wider conception of cosmic things, showing that it is the planet that from age to age controls the life upon it and as well the mentality of its populations—a broader view than that of the text books.

Buried cities have been discovered with relics of their civilization far back of any history or tradition. There were causes for their rise, decline and oblivion. Is not the theory of cycles of light and darkness in which the planet passed and the consequent influence upon the mental development of its inhabitants more in harmony with the facts than the hypothesis that it was turned out ready made? The story of dogma and the theories of science are in essence the same as to the beginning—that the planet is a finished work. One says God regulates it, the other that law governs through inherent forces in the finished product.

It is a curious thing that Lord Kelvin, the premier scientist of the English-speaking world, in a recent address suggests that the presence of life on this earth of ours as having its origin in germs brought in meteorites from other planets. As the negro boy when told that Adam was made of mud and leaned against the fence to dry, asked, "who made the fence?" So we might ask Lord Kelvin, "How did the germs get on the other planets?" Not putting the how they got away from home against the pull of gravity. But it need only be said that Kelvin's face is turning from the old direction and it needs only to substantiate another source for the meteorites, which a revised cosmogony already in progress will substitute as to the formation and persistence of planets. The Vortex is even now postulated as the primal force in all cosmic phenomena.

But, if we are to consider the other topic—"life-forms"—this is as far as time will allow for evolution. Evolution, then, is a result—not the primal potential force. Force is impossible of concept save as Motion. So the "beginning," so to speak, is Motion—the unseen. The moved is the seen.

But to turn to the second member of the topic for this

evening—"Form-Life." Evolution means progress and development. The etymology of the word forbids special and perfected creation. When, then, and how did the manifestation of Life through material form make its advent—for form is not eternal. It is permanent only by succession of akin forms—or as the old expression is—after its kind.

It can only be by simple mention here of the experiments by Prof. Loeb, now of Stanford University, with sea-urchins at Wood's Holl, and of Dr. Littlefield, of Indiana, once a Kansas City student, in which living forms were produced by chemical agencies from inorganic matter. Demonstrating that spontaneous generation is a fact in nature.

All the schools agree that at one time life-forms did not exist on our globe, and that so far as that is concerned there was a "beginning." All agree that at one time it was an incandescent mass—as comets show the primary formation of worlds.

Clear thinking need not be disturbed by using geologic or astronomic details as to the age of our world—it can be best treated by periods. One thing is sure, that in passing from a globe of incandescent matter to a world of present or historic condition it must have been subjected to all intermediate states and influences. The existence of fossils and ruins of pre-historic civilizations and peoples attest this fact.

As life—form-life—only exists to-day when in an environment varying about eight degrees temperature, Fahrenheit, with ninety-eight degrees (the normal, the planet must have been at a corresponding temperature in order to admit of its advent in the first place. This idea meets strong corroboration when it is noted that the food which the planet produces for the sustenance of its animal forms, in its chemical transformations by the viscera, generates a heat that keeps the material body within the limitations. Could a stronger illustration be asked? And here it may be as well stated that when the term life is used, it means form-life—for only life in form is open to our observation and study—or life only manifests objectively through form.

As life-forms were impossible before the planet cooled to admit their existence, as we see them, they must have come in one of two ways: (1) By what we call spontaneous generation—chemical action in a suitable environment; or (2) by the fiat of a creative power. Which? If we say the latter, what then? All analogies show that whatever the power, it operates wholly and only through what we call chemical law. So, for all purposes here both concepts work by the same method.

We see enough in the geologic and in the prehistoric evidences to tell us that our planet has undergone radical changes in its features and in the character of the form-life upon it—in its flora, its fauna, its geologic aspects, and even in the multitudinous life of its seas. If then it was "created" the process was very slow, ages and ages as we conceive of time, and is still in progress. So taking either concept the observant thinker arrives at the present in practical agreement.

Reference has already been made to the great discovery of the nineteenth century—the law of "valence"—or of chemical equivalence—which discovery accounts for all form as the result of this formative power through polarity of substance. Water is "created"—by a fixed equivalent of hydrogen and oxygen—so of all forms existing on the planet, and of the planet itself. All that is needed is for the chemist to find the equivalence, blend together, and he has created anything he desires. Now, this "law" must have presided at the introduction of form-life on our world, and as logically as it does to-day over its phenomena. Every discovery, every blended product of the pharmacist, the distiller or inventor of potentials in explosives, simply invokes this law. And so with Dr. Littlefield and Prof. Loeb.

With all these primal facts in mind we are prepared to think about the introduction, advent or origin of life on our own world. As life was once impossible and it is now the home of millions of organic forms it must have been in the intervals at every stage of unfolding, and at one time at the normal temperature at which we know life is only possible. That fact should be fully comprehended and made familiar to the mind before its lesson can be comprehensively applied. And as planetary cycles as we know cover long periods of time—thousands of years without tangible change—evolutionary transmutation in life-forms, like the rock-crust, blends in harmonious sequence from the simpler to the more complex until intelligence, the ultimate of form-life, makes its advent.

Now, say the earth was at one time from ninety-four to one hundred and two degrees for an average—that being the margin in which life now exists, and you have the essential conditions present for the advent of life in form expression. And very suggestively it is found that the gigantic forms of the paleozoic ages—the saurian, reptilian and other primeval types actually required a planetary condition that furnished a higher temperature, and that as the planet cooled to present conditions they became extinct. This is the lesson of the fossils and other remains of the time the planet was emerging from the heated conditions to the stage of form-life. Say this transformation period lasted, as others we know about, for thousands of years. What the possibilities of this brooding time of the planet? With this incubating temperature, and with constantly varying conditions, as now, of latitude and altitude, we may cease to wonder at the infinite variety of those forms that this "creative," this generative period bequeathed to the present age of a higher material evolution.

Are there any evidences, any indices, any signs, so to speak, of this planetary power, these beginnings of life-forms and the processes back of their coming? Let us see.

In the first place we must revise the premises from which to think. Proud as modern science may be of its freedom to investigate and its worship of a fact, it has not yet got rid of the "made" concept that ruled before it was born. It was only within the closing years of the nineteenth century that it began to reach out from this basic beginning—that matter was primal and fixed. This idea was anchored on the "atom"—the ultimate of materiality. Planets were only aggregations of atoms, rendered visible by quality. This is science yet as to the mass of its disciples.

Of necessity, all deductions from this ultimate were guesses—hypothetical only. On it was founded the "law" of gravity. This was logical because you cannot think attraction without the condition of bodies to be attracted. Newton's theory has no repulsion, no polarity—that belongs to chemical and electric theories. And it is one of the curious things that science accepts both with all their opposites to a working hypothesis. But it only thinks one at a time. You can't safely put new wine into old-time bottles, nor can you fit new discoveries to old theories. So it is that you cannot discuss spontaneous generation and hold to the "made" cosmogony.

As now advised we must start out with the premise that all life is chemical. In this concept there are no ultimate atoms.

Scientists—some of them—are breaking away from the atom as they did from their once "void space," by predicated an ether, and dividing it into electrons or ions. Points of force—vortices. It doesn't matter that it de-

(Continued on page 3.)

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Regardless, however, of the personal nature of the following, I have been urged to give it to others, which I shall, with the hope that it may serve to throw some light on doubtful points as it has done for me, and to add its note to the quota of spiritual experiences recorded by others.

I shall omit nothing unless it be the names of those alluded to, and this because of not particularly caring to be thought presumptuous by those who cannot understand that one has no direction in such matters but must accept what comes if he really wishes to learn.

One afternoon of last June I had been writing. It was 3 o'clock. My sister was playing the piano. We were separated on one side by a room, on the other by a hall. Throwing down my pen, I listened idly to the music. Directly I was conscious that my spirit teacher was present. Usually he said: "Listen, or write," but as he said nothing this time I vaguely wondered what he wished. Immediately a queer feeling came over me, and I heard him say, "Be quiet, child, and fear nothing." He said very soothingly. In less time than is required to tell it, and while I was wide awake and conscious, I found myself struggling to get out of my head. A moment of unconsciousness followed, after which I found myself standing on the floor in front of my body. In bewilderment I turned from it to my teacher, a tall, strong, young man who stood at my right. He smiled assuringly, and though he said nothing orally, I understood that he desired me to resume my scrutiny of the body, seated there as it was so mysteriously silent and inert. In my perplexity I reached out to touch it, but to my surprise could not; I attempted to kick at it with my foot but equally in vain. I could not affect it in any way. It felt to my touch then as a spirit body feels to my touch now, and I seemed unable to get at it. Puzzled, I looked up at my teacher, and again he smiled assuringly and gave no oral explanation, but I understood perfectly that I could affect it in no way in my present state. So I was satisfied.

So naturally did I understand my teacher without oral explanation, that I did not question the fact, though I did recognize it. I readily understood that I was to make haste in satisfying my curiosity, as he was to take me away and we were to return as soon as possible. He was anxious to hasten, but the body had such a mighty attraction for me I could not hurry. It was so interesting to see myself for the first time as others saw me—from the outside! As I continued to gaze at it, I began to grow more and more conscious of my sensations. I looked at myself—my real self as I stood there. There I was for a fact, more alive than at present writing, and my sensations! How accurately they described the body! They were so strong that even when I took note of, and marvelled at, their strength, I remember wondering whether my life itself was not merely consciousness, for I felt myself to be a receiving instrument for the recording and recognition of these sensations, which came (each in its turn) asserting themselves with wonderful clearness and force, and consciousness recognizing all an intensely unknown to me in my physical state.

Briefly and in order I shall mention each individual sensation as it came. First, after the sensation of learning that my body and I were two very different things, came the sensation of weight of the body. Where this sensation came from I could not tell; all I knew was that the sensation of its dead "weightiness" seemed to pour in on my consciousness with an intensity that cannot be described. The body's little 90 lb. weight offered now a very different sensation from that of its reality when spirit and body co-operated, and the unpleasant sensation probably arose from an unconscious mental comparison between my real body and the one before me. What a deadweight thing it is, I thought, as looking over the usual sympathetic smile of my teacher.

I eventually looked at myself and saw that my dress was exactly like the one on the body, but I had not time to marvel about that, as the sensations were crowding in with their usual overwhelming intensity. Now came a strong feeling of the humor of the sensations. But why, I wondered, was this feeling of humor keener than any of the kind I ever before felt? My teacher smiled. I was changed; I was now; that was why.

Next came a feeling of protection for the body not unlike that a man feels when he locks his house all clean and safe, feeling confident that he shall find it in perfect readiness when he wishes to re-enter—a sort of affection mingled with a feeling of ownership that brings with it perfect confidence in the safety of the property left behind, was something akin to what I felt for my body as I took my teacher's hand and started off. Looking back a time or two, I saw the body still sitting there as inert as ever.

From the first we seemed to proceed rapidly through the air. Our ascent was slow but steady, but I shall defer this description to the point where it impressed me then. Right here I commenced a serious examination of myself. This raised another forceful sensation, one not exactly as of the physical diminutiveness, but just all-round littleness that can't be described! Pitying myself, and on the brink of tears, I looked up at my teacher and saw the pleasant smile of assurance on his face. He

took a firm grip on my hand and I felt satisfied.

Next, as we continued, I proceeded to muse on the great kindness of my teacher, and as to how I meant to work hereafter to prove my attitude and not to cause his generosity to have been in vain. I resolved then and there to prove worthy of his goodness, and was making resolutions to that effect, when I glanced up and saw again his understanding smile of appreciation. I was chagrined now to think that he could read my inmost thoughts, for these were private, secret thoughts not intended for him to know. It was the deeds he was to know.

Of vocal sound, or of sound as we know it, there was none. All was soundless—a vast quiet world in which sound was not missed, but which was only conspicuous to me by its absence. Understanding came to me in ways perfectly natural, and I seemed not to marvel at that score.

There was beginning of our journey. I noticed with glad forward without effort. I did not walk, but simply moved along, because I will to do so. This method of locomotion seemed no more unusual to me than that of our thought exchange, and came as natural. But what now attracted my astonished attention was the fact that the atmosphere on which we travelled was so dense. It was as substantial to my requirements then as the earth is to my feet now. And, most astonishing of all were the layer-like colored strata of air surrounding us. I particularly remember one peculiarly reddish strata higher up and farther from us as we went. I could see the little red particles that composed it just as you can a piece of iron when it is red hot, and it glowed with the same glow that iron does when in that condition. I thought, now we shall go over that red strata next, and my teacher smiled down on me approvingly, and as I continued to look up into his face, the knowledge came that we were passing across these layer-like circles, and not along them; that they were surrounding the earth as the layers of an onion surround its center.

The farther we continued from the earth, the more the color of the strata graduated from red to yellow, till the air finally grew so light in color and substance that I began to lag behind a step. As we progressed it grew ever lighter and ever lighter till I could go no longer. Here my teacher was obliged to carry me, and I was too exhausted to pay much attention to the surroundings, but was forced to feel the annoyance of that rarefied, yellowish-white exhausting air.

I had no conscious knowledge of respiratory organs, yet the extreme lightness of the air affected me internally. It was over all; a whole country of light, such as I felt, I could not exist in and could not enjoy.

After he had gone quite a distance thus, my teacher entered the first building I had seen on our way. It was large, and had no outer wall where we entered. He placed me on a long bench, and as I lay on my right side I saw the first person, so far. It was a young lady in the dress of a nurse standing near as though awaiting orders. Now I knew this was a hospital. My teacher bent over me making passes, and I slept, or thought I did. Soon I awakened, felt strong, took his hand, and we continued our journey. We had not gone far when the rare atmosphere began to exhaust me again and he finally had to carry me, as before. I was wearyly conscious of "this never-ending white atmosphere which grew more exhausting as it grew in rarity, which it did the farther we went."

We seemed now to have reached our destination, for my teacher put me down and made passes over me again. Then he led me into a large open building—a sort of club house, whose front was open upon the most beautiful landscape scenery. Its interior was very unpretentious. Everywhere there were people sitting, walking, or lounging around, evidently at ease. I looked at my teacher and learned that it was a meeting-place or home for authors. He led me up to a benevolent looking gentleman seated with his back to me. Instantly I recognized him as good old Dr. J. He lifted me upon his knee, and by his kind manner and unfeigned timidity. Recently, I placed my hands upon his shoulders and boldly spoke my admiration of his essays and especially of his "R—s," and told him of all the good they had done, etc. He was pleased and spoke kindly, and I regretted to have to leave him so abruptly. As he put me down, I was doubly glad to see my teacher right there when I needed him. He led me over the large floor, and one of several people approached us. He paused, looked down at me and took my hand. I knew him also, as an author and as a friend of Dr. J. His face, as I saw it, was large, smooth, white, with large greyish eyes and protruding forehead, and he wore his hat on the back of his head. His figure was large, seemed loosely put together, and there was no style about him. Evidently, he understood the situation, for he smiled kindly and encouragingly. He was not brisk in any way, and slowly spoke but a few words. He said I was all right; that I should never cease to search for truth, etc., immediately I thought of his immortal "Y—s." At this he smiled a sad-like smile and we passed on.

There were many people there, but my teacher led me up to certain ones only, and these I knew. A man, bearded and grey stood leaning upon a giant pillar, gazing out over the landscape. As we approached him he turned his head, and I knew at once that he was C—. He looked at me with my teacher, then intently at me. He put his hand on my head and was silent. I could not refrain from expressing my appreciation for what he had done for us here, and said that because of his forceful style he is still regarded as the greatest of

them all. His face lit up and he looked as if hearing something new. After he had expressed his delight to have done some good and to have it thus appreciated, my teacher led me on.

We were now at the right hand end of the building, where we entered a separate room. My teacher dropped my hand and walked and walked on while I went over to the wall where hung a frame not unlike a slate. It was blank, but as I kept looking, two lines of verse appeared thereon. I read them and realized that they were intended for me, as a stimulant to my own personal growth. Then they disappeared as mysteriously as they came. This puzzled me, and as I paid so much attention as to how it was done, I forgot the words. What did the words concern me when I didn't know how they came and went? Finally turning away, I walked toward a table where stood my teacher.

A lady seated there arose and advanced to meet me. As she gave me her hand I knew that the verses in the frame came from her, and that that was the sort of work she did. She was tall and slender and not graceful. She seemed fragile in body, and her face was long and slender, but her eyes were the attractive feature of her face. Her personality was strong and appealed to me more than did that of the others. Childlike, at this point I wondered that all I had seen, and especially this lady were so ordinary. They were just like ordinary human beings, and there were no haloes! My teacher smiled, and I knew he understood my thoughts, while the lady was most kind and gentle as she made me understand that she was familiar with my struggles. I knew that she was for someone and straightaway from an opposite door her post-husband entered. I seemed to be expected, for he walked straight up to me and placed his hand on my head. (When a hand was placed on my head, or my hand was clasped in that of another, I seemed better able to comprehend thoughts directed to me.) He was very earnest and business-like in his manner, and there was nothing else striking about him. He said, "Well, my child, haven't you yet done with doubt? There are those who will help you if you once let go of doubt. Do you doubt me now? Of course you don't! I know what it is; I had the disease once, too, so much so that many people suffered under the force of my ridicule, and ever since carried here have longed to make some reparation. My wife here, understood, but I could not think it was as she firmly believed, yet here I am, and here I shall strive to redeem that folly of some which I never cease to regret."

After he had said much more of a personal nature concerning my work, his wife made a characteristic little speech in which she told me that she said I should live with them when I came to this world. Not ever having aspired to such heights, this was my last, but not least sensation. The object of this journey having been accomplished—whether that object was to stifle the last lingering doubt to which my atheistical soul so persistently clung or what, we returned again. My sister came with me, and I was so weary, and my former interest was lacking till we reached again the colored strata. I felt both going and returning I was often dimly conscious of passing people and objects on the way.

Our return was rapid. We finally reached the body, and after a moment of unconsciousness, as experienced when leaving it, here I was, home again. My sister entered, having ceased her piano playing, and the clock struck four. I hadn't heard an earthly sound during that time. Faithfully I have tried to record this just as it happened, and word for word so near as I could. Now, if it was a dream—but no, it was not; however, supposing it was, why was it so interesting? I have had dreams that proved true, and in which I figured, but the impressions were not nearly so vivid; the scenes were on this plane, and there was no teachers. Then I repeated visions to strangers which were later verified by them. In these, too, I played no part; was in by body and conscious as now.

If the foregoing narrative was a dream, then the last of the dream (when I am conscious and wide awake), wherein I see and describe spirit friends, recognized by people who are total strangers to me, and often when I have to go contrary to my own inclination in the matter, the time, place and people not being of my choosing.

That we have a sixth sense there is no doubt, but where does it keep itself? Versailles, Ind., Box 40

**Voices of Loved Ones.**  
How sweet are the voices of loved ones,  
That greet us at evening time,  
As we sit alone in the gloaming,  
Thinking of that heavenly clime.

We silently wait for their coming,  
Casting our anxious cares and fears,  
Till they silently enter the portal,  
Pouring message of love in our ears.

They greet us as they enter,  
Friend that's passed from earthly view.  
Then they tell us of life immortal,  
And of love we never knew.

But the loving angels tell us,  
All good deeds we do while here;  
Build our homes in realms of splendor,  
Where all beauty will appear.

That the good we do in earth life,  
Though a trifle it may seem,  
Helps us up to life celestial,  
More than we can ever dream.

Then at last with them united,  
When we leave this earthly plane,  
We will dwell in joy forever,  
Without purging, grief, or pain.

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To say that this book is a production of Dr. J. M. Peebles is sufficient to explain the interesting features of it, and recommend it to every reader of Spiritualistic literature. Price, 19 cts.

## LAKE HELEN, FLORIDA.

Notes and News From Camp Cassadaga.

Last week was a busy week for the campers. Joseph Slater, one of the board of trustees, having been appointed last spring as committee on decorations, called to Ed and Lee Morse and wife, and others joined in, and made the auditorium a very pleasing sight. The flags of all nations are very prettily draped where the audience can study them; but, as we hope it always will be, Old Glory has the place of honor, and every loyal soul there salutes it as they enter the building. We are so proud of our flag, of its color, but the principles it stands for are the safe-guard of our Nation.

Large jars of roses with varied hues gave out a perfume that pleased the senses in such a way that even the blind, it seems, might describe just how a rose should look, by its odor. Upon inquiry into the matter, we find that President Hillgoss pays all the expenses of the rose garden, and allows whatever may come from the sale of roses to go into the general fund. And the cost is not a trifle by any means.

The rooms of the Ladies' Auxiliary in the Pavilion are all in order for the season's work. The banner was decorated by Mrs. E. H. Thompson, and the material in our national colors donated by her.

There have been many arrivals within the last few days. Mr. and Mrs. Johns have been here several times and proved so helpful in many ways that they belong to the family. Mr. Baker was cured of a severe throat disease when here before, and again seeks this genial climate, hoping for like results, and also to attend our meetings. W. W. Kelsey of Rochester, N. Y., inventor of the Kelsey furnace, which is very popular in the North, purchased a large house upon his lots here, and is now building it. It is to be finished in true Northern style, bathed and plastered, with all modern conveniences. It will be a good addition to the village "outside the gate."

Mr. Kelsey is president of a Northern camp situated at Freville, N. Y., and his wife one of the earnest workers here. Lots are being leased by several people with the intention of building another year.

The cottage of Mr. Haynes and son, of Allegheny City, Pa., is nearing completion. It is a great addition to the attractions of Prospect Hill.

President Hillgoss and wife, although better, were not able to attend services Sunday. A. A. Butler and wife have also suffered from a gripe, as has our organist, Mrs. Hattie Harris.

The Budington Clyde Line Excursion brought an addition of 612 to the camp Friday evening. Dr. Critchley's cornet began over the hill to awaken the echoes with "Auld Lang Syne," and as they neared the gate changed to "Home, Sweet Home."

Sunday, Feb. 9, opening day of the Southern, Cassadaga, Winter, and bright, but rather cool. A good fire in the stove made it quite comfortable in the auditorium.

Vice-president Bond was in the chair. After congregational singing, prayer was offered by Mrs. Greenmeyer, and short talks by Lee Morse, Laura E. Fiken, A. F. Hubbard, W. W. Kelsey, Mrs. Hammett Gill, Mrs. Clark Kelsey, Mrs. Anne Bond, Mrs. D. A. Morrill, Mrs. Twine and Mr. Wright. Benediction pronounced by Mrs. Fiken. The afternoon gathering was much larger and those present were very much pleased by the singing of a male choir, consisting of Dr. Critchley, Earl Slater, Mr. Morrill, Mr. Ballard and Earl M. Johnson, and all were especially pleased with the old song, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" Mrs. Ballard presided at the piano.

J. Clegg Wright was the speaker. The subject chosen, "An Explanatory Defense of the Defective Work of Mediumship." He declared the soul never had a beginning nor could it have an ending, but never but a dualized extension until it inherited a body, and that the defective work in mediumship was the trial of the unseen intelligence to act upon a brain that did not have the same vibratory action as their own, and that harmony of action often caused the seemingly untrue results.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Bond introduced Mrs. Thronsdon as medium bearer. The management is to be congratulated on getting two such wonderful mediums as Mrs. Thronsdon and Mrs. Morrill. Their messages are clear-cut and conclusive. Mrs. Thronsdon's messages were many of them given to entire strangers even to the campers.

In the evening Mrs. Morrill entertained a large audience. Her subject was, "There's Nothing Good or Bad in Life, But Thinking Makes It So." After the address she gave messages that deeply interested the audience, because they were so true.

Dr. Peebles arrived at Hotel Webster early enough to attend the Monday afternoon conference. He met with a very cordial reception.

**FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.**  
Faith.  
Have Faith in all thy fellow men  
If oft deceived, trust again  
It far exceeds both gold and fame.  
True men will reverence thy name.  
It is the chord of unity  
To elevate humanity.  
It is the rock on which thou stand.  
To make our earth a summerland.

**Hope.**  
Hope is inherent in mankind  
A subtle force to inspire mind;  
When in distress we feel it glow  
It dissipates our wretched woe.  
When failure comes to earnest men,  
It softly whispers, "Try again,  
It's time to rest and in believing friend,  
Nor will it cease when we ascend."

**Charity.**  
Sweet Charity, thou child divine,  
We worship at thy silent shrine.  
Faith, Hope and thou, sweet Charity,  
Exalt and bless humanity.  
Faith ends in sight, Hope in success,  
But Charity few souls possess.  
It is a growth we all should crave  
To take with us beyond the grave.

## LETTER FROM GEO. H. BROOKS.

The Action of the Grand Jury in His Case.

To the Editor: This morning I received word from my attorney, Mr. Charles A. Robb, saying "the grand jury had returned a true bill or indictment against me for fortune-telling. I do not apprehend that it can be reached for trial for some time, just when, it is, of course, impossible to say."

As a true bill has been rendered, the trial will come off. I am sure the friends all over the country will be more than anxious to know the results, and as soon as I know I will inform them.

I would ask those who are situated to aid, to do so, and if there is anything left, it can be turned over to the defense fund for mediums in the N. S. A. I do not desire to call on the N. S. A. for financial support. I have their moral support, and they will assist in every way possible, so if there are those who feel they can assist, it will be most gratefully received. It is not my case alone, but the case of the entire country, and on this decision will be given a great weight in dealing with future arrests with other mediums. I am the only speaker, so far as I know, who, while filling the office as speaker and medium with a society, was ever arrested. I am an ordained minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism, have held those ordination papers for years. I am also one of the unpaid missionaries of the N. S. A., have held these papers for years, they being granted to me by the N. S. A. from year to year. If, then, with all this, and my thirty years' service on the platform, I have no rights, cannot exercise my mediumship, then it is high time we found it out, and as a body know where we are; hence I make this plea, and plain statement, and feel that there are those who will gladly come to our aid, and if there is any money left after the trial is over, turn the same to the N. S. A.

Send either to Mr. C. L. Stevens, 213 Seventh Street, Pittsburg, Pa., or to myself. Trusting all will come out right for the good of our cause, and a greater liberty, I am, as ever, the well wisher of all.

G. H. BROOKS.  
190 South 6th Street,  
Columbus, Ohio.

## PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

The Providence Spiritualist Association Meetings.

The Providence (R. I.) Spiritualist Association (First Spiritualist church), has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. Louise D. Francis, president; Mrs. Jennie R. Chapman, 432 Pine Street, secretary; Miss E. J. White, financial secretary; Mrs. Wm. P. Fayer, treasurer; Mr. O. B. Prouty and Mrs. E. B. Parmelee, directors; Mrs. Luscomb, Mrs. F. Prouty and Mr. Walker, trustees.

The rostrum of the church was occupied by Dr. Edgar W. Emerson, Feb. 2, and will be occupied by Mrs. Ruth A. Swift, Feb. 9; Dr. Wm. A. Hall, Feb. 16, and Mrs. Maud F. Hitch-Bishop, Feb. 23.

Dr. Emerson was greeted with a good-sized audience, although the weather was cold. He said in part: "We live in an age in which there is a large amount of questioning regarding religion. Liberal thought is cropping out everywhere and much has been put into practical use by many. It is also an age of demonstration, and much truth has been revealed by such. 'Realities of life that come to us as individuals, help to make us what we are, and much skepticism presents itself throughout the breadth and length of the land, finally bringing one in touch with various theories, spiritual unfoldment, and Christian and spiritual Science, presenting demonstrations of psychic power in all and the same as that of Spiritualism and mediumship."

"Man as a student of psychic law has read himself out of the church, witnessed demonstrations in Spiritualism, and thereby broadened mentally. It was necessary to have physical demonstrations or phenomena in years ago to create an 'age of thought' in every avenue of spiritual development to-day. The higher thought, spiritual, intensified by soul development, permits us to help one another, for like attracts like, and as one mentality is quickened, another desiring the same plane of vibration, will follow, and thus the advancement of spiritual growth."

"There are certain attractions between every audience and speaker. Some are satisfied with Emerson, some not. The law of vibration and attraction creates a diversity of conditions necessary for universal development."

"Those who do not advance, yet criticize, are the sluggards who do not make conditions, claiming no time for investigation. He who makes conditions and works earnestly and honestly for development, is the one satisfied. We are souls now, as much as we ever will be. We make to-day for to-morrow by our acts. Your presence here, your thoughts may cause good or ill to the by and by."

"All are sending off emanations as well as ourselves, for good or evil. Let us make ours greatest for good, and more to-morrow than to-day. 'One great drawback in advancement of Spiritualism are those who shut up like a clam when a message is given them, refusing to recognize their own, and after the meeting remark, 'I would not give him the satisfaction of a recognition.' Such are shutting the door in the face of husband, mother and loved ones. When such reach the other side they will complain just the same when the door is closed when they wish to return. As we give, so shall we receive."

"Some ask: 'What phase of mediumship, or what medium do you consider the best?' The best is that or those who have led you into the truth of immortality and brought you your loved ones from the other side and made you 'see' and 'know.'"

COR.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." Demonstrates the continuity of life and our environment of spiritual influences. Free from all theories of superstition. By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Price 25 cents.

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## Anna Eva Fay.

The above-named person is a Commercial Medium—if a medium at all—in the broadest sense of that term. She is in no sense allied to Spiritualism, was never known to assist any society or medium in distress. She has a lucrative business in connection with theatres, and it is said she is making \$10,000 a year. These two articles following end the discussion in reference to her.

To the Editor: About fifteen years ago I spent some time in Denver, Col. There was an evening at my disposal, which I led me to the opera house to witness the "great feats" of the WHIPPED MAHATMA—Anna Eva Fay. The advertisement was of the flamboyant style, but without any nature of the "tricks" being vouchsafed. People were allowed (rather invited) to draw their own conclusions as to the cause of the phenomena. I took no opinions with me. I simply watched proceedings. I may have been hypnotized or hoodwinked. My short narrative will give readers an opportunity of judging. Here are the facts:

My son and I occupied the two adjoining seats on the first row of the first balcony next to the left end seat. The last seat was occupied by a stranger, and my son sat at my right. At this time he was about fourteen, and much more reliable in the use of his eyes than most "investigators". The first part of the program consisted of the usual work while dressed in the stock-in-trade of the ordinary magician. Then the manager came forth and announced the "tricks." Any one, he said, could write a brief question on a slip of paper, and then the question, and then only was the question (or paper containing it) to be submitted to the manager, for verification as to the correct reply.

"Now," he said further, "there may be many who are not provided with pencil and paper. For them I will send around the usual small pad on which they can write the question and then tear off the sheet, to keep until called for." I do a little thinking on the spot, and wrote my question on a page of my own note book. I held it so that the man at my left could not read my writing, and my son did not try to peek. The boy (who was "on") kept his eyes open for any espionage from the rear. I then tore the sheet from the book, folded it over several times, and then buttoned my coat tightly. After every one who desired had written their question, the diva White Mahatma, Elvira, was covered with a sheet while occupying a chair on the stage and commenced to answer. At about the fifth or sixth trial she stretched out her arm toward my locality and said: "Josephine, up there in the balcony, write to know if Robert Campbell will help him. Yes; let him go tomorrow."

THEN I threw the paper to the manager who read it aloud, as he did all others. The names and question were correct to the letter. He was a little "side show" attached to the big one that may prove interesting. A day or two after Anna, the marvelous, had down to five columns exposure of the "whole Fay hoax in the Evening Post." The brilliant, scientific reporter, in the most logical, convincing way, showed up the whole thing. How ridiculous, easy! What a lot of open-mouthed, close-brained idiots the audience was, Wolfe Londoner and your scribe belonging to the "true!"

CHAP. 3.—In a few days after the great exposure, a telegram was addressed to the "Denver Public" that Eva, the grand psychic enigma, would return and answer the EXPOSURE in person. She came. The exposure crawled through the window and I went. It is a history of some similar exposures, but I would to heaven, all of them.

There is plenty of opera bouffe in logic and science of a similar nature to the foregoing. A great scientist will investigate a matter and with all of the paraphernalia of his profession, and all the acumen of a trained mind, putting proceedings and results into definite language. Your brilliant dealer in words will "knock" the facts into smithereens from his reportorial desk. Words versus things. Talk and criticism versus investigation.

Journal for the freedom of the press. It is a great institution if you will with the wind. JOSEPH SINGER.

Some Startling Hits at Anna Eva Fay.

How Anna Eva Fay read the ballot which Dr. H. V. Sweringen carried in his vest pocket is not yet discovered, and it is safe to predict that it never will be explained as a trick; if the Doctor but sticks to his story. I am quite certain that it was a trick, and I should not fail to explain it satisfactorily, had I all the facts in the case.

The Doctor's laconic recital of the incident is but a half truth; there is an elfin somewhere in his statement, which, when supplied, would make this miserable trick plain enough to be understood by a ten-year-old schoolboy.

I do not infer that the Doctor is wilfully withholding the facts in the case, but only that something has been overlooked, or forgotten, in connection with the incident, which, when stated, would make this trick as easy to "catch on" as are the other tricks by which Miss Fay now earns forty thousand dollars a year.

But says the Doctor: "Had I not been absolutely certain of my premises, I would not have considered the matter of sufficient importance to report to the readers of The Progressive Thinker." That is just it. The Doctor could not be mistaken, therefore, he is not amenable to argument. I always tremble for those who are absolutely "certain" of their "premises," since experience has taught me that they are oftenest deceived. The Doctor, for things I ought to have another trial at an explanation, and I am quite willing to say something more about the subject, though I am all at sea, without fact and a starting point, in the case.

A certain number of those that witness certain performances attributed to her, to occur powers. They do this in the face of all facts and arguments, which prove the contrary. Hence those who live by such an art can always calculate upon a certain amount of success, which is based upon the psychological influence of mind upon mind. But those that are victims of such deception will vehemently declare that it is only truth they seek, and that they are anxious to get it. Their mental fortifications bristle with many facts, and they generally put up tremendous arguments between "tweedledum" and "tweedledee" to prove they are right. Dr. Sweringen is not the only prominent Spiritualist prone to believe too much—there are many others that in their enthusiasm and zeal for the cause are "absolutely certain" of their "premises," and consequently never mistaken.

Dr. Peebles a year or more ago investigated the boy medium, Britton, and unqualifiedly endorsed him as a wonderful medium, but W. Mann—another prominent Spiritualist—knows Britton to be an agraunt humbug! Yet Dr. Peebles was absolutely certain of his premises and consequently—no mistake.

Edson Smith of Santa Ana, California, is treasuring a slate for many years—of which he is even more proud than is Dr. Sweringen of his ballot trick—covered by writing alleged to have been put there by the spirit guides of Mr. Keeler. Mr. Smith knows for certain that he was not mistaken, and is absolutely certain of his premises. But for every one Sweringen, Peebles and Smith there are fifty others, equally intelligent, who will testify to the contrary.

The genesis of present day physical phenomena, both on the public platform and public scenes, is well known. They have been investigated again and again by those who are not prejudiced for them, and the unanimous verdict is that they are the result of legerdemain.

But such an opinion the Doctor calls my "snap judgment," whereas it is nothing of the kind. My judgment is formed from reliable data from repeated experiments and investigation, while the Doctor believes in phenomena that no one else can verify. It is therefore fair to conclude that his opinion must be a "snap judgment."

This brings up another question—the question of special favors to special people—while, by the way, is as old as Adam and not worth considering now.

It is not yet proven that spirits run vaudeville shows. It takes more than one man's opinion that cannot be verified to prove it. Miss Fay does not claim to do that which imaginative persons claim she does. Every great magician has his admirers, many of whom generally manage to magnify all he does.

At the time Miss Fay gave her entertainment here, when she created the usual excitement among the seekers after wonders, another woman sleight-of-hand performer, by the name of Genevieve Clives, duplicated all Miss Fay's tricks in another hall. She offered to forfeit one thousand dollars to anyone, if she should fail. This brought on the usual excitement, which was finally taken up by the newspapers. A reporter from the Los Angeles Express interviewed Miss Fay with the query: "Genevieve Clives says that she can duplicate all that you do by legerdemain, and she further states that you are no medium any more than herself."

"Well," replied Miss Fay, "I do not claim to be a medium myself; I am not responsible for what others think about my performance. If you will read my handbill, you can see for yourself that there is nothing in it which would lead anyone to believe that I am posing as a medium. But I am getting forty thousand dollars a year for my services—and that is why I am in the business."

Now, will the Doctor believe Miss Fay's own statement—when she says she is not a medium? Why, of course, not. He is "absolutely certain" of his "premises," and therefore could not be mistaken.

P. A. JENSEN.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

### VERMONT STATE CONVENTION.

Thirty-ninth Annual Convention at Montpelier.

The thirty-ninth annual convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association was held at the Montpelier Hotel, Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 24, 25, 26, 1908.

Meeting opened Friday, 2 p. m., with a small audience; but all seemed filled with the spirit, and wished the convention a success in every way.

The first session was taken up by short speeches from the different speakers present. Ensuing meeting opened with a good audience. A welcome address was given by Miss Abbie Crossett, of Duxbury, Vt., to which Miss Edie J. Chapman responded very pleasantly, thanking the society for again inviting them here for another annual convention.

Mrs. Helen T. Russegg, of Hartford, Conn., was introduced, and gave one of her eloquent addresses.

Mrs. Russegg always comes freighted with knowledge from the world beyond. She took for her subject the 9th chapter of Acts, 6th verse. "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came and they spoke with tongues, and prophesied."

Mrs. William Jones, of Williams town, furnished the music during the entire meetings. She gave some very fine selections, and all seemed well pleased with her sweet music.

Saturday passed away with the usual interest manifested in the different sessions, with lectures and messages from the loved ones gone just over there. After the afternoon meeting the business meetings of the State Association were held, at which the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Edie J. Chapman, Cambridge, Vt.; first vice-president, Mr. H. Dewart, St. Albans, Vt.; second vice-president, Mr. E. J. Fallon, Montpelier, Vt.; treasurer, Mr. Don H. Chapman, Cambridge, Vt.; auditor, Mr. J. Fallon.

Board of Managers: Chairman, Jay L. Smith, St. Albans, Vt.; Mrs. Edie J. Ward, Mrs. Belle Hutchings, Dr. N. S. Gould, E. J. Fallon, S. S. Smith, A. F. Hubbard, Mrs. Lizzie Childs, Mrs. Nellie Shaw.

The ladies of the Auxiliary had a sale table which was well-filled with fancy and useful articles to be sold to help defray the expenses of the meetings, amounting \$25.

The Auxiliary, president, Mrs. Edie J. Chapman, vice-president, Mrs. Amelia Wakefield; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. E. J. Fallon.

Sunday evening, meeting was crowded, and Mrs. Russegg gave one of her fine addresses on "The Bible of the Past, Present and Future."

Mrs. Chapman followed with some remarkable tests, and Mrs. Russegg gave a few readings.

Sunday dawned bright and beautiful, with everything in nature to make the convention a success.

The house was filled to overflowing. Mrs. Crossett gave the morning address. She took for her subject, "The Light of Truth." She said we must let our lights shine forth to light the pathway for others to walk thereon.

Afternoon, Mrs. Chapman gave the address, which was of the inspirational type, subject: "The Old and New Spiritualism." Mrs. Russegg followed with psychometric readings. She gave a number of character readings. She merely requests her subject to raise the hand, receiving certain vibrations therefrom. She gave a number of character readings which were pronounced remarkable. Mrs. Chapman followed with spirit messages.

The hall was packed again in the evening, when Mrs. Russegg spoke from the text, "Ye are the Temple of the Living God." The address was of an eloquent and inspiring character, showing the scientific relation between the physical body and the whole universe, with many reflections of an uplifting character as to what we should do and be to make our bodies a fit temple for the indwelling of the Almighty. She also gave several of her psychometric readings, followed by messages through Mrs. Chapman.

At the close readings were passed thanking Mrs. Russegg, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Jones the musician, Landford Sharron of the Montpelier House, the local society, and the Montpelier press for their many courtesies, and to all in behalf of the society for making the convention a success in every way.

Mr. Fallon then invited the Association to again meet here in 1909 for their annual convention, which was left with the board of managers to decide.

Thus closed a very successful convention.

MRS. E. J. FALLON, Sec.  
Montpelier, Vt.

### Collier's Weekly for Woman Suffrage.

Collier's Weekly has come out for woman suffrage in a leading editorial and the Woman's Journal declares the most notable journalistic recruit the cause has gained since the North American Review took a similar stand some months ago.

### Bath-House Named for Woman.

A free public bath-house has been opened in Detroit as the result of a year of agitation and work by club women of the city and state. It has been named "The Clara" in recognition of the efforts of Mrs. Clara B. Arthur, president of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association.

### THE RELIGION OF CHEERFULNESS.

By Sara A. Hubbard.

This little booklet sets forth interestingly a religion which all may admire and experience with benefit to body and mind. It is a volume of holiday present. Daintily printed and bound, in a case. Price 50 cents.

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Truly, the world has NEVER SEEN the like before. Search the annals of history, ANCIENT AND MODERN; critically examine the history of Spiritualism; look here and there, in every nook and corner of the world, and you CANNOT find a parallel to the offer made in reference to these FORTY-FOUR remarkable PREMIUM BOOKS. They constitute a wonderful, fully valuable Spiritualistic and Occult LIBRARY, and are furnished at a nominal sum. All are substantially bound and neatly printed, and those who purchase them are DELIGHTED WITH THEM.

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Any one of the Premium Books you may order, price 25 cents. This is the price, remember, when you ORDER ONLY ONE BOOK in connection with a yearly subscription. The paper one year and one Premium Book, \$1.25.

No premium books will be sent out unless the order is accompanied with a yearly subscription to The Progressive Thinker; but if you order more than one book, the price is as follows:

- Any two of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price 70 cents.
- Any three of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$1.15.
- Any four of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$1.50.
- Any five of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$1.75.
- Any six of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$2.10.
- Any seven of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$2.45.
- Any eight of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$2.80.
- Any nine of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$3.15.
- Any ten of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$3.50.
- Any eleven of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$3.85.
- Any twelve of the Fourteen Premium Books you may order, price \$4.20.

### Prominent Worker Passed to Spirit Life.

On January 31 Mrs. Mary Holmes passed to spirit life at Alliance, Ohio. Her companion preceded her a little over a year. She had spent 72 years of good work on the earth in the up-building of our beloved Spiritualism, having been for many years president of the independent Church of Alliance, and several seasons chairwoman of the Lake Brady camp meeting, being one of its official board at the time of her departure. She was a very useful person, and will be greatly missed, especially in the family where she had one stepson and five step-grandchildren, by all of whom she was loved for her motherly care and kindness.

As the form lay in its couch-casket, robed in white silk, with flowers, it seemed a fitting ending in peace to an earnest earth journey. She was able to make all the arrangements for the transition services, even to inviting the family friends back to dinner. Rev. E. W. Sprague spoke words of wisdom and instruction over the body, moving by ancient and modern thinkers the blessed certainty of life and love, cheering all hearts with his clear-cut and eloquent paragraphs in testimony of the proof of a spiritual Spiritualism being not only the greatest truth, but the greatest blessing of our present life. He closed his eloquent address by an inspiring prayer for the people and doing the work. To develop our psychic powers in a sane and rational way, consciously, so that immortality becomes a positive knowledge, and communication with the unseen a fact, is worth all the effort one can give to realize it. Rev. E. W. Sprague writes: "I certainly think your System grand. I can always see and hear at all times. Dr. C. C. Schmitt, of Dundee, 'certainly writes' like the scientific tone of the lessons so much that I am writing them out for myself. One person is not enough to do it. I am a prominent real estate dealer of Toronto, writes: 'System is itself a good demonstration of the truth. So the students succeed. Send for list of names and full explanation and terms, enclosing stamped addressed envelope to J. C. GRUBBING, 24 Strathmore Rd., Brookline, Mass.'

PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT.

The System of Philosophy concerning "Divinity" is certainly reaching the people and doing the work. To develop our psychic powers in a sane and rational way, consciously, so that immortality becomes a positive knowledge, and communication with the unseen a fact, is worth all the effort one can give to realize it. Rev. E. W. Sprague writes: "I certainly think your System grand. I can always see and hear at all times. Dr. C. C. Schmitt, of Dundee, 'certainly writes' like the scientific tone of the lessons so much that I am writing them out for myself. One person is not enough to do it. I am a prominent real estate dealer of Toronto, writes: 'System is itself a good demonstration of the truth. So the students succeed. Send for list of names and full explanation and terms, enclosing stamped addressed envelope to J. C. GRUBBING, 24 Strathmore Rd., Brookline, Mass.'

PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS, 25 Cts. Mrs. Francis P. Spangler, 22 N. Highland Street, Pittsburg, Kan.

### CURED, WORRY, HURRY, SCURRY, FLURRY.

By William E. Towne. Learn how to cast away unnecessary care. This book points the way. Price, 25 cents.

"Spiritualism and the Law." A Series of Papers Compiled from Legal Authority by the Hon. Charles R. Schmitt of Baltimore, Md. This pamphlet is one that every Spiritualist should read. It is a subject that people are not familiar with. Price, 25 cents.

Just from the press. "Optimism, a Real Remedy," by Horace Fletcher. Optimism means health, pessimism disease, is the watchword of this book. This book is nicely and daintily bound with pictures, including all tools, tables and materials. All sizes complete. Ready for work when received. Guaranteed. WE TEACH YOU the art-furnish recipes, formulas and create every FREE. THE ROYAL, Prof. Gray's new immersion process. Quick. Easy. Latest method. Goods dipped in melted metal, taken out instantly with fine, brilliant, beautiful plate, ready to deliver. Thick plate every time. Guaranteed 5 to 10 years. A boy plates from 100 to 200 pieces silverware daily. \$10 to \$20 worth of work. No plating machine necessary. 25¢ DEMO FOR PLATING IS EXORCISM. Every family, hotel and restaurant have goods plated instead of buying new. It's cheaper and better. Buy yours, jewelry shop, fancy store, good plating shop. You will not need to canvas. Our agents are all the work they can do. People bring it. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we and collectors to gather for a small per cent. Plating is honest and legitimate. Customers are everywhere. WE ARE RESPONSIBLE. And guarantee everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go to business for yourself. WE TEACH YOU. How to do it. Send for our new plan. Samples of plating, testimonials and circulars FREE. Don't wait. Send us your address at once. Gray & Co. Plating Works, 937 Gray Building, Cincinnati, O.

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- 2—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 2.
- 3—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 3.

These three volumes have been prepared by J. R. Francis. They contain invaluable data.

4—Ghost Land, "Spiritualism, Occultism, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten."

5—The Next World Interviewed, by Mrs. S. G. Horn, a most remarkable medium.

6—The Occult Life of Jesus, by Alexander Smith, a medium of rare gifts.

7—A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands. Translated by A. Farness, a wonderful English medium.

8—The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science, by Hudson Tuttle.

9—Seers of the Ages, or Spiritualism Past and Present, by Dr. J. M. Peebles.

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W. T. MARLER.  
Apalachicola, Fla.

Appreciation of the Work of Mrs. D. A. Morrill.

A notable speaker and message bearer, Mrs. D. A. Morrill of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has just closed her little room for the winter with the Apalachicola Psychic Society.

Her stay in our little city was one of the long-to-be-remembered incidents in the life and progress of the place. Few of our people know anything of Spiritualism. Nine-tenths of those who do, know nothing of a trance speaker and message bearer; in fact the South has much to learn about this new and "dangerous" spiritual doctrine.

If we call it "Christian Spiritualism," it does not frighten the old-time religionist so much, but if you forget yourself and call it "Spiritualism," then that is perfectly dreadful. In the minds of our prominent orthodox people, "Christian Spiritualism" seems to invite the co-operation of angel friends, but the very name of Spiritualism seems to open up the great pagan hell, out of which come evil spirits.

To those of our citizens who have set under the spell-binding voice of Mrs. Morrill's lecture guide, there is left little room for doubt as to her genuine control and most beautiful philosophy or religion. It Spiritualism is to be propagated healthfully and successfully, either as a religion or philosophy, then the proper thing for us to do is to put much workers as Mrs. Morrill in the field, and hold them up as the standard of the world. It is a body and soul phenomena, can be made popular and of interest in any town in this broad land of ours. No

## A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT ATLANTIS, and the accompanying map and description thereof, its won derful and advanced civilization of 12,000 years ago, and the light and lesson it gives forth upon the problems of to-day is worth more to the historian, the statesman, the student, and even the general reader, than many times the price of the book—to say nothing on the many topics of which it treats, sufficient to interest deeply every school of thought in this momentous time of the world's history. This book is endorsed by Prof. Larkin, the great Astronomer and scientist; he regards it as one of the greatest books of the present age. Address MISS M. B. M. OLIVER, No. 415 North Fremont avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Price \$2.00; postage 14 cents.

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THE GREAT WORK is Vol. III, of the "Harmonic Series." It makes clear the Way of Mastership. This is the Way that the individual who is the Master of himself, and who is the Master of others, and who is the Master of the world, and who is the Master of the universe, and who is the Master of the gods, and who is the Master of the devils, and who is the Master of the angels, and who is the Master of the spirits, and who is the Master of the elements, and who is the Master of the forces, and who is the Master of the powers, and who is the Master of the mysteries, and who is the Master of the secrets, and who is the Master of the unknown, and who is the Master of the future, and who is the Master of the past, and who is the Master of the present, and who is the Master of the whole, and who is the Master of the part, and who is the Master of the all, and who is the Master of the nothing, and who is the Master of the everything, and who is the Master of the universe, and who is the Master of the world, and who is the Master of the nation, and who is the Master of the city, and who 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