

The Progressive Thinker.

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

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Immortality Not Forced On Any One.

The Views of a Prominent Medium—The Degraded Spirit Is Finally Disintegrated, as Set Forth by the California Philosopher, Charles Dawbarn.

Yes, the distinguished Pacific coast philosopher has presented thoughts which have attracted a great deal of attention. To me they are important witnesses as to what was given me by a controlling spirit some years ago. When first receiving the seemingly strange philosophy, I did not care to impart it to others. I feared ridicule and strong opposition; but now when seeing it from the pen of our noted Charles Dawbarn, I no longer hesitate to give the important information that was handed me from my reliable guide, who likewise claims that the so-called dark spirit has not evolved the brightness of the one we call our angel visitor. He also states that the retrograding spirit is the road to extinction, and to actual disintegration of his personality; and positively affirms that he will again appear in another form of existence, but not in a personality that belongs to another soul.

I will give a part of what I received from my guide, my questions and his answers. It may not agree with all that has been handed out on this subject; but we all have a right to express ourselves, so I hand it forth, and let criticism be the result.

Q.—What is the outcome of continual retrogression?

A.—The wrongdoer finally destroys himself by his own hand. The low, degraded mind with its abnormal appetites for lust naturally assists in disconnecting itself from the divine life, therefore subjecting its personality to disintegration.

Q.—Does the real man or soul germ of life ever become extinct?

A.—Life is eternal, therefore it can not die. The soul germ is a part of the divine life, and is self-sustaining, so it can not become disintegrated. Divinity is the purifying element of humanity; hence when personality becomes a man of corruption, it sends forth a destructive influence and the organism is no more in form. The scattered thoughts exist awhile longer, but without individuality can no more have to the sensitive side of life. The freed soul germ again is forcibly attracted to the material plane of life for another personality, and under the same condition as before it finds expression through the positive and negative laws of life.

Q.—How low must the personality become before the final dissolution takes place?

A.—When all that is divine ceases to be, then the personality is a fit subject for the dissipation of its degraded condition.

Those who have not made a study of the dark side of spirit life may say, "Such divinity is not God, but love, and will save all his children." This is just what the seeming cruelty is doing, for it is destroying the polluted personality so that good may take its place for a better individuality. The souls of men are the children of the living God, not the personalities, who are subject to evil as well as good. Yes, God is love, for he kindly delivers the immortal soul when all hope of a better personality is gone. The orthodox church claims that all things are possible with God; that this were true our world would long have been a place of paradise. Some of our Spiritualists positively assert that there is no evil and think strange of the Christian Scientist for saying, "There is no pain." My reason and experience teach me that both pain and evil exist.

I, as a missionary medium, have helped a great many evil spirits to a purer state of living and to an understanding of their degraded condition; but some are so low in vice that they can not be affected. I have watched these closely for years and really apprehend that they are retrograding. This is why I have asked my guide what would become of those that were continually going backward. As his mission is to help sinners, I have great confidence in what he tells me regarding anything of this kind.

With my experience as a medium I have had great opportunities in knowing that there is an element of life in opposition to good in spirit life as well as here on the material plane. It must have a name. Why not call it evil? Why should we call it undeveloped good? Good does not come from a lower state, but from a divine source. It may seem to come from a lower state on account of its unfoldment in nature. The crude material is only becoming more fit for the higher to act upon. Good and evil have always existed as opposites, just as positive and negative forces have. The positive element is life eternal; the negative is subject to disintegration. When a personality loses all of its positive force it begins to crumble into particles, so when greatly corrupted it is soon disintegrated by the divine power that must have all things pure. The personality may seem destroyed on account of its blotted out existence; but as nothing can be annihilated in nature the fragments of the personality again appear in another form of life. While passing through the testing process the fragments are purified, thus becoming fit for further use. The good, or the soul of our universe possesses a large amount of acquisition, hence there is no waste of its material; but as the great architect has a strong taste for perfection, it is ever remodeling its tarnished handiwork.

Some might wonder why such a

doctrine as this was not given through all mediums. Their guides may be more interested in some other matter, or they might feel that so unpopular a philosophy would put a stumbling block in the way of their instruments. Most mediums might not be adapted to receive this kind of information; and if they were doubtful regarding the matter, that alone would close the door to impression. In some cases the spirit control might not believe the doctrine. Not all spirits are educated concerning every law in spirit life. Many people in this life doubt spirit return, but that does not make it untrue.

The most brilliant do not always uncover all the hidden mysteries. In this life many doubters have lived so we must expect them over there.

In conclusion I will say that every mystery should be uncovered and thoroughly investigated. Pure normal personality might clothe every soul if the world was rightly educated in conserving that which produces individuality.

MRS. JENNIE MARTIN.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

HEROIC WORK SAVES HER.

Mrs. Carrie M. Hinsdale, President of the Texas State Spiritualist Association, Has a Close Call—A Five-Hour Effort Succeeded in Saving Her Life.

Five hours' work against the torrential water pouring over Arlington Heights boulevard at the city park Sunday was necessary to effect the thrilling rescue of Mrs. Carrie M. Hinsdale.

Mrs. Hinsdale's home is on the north side of the boulevard and opposite the new park entrance, and her attractive yard and flower garden are a familiar sight to those who have driven or ridden along the road.

She awoke Sunday morning to find her home surrounded by the flood and the front yard deep in water. With her little Bella Hayworth, 12 years old, other neighbors had fled during the night and Mrs. Hinsdale was without means of calling help. With the little girl's aid she took a sheet and painted on it the word "HELP," and hung the sheet on the front porch of her home. Two men who drove down to the park Sunday morning and tried to cross the flooded road, the sign, but were unable to reach her. They gave the alarm, however, and at once attempts were begun to rescue the occupants of the house.

Exciting Attempt at Rescue.

A little after noon Dick Zimmerman, a former policeman, and Patrolman Nichols rode into the flood and swam their horses to Mrs. Hinsdale's home. To get there Patrolman Nichols had to cut through a barbed wire fence. Zimmerman took the little girl on his horse and Mrs. Hinsdale mounted behind Nichols. The horses started swimming back against the swift current and Zimmerman's with the lighter load reached the shore safely.

Nichols' horse either lost its balance or stepped into a hole, for it suddenly went down. Instantly Nichols jumped off, thinking the horse could swim to shore with Mrs. Hinsdale. It was unable to do so and sank twice. Mrs. Hinsdale holding it around the neck.

Seeing her peril, Nichols turned and attempted desperately to swim against the swift current, but was unable to do so. Meantime Zimmerman, seeing what had happened, bravely rode his horse into the deep water a second time to aid Mrs. Hinsdale and Nichols. Before he reached either was taken in the ropes and another man swam with the rope to the house where Mrs. Hinsdale was.

Then Will Houghton, who lives near the city park, and G. W. Moser started for the house in a boat, guiding themselves by the rope. They reached the house, got Mrs. Hinsdale and the girl and started back for the south side of the boulevard. As they got half way across, the crowd, which numbered nearly 2,000 persons, broke into a cheer, but just then the men lost hold of the rope, the boat swung round, nearly capsized, and started down stream. By means of a paddle Moser was able to guide it up to the house whence they had started.

A second start was made and this time the men were successful. They crossed the boulevard, brought the boat to where the water was only three feet deep, and from there Mrs. Hinsdale, half fainting from exposure and the chilly plunge she had made was carried to safety by Chief Madison and another volunteer.—The Worth (Texas) Telegram.

Truly a Grand Spectacle.

Christian and Pagan Religious Influence, Nineteen Centuries Apart, Expressing the Same Thought and Hoping the Same Hope.

"Count Tolstoy, the Russian author, celebrates his eightieth birthday this summer, but expresses his preference for death. The Paris Daily Mail prints his reply to a friend who congratulated him recently on the approach of his birthday, which ran as follows: 'It is another happiness that I await—Death.' In a letter which is published in the Paris Matin he amplifies this saying and adds that all earthly life is a dream and that death is the true awakening. This letter runs as follows:

"All our life, from birth to death—is it not, with all its dreams, itself a dream? Does not our belief in its reality spring solely and entirely from our ignorance of any other life more real? Our earthly life is one of the dreams of another and more real life, and that other life is a dream of yet another life, and so on ad infinitum, even to the last life, the life of God.

"Death in youth is as when a man is awakened before he has slept full measure. Death in old age is as when a man wakes of his own accord after good sleep. Suicide is as a nightmare which a man banishes by remembering that he is asleep; he makes an effort, and he wakes.

"Deep sleep, without dreams, is comparable to semilife. It is the sleeper conscious of what goes on around him, and ready to awake at any moment, who has knowledge, though but vague, of the life whence he came and whither he shall return.

"Even in this present dream-life we feel that which the new life will perhaps make real to us. The earthly form in which the awakening of our knowledge of the true life finds us appears as a limitation to the free development of our spirit. The true life begins when that limitation is removed. This idea embodies all the knowledge of the truth which gives to man the consciousness of eternal life.

"I believe with all my soul in what I say. I feel, I know with certainty that in dying I shall be happy, that I shall enter a world more real."—Literary Digest.

Turning our ears to the past, and listening across the expanse of nineteen centuries, we hear the voice of Cicero, put by him into the mouth of Cato, the Censor, saying:

"It likes me not to mourn over departing life, as many men of learning have done. Nor can I regret that I have lived, since I have so loved that I may trust I was not born in vain; and I depart out of life as out of a temporary lodging, not as out of my home. For nature has given it to us as an inn to tarry at by the way, not as a place to abide in.

"O glorious day! when I shall set out to join that blessed company and assembly of disembodied spirits, and quit this crowd and rabble of life!

"For I shall go my way, not only to those great men of whom I spoke, but to my own son Cato, than whom was never better man, born, nor more full of dutiful affection; whose body I laid on the funeral pile—an office he should rather have done for me.

"But his spirit has never left me; it still looks fondly back upon me, though it has gone assuredly into those abodes where he knew that I myself should follow.

"And this my great loss I seemed to bear with calmness; not that I bore it undisturbed, but I still consoled myself with the thought that the separation between us could not be for long.

"And if I err in this—that I believe the SPIRITS of men to be IMMORTAL—I err willingly; nor would I have this mistaken belief of mine uprooted so long as I shall live.

"But if after I am dead, I shall have no consciousness, as some curious philosophers assert, then I am not afraid of dead philosophers laughing at my mistake."

TOLSTOY AND CICERO, two of earth's greatest names are here presented.

Tolstoy, a scion of the Russian aristocracy, which represents and defends an autocracy the most cruel and brutal that now curses the world.

This old man is a dreamer of dreams, a writer of fiction, a hater of war and its bloody atrocities, a man of inspired genius, a prophet and philosopher of more than Stoic virtues and purity.

Although surrounded by an INSANE LUST for money, which is everywhere corrupting the morals of civilized men, he steadfastly refuses to take money as a compensation for the handiwork of his pen. He fearlessly denounces the sins and iniquities of the worst government on earth; yet the frozen regions of Siberia hold no terrors for him. And why? The reason is plain. His name and his character are known and loved to the uttermost limits of civilization. Even the Czar has some conception of the force and effect of moral influences.

Cicero, the greatest product of the ancient Italian civilization, a statesman, a patriot, a scholar, an author, and above all, an orator, more richly endowed with the divine gift of eloquence than any other of the sons of men.

He stands pre-eminent as the representative of the highest culture, both moral and intellectual, then existing—the exponent of the purest morality of his time.

To him we are indebted for all we know of the Greek systems which succeeded the schools of Plato and Aristotle.

He was, of course, the sworn enemy of that wicked Triumvirate which was organized for the overthrow of the Roman republic. They could not overcome his mighty influence—he must, therefore, be removed—not deported to Gaul—but assassinated. Consequently in the year B. C. 43, and at the age of 63, he became the victim of a hired assassin. He died a martyr to the cause of morality and decency.

Cicero, B. C. 43; Tolstoy, A. D. 1908, two of the world's great men, standing 1,951 years apart, one developed under the Pagan religion and the other under the Christian religion—one from the sunny South and the other from the frozen North—both expressing the same thought and hoping the same hope!

Does history afford a grander spectacle? D.

Bellvue, Ill.

Astronomical Facts.

In an article written by a correspondent is the following: "Then he asked the lecturer how long it would take for a Spiritualist to get to heaven beyond the stars and clouds, seeing the nearest star is about 33 millions of miles away."

If it is quoted correctly it would show an ignorance of astronomical names and terms.

There is no star at that distance. Mars, the planet which shines by borrowed light, is about that distance from the earth at times.

But the nearest star is at a distance so far from earth that light traveling at the rate of 182,000 miles a second, will take four years to reach us, and of course, if such terms are used in a scientific question, people of learning and erudition will only sneer at the person exposing his ignorance of facts and terms used by truly scientific men.

Let all Spiritualists learn that out-things of 60 millions of millions of ages.—Greek.

side of our planetary system is an miles before you reach the nearest fixed star, which shines by its own inherent light. Planets are never called Stars by scientific men.

From this slipshod way of presenting facts from the spiritualist rostrum comes very pertinent criticism.

N. V. HUTCHESON, M. D.

766 Adams St., North Abington, Mass.

"Call Them Back!"

A SAILOR'S NARRATIVE.

Vivid Experiences Illustrating the Nearness of Spirit Life.

I forget the year I sailed from Boston with a cargo of merchandise, for a port in the State of Maine. There was a strong breeze from the S. E. At sundown we were near the Isle of Shoals, with a heavy wind from the S. E., with threatening clouds portending a coming storm. I deemed it not prudent to run for the Coast of Maine with my deep laden vessel, in view of the prospective storm, so I shaped my course for the mouth of the river, upon which Portsmouth, N. H. is situated. It being dark when I got in, I was unable to clearly judge the distance it was from the shore, when I came to anchor. As it happened I got a little too near the shore, and when the tide went out the rudder struck the bottom, and was unhung and stuck. I took a pole we had and stuck it down in the mud, at the stern, so the vessel should swing, by change of wind, or otherwise, I would know the location where I thought the rudder ought to be, if it sunk. Of that, however, I was not sure.

Having breakfast, we commenced search for the rudder. The water being thick and muddy we could not see bottom. I tried to feel it with boat-hooks, but couldn't find it. I looked along the shore, and finally I decided that it must have been carried out of the harbor with the ebb-tide. So I went on shore and engaged a ship-carpenter to make me a new one. He showed me where to set my vessel up against the wharf, so he could come in the morning when the tide was out, and take the measure and make the rudder. All well so far.

Bed-time came and we went to bed. "Turned in," as the sailors say. I don't know how long I had been asleep, when I plainly saw, standing beside my bed (bunk), a man, whom I did not know, looking at me, and he said, "I can tell you where the rudder is."

I replied, "I wish you would." Then he said, "You come with me." I went with him. We went out over the water to the pole I stuck in the mud in the morning. Then he said, "Do you see that pole you stuck down in the mud this morning?"

"Yes."

Then he said, "Look on the bottom, about 10 feet S. E. from the pole." I did so, and there lay the rudder. I saw it plainly, although the water was thick and muddy. Then he said, "You come here tomorrow morning when the tide is out, and you can get it."

Just then I partially turned to look at him, and I awoke from sleep. I was surprised as never in my life before, to find it was a dream, for I never did anything with any person more natural in my life. It left an impress of truth upon my mind. I had seen the rudder. I knew it was there.

The morning came. I took a man with me, in the vessel's boat, with a boat-hook. We went to the spot indicated. I took the boat-hook, and put it down where I had seen the rudder, and hooked it the first time. We could not see it upon the bottom, because the water was thick and muddy. This is the solemn truth. I have no comments to make. You can draw your own conclusions.

I Heard a Voice—A Tale of the Ocean.

Having delivered a cargo of lumber to the consignee on the Island of Guadeloupe, one of the Windward Islands, bordering on the Caribbean Sea, I came down to Turk Island, one of the Bahamas, and took on board a cargo of salt for North Carolina. Leaving the island in thick and hazy weather, I shaped my course for Cape Hatteras. A mild trade-wind, about a five-knot breeze, constant in duration, swept us gently on toward our destined port. On the third day out, I knew by dead-reckoning that we were nearing our destined port.

Continued cloudiness had prevented me from obtaining an observation of the sun, therefore I was not able to determine my exact location. The wind was getting variable, we were in the Gulf Stream, I knew by the temperature of the water. The wind was still fair. What shall I do? To run for land without the proper knowledge of my location, would be a reckless act of vessel and our lives. On the other hand, I was in danger of losing the favoring wind. Just at this time the cloudiness lifted in the north, and the sky and stars came out clear and bright.

It then occurred to me that I might find the latitude by the North Star if the horizon should remain well defined. I got my instrument. With a little effort I caught the star's reflected image in the mirror. I measured its height, with all possible care, under the conditions. I calculated the latitude by it, and it seemed to me that it ought to be about right, but could I trust that star? Could a possible mistake occur? I thought to run. Then I dare not. In this perplexing state of mind I was walking the deck when a clear and distinct voice, just over my right shoulder, said, "GO AHEAD! YOU ARE ALL RIGHT!"

With that voice came the conviction of its truth. I took the course the star had given me, and in two hours made Hatteras' Light, as straight as if shot from a rifle. I passed up the coast South-west of Cape Hatteras; weather thick and threatening; land indistinct. By two p. m. I was opposite what I deemed the place of entrance to the North counties of North Carolina, and ran in; but I soon discovered I had made a mistake. I had overruled my mark. I was embayed in Cape Lookout Shoal. The wind had changed to the S. W. I must now beat to windward in order to strike my vessel from the dangerous surrounding. Night was near, with increasing cloudiness, and strengthening gale. A deep laden vessel with

a heavy sea, midst dangerous shoals, was not a "hymn of joy," but like Shakespeare's sailor boy, "Though the frail mast should shiver like a reed and rent canvas fluttering, I shew the gale, still must I on."

I stood on toward the main land until I judged I could fetch by the shoal. I tacked ship and stood off toward the point of the shoal, hoping to go by, but I could not. I tacked ship again, and stood toward the land as near as I dared. I tacked once more; wind blowing a gale, and heavy sea. I reefed the sails, stood off toward point of shoal. Darkness prevailed, and sea growing rougher; gale increasing; every thread of canvas was strained to its utmost tension; sea breaking over us; still on we strained toward the point of shoal.

Will she fetch by? If not, we are doomed, for she will never go in stays again. A forlorn hope—our anchors. My young wife was in the cabin asleep. Let her sleep on. Go at last, if we must. I will take her with me, with as little suffering as possible.

Once more a delusive hope prompted me to set more sail, thinking by so doing I might get her again in stays. I ordered two men to go aloft and turn the reef out of the topsail, while I took the wheel. They had got about half way up the rigging when a voice, clear and distinct, at my right shoulder, said: "CALL THEM BACK!" I did call them back. They heard my voice above the roar of the wind and rushing waves, and came back.

"That final point," to be or not to be," was fast approaching. "Five fathoms," called the man at the lead, with lessening depth as the moments passed, "and half five." What! throw again! "Six fathoms!" Great Father! are we passing the shoal? "Seven fathoms!" We must be surely going by. "Eight fathoms," followed by "Nine" and "Ten." Then I knew we had passed the shoal.

Now I come to the sequel of my story, though roughly told, it possesses the diamond quality of truth. Under the lee of that shoal, with shortened sail, we laid off and on until morning. When daylight came we were surprised to find that our mainmast was broken about one-half off by the deck, and held in place by the standing rigging. The foremast was broken at the head, and it also was held up by the standing rigging. Had I set that extra sail, which I surely should have done, had it not been for the warning voice, both masts would have gone by the board. In such contingency, imagination must fill the scene.

My Love and I.

Many years ago, I was a young sea captain. When upon a time a young lady broke into and disturbed the even tenor of my life. She doubled my resolution. She filled the world with beauty, and my soul with joy. We came to be companions of mutual like, until, as in my absence, the steam war-ship Missouri, came visiting along the coast of Maine. My lady friend, with others, went on board to see her. A young midshipman saw my friend, and became charmed with her beauty. Making himself very gracious. When he left, with her consent, a correspondence was opened. She had a lady friend, to whom she read the letters received from him, and that lady friend made all known to me; so that evening I said: "Inasmuch as you have another friend, I will go home and stay there until you have decided what you want to do; then if you send for me I will come here."

She seemed greatly surprised, and in parting her tears were flowing. I replied, "She never sent for me. I never saw her again. That midshipman resigned his position in the navy and married her. In a little over a year she died."

Fifteen years had been added to the forgotten past since her death, when one evening, being in the presence of a trance medium, she held out her hand and called me by name, saying: "I thought I would come and have a little talk with you about that concealed letter."

"Who are you?"

She replied, "You were at one time my friend."

"I hope so. What was your name?"

The name of my long since lady love was given. I critically called for the evidence of her identity. She responded without a single failure. Being convinced she was who she claimed to be, I said: "What did you mean by a concealed letter?"

She replied: "I mean the letter you took from my bosom that exposed me."

"Why," I said, "I never took any letter from your bosom."

"You did. You took the letter from my bosom that exposed me."

"I am sure that I never did, for if I had done such a thing I would surely remember it."

Then she said, "I sat on the sofa beside you and dropped to sleep, and you took that letter from my bosom."

"I never did it!"

"Oh, you have forgotten it."

"I very well remember of her sitting beside me on the sofa, and going for a moment to sleep; that is true, but I never took a letter from her bosom, and I never saw one of her letters. She never mistrusted that her confidant had betrayed her, so having but mislaid the letter, she judged that I got it, and through it the information that I seemed to possess, that as she expressed it, exposed her, and that she died so believing, and I suppose she believes it yet."

I have ever regarded this incident as the best evidence of individual Spirit existence that I have ever received.

To write this story out in full, it would be a romance of rare beauty.

DANIEL REED.

3108 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Soft is the music that would charm a rover.—Wordsworth.

SKEPTICISM AND CRITICISM.

A Seance Held Under Test Conditions.

To the Editor:—Your recent letter, some editorials and the severe criticism and skepticism recently expressed to the writer by friends and half-fledged Spiritualists, prompted us to put our good friend the medium, Mr. James A. Caton, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, under strict test conditions at one of his seances in this city.

Sunday, May 3rd, at 8:30 p. m., in the dining room of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Welsh, of this city, we were gathered to the number of seventeen besides the medium.

The writer approached the medium while he was pouring water through his trumpet, immediately before sitting down to his work, and addressed him as follows: "Mr. Caton, I assure you of my own sincere confidence in your mediumship and honesty. However, to put at rest the awful skepticism of some people, we ask you if you will consent to go under strict test conditions to-night."

Mr. Caton replied: "I am somewhat astonished at this, as I think you people have known me long enough, yet I will go under test conditions, provided they are not cruel, and with the understanding that after 20 or 30 minutes of such conditions I be freed after everyone has completely satisfied themselves that I have nothing to do with the phenomena except to lend my presence to the circle."

We therefore put one end of six yards of mosquito netting under his chair legs and feet, then sewed his coat-sleeves to his trousers, crossed the hands, and sewed the coat sleeves to each other; sewed his coat shut at his breast; passed the mosquito netting over his head, raised the rear legs of the chair, passed the netting under them, pinned the netting to his clothing on both sides. Two men selected by the circle were commissioned to place the side legs of their chairs over some of the netting on the floor, and to grasp his hands.

The lights were then extinguished, and truly marvelous physical phenomena occurred; in fact, much stronger phenomena than usually occurs at his seances.

His main control, Dr. Sayers, spoke to us as we started to sing, he said, "Good evening, friends! Well, well! Oh, well! It's all right, but I don't like it. Still, I hope it will do good, and that it will convince some of the doubting Thomases. But I want you to release my medium as soon as you are all satisfied."

The medium's usual voices, loud, plain-talking, whispers, and independent voices occurred, all bearing the earmarks of the individuals they claimed to be, except some of the strange spirits and Indians. Chairs were pulled from under the sitters; the writer and several others were levitated a few inches from their chairs and gently lowered against no chairs under them. Two men on the other side saw the four trumpets on the table rise at once when the room was darkened, and saw them vibrating up and down over the table. (There was a little light from one of the windows, about three seats to the right of the medium, which made this possible. The two sitters changed on each side of the medium every few minutes: 10 to 12 times every few minutes, as some one or another called out to light up quickly. No one was restricted in this lighting-up business. Once a chair was removed from under a lady, three places removed from the medium, the chair tapped her twice gently on the head, which was a light tap, and she sat up at once, but we found her chair on top of the four trumpets on the table under the chandelier, which is suspended three feet above said table. One of the sitters who was sitting at his request for the second time next to the medium, was found under the table and held there until we lighted up. These and many other things occurred in the short 25 to 30 minutes of the test conditions.

We then released the medium, finding all stitches intact. We then continued our regular nice, more civil, and quiet communion with our departed friends for 30 minutes. After that we held a light seance, which was more remarkable, but as I have taken up so much of your space, I will not go into further details.

Friend Francis, there is certainly plenty of genuine phenomena, although as I stated before, less than one-tenth of our present which passes genuine phenomena is fraud. No doubt, on the other hand, there is such real phenomena occurring constantly that it is not observed or noticed that it more than offsets the fearful amount of deliberate fraud.

I wish to say that personally I have seen very little fraud or what even seemed to be such. I write the above partly because I have seen no report of late in The Progressive Thinker from this section.

Sincerely yours, R. STARCKE.

I fully endorse the above narrative.

TITUS M. WELSH.

Beaver Falls, Pa.

Those who come to whom it will be given to see the elementary machinery at work; who, when they see from some slight hint of the straw, will feel the winds of March when they do not blow. To them will nothing be trivial, seeing that they will have in their eyes the invisible conflict going on around us, whose features a nod, a smile, a laugh, of ours perpetually changes, and they will perceive, moreover, that in real life all things together, the train is laid in the lifting of an eyebrow, that bursts upon the field of thousands. They will see the links of things as they pass, and wonder not, as foolish people now do, that this great matter came out of that small one.—George Meredith.

The glory of science is that it is freeing the soul, breaking the manacles, getting the brain out of bondage, giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy.—Robert C. Ingersoll.

An Old-Time Worker.

It is with great pleasure that we publish below an Address by the Hon. A. B. French, known in former years as the "Silver-Tongued Orator of Spiritualism."

BRILLIANT ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Hon. A. B. French at the Eighty-sixth Birthday Anniversary of Dr. J. M. Peebles, at Clyde, Ohio.—The Doctor's Feeling Response.

My Friends: I am supremely happy to-night. It is always a pleasure to meet my friends and neighbors. To have added to this presence our guest, Dr. Peebles, whom I have known and admired through more than four decades of vanished years, makes this, indeed, one of life's luminous hours.

Listening to these letters from absent friends, so full of tenderness, and the voice of the song breathing in aeolian sweetness the spirit of this occasion, I feel myself lifted to a Pisgah summit, far above the "din and jar" of mortal strife, where the divine in the human shines out like a brilliant star.

Eighty and six years! Looking forward—how long; going back on the swift wings of memory—how short!

What is time? We watch the rising and setting sun, the ever-changing moon, and the changeless stars driving their blazing chariots around the blue dome above us, and the seasons as they come and go, and we say, "this is time." But it is simply motion—and what is motion but the pulsebeats of the infinite heart. The great poet has truly said: "We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths. We should count time by heart-throbs, not fingers on a dial. He lives most who thinks most, acts the noblest and the best."

Measured by this high standard, what a wonderful life our friend's has been! Every life must touch sun and shade, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, and at last lie down in the lap of death, to awaken in the morning of a new day. Behind birth an unmaped ocean beats the shore no mortal feet have touched, and beyond death's willow-fringed harbor lies a country surpassing every earthly dream.

Our friend's life has been so fortunate. I can only offer my feeble congratulations with his unnumbered friends to-night.

He was born at the right place and in the right time. We are just beginning to learn that man's early environment has much to do with his subsequent life. It was fortunate for him that he came to this world with the red blood of the Scotch pioneer coursing in his veins. Great lives are rarely born on beds of damask, nor are their infant lips fed with golden spoons. I may be partial to New England, but if I were to choose a place of birth, I would select the foot of the Green Mountains where our pilgrim friend was born.

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I congratulate him to-night upon the time of his coming. I believe with the wise king of Israel, there is a time to be born. There are times when great mental revolutions, like the mighty swells of the uplifting sea, are gathering; times when long-anchored thought breaks from its moorings and proudly rises on a crest of freedom. At such periods you can no more check the forces gathered than you can cork the mouth of a volcano or whip an earthquake into silence. The closing years of the first quarter of the nineteenth century witnessed this condition. It was a period of intense unrest. Religion was about to break the bonds of Calvinism. The government must break the chains of slavery. In New England the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers beat in the hearts of the sons. Poets are prophets—so sensitive they gauge the coming storm, as the meteorologist feels the oncoming tempest through the hollow air.

He was yet in life's early morning when Whittier and Longfellow, and across the ocean, Gerald Massey, were singing the songs of freedom; William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips began to speak and write. The conflict between democracy and aristocracy was gathering. Religious ideas were also being stirred. Old creeds must be modified and new ones written. Calvinism was as cold as an Arctic ocean, and its God as inhuman as Nero. Beecher had begun his eloquent sermons for human liberty. In Boston Theodore Parker proclaimed in beautiful sermon and prayer, a simple and sublime Theism, which sees high over all creeds and lesser gods the one Eternal Father as the Source of all Light, Life and Love.

Our guest was born for public life. The stars decreed on the day of his birth that he should be a preacher. In fact, I am quite certain that there was a council of stars on this occasion. Some first commanded him to preach; and Mercury, the swift-winged messenger of the gods, said he would write; while Herschel, the slow and strange giant of the skies, closed the interview by saying that they could do what they pleased with him in early life, but that he would make him a traveler in later years. He began preaching in early life. So generous was his heart, he chose the most humane creed of all, and began to preach Universalism as taught by the cultured Chapin.

But this work must soon change. There were other signs in the skies and sounds in the air. Young Science had cast aside its infant clothes and grown into a giant, measuring arms with theology on the intellectual stage. This Samson of intellectual strength tore down many a theological castle as easily as David slew Goliath. Herbert Spencer announced the law of evolution and rhythm of motion. Darwin began his search, with keen, intellectual headlight, in a museum of monkeys, baboons and chimpanzees, to find the origin of man. Geologists were beating rocks for fossils of the long dead ages. Chemists in their laboratories were driving matter on rollers of fire from solids to gases, as children play with toys. Astronomers turned the eyes of the telescope up into the blue heavens, watching the gorgeous pageantry of the stars as they marched forever around their central suns. Physiologists, with whetted blades of polished steel, cut away muscles, nerves, arteries and into the gray matter encased in human skulls.

But science nowhere found a conscious, human soul. The hour was ominous. Rachels were weeping for children Death's cold hand had touched—weeping love was calling, but no sound came back from death's deserted halls. Science could not find a human soul.

In this fearful silence, when doubt and hope sat under a weeping cloud in life's lone Gethsemane, sounds were heard in Hydesville, New York. They were not terrific like thunder-peals or rumbling earthquakes, but gentle as the cooing of a dove or the soft patter of raindrops on the parched roof that covers a sleeping child. From beyond the hollow empire of death voices had fallen at last into love's sensitive ear as sweetly as moonbeams fall upon the crystal lips of a glassy lake.

Our friend listened to these sounds, and a new world opened before him. He had preached faith and a free salvation; now, like Saul on the way to Damascus, a voice had called him. He soon found himself immersed by the great psychical wave sweeping over the arid desert of materialism.

He has proclaimed the new gospel with tongue and pen for more than half a century, and five times girdled the globe. Of those who labored with him in the first decades of this movement, nearly all have crossed the divide. Only Andrew Jackson Davis, the Swedenborg of the nineteenth century, and a few remain. Edmonds, Talmage, Tiffany, Hallack, Denton, the eloquent Brittan, with classical pen, and Finney, with his tongue of fire, have been transferred to the public of the skies.

Eighty and six years! What a wealth of experience he has gained!

One can not travel the wide world over, as he has traveled it, without learning great truths narrow minds can not conceive. Humboldt was a great traveler. He loved the physical world and traveled much to investigate its surface. After he had viewed rivers, mountains and seen and climbed Chimborazo till the blood oozed from his lips and gums, he found the Cosmos. He learned that the Rhine, Po, Danube, Mississippi, and Amazon were so many great arteries through one world. The mountains and volcanoes were one—this physical world one great body.

So I apprehend our friend, the doctor, has found humanity is one. He has had his enemies, inspired by envy. What moral hero, what reformer has not? Such traducers, like shapeless clouds and driftwood, soon sink away into the maelstrom of forgetfulness. The mother nursing her babes clad in furs, in cold Kamchatka, the wretched beings in desolate Borneo, the beggar in his rags, the millionaire in his palace are, after all, one humanity, touched by the same loves, fired by the same hopes, traveling to the same grave—hoping, praying, for the same heaven.

He has also, no doubt, learned that the world's religions are one at their core. The Indian's great Spirit, the Christian's Jehovah, or God, the Hindu's Brahm, and the wandering Bedouin, the hoofs of whose flying steed beat the desert sands, and who prays to Allah, are calling different names to express the over-arching Intelligence which girds us 'round about, and in whom we live and have being.

Eighty and six years! What mighty changes! When he was born Queen Victoria was a child of only three years, playing in the home of the Hanovers in England. He has lived through her long reign—(one of the noblest queens God ever gave to an empire. Indeed, she was more than queen; she was a woman, with a woman's heart.)

Less than twelve months before our friend's birth, the old Napoleon died in the paroxysms of a storm at Helena. When he was born our great nation was young, and Ohio a new state in the Federal Union. The great West was almost unknown. Where stood the Indian's wigwam, there great cities have shot up like a star.

He was a boy of more than four years when Jackson was first elected president, and the old hero went to the chair with a broken heart, by the death of the lovely wife he buried at the Hermitage. When he was born, Samuel Morse was painting his portrait of Lafayette, in New York, and he had reached early manhood when Morse had perfected the telegraph and won the thanks of the nation. When he was born, the nations had no steam railroads, and steamships were in their infancy. He has lived to five times girdle the earth in steamers, and is as much at home upon the ocean's breast as a child in the arms of a loving mother.

Telegraph systems, telephones, graphophones, railroads, horseless carriages and air-ships are all the creatures of his day. He is with us now in the opening of the electrical age. What prophet can tell us what marvel this new wizard of earth, air and sky, shall perform? Are we not already stealing the secrets of the universe? And shall not man soon wave the magical wand of universal empire, causing wild and terrific nature to bow at his feet?

Eighty and six years! And still our friend is not old. Victor Hugo once said: "The snow of winter is upon my head, but the eternal spring-time is in my heart." Alpine travelers tell us that the purest mountain streams course beneath the snow-clad Alps and thread their way far underneath the mountain avalanche. Gray hairs are the stainless down angels drop on the storm-beaten heads of life's heroes. The wrinkles on the faces of pilgrims are furrows, when the heart is all too small to contain the tide swell of its emotion. Love, hope and joy never grow old.

Brother Peebles, my voice grows tremulous when I turn to you for this closing word. The memory of forty years' friendship rebukes my weakness. You are in the house of your friends to-night. These tender letters are all for you. This sweet voice of song is for you. These flowers are all yours, and love's tender hand has gathered them for you. If it were in our power, we would give you to-night a flower for every thorn your tired feet may have pressed on life's dusty journey. If we could, we would transform every sigh your weary heart may have drawn into a singing seraph chanting for you, in the illumined bowers of Eden, a song of praise. Could we do it, all the tears your swollen eyes may have wept, would now be made a sun-kissed sea of joy. Go on, brave pilgrim, up century's summit! May each to-morrow grow brighter still, and when your feet shall cross the divide into the land of unending to-morrows, may each one grow brighter and fairer, as the eternal ages let fall their golden sands around you.

"It will be remembered by you, fellow-citizens of Clyde, that mine host was a number of years ago styled at Lily Dale 'the silver-tongued orator,' and listening to his thrillingly eloquent address just now, we can only say—the silver-tongued of the past has been transmuted into the golden mouthed of the present."—J. M. P.

Doctor Peebles' Feeling Response.

"I now call upon Dr. Peebles," said the president, Mrs. French. The doctor rising and casting his eyes over the audience, at the letters just read, and at Mr. French, who had quietly taken his seat, said:

I can not give an address of response. I am overpowered with emotion. Your surprise was complete. The secret was well kept. I did not know that your president, so ably filling the position this evening, had written to one of my friends.

No, I can not talk this evening; my lips are half paralyzed; my brain is whirling in gratitude. I will write out in the future what I would like to say now while the spell of good will is upon you.

This occasion is somewhat embarrassing because looking back over the long pathway of the past I feel that I have only done my duty in whitening harvest fields of reforms.

Eighty-six, and what of it! Often I feel like a gaysome youth of sixteen. The inmost spirit never grows old. Age does not hinge upon dates or years. Active, aged persons have not outgrown their usefulness. Their white hairs are inspirations to others. Though not feeling to shrink any duty I would rather be eighty-six than seventy-six, or sixty-six.

One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm nearer my spirit home to-day than e'er I was before.

All should grow gracefully, ripening like the apple, which, ruddy in the sunshine and morning dew, drops at last into the fruit-gatherer's basket. And so the sunset of life should be more beautiful than its sunrise. Youth, like opening buds, has its work in front of it, while old age, with its stint well done, ready to go when the summons comes, has a quiet charm of its own, a calm richness as of autumnal forests, a serene sanctity like that of a moss-embowered cathedral, and the dignity of the towering oak that reeling, tottering in passing gales and storms, stands—still stands an inviolate, shady retreat for grazing herds and foot-weary travelers.

Old age is a quiet letting-go—fame, riches, fashions, fading, the great, living, pulsing world of spirit seems coming closer, dearer, and more beautiful. The individual is overshadowed by the cosmic. Family lives widen into social, national and international brotherhood, becoming as universal as God's sunshine. He rewards enemies by forgetting them, and searches diligently for the good everywhere, desiring to leave the world more beautiful than he found it. This is a universe of order. God reigns, and ultimately, in ways oft mysterious, to us, the good triumphs, transforming the thorns that pierce into white roses, which blooming send their fragrance down through the intermingling races into the far-off ages.

In these travels among the evergreen isles of the Pacific—travels in and through many so-called heathen lands, as well as the most enlightened, during these five voyages around the world, I have witnessed more sea-calms than storms, have beheld more shimmering sunbeams than dark shadows, have seen vastly more smiles than tears, and have heard thousands of merry peals of laughter ringing out from both peasant's hut and the king's palace for a single groan of agony. Surely, God is good, and so optimistic and so alive with faith am I that I travel on trustingly toward that upper city of immortality which hath substantial foundations, and, as an ancient apostle said, "whose builder and maker is God."

Though how an octogenarian and more, life was never so sweet and golden. I look back over the long journey, tangle-footed at times,

without a sigh or a tear; nor do I say pessimistically, "It might have been." God and his ministering angels ever know best. "Not my will," exclaimed the Martyr and thorn-crowned Man of Nazareth, "but thy will, O God! be done." I can not in justice to my feelings abstain from quoting the beautiful words of my personal friend, the good, gray American poet, Walt Whitman. I met him for the last time previous to his departure from earth in Camden, N. J. To have heard him read his "Leaves of Grass" was, of itself, worth a short life-time.

All seems beautiful to me

I can repeat over to men and women, You have done such good to me I would do the same to you, I will recruit for myself and you as I go, I will scatter myself among men and women as I go, I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them, Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me, Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be blessed, and shall bless me.

Eighty-six years have I dwelt in this fleshly tabernacle. It has served me well because I built and am still building it up with care. The body does not build the spirit, but the ego.

The conscious spirit builds the body and clothes it. The spirit of the mortal organism is a semi-detached portion of the Infinite Spirit. In consonance with the Divine Will I incarnated, and twelve times since have I re-incarnated. In this sense re-incarnation, perpetual re-incarnation, is true. Remove a finger nail and in sixteen weeks you have a new one. The soft, fleshy portions of the organization cells, muscles, nerves, ligaments change through excretions in from three months to three years, and the bones in from three to seven years—change, CHANGE, and yet I, the real, inmost man, persists—consciously persists and re-incarnates. Accordingly, I am not the man in manifestation that I was twenty-one years ago, fourteen years ago, or even seven years ago. The past was and is gone. Let it go—bury it from the memory—forget it. No one can make a past fallen hair black or white.

Each event filled its place in time's temple. None are perfect. The wisest make mistakes. The world's worst have their good traits; and down in the soul's subterranean depths all are alike—all are equally pure. To this end the clear-seeing illustrious, Andrew Jackson Davis, the father of modern Spiritualism, wisely said when in his superior state: "The foundational character of every one is innately divine and forever beautiful. It is God-like because it is an INDIVIDUAL DETACHMENT of the Monothist principle, the Great Positive Mind. It is pure and immaculate, the same in essence as in confirmation."

Though on the eighty-seventh racetrack, marked by mile-posts toward the century, I have an immense amount of work laid out before me. As a free man, I speak the downright truth in my lectures and books, as I understand it, and I care not a pauper's penny whether praised or blamed.

I am too busy to think about death, and there is too much fuss made about dying. It is nature's process of laying down a fleshly burden, and of the rising of the spiritual into the brightness and beatitudes of immortality. Pamper not the curious with a gazing, shrinking at the corpse's face that so recently beamed in love and sweetness. Burning is preferable to burying the forsaken tenement. If not burned, then move on to the cemetery in lively moving carriages, realizing that it is the last kind act toward a deserted shell. Mourning garments, useless and often expensive, are but sombre mentes of the Dark Ages. Black, with its aural emanations, is repellent to the lovely home-imagery of angelic life. The dying often smile, but never weep. Put flowers on the door knob, and garland the cold form with lilies and wreaths of rose-buds.

I have no conception of "lottering" down the decline of life. The phrase is beyond my comprehension. I expect to work on the very morning of my departure, and sleep into the better land of immortality at the sunset of the same evening. I feel as though I had just begun to live—to see, to comprehend. Heights rise above me, and I am conscious of the mighty immensities lying beyond. Sometimes, for the moment, a sad thought comes to me when I think that I have outlived so many of my esteemed contemporaries—Fishbough, Brittan, Denton, Kiddle, J. O. Barrett, Elder Giles B. Avery, Elder Frederick W. Evans, A. E. Newton, J. H. Harter, Damon Y. Kilgore, J. Rodes Buchanan, Joel Tiffany, Giles B. Stebbins, S. J. Finney, Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, E. V. Wilson, E. S. Wheeler, Emma H. Britten, Adin Ballou, Abram Smith, Luther Colby, William White, James Burns, S. C. Hall, William Howitt, Benjamin Coleman, Stanton Moses, and other regal-souled toilers on both sides of the Atlantic and across the Pacific waters for human good—toilers upon whose foreheads the immortals wrote, ere their transition, the words, "Faithful—true and faithful!"

The glorious company of the apostles honor them!
The goodly fellowship of the prophets honor them!
The noble army of martyrs honor them!
The mighty hosts of heavenly spirits honor them—
for their work's sake.

Increasing years bring to me no limitation, but rather expansion in the line of increasing reform labor. What I do not finish here I shall accomplish in the next stage of existence through sensitives and willing intermediaries.

This is God's world, rainbowed with promise. Come light or darkness, I don't worry. The wild animals that howl purify the air, and the rains that rust the wheat, revive the grass. Often misunderstood, sometimes misrepresented, frequently walking on thorn-piercing pavements, I stopped not by the wayside to bemoan the rough pathway, but traveled on, inspired by faith within and warmed by the shining sun above me. I never witnessed a starless night. If clouds shut away the glimmerings of the stars from my vision, I knew that they were still above, shining, and that the radiance of morning light would come.

Once I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the countryside adorning;
But, whilst I grieved, behold! the East grew red
With morning.

Thanking my friends for their kind and loving congratulations and thinking of the morning—the morning-time of immortality, I trust to be pardoned if wrong for inserting the following poems, the first one being so admired by the sainted mother of Mrs. French.

THUGS MAKE VICTIM DISROBE.

Finding Only \$35 and Watch, While Expecting More, They Beat Him Unconscious.

"Because he only had \$35 and a silver watch in his pockets, two robbers early to-day beat Andrew Harte into insensibility. Thinking he had more money, the robbers compelled Harte to disrobe. Their search failing, they again beat him and fled."

Harte lay in the alley near Polk and Sherman streets for several hours before he was discovered by the Harrison street police.

"He said he had recently come from Hungary, and that the money taken from him was all the money he had in the world. The police will attempt to find his friends."

Here we have a most remarkable case that occurred in this city, one that is heart-rending in every particular. These two robbers were without a single vestige of human sympathy in their nature. Finding that their victim had only \$35 in his possession, they became incensed thereat and beat him into a condition of insensibility.

They doubtless have received the designation of being human beings. If so, they are degenerated of the worst kind imaginable. Beyond of all human feelings, what is in store for them in the future? Are

the entitled to immortality? Yes, perhaps, if they should reform, but being degenerates they will, when they shall have reached the spirit world, find themselves in partial, if not in total darkness. There, without the least light in their souls, they will gradually, no doubt, descend in their depravity, and at last their spirit be disintegrated, returning to the several natural provinces, as set forth by Charles Darwin, the California philosopher, from which they were derived.

As to absolute immortality, no one as yet has lived long enough to demonstrate it. It is a question that the wisest angel has not been able to decide; yet there are those on the spirit side of life whose wisdom cannot be questioned, who say that immortality, or a continued existence is only bestowed upon those who are entitled to it. Those who have no light in their souls will be finally blotted out of existence.

It is a mistaken idea that immortality is enforced on any living creature. If you finally gain it, YOU WILL HAVE TO EARN IT. H. S. Chicago, Ill.

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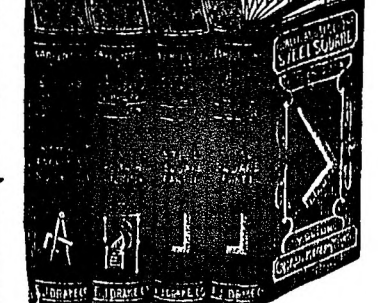
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An Old-Time Worker.

It is with great pleasure that we publish below an Address by the Hon. A. B. French, known in former years as the "Silver Tongued Orator of Spiritualism."

BRILLIANT ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Hon. A. B. French at the Eighty-sixth Birthday Anniversary of Dr. J. M. Peebles, at Clyde, Ohio.—The Doctor's Feeling Response.

My Friends: I am supremely happy to-night. It is always a pleasure to meet my friends and neighbors. To have added to this presence our guest, Dr. Peebles, whom I have known and admired through more than four decades of vanished years, makes this, indeed, one of life's luminous hours.

Listening to these letters from absent friends, so full of tenderness, and the voice of the song breathing in æolian sweetness the spirit of this occasion, I feel myself lifted to a Pisgah summit, far above the "din and jar" of mortal strife, where the divine in the human shines out like a brilliant star.

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What is time? We watch the rising and setting sun, the ever-changing moon, and the changeless stars driving their blazing chariots around the blue dome above us, and the seasons as they come and go, and we say, "this is time." But is it simply motion—and what is motion but the pulsebeats of the infinite heart. The great poet has truly said: "We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths. We should count time by heart-throbs, not fingers on a dial. He lives most who thinks most, acts the noblest and the best."

Measured by this high standard, what a wonderful life our friend's has been! Every life must touch sun and shade, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, and at last lie down in the lap of death, to awaken in the morning of a new day. Behind birth an unmapped ocean beats the shore no mortal feet have touched, and beyond death's willow-fringed harbor lies a country surpassing every earthly dream.

Our friend's life has been so fortunate. I can only offer my feeble congratulations with his unnumbered friends to-night.

He was born at the right place and in the right time. We are just beginning to learn that man's early environment has much to do with his subsequent life. It was fortunate for him that he came to this world with the red blood of the Scotch pioneer coursing in his veins. Great lives are rarely born on beds of damask, nor are their infant lips fed with golden spoons. I may be partial to New England, but if I were to choose a place of birth, I would select the foot of the Green Mountains where our pilgrim friend was born.

Nature speaks to the plastic soul of the child with myriad voices. She speaks in the wandering winds, in the ripple of the clear streams, in the song of the happy birds and draws pictures in wood, tree, flowers, and soft light of the evening stars, never to be effaced from memory. No one has yet told us what the wooded cliffs of the Avon did for Shakespeare, or how much the heather-covered hills and banks of Ayr did for the songs of Burns. No doubt nature did much for our friend in child life. The Green Mountains and the distant Adirondacks, clad in the white robes of winter, or bathed in the mellow rays of summer's sun—the waters of Lake George and Champlain—the mountain streams, singing birds, and sighing winds wove subtle threads in child-life, and whispered freedom to his soul the coming years could not efface.

I congratulate him to-night upon the time of his coming. I believe with the wise king of Israel, there is a time to be born. There are times when great mental revolutions, like the mighty swells of the uplifting sea, are gathering; times when long-anchored thought breaks from its moorings and proudly rises on a crest of freedom. At such periods you can no more check the forces gathered than you can cork the mouth of a volcano or whip an earthquake into silence.

The closing years of the first quarter of the nineteenth century witnessed this condition. It was a period of intense unrest. Religion was about to break the bonds of Calvinism. The government must break the chains of slavery. In New England the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers beat in the hearts of the sons. Poets are prophets—so sensitive they gauge the coming storm, as the meteorologist feels the oncoming tempest through the hollow air.

He was yet in life's early morning when Whittier and Longfellow, and across the ocean, Gerald Massey, were singing the songs of freedom; William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips began to speak and write. The conflict between democracy and aristocracy was gathering. Religious ideas were also being stirred. Old creeds must be modified and new ones written. Calvinism was as cold as an Arctic ocean, and its God as inhuman as Nero. Beecher had begun his eloquent sermons for human liberty. In Boston Theodore Parker proclaimed in beautiful sermon and prayer, a simple and sublime Theism, which sees high over all creeds and lesser gods the one Eternal Father as the Source of all Light, Life and Love.

Our guest was born for public life. The stars decreed on the day of his birth that he should be a preacher. In fact, I am quite certain that there was a council of stars on this occasion. Some first commanded him to preach; and Mercury, the swift-winged messenger of the gods, said he would write; while Herschel, the slow and strange giant of the skies, closed the interview by saying that they could do what they pleased with him in early life, but that he would make him a traveler in later years. He began preaching in early life. So generous was his heart, he chose the most humane creed of all, and began to preach Universalism as taught by the cultured Chapin.

But this work must soon change. There were other signs in the skies and sounds in the air. Young Science had cast aside its infant clothes and grown into a giant, measuring arms with theology on the intellectual stage. This Samson of intellectual strength tore down many a theological castle as easily as David slew Goliath. Herbert Spencer announced the law of evolution and rhythm of motion. Darwin began his search, with keen, intellectual headlight, in a museum of monkeys, baboons and chimpanzees, to find the origin of man. Geologists were beating rocks for fossils of the long dead ages. Chemists in their laboratories were driving matter on rollers of fire from solids to gases, as children play with toys. Astronomers turned the eyes of the telescope up into the blue heavens, watching the gorgeous pageantry of the stars as they marched forever around their central suns. Physiologists, with whetted blades of polished steel, cut away muscles, nerves, arteries and into the gray matter encased in human skulls.

But science nowhere found a conscious, human soul. The hour was ominous. Rachels were weeping for children Death's cold hand had touched—weeping love was calling, but no sound came back from death's deserted halls. Science could not find a human soul.

In this fearful silence, when doubt and hope sat under a weeping cloud in life's lone Gethsemane, sounds were heard in Hydesville, New York. They were not terrific like thunder-peals or rumbling earthquakes, but gentle as the cooing of a dove or the soft patter of rain-drops on the parched roof that covers a sleeping child. From beyond the hollow empire of death voices had fallen at last into love's sensitive ear as sweetly as moonbeams fall upon the crystal lips of a glassy lake.

Our friend listened to these sounds, and a new world opened before him. He had preached faith and a free salvation; now, like Saul on the way to Damascus, a voice had called him. He soon found himself immersed by the great psychical wave sweeping over the arid desert of materialism.

He has proclaimed the new gospel with tongue and pen for more than half a century, and five times girdled the globe. Of those who labored with him in the first decades of this movement, nearly all have crossed the divide. Only Andrew Jackson Davis, the Swedenborg of the nineteenth century, and a few remain. Edmonds, Talbot, Tiffany, Hallock, Denton, the eloquent Brittain, with classical pen, and Finney, with his tongue of fire, have been transferred to the public of the skies.

Eighty and six years! What a wealth of experience he has gained!

One can not travel the wide world over, as he has traveled it, without learning great truths narrow minds can not conceive. Humboldt was a great traveler. He loved the physical world and traveled much to investigate its surface. After he had viewed rivers, mountains and seen and climbed Chimborazo till the blood oozed from his lips and gums, he found the Cosmos. He learned that the Rhine, Po, Danube, Mississippi, and Amazon were so many great arteries through one world. The mountains and volcanoes were one—this physical world one great body.

So I apprehend our friend, the doctor, has found humanity is one. He has had his enemies, inspired by envy. What moral hero, what reformer has not? Such traducers, like shapeless clouds and drift-wood, soon sink away into the maelstrom of forgetfulness. The mother nursing her babes clad in furs, in cold Kamchatka, the wretched beings in desolate Borneo, the beggar in his rags, the millionaire in his palace are, after all, one humanity, touched by the same loves, fired by the same hopes, traveling to the same grave—hoping, praying, for the same heaven.

He has also, no doubt, learned that the world's religions are one at their core. The Indian's great Spirit, the Christian's Jehovah, or God, the Hindu's Brahm, and the wandering Bedouin, the hoofs of whose flying steed beat the desert sands, and who prays to Allah,—are calling different names to express the over-arching Intelligence which girds us 'round about, and in whom we live and have being.

Eighty and six years! What mighty changes! When he was born Queen Victoria was a child of only three years, playing in the home of the Hanovers in England. He has lived through her long reign—(one of the noblest queens God ever gave to an empire. Indeed, she was more than queen; she was a woman, with a woman's heart.)

Less than twelve months before our friend's birth, the old Napoleon died in the paroxysms of a storm at Helena. When he was born our great nation was young, and Ohio a new state in the Federal Union. The great West was almost unknown. Where stood the Indian's wigwag, there great cities have shot up like a star.

He was a boy of more than four years when Jackson was first elected president, and the old hero went to the chair with a broken heart, by the death of the lovely wife he buried at the Hermitage. When he was born, Samuel Morse was painting his portrait of Lafayette, in New York, and he had reached early manhood when Morse had perfected the telegraph and won the thanks of the nation. When he was born, the nations had no steam railroads, and steamships were in their infancy. He has lived to five times girdle the earth in steamers, and is as much at home upon the ocean's breast as a child in the arms of a loving mother.

Telegraph systems, telephones, graphophones, railroads, horseless carriages and air-ships are all the creatures of his day. He is with us now in the opening of the electrical age. What prophet can tell us what marvel this new wizard of earth, air and sky, shall perform? Are we not already stealing the secrets of the universe? And shall not man soon wave the magical wand of universal empire, causing wild and terrific nature to bow at his feet?

Eighty and six years! And still our friend is not old. Victor Hugo once said: "The snow of winter is upon my head, but the eternal spring-time is in my heart." Alpine travelers tell us that the purest mountain streams course beneath the snow-clad Alps and thread their way far underneath the mountain avalanche. Gray hairs are the stainless down angels drop on the storm-beaten heads of life's heroes. The wrinkles on the faces of pilgrims are furrows, when the heart is all too small to contain the tide swell of its emotion. Love, hope and joy never grow old.

Brother Peebles, my voice grows tremulous when I turn to you for this closing word. The memory of forty years' friendship rebukes my weakness. You are in the house of your friends to-night. These tender letters are all for you. This sweet voice of song is for you. These flowers are all yours, and love's tender hand has gathered them for you. If it were in our power, we would give you to-night a flower for every thorn your tired feet may have pressed on life's dusty journey. If we could, we would transform every sigh your weary heart may have drawn into a singing seraph chanting for you, in the illumined bowers of Eden, a song of praise. Could we do it, all the tears your swollen eyes may have wept, would now be made a sun-kissed sea of joy. Go on, brave pilgrim, up century's summit. May each to-morrow grow brighter still, and when your feet shall cross the divide out into the land of unending to-morrows, may each one grow brighter and fairer, as the eternal ages let fall their golden sands around you.

"It will be remembered by you, fellow-citizens of Clyde, that mine host was a number of years ago styled at Lily Dale 'the silver-tongued orator,' and listening to his thrillingly eloquent address just now, we can only say—the silver-tongued of the past has been transmutated into the golden mouthed of the present."—J. M. P.

Doctor Peebles' Feeling Response.

"I now call upon Dr. Peebles," said the president, Mrs. French. The doctor rising and casting his eyes over the audience, at the letters just read, and at Mr. French, who had quietly taken his seat, said:

I can not give an address of response. I am overpowered with emotion. Your surprise was complete. The secret was well kept. I did not know that your president, so ably filling the position this evening, had written to one of my friends.

No, I can not talk this evening; my lips are half paralyzed; my brain is whirling in gratitude. I will write out in the future what I would like to say now while the spell of good-will is upon you.

This occasion is somewhat embarrassing because looking back over the long pathway of the past I feel that I have only done my duty in whitening harvest fields of reforms.

Eighty-six, and what of it! Often I feel like a gaysome youth of sixteen. The inmost spirit never grows old. Age does not hinge upon dates or years. Active, aged persons have not outgrown their usefulness. Their white hairs are inspirations to others. Though not feeling to shrink any duty I would rather be eighty-six than seventy-six, or sixty-six.

One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er. I'm nearer my spirit home to-day than e'er I was before.

All should grow gracefully, ripening like the apple, which, ruddy in the sunshine and morning dew, drops at last into the fruit-gatherer's basket. And so the sunset of life should be more beautiful than its sunrise. Youth, like opening buds, has its work in front of it, while old age, with its stint well done, ready to go when the summons comes, has a quiet charm of its own, a calm richness as of autumnal forests, a serene sanctity like that of a moss-embowered cathedral, and the dignity of the towering oak that reeling, tottering in passing gales and storms, stands still stands an inviting, shady retreat for grazing herds and foot-weary travelers.

Old age is a quiet letting-go—fame, riches, fashions fading, the great, living, pulsing world of spirit seems coming closer; clearer, and more beautiful. The individual is overshadowed by the cosmopolitan. Family lives widen into social, national and international brotherhood, becoming as universal as God's sunshine. He rewards enemies by forgetting them, and searches diligently for the good everywhere, desiring to leave the world more beautiful than he found it. This is a universe of order. God reigns, and ultimately, in ways oft mysterious to us, the good triumphs, transforming the thorns that pierce into white roses, which blooming send their fragrance down through the intermingling races into the far-off ages.

In these travels among the evergreen isles of the Pacific—travels in and through many so-called heathen lands, as well as the most enlightened, during these five voyages around the world, I have witnessed more sea-calms than storms, have beheld more shimmering sunbeams than dark shadows, have seen vastly more smiles than tears, and have heard thousands of merry peals of laughter ringing out from both peasant's hut and the king's palace for a single grain of agony. Surely, God is good, and so optimistic and so affine with faith am I that I travel on trustingly toward that upper city of immortality which hath substantial foundations, and as an ancient apostle said, "whose builder and maker is God."

Though now an octogenarian and more, life was never so sweet and golden. I look back over the long journey, tangle-footed at times,

without a sigh or a tear; nor do I say pessimistically, "It might have been." God and his ministering angels ever know best. "Not my will," exclaimed the Martyr and thorn-crowned Man of Nazareth, "but thy will, O God! be done." I can not in justice to my feelings abstain from quoting the beautiful words of my personal friend, the good, gray American poet, Walt Whitman. I met him for the last time previous to his departure from earth in Camden, N. J. To have heard him read his "Leaves of Grass" was, of itself, worth a short life-time.

All seems beautiful to me. I can repeat over to men and women, You have done such good to me I would do the same to you, I will recruit for myself and you as I go, I will scatter myself among men and women as I go, I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them, Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me, Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be blessed, and shall bless me.

Eighty-six years have I dwelt in this fleshly tabernacle. It has served me well because I built and am still building it up with care. The body does not build the spirit, but the Ego.

The conscious spirit builds the body and clothes it. The spirit of the mortal organism is a semi-detached portion of the Infinite Spirit. In consonance with the Divine Will I incarnated, and twelve times since have I re-incarnated. In this sense re-incarnation, perpetual re-incarnation, is true. Remove a finger nail and in sixteen weeks you have a new one. The soft, fleshy portions of the organization cells, muscles, nerves, ligaments change through excretions in from three months to three years; and the bones in from three to seven years—change, CHANGE, and yet I, the real, inmost man, persists—consciously persists and re-incarnates. Accordingly, I am not the man in manifestation that I was twenty-one years ago, fourteen years ago, or even seven years ago. The past was and is gone. Let it go—bury it from the memory—forget it. No one can make a past fallen hair black or white.

Each event filled its place in time's temple. None are perfect. The wisest make mistakes. The world's worst have their good traits; and down in the soul's subterranean depths all are alike—all are equally pure. To this end the clear-seeing illustrious, Andrew Jackson Davis, the father of modern Spiritualism, wisely said when in his superior state: "The foundational character of every one is innately divine and forever beautiful. It is God-like because it is an INDIVIDUAL DETACHMENT of the Monothist principle, the Great Positive Mind. It is pure and immaculate, the same in essence as in confirmation."

Though on the eighty-seventh racetrack, marked by mile-posts toward the century, I have an immense amount of work laid out before me. As a free man, I speak the downright truth in my lectures and books, as I understand it, and I care not a pauper's penny whether praised or blamed.

I am too busy to think about death, and there is too much fuss made about dying. It is nature's process of laying down a fleshly burden, and of the rising of the spiritual into the brightness and beatitudes of immortality. Pamper not the curious with a gazing, shrinking at the corpse's face that so recently beamed in love and sweetness. Burning is preferable to burying the forsaken tenement. If not burned, then move on to the cemetery in lively moving carriages, realizing that it is the last kind act toward a deserted shell. Mourning garments, useless and often expensive, are but sombre mementoes of the Dark Ages. Black, with its aural emanations, is repellent to the lovely home-imagery of angelic life. The dying often smile, but never weep. Put flowers on the door knob, and garland the cold form with lilies and wreaths of rose-buds.

I have no conception of "tottering" down the decline of life. The phrase is beyond my comprehension. I expect to work on the very morning of my departure, and sleep into the better land of immortality at the sunset of the same evening. I feel as though I had just begun to live—to see, to comprehend. Heights rise above me, and I am conscious of the mighty immensities lying beyond. Sometimes, for the moment, a sad thought comes to me when I think that I have outlived so many of my esteemed contemporaries—Fishbough, Brittain, Denton, Kiddie, J. O. Barrett, Elder Giles B. Avery, Elder Frederick W. Evans, A. E. Newton, J. H. Harter, Damon Y. Kilgore, J. Rodes Buchanan, Joel Tiffany, Giles B. Stebbins, S. J. Finney, Judge Edmond, Robert Dale Owen, E. V. Wilson, E. S. Wheeler, Emma H. Britten, Adin Ballou, Abram Smith, Luther Colby, William White, James Burns, S. C. Hall, William Howitt, Benjamin Coleman, Stainton Moses, and other regal-souled toilers on both sides of the Atlantic and across the Pacific waters for human good—toilers upon whose foreheads the immortals wrote, ere their transition, the words, "Faithful—true and faithful!"

The glorious company of the apostles honor them!
The goodly fellowship of the prophets honor them!
The noble army of martyrs honor them!
The mighty hosts of heavenly spirits honor them—for their work's sake.

Increasing years bring to me no limitation, but rather expansion in the line of increasing reform labor. What I do not finish here I shall accomplish in the next stage of existence through sensitives and willing intermediaries.

This is God's world, rainbowed with promise. Come light or darkness, I don't worry. The wild animals that howl purify the air, and the rains that rust the wheat, revive the grass. Often misunderstood, sometimes misrepresented, frequently walking on thorn-piercing pavements, I stopped not by the wayside to bemoan the rough pathway, but traveled on, inspired by faith within and warmed by the shining sun above me. I never witnessed a starless night. If clouds shut away the glimmerings of the stars from my vision, I knew that they were still above, shining, and that the radiance of morning light would come.

Once I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the countryside adorning;
But, whilst I grieved, behold! the East grew red
With morning.

Thanking my friends for their kind and loving congratulations and thinking of the morning—the morning-time of immortality, I trust to be pardoned if wrong for inserting the following poems, the first one being so admired by the sainted mother of Mrs. French.

THUGS MAKE VICTIM DISROBE.

Finding Only \$35 and Watch, While Expecting More, They Beat Him Unconscious.

"Because he only had \$35 and a silver watch in his pockets, two robbers early to-day beat Andrew Harte into insensibility. Thinking he had more money, the robbers compelled Harte to disrobe. Their search failing, they again beat him and fled."

Harte lay in the alley near Polk and Sherman streets for several hours before he was discovered by the Harrison street police.

"He said he had recently come from Hungary, and that the money taken from him was all the money he had in the world. The police will attempt to find his friends."

Here we have a most remarkable case that occurred in this city, one that is heart-rending in every particular. These two robbers were without a single vestige of human sympathy in their nature. Finding that their victim had only \$35 in his possession, they became incensed thereat and beat him into a condition of insensibility.

They doubtless have received the designation of being human beings. If so, then they are degenerates of the worst kind imaginable. Be-
reft of all human feelings, what is in store for them in the future? Are

the entitled to immortality? Yes, perhaps; if they should reform, but being degenerates they will, when they shall have reached the spirit world, find themselves in partial, if not in total darkness. There, without the least light in their souls, they will gradually, no doubt, descend in their depravity, and at last their spirit be disintegrated, returning to the several natural provinces, as set forth by Charles Darwin, the California philosopher, from which they were derived.

As to absolute immortality, no one as yet has lived long enough to demonstrate it. It is a question that the wisest angel has not been able to decide; yet there are those on the spirit side of life whose wisdom cannot be questioned, who say that immortality, or a continued existence is only bestowed upon those who are entitled to it. Those who have no light in their souls will be finally blotted out of existence.

It is a mistaken idea that immortality is enforced on any living creature. If you finally gain it, YOU WILL HAVE TO EARN IT. H. S. Chicago, Ill.

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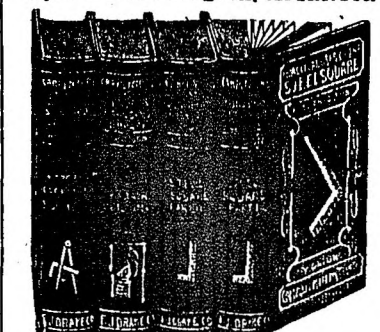


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A Reminder of the Past—Caution for the Future.

According to the Christian dates near 2,000 years have been wasted in trying to Christianize the world. At this time the population of the earth probably a little exceeds 1,600 millions of people. Counting the entire population of all so-called Christian countries, and there are less than 500 millions, Greek, Roman and Protestant Christians. Eliminate the heretics and infidels, who are very numerous in all Christian countries, far more plentiful than is generally supposed, then it is questionable if one-fifth of the entire population of the world is Christian.

At the time when it was claimed the Emperor Constantine was converted to Christianity, about A. D. 322, the Roman Empire was dominant from the Indus in the East, to the Atlantic on the west, including North Africa and the British Islands.

All the intricate countries became at once Christian by authority of law.

Not stopping to show that all those countries had a religion precisely the same as Christian at the time of Constantine's conversion in all but the name, will not the thinker and the mathematician be so kind as to tell us, with all the prestige the Roman government brought to its aid; the crusades waged in the interests of the faith for more than one hundred years; the Inquisition fires and torture-chambers, and wars in which millions were slain to make converts, how long will it be before Christianity will dominate the globe?

The case of discarding the faith when not protected by government, was seen in France during the great revolution commencing in 1789, and terminated by the strong arm a few years later, under the master hand of Napoleon.

If a country all Christian, as France was in 1789, could rise in rebellion, throw off kingly power, and priestly rule in a day, or a year, what is not possible in any other country?

With the non-warrior element, the women, eliminated from the body politic in America, how long would it require to effectually divorce church and state in this country? The fathers of the Republic designed to make the separation complete; but priestcraft gained control of the courts, and by a false interpretation of the implied powers of government, they have really habilitated church rule, abolishing church property from taxation, and extending to it privileges never dreamed of by the fathers.

When the French revolution burst on the world, the wealth of France was in the church and the nobility. Substituting multimillionaires, and powerful syndicates for the French nobility, and how far short of the condition prevailing in France in 1789 from that existing in the United States to-day?

The same dissatisfaction of the middle classes, and unrest is here. The priesthood are just as tyrannous and determined to rule now as they were upwards of a hundred years ago. We are only recounting facts, with the purpose of counseling the church to not press the people too far; for there is an element in this country insistent on the natural rights belonging to them, and once in arms to redress wrongs kind Heaven can only know where the strife will end. It is hoped not in cities on fire and a nation rolled in blood; but history has a terrible habit of repeating itself.

Celsus Was a Neo-Platonist.

It makes no difference, save for accuracy, whether Celsus was a Pagan philosopher, or a Christian Father, when he wrote:

"Whether the Supreme Being is called Zeus, or Zen, or Adonia, or Saboth, or Ammon, or Pappaeus does not matter, if all the people who use these names mean identically the same person."

And does not common sense agree with Celsus, without regard to his religious convictions?

Attention called to the subject, we find the Encyclopedia Britannica says:

"The name [Celsus] was a very common one. Upwards of twenty persons of the name are mentioned within the first three centuries of the Christian Era."

And, strange, is it not? history is uncertain which Celsus Origen made prominent by quoting his sayings, and replying to them. There was one, an Epicurean philosopher, and another, a Neo-Platonist, otherwise an Eclectic. To the non-critical reader the subject has little interest. He who cares to investigate may consult "Supernatural Religion," American edition, p. 534, to conclusion.

Since Celsus is in review, and his opinions harmonize so well with modern advanced thought, we take pleasure in copying and making accessible to all our readers, what the Christian Father Origen credits to Celsus. We quote from p. 296, Vol. 5, of Encyclopedia Britannica:

"The only possibility of the existence of such a person as the Christian Jesus that he could conceive depended upon his being demonic, but Jesus showed nothing of that majesty, that grandeur, that energy of will in worldly affairs which he deemed essential to the demon. He therefore rejected his pretensions entirely, as inconsistent with his philosophy; but he believed that even on the basis of a philosophy which permitted the supernatural, the claims of Jesus must be rejected. And so his arguments are made to come from a Jew. The Jew rejects the miraculous birth of Jesus. Mary was divorced from her husband, and wandering about, fell in with a Roman soldier, Panthera, who was the father of Jesus. Jesus being needy, went down to Egypt, and there learned all the tricks by which he could work apparent miracles, and on the strength of this knowledge he claimed to be God, when he returned to Judea. But who could believe the statements made in regard to him—who heard the voice at his baptism? None but himself and a companion who shared his dream, or rather, his imposture. The miracles ascribed to him are absurd. Anyone could see such miracles by paying a few obols to an Egyptian juggler."

"If Jesus was God, would he have chosen such wicked and worthless men as his apostles? If he knew Judas would betray him why did he make him his companion?"

"But the story of the resurrection seems especially absurd. He was condemned publicly before the eyes of all. No one doubts this. If he rose again, why did he not make his justification as public. Would he not have confronted his judges, his accusers, the general public, and given indubitable evidence that he was not a malefactor?"

"And who saw him after he rose again? A half-insane woman and one or two followers who were in the very humor to trust to dreams, or to an excited fancy. In this way the Jew discusses many of the statements made in the gospels, and comes to the conclusion that Jesus was an ordinary man."

Says the Britannica: "Celsus then shows that the Greeks had all that was true in Christianity, but in a nobler and better form, and he ends with a practical application, urging Christians to give up their separatist tendency, to worship the demons, and to join in all civil and military duties imposed on citizens by the state."

"In exhibiting the superiority of the Greek doctrines over the Christian, Celsus points to the circumstance that THE GREEKS APPEAL TO REASON, while the CHRISTIANS CRY OUT BELIEVE, BELIEVE!"

Many modern thinkers seem to entertain views in harmony with an intelligent pagan, who gave evidence of being a person of good sense.

Who Bore the Cross to Golgotha?

Mat. 27:22 says: "They compelled Simon to bear the cross." John 19:17—"They took Jesus and led him away, he bearing his own cross."

The inscription on the cross, Matthew says: "This is Jesus the King of the Jews." Mark says the inscription was: "The King of the Jews." Luke says the words were: "This is the King of the Jews." While John makes the inscription read "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews."

The discrepancy in statement varies in all the principal narratives relating to the crucifixion, the hour and the persons who visited the tomb, the time and place of his ascension, and furnishes the skeptic with cause to suspicion the whole story is a fabrication. Attempts at reconciliation only make the inharmonious more apparent. In courts of law witnesses making such variant statements are treated as self-impeached.

Will Stand Aghast, Stricken and Helpless.

That is a crushing yet truthful statement of Prof. Wenley, of the University of Michigan, before an Episcopal Congress, wherein he said:

"The truths of Christianity do not seem to be peculiar to it. Similar teachings are found in other and older religions."

The Progressive Thinker has challenged the clergy many times, and now repeats, defying them to name one symbol, just one symbol, sacrament, or article of faith common to Christians, which was not in use by religious sects long before the alleged birth of Jesus. We have proved that what are denominated pagan religions absolutely practiced the eucharistic sacrament, as also baptism, and employed the cross as their symbol ages ago, before there was a Christian.

We are prepared to prove that belief in Osiris was the corner stone in the Egyptian religion, exactly as faith in the saying grace of Jesus is the corner-stone of Christianity.

And now another fact. The three Gods in one, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost is purely Egyptian, was borrowed from Egyptian mythology, and as originally taught did not do gross violence to common sense. It represented the sun as God, which they worshiped. It bore one name at its rising, another name at noon, another at its setting, and all the time it was the same worshipful sun. Such facts cannot be controverted, and they make possible the further statement of Prof. Wenley:

"The material for a biography of Jesus does not exist. My own conviction is that the negative process of historical research is destined to travel even farther, and it may be when criticism comes to clarify the evidence and to reconstruct the situation from an 'exact' historical standpoint, WE SHALL STAND AGHAST, STRICKEN AND HELPLESS."

A Terrible Shortage of Preachers.

A suggestive fact was revealed by the Presbyterian General Assembly, while in session at Kansas City, "How to recruit the depleted ministry?" It was one of the gravest questions the Assembly had to encounter, and was pending as we wrote. During the discussion it was shown the church claims a membership of four millions, while only 117 are fitting themselves for the ministry. Rev. F. W. Sned of Pittsburgh, chairman of the board of education, declared:

"An adequate ministry is the question of the hour. What does it matter that we have a promising field for religious effort if we have no minister, to send into that field. The low-water mark for ministerial candidates was reached five years ago, and it has not improved a bit."

Instead of a surprise it is a wonder how any self-respecting young man who has taken a regular collegiate course, and familiarized himself with the natural sciences can become so degenerate as to enter an orthodox pulpit, throw his learning to the dogs, and teach the ignorance of two thousand and five thousand years ago, as taught in the Bible. Bishop Grafton, of Fond du Lac, Wis., some years ago, furnished the key-note, which guides all who enter an ecclesiastical pulpit:

"We of the clergy have been made by the church her ministers to teach, not what we think is true, but what she puts into our mouths to teach."

If the preacher teaches any scientific truth which conflicts with the Bible, he is a heretic, and is silenced. No student with good sense is content to sacrifice his manhood to teach what he knows is false.

Hudson Tuttle.

A note from Hudson Tuttle brings the information that he has been quite unwell for a few weeks past, down to the danger-line, in fact. His friends will be glad to learn that he is now on the road to recovery, and hopes he will soon be able to answer the many correspondents whose letters have accumulated during his illness. Good thoughts and best wishes will surely go to him from all our readers.

Changing Front.

We see it stated in the public press that the Congregational church in Augusta, Maine, has appointed a committee to revise its creed so persons may become members without declaring a belief in "Christ."

It was only a little while ago the announcement was made that Andover Theological Seminary, where orthodox clergymen were made, after doing service for a century with abundant resources, finally closed its doors, and died the death that knows no waking. Heaven hasten the day when Truth shall triumph over Error, and Right over Wrong the wide-world over, shall be our constant prayer.

Undertaken a Great Task.

A Buddhist missionary, sustained by ample means, has set out to reform England, and indoctrinate those heathen in the true faith. Of course he will attempt to eradicate the prevalent war spirit, and the slaughter of animals. Success to the movement is the wish of The Progressive Thinker.

A Trenchant Communication.

The Great Work The Progressive Thinker is Doing.—How to Make the Cause Respected.—A Better Understanding in the Eyes of the Law Wanted.

To the Editor: How do you manage to get together such an array of brilliant, interesting and philosophical articles as appear every week in the columns of your paper? If one wants the latest news along the lines of spiritual or liberal work, you always have it; if we want to know the latest methods by which we can get fooled out of our money by those who PROFESS to be mediums, we can learn it here, while at the same time you furnish us with the most thoroughly authentic accounts of wonderful manifestations taking place in the presence of true and tried psychics. We get it all, poetry, philosophy, phenomena, discussions and opinions of the brightest minds of the day, all about what the workers, both on and off the rostrum, are doing, and all for two cents a week. It is a fine thing to have such an avenue through which to exchange ideas.

I wish some of your bright writers would tell us what we can do to make our cause more respected and to give us a better standing in the eyes of the law. Of course, we can, as individuals, live uprightly, and by each one keeping their own dooryard clean, do much to make the whole sweet and wholesome, but I mean as an organized body.

Our attention has been called very forcibly by the troubles through which the noted medium and public worker, Mrs. Pepper Vanderbilt, has been called to pass. When belief in Spiritualism was brought up in court as a sufficient reason for declaring Mr. Vanderbilt incompetent, the judge said that a man's religion could not be interfered with. Then the opposing lawyer came forward with the argument that Spiritualism was not a religion, that its followers made no pretense of religion, did not use the Bible in their services, nor pray to God.

We have got the very best religion in the world, the only reasonable belief, the only one that an honorable man or woman ought to be willing to accept, for it teaches us that we must pay our own debts, not throw them on the shoulders of another; that we must work for whatever of eternal blessedness we hope to attain, the only one that gives us hope and comfort when we are called upon to part with our loved ones, the only one that we do not have to accept wholly on faith, one that we can test for ourselves and prove its truth, the very cap sheaf of all progressive thought, and yet in the eyes of the law, WHAT HAVE WE GOT? Nothing that entitles us to the respect and considerations that is accorded other denominations. What shall we do about it?

Though personal aims and animosities have outwardly seemed to be the cause of the persecutions to which Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have been subjected, SPIRITUALISM HAS BEEN ON TRIAL. Back of all has been hatred of, and determination to down Spiritualism, through its noted representative, Mrs. Vanderbilt. No one can believe for one moment that the suit to declare Mr. Vanderbilt incompetent would have been brought had he chosen to marry a Methodist or a Baptist. No lawyer could have been found to have undertaken the case, but to marry a Spiritualist, of course, he MUST be insane. Though this has been a sore trial to our sister, we feel that good may come of it. Spiritualists will be awakened to the necessity of doing something that will put us in a better position before the courts of law.

We need not all think alike or be obliged to subscribe to exactly the same articles of belief. If we had rather pray to our arisen friends than to God, no harm is done. All good Catholics pray to Mary and all the saints in the calendar. Personally, I feel that should stand a better show if I should ask my spirit father or mother to assist me, than to ask either the saints, or a God that I never saw and can not possibly comprehend, and that must necessarily have much more important business on hand than attending to my little wants; but we all recognize a supreme power, call it God or Nature, and it can not harm us to try and bring ourselves, by prayer and aspiration, in touch with the power that governs the universe and all its workings.

We are prone to think that the hard work has all been done by the pioneers, and that we have nothing to do but to enjoy our new found freedom of thought, but there is much more heaving and cutting to be done before our temple will stand fair and complete in the eyes of the world. But it is coming; in spite of opposition from the outside, and fraud and indifference within our ranks, our cause is advancing.

The work in New England is in a prosperous condition generally. The anniversaries were more fully attended this year than for many years and more interest shown. Young workers that will be a credit to the cause are coming forward and people seem to be looking forward to the approaching camp season with more than usual interest.

Lynn, Mass.

MRS. A. A. AYERILL.

PHOTO OF SLAYER IN VICTIM'S EYE.

Though six Weeks in Water, Retina of Murdered Woman Shows Bearded Man.

St. Louis, May 31.—The picture of a bearded, crooked nosed man, on the eyeball of an unidentified murdered woman whose body was taken from the Mississippi river, near Hartford, Ill., may be the clue to the mystery of her death.

The unknown died from a broken neck, and was not drowned. The absence of water in the lungs proved she was thrown in the river after she was murdered.

The theory that the dying gaze of a person upon the slayer will fix a picture permanently on the eye caused the authorities to have a photograph of the dead woman's retina made, though she had been in the water almost six weeks. Oculists say the theory is correct.

Coroner Streeter and Wilbert C. Ward declare that they are able to detect on the plate the face of a bearded man with a hooked nose and a sparse covering of hair on his head. The coroner and the police are using this uncanny photograph in their investigation.

The theory is that a blow on the woman's nose which was fractured threw her head backward with such force that it fractured her neck.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Automatically Written Through the Hand of Frederika G. Hell.

Thursday Circle, May 12, 1905.

We are with you, and as you are fewer to-day, we will endeavor to give you an experience of ours over here. We were attracted to your earth on the occasion of an anniversary of ours. We found people celebrating the day, and were surprised at the ignorance expressed by some who were supposed to be familiar with our life. We are not so infirm as we were reported to be, and as this demonstration was given in our honor, it amazed us to have the several speakers refer to us as old men. We are not old, for when we arrive here we are rejuvenated and are in perfect health. Of course as we leave you you think of us and it is only natural. We were also surprised to find that though submissive to our laws, experts familiar with our history, they are not all of the same opinion, and various criticisms which we felt keenly, affected us in such an unpleasant manner that we deemed it advisable to correct you, as you observed we are doing.

We are of the opinion that you who live on your earth are not gaining as much information as you should. You seek entertainment of such nature as pleases your sense of amusement, and not your intellect. We have been here a century are surprised at the entire neglect manifested in your various instructors and institutions. We are of a continual progressive element, and feel that you on your earth should advance all you can to uplift and instruct along the lines of perpetual progress. As you become familiar with our mode of

communications, we shall attract to you an element which will impart our method of advancement. You are eagerly seeking our light; we are attracted to you as much of our instructions as we can in so brief a time. We bring to you men of note who have had to learn this process of communication. As they become familiar with writing they will be able to give you light on many subjects which now are not understood.

As we said in the beginning, we are disappointed at what is being taught of us. We felt that our life's work was nobly done, and when they told you we had gone on into the land unseen to our reward. Why did they not add, "As you sow, so you will reap." We understood that they would give you a dissertation on feelings, but we were disappointed to find that unless those who are Spiritualists will devote more time in explaining our lives and actions upon this planet, your churches will take away all we have given to you.

You understand that this is an age where people are eagerly seeking what they have not found in their creeds, therefore tell them of our communications to you, and prove our return to the satisfaction of all inquirers. We attended this anniversary of ours to the advent of spirit communications or Modern Spiritualism. I was one of the founders of what is known as the Quakers, and we were the original Spiritualists. We manifested our works through the spirit in a different way, but our philosophy was the same. We are glad to give you our writing, and as you go on in this work, give to the hungry, eager seeker all the phenomena that you can, and even though it is decried,

A THRILLING RESCUE.

Mrs. Carrie M. Hinsdale, President of the Texas State Spiritualist Association, Gives an Account of Her Rescue in the Flood at Ft. Worth, Texas, in the Telegram of That City.

I have just read the account of my rescue in your paper. My heart is full of gratitude to the men who saved my life. I wish to describe the event for your readers, so that all may know how brave the men were.

Mr. Gus Zimmerman, one of my neighbors, and another man, whose name I do not know, came on horseback to the house. Della Heyworth, a sister-in-law of Mr. Zimmerman, got on behind him. I was in the saddle one the other horse, the man behind me. We had no more than twenty yards when the horse threw me. I caught my hand in the mane of the horse, and he struggled, snorting and drowning 200 feet, with me being tossed in the water and out again many times.

Mr. Zimmerman took the little girl to safety and came back through the raging water after me. As soon as he got close he called: "Turn loose, Mrs. Hinsdale, turn loose!" I did so and reached my arms to him.

In the meantime, the man who had been on the horse with me had climbed on a bench, washed from the park, which was turned up, and had caught in a basket. Mr. Zimmerman, realizing he could not carry me out, dragged me to this bench and told me to hold on.

The man (I wish I knew his name) helped me to climb on and we sat astride this upturned bench for hours. Men on shore got ropes and tried to reach us in boats, but time and time again they started, to be driven back by the raging current. We watched it all, and I despaired of their ever reaching us.

The man on the bench with me, when I said we would both be drowned, replied: "I could swim out, but I will not leave you; that's a cinch!"

After so many hours of failure a man (Mr. Moser, I presume) got in the boat in which another neighbor, Mr. Will Houghton, had been trying to get someone to go with him to our rescue.

They managed, by dashes from tree to tree to get to us, chained the boat to the nearest tree and let the stern swing round to us. The man clinging to the bench with me never for an instant relaxed a tight grip on my arm, and when Mr. Houghton was trying to get me in the boat, told him to "Save the lady; never mind about me!" But they told him to climb in. After we were seated in the bottom of the boat, they rushed again from tree to tree until they got above Mr. Houghton's house, and allowed the boat to drift to his back fence, where, hand over hand, they pulled it to the back porch, put us out and sent us through the house.

They had a struggle to get to the front against the terrific current. Having finally got to the front porch, we got in again and hand over hand, on ropes already stretched by willing hands, pulled half way to shore, where the rope was wrapped from their hands. The boat, nearly capsizing, swung back to the house, fortunately, and again they started. Men ran into the rushing, roaring torrent to hold the rope and when we came near enough Chief Maddox and another man picked me up and carried me to the ambulance and the doctor took me to the Emergency Hospital.

To the four men, Messrs. Zimmerman, Houghton and the two whose names I do not know, I owe my life, and to all who aided in every way I owe thanks. Never sweeter sound than the cheering, for it said the people on shore believed us saved and encouraged me.

If this should reach the eye of the man who was with me on the horse, and who clung to my arm so faithfully, I would like to have him call on me some day. I want to know his name. My heart is full of thankfulness and gratitude to my rescuers, who badly bruised, muscles wracked, stiff and aching, but no broken bones.

CARRIE M. HINSDALE.

You will be able to extract from the fraudulent only what genuine truth we have. We know what is taking place and are glad that the truth seekers are exterminating all of the fakers. We will be able to prove our veracity by our communications and demonstrations through genuine mediums that this investigation will prove a blessing in disguise. As we become associated with various intelligences coming to our spheres, who have been in earth teachers and instructors of our philosophy, we are able to give them light of ours from spheres beyond.

When you of earth meet with criticism and censure, ask these people what they know, and if it is as good as what you can tell them, all will be satisfaction. We know that their limitations are so inadequate to your knowledge that their insults should only be as a ripple on the stream. We observe that the times are in such a critical position with you on earth, that eagerly the people grasp at any light which will lead them a step higher than their own. We will be able to impart much information on our philosophy as the result of your research. You are attracting to your planet a condition which will be of great benefit to mankind. This attraction is from a source beyond us and is known as the stellar lights. We can bring in such knowledge through laws known as the planet and also to a few upon yours.

MYSTIC SEVEN.

Merriam Park, Minn.

A CHALLENGE.

He Offers \$25 If Forbush, the Materializing Medium Who Was Thoroughly Exposed at Grand Rapids, Mich., Will Produce a Single Genuine Materialization Under Strict Test Conditions.

To the Editor: Forbush was in this city several weeks ago, and gave two seances which were attended by some of the prominent Spiritualists here, and this after he was exposed so thoroughly some months ago. I really cannot understand how Spiritualists, if they have any grey matter in their head at all, can be duped so easily.

I will give Mr. Forbush \$25 in cash if he can produce a form under test conditions. I also challenge Mrs. Fuller to produce any voice through the trumpet under strict test conditions.

It is a conundrum to me why mediums who profess to be genuine have to be forced to prove the fact.

F. B. TERRY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

DR. T. WILKINS' POEMS.

This long-looked-for and anxiously sought book is now almost ready for the press. This is an announcement that will please thousands of the readers of this paper, in whose pages for many years the Doctor's poems have appeared and been devoured with such appreciation. Some have written him already for copies, telling him of them into a scrawp book. This book will contain about 250 pages, all put into type by himself on a Linotype machine, made up by himself, will be bound in good style of cloth binding, containing many cuts, (small and large half-tones) and is destined to be the coming book for poetry lovers. The book will go to press as soon as the first 500 names are received (no money to be sent till the book is published) and placed on file. Send names and addresses to Dr. T. Wilkins, 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill., care The Progressive Thinker. Send in your names for the book, but send no money till requested to do so. The price will be \$1.25, but those sending notice now for a copy will get it for ONE DOLLAR.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

He is a Firm Believer in the Power of Spirit Return.

M. Camille Flammarion, in response to an invitation from the editor of "La Nation," in which he enumerates a host of physical phenomena connected with Spiritualism, as having come under his personal observation, and which, as he points out, can be explained only by the intervention of some intelligent force or being, entirely external to himself. Upon one occasion he mentions that he received the following message through a table:

"Erdnemoec ed stnrep eronec sap tse suov en 'uq sniohsu' sed rid norofpa ruop tirpep' sap zeetnem ruot suov en." Now, at the first glance, this apparently cryptic communication, as it appears to be mere unintelligible gibberish; but, as any one acquainted with French will readily perceive, the sentence, if read backwards, and rendered into English, contains the following injunction: "Do not worry your mind by probing questions which you are not permitted to ask; but comprehend M. Flammarion goes on to ask, 'Who rapped out these letters? Consciously, no one. The muscles, invoked by some medical men, will not account for them; and I felt the vibration of the wood. There was, in this case, a force at work at once physical and psychic. Is it an intelligence inside or outside of ourselves? Is it a spirit? And, if so, what kind of spirit? He then proceeds to examine each of the phenomena seriatim, and to show, as the result of forty-six years of scientific observation and investigation, that they are incapable of any rational explanation; that the descriptions of the phenomena are not the result of a universal dynamism with which our five senses can only place us in communication very imperfectly. 'We find ourselves,' he concludes, 'in a situation analogous to that of Christopher Columbus on the high seas, where we discover which the land of the New World dawned upon his vision—we are sailing upon the broad expanse of an unknown ocean.'—Harbinger of Light, Australia.

ANTI-FAKIR SOCIETY.

FIGHT SPIRITISTS.

Opposes New Ordinance Allowing Semi-Tropic Organization Exemption From License Unless Members Are Ordained.

Robert T. Hale, 1042 Santer street, appeared before the supervisors today and stated that as a representative of the Anti-Fakir Society of Los Angeles county he felt it his duty to oppose the proposed amendment to the county law imposing a tax upon those who practice Spiritualism, clairvoyance and other things of that nature for a fee.

Mr. Hale, who is a member of the State and National Spiritualists' Associations, was one of those most active in having the present ordinance passed. He is opposed to any amendment which exempts from the license any who do not have papers of ordination from the association. Representatives of the Semi-Tropic Spiritualist Association, which is established a colony near Glendale, appeared before the board a week ago, and requested an amendment which would exempt the association directors and employees from the \$30 a month license which the ordinance imposes. It was this that caused Mr. Hale's appearance before the board to-day.

Hartley Shaw, deputy district attorney, has drawn up an amendment which he presented to the board this afternoon without recommendation. It is not as broad as the one suggested by the Semi-Tropic Association people, exempting only duly authorized and active teachers, lecturers, pastors, mediums or ministers of a church or society owning not less than \$1,500 worth of property in the county.—The Express, Los Angeles, Cal., June 2.

Be ashamed to die till you have won some victory for humanity.—Horace Mann.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—Horace Walpole.

In wonder all philosophy [say religion] began, in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace; but the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration.—Coleridge.

We have in fact, to make our choice between science and suffering. It is only by wisely utilizing the gifts of science that we have any hope of maintaining our population in plenty and comfort. Science, however, will do this for us if we will only let her.—Sir John Lubbock.

The new church will be founded on moral science. Poets, artists, musicians, philosophers, will be its prophet teachers. The noblest literature of the world will be its Bible. Love and labor its holy sacraments. Instead of worshipping one savior, we will gladly build an altar for every one who has suffered for humanity.—Emerson.

