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CONDEMNNS CHURCH AS HE LEAVES MINISTRY.

In Farewell Sermon Rev. E. C. Smoot Says Religious Organizations Are Losing Ground.

In leaving the ministry to take the lecture platform, the Rev. E. C. Smoot of the Second Unitarian Church, San Francisco, Cal., made an unsparing condemnation, yesterday, of the modern church and modern theology. With his departure the society will disband and sell the property at 24th and Capp Sts.

That the modern church is losing ground because it is unprogressive and does not keep stride with the times was the conclusion of the Rev. Smoot on "The Church That Is."

The church is still under the guidance of a philosophy and theology, he said, that was founded before science and discovery had enlarged the conceptions of men as to the extent of the universe and of the world. Therefore, he believes, the church can not advance in thought. It is static while the world moves, and there is no room in the church for the man who reaches conclusions at variance with the established and accepted theological views. According to the speaker, it has ever been the last to accept a new idea, especially those born of science and has opposed the spread of new ideas with the cross, the stake, the dungeon, the anathemas, the ban.

"The church is a human institution and every type of life for the preservation of life as it is."

Continuing the Rev. Smoot said: "Men who on Sunday hear exhortation toward brotherly love go out on Monday and find themselves pitted against each other in business as enemies. The instinct of self-preservation makes everyone take care of himself, no matter what becomes of the other."

"Man dreads change because change means uncertainty, for he knows only that which he has experienced. This fact is responsible for the unprogressiveness of pulp and pew. The church is founded upon a certain set of ideas and its ministers are expected to promulgate these ideas. When a minister reaches any conclusion which is subversive to these ideas he is expected to leave the pulpit. This is true of all denominations."

"From all over the land we hear the wall going up at prayer meetings, conferences, conventions and synods, deprecating that attendance at church is so small, and statistics bear this out—that the churches are not largely attended relatively. The reason is that the church is unprogressive and that there is little room for original thinking in the churches."

—Bulletin, San Francisco, Cal.

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

I long to go back to the country so fair.

In the early sweet springtime of June.

When the meadow lark's in the wild free air.

And Aeolian harps are in tune;

Where the raindrops like diamonds gleam bright on the trees

And the redbirds are pluming their wings.

'Tis there that my soul knows life's fullness of joy.

'Tis there my heart freely sings.

I long to go back to the meadows so rare.

Away down home on the farm,

Where wild roses blossom and ivy wild clings

To the home that shields me from harm.

'Twas there in the springtime of life I was born.

In my heart, the fairest wild flower,

With petals of pearl, and with heart of pure gold

Growing wild in nature's fair bower.

How little I dreamed in that springtime of cheer,

That sorrow would ever betide;

I dreamed that my love was so strong,

So sincere,

'Twould shield her, my sweetheart,

My bride.

But winter's chill blast struck a chill to her heart.

She faded and drooped like a flower,

Till angels in sweetness and pity came down

And bore her to heavenly bowers.

And yet, when I wander adown the old lane

Made sacred by memory and tears

My sweet spirit wild flower blooms brightly again

And a rainbow of promise appears.

—ALICE D. GREEN.

THE WORLD TO COME.

"There Is Another World And Fell Upon His Pillow Dead."

A distinguished German scholar who had devoted his faculties to what he claimed to be the demonstration of atheism came consistently to his death-bed. He was prepared, he said, to prove out of the expiring sparks of his own life that it must become a quenched and blackened flame. He observed the processes of dissolution calmly, with the long habit of the scientific method. Friends, themselves unbelieving and hoping stood about him, waiting to catch the last flicker of defiance from a soul to its God. For some hours he had lain unexpectantly silent, and with eyes closed. He had very dark, large eyes, placid and powerful. Suddenly he opened them, and from their caverns shot out a fire before which the coldest scoffer in the room shrank back. "With a loud voice the old scholar cried out:

"There is another world!" and fell upon his pillow, dead.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

Simply forms a main ingredient in a noble nature.—Thyodides.

If you want to know the opinion of your neighbor, you want his honest opinion. You do not want to be deceived. You do not want to talk with hypocrites.—Ingersoll.

What Is Death?

A Highly Interesting and Suggestive Answer to the Question, by Mrs. Mary T. Longley, of Washington, D. C.

A city alley; tenement houses swarming with human beings, large and small; the signs of squalor and poverty everywhere—sin and crime are not unknown in that dingy lane, a poor place at best for the breeding of children, yet they abound in that locality. Little mites of humanity are tumbling over steps and each other, ragged and soiled, they show but little of the immortal soul that dwells within their dusty forms.

In a back-room of one of the dirty tenements, a little girl lies dying; the surroundings are unattractive, all its conditions are foul and dingy. The child burns with fever and tosses to and fro without relief. All her little life she has known only want and the conditions of dire poverty; often extreme neglect; yet she has sang and danced and played in the streets and has not known the difference between happiness and misery. But she is dying; her father is away with other drunken companions; her mother, a bloated and miserable creature, watches the child in a half dazed and stupid wonderment. The little is oblivious to the surroundings, a soft haze—unseen by mortal eyes, envelopes her, in its cool meshes she is gradually growing quiet; the fever is lessening its hold upon her frame; a sense of something sweet, something so restful steals over her. It is so cool, so cool; not cold, like winter frost, not chilling like damp and gloom, but cool and beautiful and all the fevered pulses are becoming still. Death is in the air; the child is enmeshed by its delightful atmosphere, enthralled by its entrancing power. She is but six years old, yet she has lived long in experience in those half dozen years; she has learned much of hardship, of life's conditions, in home and street these things have come to her, things no child should know, but now she is drifting away from them, they have no part of the spiritual atmosphere which is slowly enveloping her.

Out of the mists, white forms appear. Tender faces are smiling at the little child; beautiful beings hold out beckoning hands to her; there are children among them and she smiles back to them. The unkempt mother does not see those forms, nor is the lovely mist apparent to her, but she does notice the smile upon the lips of her child, and is awed by it. The little one pays no attention to external things; she is gazing on other scenes now; a land of loveliness is opening to her consciousness. Now she feels herself being lifted in strong arms and folded to a gleaming breast; she is in the arms of a sweet woman and being borne away, far away, followed by those other bright beings who came in the shining mist. As she is thus traveling outward into the clearer and still clearer light and sweetness, still tenderly held in that motherly embrace, the child becomes insensible to her surroundings and in this magnetic slumber is borne to a beautiful pavilion in a garden of delight and placed upon a bed of snowy, fragrant flowers. Time passes, the tiny earth form is carried from sight; the mother for a day bemoans the death of her child, then becomes buried in her own sordid affairs, and soon the thought of the little life passes from her mind, for Maggie had been an unwelcome babe, and the woman had done her utmost to prevent its birth, and now that the burden has been removed, she has but little grief and no regret.

But What Is Death? Where is the child of squalor and of ignorance? Not in the low vibrations and murky atmosphere of the parental quarters; not amid the crime and sin of a polluted city; not in dust and tears. A higher and grander force than that of mortality has swept in and has borne the child to other scenes and rates of vibration, where she will be quickened with finer activities, purer consciousness and environed by more beautiful conditions. During that magnetic sleep in the bower of roses, Maggie has changed vibrations and lost her childish connection between the old home life and her spiritual being. The mother, who had no welcome for her, was mother of the physical body only; she has no claim upon the spirit of this ascended one; yet in later years, when Maggie has acquired power and knowledge she will be attracted to the presence of this woman whom she once called mother, and by her soul intelligence and magnetism she will be instrumental in drawing that latent soul force to a spiritual and progressive consciousness and expression.

In time, Maggie awakens amid the flowers. She is happy and free from suffering. Everything around her is beautiful. A sweet lady bends over her, prettily dressed children with joyous faces are by her side; she is strong and feels perfectly well. She has no thought of the old life. Now she arises, and as the sweet lady makes passes over her form, the misty substance that enveloped her becomes shapened into a fleecy, beautiful gown. She is thus arrayed in light, and her own features are shining with beauty; her attendant holds a crystal bowl containing a foamy substance surrounded by an amber liquid; this sweetness she feeds to the child, and all sense of hunger is allayed. Now, the children beckon to this new comer and she is at happy play with them.

After awhile school lessons are in order, and Maggie takes her place with the others. The good lady is teacher as well as matron and caretaker, and the lessons are simple and full of interest, much like play. A home of peace and harmony, well appointed and of fine conditions is there; the children inhabit it, and the good lady cares for them. She was a tender, motherly, sensitive soul when on earth, one who was passionately fond of children, but to whom the joys of maternity were denied. She faded from earth, and the many sorrows that she knew, and had gravitated to this sweet home among kindred souls, where she had found her vocation in caring for the waifs that she could reach and bear from poverty and gloom to her home of love, light and peace.

Another Scene.

A ward in a children's hospital; the free ward where poor little sufferers receive care and treatment at the public expense. Maimed and crippled children are here, a score of incurables whose tiny forms are often racked with pain, yet they are cheerful, too, and bear their misery with fortitude and courage that many an older person might well imitate. The nurses, passing to and fro between the cots, are of kindly touch and gentle word. They are pleasant to look upon in their simple uniform of striped gingham gown and snowy cuffs, collar and apron; all is neat and tidy here, but suffering abounds and many a little heart here is also lonely and forlorn. The hours come when the screen is placed first around one tiny bed and then another. The Angel of Death has come, little spirits are set free from their pain-racked bodies. Ministering spirits are there to take those little ones in charge and conduct them to happy homes above. There is no gloom in the rosy light that surrounds them, no chill of disease in the soft, sweet air of heaven, no crying with pain, no sobbing to sleep—all is beauty and comfort and joy. All who pass from this and similar places do not go to the same spot. Sanitariums, home schools, abiding places where love and protection abound, are in the great universe of spirit in plenty for all who come, and each is taken care of according to his needs and temperament. The law of life is the law of Nature, and the going out of the mortal is under the operation of this vast beneficent law and purely natural.

But we will turn our attention to the closing of the mortal life of one of these little sufferers; a newsboy but ten years old, and yet a buffer with the world for his daily bread. Jimmie was brave, and he was cheerful even after they had amputated his feet, and he knew he would have to go through life with only stumps to walk upon. The accident that had mutilated him had injured others, too, and in his boyish sympathy he had frequently asked concerning their fate. A bright boy and full of fun. Jimmie had not lost it all when he emerged from the wreck and misery, but even now the brightness shone in his

face and his words were those of cheer; but he was dying; vitality had not been sufficient to bear him through the ordeal, and he knew it as he said to his nurse, "I'm going somewhere, I guess, I don't know where, but if I have feet and hands there I know I'll get along." In the silence of the midnight hour he floated out, conscious only of a restful feeling in all his little frame, and above all that he had feet, and as the nurse bent over to catch his whisper, the words in feeble but glad tones, "I've got my feet," fell upon her ear. In that moment, Jimmie had gone. Let us watch him as he glides from sight; watch him with spiritual vision and with eyes of earth; yes, he is there, and not alone. Happy beings are with him; they are taking him home; but he has feet and is gladly using them as he moves through space as naturally as a boy swims in the lake. Everything is bright and pleasant in his path; at once he feels at home with the physician who is by his side—one of the many benevolent souls in the higher life, who spend their time in doing good, and of the class that is naturally attracted to the hospitals and other institutions of earth where sickness and sorrow reign.

Jimmie, feeling fully at ease with this man, sensed rather than heard the question, "How are you now?" and responded in the old-time boyish spirit and vernacular, "Bully."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"What would you like most of anything?"

"A good swim."

"You shall have it," and in a moment the boy was in the centre of a beautiful, shining lake; the water was warm and soft; it gave him a delicious thrill, and as he moved about in its limpid waves it seemed to him as if it went through and through his frame; he scooped some of it in his hands; it was sweet as if mixed with some saccharine substance. It was all so strange to him, yet so pleasant and enticing. His conductor had not entered the water with him, but seemed to be floating just above his back, and finally he floated down, caught the boy in his arms and placed him on the sward. Obeying an instinct, Jimmie shook himself as a spaniel would on emerging from a pond, and was surprised to find all moisture had vanished from his limbs and clothing, and now he observed that his garments were fine and well shaped, handsomer than any he had ever possessed before, and that his hands were different from the little roughened members that he had possessed. Looking up at his guide, he said in an easy, off-hand tone, "Reckon I'm dead?"

"Yes, my boy, the earth people call you so, but you are all right; a new life is before you, and you are now going to your new home; we are already there. How do you like it?"

At the entrance to what appeared to be a small temple of purest white substance that gleamed in the mellow light, they paused, and from its portals came trooping perhaps about a dozen children with happy faces and springing steps. Behind them stood a woman whose sweet face and loving expression gave Jimmie a modest, shy, yet sensitive longing, such as had been very foreign to his independent little heart. As the children gathered around him, his guide introduced him to each one as a brother who had come to live with them and share their studies and sports, and then the beautiful lady came forward and clasped him in her arms, calling him her own boy, and making him feel at home by her tender and loving welcome. We shall leave him here, at the Home Temple. No longer is he a street urchin, no longer a stray child without compass or guide, but at home amid conditions of love, harmony and peace; where the richest attributes of his being are fostered into strength and unfoldment, and the cruder conditions of human nature, belonging to the animal plane, are suppressed for want of nourishment and support. To him, Death has been a deliverer, the blessing and the benefactor, the opening of an endless round of progress, infinitely beautiful.

What Is Death?

To the human spirit it is nothing to be feared. To the earthworm soul it is infinite gain. Not that all who have to meet it are at once ushered into gardens of delight or temples of beauty and homes of light. Many there are who, because of their willingness to live amid the vibrations of sin or selfishness, find themselves engulfed in waves of darkness which have emanated from their own unholy lives.

Another Scene.

A beautiful apartment in a home of refinement and plenty; a dying child upon a bed draped in snowy linen and lace; a pretty little girl, perhaps eight years of age. Everything is in this home that heart could wish; cultivated minds, refined natures, gentle hearts, loving parents, harmony, peace and prosperity. An only and idolized child is dying and the parental hearts are rent with grief. A quiet hush pervades the room till the child arousing from her seeming slumber speaks.

"Mamma, dear, I was not asleep. I knew you and papa were here, but I saw such a beautiful place; lovelier than any you ever read to me about, or said we should visit when I grew up. I can't tell it mamma, but it isn't like heaven that you read of, it's more lovely for it has trees and flowers, and oh! such grand buildings. I'm going to see mamma. Don't cry. I'll never be sick there; no one ever is. I saw grandma, and she said I am to live with her. It's all right, mamma, dear."

We shall not linger over the dying scene, nor dwell upon the grief of the stricken parents, especially of that of the mother whose sensitive nature had been wrapped up in the life of her child. We are gazing behind the veil and watching how life fares with the ascended one. Again we behold beauty indescribable, light ineffable; homes of peace where all is sweetness and love. The little girl is there in one of these homes. During the day of earth she is drawn back to the parental home, is in the mother atmosphere, her innocent spirit bathing the stricken mother in rays of love. The child is there because her sensitive nature is attracted by the powerful force of the mother spirit, and it is the magnet that draws her earthward. By and by, when the mother life is adjusted to the spiritual conditions that the change has brought and thus becomes more reconciled, the child will not spend so much time in the earth home, but now it is her beneficent mission to be ministering angel there, and she is happy.

But at night, when the mother is asleep, she floats out from contact with the body, held to it only by a light, elastic magnetic cord, and comes into the realms of spirit. In her slumbers she beholds her child, clasps her to her heart, goes with her to the spirit country, visits the home of beauty there, enters the schools and halls of music where her darling is to be trained and developed, realizes that she is safe and happy and pure, and then at last returns to the pallid body, refreshed, peaceful and happy till she opens her eyes upon the empty chair and beholds the tokens of absence of the cherished form.

But this mother is growing spiritually. She knows that in her dreams she is with her loved one, and gradually a sense of peace is permeating her being. After awhile she will become clairvoyant and behold her child and others of the spirit with the inner sight; then she will use her talents and powers in good works; in one way and another she will accomplish much for humanity; she will be good to the poor and needy children that she meets, and at length will adopt a little waif and rear it to a useful and intelligent womanhood, because of the precious child that early went to the heavenly life.

Such is Death; a beneficent power, even in the grief which it creates, a power to beautify human hearts, stir them to nobler deeds and make them of blessing to the world, in memory and tribute to the dear ones that it bore away.

Washington, D. C.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

True politeness is perfect ease and things unknown are the true scope of freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you hope to be treated yourself. Chesterfield.

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

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Religion of the Aztecs, Its Parallels in Roman Catholicism

"Judge Ladd of California turned the light of legal evidence on Christian Origins, and found no reliable proof that such a person as the ecclesiastical Jesus ever lived."—Progressive Thinker, March 21, 1908.

When Bishop Las Casas took possession of this bishopric in Yucatan in 1546 he sent a friar named Francisco Hernandez on a missionary tour. Some time after, so the bishop relates, the friar reported a conversation he had held with one of the nobles who exhibited paintings showing that the Aztecs believed in a Trinity, one in three, three in one; that the Father had created man; that the Son was born of a virgin, was scourged, crowned with thorns and crucified, with his arms extended on a beam of wood, to which he was tied, and where he died for the sins of mankind. He remained three days and then came to life and ascended into heaven where he is with his Father. The Holy Ghost then came and filled the earth with everything it needed. The holy bishop adds: "I remember that, being in Chiquila, an honorable priest showed me an information, which I had long in my hands, when it was proved that there was a certain Oratory where the Mexicans did worship an idol which they said was 'one in three, three in one'." The priest, good looking and cheerful, said that the devil by his infernal and obstinate pride (whereby he always pretends to make himself God), had stolen all that he could from the truth to employ it in his livings and deceits."

Prescott says: "The Spaniards met with the cross in various places, and the image of a cross may be seen at this day sculptured in bas-relief on the walls of one of the buildings of Palenque, while a figure, bearing some resemblance to that of a child, is held up to it as if in adoration." The Spaniards found the cross in every country south of Florida. Jesuit Acosta says: "From the beginning of the world, the cross was born in their first month, answering to our December; they then celebrated a solemn feast called Cacacayme, wherein they made sacrifices and ceremonies which continued many days." Humboldt thinks he was born during this third cycle, as he saw a painting representing him as a young man, with a cross on his chest, when, 13,000 years after the creation of the world, a great famine prevailed in Calcutta."

Of his life, few records remain though all historians agree that there had been a complete history, but there are some incidents during his childhood that may appear familiar to readers of the New Testament. Speaking of some of these, Kingsborough says: "THE TEMPTATION OF QUETZALCOATLI, the FAST OF FORTY DAYS, the CUP with which he was presented to drink, with many others relating to him, WHICH ARE HERE OMITTED, are very curious and mysterious." Torquemada, in his history, speaks as follows of one of his journeys: "Coming to a place called Quantili, where was a large, thick and lofty tree, he leaned against its trunk and desired one of his pages to hand him a mirror, which, looking into, and perceiving himself other than he was before, he exclaimed, 'I have become old,' and gathering up stones from the ground, flung them at the tree. From this place he passed on and was accompanied the whole of the way by a great multitude of people playing flutes and other instruments. He arrived at a place called Quantili, where was a hill adjoining the city where he sat down on a stone and laid his hands upon it and left their impressions there, the marks of which are at present day quite visible." Torquemada wrote his history about 1600.

On this journey Quetzalcoatl is credited with having cured the blind and lame. Now, Father Schagun—about 1560—says that the tree referred to was called "Pochutl," which means "barren," and orthodox Kingsborough commenting on it, remarks: "How many incidents analogous to those which are related in the Gospels of Christ, occur in this short passage. The withered fig-tree, the crowd which followed him strewing branches in his way, singing hosannas; his custom of sitting on the ground and discoursing with the people and the disciples by whom he was attended, the action of his life had been preserved, we cannot tell where these analogies have been caused."

In his remarkable work, Kingsborough gives us many copies of paintings taken from the vatican and Borgia MSS. showing the crucifixion. In one "he is represented as being crucified between two persons who are in the act of reviling him, and who hold as it would appear, halters in their hands, the symbols, perhaps, of some crime for which they themselves were going to suffer." On page 18 of the same MSS. (Borgia) he is crucified on a cross of the Greek form with impressions of nails in his hands and feet and also his arms and legs bent into hell. On the 4th and 72nd pages he is nailed to the cross as "atonement for the sins of mankind." The 75th shows him crucified within a circle of 19 stars, while a serpent is encircling him. This is positive evidence of phallic worship. The 61st and the 9th in the collection at Bologna show him with his side pierced by a spear and water flowing from the wound.

Commenting on these Kingsborough says: "It is remarkable that in these Mexican paintings the faces of many of the figures are black; and that the visage of Quetzalcoatl is frequently painted in a very deformed manner." This is strong evidence of their Eastern origin. The Aztecs were not black, but Chiriana is frequently represented as a negro; black images of crucified men, admittedly of Eastern origin were found in Italy; the idol, representing Jesus, now in Rome, and venerated as a

miracle worker, is black. The white of the eyes disproves the claim that the figure was discolored by incense. K. R. H. Mackenzie, no mean observer, says: "From the woolly texture of the hair I am inclined to assign to the Buddha of India, the Publ of China; the Sommonacorn of the Siamese, the Xaha of the Japanese, and the Quetzalcoatl of the Mexicans, the same, and indeed an African, or rather Nubian origin." He might have added, "and the Jesus Christ of the Christians."

Various paintings, too numerous to mention here, show that the earth was rent and the sun darkened at the crucifixion. His resurrection and ascension are also to be found in the Borgia MSS. Both Humboldt and Prescott as well as the Spanish writers, agree that the Aztecs were Second Adventists, and to this may be attributed the easy conquest of their country, as they fully expected his return, not like the Christians "on a white horse," but from the East; he departed for the East; he was to return from the East. Jesuit Acosta says: "At the beginning of the year, 1518, they (the Mexicans) discovered a fleet at sea in which was the Marquis Del Valia, Don Fernando Cortez, with his companions; a news that much troubled Montezuma; and conferring with his council they all said that without doubt the great and ancient Lord Quetzalcoatl was come, who had said that he would return from the East, whither he had gone." And Kingsborough says: "But his second coming, after the lapse of a long period of time (over 5,000 years) is an enigmatical piece of history which it is not probable will specially be explained."

Page 76 of the Borgia MSS. represents the scene of the "Last day and the dead awakened by the sound of a trumpet." Diaz, one of the conquerors, tells us that when the Spaniards opened the graves, searching for treasures, and scattered the bones, the Aztecs entreated them to desist, because "on the last day the bones would be re-united in the resurrection," prior to the total destruction of the world.

Kingsborough is surprised to find such similarity in the titles of the Aztec and the Christian God. He says: "With respect to the appellation 'Messiah,' which, as we have seen, which he was known among the Mexicans, it is remarkable that it is precisely the same as 'anointed,' which is applied by Christians to Christ." He was also called "Our Dearly Beloved Son," and the Inquisition boldly changed another of his names from Teopitlitlan (the Son of God) to Teotihuacan (our Son). As it is claimed that Jesus is depicted in the Bible under many types, Kingsborough thinks "it very strange" that the Aztec God should have similar ones: "The Morning Star," "Light," "The Vine," "Our Bread," and others."

As the earth experiences, as far as the Inquisition have allowed them to reach us, of the Aztec God, are so similar to those of the Jewish Savior, it is reasonable to suppose that the rites and ceremonies of their respective religions should correspond. Jesuit Acosta says: "The Mexicans had an infinite number of ceremonies and customs which resembled the ancient law of Moses, and some approached near to the law of the Gospel; as the baths, or opacuna, as they call them; they did wash themselves in water to cleanse them from their sins." It was called "the water of regeneration," and Martyr says: "The priests seem to baptize children with holy water, pouring it over their heads, woe out of a crucifix upon their heads, saying: 'May this bath wash away and remove the stain of defilement which thou derivate from thy parents.' This ceremony was also called 'to be born again,' and during it, the child was named, several sponsors vouching for his good conduct. Priest Schagun gives a detailed account of this ceremony, as an eyewitness to it."

They also had auricular confession. Jesuit Acosta remarks: "The father of lies would likewise counterfeit the sacrament of confession, and in his idolatries seek to be honored by ceremonies very like to the manner of Christians." The priest becomes exceedingly wrath when he discovers how "very like" this is to the sacrament of the "Holy Church" and he calls their confessors, and penitents dupes; scolds their claim that "the confession was held a secret," wonders how his satanic majesty managed to impress on "these poor and deluded people" that the most grievous sins were "to be forgetful in reverence to their priests, and not to obey them, and not to observe the fasts and feasts of their church." He concludes by saying, as if astounded at the information: "They (the penitents) receive absolution, yea, sometimes very sharply, especially especially when the offender was a poor man and had nothing to give his confessor."

This confession, carried with it an absolution and forgiveness for all sins. It was in reality an "indulgence" and was received in place of the legal punishment for offenses, and authorized an acquittal in case of arrest. But it was granted only once during a lifetime, which seems to be an improvement on "Holy Mother Church" who is always lavish in these favors, for a small consideration. Prescott informs us that "long after the conquest the simple natives, when they came under the arm of the law, sought to escape by producing a certificate of their confession."

There was money to be made in indulgences; the Aztecs were accustomed to the scheme, as the church, in the plenitude of its mercy, flooded the country with them. But Philip II.

kicked in the traces and demanded a share of the booty. So an arrangement was made whereby he bought them at wholesale, from the pope, shipped them to America, where his agents peddled them out to the natives. "From the woolly texture of the hair I am inclined to assign to the Buddha of India, the Publ of China; the Sommonacorn of the Siamese, the Xaha of the Japanese, and the Quetzalcoatl of the Mexicans, the same, and indeed an African, or rather Nubian origin." He might have added, "and the Jesus Christ of the Christians."

The Aztecs also celebrated the "Lord's Supper," or Eucharist, as most had it when he discovered it. And he does pitch into the devil: Poor devil! Of how many crimes you are accused? Acosta says: "That which is most admirable in the hatred and presumption of Satan is, that he has not only counterfeited in idolatry and sacrifices, but also in certain ceremonies, our sacraments, which Jesus Christ our Lord has instituted and the Holy church does use, having especially pretended to imitate in some sort the sacrament of the communion, which is the most-high and divine of all others."

Let us see how far the Aztecs imitated the papists in this "most high and divine" cannibal feast. In the Codex Vaticanus there is a copy of an ancient Mexican picture showing the celebration. "The virgins came out of their convent, bringing pieces of paste (made of corn meal). Placing themselves in order about these morsels, they performed certain ceremonies with singing and dancing, by means whereof the pieces were blessed and consecrated for the flesh and bones of this idol." The people then gathered together, the priest blessed the morsels and taking a thorn, for the pieces were too holy to be touched by human hands, he placed a small piece on the extended tongue of the communicant. The Aztecs insisted that in this communion "they did eat the flesh and bones of God."

So similar to the mass is this picture, that the commentator of it, after vainly attempting to explain away the matter, adds: "I dare not pretend to believe that these poor people have had the knowledge of our mode of communion or the annunciation of the gospel; or perhaps the devil, most envious of the honor of God, may have led them into this superstition, in order that by this ceremony he might be glorified and served as Christ, our Lord." The 4th and 74th pages of the Borgia MSS. also represent the ceremony of "eating the body and drinking the blood of their god."

The similarity of the two systems is apparent, and as the Aztecs had been practicing theirs for several thousand years, it is not difficult to discover who is the infringer. Even up to today, the "host" is manufactured by nuns in certain convents. In the earlier days, any old loaf of bread was utilized. This is testified to by Pope St. Gregory I—the Great—590-604, who speaks of the practice of making of this consecration about a loaf that he had made having been turned into a god. For several centuries thereafter the "mass" was always celebrated by singing and dancing. Innovations creep in; this pope and that pope added new ceremonies, but its sacro-sanct character was not fully destroyed until the pontificate of Leo X. (1513-21), who, according to the testimony of his secretary, Cardinal Bembo, once remarked: "This fable of Jesus Christ has done us good service."

In speaking to-day with any papal theologian, you will be assured that the "host" is a symbol; that the communion partaking is not the body of Jesus. This substance is the spiritual part, the life essence of their god, and not his actual human body. But this explanation is a manifest lie. Prior to the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, the papal faith was a jumble. Popes, councils and theologians varied. The Council of Trent, however, in its heated discussions, each advocating some theory of their own. Every pope had his own ideas, and as he had formerly been a member of some order, he advocated the side of his order. Hence it is that there is no decree or "bull" of any one pope which will counteract or "bulldoze" of some other pope may not be quoted.

This Council of Trent attempted to regulate these various differences, and when they reached the subject of the Eucharist, it was decided, by a small majority, that after the priest had pronounced the mystic words the host was changed into the body of Jesus—the veritable human body. Their words were "Into the veritable body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; Christ in his entirety; Christ as he suffered on Mount Calvary for our sins."

When mankind became more enlightened, the absurdity of this cannibalistic feast became apparent, and papists were called "Christ eaters." The theologians discovered that the "host" was not the "veritable body of Christ," but simply his spiritual nature. But turn to the mass in any papal prayer-book and it will be found that in administering this sacrament, the priest, as he places the wafer on the outstretched tongue of the communicant, says: "Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiam tuum in vitam eternam, amen." "May the BODY of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul in eternal life." "Corpus" means "a body," a human body. Yes, the Aztecs ate the flesh of their God, Quetzalcoatl, and the papists eat the flesh of their God, Jesus Christ.

The rites of marriage, says Prescott, of the Aztecs, "were celebrated with as much formality as in any Christian church, and the institution was held in reverence that a trial-banal was instituted for the sole purpose of determining questions relating to it. Divorces could not be obtained until authorized by a sentence of this court, after a patient hearing of the parties." As in their political economy marriages were considered to be not only for the convenience of the interested parties, but for the ultimate benefit of the state, no fee was charged for the ceremony, and Jesuit Acosta ruminates: "Although it seems that many of their ceremonies agree with ours, yet differ they much."

Let us compare the papal system with the Aztec. When the papal church became consolidated as a political and a spiritual power, the leaders recognized the great hold they would have on the laity by turning a civil contract into a spiritual one, and

GRADUATING FROM 'CHILDHOOD.' And Rising to a Higher Plane of Thought and Action.

The time has come when Spiritualism will have to take higher ground. We have spent much time in criticizing the old school. There has been good cause for all that has been said. Part of the trouble has been in ourselves and part in the creeds. Having cut free from the bondage and restraints of a crude system, men and women have promptly set to work to abuse the forces which hold them forgetting that they themselves were most to blame. Having now received the light, let us walk as children of the light. We are not yet full grown men and women. Are we not still fretful and restless, like children who have just been put into a new school? Have we got over the whooping cough and measles and the constant whining associated with cutting teeth? It is common for children who are improperly trained to foster strife, jealousy and envy, to pout and grin.

A man who was a power according to ancient history, has said: "When I became a man I put away childish things." We greatly prize the fact that we are on speaking terms with the great of the ages. Then, shall we not do honor to our co-workers from the higher vibration? How can the world accept our high philosophy, to test it in manifest in our every-day conduct toward each other and toward our enemies? "By their fruits ye shall know them," must still be the great test.

Do we desire to win souls to truth and righteousness wherever we go? Then let us be wise and patient, kind and gentle, strong and loving. Let our every life be filled with helpfulness. Let us not impress our friends in the churches with the great distance there is between them and us, but let us first find the common ground of agreement in a common humanity.

The beautiful teaching of our common Master, the Man of Galilee, will furnish the material for bridge building. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth." "When he was reviled, he reviled not again." His love for his enemies has made the world adore him. The vibration of that love has been a power through ages to build a bridge low and easy of access, so that the people may find it easy to cross the gulf between the old and the new. Let us be students of human nature, offending none. This does not mean that we need to compromise principle. The strings that must be cut to the weak, without fouling their garments.

Every time we ponder to lust, selfishness and low pleasure we lose strength for service and suffer a setback in the great work. Arise, shine! Let the Lamp of Truth burn brightly in us, that the storm-tossed soul, seeking the harbor, may catch our light and "pull for the shore."

Let us give a full share of credit to the lights of the ages, Joseph and Daniel, Buddha and Jesus, Paul and John Wesley. At the same time, let us rise so that we may prove that all gods are in the humanity of today, that life is present and that the angels have come with the key to open the door to the great brotherhood of the race.

WILLIAM STRONG.
Hamilton, Canada.

making it a sacrament that could be administered only by a priest. And to still further strengthen themselves they decided that the validity of all sacraments depended entirely on the "ministry" of the officiating priest, who could secretly, and of his own volition render it null and void by simply not concentrating his mind on the sacrament he was administering. There is absolutely no doubt of the truth of this statement; consequently no papist knows, for a positive certainty, if he has been canonically married.

The only authority—if it may be thus dignified—that they had for this change of sacrament, was the marriage feast at Cana, when Jesus is supposed to have gone into the distilling business and made enough strong wine to intoxicate all the guests. The declaration of this indisolubility of the tie is a manifest fraud. Jesus, if he ever lived, never made such a statement. It is a monkish forgery of the eleventh, possibly even the thirteenth, century.

History seems with instances of papal decrees for divorces, given on the most frivolous grounds, and the woman always suffered, and sometimes there was no pretext except the desire to change a bed-fellow. For political reasons and even in order to keep property in a family, men have been allowed to marry their sisters. If any papist in authority chooses to deny this, I am prepared to quote my authorities.

Rome has no regard for the sanctity of marriage. She looks on woman as simply a plaything for man. Motherhood, looked upon by all decent men as the culmination of a great mystery, is viewed by Rome as a criminal act. The declaration of an unclean thing, who needs purification before she may be admitted into the presence of even an adulterous priest. And from this infamous charge the priests have not spared even the mother of their God.

Priests are debarred from marriage, but they may keep concubines provided they prevent their birth by the privilege. This monetary tax is called "Cullagium," I call as my witness to this St. Alfonso Maria de Liguori. This gentleman—I mean saint—founded the Order of Redemption, out of which the Paulists sprang. He wrote a moral theology and served as confessor to the pope, and was superior to God; and then went on a protracted visit to that lady in 1787. Gregory XVI. canonized him in 1839; Pius IX. created him a doctor of the church in 1871. So he is a modern saint and is supposed to be "up" in papal theology. In reviewing his works, the Holy Penitentiary, the highest authority in the church, whose decisions are always reviewed and approved by the pope, in order to make them valid and binding, decreed that "An opinion being in St. Liguori's writing is ample warrant for its adoption, without any need to weigh the reasons."

CHAS. MCARTHUR.
New York, N. Y.
(To be continued.)

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MYSTERIOUS WOMAN FACES THE CAMERA.

Strange and Perplexing Case of Possible Spiritism.—South Water St. People Agitated Over the Revelation of a Photograph.—Prof. Hyslop To Be Consulted.—Interesting Case.

Where did the mysterious woman come from? Is she of the earth or of the spirit land? If anyone can solve the appearance of a third woman in a photograph made of two women they will find a hearty welcome at 311 South Water Street.

Professor Jesse Todd, the photographer, lives in this house. He is the same man who recently offended some parties in Riverside park last year by making a photograph of a mermaid for a magazine contest.

This spring Mr. Todd was married to Mrs. Clara Butterfield. They have a handsome home with a colonial porch having large and beautiful white columns.

The home had never been photographed and it was natural enough that Mrs. Todd asked her husband to bring down his camera and make a picture of it. He did so very willingly.

Mrs. Todd has a neighbor—a woman. Ladies are naturally not inclined to have their pictures taken and so when Mrs. Todd called her neighbor out to be in the picture, she came very willingly and tried her best smile.

When the negative was developed Professor Todd opened his eyes until they showed as white as goose eggs. He wondered who the third woman was. She looked almost exactly like his wife, but there was Mrs. Todd as distinctly as any picture that was ever made. He quietly called Hubert Child into conference with him, and Hubert's eyes opened wide and big, too, for he had seen the photograph taken and knew that only two women posed for it. Mrs. Child and other parties were witnesses also. All of them were willing to go before a notary and swear that there were only two women in sight when James Todd took that picture. Mr. Child called in a reporter for the Eagle, and both of them took a magnifying glass to see whether they could explain the mystery of the camera. The third and mysterious woman is so near like Mrs. Todd that they thought at first that it was her reflection that was photographed. They then noticed other things that knocked their first theory out of joint. The figure of the third woman was really nearer to the camera than Mrs. Todd and she was leaning up against one of the white columns. Then it was figured out that it might have been that Mrs. Todd's figure was mirrored on the white column, but two proofs were developed against that theory of the case. The first one was that the gauzy skirt of the magic woman was in front of the patent foundation of the porch and the square cement stones could be easily distinguished through it with a magnifying glass. Besides that her elbow was seen on the other side of the column.

Mr. Child is sending one of the photographs to Professor Hyslop, a great authority on such subjects, and one of the best modern physicists in the United States. Mr. Child has been converted to the theory that the third woman is the spirit picture of Mrs. Todd's sister, Bertha, who died several years ago. She looked very much like Mrs. Todd. It is known that through mediumistic control Bertha has often called for her sister Clara, who is Mrs. Todd. That, at least, is the story told now by well known Spiritualists—people who are intelligent and honest in that belief. Late last evening it was again discussed that while Mrs. Todd wore a black belt in the picture the mystic woman had no belt on and was dressed in pure white.

The Eagle reporter who looked into the case with Mr. Child believes there is an explanation of all these things, but for the present everybody is stumped over it. Wichita Eagle, Kansas, June 21, 1908.

SOMETIME.

Dedicated to the Spiritualist Society, San Diego, Cal.
Sometime,—ah, mystic realm that holds
So much, to run into Life's molds,—
The essence sweet, the tolls we meet,
And more, is hidden in its folds.
Sometime, we'll speak the kindly word,
To stay the wrath that malice stirs;
Sometime,—but when? We wait, and then
We speak, but oh, it is not heard.
Sometime, we'll learn that each is
A better,
That none is better than the rest;
That Nature's grace, to each in place,
Fulfills the Soul's desirous quest.
Sometime, we'll see the blinding "beam,"
In self, that takes the mote, to seem
A great mistake that "others" make,
And we will look with pity's gleam.
Sometime,—perchance,—we'll understand
That clouds are God's outstretched hand;
We'll do our best, and trust the rest,
For Law doth move, with firm command.
Sometime, within the blinding tear
We'll see the face we hold so dear;
The mirrored smile, a little while,
Will soothe our pent, rebellious fire.
Sometime,—ah, would that it were NOW!
When kept would be each goodly vow;
The heart's great need, well filled indeed
Would be, if just,—sometime, were NOW.

JOHN W. RING.

To the Spiritualists at Large.
The ladies of the "Colby Luther Bazar" will thankfully receive any articles (fancy or otherwise), books, etc., that the friends in the Cause may donate. We would also like to add as many new members as possible to our list this season. Membership fee, 25 cents per year. This is a noble work and we hope all who can will respond. Address all donations to Mrs. F. C. Moore, 2102 Central avenue, Anderson, Ind., until July 23, after that date, Chesterfield, Ind.

MRS. F. C. MOORE, Secretary.

PARAGRAPHEO.

The greatest awakening the world ever knew is before us. Ignorant and creed-bound spirits beyond the veil are clamoring for light, and like a dwelling man, will grasp at a straw; and mortals must, with their thoughts and examples, start them on the right road.

The changes, experiences and vicissitudes in life bring out its possibilities; if it were otherwise man would die of dry rot; their languages would be localisms, and aspiration would be non est.

Soul-prayers may raise men's souls above the groveling and plodding everyday existence, on to happier spheres, for the time being, and possibly leave its blessing; but like our solar orb, a central power of the universe keeps its distance.

Religion is the same throughout the world, but creeds, beliefs, ceremonies and orgies differ.

The selfish man who overestimates his own identity, will leave in to-day's boat, together with the anti-reincarnationist who stoically denies the possibilities of things unknown to him, and abuses others for believing. The battle-axe and hell-sermons left on yesterday's boat. The "saving grace" and unwarranted notions about waiting, jealous and loving gods will sail in tomorrow's boat, while none carry return tickets.

Great thoughts are at times greater than the mortal who utters them. Accept the thoughts and be benefited, and thank the instrument for its utterances.

The majority of spirits passed from our mortal shell during the last century, do not need to "come back" to communicate as time and space is of non-existence in the land of souls.

Do not unfeelingly condemn a fellow-mortal, for there are young, inexperienced souls who cannot stand the temptations the older souls can withstand; for there are aged souls, mature, and also untutored souls clothed in physical forms in the same age, just like there are sturdy old oaks in the forest, and saplings growing at their sides.

The Sumatra uran-utang can build his own shelter, although but an animal; the Southern Bornean, though a biped, cannot.

Here we find an animal with intellect, and a man with but a feeble instinct.

No avocation is lowly if it is honest; no elevated station honors its possessor unless it is honestly conducted; for as Pope has written, "Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part, therein all the honor lies."

Geology is the a b c of our education; it strata the foundation of our vast planet, and the birth-place of all that we are to-day. All of our opportunities are derived therefrom, until we have occasional glimpses of a new state of life beyond the veil.

A greedy, jealous and envious mortal can never be beautiful; but as beauty is considered only skin deep, he ought to be skinned to see if the saying holds good.

Wireless telegraphy, with its vibration through space, may in time be utilized so that similar vibrations may be transmitted from the spirit spheres to mortals.

Modern vanity of countless titles does not change blood, while titled ancestry encourages conceit, about which Pope wrote: "And then you prate about your noble blood, which has run through scoundrels ever since the flood."

In dealings between men, where one is a great gainer, the other party is generally a great loser—hence, in such a case, it becomes a dishonest deal.

Everyone's experience proves that among our fellow-mortals are many cruel and selfish beings, therefore let us try not to be cruel or selfish ourselves, for even the courts do not punish in revenge, but for safety to others. The essayist writes: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Let us not be one of him.

When the age arrives that ostentation and display, which causes jealousy and bitterness, is outgrown, and when man works for the uplifting of self and his brother man, then the harmonious age, or millennium, is not far off.

C. J. JOHNSON.
Pocatello, Idaho.

WHEN I GET INTO BED.

I'm never frightened in the dark,
Though I am very small;
I never sit all scared, and bark
For ogres in the hall;
But when my prayers are said
I have one awful dread,
That something waits to grab my toes
When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things
Each time I get undressed;
And how each day no evil brings
If children do their best;
But the thought comes in my head,
As I'm turning down the spread,
That something's going to grab my toes
When I climb into bed!

And when there's nothing more to do
With bed-clothes open wide,
It makes me shiver through and through
A-trying to deliver
Which foot will go ahead,
Cause I'm sure I'd tumble dead
If something ever grabbed my toes
As I got into bed.

—Burgess Johnson,
In Harper's Magazine for July.

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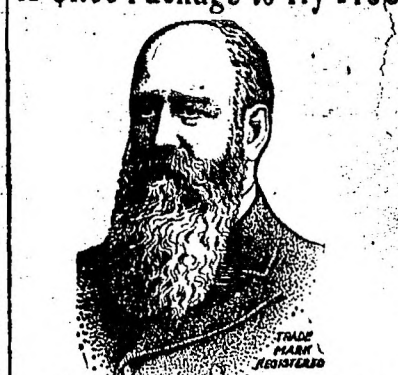
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THE PSYCHOGRAPH OR Dial Planchette.

This instrument is substantially the same as that employed by Prof. Hyslop in his early investigations. In its improved form it has been before the public for more than twelve years, and in the hands of thousands of persons has proved its superiority over the Planchette, and all other instruments which have been brought out in imitation, both in regard to certainty and correctness of the communications received by its aid, and as a means of developing mediumship.

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The Psychograph is an invaluable assistant. A pamphlet with full directions for the

FORMATION OF CIRCLES AND CULTIVATION OF MEDIUMSHIP with every instrument. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift, have, after a few s

Charles Bailey.

Another Account of the Remarkable Manifestations Occurring in His Presence, Followed by a Lecture on "Atoms and Ether."

Mr. T. W. Stanford's Seances With the Medium, Charles Bailey.
(By Mrs. Charles Bright.)

It is beginning to be seen by investigators all over the world that there is nothing that so effectively opens the mind of the unbeliever to psychic realities as the demonstration of the impermeability of matter. For myself it has been a settled conviction for years that a new scientific basis for the spiritual philosophy was necessary if it is to fulfill its mission to the world. After a while, as many Spiritualists affirm, the limit of so-called "message-giving" is reached, and the earnest inquirer wants something more than the restricted ground to which he is chained thereby. So it is a source of satisfaction to everyone concerned to find that the supplements of "reports" brought to Mr. Stanford's circles are compelling world-wide attention. Letters by the latest mails from America and South Africa contain requests for photos of the "apparitions" to be reproduced in lantern slides for courses of lectures by distinguished speakers. Others say how the supplements are cherished and framed for illustrating to unbelievers some of the potent forces at work behind the scenes.

Since our last issue the chief events have been the bringing of supports, two of which are reproduced in the supplement, from Borneo. It was on the evening of March 20, after an interregnum of four weeks in the sittings, that the first one—a native dress worn by the Dyaks of Borneo and neighboring islands—was brought. It was said to belong to a native chief, and made of woven grass, followed on the succeeding evening by a dress worn by one of the native women of similar construction. Special conditions were asked for, such as the uniting of the hands of the sitters and much singing. But, as usual, the addresses, of which one by Professor W. K. Clifford on "Atoms and Ether," is given below, proved the most remarkable test of the medium's psychic powers. From far and near has come such keen appreciation of Professor Clifford's address in the April issue on "Atoms" that the address on "Atoms" has been selected as of prime importance.

The following is a brief account of addresses and phenomena continued from April issue:

80th Seance.—Feb. 21. Address by Professor W. K. Clifford on "Atoms and Ether," as printed below, a sequel to "Atoms" in the April issue. Phenomena. Lump of clay with mosaics. Nest, which was said to be luminous in the dark from phosphorescence in the mud and twigs composing it. Seed for tree grown sixteen inches high in less than half an hour, photographed in April issue.

81st Seance.—March 20. Address, Interval of four weeks. Address, Signor Valetti, "The Shadow of the Unseen." Phenomena. Lump of clay with mosaics. Native chief of dress from Borneo.

83rd Seance.—April 3. In memoriam, address by Signor Valetti. Phenomena. Lump of clay with mosaics. Belt made from skin of Rock Python, ornamented with the foot of a Casowary. It is one of the illustrations in the supplement of this issue. Manuscript from the Himalayas about Alexander the Great in Greek.

ATOMS AND ETHER.

An Address Delivered by Professor W. K. Clifford, on Friday Evening, Feb. 21, 1908.

[Specially reported by Miss M. Wilson, shorthand writer and typist, premier buildings, Collins street, Melbourne.]

I will continue my last address to you and will call it "Atoms and Ether." I presume that all present tonight were here on the last occasion. If so, you will remember that scientists tell us that matter is composed of molecules, atoms and electrons. The electrons, you will remember, I said were electrified particles, and the atoms, to-night I am going to let you into a secret not known to scientific men on the earth plane, but will assuredly be known sooner or later. It is believed by scientific men that atoms are the smallest particles of matter that exist. Latterly they suspected that there might be minute particles, to which they gave the name of electrons; but one thing they have not suspected, and that is that the polarized points, or electrified points, composing the atoms, are in reality the ether of which I have been speaking. It is thought that an atom of, say iron or oxygen, is the smallest particle of matter that can exist, such that that particle of iron may be made up of smaller corpuscles. I give you that word because it is a better one than any I know in current use. This house represents the atoms, but it is made up of bricks. I told you that the atoms floated in the etheric waves, and that their numbers are countless. Their motion is so quick that it eludes the eyes of man, and it is owing to this rapidity of motion that they do not disturb the rays of light which come from the sun and planets. The radiant energy of the X-rays are due to the wondrous interferences thrown off the electric poles, and which is composed of etheric atoms. For this reason the eye of man cannot see the light which penetrates. Will you make a note of that? The etheric atoms composing the X-rays are so rapid in their movements that you cannot see the ray which is thrown off from the apparatus.

About Auras.

For a short time I desire to say something to you about auras. Credit is due, I think, to the Spiritualists for having introduced that term, and for having a great deal of information about it, which is, of course, derived from the spiritual world. The atoms that we have been speaking about are constantly changing, but very slowly. Think, for instance, a grain of mustard seed, and in a few months, and there will be a perceptible diminution of its size. The dog will follow a man's

track for a long distance because fine particles have been given off from the matter of his feet through his boots or shoes. The perfume of the roses of the atoms of a vase pass off and combine with a chemical production which gives the delicate odor of the flower. Every man, every animal, everything possesses an aura. It is an emanation. Supposing that I could give you spiritual eyes to-night, you would see round the person sitting next to you a peculiar halo very much like the aura or halo usually painted round the heads of saints. Looking closer you would perceive that the color nearer to the body would be perhaps a pale pink or cream, and then further from the body it would shade off into another hue. What is this emanation or aura? It is simply an electrical combination which comes in the first place from the sun, and floats in the atmosphere. We have called it ether. Man absorbs this ether through his physical organism, and gives it off again. Sometimes the color of the aura changes, and this is due to a certain state or condition of the body. Now, this aura is simply animal magnetism, which may be used for giving health, and curing diseases. It will not cure all diseases, but it has cured a great many, and all of you possess it in a greater or lesser degree. Some are heavily charged with it. When you are told to renew your magnetism by going out into the woods and communing with nature, you are simply absorbing directly from its source the magnetic power that is all around you.

Ether, the Wondrous Force of the Universe.

Regarding this wondrous ether of which the more minute corpuscles are composed, it is a subtle force pervading every part of the universe, existing in the rocks and in the water in the air. It plays a most important part in the germination of plants, the ripening of fruits, and in the various functions of the organs of the body, including the reproduction of the species. By its subtle power the rays of light come from the sun to the earth and to other planets. You have gathered from what I have said concerning its composition that it is charged with electricity, and in my last lecture I said reverentially that it might be called the Spirit of God. It permeates everything, and there is nothing that it cannot pass through. In my argument last evening I endeavored to show that if anyone possessed a knowledge and power on the other side to reduce the atoms to ether, there would be no difficulty whatever in passing matter through matter—none whatever. I might go on for a considerable time telling you of its wondrous powers, but I wish to speak about the spiritual body and what connection it hath with matter.

Ether and the Spiritual Body.

When I speak of the spiritual body, I mean the spiritual man. Man, the true man, is a spirit, or perhaps we speak correctly, man is spirit. God is not a spirit, but God is spirit, invisible. Note that the etheric corpuscles are invisible. They may be sensed by the spiritual man, but cannot be seen by the physical eyes. Now, we find that the atoms, these minute particles which have been speaking, are made up of the etheric corpuscles, and not any man in the flesh or in the spirit has been able to yet grasp what is the vital force inherent in these corpuscles. They are called by scientists primordial atoms which exist from the beginning, and if you can lay hold of any meaning you will see that an striving to express upon you that the spirit of man is part of the Divine spirit which permeates everything, right throughout the universe. I have said also that no one can give a definition of it. You may define matter, but not that vital power or influence which is active in primordial atoms. That is spirit. Have you ever heard theologians give you such a definition as I have given you to-night? No, they cannot do so, because they are on the earth plane. They are not acquainted with certain facts with which we are acquainted, and they will be until they have entered the etheric plane. This wondrous power is manifested throughout all matter. Of what then does the spiritual body consist—because it is recognized that man hath a spiritual body in the spirit realm. Is it composed of the atoms of which we have been speaking? No, because these minute particles are composed of something more subtle than that which composes the atoms, and we call it "spiritual substance" in speaking to you, for want of a better name. It may, however, be manifested through matter. The materialized form, of which we have instances recorded in the Bible and our own experience, is an actual fact. The spirit appeared and was handled. It drew from the medium, from the sitters, or the persons to whom it appeared, certain atoms which went to form a spiritual body materialized and made ponderable so that the fleshly eye could see and discern it. The External Spirit is present everywhere, and, in that sense, you will understand God to be omnipotent and omnipresent. The wondrous manifestations taking place throughout Nature are all perfected through this wonderful medium, the Spirit of God. It is omnipresent, and in a sense which you cannot realize at present, it is omnipotent also. Do you remember me telling you in my last lecture how each atom composing matter has its affinity? This atom finds its affinity, and they come together. Supposing this to be removed, then it would find the next best and cohere with that, and if that were removed it would find the next. How is this? It is through the Spirit of God. Perhaps I am going rather too deep into spiritual problems. You are intelligent people, I know, but these matters are perhaps a little beyond some of you while yet in the flesh. But I have given you a few thoughts you can turn over in your quiet hours.

Spiritual Forces Everywhere.

As the Spirit of God is immortal, eternal, existing to all eternity, so then is the spirit of man if it is part of the Divine. Let me say matter and force are eternal. You will remember that I spoke of force in connection with the atoms. You must think also of the charges constantly going on. You know that it is possible to change certain chemical substances. Magnesium, for instance, is changed when you ignite it, being combustible. There are thousands of such substances that change their form if a certain chemical process is set up. And matter has always existed in some form or other. Have you not heard the expression, my friends, from theologians and others, "when time shall be no more." It is an utter impossibility! You might just as well try to find the beginning of time as to find its end, and when you can find the beginning of time, then you will find the beginning of the universe. Oh, how wondrously vast, how all absorbing is this subject, and how far distant is the end of the matter carried? Well, might the Nazarene, the Great Teacher, who understood the mysteries, declare unto his immediate followers, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without all these things are done in mysteries." And so it is to-day, my friends, to you, who with minds spiritually attuned, seek for light and knowledge on these important subjects, to you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, and to those it is foolishness. The world has made a discovery, a very important one, and how to send messages through the atmosphere without wires, by an electric shock or spark, powerful enough to cause a disturbance of the etheric waves, and a receiver able to receive that which is transmitted through the etheric waves. This is wireless telegraphy. There is something I would like to tell you to-night which might in the future be of great benefit to the world. Existing in the atmosphere around you are various gases, composed of atoms in a gaseous state. It will be possible by and by to take out of the atmosphere nitrate salts, atmospheric substances, which will be healing, life-giving, and sustaining. Do you know that Nature goes through an elaborate process to produce your food? And why should not a man be able to take out of the atmosphere that which will keep him alive, heal his diseases, and a hundred other things? Some say that the attempt was made, or is being made, to change whatever in the theological views. He died of apoplexy, a disease peculiar to men of physical and intellectual vigor. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is a disease of robust health. He died while actively engaged in his magnificent attacks upon theological ignorance and superstition. Being suddenly seized and entering into his spirit into the condition of coma characteristic of that malady and which precedes the final dissolution a few hours or days, he could not have made any ante-mortem statement of any character. I hope this will be sufficient to prevent any further circulation of this story.

I cannot better close this communication than with a quotation from Ingersoll's "Shorter Catechism," based upon his replies to six sermons delivered against him and his attacks on old orthodox Christianity, by Rev. Dr. DeWitt Talmage.

Question.—So you think that, after all, it was not God's intention that the Jews should become civilized?

Answer.—We do not know. We can only say that "God's ways are not our ways." It may be that God took them in his spite into the condition of coma characteristic of that malady and which precedes the final dissolution a few hours or days, he could not have made any ante-mortem statement of any character. I hope this will be sufficient to prevent any further circulation of this story.

Question.—Did he know when Judas went to the chief priest and made the bargain for the delivery of Christ?

Answer.—Certainly.

Question.—Why did he allow himself to be betrayed if he knew the plot?

Answer.—Infidelity is a very good doctrine to live by, but you should read the last words of Paine and Voltaire. (Now it seems they are adding to the list the name of Ingersoll himself.)

Question.—If Christ knew that Judas would betray him, why did he choose him?

Answer.—Nothing can exceed the sanctity of the French Revolution—when they carried a woman through the streets and worshipped her as the Goddess of Reason.

Question.—Would not the mission of Christ have been a failure had no one betrayed him?

Answer.—Thomas Paine was a drunkard and reeked on his death-bed, and died a blaspheming infidel beast.

Question.—Is it not clear that an atonement was necessary; and is it not equally clear that the atonement could not have been made, unless somebody had betrayed Christ; and unless the Jews had been wicked and orthodox enough to crucify him?

Answer.—Of course the atonement had to be made. It was a part of the "divine plan" that Christ should be betrayed, and that the Jews should be wicked enough to kill him. Otherwise, the world would have been lost.

Question.—Suppose Judas had understood the "divine plan," what ought he to have done? Should he have betrayed Christ, or should he have allowed the world to perish, including his own soul?

Answer.—If you take the Bible away from the world, how would it be possible to have a religion? It is in our hearts, and it is the only possible administrator of Justice.

Question.—If Christ had not been betrayed and crucified, is it true that

but when grown to manhood, you will discard it, you will laugh and say it is a fable of childhood. Matter is changing everywhere, and my body of clay also had to undergo the same change; but my spirit, the true man, which is part of the Divine, cannot change. Therefore, I propose to you that I put forth at the opening of my first lecture stands good. Your reason attests the fact that spirit is superior to and dominates matter; because all matter is changing and spirit does not change. And for this reason man lives forever—immortal!—the harbinger of light, Melbourne, Australia.

The Great Agnostic.

DID INGERSOLL RECENTLY?

Some Orthodox Are Already Claiming That He Confessed He Was Wrong in His Attitude Toward Christianity.

In a recent epistolary controversy with an orthodox friend in Wichita, Kansas, on theological questions, my respected correspondent deliberately in black and white, informed me that Col. Ingersoll had confessed before his death that he was all wrong in his attitude toward the churches and Christianity. My first thought upon reading this assertion was one of very great surprise, but it was immediately succeeded by the reflection that it was but orthodox history merely repeating itself, being reminded that I had heard many pulpit utterances describing in detail the confessions, regrets and horrible deaths of our noted "infidels," which were all proven to be without foundation in fact, unauthentic, mere pulpit stories related for effect in accordance with the seventh verse of the third chapter of Romans.

I remembered, too, of Col. Ingersoll himself having spent no little time, work and money in running down and nailing a similar story about Thomas Paine, and I embrace the present opportunity of defending in my humble way the memory of the lamented Ingersoll. I do not know how extensively this story about Mr. Ingersoll has been circulated. I had never seen or heard any intimations of it before reading it in this letter.

Of course, it would be the most powerful and conclusive argument the church could use against the teachings of Ingersoll, far more effective and successful than any orthodox argument hitherto advanced against those teachings while he lived, if this assertion of my correspondent could be authentically established. But Mr. Ingersoll's death was too sudden to give rise to even a remote suspicion that he had made any confession, statement or utterance of the kind. He was a man of change whatever in his theological views. He died of apoplexy, a disease peculiar to men of physical and intellectual vigor. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is a disease of robust health. He died while actively engaged in his magnificent attacks upon theological ignorance and superstition. Being suddenly seized and entering into his spirit into the condition of coma characteristic of that malady and which precedes the final dissolution a few hours or days, he could not have made any ante-mortem statement of any character. I hope this will be sufficient to prevent any further circulation of this story.

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THE KNOW-ALL CHURCH.

A New Religion Throughout, Gotten Up on a Unique Plan.—Thus Adding One More Discordant Note to the Scale of Human Thought.

As if humanity did not have churches enough a new one has been launched, called the "Church of Humanity." And such a church! It has now about 250 members—oh, no, not in one compact congregation; but scattered, like lost sheep, over the United States. Its founder and a few of its members are to meet in convention this day, Sunday, June 7, at Great Bend, Kansas, to organize the "church." It is unique. It has no God, a godless church. Every person joining it must say: "Having learned that all gods are fabulous beings and death the end of conscious life."

The founder has set about the impossible task of having all the members agree in their views, especially in two points, namely, fundamentals. One view is that God is a myth, like Santa Claus.

Each member of the "church" must declare, "I know there is no God." To say that he believes there is no God will not do; or that he does not know whether there is or not. Thomas Paine and Col. Ingersoll would not be eligible

List of Camp-Meetings.

Send in your Dates and Names of Secretaries at Once, to The Progressive Thinker.

Interest in the various Spiritualist camp-meetings has commenced, and secretaries of the same should report at once to this office, so that proper announcements as to dates and officers can be made.

Lily Dale Assembly.
The Lily Dale Assembly opens Friday, July 10, 1908, and closes Sunday, August 30. Apply to Mrs. Carrie C. Reed, Secretary, Lily Dale, New York, for programs and information.

Summerland Camp, Cal.
The Summerland Spiritualist camp-meeting will open on Sunday, June 7, and continue one week, closing on Sunday, June 14. We will have first-class speakers and mediums. For full particulars, address Solon Smith, Summerland, Cal.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass.
This camp will open Sunday, Aug. 2, and close Monday, Aug. 31. A list of speakers and mediums second to none. For programs and full particulars address Rev. A. P. Blinn, secretary, Norwich, Conn.

Wenowoc, Wis., Camp-Meeting.
The Western Wisconsin Camp Association holds its annual camp-meeting in Unity Park, Wenowoc, Wis., July 12 to August 9. For particulars and programs write Gertrude Spooner, secretary, Wenowoc, Wis.

Lake Brady, Ohio.
The seventeenth annual session of this camp will commence June 28 and close August 20. For particulars and programs address Fred C. Myers, secretary, Myersville, Ohio.

Winfield, Kansas, Camp.
The Winfield Camp opens July 13 and closes July 28. Mr. L. H. Bell, of Winfield, president, 310 North Willis Fontaine, secretary, 110 North A Street, Arkansas City, Kansas.

Etna, Maine, Camp.
The Etna Spiritualist camp-meeting will open August 28 and close Sept. 6. An excellent list of speakers and mediums are engaged. Address Arthur C. Smith, president, Bangor, Maine, R. F. D. No. 3; Mary Drake Jenne, secretary, Monson, Maine.

Etna, Washington, Camp.
The fourth annual camp of Etna, Clark county, Washington, will commence August 1 and close August 31. For particulars address H. B. Allen, Etna, Washington.

Onset, Mass.
Onset camp commences its thirty-second annual meeting July 19 and closes Aug. 30. For full particulars address the Secretary, Onset, Mass.

Harmony Grove Spiritualist Camp
Harmony Grove will open July 19 and close August 11. For full particulars address T. J. McFeron, 528 W. San Diego, Cal.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.
Opens July 26 and closes August 23. Programs and information given to all who write to Mrs. M. B. Anderson, secretary, Clarksville, Mo.

Chesterfield Camp.
Begins July 23 and ends August 30. Mrs. Flora M. Millsaps, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind. Send her for full particulars.

Forest Home Camp, Mich.
Opens Aug. 2 and closes Aug. 23. For program or further particulars, address Frank Lesher, president, 40111e Mitchell, secretary, Mancelona, Mich.

New Era Camp, Oregon.
The New Era camp meeting will open July 11 and close August 3. An excellent list of speakers and mediums are engaged. For further information address the secretary, F. E. Danton, 355 15th street, Eugene, Ore.

Ottawa Camp, Kansas.
Eleventh annual Spiritualist camp meeting, Forest Park, Ottawa, commences Sept. 11 and closes Sept. 20. Send for programs to H. W. Henderson, Lawrence, Kansas; Mrs. Ella Baldwin, vice-president, Kansas City, Mo.; or to the secretary, Mrs. L. E. Strickland, Madison, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2.

Edgewood Camp, Washington.
Commences July 12 and continues three weeks, including four Sundays. Two days' State Convention to follow. For full particulars, address R. F. Little, president, Seattle, Washington.

Temple Heights Camp, Me.
Temple Heights Spiritualist Camp-meeting commences August 16, and ends August 23. For full particulars address A. D. Champney, secretary, Rockport, Me.

Vicksburg, Mich., Camp.
Vicksburg Camp, Mich., opens July 26 and closes August 16. For full particulars address Miss Jeanette Fraser, Vicksburg, Mich.

Ocean Grove Camp, Mass.
Ocean Grove Camp, Harwich Port, Mass., opens July 12 and closes July 26, 1908. President, Samuel Small, 208 South Harwich, Mass.; secretary, Mrs. Geo. D. Smalley, Harwich Port, Mass.

Unity Camp, Saugus, Mass.
Services at 11, 2 and 4:30 every Sunday from June 14 to Sept. 27. Excellent speakers and mediums. Refreshments served. Address all communications to the secretary, Mrs. A. A. Averill, 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

Grand Lodge Camp, Mich.
The Grand Lodge Spiritualist Camp-meeting opens July 26 and closes August 23, with Mr. Oscar Edgerly as president, Fred Harman, secretary, and Charles F. Young, Jr., as assistant secretary. J. W. Ewing, Grand Lodge, Mich.

Parkland Heights Camp, Pa.
Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Camp Meeting Association will open its camp on Sunday, July 5, and continue every Sunday until the last of August. Able and talented lecturers and mediums have been employed. Address Dr. James B. Candy, secretary, Langhorne, Bucks, Pa.

Delphos, Kansas, Camp.
Opens Aug. 9, closing Aug. 23. I. N. Richardson, secretary, Delphos, Kansas.

Ashley, Ohio, Camp.
Ashley Spiritualist camp meeting opens August 9, closes August 30. Write for circulars. W. H. Randolph, secretary, Ashley, Ohio.

Pine Grove Camp Meeting, N. H.
Pine Grove Camp Meeting, Niantic, Conn., commencing June 13, continues until September 13. Hepsy O. Boden, Secretary, Williamantic, Conn.

Central New York Camp Meeting.
At Freeville, N. Y., commencing July 25, closes August 23. B. L. Robinson, Secretary, Dryden, N. Y.

Sunapee Lake Camp, N. H.
Sunapee Lake Camp Meeting, at Blueberry Landing, N. H., commences August 9, closing August 30. John W. Clay, Secretary, Sutton, N. H.

Island Lake Camp, Mich.
Island Lake Camp, Island Lake Mich., opens July 1, extending until August 1. For programs or information write to the secretary, N. G. Swarthout, Fowlerville, Mich. At Brighton after July 1.

DELPHOS (KANSAS) CAMP.
The thirtieth annual camp meeting of this notable camp begins Aug. 7, closing on the 23rd.

For thirty consecutive years this camp, without a single omission, traveling onward through adversity, obstacles of almost unmountable magnitude frequently besetting its pathway, yet, never faltering, it has climbed to an eminence seldom reached, under like circumstances and conditions.

Our program while not advertised in detail, consists of the highest and most pleasing arrangement for the entertainment of camp visitors. Our constant aim has been to secure the very best talent obtainable. Very few camps throughout the country have had the honor and pleasure of the most notable men and women speakers appearing upon its rostrum, as has this camp.

Our list of speakers and mediums engaged for this camp are: Will J. Erwood, Battle Creek, Mich.; W. D. Noyes and wife, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dr. Jessie Bellman, Winfield, Kans.; president of the Kansas State Association of Spiritualists; Mrs. Nora E. Hill, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Inez Wagner, Kansas City, Mo., with negotiations in progress for further talent.

To all lovers of a free and hospitable people, where you are made to feel at home and where the many, Delphos camp is incomparable. It offers to the languid, pent-up, tired soul, hedged in by worry and city strife, a panacea that will refresh and invigorate as no other remedy. Come to Delphos camp. Come where worlds of new worlds, where no "twilight zones" divide the realm of spirits in and out of the earthly forms.

For further information in detail, write to the secretary, I. N. RICHARDSON, Delphos, Kansas.

LAKE PLEASANT, MASS.
Many New Cottages being Built.—Town Water Installed on the Grounds.—Many Arrivals.

Unusual activity in every direction marks the opening of the summer at this popular, old-time camp ground, the second oldest in the world, and everything bids fair for a prosperous season.

Seven new cottages were finished last month, varying in cost from \$800 to \$2,500. On Denton street, on the Highlands, commodious structures have been built for John Johnson, of Troy, N. Y., Prof. George W. Edwards, of Brooklyn, and Dr. Wm. Critchley, of Portsmouth, N. H.

On the old grounds the cottages recently finished for Mrs. Mary A. Wales, of Amherst, Mrs. Carrie Dodge, of Boston; Mrs. Kate Nowack, of New York, and Leon E. Henry are all handsome edifices. Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, of Albany, N. Y., Mr. F. A. Bidsford, of Boston, Mr. E. E. Townsend, of Providence, R. I., and F. S. Wilbur, of Lake Pleasant, have cottages in process of construction that will be completed before the convocation commences, Aug. 2. Lake Pleasant is now a fire district with its own firemen, and pipes are being laid for the installation of town water upon the grounds.

For the past ten days the grounds have reminded us of the streets of Boston, during the construction of the subway, our none too wide thoroughfares being piled high with dirt on either side, with ditches and feet deep in the middle. The laying of the pipes will be completed by July 15, with hydrants located and in operation for fire protection, but no connections will be made with cottages until fall, the association plant furnishing water as usual for this season.

The Lake Pleasant Lyceum has held two sessions with thirty pupils present. Mr. George Cleveland acting as conductor. Much interest is being taken and a thriving Lyceum will soon be in progress.

About one hundred cottages are now open. The Home Comfort House and The Roosevelt have quite a few guests already. Harry S. Savage has leased the boat privilege, and will also handle the baggage as usual. Mr. Philip Yeaton, of Boston, is running the dining room at the depot, and Charles F. Slate's cafe is located at the electric car station.

Vice-presidents W. W. Lee and Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse are hard at work as usual; directors Crafts, Critchley, Edwards and Childs are located at their cottages; Mrs. Abraham H. Dalley has opened her residence for the season, and new arrivals are coming on every train. The dances in

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We have now FOURTEEN magnificent PREMIUM BOOKS which you can select from.

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A FREAK OF THE WIRELESS.
Illustrating How Messages May Come from the Spirit Realm—Messages from Remote Places Caught in a Missouri School.—The Experiment at Instrument Made by Prof. Elliott of Richmond and Stored in a Basement Was Found to Be Clicking Conversations.

Richmond, Mo.—D. C. Elliott, professor of science in the Richmond high school, went into the basement of the school yesterday and heard strange clicking messages, and an investigation was begun. This message was then sent out from Oklahoma City, Okla.

There is a connection on the circuit. Caught some station marked Richmond, Mo., high school.

The Oklahoma station then sent this query to Richmond: "What kind of station have you?" Powers, the operator, answered: "It is home made."

Following this the Oklahoma City station sent this message to Colorado Springs: "Richmond, Mo., has experimental station on this circuit. Says same is home made instrument. This circuit caught on account of damp weather. Says he has no pole."

Richmond Caught Them All! All these messages were plainly read by Powers in the basement of the high school. Then came this message from Colorado Springs to a ship in the Gulf of Mexico: "John R. Markes, Mallory Line, Texas, via Oklahoma City or Galveston: May your journey be without exception the best of the season. Answer me from New York."

Prof. Elliott regards the incident as one of the most remarkable things he has ever heard of in connection with wireless telegraphy. That a home-made instrument, made without regard to any system and stuck away in a basement without wires or the lofty pole stations have, should be able to catch messages from such a distant point probably will furnish much matter for comment among wireless experimenters.

The above as reported conveys an important lesson illustrating the importance of the fact that messages from spirit side of life reach certain minds that are attuned in unison.

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