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MEN AND BOYS AIDED BY A CHURCH CLUB.

Social Christianity Expresses Work Being Done by the Grace Episcopal, Wabash Avenue.—Parish House Is Fitted Up.—Billiard and Reading Room, Gymnasium and Shower Baths Form Part of the Equipment.

To the Editor:—According to the Chicago Post, social Christianity nearly expresses the idea actuating the work carried on among men and boys by Grace Episcopal Church at 1439 Wabash Avenue, and to facilitate this work a large suite of rooms, which have been fitted up in the parish house adjoining the church, will be opened on April 20.

"The work is fundamentally of a religious character," said Rev. George McKay, assistant to the rector, Rev. W. O. Waters, who has taken charge of the social work. "We never lose sight of the fact that these clubs are a part of the church work, but we do not use them as a lever to force people into the church as by saying: 'You cannot use the shower-bath if you do not go to church or Sunday school. As a result of the clubs many boys and young men have come voluntarily into the Sunday school and church who were not before interested.'"

In fitting up the rooms Mr. McKay has borne in mind the many quarters most of the members come from, and has sought to satisfy the innate love of the beautiful. There is a large billiard-room in warm Indian yellow, with weathered oak wainscoting and furniture.

Through a large arch with grill work of arts and crafts design, one enters the reading-room, where there is a cheerful red brick fireplace and ample book shelves. The same color scheme prevails here as in the billiard-room.

From the reading-room immense doors open into a spacious gymnasium in yellow and brown. At the rear are shower baths, which will be constantly used, since cleanliness is one of the cardinal principles to be instilled into the youngsters.

On the third floor of the building there is a large kindergarten, where about fifty children assemble daily for the ordinary primary instruction. There also are baths in connection with this department, and the children are to be scrubbed as well as instructed. Every morning at 10 o'clock breakfast is served to the children, many of whom are so poorly nourished that they are unable to do the work without this meal.

Among the men and boys of the congregation a number of clubs have been in existence for 10 years. At the present time the work is being re-organized by Mr. McKay, whose enthusiasm is stimulating it into new activity. New clubs are to be organized and interest awakened in several directions. At present there is a basketball team which plays the teams of the various schools and settlements.

Two of the largest boys' clubs are the Clinton Locke Club and William P. Wright Club. Here also are several similar organizations among the girls of the neighborhood. A large proportion of the members of these clubs are Bohemians.

In speaking of the purposes of their work, Mr. McKay said:

"We are in sympathy with every movement to better the conditions of this neighborhood, and it is our purpose to co-operate heartily with all such civic or philanthropic movement. We feel that mere economic betterments is not sufficient, however, since that affects only our material life. We can never find solutions for improving our material condition and starving our spiritual side. I do not believe that any social work can be an entire success which leaves out the religious element of our nature."

Here we have an angelic work—one to be commended. Spiritualists, can you do any better? Have you done as well? Can you point to any humanitarian work that is superior, and this in a Christian church.

DEACON.

SUGGESTS.

Temperance.

Sometimes, perhaps, (will do to "take a little wine for your stomach's sake."

But if too much, you'll take your bed And wake next morn with an aching head

A Short Memory.

Full many a man will soon forget He owes a friend a borrow debt; Unless a paper he has signed, 'Tis 'out of sight' and 'out of mind."

Precept and Example.

Great sinners often preach and pray, And tell us what the Scriptures say, But, though good precepts they may teach, They do not practice what they preach.

Anger.

Fierce anger fills the breasts of fools And fowls their mouths until it cools; But he who has a level head, Will hold his tongue till wrath is dead.

Industry.

How doth the little toiling ant Still pite to shame the sluggard's "can't," It runs about while it can see And as busy as a bee; So should it be with girl and boy When they the hand or brain employ, Just hold them steady at the work And give no time for them to shrink.

Christian Science.

That "All is mind, there is no matter," Is not of science 'e'en a smatter; Where such a full credence gains, The lack of matter is of brains.

DEAN CLARKE.

When a Catholic Candidate is on the ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote, no matter what he represents. Catholic Review

Tom Watson's Opinion.

It is Lucidly Expressed and Presents a Vivid Picture of the Catholic Church.—Coming from a Candidate for the Presidency, It Makes Impressive Reading, and Should be Carefully Perused by Every Spiritualist in the Land.

Tom Watson, the Populist presidential candidate a few years ago, wrote the following and printed it in his paper April 23, 1897:

"We think we state the exact truth when we say we are free from bigotry upon the subject of religion. We have no prejudice whatever against a citizen because he is a Methodist, Episcopalian or Catholic—we being of the Baptist faith. But the difference between one church organization and another may be a matter of extreme political importance, and we cannot understand how any student conversant with political history can be indifferent to the peculiar hierarchy of the Catholic church."

"No other church organization claims and exercises the right to say what books its members shall read; no other church openly takes part in political affairs; no other church sends and receives ambassadors; no other church holds a court at which royal ceremonial is observed, embassies from foreign governments received, and far-reaching questions of international policy debated and decided."

"There is not a government of the civilized world at whose capital the Catholic church is not represented by a resident representative. No question of national policy, which may directly or indirectly affect the Catholic church is decided until the Pope has been heard from."

"Throughout the civilized world run the threads of papal diplomacy, and the most prominent feature of recent political progress has been the wonderful success of Catholic statesmanship."

"Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, and Austria are as loyally Catholic now as in the days when the Jesuits and the Inquisition met and turned back the Reformation of Huss, Wycliffe, Calvin and Luther."

"Not only has the Catholic church held its own ground, but it is invading Protestant territory and stamping out Protestant influence."

We state this without passion and without malice; we state it simply as a remarkable fact which challenges attention.

"Protestant Prussia under Bismarck's lead expelled the Jesuits in 1870. The Catholics have patiently struggled to reverse that policy and they have succeeded. The law of expulsion has been repealed, and the Jesuits have re-entered Protestant Prussia."

"In Protestant England, the Catholic church is now the power behind the throne. The most powerful members of the aristocracy are devoted Catholics. In social and political influence the cardinals of Rome wield vast power. When Bayard, the United States ambassador, gave his grand feast to the nobility of Great Britain, not a single Protestant divine was invited. Catholic cardinals were there upon equal footing with the Prince of Wales, but no man of God, tainted with the touch of the Reformation, was present."

"In Protestant America the strides of the Catholic church to political power are not less gigantic."

"Time and again Congress has bent before that invisible and invincible force. Our politicians are so mortally afraid of angering the priestly vote of the large cities that they dared not instruct the state of New Mexico to teach the English language in the public schools. The English language would carry with it the English Bible; and the Catholic church did not want any Protestant Bibles in New Mexico. By teaching Spanish in New Mexico, the Catholic church preserves its monopoly; and our cowardly statesmen voted as the priests demanded."

"McKinley's cabinet was partly Catholic, and the influence which the Pope exerted during the administration (through Mr. Odell) is shown by the way in which the war department listened to grant to the Catholics a portion of the national domain at West Point. The Catholics asked for some of the government land to build a church on—and they got it. Other denominations outnumbered the Catholics at West Point, but these other denominations have not been able to get any of the national property."

"Wherever the Catholic church controls it persecutes. No Protestant can preach or sell Bibles in Spain, Italy, Portugal, South America or even in Cuba, except at the risk of his life."

"In the Philippine Islands, not many months ago, the priests tortured some captives in the same manner as millions of Protestants were tortured in the Middle Ages."

"The Literary Digest (N. Y.) copied last year an article from a leading Catholic paper in South America in which the Inquisition was eulogized, and the holy work of the rack, the wheel, and the stake was hysterically praised."

"In Canada, within the last three months, the Catholic priests became so enraged at a liberal Catholic newspaper, which opposed the church policy on the school question, that they compelled the local postal authorities to throw the offending newspaper out of the mails. The government did not dare to punish the priests who had thus violated its laws and destroyed its mail."

"In this growth of power in the Catholic church (of which we have given a few instances) it is to be noticed that the radical Catholic is crowding out the liberal Catholic. The extremists are in control, and these extremists have secured the Pope's endorsement to the doctrine that the Protestant religion is not better than no religion at all. The orthodox Catholic doctrine is that Protestantism must be uprooted and cast out as wholly damnable heresy."

"What we have stated is truth—plain, unvarnished truth. It seems to us that these things are deserving of serious attention."

"Where a church claims and exercises the right to exert political influence, it behooves good citizens to study the history of that church and the tendency of its teachings."

"To judge a tree by its fruits is a fair rule. Now that the Catholic church is likely to take such a controlling part in our national affairs, it is well that we should ask ourselves a few questions."

"When and where has the Roman Catholic church done anything for the masses of the people—for the sacred cause of freedom, of labor, freedom of vote, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, or freedom of conscience?"

"When has it ever failed to side with enthroned tyranny as against reform—from the days of Philip II, when it burnt one hundred thousand men who dared to think for themselves, down to the day in 1806 when the Pope's blessing was breathed upon the Spanish flag and his prayers went with the troops who were to burn Cuban houses and fields, torture and slay Cuban patriots, insult and outrage Cuban maids and matrons, and make a smoking hell of a country whose people demanded no more than the Catholics of Ireland demanded of Protestant England, and upon far better grounds."

To the very last the Catholic church stood by the institution of slavery, and was the last to give up her slaves. To the very last the Catholic church opposed freedom of conscience and worship. To the very last it opposed the separation of church and state. To the very last it opposed the general education of the masses, and is to-day the mortal enemy of the public schools. To the very last it opposed self-government by the people, and is to-day the staunch defender of the divine rights of kings."

"A particular reason why the people of this country should be concerned about the startling growth of Catholic power is that the Catholic church boasts that it never changes. The good Catholic claims to-day that the Pope is infallible and that all the popes have been true and worthy viceregents of Christ."

"He claims that the Protestant is a heretic, and he believes that it would be a mercy to said Protestant to bind him upon a jagged iron wheel, and beat said heretic out of him with a club."

"He believes that his priest can pardon sin, and that the money liberally spent in buying prayers can lift the sinner out of hell."

"He believes that the wine of the sacrament is the actual blood of Christ, and the bread the actual body."

"We are all prone to believe that which is constantly said and never denied. The profound policy of the Catholic church is to cut off its

Spiritualist Camp Meetings.

Harrison D. Barrett Presents Some Suggestive Data, That Will Be Read with Interest.

My attention has been called to the articles by Prof. W. F. Beck and Mr. Will M. Kellogg, that recently appeared in the columns of your paper in reference to the above-named subject. I take no exception to what these worthy brothers have said in review of my opinions, relative to the same topic. I freely admit that there was a time when camp meetings rendered our cause good service through the interest created by them in the minds of thinking people. The lectures then and now, were of a high order of excellence, but every well informed Spiritualist will have to admit that there is a wide difference between the effect of the lectures presented forty years ago and those given to-day. People go to camp meetings to-day, remain a week, ten days, a month, or possibly three months, then go home, and never take a particle of interest in Spiritualism until the next camp meeting. They spend all their money during their vacation at the camp, and have none to support the local societies when they get home. The old figure relative to "Brutus" denning up in winter and sucking his paws until spring comes again, applies literally to this class of Spiritualists. Spiritually speaking they do the very same thing.

Forty years ago, the phenomena presented at the camps were widely different from those given at the present time. They were not so numerous, and I am presumptuous enough to believe that they were of far better quality than are some of those that we have to-day. As a matter of fact, however, phenomenal work did not enter very largely into the early camp meeting economy. The philosophical and religious aspects of Spiritualism were what the people wanted and what they received. This is true of the camp meeting established at Cape Cod, Mass., in 1866, also of the one at New Era, Oregon, in 1871, and of Lake Pleasant, Mass., established in 1874. Phenomena came in at all of these places, also at all other camps some years after they were organized. They have had a very prominent place at all of these centers for the past 25 years. Camps organized within the past five years have resorted to phenomena from their very inception.

In 1880 not more than ten camps were in existence in the United States. Their opportunity seemed to come with the downfall of our first National Association in 1873. At that time only two camps were in existence, viz.: Cape Cod, Mass., and New Era, Oregon. From the rise of the camp meetings in America, every impartial reader of history will be forced to note the downfall of our local and State Associations. In 1871, there were 28 State Associations in existence, and in round numbers, 450 local societies. In 1880, there were two State Associations in existence, and 324 local societies. More than half of these had been organized between 1836 and 1880. These figures are not based upon guess-work. They are hard, cold facts. Camp meetings kill our local societies, and in killing the local societies they deprive our speakers and mediums of employment for almost a full year.

In 1882, camp meetings were at their height, in the point of numbers, in America. Some fifty-five of them were then operating. To-day there are 34. The N. S. A. was organized in 1893. There are now 23 State Associations, and in round numbers, 760 local societies. My readers will please note this fact, that there has been a decrease of 21 camps in the past fifteen years, an increase of 21 State Associations, and over 400 local societies have been organized in the same period. I cannot get away

converts from the world and keep them from hearing, reading, or thinking anything which might encourage doubt.

The Catholic church wants its converts to have faith—blind, unreasoning faith in the Catholic statement of every case.

To reach this result, the Pope dictates the books which shall be read, what newspapers shall be patronized, and what pictures shall be used.

Pope Leo XIII. has just revised the list of 'forbidden books.' He says that the new rules on the subject are so mildly formulated that it will be easy for good Catholics to obey the new rules.

What are these new rules which a good Catholic must observe in choosing his reading matter?

1. 'All those writings which were prohibited previous to the year 1600, except where special decrees have since made exceptions, are prohibited now.'

2. 'All books written by apostates, heretics, schismatics,' are forbidden.

3. 'Away goes your Milton and your Shakespeare, your Burns and your Byron, your Cowper and your Wordsworth, your Tennyson and your Scott! They were all heretics.'

4. 'Macauley must not be read, nor Hume, nor Gibbon, nor Hallam, nor Froude, nor Carlyle.'

5. 'They were all heretics.'

6. 'The good Catholic must not drink the pure delight of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' nor must he ever hang enraptured over 'The Grecian Urn' of Keats, nor must he ever grow dim as he reads Byron's verses to his sister. He must never walk the rich fields of Charles Reade and Charles Dickens—never laugh with Thackeray nor sigh with Hood; never soar with Shelley, dream with Coleridge, nor view the gems of Walter Savage Landor.'

All the golden fruits of genius, choicest apples of literature's Gardens of the Hesperides, is fruit forbidden to a good Catholic—for when God lit the lamp of Genius in the minds of those wonderfully-gifted heretics and touched their soul into celestial music, he forgot that the Pope would measure all the mental universe with the contemptible little tape-line of denominational intolerance.

To be a good Catholic all the eloquence, wit, wisdom and patriotism of American history is lost land, for the deadly brand of heresy lays upon the whole of it. Excepting Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and a baker's dozen besides, the whole outfit, from Washington, the 'Episcopalian,' to Jefferson, the infidel, and Thomas Paine, the Deist, were rank heretics, deserving to be burned.

What sort of intelligence would a good Catholic have if he should obey the rules which the Pope Leo says are so mildly framed?

What sort of knowledge does any man have when he is forbidden to read on both sides of the case?

What better scheme could be devised for putting power into the hands of the priests?

How could a good Catholic ever be anything mentally, but a child if he is denied the privilege of reading, thinking, comparing and judging?

But the rules which Pope Leo XIII. has so mildly framed, do not stop here. They forbid the good Catholics to read any book on religion except those written by Catholics. They forbid good Catholics to read any edition of the Bible except the Catholic edition. Books which criticize the popes, cardinals, priests, church doctrines and usages, are forbidden. The amiable Leo does not wish that his people shall be told a great many things which they ought to know. He wants them to know nothing beyond what the priests see fit to tell them.

No good Catholic must read any book or other publication, which treats of religious subjects, without submitting said book or publication to the judgment of the priests.

Such rules as these sound strangely out of place in this age of progress and of research.

Conscious error could not possibly show more guilty timidity in screening itself from honest inquiry than the Catholic church displays in these rules which command good Catholics to read no books excepting those which have been inspected, tagged and branded by the Pope.

Of all the slavery in this world the most degrading is mental and spiritual slavery; and we look upon the huge growth of the Catholic church in political power as an ominous fact, because the natural tendency of its creed is to make the people superstitious, intolerant and priest-ridden.

But while our politicians continue to be cowards, and our Protestant ministers continue to be dupes, Catholic diplomacy will march onward triumphantly, until the day will come when Protestantism will have to fight for dear life in a land which its blind devotees believe is dedicated forever to free speech, free thought, and free worship."

T. E. W.

from the conclusion, that with the decline and overthrow of the camps, there assuredly comes in an increase of local and state organizations. The Spiritualists of America are indebted to the N. S. A. through its missionary work for the re-organization of State Associations, and for the re-establishment of several hundred local societies.

I cannot get away from the conclusion that local and state organizations do far more good than camp meetings. It is true that able lectures are yet given at all of our camp centers. It is also true that many reliable mediums spend their vacations there. It is further true that many genuine phenomena are produced at those places by the honest mediums. Another fact is likewise true—no record is made of these phenomena, no scientist analyzes them, no one reduces them to orderly form or has a history of their production published for the instruction of the world. Individual Spiritualists spend all of their money in pursuit of entertainment, and take in the instructive lectures as incidentals only to their summer outing. The presence of so many mediums at these camps does attract a great many curious as well as some information-seeking people.

May I ask at this point how many people build those phenomena into better lives, into nobler characters, into clearer concepts of right and justice when they resume their ordinary duties at their homes? How many of them have carefully differentiated between genuine phenomena and their wicked counterfeits? Some camps have within the last ten years reported from 50 to 300 mediums on their grounds in a single season! I have one camp in mind at which some half dozen mediums in the year 1895, and again in 1904 vied with one another in an endeavor to present "the greatest show on earth" to their patrons! One man held eight shows per day, charging \$1.00 per head admission fee. From forty to one hundred persons were present at each performance. Let the average be fifty, the "medium's" income would then be only \$400 per day. Neither of my good brothers, Peck and Kellogg, would for one moment contend that there was one genuine genuine present at these performances. I therefore hold that Spiritualism is injured whenever such shows are held forth in its name.

It is true that just such shows would continue to be held if there were no camp meetings. If they were, however, there would soon be just such ordinary camp meetings in force in Chicago, Illinois, and Portland, Oregon, to deal with the showmen. In other words, the police power of the city and state can better reach malefactors when they are settled in their homes than they can when they are in attendance upon meetings or summer Chautauques. The genuine phenomena that are produced at our camp meetings would be of equal value were they produced in our home cities and towns, in connection with some true seeking scientist, or in the quiet of the home circle, or in a sacred communion service.

Both Brothers Peck and Kellogg, cannot deny that thousands of dollars have been wasted in the support given to counterfeit mediums at the camp meetings, which sums they would not have received had they remained in their own homes. May it not likewise be true that the "tricksters" and "charlatans" have largely increased in numbers by reason of the demand from certain camp centers for the marvels they are supposed to produce?

A few years ago I attended a camp in one of the Eastern states, arriving there on what was known as "Mediums' Day." Some six or eight mediums were occupying the platform in the afternoon. Each one gave from ten to fifteen alleged "spirit messages." That night a gentleman took me one side, drew a small memorandum book from his pocket and showed me every medium's name at the head of a separate page, underneath which were the messages that that special medium had given at the afternoon service. I innocently asked him if he had written them down as the names had fallen from the lips of the mediums. (7) He looked at me with a smile and said, "well you are easy. I was present last night at a certain place where these messages were divided among the mediums who were to appear this afternoon!"

I looked my astonishment. "Nothing the same he added, hastily. 'I know this is post mortem testimony, but if you will meet me to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock in secret I will show you a list of the messages that will be presented to-morrow afternoon.' I agreed to it. I met him the next morning at 10 o'clock, carefully noted his list of alleged messages, and in the afternoon heard the mediums who appeared on the platform recite off the names of certain spirits and the messages they had to give, which I had seen and copied in the morning of the same day."

Let it be remembered that this occurred at a camp meeting. No one will assume for a minute, who is at all well informed, that that camp meeting stands alone in this essential particular. What is true of one camp, in a greater or less degree, must of necessity apply to other camps, especially to those at which phenomena are unduly emphasized. I have repeatedly stated in your columns, Mr. Editor, that I had one friend who spent \$2500 in six weeks, witnessing alleged marvels at one of our great camps. He had to send to his son for money with which to return home. I do not accuse camp managers of inefficiency or of being in collusion with counterfeit mediums. I do feel that many of them are so anxious to make their camps financial successes that they fail to note the signs of fraud and dishonesty that abound on all sides of them. It is not enough to say that people like to be humbugged. It is a confession of weakness to quote the trite old

sage "A fool and his money are soon parted." It is criminal to claim that broken-hearted, innocent men and women deserve the experiences for which they pay so dear, gained by them through their contact with bogus mediums. True Spiritualism and honest mediumship deserve wider and more logical arguments than are those just stated.

I admit the social side of camp life to which both Brothers Peck and Kellogg refer. It is more than agreeable to meet old friends at these centers and to form new friendships, as the case may be.

Could not old friends meet and new friendships be formed at county, state and national conventions? Why not attend such convales as these, held at various points at which the movement of the most importance to our movement as a whole? Of course I shall be met at this point with the remark that people cannot afford to attend the conventions. They can afford to attend camp meetings sometimes for a period of ninety days, and occasionally, some of them spend \$2000 for the privilege of dabbling with phenomena, beside their other expenses that are incident upon camp life. Why not divide these expenses proportionately among our various conventions and attend them instead?

The people would meet the same friends, would come into contact with many new and agreeable acquaintances, would have opportunities to meet quietly and properly many reliable mediums, and would add much to the sum total of their knowledge by reason of the outings in question.

It will be argued on the other side that people do not like to remain at home during the hot summer months, and that it is nobody's business how they spend their money. Let us grant both premises for the sake of argument. The question immediately arises, "has any man a right to give moral and financial support to that which he knows to be wrong or fraudulent?" Has any man a moral right to uphold those whose business it is to rob his unsuspecting sister and brother? Supposing the man does so innocently; should he and his friends complain when the trick that deceived him is exposed and people are placed on guard against the "trickster"? Let us have our Chautauque movements at which people can be given instruction in scientific, philosophical, religious and sociological lines of thought. If phenomena MUST come in, let them be so safe-guarded and so under control that people cannot be deceived by consciousness pretenders and "tricksters." We would not overlook the fact that the given instruction in scientific, philosophical, religious and sociological lines of thought. If phenomena MUST come in, let them be so safe-guarded and so under control that people cannot be deceived by consciousness pretenders and "tricksters."

There is something of greater value than pleasure in the world of ours. That something is truth. Let us grant that "happiness is man's being, end and aim." He can never attain that happiness through fraud and dishonesty. It must come to him through the mediumship of truth. If it be true, as Carlyle says, "That there is another higher than Happiness, and that is Blessedness," then that Blessedness must needs eventuate from truth and honesty. Pleasure is desirable, but integrity is of greater value. Knowledge is power, and wisdom is supreme attainment. "Beata est potestas, sed veritas est potentior!" Let all Spiritualists remember this great truth. Yours for Spiritualism.

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

BELIEVES PROVIDENCE SAVED BOYS FROM DEATH BY FIRE.

Real Estate Man at Camp Meeting Tells of Strange Impulse Which Led Him to the Rescue.—Said Impulse Originated from a Friendly Spirit, and Not From God.

The moving power of the spirit and the protecting influence of Providence are credited with the saving of lives in the family of an attendant at the Des Moines Methodist camp meeting. The beneficiary of these forces is George Harberer, a real estate dealer at 95 Washington street, and a resident of Mayfair.

One evening at the camp meeting was one of our fashionable shouting Methodism, led by the Rev. Thomas Harrison. A story was told at the meeting of Mr. Harberer's experience. He and Mrs. Harberer had been seated in the main camp auditorium the night before while the Rev. T. S. Henderson was preaching. Two of the younger boys of Harberer's large family, it appears, had gone to bed in the room on the upper floor of their cottage. The roof slants from a point within easy reach of the boys, who placed a lighted candle upon the mantel, and the length of the building. Tired by a day in the open air, the boys fell asleep leaving the candle burning.

Mr. Harberer in some way, as he related it afterward, felt a strong impulse to go to his cottage without having any definite cause to worry. When he reached the cottage he immediately climbed the stairs, still in ignorance of any possible harm. To his astonishment and horror when he reached the bedroom he found the roof ablaze just over the bed where the boys were asleep. The room was filled with smoke.

With a bucket of water he quickly extinguished the flames, but not until they had burned a considerable hole in the shingles. The children were unharmed, but the timeliness of the appearance of Mr. Harberer was such that it prevented possible loss of life.

"What else," said Mr. Harberer last evening, "could have prompted my action unless it was the prompting of Providence, for I am not in the habit of leaving church while a sermon is being preached. It must have been God's care for the household and the good of the camp meeting."

Instead of God inspiring the impulse it came from a kindly guardian spirit.

"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.

So the council made a bold plunge, and the Aztec God was declared to be

To the Spiritualists at Large.

The ladies of the "Colby Tour Bazaar" will thankfully receive any articles (fancy or otherwise), books, etc., that the friends in the Cause may donate. We would also like to add a many new numbers as possible to our list this season. Membership fee, 25 cents per year. This a noble work and we hope all who can will respond. Address all donations to Mrs. E. C. Moore, 2102 Central avenue, Anderson, Ind., under July 28, after that date, Chesterfield, Ind.

MRS. F. C. MOORE,

trons have. I am confident that not
ing would be more efficacious in driv-
ing fakers out of business than put-
ting them under a financial bond
honestly fulfill their contracts.

Our mediums indignantly protest
against being classed as "medium-
ists," but they are inclined to
agree that "What is the difference be-
tween the medium who advertises
"business sittings a specialty" or gives
tips on stocks, grain or cotton for
free, and the one who discovers gold
mines, reunites lovers, or "gives
inspiration on personal affairs and IS PSY-
CHETIC?"—predicts the future.

Now these things have all be-

And we all will forget to weep,
But we'll softly whisper, "His've
like
Our beautiful Angel of Sleep."
MRS. S. V. V. BOOTH.
Hardwick, Vt.

MANUAL OF MAGNETIC HEALING
By Daniel W. Hull.
Dr. Hull has been a healer for more
than forty years, and has been
thoroly successful. His instructi-
ons to healers, and those wanting to le-
arn to heal are the most complete of a
work that has ever been published.
No healer should be without it. Price

she had seen the form of the
pass over the grave. On close
quity as to the probable times
the two events, the doctor find
if not simultaneous they must
been within a few minutes of
other, and what impressed the
greatly was that the nurse to
before she could in any way
child had direct knowledge of
child's death.—C. G. Reckards,
Two Worlds.

"The Arcana of Spiritualism"
Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.25.
"Just How to Wake the Soul"
By Elizabeth Towne. Y.

The work is written in plain, easy-to-read, pleasing style, and is so interesting that we doubt if one reader in a score who commences one of the sketches will lay the book down until he has finished it—"The Arena."

It has 254 pages, is bound in cloth with gold title. Price \$1.00.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP, AND THE HEROIC IN HISTORY.

By Thomas Carlyle.

A remarkable book by a remarkable man. Marked by terse strength and vigor, deep thought, philosophy and a mastery of the resources of the English language, it is a noble and a notable literary effort. A fine edition in cloth.

"The work is written in an easy, pleasing style, and is so interesting that we doubt if one reader in a score who commences one of the sketches will lay the book down until he has finished it."—*The Arena*.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Exceptionally Important as a Matter of History.

Letters Concerning Supernatural Disturbances at the House of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Senior, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, in 1716

Introductory.

The letters that follow originally appeared in the Arminian Magazine in 1784, and at other dates selections from the general account, as compiled by the Rev. John Wesley, have appeared in various "Lives" of Wesley and other Wesleyan publications, while on another and later occasion, the materials here collected were included in a work bearing the same general title as that selected from this pamphlet, published in Yorkshire, and devoted to a remarkable series of supernatural narrations. It is from this work, now long since out of print, that these letters have been taken, virtually rescued, it might be truly said, from oblivion, for the Wesleyan body have for a long time past rigorously excluded these narrations from their public prints.

As concerns the why of this pamphlet, much more could be written than the limits of these prefatory lines permit.

First, it may be noted in this connection that all things that pertain to the honored name of Wesley are abundantly worthy of being preserved, for that name represents much that is associated with all that is noble and praiseworthy in the rise and progress of religious freedom in this country. With much, too, that has touched millions of human hearts with a new life, and kindled many a soul into a divine enthusiasm that was sleeping by the wayside, oblivious alike of life and beauty. And, as the Wesleys were so largely associated with helping their fellows to prepare for that "invisible world" about which we all desire to know something positive, these "letters," recording certain experiences in the household of this noted family, are alike instructive and suggestive in such connection. In this age preaching is often cast aside by those who demand proof. It is an age of doubt and skepticism, and many an anxious soul asks with pathetic despair: "Is there no proof that death does not end all?"

To such, the fact that in a family of such known probity and veracity there has occurred incidents that undeniably point to the manifestation of supernatural, or spiritual presences, comes as a beacon light, for it at least argues that, if true in these instances, may it not also be true in others. That such a thing occurred is something to ponder over, that it was in such a household adds to its importance, and that the testimony has not been invalidated, is more than satisfactory, all of which gives some reason why this publication is sent forth.

Still further, let it be noted, that undoubtedly the younger body of Wesleyans, not knowing much, if anything, of these curious experiences in the family of the founder of their body, are entitled to be informed thereon for their own advantage. For one of the missing elements, it might almost be said, in the religious professions of the times, is the absence, to a large extent, of a much greater degree than is usually confessed—of a consciousness of an actual, real, personal life after death for the individual, and of a real world in which the departed exist. Aught, then, that can help to establish, or re-establish if lost, such a consciousness will surely be welcome to those who do not wish to see religion dwindle into dry formalism, or a belief in futurity become a nervous and indefinite spiritual agnosticism. These words from Wesley may, then, be of help to all who are willing to heed their import. Indeed, the young Wesleyan might greatly to its advantage not only peruse the present pages, but also pause to consider if, in these days, there may not be other evidences, possessed by people as credible, pure-minded, and honorable as the Wesleys, that prove the presence of spiritual beings in our midst.

To Spiritualists, the record now published is mainly of corroborative value, since they are not only familiar with experiences similar to the special facts narrated, but they have had even more remarkable events occur in the course of their forty-five years' investigations of the modern revival of intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds. But, to even them, a record such as is contained in the following pages, has a value none the less real, even though its facts are not the equals of those known to Spiritualists to-day.

Thus, then, the reader is now briefly possessed of the how and the why of the present issue, the why being summed up in a desire to rescue from oblivion a narration of experiences that shall not only appeal to Wesleyans as a body, but to the members of the great family of Christendom at large, irrespective of sect or party, so that attention may be arrested and interest stimulated upon the question now raised on every side: "Is it possible for the departed to return?"

The Letters.

The letters themselves now claim our attention. The whole story was published by Rev. John Wesley over sixty years after the facts occurred, and as the narrative is confirmed by letters written during the time the events took place, and now published in this pamphlet, there is no room to cavil at the evidence presented.

The Facts

are comparatively in a small compass. On Dec. 1, 1715-16, strange noises, groans, knockings (?), "rappings," were heard at the Epworth parsonage. These things continued more or less for four months. At times a sound as if of a great sum of coin falling, then as if a man was playing wood; again, as of bottles being smashed, or of a large piece of coal being broken upon the floor, and the splinters flying all about, when actually none of these things took place. Once a presence was felt pushing against the person of one of the family. On one occasion the unseen intruder was said to have assumed some sort of animal form, but it evidently was able to understand not only what it was about itself, but what was said to it by others. It apparently had Jacobine leanings, as will be noted, and seemingly a sort of affection, or interest, in Miss Hetty Wesley. All this, and more besides, will be found stated in the ensuing pages.

The Import of It All.

Of course, our old friend, the inevitable *eni bono*, crops up again. What is the good of it all, even if true? At the first blush there may not appear much good in reviving an old and almost forgotten history of the kind embodied in these letters, but a careful consideration of the series leads almost irresistibly to the conclusion that these phenomena in the Wesley family, in 1716, were

A Prophecy of Modern Spiritualism,

as it afterwards manifested itself in the Fox family, in Hydesville, in the state of New York, U. S. To any who have read Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill's remarkable work, "The Missing Link," which, as one of the three noted Fox sisters, she wrote, giving therein a full history of the beginnings of the modern spiritual movement, the parallels and similarities in the nature of the phenomena occurring in each case are so obvious and striking that one is amazed at the virtually abortive result in the one case, and the marvellous consequences in the other. In each case the families questioned their ghostly visitor, but the Fox family pressed the questions home with that persistence that ultimately led to the fact being established that the haunting in their house was done by a veritable being who had once existed as a man here, on earth. It, too, showed an intimate knowledge of the affairs and histories of many deceased persons, whose friends flocked to hear the strange sounds.

Had the Wesleys been fortunate enough to have cultivated their unseen visitor, he might have enabled them to establish in the quiet Lincolnshire parsonage the beginning of that marvellous upheaval of thought known as Modern Spiritualism. But presumably it was not so destined.

A Serious Question.

Do the departed ever return to earth? It is a serious question, this. History—sacred and profane alike—tradition, among tribes, families, and nations, all assert they do! It is no exaggeration to add also, that millions of sound, sane-minded people throughout the civilized world are willing to assert that they KNOW the departed do return. And you who may read these lines may, if you do not already possess that knowledge, also obtain it for yourself, for the path that others have trodden you may tread as well. But the main purpose of the present writer is to direct your attention to the fact that one of the most noted, pious, and pure-living families our land can boast of knew be-

yond a doubt, by practical experience, that the spirit-world did intervene in our world, and having such a sanction before you, we, as Spiritualists—the writer is a worker in the Cause for nearly forty years past, blest by the knowledge and comfort obtained—invites you to enquire into the matter and find that proof that shall vindicate your faith in a life hereafter, bring back the departed to your aching and empty heart, sustain you in the hour of bereavement, and give you a deeper trust in God, life, and immortality. Reader, John Wesley speaks; though dead, he liveth still! Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest what follows, and perchance you will in the end be willing to admit after all that Modern Spiritualism has a higher sanction and a greater use than you have hitherto believed. The sanction of truth, and the use of demonstrating faith, converting it into knowledge and blessing humanity by, in every truth, proving there is no death, but only life, for ever and for ever, for us all.

J. J. MORSE.

Letter I.—To Mr. Samuel Wesley, Jr., from His Mother.

Jan. 12, 1716-7.

Dear Sir: This evening we were agreeably surprised: with your packet which brought the welcome news of your being alive, after you had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you were dead, or one of your brothers by some misfortune had been killed.

The reason of our fears was as follows: On the first of December, our maid heard, at the door of the dining room, several dismal groans, like a person in extremity at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavored to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then stayed a little. This continued every night for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest.

One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several persons were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frightened, so your father and I rose and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it made a noise like the winding up of a jack, at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. On one night about six o'clock he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak if it had the power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned if it were Sammy, and bid it, if it were, and could not speak, knock again; but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part I fear nothing now you are safe at London hitherto, and I hope God will still preserve you. Though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

Letter II.—To My Father.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1716-7.

Hon. Sir: My mother tells me a very strange story of disturbance in your house. I wish I could have some more particulars from you. I would thank Mr. Hoole if he would favor me with a letter concerning it. Not that I want to be confirmed myself in the belief of it, but for any other person's satisfaction. My mother sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, may find many, but wisdom none.

S. WESLEY, JR.

Letter III.—From Mr. S. Wesley, Jr., to His Mother.

Jan. 19, 1716-7.

Dear Mother: Those who are so wise as not to believe any supernatural occurrences, though ever so well attested, could find a hundred questions to ask about those strange noises you wrote me an account of; but for my part I know not what question to put, which, if answered, would confirm me more in the belief of what you tell me. Two or three have heard from others. Was there never a new maid or man in the house that might play tricks? Was there nobody above in the garrets when the walking was there? Did all the family hear it together when they were in one room, or at one time? Did it seem to be all in the same place at the same time? Could not cats, or rats, or dogs be the sprites? Was the whole family asleep when my father and mother went down stairs? Such doubts as these being replied to, though they could not, as God Himself assures, convince them who believe not in Moses and the prophets, yet would strengthen such as do believe. As to my particular opinion concerning the events foreboded by these noises, I cannot, I must confess, form any—I think, since it was not permitted to speak, all guesses must be vain. The end of spirits' action is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtle politicians. That we may be struck so as to prepare seriously for any ill, may, it is possible, be one design of providence. It is surely our duty and wisdom to do so.

Dear mother, I beg your blessing on your dutiful and affectionate son.

S. WESLEY, JR.

Letter IV.—From Mrs. Wesley to Her Son, Samuel.

Jan. 25 or 27, 1716-7.

Dear Sam: Though I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it; yet I was a great while ere I could credit anything of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats and weasels that disturbed us, and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frightened away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before, and that night we rose and went down. I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises.

As to your questions, I will answer them particularly, but withal, I desire my answer may satisfy none but yourself, for I would not have the matter imparted to any. We had both man and maid, new this Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than anybody else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst ever go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute after it began to be dark.

The man, Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it lying in garret, and has often been frightened down bare foot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes, nor do I think if he had the power he would be guilty of such villainy. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly, I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same

UNITY CAMP, WONEWOC, WIS.

Work of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Others at the Camp.

To the Editor:—Mrs. Richmond, accompanied by her husband, left Chicago one week ago yesterday, July 11, the hottest day of the season. The railway train was crowded, the aisles of the cars were crowded with standing passengers, all the windows were open so the passengers had all the cinders and dust that they could get, with the mercury about 110, they all thought. Mrs. Richmond thought she had never had so much experience in the way of heat and dirt on so short a railway ride, six hours, before.

Arriving at Wonewoc, nestled in the Baraboo valley, about 3 p. m., she found the heat there nearly as oppressive as in the train. Just two blocks east of the railway station, the eastern limit of the town, there rises a perpendicular bluff of rocks 200 or more feet in height, and upon that height is situated Unity Camp—in a grove of spruce, pine, oak and other trees. The height is a level plateau stretching eastward several miles. The camp is at the western limit of the height. So one there looks right up upon the town of Wonewoc, across the Baraboo valley to hills away toward the setting sun. It is certainly an enchanting scene, often enhanced by unobscured views of glorious sunsets.

When Mrs. Richmond arrived at the camp she found it much cooler there, and the air was exquisitely delightful. She was met at the railroad station by Mrs. Spooner, of Wonewoc, Secretary of the Camp Association, who accompanied her to the camp grounds, where she was met by Mr. L. Pratt, the vice-president, and his wife, of Baraboo—called the father and mother of the camp, for their ceaseless work in making the visitors to camp comfortable and happy in every way. The president of the camp, Dr. C. W. Sanderson, a most genial gentleman, and indefatigable worker, was also present to welcome Mrs. Richmond, as was Mr. Frank T. Ripley, the chairman of the camp meeting, also one of its speakers and public message bearers. While he is full of fun and playfulness, he is an efficient and dignified chairman. His lectures are all good and his messages bring comfort and conviction to all to whom they are given.

Mrs. Whitwell of St. Paul, Minn., was upon the grounds during the week and I think expects to remain during the camp. She is one of the speakers; she is a very charming lady, her lectures are very good, and full of the spirit of loving kindness. Last Sunday, Dr. Temple, of Chicago, arrived upon the grounds. Dr. Temple is a very fine test medium, all those whom I met who had had sittings with him were loud in his praise. On a number of occasions he gave public messages from the platform, which were recognized by their recipients and most convincing to the audience.

Mrs. Niver, teacher of elocution at the Morris Pratt Institute, with her husband and mother, were upon the grounds. Everybody who knows anything about Mrs. Niver, knows of her ability as a teacher of elocution and oratory. She will stay upon the grounds during the camp meeting and arrange theatrical performances held in the auditorium on Friday evening.

Mrs. Niver is able to find a client, mostly upon the grounds, as to

give the audience a most splendid entertainment.

Arriving upon the grounds at the same time that Mrs. Richmond did were Dr. Russell and his wife, from Minneapolis. Dr. Russell is a unique personality, combining deep spiritual perceptions with a wide range of external knowledge and experience. His profession is some kind of a healer, although he is a graduate of a regular medical college; but he has gifts many. He is a splendid orator, and entertainer incomparable. It is worth a visit to Wonewoc just to meet Dr. Russell.

Dr. Manning, from Chicago, Psychical Healer, is also upon the grounds. He is a young man with a beaming countenance, and his very presence is full of healing.

Later in the week "Auntie Hampton," of St. Louis, arrived with her guitar. All who attend the Spiritualistic camp meetings know Mrs. Hampton. She is one of the finest persons in the world, although well along in years, and her singing of negro melodies affords a rare entertainment to those who are privileged to listen to them. She entertained Wonewoc camp on several occasions the past week.

The dining room or "meal station" is clean and hygienic. This very necessary department of the camp is conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Matteson, who serve by far the best meals I have ever found at any camp dining room. The camp the past week here has been like a large and most harmonious family, not the least discord anywhere, and everybody present happy as can be from morning until night.

Mrs. Richmond found most appreciative audiences, which I consider great praise to them. It is needless to speak of Mrs. Richmond's address, as all Spiritualists know more or less what they are, but to those who never heard her before they created a most profound impression. She gave six public addresses, assisted at the conferences and ministered to the people at several impromptu gatherings. All the people here, feeling so uplifted by Mrs. Richmond's inspiration, insist upon her coming here next year.

Last evening Mrs. DeWolf-Kiser arrived upon the grounds. I think she is to stay during the rest of the meeting. Long live Unity Camp at Wonewoc. CORRESPONDENT.

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place at the same time, though often before any could say it is here, it would remove to another place.

All the family, as well as Robin, were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they awake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them, only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did, before the noise awakened her. It was commonly nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of, and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her. I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear. I believe your father will write to you about it shortly. Whatever may be the design of Providence in permitting these things, I cannot say. Secret things belong to God; but I entirely agree with you that it is our wisdom and duty to prepare seriously for all events.

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

Letter V.—Miss Susannah Wesley to Her Brother, Samuel.

Epworth, Jan. 24, 1716-7.

Dear Brother: About the first day of December a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid-servant, as at the dining-room door, which caused the up-starting of her hair, and made her ears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said it was like the groan of one expiring. These so frightened her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another after it began to be dark without company. But to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that, from the first to the last a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings were frightful enough.

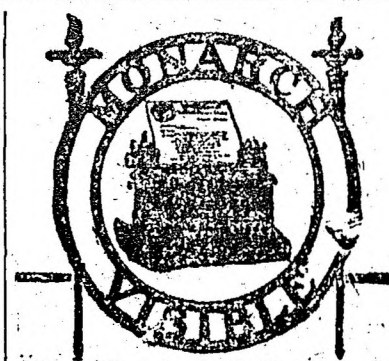
Though it is needless for me to send you an account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you, yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you as briefly as I can what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it, my sister, Nancy, and I were sitting in the dining-room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden, then three loud knocks, immediately after another three, and in half a minute after another three, and in half a minute the same number over our heads. We inquired whether anybody had been in the garden, or in the room above us, but there was nobody. Soon after my sister, Molly, and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except sister Nancy, about some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet, which soon made us throw away our work, and tumble into bed. Afterwards the tingling of the latch and warming-pan, and so it took its leave that night.

Soon after the above mentioned, we heard a noise as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while; but the latter end of the night Mr. Hoole sat up, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the children's bed-head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the bed shook under them. I heard something walk to my bedside, like a man in a long night-gown. The knocks were so loud that Mr. Hoole came out of his chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answered. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

It is now pretty quiet, only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, "Our most gracious Sovereign Lord," etc. This my father is angry at, and designs to say three instead of two for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance; but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.

I am your sincere friend and affectionate sister, SUSANNAH WESLEY.

—Two Worlds, England. (To be continued.)

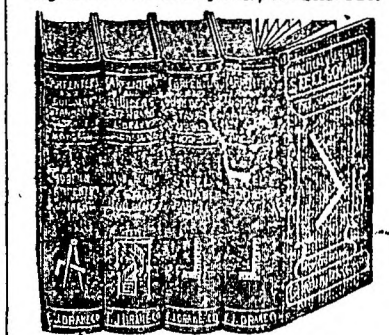


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Within yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life. To come into the full realization of your own awakened interior powers, is to be able to condition your life in exact accord with what you would have it. From This Page:
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1908.

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

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

Made for the Priesthood.

People should remember the Bible was never made for the populace, neither was it designed to be placed in their hands. It was too sacred for the vulgar eye. Luther, until 21, had never seen a copy, though qualifying for the priesthood. God had declared his will, and had placed his book in the hands of his servants, the clergy, whose duty consisted in expounding its teachings to the people.

The Protestant reformers succeeded after protracted strife, in wresting the fateful from Catholic hands, and it became still more sacred with them, and it has continued such to the present time.

Catholic prelates have discovered in late years the Bible can be used with advantage in propagating their faith, so have withdrawn their hostility to its general circulation.

At first it was supposed the special texts introduced to foster Popedom, such as Matthew 16:18, 19, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee (Peter) the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

In these texts are found full support for all the infamous claims the Inquisition set up. Protestants, in accepting the book as inerrant and divine have indorsed to the letter all the damnable claims of Popedom; not only the Inquisitorial fires and the sale of criminal indulgences, but the confessional and every other infernal device bad men could concoct to retain power.

A Theocratic Government.

Old Testament literature introduces its readers to a theocracy, a government by God. The priest is his earthly representative, and directs its policy. When in full swing Moses was God's vicegerent, and Joshua was his mouth-piece.

The church which labored so hard a few years ago to get God in the American constitution and so far succeeded as to stamp him on the coin, were trying to substitute a theocracy in place of a government by the people. Should they succeed everything would be run in the interest of the church. Not only would their places of worship be exempt from taxation, but the salaries of the preachers would be paid out of the public treasury. Only churchmen would be elected to office, serve on juries, or allowed to testify in courts of justice. What was true throughout Christendom 200 years ago would be revived, and, doubtless the Inquisition, with all its horrors would be revived.

Impossible, says the reader. Just what the priesthood are contending for under false pretenses. Their success is contingent on their ability to colonize this country with "undesirable citizens" of Southern Europe.

Spiritualism, Opened the Door.

Death, viewed from a natural standpoint, is a closed door, beyond which all is sorrow, gloom and doubt. That door, opened wide, reveals sunny skies, the loved and lost, with visions of eternal hope. Spiritualism opened that door.

The Exterminated Phenicians, (No. 4.)

Originally, so far as authoritative history furnishes information, the Phenicians occupied all that country east of the Mediterranean to the Libanian mountains, on the south to Arabia-Petrea, and north to a not well-defined locality above Sidon. Its length north and south was about 200 miles, and its average width was some 35 miles. Little can be learned of its original inhabitants; but historians find the Phenicians were in possession from 2,600 to 2,700 years before our era. The native habitat of the intruders was the elevated plateau east of the Persian Gulf, of which the present Shiraz was the probable center. Akkad, Chaldees, Persia, Babylonians, Assyrians and Egypt, all of the black-haired family, were remotely connected with the same race. We may resume this subject again.

The Phenicians were a remarkable people. Beside having the credit of inventing letters, and being the founders of commerce, and the pioneer miners, they seem to have led all other countries in establishing colonies, traces of whose labors remain to our time. The islands of the Great Sea, with Carthage, Hippo, Marseilles and Utica were peopled from Phenicia, while they were a large intermixture with Iberians of Spain. Without a compass the circumnavigated Africa, and had populous mining colonies in the Central South of Africa, whose wonderful ruins still remain and have been explored within the last few years.

Pull of adventure these people coasted along the Northern Atlantic, explored Sicily islands west of the British channel, were the first to discover the British Islands, opened the mines of Cornwall, and left their features, wit, and a portion of their language in Wales and Ireland. The latter was colonized from Carthage.

As before stated, the Phenicians used the same language, employed the same characters in writing and practiced the same customs credited to the Jews, even to exercising with the sling. Mothers, we are told, hung their son's breakfast on trees and would not allow them to eat until brought down by use of the national weapon.

Says Prof. Rawlinson in his Story of Phenicia, pages 28, 29:

"The Temple was the center of attraction in each city of Phenicia, and the piety of the inhabitants adorned each Temple with abundance and costly offerings. The kings were zealous in maintaining the honor of the gods, repaired and beautified the sacred buildings, and not unfrequently discharged the office of High Priest. Both they, and their subjects, bore for the most part religious names, the peculiarity of the so-called Jewish names which were regarded as placing them under the protection of some deity. Wherever they went they carried with them their religion and worship, and were careful to erect in each colony a Temple, or, Temples, similar to those which adorned the cities of their own country. Originally the Phenicians would seem to have been monotheists, and to have possessed a lofty idea of the Great Power which had created and ruled the world. They regarded Him as wholly distinct from matter, and believed Him to have brought into existence all other beings, and all material things."

Rawlinson goes on to say that at a later period other gods were invented or imported into Phenicia, "ONE OF WHOM WAS REPRESENTED AS THE SON OF EL."

El was the Hebrew name used throughout the Old Testament for God. It enters everywhere into prophecies or names as Elihu, God-Jehovah, Eljah, the same; Elisha, God, the Deliverer; Ezekiel, the strength of God, and thus on as a prefix or suffix to hundreds of names; but the astonishing fact that El, the Great God, in Phenicia, had a Son! This fact is omitted in the Old Testament. The truth is apparent that the monks, in adapting Phenician history to their needs as a history of the mythical Jews, everywhere doctored it as far as they were capable.

On page 37 Rawlinson tells us the Phenicians, as the Jews are represented to have done, "offered human sacrifices in time of public calamity." He says: "On one grave-stone do we find a hope of a future existence in the curt phrase, 'After rain the sun shines.'"

We are unwilling to conclude these quotations from Rev. Geo. Rawlinson, professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, without adding from page 38:

"The Phenicians were the first systematic traders, the first miners, and metallurgists, the greatest colonizers—while elsewhere despotism overshadowed with a pall the whole Eastern world, they could boast of a form of government approaching to constitutionalism."

This was probably the period in which pseudo Israel was pretendedly under rule of the Judges.

Rawlinson, continuing: "Of all the nations of their time the Phenicians stood the highest in practical arts and science. They were masons, carpenters, shipbuilders, weavers, dyers, glass-blowers, workers in metal, navigators, discoverers beyond all others. If not actually the first inventors of letters, they so improved on the mode of writing that their system has been adopted, with suffixes, and a few additions, for the whole civilized world; they were the first to confront the dangers of the open ocean in their strong-built ships, the first to steer by the polar star, the first to make known to civilized nations the remotest regions of Asia.

Africa, and Europe; they surpassed the Greeks in enterprise, in perseverance, and in industry; at a time when brute force was worshipped as the main source of power and only basis of national repute. They succeeded in showing that as much fame might be won, as much glory obtained, as real a power constructed by arts as by arms, by the peaceful means of manufacture, trade and commerce, as by the violent and bloody ones of war, massacre and conquest."

The truth is, Phenicia, her colonies and commerce were in the way of Rome. The latter was ambitious to rule the world by force, and could not succeed which such an active, energetic and industrious people occupied nearly all the islands of the Mediterranean, and many of the great cities bordering thereon. Her destruction was determined upon.

We strongly suspicion the war of Titus on the Jews was in fact waged on Phenicia instead of Jerusalem. The Fenic wars were prosecuted much of the time for more than a century, the purpose, to crush the Phenician colony of Carthage and wrest from them Sicily. Cato, in the Roman senate, declared Carthage the most formidable rival of the empire, and without regard to the subject under discussion, he never closed an address without adding: "It is my opinion Carthage must be destroyed."

The Romans had the mean habit of belittling a power with which she was at war. We might illustrate with many examples, but we hasten.

When the Council of Nice had decided the teachings of Arius—that "There was a time when Jesus was not; that by his freedom of will he was capable of virtue or of vice, and that he was a created being," was a doctrine, the Emperor Constantine, credited with presiding at that Council, to demean Arius, issued an edict declaring persons holding such views shall be called Porphyrians, that Arius should cease to be known. He was afterwards assassinated. Were not the Phenicians similarly ignored, and the insignificant Jew, if there were such a people, substituted in their place? To debase them the more they are designated by vulgar Christians as "God-killers."

Though the world is largely indebted to the Phenicians for its enlightenment, yet, deceived by monkish historians, they are positively ignorant of their own early history, and are bearing a reproachful name, which by worthy lives they have ennobled; while Christians in turn, through all the period of their own existence, have made these worthy and exemplary people the target of hate, persecution, and, in some countries, of slaughter.

Better Than a Mythical Hell.

A resolution was introduced at the recent session of the Wisconsin Federation of Labor, at Fond du Lac, that Harry Orchard, the multiple murderer, recently sentenced to imprisonment for life, "be transported to the world of Hades, so no more foul plots can be contemplated as have stained the grounds of Idaho and Colorado."

The Progressive Thinker protests. Orchard deserves a more substantial punishment than confinement in a mythical hell. If it can be determined by any process the wretch has a conscience, then shut him up in a solitary cell one day each week during the residue of his mortal life, to contemplate his crime. As he is a believer in an orthodox hell, furnish him a Tract Society's publication, of upwards of sixty years ago, telling of "The Eternity of Hell Torments." Believed, and absolved from church teaching that "Jesus paid it all," then the assassin will get all the hell he needs, if favored with a long life.

A Glorious Opportunity.

The New York Sun lately reported, "Outside a second-hand bookstore, not far from the old building of the College of the City of New York, there is a large three-shelfed case, full of shabby-looking volumes. Above it this sign is displayed: 'CLEARANCE SALE OF THEOLOGY—5 cents each; 6 for 25 cents.'"

There is a chance of a life-time for the clergy who preach "what the church instructs them to teach, not what they believe," to stock up on good Christian literature. The Progressive Thinker, inspired by its knowledge of the past, can make a good catalogue of the books there advertised, "5 cents, 6 for 25 cents."

In some localities such books are sold by the yard, cartage thrown in. For moss-backs: Now is your time to stock up in genuine Christian literature.

Everybody Posted.

"I've been a sinner," vouchsafed a recently converted brother during an experience meeting in Ebenezer chapel. "A heinous, low-down, contaminated sinner for a dose many years, and never knewed it."

"Don't let dat molest yo", Brudder Newtome," spoke up a sympathetically inclined deacon. "De rest of us knowed it all de time."

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

Absorbing Spiritualism.

The secular press and magazines throughout the whole of this country are gradually absorbing Spiritualism. There is not a magazine of any prominence but has articles occasionally on Occult and Spiritualistic subjects. While the secular press and monthlies are discussing these questions, the various religious sects are feeling the influence of Spirit Return, and within thirty-five years will have completely absorbed all that now exists of true Spiritualism, leaving no further necessity for taking care of the same as a distinct body. The following from the scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, in Harper's Magazine for August, shows the drift of the current:

When it comes to proof of surviving existence and of memory beyond the tomb, we are bound to discount the witness of anything that is in our own minds; or, as some think, in the mind of any living person.

Thus is the difficulty of incontrovertible proof of identity enormously increased. Even when the evidence enables a hidden thing to be discovered, of which no one living possessed the secret—as in Swedenborg's discovery of the dead burgomaster's private papers—deferred telepathy is sometimes adduced as preferable to what must then seem to most, as it did to Swedenborg, the only rational explanation.

How then can we ever, by any means, hope to prove identity? I reply:

(a). By cross-correspondence.
(b). By information or criteria characteristic of the supposed intelligence, and if possible in some sense new to the world.

Cross-correspondence—that is, the reception of part of a message through one medium and part through another—is good evidence of one intelligence dominating both automatists. And if the message is characteristic of some one particular deceased person, and is received through people to whom he was not intimately known, then it is fair proof of the continued intellectual activity of that personality. If further we get from him a piece of literary criticism which is eminently in his vein and has not occurred to ordinary people—not to either of the mediums, and not even to the literary world, but which on consideration is appreciated as sound as well as characteristic criticism, showing a familiar and wide knowledge of life poetry of many ages, and unifying apparently disconnected passages in some definite way, then I say the proof, already striking, would tend to become crucial.

These, then, are the kinds of proof at which the society is aiming.

So long as communications consisted of general conversations with what purported to be the surviving intelligence of certain friends and investigators, we were by no means convinced of their identity, even though the talk was of a friendly and intimate character—such as in normal cases would be considered amply and overwhelmingly sufficient for the identification of friends speaking, let us say, through a telephone or a typewriter. We required definite and crucial proof—a proof difficult even to imagine, as well as difficult to supply.

The ostensible communicators realize the need of such proof just as fully as we do, and are doing their best to satisfy the rational demand. Some of us think they have already succeeded; others are still doubtful.

On the whole, I am of those who, though they would like to see further and still stronger and more continued proofs, are of opinion that a good case has been made out, and that as the best working hypothesis at the present time it is legitimate to grant that lucid moments of intercourse with deceased persons may in the best cases supervene; amid a mass of supplementary material, quite natural under the circumstances, but mostly of a presumably subliminal and less evident kind. . . . Puzzling and weird occurrences have been vouched for among all nations and in every age. It is possible to relegate a good many asserted occurrences to the domain of superstition, but it is not possible thus to eliminate all. Nor is it likely that in the present stage of natural knowledge we are acquainted with all the workings of the human spirit and have reduced them to such commonplace that everything capable of happening in the mortal and psychical region is of a nature readily and familiarly to be understood by all. Yet there are many who seem practically to believe in this improbability, and although they are constrained from time to time to accept novel and surprising discoveries in biology, in chemistry, and in physical science generally, they seem tacitly to assume that these are the only parts of the universe in which discovery is possible, all the rest being already too well known.

It is simple faith, and does credit to their own capacity for belief—belief not only unfounded upon knowledge, but belief tenable only in the teeth of a great mass of evidence to the contrary. It is always a pity to unsettle minds thus fortified against the intrusion of unwelcome facts, for their strong faith is probably a salutary safeguard against unbalanced and comparative

tively dangerous condition called "open-mindedness" which is ready to learn and investigate anything not manifestly self-contradictory and absurd. Without people of the solid, assured, self-satisfied order, the practical work of the world would not so efficiently be done.

But few such people will take the trouble to read this article, and I may therefore safely ignore them; for it is intended to indicate the possibility that discoveries of the very first magnitude can still be made—are indeed in process of being made—by strictly scientific methods, in the region of psychology; discoveries quite comparable in importance with those which have been made during the last century in physics and biology, but discoveries whose opportunities for practical application and usefulness will similarly have to remain for some time in the hands of experts, since they cannot be miscellaneously absorbed or even apprehended by the multitude without danger.

A GERMAN LUTHERAN MEDIUM.

Many Remarkable Manifestations of Spirit Power.

To the Editor:—As leader of the Washington Union-Spiritual Society, and teacher of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, I would like to give to the reader of your paper a few experiences we have enjoyed in the developing class I am conducting in this city.

While I have had in my class a number of highly sensitive mediums through whom many fine messages of a very convincing nature have been given, and many physical manifestations of a very high order, there is one sensitive in particular that I wish to mention.

The lady I am going to tell you about is a German Lutheran; her husband a Catholic. They first became interested through messages given over the Ouija Board. The first séance they sat in, no manifestations, but the third, the lady, Mrs. R., saw clairvoyantly, her father, and a niece. She was very much exercised. He had never seen anything of the kind before, and as it was so wonderful to them, they could not understand why or how she saw them. Her husband had been troubled with stomach trouble for twenty years, and could get no relief whatever. A message from the niece saying, "If you continue to sit we will cure you and make you well and happy," encouraged them to come again. The third sitting Mrs. R. became frightened and said a big Indian stood by her husband, and she was afraid of Indians, so I explained to her that Indian spirits made very good conditions, especially for those who were ill, and were often instrumental in helping to throw off the disturbing conditions. She said, "Yes, he is down on his knees now, looking into my husband's stomach."

He then said, "Watch him, and he will give you directions how to heal the stomach."

She then saw him drinking and to show her it was cold water, he stood by a pump and she said she saw as plain as life the water pouring out of the pump into the cup.

After that they sat for the Indian, and through his directions Mr. R. was completely cured of stomach trouble he had had for twenty years. The fourth night she sat, while our hands were on the table, Mrs. R. said, "Some one is trying to pull my chair from the table," and then she was pulled back three feet from the table by invisible hands, and then we asked them to bring her back and in trying to do so they tipped her off the chair.

Then they called for a cabinet for her to sit in. We arranged one in my séance room, and to do away with holding hands I used a copper wire, passing it around the circle and each end into the cabinet, to the medium.

After sitting for awhile I asked the guide to bring me medium out of the cabinet. His little guide, who gave her name as Fairy Face, said, "I can't, Mrs. Smith." Then the medium came out of the trance and said: "Mrs. Smith, I am all wound up in the wire."

We turned on the lights, opened the cabinet, and there she was, hands and feet together, and tied to the chair so tight we could not untie her without cutting the wire, so the spirit guide said, "Drop the curtain and we will untie her."

We did so, and in less than thirty seconds she was untied. I afterwards took the lady on my platform, and with a black cloth over her head they saw her spirit in a copper wire there was a man in the wall that would try to untie her, so we threw the cloth over her again, and with a black ribbon across her lap we asked them to tie it while she was still bound with the wire. In three minutes she threw the curtain off, still tied, and the black ribbon was tied in a bow around her neck, with her ring on it, and in six minutes she was up with the ends of the wire in her hands, the ribbon off her neck, and the ring on her finger.

Mrs. R., myself and another lady that sat in my class, went to a photographer to have our pictures taken together. The lady that took our pictures was a Scandinavian, did not even know we were mediums or Spiritualists. When I got the picture, after it was finished I looked at it very closely, thinking perhaps, one of our loved ones might have gotten their face on the card, but could distinguish nothing. The picture had sat on my piano for over a month when a strange lady, not a Spiritualist, who was looking at the picture, said: "Mrs. Smith, did you notice the face here by Mrs. R.?" I said I had not, so she lined it out for me, and there as plain as our faces was the dear little Indian face, that had figured so conspicuously in our cabinet. Hundreds have looked at the picture since, and all are convinced it is a spirit face. There are also other spirit faces, but none so plain as this one.

I afterwards went to the photographer, and she said she had not noticed it, so we got the plate and there was the face on the plate. Now this

The Transition from Earth to Spirit Life.

As Viewed by a Spirit Who Has Passed Through the Change.

The following message was written by the spirit of Hiram Witkop, a brakeman on the G. R. & I. R. R., who was killed in a collision near Cadillac, on Sept. 23, 1901. It was given through the mediumship of Miss Dollie Williams, of Walton, Traverse county, Michigan, Oct. 7, 1901.

The Message.

My passing out of the body was an easy matter. I realized it. I wanted to speak, but something seemed to seal my lips until almost the last. Mother and father and many other dear ones were in the room and helped me out into a more clear atmosphere as soon as I was free, although I was drawn back three times before becoming absolutely free from my body. Every time I heard your sobs. Each time I saw a small cord or thread still fastened to the body I was trying to get away from. The third time I was drawn to my body I took hold of the thread with both hands to break it. It broke so easily one would think it made of ether. Yet there was sufficient strength to almost hold me a prisoner for a time. When my own will power destroyed those conditions, I could go where father and mother led. It seemed as though I never wanted to leave them. There was something so peaceful in their presence, and everywhere they led seemed filled with light and illumination. We must have gone many miles, yet there seemed but little time consumed in our journey. We came to an arch-like opening and on passing through it I was dazed by the brilliancy which confronted me. We have heard and sung of the stories of paradise, and I began to feel I had found one. Overcome by such magnificence, I could do nothing but stand and wonder—no desire to move forward—spellbound by the beauty surrounding me. I drank in and absorbed strength and peacefulness from all about me.

Had I ever suffered? No. Had I ever known pain or sorrow? No. All the years of the past were swallowed in the indescribable pleasure of the present. Those moments of exalting can never be forgotten. They have paid for all earthly pain and grief ever mine.

Standing there I watched a happy throng moving quietly around, all faces wreathed in perfect peace and happiness. Each expression seemed strengthened with an interest in some one or something. Many of these beautiful souls turned and kindly bowed to me, and as they passed I caught the vibration of their thoughts, saying: "Another wanderer coming home. Welcome; welcome; there is room for all." As I stood there growing more in harmony with my surroundings I saw mother step out into the throng and draw a young woman toward her, saying as they approached me, "We have brought him." It did not take long for brother and sister to be clasped in each other's arms, for I recognized the approaching form as that of our Irene. For the first time I showed signs of weakness and sobbed like a child, forgetting the scenes of beauty and sense of joy for the moment. Regaining my self-possession, I unclasped my arms from around our sister, gently pushing her from me and surveyed her from head to foot. Such a lovely form, with beautiful chiseled features, and eyes that spoke unto your soul the sentiment of truest love. The silence was soon broken by her saying, "Come, brother; we knew you were coming and have prepared a sweet resting place for you." We then joined the throng of passing souls, and Tena informed me that many of them were upon the same mission, going to meet their loved ones who would be brought to some of the entrances. As we passed on we caught glimpses of many meetings similar to our own, and while to me there appeared to be several hundred souls moving or gliding as we were, there was not the slightest confusion. After having gone what may have been a mile or two we left the bright new world, to pass into another. While the former seemed one glad illuminated thoroughfare of beautiful park joining beautiful park, this one was dotted with lovely buildings of home-like nature. The green sward beneath our feet, studded here and there with fragrant flowers; the branches overhead inviting us to look upward to see beyond and above a sky of indescribable magnificence, filled my heart with unutterable joy, and again the tears began to flow.

These were quickly dispelled by my attention being drawn to two beautiful youths, so much alike that one would almost think them both the same, but when both reached out their hands and called forth, "Welcome, brother," I perceived they were my sisters, no longer as when I saw them last, but still my sisters. Each one took me by the hand and turned my footsteps towards the entrance from whence they came. There I beheld a home beautiful beyond description, where mother and father and our loved ones dwell. Indeed they had prepared for my coming, and I did find sweet rest as they led me to a cosy room and left me to myself. When alone I fell asleep. How long I slumbered I know not, but on my awakening I found my sisters around me, and felt as though I had returned to youth.

The spell was soon broken as father stepped up to me and told me I was now wanted on earth. He turned to go, and we all felt ourselves gently gliding after him, until we left all previously described scenes behind. We drew near a great forest. As I gazed upon those gigantic trees a drowsiness overcame me and I became unconscious. When I regained consciousness I was in my earth home where family, friends and neighbors had gathered around the casket, which held my mortal body. Oh! how horrible it appeared to me. How I wanted to tell them it was not I, that I was there in a form far superior to the one they gazed upon and sobbed over. I stepped up to Mabel and spoke to her wishing to assure her of my presence, but she heard me not. One by one I touched up all without effect, until I came to Kate. As I laid my hand upon her shoulder she did not hear me but a shudder ran through her entire form. How I longed to have her know she sensed my thought but understood it not.

Then all was silent. I heard you speak of me as gone, and I saw my railroad brothers pay their last respect to a departed comrade. How I tried to have them understand that I had not departed from their midst, that I was there hearing, seeing, knowing all. Again the sobs broke forth from my family, and again I became unconscious, to awaken just in time to see them laying flowers on the mound that covered the shell from which I slipped out. I felt an inclination to follow my loved ones home, and started to do so. Father stepped up to me, laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "My son, 'tis better that you come with us, for you are much fatigued and need rest. Like a child I followed where he led, until I found myself once more in the haven of rest. There I reflected on the past, and saw more of my future. There are many things I wish to speak of, but father is still my guide and bids me wait and go with him; yet I know I will return and give you other messages.

With love to all my earthly friends, I am still
Your loving husband and brother, HIRAM.

is perfect spirit photography and it is plain to see.

I have many other fine mediums sitting in my class, but this one has outwitted them all.

Spiritualism is gaining ground in Spokane, and many brilliant minds are investigating the beautiful truth. Of course we have several working here under the name of Spiritualism that are certainly detrimental to the cause. One lady in particular, who claims to be a spirit healer or clairvoyant, and when the sick go to her to be healed, she tells them they are covered with snakes, and proceeds to pull the snakes off of them, and throw them out of the window. She also claims Jesus Christ is her control, but at one of her Sunday night meetings, when she became very angry at certain members of her class, she used language that would not look well in print, so several of her followers concluded Jesus had changed wonderfully since his journey on earth during the Bible times. Such conditions as these tend to cast a dark reflection on the cause.

REV. CORA KINCANNON SMITH.

Spokane, Wash.

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

Speak what you account great truths frankly, strongly, boldly.

Fraudulent Mediums.

I must relieve my mind in regard to fraudulent mediums. It seems to me preposterous that they can be allowed to move about in society at all. I think they ought to be driven out of the field. They are diabolically wicked, and serving their master, the Devil, and ought to be severely dealt with. Besides their duplicity in deceiving, and cheating the people out of their money, they are causing a great deal of the trouble which worthy mediums are subjected to, in the shape of suspicion, misjudgment, heavy fines, and even imprisonment. It is a despicable shame!

I know that true mediums, although their mission is a great and glorious one, freighted with much of happiness and real satisfaction, are nevertheless often accompanied with sufferings. They should be protected, upheld, and sustained in their heaven-born calling. To sensitive souls, almost everything on earth is painful. I know, because of my close relationship to that class. Somewhere I have read a poem commencing, "To the soul who feels the immortal, this life is a terrible thing!" JULIA H. JOHNSON.

The Rival Giants.

A Scholarly Dissertation Historically Tracing the Origin and Significance of the Titles Applied to Pagan, Hebrew and Christian Deities, and Hell, Devil, Etc.
By Judge Parish B. Ladd.

Far back in the morn of time, when the lamp of Christian thought burned low, a sanguinary war raged among the gods in heaven, where two powerful giants led the contending legions: Beelzebub, defeated, fled to earth, in the bowels of which he established new headquarters, while Jehovah reposed on his laurels. Never daunted, Diabolus renewed the contest, this time on earth for the capture of souls, where the Devil alone, fights the powers of heaven, aided by a powerful priesthood. Success, so far, perches on the banner of Satan.

This terrible war in heaven first appeared in the writings ascribed to Zoroaster, the father of Magianism, from whence the writer of Revelation borrowed all his information, telling the story in brief, and adding more about the strange beasts, all from Magianism.

More has been said and less known of these two giants than of any other men the world ever produced.

Part I. will be devoted to the history of Jehovah, who is generally reputed to be the sole god of the Hebrews and the deus primus of the Christians, i. e., the first in rank. Part II. will be devoted to the rise of the Devil and his domicile.

At the threshold let it be said, as all Christians know, that the principal business of these two men, as rivals, has ever been soul catching, with great odds in favor of the latter.

When characters whose lives and doings are so much talked of as these are, some knowledge of their times and origin becomes indispensable to a polite education.

As to the origin of Jehovah—or, better say, the name and nativity—there is some diversity of opinion as to whether he was an Egyptian, or a Phœnician, or even a Babylonian. I once thought the name was of Egyptian origin, but after more thorough research, I have come to believe it comes from the god Adonis of Phœnicia.

The word Jehovah, in its full dress, was not given to the world until the fifth century of our era, although its derivation goes back to, at least, 444 B. C. E., possibly some 400 years earlier, if it be of Egyptian origin. The Hebrews have no record of it before Ezra read to his people the Thora, at the ruins of Jerusalem, 444 B. C. E., which he brought from Babylon. Then it appeared in consonantal characters, in a much abbreviated form, such as Jhvh, Jhwh, Jabe, Jao, Jahveh, Yahveh, Yahweh, Iahveh.

If the Hebrew vowels were known to the priesthood at that time they were not in use in the sacred writings of that people, but withheld from them.

At an early date, not long after the return from captivity, the words Jhvh and Jhwh were filled in with vocalic points belonging to the word Ad-on-Ai, an indistinct e being substituted for short a; what its original vowels were is unknown. The scribes in the rendition of this word made it read Lord. In time the word Lord, meaning a civil ruler, was rendered God. Adonai was originally the chief god of the Phœnicians, afterwards imported into Egypt where he became one of the leaders in the Egyptian pantheon.

Thus it will be seen that the Hebrew priest, by so rendering this word secured the Lord God of the Christians from the pagan god of the Phœnicians. The Greek church fathers gave the form Jbe, Jao, Jah and Jahwe as traditional, pronounced Yahweh, coming from the verb hawah, or hajah, signifying "to be," generally translated "he will cause to be," or "he will cause to come to pass."

The older interpreters explain the verb I am he who really am. The tendency of modern exegesis is to read it, "I will be what I will be."

As to the date of the word Jehovah, some scholars carry it back to Egypt, give it an early date, and make him the storm god. Here we meet Francis H. Underwood, a good Egyptologist wearing a Christian cloak, who, in his "True Story of the Exodus of Israel" (the story of a pure romance), compiled from the work of Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, says "Aukh was a sun-god of sukket, designated as he who lives, is the same as Jehovah of the Hebrews. On this flimsy reed, and on the assumption that the Hebrews were in Egypt, as told in the Bible, he builds up the theory that Jehovah was of Egyptian origin, or at least, this name came from that country."

On more thorough research and finding the Hebrews were not in Egypt, as told in the Bible, I find myself forced to reject the belief that the name Jehovah was of Egyptian origin.

As I find neither the name Jehovah, nor a trace of its philological germs, in Babylon, I must look elsewhere for it. Where shall that be? In Palestine, not elsewhere, then I must say. From out the land of Canaan, on the billow-washed shores of Phœnicia, Jahveh came forth to christen the birth of the ben'i Israel; a little later to gather under his protecting wings the ten tribes of El; still later to throw his imperial mantle over benighted Christendom, where, as the Deus Primus of the celestial triad, his sovereignty will remain undisputed until the last rays of the setting sun of ignorance and superstition have gone down to return no more; then will the bones of Jahveh mingle with those of extinct pagan gods to bleach on the shores of eternity.

Whether this name Jehovah was in use among the Hebrews before the captivity, we have no sufficient evidence. If I am allowed to speculate on probabilities, the name may have originated at the time David consolidated ten tribes, of the lost sheep of El. At any rate the name disappeared, and was lost during the exile, when the remaining tribes worshiped indiscriminately the pagan gods around them.

Four hundred and fifty years before our common era, Ezra found on his return from exile, or if born in Babylon, on his first entry into Jerusalem, his people engaged in the worship of all the gods of Palestine; among whom Adonai, or Adonius, occupied the highest place in the affections of the Phœnicians and Hebrews.

If Iahveh had at any time before the exile been the god of Israel this name was lost or suspended during that period, both as to the Hebrews in exile and those still in Palestine; nor was this name restored until Ezra, 444 B. C. gave it to his people with the decalogue, from the ruin of Jerusalem; a name that was destined to pilot ten tribes in their future course of life over the inhospitable shores set everywhere with Christian foes.

The Israelites while in Babylon worshiped Elohim in the singular, who was the Deus Primus of the pantheon of the Elohim. We read in the Book of the Seers and Prophets how Elohim created the world in six days. Later the Bible in a second account, assigns this task to Iahveh. As this name appears in conjunction with Elohim in the account that was brought from Babylon, some scholars have been led to believe it to have been of Babylonian origin. But as this name has never been found among the writings of that country, or from other trustworthy sources, its origin must be looked for elsewhere.

A few Egyptologists have asserted that the name as aforesaid is of Egyptian origin. These assertions rest on the belief of the story of the Exodus, which is now known to be untrue, and on the fact that there has been found on the Egyptian monuments, the words: "I am all that is," which, it is said, mean the same as the Biblical words, "I am," being used in both cases to designate one supreme being. But we can most readily see that this alone is too frail a piece of evidence on which to predicate such a conclusion. As the Hebrews, as a people were never in Egypt, why should the name Iahveh, come from there? A people who make their own gods, or adopt ready-made ones, naturally prefer their own land as the source of their nativity. At all events the Hebrews now swear by the name Jehovah. We must find, if possible, his birth place.

On the return from captivity the Hebrews residing at Moab were not only in love with the women of the Moabites, but with their Deus Primus, Chemosh, while the majority residing at Phœnicia were followers of the god Adonai.

It is quite certain that the Hebrews on their return from captivity, if not before the exile, adopted the Phœnician language, i. e., the court dialect, which eventually became the sacred tongue of the Levitical priesthood and by them called Hebrew, leaving the common people to speak the language of the tribes around them, which, at the north was Aramean. Most scholars of to-day agree that the insertion of vowel points between the consonants, Iahvh, so as to make the name

Jehovah are not the original ones that came from the old Hebrew, which renders it Adonai, not Jehovah.

The ancient Hebrews deeming the name of their god too sacred to be pronounced, inserted wrong vowel points to make the name Adonai read Lord, meaning any ruler. This word being rendered god has given to the Hebrews their Jehovah. When the masoretic text Iahvh, was given its vowel points, its rendition was Adonay; but pronounced Elohim, which was done to hide from the common people the new divinity. With all the confusion between the spelling and pronunciation, the names Adonai and Jehovah continued to run parallel until the fifth century, C. E., when the confusion was cleared up by the free use of vowel points, which, for the first time, gave Jehovah to the world. (See Huntington's Letters, also Hader, Ireland, et al.) Maimonides says only a few Levite priests knew the meaning of the consonantal text which came down from tradition; they agreed on the name and filled in the vowels to fit their new god, Jehovah. Some Greek writers say this name comes from Jao, some Samaritans render it Iabe. The rendition of Jao or Iabe was deemed correct by Clemens, Origen, Irenaeus, Jerome, et al., but the Gnostics used law for the Hebrew divinity.

Sellerman of Berlin, and the Oracle of Apollo, used by Marcoris, trace this name to the sun, as with all the pagan peoples, as to their deus primus.

Thus it will be seen that the Hebrew and Christian supreme god, as with all the pagan peoples, is none other than our great solar orb. That the Hebrews adopted the Phœnician god, Adonai, and changed the name when written in full to Jehovah, there is little room for doubt. Adon, sometimes abbreviated from Adonay or Adonia, was often used by the Phœnicians for sovereign master, and, as god.

The Hebrews used the word in the same sense. (Josh. iii, 13; Exod. xxiii, 17.) It is also used in the plural, as was Elohim in Babylon. When used in the form Adonius, he is the son of Cinyus and Medani of Phœnicia; but Herod makes him the son of an Assyrian king by his own daughter. The Vulgate gave Adonius as a rendering of Tammuz, thus tracing his pedigree to Assyria, where he was the deus primus of Zoroaster. Tammuz, in Egypt, was Oris, who was a form of the sun, said to be an incarnation of that luminary. (See Lucian, Selden and Creuger.)

From whatever source we attempt to trace the name Jehovah, he is but another name for our great solar orb.

On Ezra's return to Jerusalem as aforesaid he found his people worshipping the gods of Canaan, where Adonai was chief. To get rid of this pagan god, he changed the name Adonia to Jhvh, which he told his people were one and the same. It was not until later, and then by slow degrees, that vowel points were filled in, so as to give a different name, first as Adonia, Lord. Nor was the Masoretic text Jhvh settled until the fifth century, C. E., when for the first time, Jehovah appeared to the world in full dress.

Here we have the country and proximate time of the birth of the Hebrew god and deus primus of the Christians, a Phœnician by birth, with a pedigree running back to our great solar orb, the same as all other pagan divinities.

The Devil and His Habitat.

Having found the historical source of God, let us now have that of the Devil and hell. I shall here assume that the readers of this diversified article have heard of the other man—the Devil and his summer resort; possibly, some of them in their younger days have had a surfeit of both; but as to the historical source of these matters, it may be quite a new thing, for it has ever been to the interest of the priesthood to keep their votaries in ignorance of the true source of their religion—it being forbidden fruit.

What I shall here say of these matters will be from a purely historical standpoint.

The Devil and hell, like the gods, were created by primitive man in a state of savagery. As all know, man at the lowest stage of mental development had little else than his eyes, ears and nose, with which to judge of the various phenomena around him. That which gave him comfort and pleasure was good; that which gave him pain and misery was evil. He thus starts life with both good and evil. These are the foundation of all religious feelings. With him, at first, they were of unknown qualities. As his intellect slightly expanded he conceived of them as objects; later, as beings like himself, capable of doing good or harm to him. The sun gave him light, warmth and food; these were good. The moon and stars lighted up his nocturnal highway; they, too, were good in a lesser degree. The dark night he dreaded and feared; so with lightning, tornadoes, earthquakes, etc.

All these things were living beings. The sun, the greatest source of good, became his deus primus; his greatest enemy, the poisonous serpent, became the representative of all evil. These adjectives, good and evil, being personified, became gods and devils in human form. Such the process, and such was the result with all the primates of the world. Here we reach the point where the Devil and Hell come to the surface to be treated historically.

While most of the great religions of the world have their Devil and hell, the Christians drew almost exclusively on Magianism. The religion ascribed to Zoroaster, represented by the Magi (priests) was the prevailing superstition of Babylon at the time of the Jewish exile. Before that time the Hebrews had failed to work out a conception of a future existence; hence, could have no theories of a devil or hell. All that people have given us concerning those matters was borrowed from the Babylonians—from Magianism with its home meanings.

In Magianism, the religion ascribed to Zoroaster, Ormuzd was a sun-god; from him, as in all the early conceptions of men, good and evil came from the one source. A separation took place, evil finally assumed a separate being and was given the name of Ahriman, an evil spirit. But he was still one of the gods; rebelling against the rule of Ormuzd the deus primus, a terrible war in heaven ensued, which the cuneiform inscriptions portray in most vivid colors. The conflict between Ormuzd and Ahriman, was but an allegorical representation between good and evil, day and night at war, where evil appears in the form of a dragon, as Tiamet. This Babylonian war, when transferred into our New Testament by the writer of the book of Revelation, makes Ahriman, the evil spirit, our Beelzebub. This war in the Babylonian text barely visible in the Old Testament, blossoms out more fully in our Revelation, but not to the extent given it by Magianism. In the end Ormuzd, like the Christian god, will come out victorious.

The Ahriman of Magianism, when defeated and driven out of heaven becomes the Satan or Diabolos of the Hebrews; finally, when passed over to the New Testament he becomes our devil, who, like Ahriman takes up his abode in the dark land of the nether world.

This war in heaven, in both Magianism and Christianity, is renewed on earth where the contest goes on for the possession of souls; and if we credit our New Testament and our clergymen, the devil alone, as against Jehovah and his son, has come off, so far, victor in securing more than a hundred to one, and among this hundred, all great thinkers, scientists and other scholars are to be counted as the devil's people, which Jehovah and his, with all their efforts and sacrifices, aided by their priests, have succeeded in securing but few, and they of the most ignorant class.

This Magian religion passing through Judaism to Christianity, where it left the substance of its contents, was, say the writers, evil in man's nature; nor did the devil appear in the Christian religion until the dark ages, when the priesthood converted, by amendments to the New Testament, this evil quality of man into a full grown personal devil, and allowed him to win honors in soul-catching, over the senile efforts of Jehovah and Son.

The personae of the devil is made very prominent in the Apocryphal New Testament writings, where Christ descends into hell to release Adam and his posterity from the chains of darkness.

Hell—Having had an historical view of the Devil, now for a brief history of the origin of hell. This word, or the idea produced by it, dates far back. It was in use by the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Hindus, Scandinavians, et al., always the home of the evil one in the under world.

Hell among all the ancient religions, was a place for the punishment of crimes committed on earth. The Christians went back to this, and made it a place for the punishment of unbelief—for the refusal to believe that the second person of the triad was a cross between a dove and a woman. This word hell, renders sheol, hades, Gehenna and Tartarus. The word sheol occurs in the Old Testaments 65 times; hell, 31 times; grave 31 times, and pit, 3 times, generally believed to be a dark abode in the earth, often used by the Hebrews to mean grave.

The Greeks placed Tartarus in the center of the earth, and hades half way there. The Septuagint's equivalent for sheol is hades, which occurs in the New Testament 11 times; in 10 of them it is rendered hell. So hell renders Gehenna 12 times.

With the Hebrews, this word is often used to signify the valley of Hinnom, because it was a place desecrated by the sacrifices to Moloch, and for the further reason that it was used for the burial of the dead and for the dumping of garbage which was consumed by fire. Thus we have the fiery Hinnom. The word Tophet occurs 9 times in the Old Testament, which originally meant the grove in Hinnom defiled by idolatries.

The hell of the Christians, before its late abolition, was created by the church during the dark ages, since which, it has been a potent factor in the collection of tithes used as fuel to drive the clerical engine over the highway of life.

With the advance of science and the growth of common sense, the supernatural, with its demons, has faded away, until only a shadow of it remains—just enough to terrify foolish people. With the old pagans, hell was simply a dark abode, shut off from the rays of the sun-god.

The two characters at the head of this article, since each set up for himself after the close of the war in heaven, have got on fairly well as rivals in soul-getting; the former with a fairly good reputation, though with a bad Biblical record, while the latter has always had, with the Christians, a bad name and a record for fair treatment of his household, keeping-up only sufficient fire to keep his sanitarium warm for the comfort of his patients. Such is life, and such life's follies.

Conclusion.

The history of the two men at the head of this treatise, while quite full, fails in toto to give us the slightest proof of the real existence of either of them. The heavens for many years have been explored almost every night, from different parts of our earth with the most powerful telescopes and spectroscopes for countless billions of miles outside our earth, picking up and photographing every visible thing, but no where has a god been seen nor has the graph of one ever adorned the plate. As to the other man, the Devil, even his best and most worthy Christian supporters have not only abandoned him, but now deny that he ever existed.

All religions are substantially alike; all are kept running with a priest on one end, a dupe on the other. The great unthinking herd must be amused with some play, and it may just as well be the Christian circus as any other.

JUDGE PARISH B. LADD.

Alameda, Cal.

CONYERS-PETTINGILL.

Wedding bells ringing in Cleveland, Ohio, will call forth glad congratulations for the happy couple from Florida to New York, and from New England to the Middle West.

Mrs. Annette J. Pettingill of Malden, Mass., was married on the evening of July 20th, to Mr. H. B. Conyers, by Rev. Dr. Clarke, in Trinity Cathedral of the Forest City. The bride is a universal favorite at Lily Dale Assembly, where she has had a glad welcome each season from 1905 to the present one. Pleasing in personality, gifted in the use of correct English, honest in her platform message work and with the commendable habit of stopping when her controlling force begins to weaken, no apologies have ever been necessary on the part of the management for presenting her to any audience of strangers. Her parting with Lily Dale Assembly on Saturday afternoon, the 18th inst., was an unusually happy one. She had confided the coming event, in absolute confidence, to some of her own sex. As Mrs. Pettingill took her seat after having given some very forceful messages, Mrs. R. S. Little arose and gave the whole thing away to the audience, and the latter, at the speaker's call, rose to its feet and united in a Chautauqua salute of Good Will to the departing sister on her voyage over the sea of bliss. How women do rejoice when a member of their sex leads another poor unfortunate man into Matrimonial Maleship!

Mr. Conyers came to our country from Australia, not so very long ago. He is said to be a cultured gentleman, a Spiritualist in belief, and in all ways worthy of the wife he has won. May they throughout a long life together halve each other's sorrows and double one another's joys.

Mrs. Conyers will continue to our field as a public worker, filling her present engagements, which already reach well into 1909, and welcoming opportunities to broaden her field of labor.

GEORGE B. WARNE.

SPIRIT AND SOUL.

They Are Distinct Parts of the Human Constitution.

Nearly all discussions arise from a want of proper definitions, and a clear understanding of the meaning of words. The use of spirit and soul, as synonymous terms, has kept the orthodox world in a fog for ages. Judging from criticism of Prof. Dawbarn, in a recent issue, Joseph Chalmers is laboring under the same delusion. This writer maintains that "all spirits are immortal." Nobody but a gross materialist will deny this proposition, but it does not follow that all souls will accept immortality; and that is what I understand Prof. Dawbarn to suggest as possible. That those wicked souls who refuse to repent, will probably lose their ethereal bodies, as "we all lose our physical bodies."

In my "Constitution of Man," I have clearly proven that spirit, soul and mind are all distinct parts of Man. The spirit is immortal, and a part of God's spirit; just as a drop of water is a part of the sea. But during earthly existence the spirit of man is slightly detached from the parent spirit; and placed in two bodies, one of ether, the other of matter. The life which the spirit imparts to the ethereal or spiritual body is the soul. And the life imparted to the physical body is the mind.

The object of earth life, I maintain, is to individualize the spirit of man and to develop and perfect his soul.

The physical body is simply a mold in which the ethereal or spiritual body is formed and developed. At the death of the physical body, the mind, no longer having a brain, as an instrument to work with, accedes back into the soul, of which it is but the external reflex. The soul, occupying its ethereal or spiritual body, passes into the Psychic Realm, for the purpose of completing and perfecting its education, and finally attaining the same immortality as the spirit which all the time occupied it.

But some of these souls are so wicked and rebellious that they make no progress toward perfection; neither on the earth nor in the psychic realm. If these demoralized souls continue in wickedness and rebellion for ages, will they not finally wear out their ethereal bodies, just as we will wear out our physical body on the earth? And is this not what the New Testament calls the "Second Death"? We are all subject to this second death by the loss of the physical body. May not the persistently wicked also

Notes From Lily Dale, N. Y.

The social features of Lily Dale are on the increase. A bazaar held under the auspices of The Woman's Auxiliary was well patronized.

The various schools in session on the grounds have each their share of patronage.

There is one school for Arts and Crafts, another for Dancing, a third for Physical Culture, also a school for Voice Culture in music. Besides these there are many classes for Psychic Development.

A special lecture was given this evening by Miss Amelia Pennington, on "Woman's Gifts to Civilization."

She proved by archeology that many of man's inventions and discoveries had their origin in primitive woman, and that woman was the original producer, the burden-bearer, while primitive man bore only the burden of his own dignity. She traced the origin of life through the cell, and the moulting up to the stage where parentage or motherhood made its first appearance. Then love became dominant, and gradually the higher moral faculties. Miss Pennington is a pleasing speaker and deserves credit for her painstaking researches.

C. A. Burgess of Chicago, who is new in the mediumistic field, was message bearer, and gave several tests to prove the presence of spirits, that were fully acknowledged.

Many children are enjoying the rural beauty of Lily Dale. They are gathered each morning in Liberty Hall, under the leadership of the Lyceum conductor, Mrs. Amelia Peterson, where instruction and amusement are judiciously combined.

Owing to illness, Dr. F. N. Martin has resigned from the board of trustees, and C. L. Hutchinson was elected in his place.

Every hour at Lily Dale is occupied with something to prove the truth of the existence of the Spirit World and its intelligent inhabitants.

"'Twas a calm still night and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When the friends, mute with grief,
Stood around the death bed,
Of our poor, lost Lily Dale."

Old Song—

She was laid to rest in the earth's cold breast,
Yet her soul life did not fail;
For out from the tomb, in her youthful bloom,
Came our darling Lily Dale.

And with words of cheer has she greeted us here,
And from death has lifted the veil,
To this happy heaven is her fair name given,
Our beautiful Lily Dale.

To-day, July 22, at Lily Dale, was given to the New York State Association, Dr. Geo. B. Warne, National President, was here, also H. W. Richardson, State President.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, one of the trustees, was the other visiting member of the state board. All of the speakers pleaded for a higher, truer Spiritualism, and emphasized the necessity of upholding the National, State and subordinate organizations.

Dr. Warne paid a glowing tribute to The Progressive Thinker for the stand it has taken for truth and honesty.

Mrs. Dorcas Elizabeth Guppy, an old time Spiritualist here has just passed away at the ripe age of 81. Funeral to-morrow, July 23, at 4 p. m., conducted at the auditorium by Mesdames Greenmyer and Mrs. R. S. Little.

Rev. Geo. H. Brooks, former chairman of Lily Dale Assembly, goes to Lake Brady for two Sundays; then will return to Lily Dale, from which he will respond to calls for funerals.

MATTIE MCASLIN.

be subject to "second death," by the loss of their ethereal bodies?

Then the immortal spirit, having lost both bodies, would probably be permitted to return to earth, re-embodied, and make another effort to perfect and save a soul. This much of re-incarnation may be true and this is the position I have taken in the book above referred to. And this is the probability which Prof. Dawbarn suggested. We are corroborated by the Bible, which says: "The Spirit returns to God who gave it." Again, "The soul that sinneth shall die."

E. L. DOHONEY.

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The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work,
and General Progress, the World Over.

Hattie F. R. Peet, corresponding secretary, writes: "Members and friends of the Band of Harmony were delightfully entertained at the home of Mrs. George Newkirk, 498 Fuller ton avenue, on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 16, the occasion being one of our series of 'Summer Socials.' Owing to the absence from the city at the present time of many of our members on their annual 'vacations,' there will be no 'Socials' until Thursday, Aug. 13, when it will be held at the home of Mrs. Drulinen, 93 Bowen avenue. All are cordially invited."

by inspiration. She is an eloquent, logical and convincing speaker and her services are in great demand throughout southern Michigan, where she has thousands of warm personal friends, as well as admirers. She has been the means of upbuilding of Spiritualism in this section and is the president and pastor of the Spirituana Society of Branch county, an organization chartered under the laws of the state of Michigan, and with constantly growing membership. With her innumerable home-made articles and many cares which have filled Mrs. King's life, it seems incredible that she could have performed

O, ye fainting and dejected,
Hear the call for you, to-day,
Come and welcome, it's provided
Free to all and without pay.

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Of troubled thoughts, a great relief
A spiritual uplifting, a hope to find
That somewhere, some-when I shall
enter into mine.

ISADORE E. BUSSEY.

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EMMA ROOD TUTTLE

In trials before a test committee we must not forget the preventive power of suggestion. Every professional hypnotist knows how difficult it is to hypnotize a subject against a strong counter suggestion. "I am not strong," I may guess, but I don't know. Who can say why Christ could do great works in Galilee because of the unbelief, or why He put out of the synagogue the demoniac because of the doubting ones before He raised him from the dead? THERE SEEMS TO BE A THEMENPOUS DYNAMIS FORCE IN BELIEF AND ALSO UNBELIEF. PERHAPS THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE TRIALS OF THE FUTURE should be: Why should not those psychic investigations be of stupendous interest to us mortals? They are sincere attempts by well-equipped men to reach at a solution of the mysteries of death and life, which should profoundly concern us.

We are moving away from materialism. A few years ago Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer were agnostic in the spirit world, but now many of them have become theists. It is far as belief in "foreign" intelligence is not only existing but communicating

"Where the vanguard rests to-day
The rear shall camp to-morrow."

At the door of the scientific world
psychic research stands at the
head of the waiting list.

Here you may witness a science
in the making. We forget that the
whirlwind of time often changes from
little to great and from great to little.
In science and more than once in his-
tory the stout the builders rejected
became the head of the corner. To
scientific demonstration that person-
ality survives death all scientific
achievements heretofore made will
be trivial in comparison.

The starry ravens are reflected
in the water. The stars are fixed on

the ocean, with eyes like mine, can see the ocean you can prove that the heavens don't exist. They don't do there.

Scientific faith in the other world is an egg that will yet hatch on the mundane sphere. I. K. FUNK.

New York.

MISS OF FOURTEEN POET.

Little Theodosta B. Clark of Evansville, Ind., has been elected to the position of Poet of the High School, and has accepted the name for herself.

Little Theodosia B. Clark, 14 years old, a pupil in the Evanston High School, is making quite a name for herself as a poet. She entertains not only her schoolmates but her elders by her writings, many of which are said to possess considerable merit.

Like all poets, Theodosia takes spring as one topic for her muse, and on that subject she has written the lines:

The violet has lifted its drooping

head
From mossy ferns, its wintery bed,
And softly lifts its face on high
To meet the sweet smile of the sky.
The bobble tottering near, doth lope
For his sawcy image in the brook;
And wicked crows as black as night
Laugh Haw! Haw! as they alight
Upon some branch above the stream
Where blinding flashes the sun's
gleam.

Oh, spring has come, is the glad
frain
And every bird, no matter how small
Makes the greenwood to echo
call:
Glad that they have come No
again.
They praise each and the weather
The sky and the weather
As all sing together.

And all is bright and rejoicing
gay
And nothing to do but play, play, play,
And find their homes and find a mate
This is what the little birds say
As they twitter to me on my garden
gate.

~~~~~

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