



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

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## IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

### The Nature of Music Is Divine.

#### Hence in the Domain of the Spiritual.

In this age of spasmodic attempt to revolutionize music, and to induce the public to admit that melody (the very soul of all music) should be dropped from musical compositions and performances, the impressive, old appellation, "vox populi, vox Dei," would seem to have lost its truthfulness. In all civilized communities there is a sort of musical "400," who take it upon themselves to dictate what shall be called good music. These people usually take their cue from some foreign importation or conglomeration of scientific musical idiosyncrasies of which they know but little, and care still less, for, with the majority of these would-be musical reformers, the perpetuation of a fashionable fad appears to be the real goal of their ambition. Frequent contact with such people has established the fact that their theories as to what constitutes real music are for the most part groundless, and with due humility as to my own musical acquirements, I regret being obliged to state that the majority of those persons with whom I have conversed in relation to what they term "classical music," fail to show me a single pedestal upon which they endeavor so strenuously to build what they ingeniously call "The new school of music," and I have yet to find a single individual among these enthusiasts who could scientifically draw a line of demarcation between musical music and the music which they endeavor so learnedly (?) to advocate.

While writing the above exordium, by a somewhat singular coincidence, a letter was handed me from the Hon. James D. Reynert, a very dear old friend of mine, now residing in California, and formerly the legal adviser of the famous violinist, Ole Bull, inclosing a clipping from a California paper, which contains so many of the ideas of which I was about to write, that I will quote from them. The Rev. Robert Hammond Cotton, a Protestant clergyman of the Church of St. Paul, Los Angeles, preaching in his church the Sunday before the fourth of July, took for his subject the

#### NEED OF A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

remarking that, with the exception of the "Star Spangled Banner," we have no distinctive American hymn. But the reverend gentleman is evidently not up in the musical lore of our country, for in reality we have more distinctive national hymns than any other country on earth. Besides the one above alluded to, we have "The Red, White and Blue," with its immortal melody and noble words. We have "Hail Columbia," the words and music of which are strikingly beautiful and original; Harrison Millard's charming creation of "Vive L'America," and several other national characteristic musical compositions, of which we, as a nation, may well be proud. To be sure, we have appropriated what has long been supposed to be an old English melody, entitled "God Save the Queen," which has been wedded to the Rev. Mr. Cotton's immortal poem, entitled, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The origin of this melody, however, has never been successfully traced. Like many other popular tunes, it is a wail which has been floating around the world for centuries, and no one knows who really did compose it. Speaking of the "Star Spangled Banner," the Rev. Mr. Cotton says:

"While beautifully expressive of the true feeling of the American heart, it seems too elaborate, or not sufficiently 'catchy' for the popular ear," and he adds: "We want something

#### BRISKER AND MORE DASHING."

Mr. Cotton then continues his remarks as follows: "To borrow the melody of another country, and to adapt words to that melody, which, however beautiful, have no specific national application whatever, except in a single line, and that so obscure that a large proportion of our foreign population must fail to recognize the allusion, must be acknowledged as a confession of failure, and an evidence that the thing wanted is still to seek." Mr. Cotton, in the course of his remarks, told a story of the impression "America" made on him when he heard it on his return from England. He says:

"I shall never forget the emotion experienced some five years ago, soon after I landed in England, when, one night in the city of Boston, played by some friends beneath my window, what I, in my innocence, took to be the strains of 'God Save the Queen,' discoursed, as I fondly imagined, in honor of myself and my native country. Judge of my astonishment on being told next morning, when I came down to breakfast, that that tune was called 'America,' and that it was the national anthem of the United States! A piece that had been the national anthem of Great Britain years before the United States were ever thought of Americans themselves tacitly acknowledge that it is a failure. They can never be persuaded to rise to the occasion when this hymn is started. It never provokes enthusiasm. The people, as a matter of fact, instinctively know and feel that it is not, and that it cannot be their real national anthem. The response is 'always half-hearted and unsuccessful. All feel that the hymn is an exotic, a for-

eigner, a stranger, not born in the land."

While the main part of what the reverend gentleman says here is true, his remark that the tune, when it is called "America," does not provoke the same enthusiasm that it does when it is called "God Save the Queen," is a great mistake. To be sure, the old melody has long been a favorite in all English-speaking countries, and in fact, in countries where other languages than English is spoken, and it has been adapted to many and various poetical effusions of a national nature. In reality, it is the great paucity of real original English melodies, especially melodies which

#### STRIKE THE HUMAN HEART,

and reach its inmost recesses, that makes this very old tune so popular in England. Vioiti, the great Italian violinist, settled in London many years ago, with the view of practising music there as a profession, but, to quote his own words, he says: "I soon found that the English loved wine and ale so much better than music that at the first favorable opportunity, I opened a store for the sale of these liquors, and I succeeded financially in this business in London, as I never could have done there in music." The fact is, with the English the tune of "God Save the King" (or "Queen," according to the reigning monarch at the time on the throne), is about the only melody that a genuine Englishman seems to have thoroughly learned; and while the English as a nation assume to be great patrons of the "Art Divine," their patronage rarely passes beyond its commercial value.

With the Germans, the Italians, the Scotch, the Irish, and even the volatiles French, their music is thoroughly emblematic and characteristic of their own nationality. Even the cold-blooded Scandinavians have their "Folk Songs," which are often full of weird and touching melody; in fact, some of the Norwegian music is grand, noble, and often tender in the extreme. Many of my favorite violin solos are founded upon musical themes which I obtained in Norway during my two visits to that country as guest of the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, and this music often creates more real enthusiasm than any other upon my programmes. We Americans have such a large number of stirring patriotic melodies, composed by Americans and therefore strictly national in their feeling and characteristics, that we scarcely know which melody to choose from during our national festivities. Other countries, old as they are, really have few

#### DISTINCTLY NATIONAL SONGS

or melodies to draw upon. The Germans have Haydn's grand old hymn, for in reality we have more distinctive national hymns than any other country on earth. Besides the one above alluded to, we have "The Red, White and Blue," with its immortal melody and noble words. We have "Hail Columbia," the words and music of which are strikingly beautiful and original; Harrison Millard's charming creation of "Vive L'America," and several other national characteristic musical compositions, of which we, as a nation, may well be proud. To be sure, we have appropriated what has long been supposed to be an old English melody, entitled "God Save the Queen," which has been wedded to the Rev. Mr. Cotton's immortal poem, entitled, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The origin of this melody, however, has never been successfully traced. Like many other popular tunes, it is a wail which has been floating around the world for centuries, and no one knows who really did compose it. Speaking of the "Star Spangled Banner," the Rev. Mr. Cotton says:

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George F. Root's

#### "BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM,"

and his famous "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," did more for the glorious cause of liberty during the late rebellion than the imagination can well compute, and John Brown's "Glory

Hallelujah," we might add, did equally good work. Melodies like these remind one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's homily on tact:

"They clinch the bargain, Sail out of the bay, Get the votes in the Senate, 'Spit of Webster or Clay."

The facts about good music are simply these: The immortal melodies which have become so through the hearts of the people, like the colors of the American flag, are born in heaven. They are few and far between, and the paternity of a majority of them is simply enigmatical or obscure. Take the melody, for instance, of "The Last Rose of Summer." To be sure the Irish poet Tom Moore has wedded this beautiful melody

#### TO WORDS THAT WILL NEVER DIE,

but the origin of the melody is one of those questions which has never been definitely settled, and probably never will be. It has been used for many long years in both song and story, and is one of the principal musical gems in Flotow's charming opera of "Martha." The melody of "Home, Sweet Home," is still more closely imbedded in the tomb of secrecy. John Howard Payne adapted it to very ordinary words, and it is the simple sentiment of "Home, Sweet Home," when linked with the lovely melody, that has carried it to the remotest ends of the earth. This melody is probably of Italian origin, and, like the "Last Rose of Summer," it has been deftly interwoven by Donizetti in his well-known opera of "Anna Bolena." In fact, many of our operas depend largely for their success upon some popular melody.

It is very easy to write that we need a "new and striking melody" that will appeal to sixty odd millions of true American hearts; but in this, as in many other things, such a wish can hardly be consummated to order. How often do we hear the (would-be-thought) connoisseur of classical music? whistling or humming some popular melody which he has just taken unconsciously from the barrel of some street-organ. He would hang up his hands in holy horror at being caught in the act, but with all his musical erudition he cannot suppress the laws of old "Mother Nature," which laws eventually decide what is "true music, as well as all other things." "Wagnerism" had, which culminated some time ago, and is now being gradually relegated to the rear, came about in a manner strangely in keeping with the many seemingly occult forces which so often regulate human endeavor. Wagner had been floating around the circle in various parts of Europe for many years. His operas of "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" had attracted some of the attention, and some praise, but more of censure, and for years they lay comparatively dormant. The audacity of melody in these works had consigned them to the fate of most modern operas foisted upon the good-natured public, but with little to recommend them excepting noise, accompanied by plenty of the "blood and thunder" element. The crazy young Bavarian, King Ludwig, happened one day to cross the path of the so-called "musician of the future," and as

#### "BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."

these two perturbed spirits (to use a Western phrase) "hitched horses," and with more than two hundred thousand dollars in cash, which young Ludwig placed at Wagner's disposal, the composer called around him other kindred spirits, and proceeded to make things lively at Bayreuth, and the world knows the result. Taking an audience of one thousand persons, who have just heard of Wagner musical composition (if we except a couple of far-fetched melodies in the above operas), ask them to favor you with a few measures of their favorite composer, and you will not be surprised at the tune which our New York millionaires have been singing ever since they were called upon to assist at the Metropolitan Opera House in paying the expenses of a lot of foreign "printer's ink-puffed artists" to the march of "We are coming, gentle brother dudes, With four hundred thousand (\$4) more." It is here that the old proverb which we mentioned in the early part of this article, "The voice of the people is the voice of God," comes to the front, and it taught the New York public a lesson, by touching their pockets, which they will not soon forget.

#### Music without melody! Is it not

"Strange such a difference there should be

"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee?"

In other words, teaching the difference between noisy musical vagaries and true musical without striking musical melody. Music, without melody, is like the play of Hamlet with the ghost omitted.

If our readers have any doubts as to the general correctness of the statements above, let them drop into any large music store and examine the pile of trash, called music, reveling in dust; and I had almost said in the ashes of long ago. Get into the confidential atmosphere of the publisher, and he will quickly relate to you his "tale of woe," and his sad experience in listening to the seductive voice of some freshly-imported "musical monster." He will quickly tell you how he was induced to take part in the classical music craze, and in a still lower tone of voice he will inform you of his readiness to dispose of his classical stock at your own price; then, like a hungry tramp,

"To whom a single coin

Would be a glimpse of heaven."

he will sigh a long and sepulchral sigh, and inform you how happy he would be if some charmer in the shape of the

"Frog's Moonlight Serenade" or "Sweet Marie" would come to the rescue of his somewhat depleted treasury. He may tell you (sotto voce) that he loves, venerates, adores, and deeply appreciates classical music; at the same time, with striking mental reservation, he longs for a new "Suwanee River," "Sweet By-and-By," or "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-a," the copyright of any one of such popular pieces he knows would replenish his exchequer, and realize the dream "We may be happy yet." The immortal composer, the late

#### WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE,

whose son was formerly a violin pupil of mine, once gave me some very interesting reminiscences of his early struggles as a musical composer. He had already written many of his undying melodies, but was obliged to wander footsore and weary through the great city of London, with not where to lay his head, and the where-withal to purchase a meal. He was proud-spirited and would not beg. He took a copy of one of his most charming songs to several publishers, who would scarcely listen to it. Despairing of obtaining even the paltry sum needed for the moment, he was about leaving one of the great music publishers' establishments, when one of the clerks, a young man whom he slightly knew, slipped a half-crown into his hand, at the same time whispering,

#### "GET A BITE TO EAT,

and drop in again some time during the day." Wallace, who was of a most sensitive, noble nature; could only express his gratitude by a warm grasp of his hand. He did call again the same day, and the clerk again bridged him over for a supper and night's lodging. Wallace, who was a remarkable performer upon several instruments, soon found employment, and years afterward he kindly remembered the warm-hearted music clerk. When his reputation in London was at its zenith, and that beautiful melody from "Le Reve," "Sleeping I Dreamed, Love," had become the rage throughout England, and in fact throughout the civilized world, and publishers were offering untold sums for its control, Wallace one morning called upon the young clerk, and handing him the manuscript of the beautiful musical gem, remarked: "I think you will find no difficulty in disposing of this song now." It

was the same Wallace had offered for nothing years before. The young clerk, instead of selling the song outright, took advice from a leading attorney of London and secured the copyright in his own name, from which he realized within twelve months several thousand pounds, and the clerk eventually became one of the richest of London's rich music publishers.

It is not generally known that this same William Vincent Wallace, the immortal composer of the operas "Maritana," "Laurie," "The Amber Witch," and a host of other musical works that can never die, was a full-blooded "Scotch-Irishman." He was also one of the most remarkable performers upon the piano, the violin and the clarinet for many years before. As for all these requirements, he was thoroughly conversant with every instrument of the orchestra, not merely theoretically but practically; and was always ready to demonstrate his great knowledge by illustrations executed with his own hands. It is of such stupendous musical geniuses that the poet Dryden so tersely tells us

"Are born, they never can be taught," Wallace was also a great lover of hunting, and often placed himself in most dangerous positions in the jungles of Africa. He died comparatively young, but he left behind him imperishable fruits of his God-given genius. He married a most estimable lady, and Madame Wallace, his widow, whom I well knew, was for many years a prominent and much-honored and beloved teacher of music in New York City. Her son, William Vincent Wallace, Jr. (my pupil above alluded to), did not seem to possess extraordinary musical ability, for he soon went into mercantile pursuits. I have not seen or heard of him for many years. Many of Wallace's piano compositions are still much admired and performed, and his charming operas hold their own upon the stage both in Europe and America.

J. JAY WATSON.

284 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Whatever enlarges hope will also exalt courage.—Johnson.

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

Slight small injuries, and they will become none at all.—Fulmer.

Neither great poverty nor great riches will bear reason.—Flelding.

The greatest braggarts are generally the merest cowards.—Rousseau.

Jarring interests of themselves create the according music of a well-mixed State.—Pope.

Ten thousand harms more than the ill we know, our idleness doth hatch.—Shakespeare.

Feeling hearts, touch them rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before.—Rogers.

Some grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.—Shakespeare.

Melancholy sees the worst of things—things as they might be and not as they are.—Bovee.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Goethe.

Man is beyond dispute the most excellent of created beings, but the sages agree that a grateful god is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

## AN EARNEST APPEAL.

### It Is Made to Spiritualists Generally.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ORGANIZED ACTION AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SPIRITUALISTIC TRAINING COLLEGE FOR MEDIUMS, BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON, IN LIGHT, LONDON.

I am quite aware that in the very first words of the above heading I shall array about ninety per cent of the working Spiritualists of the age against the paper I am about to offer on the subjects named, and that these persons (without pausing candidly to consider the views I desire to present) will meet me on the threshold of my propositions with the question of—Would you attempt even the hopeless task of persuading those who have broken away from the tyrannical bondage of the past eighteen centuries of priestly domination, to put themselves once more under the yoke of any organization bearing the semblance of religious authority? On this point the inspirers who dictate this, and it may be one or two more successful employ, may me to offer a few preliminary remarks. The origin of all the past religious systems recorded in history, as well as of those prevailing to-day, may be traced to the teachings of certain human beings who—whether inspired or not—have announced their own special ideas concerning the mysteries of man's origin and destiny, and then, by their peculiar psychological powers, have influenced disciples to accordance in their views, and induced them to promulgate the same, until the said beliefs became concerted into sects, ultimately shaped and ruled over by a wide concourse of priests and their descendants.

Now I desire a priori to remind every intelligent and thoughtful reader that no such origin or results can be by any possibility attach to the new, and in some respects unprecedented, influences characteristic of modern Spiritualism.

Always excepting such fraud or imposture on the human side as can be readily detected and dealt with, we find in Spiritualism no mortal contrivance or origin for its supermundane manifestations, and no individuals capable of promulgating the views of life hereafter which spirits have given and by world-wide concurrences have taught.

Even the devotees of modern Theosophy, with all the aid of their invisible "Mahatmas," cannot succeed in proselytizing truly reasoning thinkers to their standards of faith, however harmless those may be, in the absence of direct authoritative proof for their assertions. In this, as in all sectarian systems of religion, those who pin their faith upon human opinions and teachings only, are no more certain of the ground on which that faith rests than those who assemble so solemnly and trustingly every Sunday to hear the reputed records of long centuries ago, manipulated as they avowedly have been by unscrupulous human authorities to suit the purposes of prevailing systems of priestcraft. Such perversions of religious truth and solemn spiritual interests are, however, impossible with pure and unadulterated Spiritualism. This great movement, as manifested during the past forty-seven years, rests for its basis on a series of present-day facts, as susceptible of being investigated to-morrow as it was a day, week, or month ago; and these facts do not come from the contrivance of any human being, however wise or inspired, but proceed from the action of millions of beings from another world, beings whose very existence testifies to the three grand, if not the sole, articles of faith which all religious systems have been established to prove, namely—first, that spirit is the real man, hence, also, the Grand Man—the Alpha and Omega of being; next, that mortal death has no power over spirit, thus inferentially teaching that spirit is immortal; next, and above all, spiritual revelations the wide world over demonstrate that every action done on earth, good or evil, results in the soul's happiness or misery hereafter, whilst they finally open up a new and glorious proof of providential love and mercy by testifying to the fact of eternal progress for every soul willing to attain it by treading the upward path through good works and unceasing personal effort.

Once more I insist that these teachings are not, as in all former sectarian beliefs, dependent for proof upon the mere unsupported testimony of human beings, who know no more of what they teach than their listeners; but they come from those who do know; who are living in the experience of what they teach, and whose words are corroborated by millions of similar revelations given through totally unconnected sources, and under circumstances which render human collusion or design impossible. Is it not, then, reasonable to ask, why is not this salutary and reformatory religion gladly received, and universally taught all over the earth?

My own wide experience and observations, conducted in many lands, lead me to believe that there are two main difficulties in the path of spiritual propaganda, the nature of which may be considered in the heading of this paper. The first obstacle to the due recognition of the priceless value that might result from the universal prevalence of Spiritualism is to be found in the total want of unity amongst its believers; the absence of any well-defined principles, either of teaching, conducting public meetings, finding suitable places of gathering, and methods of service; whether for the purposes of evoking the invaluable phenomena of spirit presence in well-organized circles, or of discussing

the noble philosophy of the movement in public gatherings. On these and many other no less vital points of spiritual growth and progress, the one word "organization" covers the whole ground on which spiritual growth and progress can ever be successfully attained. The second, and no less important, factor in putting the mighty outpouring of spirits in good working order for the benefit of humanity, is to train and educate mediumistic persons to a high appreciation of their gifts, and their best and most orderly methods of using those gifts in practice. When we remember that there is no religion on the face of the earth that can bring the same present-day proofs of all the teachings above claimed for it, it is surely not too much to ask that circles shall be held under the best possible known conditions for the benefit of inquirers, and that the grand religion and philosophy of the movement shall be given in respectable public places of gathering, and that spiritual inspiration on such occasions shall be presented through well-cultured and duly-prepared instruments. To effect all this would be impossible for the two or three who may, perhaps, be ill-prepared and ill-provided persons, however earnest and faithful in their intentions. Not so for the two or three hundreds, or as many thousands, always provided they come together to discuss the best and most natural means of carrying their wisest purposes into effect.

At present, however, I feel I have occupied an amount of space which the good and courteous editor to whom I am sending my paper might perhaps employ for more interesting matter. I shall reserve, then, the views I am asked to give—both by spirits in and out of the mortal form—on the subject of a training college for spiritual mediums and speakers, to another issue. I will for the present conclude by reminding my readers of the almost unparalleled work which the Spirit-world has done in this century and for this generation. What, I ask, have we done for that Spirit-world to which every foot amongst us is drifting?

Believing that a true, practical, every-day and well-proven religion is the very corner-stone—or might become so—of a good life here and happiness hereafter, believe it also to be the mightiest reformatory influence of the age over criminal tendencies and human selfishness. I would implore, could I do so effectively, the most civilized people of this earth to combine in a steadfast, self-sacrificing and firm organization for the promulgation of a world-wide teaching of this noble faith, and the training of its servants and workers, so that the kingdom of heaven may be established on earth in the universal and well-proven intercourse between the spirits of mortals and immortals—here and hereafter.

#### LOVEST THOU ME?

Thy proselytes, O Nazarene, adore thee And call thee "Lord."

They mind when they shall come before thee

For their reward.

Remove that bribe, let be that thou art human,

Of mortal clay.

And from thee every son of woman

Will fall away.

They will denounce thee madman and impostor

As suits their ends.

And never one would join the roster

Of thy true friends.

Thy friends are they whom neither threat nor promise

Brings to thy side.

Who stand, like unbelieving Thomas, Unsatisfied.

Such souls and thou wilt not be disappointed

In one another.

They love thee not as the anointed,

But as a brother.

They love thee not for any expectation

Of heavenly gain.

But for thy deep commiseration

For her of Nain.

They love thee, not for anything thou art

But that thy work was wholly for the part

Of the oppressed.

Yet some believe, with sycophantic spirits

Heaven will be crammed;

While he who loves too well to fear it's

Sure to be damned.

—MENANDER DAWSON in Truth Seeker.

#### Telephones in Spain Clairvoyance.

M. Trouve, the well-known electrician of Paris, has brought out a tiny telephone no larger than a franc piece, and, in conjunction with Rostoff, the "wiz-ard," has applied it to clairvoyance. The telephones attached to the ears of the blindfolded performer are hidden by a wig and connected by fine wires, also visible, to a transmitter behind a screen. A confederate behind the screen, who can see and hear all that passes, prompts him by means of the telephone.

#### Going for Them.

A second warrant has been issued for the arrest of Catherine W. E. Wood, on complaint of the Spiritualists' Association, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., on the charge of maintaining a booth and conducting business without license from the Spiritualists. Mr. Wood was fined fifteen dollars Wednesday and appealed. This is carrying out "the promise" of President Daily that arrests would be made every day.

## DECLARATION OF WAR.

### A Fund to Retaliate Upon Ministers.

TO THE EDITOR:—I see by a late number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that war has commenced upon mediums in Philadelphia, and I enclose one dollar to help carry the war into the enemy's camp, prosecute the clergymen and bring them before the bar of justice, and give them a dose of the same medicine they have prepared for others. The time has arrived when Spiritualists must do one of two things: Keep calm and patient, be persecuted and persecuted, crushed and imprisoned, be meek and humble and put up with it; or defend ourselves, and strike blow for blow, and retaliate upon our persecutors. For one, I will do what I can, to do unto ministers as they do (or cause to be done) unto others.

I see by Mrs. Cadwallader's letter that the laws of Pennsylvania in substance prohibit any person from "fortune telling, or telling the future destiny of persons, or future events," etc., for "lucres or gain," or "pretend to effect any purpose by spells, charms, necromancy, or incantations," and shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

I never heard a sermon from any minister but that in that sermon he pretended to tell the future destiny of the people; they claim a heaven and a hell for the future, and set themselves up as judges, and tell who will go to heaven or hell, and use "incantations" and spells to influence the people, for "lucres or gain" to the tune of \$2,000, \$5,000 or \$10,000 per year.

The ministers and priests pretend there is a God somewhere, and they are his agents to look after and care for the souls of the people. Now if there is a greater set of frauds or swindlers on earth than the whole set of priestcraft, I never have found it.

The Catholics pretend they have an influence with their God, and He will either bless or curse the people that the priests ask him to, and they take "lucres or gain" for their services, from the people.

Every time a "minister of the gospel," orthodox or any other sect, raises his hand and points toward the ceiling of the church and asks Almighty God to bless and have mercy on the people, it is a fraud and swindle on the people, and he does it for "lucres or gain."

Every time a minister prays for others or asks God to bless them, he, in the act, pretends that he, as a minister, has some kind of an influence with a God, and said God will do as the minister asks him to do—to bless or curse the people—and he uses "incantations" to effect his object, for when he raises his hand and points upward or downward, it is to produce a "spell" or influence the minds of the people. Now, as the ministers are the main cause of the persecution and prosecution of mediums, let the Spiritualists have as many of the prominent ministers of different denominations arrested and brought to the "bar of justice," and give them a dose of the same kind of medicine they have prepared for others; let them prove that they have an influence over God, and that He will answer their prayers, and if they fail to prove their claims that they are the agents of God, and that they have an influence over God in behalf of the people, they are liable under the law; for they do it for "lucres or gain" at the rate of \$5,000 to \$10,000 per year, and every time they say that such and such people will go to heaven or hell, they are telling the "fortunes" or "destiny" of the people. Let there be no class legislation—all should have equal rights under the laws.

I took a hand in the war between the North and South that resulted in striking the shackles from 4,000,000 human beings that professed Christians held in bondage (because their God had made their skin black instead of white), and they have equal rights under the laws, and I will do what little I can to liberate the people from ignorance, superstition and the clutch of the priestcraft. I am willing to pay one dollar per month to be used to prosecute ministers and priests for "fortune-telling," or "the future destiny" of the people, wherever mediums or clairvoyants are persecuted by religious influence.

I enclose one dollar towards creating a fund of \$1,000 to commence with. Where are the other 999 Spiritualists that will contribute \$1 down, and \$1 per month to push the war into the enemy's camp. Do unto the ministers as they do unto the mediums; and commence with-out delay.

WINONA SEER.

Justice delayed is justice denied.—Gladstone.

Grumblers are commonly an idle set.—Anon.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

Life is the childhood of our immortality.—Goethe.

Irresolution James a thousand horrors.—J. Martineau.

Light has spread, and even bayonets think.—Kossuth.

Virtue will catch, as well as vice, by contact.—Burke.

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.—Shakespeare.

God gives every bird its food, but he does not throw it into the nest.—J. G. Holland.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bryere.







## CASSADAGA TOPICS.

## Ringling Speech by Hon. J. C. Sibley.

Nationalism has been the topic of discussion at Cassadaga during the past week, the boasted liberty of the G. L. P. A. platform, having again been demonstrated by this opportunity given free speech. Although partisan politics are officially tabooed from the platform, it was decidedly amusing to see how each speaker, of less or greater light, cunningly evaded the party line, and yet left no doubt on the mind as to their political leanings.

Wednesday morning, announced on the programme as Labor Day, the auditorium rang with the animated voices of earnest men and women, severally presenting their views and possible solutions of the weighty problems of labor reform, human rights and equal justice.

By noon, excursion trains and private vehicles had deposited hundreds of visitors within our gates, who came to see and hear the now famous Hon. J. C. Sibley, advertised to discuss the silver question.

At 2 p. m., under the glorious inspiration of the Northwestern Band, Mr. Sibley appeared upon the platform, to be greeted with the deafening applause of the vast multitude that packed the spacious auditorium.

Following an introduction by the chairman, Mr. Sibley professed his address by complimenting the association on the breadth and freedom of their platform, saying he was proud to stand upon such a platform and before such a liberal people.

Capturing his audience at the start, he followed along the lines of bi-metallic arguments as a panacea for many ills affecting this nation and people.

Free thinking, said the speaker, is the need of the times; let it soar untrammelled and unfettered toward the good, the beautiful and the true. There is a mortgage today upon the brain and thought that is a greater curse to our country than the mortgage upon farms.

Such mortgages make us slaves indeed. Dared we be true to ourselves, how soon would be solved the problems of our body politic, both social and economic.

The silver question is before us; if right, it is sure to win; if wrong, it deserves defeat. Under the gold standard of the past two years, none have been benefited except the money kings, while eighteen thousand suicides have found the struggle for bread too great, and misery, destitution and ruin have stalked through the land.

In '96 there will be but two parties—one composed of the monopolists, syndicates and shysters; the other composed of the American producers. Grover Cleveland and John Sherman will vote the same ticket. Gold standards in the dim history of the past have been wrecked and will be again.

Here the speaker quoted from the third chapter of Daniel, comparing that event with President Cleveland's recent letter to Gov. Stone of Mississippi, wherein the same threat was virtually made.

But, said the speaker, the modern Nebuchadnezzar may heat the furnaces three times hotter and still three millions of people will refuse to bow down to gold.

Reforms never start with the politicians, but always in the honest hearts of the common people.

According to accepted authority, values have declined fifty per cent. in about twenty years, and in the last two years about twenty per cent.

The conflict between the single gold standard interests and the people has cost many times what the civil war cost; it is a worse scourge than war or pestilence. In two years it has cost in mere shrinkage of values \$14,000,000,000. The decline continues, yet some try to make the farmer believe that he never was so prosperous.

Jefferson Davis never cost this nation a tithe of what John Sherman has cost it. Where will this shrinkage stop? Who dare hazard a guess? Thirty years ago there were thirty-six millions of people; to-day there are three hundred and fifty millions, all struggling to live. The supply of gold is stationary and the demand increasing. J. G. Carlisle's utterances of 1876 were compared with those of to-day, when he is a high priest in the temple of mammon, the glitter of which has dimmed his vision, if not entirely warping his honesty.

Limitation of the money volume is the strongest bulwark of the money power. Future historians will declare the American people from 1873 to 1893 a race of fools. To-day it is easier to steal two millions than to enter one plea for the rights of the common people of this nation. There are so few who can comprehend the possibility of a man daring to be honest for honesty's sake.

The bargain between the administration and two eminent patriots, one of Lombard street and one of Wall street, by which bonds then worth 1194 were sold at 104, and which are now worth 1244, was dwelt upon in scathing terms. There isn't a nation in the world to-day that has money enough to conduct its business.

Why should we not adopt our own financial system? Our forefathers did not consider it necessary to adhere to the English, but adopted the better decimal system. There are two hundred and fifty millions of people conducting business on a silver basis. We can do the same and after two years of prosperity on the silver basis, all the gold-using nations will come to us as humble supplicants. England owns nearly all our breweries, some of our largest newspapers, a large portion of our railroad stock, and is dictating and controlling our finances.

Nine millions of this people believe in silver, and if they stand shoulder to shoulder in this struggle we will win the battle. We need more patriotism and less partyism. This is a question that must be settled now, for if we do not win in 1896, our final triumph will be delayed, or repudiation or revolution will be the only avenue of escape, neither of which is to be desired. The gold standard places upon us a permanent national debt, and rivets the fetters upon the limbs of our children's children.

Frequent quotations from historians, poets and economic writers showed this gentleman to be a close student and familiar with the leading minds of the world.

From the beginning to the close, the audience sat spellbound, breaking forth in frequent applause, and a grand ovation at the finale.

In response to a special request, Mr. Sibley delivered an address in the evening upon the "Pressing Problems of the Hour," thought by many to be the finest speech of the two. Touching upon the vital problems of the hour, the central thought running through all was a broader humanitarianism—more of the true spirit of the Man of Nazareth. Mr. Sibley scored the churches of to-day, claiming that Christ was crucified by the most religious people of earth, by whom he was welcomed until he interfered with and condemned their ungodly practices, and their vocation as money-lenders and changers, and if, said the speaker, Christ were on earth to-day, he could not escape the ball and chain, with eventual death at the hands of the church and money power. Impoverish a people sufficiently and you enslave them.

Aristotle gave the world the history of eighteen hundred republics, all of whom met ruin and decay through the same cause. We are the greatest and last republic and it remains for us to decide whether ours shall meet a like fate.

A pure central government, a purer life among our public officials, was the first need.

Labor-saving machines were a misnomer; they were capital-saving machines, employing one man, saving to the capitalist the wages of ninety-nine men, who were thereby thrown out of employment. What shall be done with the ninety and nine? was the question confronting every American voter.

Every man has a right to do what he ought to do with his own, not what he ought to do with the property of others. The most hopeful sign of the times is the workman's dissatisfaction. Truth is not dead. As your brother's keeper you must help settle this problem; but before undertaking to inculcate spiritual lessons into the mind of the unfortunate, heal his body.

The man who could not see the incarnate Christ in the eyes of a tramp, would not see Christ in the life beyond the stars.

As serfdom was displaced by slavery, so the wage system would be displaced by a co-operative industrial system—a co-operative Christian socialism. If men would be true to themselves, true to their higher convictions, if the clergy and pulpit comprehended the sweet, simple teachings of the man of Galilee, whom they profess to follow, and would put the teachings into daily practice the world would be converted and all wrongs righted in forty-eight hours.

While Mr. Sibley may or may not be the prophesied Moses who is to lead the industrial toilers out of bondage, he is leading them a long way towards the goal in his brave and fearless advocacy of their rights and human justice.

## SHIRLEY BELLE.

## Genuine Trilby.

## Girl Plays the Part While in a Trance.

SHE WAS HYPNOTIZED BY HER FATHER IN ROLE OF SVENGALI—GREAT SENSATION CREATED AT PLAY AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

The extraordinary case of a daughter being severely but accidentally hypnotized by her own father developed lately at Richfield Springs, N. Y., in Trilby tableaux given by some of the leading guests at Richfield hotels in the presence of the assembled beauty and fashion of the spa.

The proceeds of the performance were to go to the church, and the summer theater was crowded early in the evening.

The patronesses were the Baroness de Barrios, Baroness Von Westernhagen, Mrs. T. C. Crain, wife of ex-chancellor of New York City; Mrs. P. J. Kennedy, Mrs. Eugene M. Earl, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Mathers.

A miscellaneous entertainment preceded the "Trilby" performance in which the role of Svengali was assumed by Vice-President Frederic S. Howard, of the 14th Street Bank of New York, while the Trilby was his only daughter, Miss Jennie Louise. It had been intended that E. L. Crawford should pose as Svengali, but on account of his refusal to rehearse it was found necessary, this morning, at the dress rehearsal to substitute Trilby's father.

Dr. Howard is a man of strong intellectual force, and threw his whole mind into the part, with the result that he looked it quite as well as Wilton Lackaye. After the dress rehearsal Miss Howard seemed quite exhausted, and it was noticed that her eyes were set and her features singularly contracted, but it was supposed rest would bring her around. To-night the performance was a great success. Miss Howard's interpretation of Trilby's peculiar obsession being generally commented on.

Who, however, it was found that Trilby continued after the curtain fell in the same distraught condition in which she had been since the dress rehearsal, she was carried to her apartment in the Earlington, and her family, now much alarmed, called in Dr. Alfred Crain, who succeeded finally in dehypnotizing her. It was then discovered that Dr. Howard, who practiced medicine some years ago, was at that time able to anesthetize patients by simply an effort of the will, although he was until to-night ignorant of his remarkable hypnotic powers.

Mount Pleasant Park Camp, Clinton, Iowa.

Another week of camp is gone since writing you and many changes have taken place in that time. Mrs. Gladys finished her work here and won golden opinions from her hearers. Everyone has been anxiously awaiting the coming of the grand speaker, singer and test medium, J. Frank Baxter, and his lectures yesterday and to-day have more than satisfied the people who had the pleasure of listening to him, that his popularity where best known, was deservedly won.

J. C. F. Grumbine was one of the speakers on Sunday last, and gave proof that he is to be one of the coming orators of the world. He has many friends and admirers where best known.

Prof. Lockwood is on the grounds ready to give his sledge-hammer blows against superstition in all its forms, whether in Christianizing or on the Spiritualist rostrum.

Day before yesterday the news came to camp that Moses and Mattie Hull were to be here that night, and such a bustle as it created was an evidence that had many warm friends on these grounds, and had they arrived as expected they would have met such a reception as they have seldom met in this

State. Arrangements were made to entertain them right royally while here; but alas! we were to be disappointed, learning later that they had gone to Liberal Camp instead of coming here. Well, our loss will be Liberal's gain.

The work of mediums on the grounds still gives the best of satisfaction, and no doubt many outsiders will during this season be given the proofs of immortality. JULIUS.

## AT THE VARIOUS CAMPS.

## W. H. Bach on a Tour of Inspection.

AN EARNEST PLEA FOR CULTURE ON THE PART OF MEDIUMS—IGNORANCE NOT DESIRABLE.

Monday morning, August 5th, found us bidding good-bye to the friends of Queen City Park, and starting for the camp at Lake Sunapee, N. H. A ride through another section of the Green Mountains, a most beautiful country, led us on into the "Granite Hills of Old New Hampshire." No wonder it is referred to in this way. All over the section we passed through, the great ledges of rock could be seen cropping out at exposed points, and that with the trees which struggled for an existence among the rocks on the hillside, made a picture that could not well be forgotten.

I wondered, as we passed through this country, what the people who live upon the broad prairies of the West would say if they had to farm such places as we saw crops growing upon. Here and there a little "patch" of corn, then a small field of oats, and so on, many times upon the sides of a hill so steep that it would be impossible for modern machinery to be used, and how odd it looked to see men with grade and seythe, harvesting grain. With all the gravity at my command, I asked a native, "if they blasted their crops in," and the withering look I received in reply would go to prove that the word "tenderfoot" was known in the East as well as in the West.

But each section of our broad land has its advantages and disadvantages, and I really don't know but I would like to change the sweeping prairie of the West for the hilly, rock-speckled, hill-dotted East, for a time at least.

Along in the evening, after a day's ride through this beautiful scenery, we arrived at Lake Sunapee. There we found the swift steamers ready to carry us across the lake to Bogdget Landing, where the camp meeting is held.

Lake Sunapee is one of the most picturesque bodies of water I have seen. It is nine miles long and two miles wide at its widest point, but is broken up by points, islands and irregularities in shape that it would never be supposed to extend over half that distance. Three steamboats make regular trips around the lake, stopping at all railroad points and at the campers' landings. Thus it combines a camp and a beautiful summer resort.

The spiritual wants of the people are cared for at this camp by some of the best talent available. While we were there we were addressed by Mrs. E. I. Webster and Edgar W. Emerson. Robert G. Ingersoll was to speak soon after we left, and such speakers have been and now are a regular part of the entertainment at this place.

There are but few mediums at either Sunapee or Queen City who present the phenomenal phases, and therefore the attendances are not so great as at other camps where that is looked after more fully. But the managers of these camps are both old and successful camps.

A speaker for myself only when I say that it pleases me to read the words of Webster and Emerson. Robert G. Ingersoll was to speak soon after we left, and such speakers have been and now are a regular part of the entertainment at this place.

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## EVA A. CASSELL.

## On the Progress of the Onset Camp-Meeting.

HONEST MEDIUMS AND FRAUDS—DIVERSITY OF OPINIONS—TEST MEDIUMS—CONFERENCE—THE NAZARENE—"SOCRATES"—MRS. MAUD LORD-DRAKE.

We are now in the zenith of the summer camp, and truly a feast of good things is spread before us, which we are enjoying to our fullest extent. Media from all parts of the world have gathered here, and nothing is lacking apparently, in the phenomenalistic realm that is not represented at Onset Bay this summer.

I hear some complaints from investigators of fraudulent manifestations, and where is the camp-ground where the charlatan and impostor does not creep in? The directors of this association cannot vouch for the sincerity of media who appear on the grounds, and if impostors are found, the only way to be rid of their presence, is to publicly denounce them as frauds, and then behold them probably leave for parts unknown. But, looking at the matter through the eyes of the public, it is hardly safe to denounce even an impostor, because some other investigator, who is convinced of his genuineness, will arise and champion the so-called deceiver. I have arrived at the conclusion that, after all, it is best to allow impostors to remain quietly in camp, and let those who will patronize them if they see fit, while doubting Thomases can go elsewhere to pursue their investigations. It is really laughable to hear a certain medium denounce as a fraud, and then behold some zealous champion spring up and take sides with the medium, declaring him or her genuine. So you might as well say nothing and let the public judge for itself, since you can't persuade each member of the community that certain media are frauds. It is wasted breath, indeed, to try to do so, for impostors are sure to find a few dupes who will vouch for them in the community. So I let the matter rest here.

Onset has been wonderfully blessed this year in the advent of divers test mediums. We have the most wonderful media in this line; to the list of those presented by Mrs. L. C. I must add the name of Mrs. Whitney of California, who came all the way from the Golden Gate to our own lovely Onset, to grace it with her presence and let her light shine, like a benediction, over all. Certainly no medium I have yet seen stands upon the platform and delivers tests in such a pleasing, dignified manner as does she. With charming grace and kindly words, she invites the denizens of the other world to approach and identify themselves to their friends in the audience. A woman of imposing presence, it appears that all bright spirits must have been attracted to her personality if nothing else. We welcome her and her genial husband, Mr. Whitney, to our camp, and think ourselves honored by their advent.

The conferences are interesting, but it sometimes happens that a story of too great proportions is forced upon the public. For instance, one gentleman said from the platform recently: "I am about to tell something wonderful to the audience. I have spent this day with the angels. I attended a materializing seance, and truly angels have shown themselves to me; and greater than all, Jesus Christ himself materialized to me." This stupendous statement created a furore in the audience. It was breathless with amazement. Finally one man recovered sufficiently to know that "How, may I ask, did you know that it was Jesus? What proofs did he give of his identity?"

"What proofs?" repeated the speaker on the platform. "Why, I knew it was Jesus both by the likeness and the name he gave, and by the holy feeling that arose in me. I know it was the Nazarene himself," he repeated with a satisfied air.

There was a painful pause, and then a silent laugh went through the ranks of the audience, while I, on my part, wondered that if his Satanic Majesty presented himself to the speaker, the latter would recognize him both by the name and particularly the "likeness," and by the diabolical feeling he might inspire. Truly, each investigator may find something to startle him in the realm of the phenomena; but I blame him for buttonholing his brethren and relating his stupendous facts, expecting them to believe implicitly his story; for what is a fact to one man is not so to another; we feel that we must view the same phenomena before we can accept it as a fact from the lips of another.

Several years ago a spirit controlled one of our mediums at Onset Bay, and after giving a rambling discourse, ended by declaring, "I am Socrates, the man of wisdom." Maud Lord Drake, who was present on the platform, immediately arose and said to the audience, "Friends, I saw, clairvoyantly, the spirit who has just controlled and announced himself as Socrates; and I want to say that he is an impostor, and not Socrates at all. He is evidently an undeveloped spirit who assumes to be Socrates for the purpose of imposing on the people. It seems easy for spirits to return and assume to be what they are not, and one ought to be very sure, before placing the facts before the people, of the ground they occupy."

Mr. Bach, that bright and brilliant thinker who writes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, is a visitor to the camp, and a welcome speaker on its platform.

The gentle, sweet-faced little lady, Mrs. J. R. Francis, wife of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's editor, is also upon the grounds, and we have listened to her words of encouragement and cheer. With such a helpmeet, no wonder the editor is enabled to issue such a grand paper as the THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and she is, I know, a factor in its success.

Mrs. Mead-Hatch, from California, continues to delight her audiences, and her materializing-seances are filled with investigators. Cabinet and ancient spirits keep in the background here, and the friends and relatives of the sitters are allowed freedom.

I saw a queer phenomenon at a seance a few nights ago. A spirit came out of the cabinet, presumably a female: when she turned her back, however, a pair of masculine legs, clothed in black pants, were visible from the knee down. I suppose this spirit was hermaphrodite in gender—quite a phenomenon! Evidently the male impostor had donned the white petticoat, hastily, and while it had fallen into the proper position in

front, it had caught behind, exhibiting the startling phenomenon mentioned.

At a healing seance I attended the other day, the sick ones were seated in the center of the circle, and waited for whoever would step forth from the circle to heal them. I watched a delicate, shrinking girl of 14 years being treated by a great, dark, bilious-looking man of forty years. No wonder she shrank away at his touch, and finally wept. But her aunt had placed her in the circle for treatment, and she was obliged to submit to the touch of any healer who approached. There is certainly a law of adaptation which governs the healing forces of the race, and certainly the sick ones should choose their own physicians. This submitting to the touch of any and every itinerant healer, can be productive of no good, and must in some cases effect harm. No patient can receive benefit from a healer who is repulsive to her, for the pores of her skin will repel the currents, and absorb nothing of benefit.

Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Twing, Prof. Peck, Mr. Wiggall and others, have occupied our rostrum the past two weeks. W. J. Colville, the greatest lecturer of the inspirational order, is on the grounds, and answers without hesitation the most abstruse questions asked by members of the audience. Truly he exhibits the wisdom of the sages, and has never yet been at a loss to answer the most profound query. Inspiration, he declares, are the highest form of mediumship, and the purest; as all physical phenomena is of a lower order, and must have the more earthly conditions for their expression.

All visitors here are enjoying themselves to their highest bent. The large steamboats carry passengers to Nantucket and Cottage City. The children paddle in the water to their heart's content, or are busy baking sand-pies in the sun. All is beautiful here. The blue waters sparkle in the sunlight; the robins sing their sweetest, and all is fair to the eye.

Annie Lord Chamberlain, that beautiful soul encased in his crippled tenement, made a short visit here, and was warmly greeted by her old friends. Pure and noble spirit, her life of self-sacrifice will culminate eventually in the delights of the beyond, where she will be crowned by waiting souls who honor her for her work here.

Bob Ingersoll delivers three lectures here the latter part of August. The topic of Spiritualism will be presented to him for elucidation, and some smiles at the inconsistency when he considers the fact that Mr. Ingersoll has no belief in a hereafter. We shall see what he will do with his subject.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, with its advanced literature, reaches here weekly, and is read with avidity.

Onset Bay. EVA A. CASSELL.

## ISLAND LAKE CAMP.

## Spiritualists Are Having a Good Time There.

As you have had reports from our camp from time to time, you will, perhaps, like to hear still farther of our work here. Sunday, the 11th, opened with showers, and the forenoon session was somewhat interrupted by the rain. Lyman C. Howe, the veteran speaker, delivered the addresses, both morning and afternoon, and to say they were among his best, only speaks fairly of his good work done, everyone listening with unabated interest until the close. Mrs. Eva Payne-Hopkins delivered a fine address Saturday afternoon. She is a new speaker, but promises to be among the best.

Monday is always Campers' Day, and everyone has a good time, fishing, boating, visiting, etc. Tuesday was the day set apart for the State Spiritual Association, but on account of a slight mist understanding upon the part of some, it failed to materialize. A meeting was called by the chairman in the afternoon, at which the subject of organization was discussed. The meeting terminated by Mr. Root taking the floor and selling eighteen or twenty shares of stock for the L. C. A.

Wednesday we again had the pleasure of listening to Lyman C. Howe, who will speak for us again Friday, when he returns to Grand Lodge. Thursday, Woman's Day, we had addresses by Mr. and Mrs. Root, who as all know, are among our best workers. In the afternoon Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, gave one of her soul-inspiring lectures, which must have aroused everyone who heard it to feel that the time has arrived when woman must take her rightful place in the world.

The music has been good, as it could not help being, since Prof. P. O. Hudson, of Bay City, has had charge of it. We have some good mediums with us. Mrs. Augusta Ferris' trumpet seances are the best for that phase, ever given, several spirits talking, hands patting the sitters, guitar and music-box being played upon all at the same time, and all this under test conditions.

Lee Vere Johnson, the materializing medium, has been with us the past week, and expects to remain until camp closes. His seances give the best of satisfaction. Sunday evening he gave a seance to about thirty. Ten faintly materialized and came out into the room, and all were recognized: some coming several times. Nearly all the forms dematerialized outside the curtain. Mrs. Kate Cleveland is here as a test medium. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Servier have arrived and we understand that they give very fine seances for materialization.

A CAMPER.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism; or a Concordance of the Principal Passages of the Old and New Testaments which prove or imply Spiritualism; together with a brief history of the origin of many of the important books of the Bible." By Moses Hull. The well-known talented and scholarly author has here embodied the results of his many years' study of the Bible in its relations to Spiritualism. As its title denotes, it is a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.—Whipple.

## HEALTH IN YOUR VEST POCKET.

A box of Ripans Tabules costs only 50 cents, and may save you as many dollars worth of time.

Ripans Tabules: Sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

Blakely Pilkington, who was a resident of Santa Cruz, California, for twenty-one years, passed away, peacefully and painlessly, July 10th. He was born at Huncote, Lancashire, England, seventy-seven years ago. He was a man of great individuality and strength of character, taking an active part in public affairs. He was a staunch Spiritualist, and was fearless in defending what he believed to be true and right. Mrs. Carrie Downer Stone, of San Jose, gave the funeral address, closing with an impressive poem, both at the house and at the grave.

George C. Rice, aged 83 years, 2 months and 9 days, passed to Spirit-Life August 9, 1895, and his remains were interred in Robinson Cemetery, Sunday, August 11. Dr. W. O. Knowles officiated in the following pleasant tribute to his memory:

"Our foster-father, George C. Rice, was born in New York State in 1834, and came to Allendale township, settling in an unbroken wilderness, as only a few had come before him. He was a pioneer and knew that to face the forests in those days meant hardships, suffering and patient toil. In 1852 he took up quite a tract of land near here and toiled on. He came of a family who had iron wills and knew nothing of what that word 'fail' meant. He was the only survivor of a family of five children.

"His religion was peculiar. He did his own thinking and formed his own opinions; at the same time he cheerfully accorded the same right to others. He was merciful and just; above all else he was honest. He considered that education is good, but character is better. Into the fiber of the soul by daily habits are interwoven affections and thoughts that constitute character which endures forever. In a world of men of like character there would be no wars, no courts, no cheating, no slums; but the religion of charity and kindness would guide human footsteps into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. In silence comes the thought of the just, merciful, kind, honest man you all knew so well. At the end of his task he has fallen asleep, and we pay a humble tribute to his worth. What he thought as regards a future life he had the sincerity and courage to tell. He believed in the unbroken sequence of causes and effects. He believed in free-thought and good deeds, of character, of honest endeavor as well as of the good that comes from everyday life in this world, and the thinking and doing which would bring the best results on earth, would be the best equipment for a life beyond. 'If there was such a place.' We shall hear from him, no doubt, when he awakens to life's realities.

"The deeds done in the body and the virtues matured on earth are an unfading substance, a solid foundation for advancement to higher altitudes in the other life, which is a continuation of this. What a consolation, which nothing can weaken, that we



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1896.

## A New Departure on the Part of the Banner of Light.

After careful consideration by the proprietors of THE BANNER, it was decided, as the plan most feasible in the premises, to have the paper in future brought out by a stock company.

This company has been incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, with a capitalization of \$25,000; it is organized by the election of Isaac B. Rich as president, and Fred G. Tuttle, treasurer—John W. Day, Henry W. Pittman, John W. Drew, Fred G. Tuttle and Isaac B. Rich being the directors—and the large stock of valuable books, etc., the subscription-list, good will, business, etc., have been acquired by said company.

It is the desire of the directors to add to THE BANNER novel features, such as copious and frequent printing in its columns of "half-tone" portraits of spiritual workers and camp scenes; also the securing of special correspondents in various parts of the country, and other features that they are not ready to announce, which will greatly increase its interest and usefulness; therefore they have decided to place four hundred shares of the stock upon the market at \$25 per share. This is a statement in the circumstances thus far made. While appealing to the good fellowship of the "brethren of the household of faith," the directors point the intending investor's attention to the fact that, as the property purchased by said company is really much in excess of the valuation under which it has been acquired, the future may be confidently expected to bring a dividend to its stockholders.

THE BANNER has been a paying institution, and can in the future be kept as such, if the spiritualistic public for which it has so long and so faithfully labored will join hands with the new company, and by the purchase of shares become co-workers in the good service for humanity which this paper most unquestionably achieves.

Here is an opportunity, Spiritualists of the world, to unite in strengthening for further work the veteran journal of your cause, and to aid in adding new features to THE BANNER.

The above is from THE BANNER of Light, Boston.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is always willing to encourage any meritorious scheme, from whatever source it may emanate; hence we are glad to know that the proprietors of THE BANNER of Light are taking steps to have the paper brought out by a joint stock company. The men behind the movement are substantial in every sense of the word, and you will never see the paper change its name, in order to repudiate its stockholders, or to beat them out of their just dues. Just think of the course of the old Better Way company, of Cincinnati, changing its name to Light of Truth, and then pronouncing, as "no good" the sacred obligations that had been used to raise money on. There is not one connected with THE BANNER of Light who is capable of doing such a vile and unspiritual act as repudiating a sacred obligation! They are all honorable men, and when THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sees such persons engaged in a laudable undertaking, it is as quick to commend it as it is to condemn those who repudiate a sacred agreement. The latter it never will endorse under any circumstances.

The Banner of Light is the oldest Spiritualist paper published. It should always be well sustained; in fact it is entitled to a pension for its valiant service in the cause of truth. Those connected with it are above reproach—honest and honorable in all things. We extend a most cordial greeting to the "New Departure."

## Taken a Strong Hold There.

Spiritualism, notwithstanding the revolutionary struggle going on there, has taken a strong hold in the island of Cuba, and five periodical publications diffuse its knowledge in the Spanish language. These are remarkable for their high-toned and scholarly articles. There are also several valuable journals devoted to Spiritualism published in the South American States.

The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.—Rich.

## A Strange Phenomenon.

There is no telling what lightning, especially Jersey lightning, will do once it gets started. There never was more convincing proof of this homely truth than was afforded about noon one Sunday lately at Quakertown, N. J., as set forth by the New York Sun, which goes on to state that despite the name, the town is largely Methodist, and it possesses a church big enough to seat 500 persons. Up to this Sunday it is not recorded that anything ever happened there that necessitated the notification to the rest of the world that Quakertown existed.

The queerest thing about this lightning Sunday, that finally got Quakertown in the newspapers; was that nobody saw it. It ripped off clothing, paralyzed people, banged other people down on the floor, partly roasted others, frightened horses into fits, demolished the steeple of a church, and well-nigh demolished the church itself, and yet nobody saw it. It came out of an apparently clear sky. There were some people in Quakertown who said it wasn't lightning at all, but a band of demons from the lower regions. They have this to support their theory: Of the twenty persons knocked out every one was a professing Christian. There was just one sinner in the church. He was the only one who escaped. This fact was remarked yesterday by the pastor and one of the trustees of the church.

The Methodist church, which was the scene of the lightning attack, is just off the main road from Flemington. Sunday, according to all the authorities, there was the biggest congregation there that there has been this season. There were at least 400. The Rev. W. F. Bowman, the pastor, who is one of the most energetic young clergymen in the conference in which Hunterdon county is included, preached what is described as a most effective sermon. The congregation sang and was dismissed with this benediction:

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ, and may the blessing of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be, and abide with you all forever. Amen."

The people started out. The pastor, as usual, made his way down from the pulpit to shake hands with those of his flock who lingered to see him. Outside the sky was clear except away off over Lambertville, where there was a cloud. Five minutes after the service there remained at the church: Asa Bowman, the sexton, who stood at the right of the entrance. Miss Minnie Prince, who stood at the left, with Mrs. Wilson, the mother-in-law of the Rev. Frank Tomlinson. William Bowman, the son of the pastor, was talking with Miss Lizzie Volk at the foot of the stairway on the right, inside the vestibule. Mrs. Robinson stood at the foot of the main stairway, in the vestibule. Mrs. Bowman, the pastor's wife, stood in the sixth pew on the right. James Pettinger, Mrs. Peter Hibler, Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Cole Hoffman and Mrs. Dr. Lee stood in the main aisle near her. Squire James Hoff, who has only one leg, and Mr. Hockenberry stood by the chimney on the left. Mrs. McPherson and Carrie Robinson stood just outside the main entrance in the vestibule. Joseph Thorp and E. L. Dalrymple stood by a front window in the vestibule. Bert Hatpence and Miss Josie Revitt, summer boarders from Newark, stood in the main aisle. William Croice, who is blind, was being led by his wife out of the church. Mrs. Carson from Croton stood in the vestibule. Mrs. Burris, who was near her, Laura Snell, and George Buck were by their wagon outside, and the pastor, W. S. Case, and Martin Force were at the carriage-shed getting out their teams. It will be noticed in this list that the people were spread out. They were in all parts of the building. This is just how they stood when the lightning, or the demon, whichever it was, swooped down upon them. Mrs. Bowman was just telling her husband of an invitation to drive for Thursday, and he was writing it in a book when the shock came. The Sun reporter asked nearly every one of these people yesterday what it felt like, what it looked like, and what it sounded like. The mind of everyone was a blank. Pastor Bowman was the first one up after the shock. He says: "I don't know what it was. I just felt myself sinking, and I sank down on the floor. I didn't feel the building shake. I didn't hear a sound, and I didn't see a thing. I realized I was going, and I know I went, but why I couldn't tell for the life of me. When I got up there was but one person standing, and curiously enough, he was not a Christian. I can't recollect his name now. My wife was lying with her head under the seat of the pew where she had been standing. Mr. Pettinger was lying in the same pew. The lower part of their bodies extended into the aisle, and they were there when Mrs. Hibler, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Cole, and Mrs. Lee. The other persons whose names I have given you were lying where they had stood before the thing happened. Nearly all of them were unconscious. Nearly all remained so for an average of about twenty minutes. Some persons who were outside rushed in, and doctors came. I don't care what you say about the excitement, you can't exaggerate it. The pen doesn't exist that could describe it."

## Popish Patriotism.

A newly-fledged Spiritual paper, so-called, in a recent issue, published a highly eulogistic poem on Archbishop Ireland, lauding the Romish ecclesiastic to the skies, as one whose soul is "loyal to his country and his God," a "patriot," etc., etc. The poem reads as if it might have emanated from the heart and brain of some Romish devotee whose education had been received in a parochial school, under the tutelage of nuns and the molding influence of the Romish priesthood. Every well-informed person knows that Romish "patriotism" and "loyalty" mean loyalty to the Pope and the Catholic Church above any country or government on the face of the earth. Such patriotism is the very hypocrisy and sham—and the greater the hypocrisy the greater the fraud and hypocrisy. Romish patriotism has a string to it—and the Pope holds the string.

## Dr. Babbitt and the Fine Forces.

Dr. Babbitt, who is Dean of the College of Fine Forces at East Orange, N. J., has spent his life in working out the mysteries of atomic and chemical law. In his works on light, color and other fine forces he claims and seemingly demonstrates that the very processes of chemical affinity may be ascertained, as well as a multitude of its applications to the machinery of life and of the universe around us. He has proceeded to show what electricity, magnetism, heat, light, color, nerve force, muscular force, psychological force are, and what their methods of working are. He advocates the refined forces as the true law of power, and says that sunlight, electricity, mental and vital force, etc., have the following advantages over crude elements and rude methods:

"First, they are more swift and penetrating; second, in the processes of cure they reach the nervous and spiritual energies, and thus prove upbuilding to the mind as well as the body, embracing as they do those principles of power which underlie all the others; third, acting thus fundamentally, they are more enduring in their effect; fourth, they are more safe; fifth, they are more pleasant; and sixth, they are more easily acquired, the best things, as Ruskin admits, being most common in nature."

The multitudinous proofs of these points which he has given, must be omitted here.

He has laid down the proposition that forces, both chemical and therapeutical, are measured by their color, but in some cases it is necessary to use the spectroscopic to ascertain what the real color force of a substance is. Among his many applications and discoveries, is the use of water which has been charged by being exposed to the sun in colored bottles. He has thus formulated an exquisite little materia medica by showing the medical character of the different colored rays of light, as proved by hundreds of experiments, as well as by the experience of the medical world in the use of drugs of different colors. It would seem that our medical men might have attained to a more exact system of materia medica if they had learned to systematize their drugs according to their color. We shall content ourselves here with a brief description of two great leading colors, namely, yellow-orange, or what is about the same, amber, and the blue. We take these two not only because they are considered the most important, but because our readers will be able to get both amber and blue bottles and experiment for themselves.

First, then, what is the healing power of the yellow or amber principle? We will quote from Dr. Babbitt's Philosophy of Cure as to its healing power in the case of drugs:

"Such yellow or orange substances as saffron, valerian, mustard, dandelion, senna, podophyllum (May apple), colicyn, gulcher figs, gluten, castor oil, ginger, etc., etc., which have yellow as the leading color in the spectrum, or yellow and some red, are known to be stimulant of the brain, or nerves of the bowels, liver, stomach, etc. All purgatives or laxatives stimulate the nerves of the bowels, by means of yellow as the leading principle."

Yellow, then, is the nerve-animating power, and yellow-charged water, as tested during many years, has proved to be animating to the general system and also a very refined laxative. Put an amber-colored bottle nearly full of water and set it in the window so that the sun can shine directly on it for an hour, or better, for several hours, and drink two or three good swallows at a time. In a few cases where the stomach is in a special condition, it may fail as a laxative, but we are told that in many cases of the most obstinate constipation in which the whole range of drugs has failed, permanent cures have been wrought by its means. Where there is a tendency to paralysis, this yellow-charged water should be taken plentifully.

After showing the cooling, nervine, astringent, anti-inflammatory and antiseptic character of blue indigo and violet as proved by drugs as well as by the color-rays of light, the doctor declares that water which has been exposed to the sun in a blue bottle, "proves to be one of the most marvelous medicines ever given to the world. When taken internally it cures diarrhea, dysentery, inflamed or painful stomach (gastritis), epithelial cancers, insomnia, etc. As a gargle held in the mouth awhile, it cures cankerous or otherwise sore mouth, inflamed gums, etc. As an eye-water for inflamed eyes, it is believed to be unequalled. As a wash, it often cures chapped hands immediately, relieves burns, especially in the form of a compress, destroys red eruptions, makes the skin as soft as silk and cures wounds and hemorrhages. As a nerve, it is remarkable. It is contra-indicated wherever organs are too cold and dormant."

The Doctor says that in summer complaint, the blue-charged water has never been known to fail, it generally being given a teaspoonful at a time, to infants, every half-hour, or even quarter-hour. It is said that from 1,200 to 1,500 children have died in a single month of this disease under the ordinary treatment, in New York City alone.

For curing dandruff, when rubbed into the scalp, only one case of failure has ever been known. Gray hairs are delayed, baldness, if not too far along, is prevented, beards are made to grow out with greater freshness, and sandy hairs gradually receive a darker and better color by its use.

Dr. Babbitt informs us that water may stand in a blue bottle for years without putrefaction, as it kills all organic parasites, and being thus antiseptic it is much safer for the human system than the ordinary crude antiseptics, which are usually highly poisonous.

Madame Lemaire, of France, who is translating the Doctor's works, writes that she has saved a life by the blue-charged water; that the young ladies of her vicinity find it the choicest of cosmetics for use on the skin, and that she herself has adopted the sun as her great chemist.

Having said this much, we will leave our readers to look up their colored bottles at the glass establishments, drug stores or elsewhere, so that they may test these methods of nature for themselves.

## Religious Microbes.

A genius has started the theory that religious excitement is the result of an attack of microbes of a peculiar species, similar to any other infectious or contagious disease. Perhaps he wrote actuated by the spirit of ridicule, but wiser than he knew. Aside from jest, why should not the febrile and nervous excitement of a revival be from such cause? The diagnosis is quite like that of an infectious disease; one or two at first show the symptoms, and then it spreads to others in more or less malignant form.

A physician who has given a good deal of attention to the study of the ptomaines, those deadly poisons generated in the living body by imperfect functions, or in the dead by decay, broaches the counter-theory that religious excitement is the result of most virulent ptomaines produced by nervous excitement. His theory is plausible, but we do not think adequate to the result. It is true that in a crowded audience, in ill-ventilated and heated rooms, the air is saturated with subtle poison, and the brain is benumbed, and perhaps the system is thus prepared for the rapid multiplication of the revival microbes. These microbes would be revealed by a powerful microscope, and when investigated will be found to be of different species belonging to a common family. It is possible that the Catholic microbes are the same as the Protestant, or the Methodist is like the Presbyterian. The Unitarian has a mild and silky disposition, while the Calvinist must have one of fierce and malignant type.

The bodily organs most affected must be the liver, spleen and brain. Chills, febrile excitement and biliousness follow the attack, acute, or taking a chronic form. Usually, removal from the exciting atmosphere will work a cure, the disease, like all those caused by microbes, running for a defined period. But when the causes producing it are allowed to act, it runs into a chronic form, and the case becomes hopeless.

## Rome, Riot and Rebellion.

Most of our readers have been made aware of certain troubles at Spring Valley, Illinois, wherein negro miners were mobbed by Italians. It seems that there is a cause beneath the surface, and that cause a religious one rather than a racial hate.

To condense in a nutshell—the Italians are Romanists, and the colored people are Protestants. The first superintendent of the mines was a Catholic and, of course, employed Catholics—Italians and Irish. This superintendent and the priest stood in together and took from 10 to 25 per cent. of the miners' wages for the church. A new superintendent was appointed—a Scotch Protestant—who put a stop to the Romish blackmailing. The priest stirred up his Romish cohorts the Romish mayor abetting, and riot followed. As a result many papists were discharged, and negroes were engaged. The murderous papists then made onslaught on the negroes—killing and wounding without let or hindrance from the Romish mayor. It is a question if Romish influence is not at the bottom of every lawless phase of labor troubles in our country. The old Octopus' monogram should be three Rs, interlaced, signifying Rome, Riot and Rebellion.

## ALL MEN BLACK AGES AGO.

African Bishop Turner Has New Ideas in Ethnology.

Bishop Turner, who recently returned to this country from his third visit to Africa, addressed the African M. E. Ministerial Association at Philadelphia, a few days ago, and created something of a sensation by digressing into an ethnological discussion. He spoke of the difficulty he had experienced in harmonizing the teachings of the Bible with the history of man. It had been for years a great puzzle to him how it was possible for Adam and Eve to have been the first parents of so many children. And when by study, observation and travel, he had been brought face to face with so many extremes in shade, color, and other ethnological differences, the problem had grown more intricate.

He thought of the small space of time allotted by the Bible for the accomplishment of so much, only 4,000 years, 1,600 years of this time being lost by the disaster wrought by the flood. But after much study he had reached the conclusion that there was an Adam for each country; that the whole trouble is due to our bad chronology, which is not worth the paper it is written on.

I found by study that the story of Adam was all right, but instead of 4,000 years ago it was 150,000. Then I discovered that black was the original color, and by the migration of man to colder climates the extremes of color were produced. The tendency of nature is to lighten things. The vast amount of the dark surroundings, the heavy clouds, have all in a measure, produced the wonderful results."

You cannot say that you have tried everything for your rheumatism, until you have taken Ayer's Pills. Hundreds have been cured of this complaint by the use of these Pills alone. They were admitted on exhibition at the World's Fair as a standard cathartic.

THE ARCANUM OF NATURE: HISTORY AND LAWS OF CREATION. From Dr. J. R. Buchanan.

"I have just read this book, and it more than fulfills my expectations. It is a most interesting and valuable work of which the author may well be proud. I appreciate the value of the mediumship which can give such a book to the world."

Few copies of the revised English edition for sale at this office. Price 81 postpaid.

"Atlantis: The Antediluvian World." By Ignatius Donnelly. Summs up all information relative to the lost continent of Atlantis. He regards the description of it given by Plato as veritable history. It is intensely interesting. Price \$2.

"The Dead Man's Message," an occult romance, by Florence Maryat. The author's wide experience in Spiritualism and her study of occult sciences have prepared her to write this romance, which will be found laden with gems picked up in the course of her investigation and studies. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

## FREE THOUGHT.

It Sends Flash Lights From Japan,

And Gives Great Hope for That Peculiar People.

COLONEL JOHN A. COCKERILL WRITES OF THE "SENSHIN SAKUIN," OF TOKYO—FOUNDED BY AMERICANS—PART OF THE WORK OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION IN MIKADO'S EMPIRE—DR. MACCAULEY PRESIDENT—CHRISTIANS, BUDDHISTS, SHINTOISTS (WHO ARE SPIRITUALISTS) AND CONFUCIANISTS WORKING TOGETHER WITH ONE OBJECT.

There is, in the capital of the Japanese Empire, says special correspondence of the New York Herald from Tokyo, Japan, an institution unique and remarkable. It is the "Senshin Sakuin," or School for Advanced Learning. It is part of the work of the American Unitarian Association in Japan, and its chief support and inspiration comes, it is hardly necessary to say, from Boston. This school was established four years ago. The second commencement exercises were held on June 19th, and despite the rainy weather nearly four hundred persons assembled in the hall to enjoy them. Addresses were delivered by two graduates, one on "Japanese Ancestor Worship," and the other on "Individualism." The ex-president, Mr. Hiroyuki Kato, delivered an address on "Occidental and Oriental Ethics," a most worthy and thoughtful production.

At the head of the Senshin Sakuin stands Mr. Clay Maccauley, president and founder, whose published essay on "The Religious Problem in Japan; How Solve It?" has been widely read and quoted. His school has so far had more than forty students, who have devoted themselves to scientific and philosophical study of religion, ethics and social science. The method is perfectly free inquiry—no prejudice being manifested toward any existing religion. It is the only school of the kind in Japan, and there are few like it in the world. The faculty is composed of seven members, and the examinations are rigid. There are no text-books, all teaching being through lectures and essays. There are Christians, Buddhists, Shintoists and Confucianists by education and association in the faculty, but all have the same object in view—search for Truth, wherever it may be found. Mr. Maccauley is a Christian, but he interprets Christianity as large enough to include the object.

## UNITY HALL.

The building in which the school is maintained is called Yutitsukwan (Unity Hall). Its value, with the grounds, is \$22,000. It was built out of the subscriptions of the American Unitarian Association. The Japan Mission of the American Unitarian Association has a publication department and church extension department, besides Mr. Maccauley's Free Thought School. Under these auspices pamphlets and books are printed and sent out, designed to further the study of religious ethics and social science, and a monthly magazine called Shukyo (Religion), is published, which is an open arena for thinkers, dealing with themes concerning the higher life of the Japanese people. This magazine has been in existence about four years, and it is decided formative force in the literature of Japan. Its list of contributors contains some of the ablest and most advanced thinkers in Japan—native and foreign.

What is known as the church extension department exists for the encouragement and mild support of liberal religious movements, originating and developing among the Japanese. It does not build churches, impose creeds nor pay salaries to preachers. It does not import church organizations from the United States nor reproduce foreign creeds. It waits for and helps along native efforts, which are honestly directed toward gaining the highest truth and securing the best life in religion and in morals. The Japan Unitarian Mission is in constant correspondence with associations and individuals throughout the empire who are known to be affected by the leading religions and ethical influences of the age. In this direction the Unitarian Mission has a very important reason for being. Its influence for good in this direction is, indeed, great. It is the only organization of the kind in Japan, and is worthy of the generous support of all who recognize truth and sound morals as the basis of true religion.

## OBJECT OF ITS EXISTENCE.

In a talk with Dr. Maccauley, that gentleman said to me: "The Japan Unitarian Mission exists to supply to Japan in its new era the religious, moral and social forces which the Japanese people are now so eagerly absorbing from Europe and America. The Japanese, in their eagerness to become a power, have been appropriating railways, telegraphs, machinery, physical science, utilitarian appliances of all sorts. Meanwhile science has been destroying their traditional religion and ethics. The Japan Unitarian Mission was established to offer the higher things which go along with the mechanical and Unitarian forces of the Western world. That is the main reason for its existence, and a valid reason for the work it is doing."

A student in Dr. Maccauley's school is afforded an opportunity to know and study every known creed. He is left free to judge as to the faith he requires. No question of orthodoxy is raised. He will find good in all. With crystallized Truth in his hand he selects or rejects. He has all that has been revealed—all that the anxious, inquiring world knows of things mysterious and divine.

It may be said of Mr. Maccauley, who rejects all titles save that of superintendent of this novel mission, that he is an able and an interesting man. In the winter of 1889, believing that his health might be helped and feeling that he might be of some use to Japan, he accepted the superintendency of this mission in Tokyo, and came out. He has done a vast deal of work here. He has a pleasant home and fine library in the neighborhood of the famous Fukuza School. He is personally popular among Japanese scholars and men of letters, and is a fluent Japanese talker. He writes a great deal for his own and other magazines. He expects to publish "Fundamental Truths in Christianity" at an early date, and also "Philosophy of Religion." He is at work on "An Introductory Course in the Japanese Language," an ambitious and laborious product.

## CHICAGO CAMP-MEETING.

Increasing Interest Shown by all the Workers and the World of the Curious.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION—LECTURE BY MOSES HULL, MORNING AND EVENING.

With undaunted courage the camp-meeting at Central Grove is being pushed to its final close for this season, which will be on the 28th inst., unless special rates can be made with the railroad company for the month of September in which event another month of speech-making, test-giving, and general usefulness will be participated in, and the world at large made wiser, better and happier thereby.

Your correspondent missed the genial face of Dr. Greer upon the grounds last Sunday and had to eat cold lunch in consequence.

Monday is a sort of rest-day and wash-day in camp every week.

Tuesday last—children's day—was everything that the most sanguine could expect, which means a large attendance of the juveniles, a gala time and spiritual teachings they will not soon forget.

Wednesday, the ladies held supreme reign in a manner that tended to instruct their prejudiced lords the gait, and intellectual and spiritual unfoldment and possibilities of the new woman.

Thursday—Indians' day—was not only the spirit red man's day, but the red-letter day of all the week-days, so far as numbers and enthusiasm are concerned.

Friday—men's day—seems to be the day set apart for the men to do as they please, and they sit around and rest and tell what "big things we are accomplishing."

Saturday evening last a very interesting voluntary entertainment was held in the auditorium, while a Gypsy entertainment was given on the side by one of the campers in Gypsy costume, with a dance in the latter part of the evening.

## SUNDAY FORENOON.

The Sunday morning services opened in the usual manner with music and an invocation to the Father and Mother God, the Infinite Spirit, congregational singing and a forty-five minutes lecture by the irrepressible and unparalyzed of God Moses Hull, in his clinching Biblical proofs of Spiritualism, after which a committee of thirty was selected from and by the audience to put in nomination the officers for the permanent organization, said committee to meet at 2 o'clock in the grove for the transaction of their business.

## AFTERNOON MEETING.

The committee met pursuant to forenoon adjournment, and without much of the usual unnecessary parley on such occasions, placed upon the slate to be sanctioned by a meeting of the whole later in the day, the following named officers:

President, H. E. Porter; chairman, Geo. B. Warner; vice-president, Moses Hull; treasurer, C. C. Allen; financial secretary, A. D. Clark; corresponding secretary, E. N. Pickering.

For the Advisory Committee the following honorary vice-presidents were selected to represent the different societies to which they belonged:

Woman's Psychological Society, Mrs. Emma Nickerson Warner.  
Home Spiritual Society, G. L. S. Jenner.  
First Society, Mrs. Georgina McIntyre.  
77 Thirty-first street Society, Charles M. Seckner.  
Progressive Spiritual Society of Englewood, T. D. Kayner.  
Progressive Spiritual Society of Forest Avenue, Henry Sandkötter.  
National Spiritual Society, James E. Coe.

Research Society of Elgin, L. Juckett.  
German Society of Harmonious Philosophy, Charles Volker.  
Fraternal Endeavor Society, Mrs. C. A. Tritt.  
Spirit's Endeavor Society, Mrs. Sarah E. Bromwell.  
Church of the Spirit, Willis Edwards.  
West Side German Society, Herman Gantelman.  
Christian Spiritual Society, Miss Sarah Thomas.  
Spiritual Union, Mrs. Sarah M. Bumstead.  
South Chicago Spiritual Society, Mrs. Captain Snyder.  
First Society of Spiritual Unity, Mrs. Mary Esterling.  
Students of Nature, Mrs. M. M. Sumner.

Report was adopted in meeting of the whole.

The president, chairman, vice-president, treasurer, financial and corresponding secretaries constitute the board of directors of the permanent organization, now empowered to proceed in the legal manner to incorporate under the laws of the State of Illinois, with an advisory board to call to its assistance when needed for camp-meeting or other purposes.

While the above proceedings were being enacted, Mrs. Bromwell was addressing a large audience from 2:30 to about 4 o'clock, followed by Carl Blumharsch, Chas. Volken and Fritz Vordick.

On next Tuesday at 1 p. m., a meeting will be had to receive report of Board of Directors, and perfect the organization. At 3 p. m. of the same day Moses Hull will deliver a lecture.

Mr. Hull's Sunday morning lecture was upon "The Resurrection." In the evening on "Bible Spiritualism." There is always bread, meat and potatoes to the orthodox investigator, and a big dish of ice-cream and strawberry short-cakes on the side in these blessed proofs that Moses presents. They reach a class of restless, hungry, curious church people that are unmoved by others on our rostrum to-day. He is a fine organizer and our best debater.

The afternoon Sunday-school was well attended by the children and parents.

Next Sunday Father Williams' society and Ada Foy (health permitting) will divide the afternoon.

The managers say they are still hopeful, with everything remaining in their favor, of making a financial success of the present Camp-meeting. All the mediums report a fair business in private work.

DR. T. WILKINS.

"The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional." This book, by the well-known Father Chiquet, reveals the degrading, impure influence and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail, \$1. For sale at this office.



## MISSIONARY WORK

## Among Spirits Who Are in Darkness.

A LAUDABLE UNDERTAKING ON THE PART OF A PHILANTHROPIST WORKER.

TO THE EDITOR:—Reading in that very interesting and instructive book, "The Encyclopedia of Death," I was much interested in the account of "The Spirit's Dilemma," on page 165.

It was particularly interesting to me because I have had so much experience during the last two or three years in dealing with such cases.

The spirit could not be made to believe that he had passed the change called death, and was vexed that others should tell him he was dead. Our little circle, which is engaged in that work exclusively, has been in active work some three years, during which time we have helped hundreds from darkness into light. For a time, we sat tri-weekly, and at each sitting we help from six to ten that we deal with directly, besides those who, we are told, are looking on and profiting by the lessons.

Our principal work is furnishing conditions and helping the spirit band to arouse them from that comatose state in which so many are after they leave the body. Then, as they can neither see nor hear the spirits, we converse with them through the medium, who sees and hears them, whether in rapport with them or no.

We have to resort to many devices to convince them that they have passed the change for death is an almost infinite variety of conditions under which spirits pass out. Some are in a towering passion—killed while fighting. Others are under intense fear, others drowned, others hanged by legal process or by lynching. In all cases the exact mental state in which they left consciousness is the condition in which they become conscious. Each must be dealt with accordingly. The excited must be calmed, the angry appeased and the indifferent interested. The most difficult cases are the conditions of those who pass out while intoxicated. When one of these, or one that passed out insane, or with disease of the brain, we join hands and concentrate our thoughts upon them, willing the mind to be restored to health. The subject at first cries out with pain, but in two or three minutes exclaims: "O, that feels good," and they are clear.

The next step is to convince them that (in their language) they are dead. The most common, because the surest, is to get them to demonstrate the fact that they can no longer move a ponderable object. We always have a chair near and ask them to bring it up and sit with us, and we will talk their case over. Some are suspicious and will not try. Others try it and say it is fastened to the floor for a trick; others that it is bewitched. When we show them that we can move it with the little finger they are startled and interested.

If Mr. Dismore had asked his spirit visitor to hand him a book or a chair, the demonstration of his inability to do it, even with his rotund muscles, would have convinced him of the truth of what he had been told, but would not believe.

We tell some of them that they are ghosts, of which they have a terror. Some of the younger ones when told that they are afraid will feel for their wings. Some will not believe they are dead because they are in neither heaven nor hell; for, if dead, they must surely be in one or the other.

When put in rapport with the medium or brought to consciousness they take on the condition of which they were last conscious when in the form. One lady was preparing to have her cancerous breast removed by the surgeon's knife. A child was brought in who had been run over in the street and was suffering with a crushed leg. He had lived long enough to realize that. Another, perhaps a cripple, was suffering with rheumatism, and is still suffering the pains. All of these are referred to me as the doctor who can cure them, and the psychological cure is effected in about one minute. Then they wonder how it is done, what kind of a hospital it is, and how much they are to pay. The method of cure, of course, is simply the positive assertion that they are healed, with a pass or two, perhaps, over the person of the medium corresponding to the supposed location of the disease. But that is not often necessary.

In a retrospective view of this work, covering a period of several years, in two circles working by different methods, I do not recall the case of a spirit assuming to be what he or she is not, or making any attempt at deception or concealment, in any way whatever. They seem to express their thoughts and feelings with the utmost frankness, whether of love or hatred, curiosity or astonishment, or any other emotion. That some of them do, after becoming accustomed to the new life, assume false characters, and lie and deceive, I have had proof enough in the last forty years.

A few weeks ago a boy was brought, shivering, sleepy and brushing off the snow as he was falling upon him. When relieved of that impression and made warm and comfortable he asked him where his mother was. He said he didn't want to see her, for she had driven him out into the storm when she was drunk. The medium saw the picture of her in the spirit boy's mind. She was a large, coarse, red-faced woman, with a bearded countenance. When asked about his father he said he had never seen him, but would like to, for he would like to wring his neck for giving him such a beating. When it was suggested that he might have been a good woman when his father married her and become bad afterwards, he readily appreciated the suggestion and gave up his hatred for his father.

A young man was brought in who had gone out by an accident. He was at enmity with all mankind. He had never had anything but abuse, he said, and had become a misanthrope. He said he had never known parents or relatives, and had no friends. We began to despair of touching his better nature, and finally asked him if he ever had a friend that he liked. After some little hesitation he said: "Yes, I did love a girl once, but she died." When told that he could see her if he desired, he soon drew her to him, and the meeting was a happy one for both.

A beautiful young lady was brought in who had become insane while resisting unjust commitment. When relieved she told her story, how she had been committed to an insane asylum by her uncle, who there by got possession of her

fortune and appropriated it to his own use. After telling her story she remained a spectator. Then a purely selfish man was brought in—one who had made a success of life, as the world goes. When he came to realize that he had passed to a life where money availed nothing, she came forward and made her self known to him, for he was the uncle who had despoiled her of her fortune and ruined her earth-life. When he comprehended the situation and marked the contrast between himself and his victim, his mental agony was pitiable indeed. I think it was prearranged by the spirits to bring them together, for he got no relief from his agony of mind until he sought her forgiveness.

We know how extremely important it is to see that death, so-called, makes no change. A simple knowledge of the fact that we will awake to consciousness after the transition, just as we were a moment before, saves from being "cast into outer darkness." It is not essential that it be believed; it will be realized and prove a very help in the time of need. I know that many who have returned and thanked me for such help. It is a little thing to do, but it is self well-sown and will bear fruit.

Buffalo, N. Y. A. S. HINKLEY.

## CANNON AND HEATHEN.

## Some Very Potent Thoughts and Suggestions.

THE "HEATHENS" SCORED A POINT AT THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

The action of our State Department in giving out hints that our mission in China would be better conducted, home, may be natural enough under the circumstances, but how are the missionaries to act on it?

They are bound to preach the gospel to all nations, to the very ends of the world. If they are not willing to be massacred calmly and peacefully, however, they ought to come home at once.

At present they are trying to convert China by preaching under the muzzle of the guns of our navy. If one of them suffers martyrdom, we load our biggest cannon and collect damages for the family. As long as our powder holds out and our bullets are thus piled, a religion of peace in comparative safety and comfort, though at considerable expense to the War and Navy Departments.

It is thus that converting the heathen becomes a matter of public diplomacy. And when it becomes so we are often astonished at the statistical showing of the enormous cost of peaceably persuading a very few heathen to be converted. It is singular, is it not?

LYNCEUS.

"One very plausible theory relating to the decrease in missionary interest and offerings," says the Living Church (P. E.), of Chicago, "was presented recently by the New York Evening Post, viz.: that the romance of missions has worn out. Doubtless we have come down to the hard, matter-of-fact conditions of heathen life, at home and abroad; we have seen that printing Bibles, and singing hymns, and distributing tracts, and preaching sermons, have very little effect upon the enormous aggregate of heathenism, prejudiced in ignorance or conceited in learning, upon which our missionary enthusiasm has been spent. It is well for us to accept this fact, and to welcome the suggestion that the conservative and constructive methods in missionary work must be more and more employed. Without assuming to decide the question, the Living Church ventures an opinion as to the cause of the general falling-off of missionary offerings. It is an opinion which two years ago was a prophecy, when the ordinary spectacle was presented in Chicago of the apostles of all the false religions of the world being invited to give an ex-parte representation of faith and life under the religious systems which they represented—or, rather, misrepresented. The Babel of Christian sects was marshalled by Drs. Burrows and Bonney, who did what they could to make a good showing for the Christian religion (without any church), while they aided in working up a hospitable enthusiasm for the savants and picked men of all heathenism. Returning home, these represented Christians, as a failure in the countries they had visited, and in one case, we believe, missionaries, were sent to America to convert our benighted people. Some part of the present falling-off of enthusiasm for missions may be fairly attributed to this 'exploiting' of heathen systems (without rebuttal) at the central point of the world's interest in 1893."—New York World.

## A Glorious Reunion.

On August 9th, we, at Groveland Home, near St. Ansgar, Iowa, celebrated our dear father's natal-day. Relatives and friends from far and near came to the number of fifty-six. We met to do honor to one who is an honest man and a loving father—one who is the beloved father of fourteen children, ten of whom are in earth-life; one who has seen eighty winters, and has been in the lead in all reform matters that have come before the people during his time. He was ejected from the church on account of his new ideas. Then came Swedenborg—then Spiritualism.

When slavery was popular he was an abolitionist. When he saw the wrongs perpetrated by the two old political parties, he was a Populist. "All ways at the front" is his watchword. He, like all true men, no matter the doctrine to which he subscribes, has been true in all things. He has often said that is the reason he enjoys the blessing of good health.

The remarks made by the members of the family were touching and yet in a vein of cheer. All were treated to all the good victuals we could eat. A dance in the evening by those who wished to take part. Even father danced one set. Mother was not disposed to be behind, and she, too, danced, being sixty-eight years old.

The occasion was graced by Mrs. Kayner and daughter, of Chicago. Mrs. Kayner has come amongst us and is engaged to give a series of lectures and fire-tests. She is a grand, good medium and woman as well. May her life be of many years, that she may convert the people to a better understanding of the truths of this world and the world to come.

S. V. WARDALL.

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

## ELECTRICITY A FACTOR

## In Spirit Communism and Thought Transference.

W. C. POTTER GIVES HIS REASONS WHY ELECTRICITY PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE HANDS OF SPIRITS AS WELL AS MORTALS.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of March 2, 1895, in reply to the question asking "if electricity is a potent factor in the phenomena of Spiritualism," Hudson Tuttle answers: "There is not the least evidence to show that electricity is thus employed. When it is considered that this force is not intelligent, more than air or water, the absurdity is apparent."

Concede over existence the result of intelligent force, yet that intelligence has no expression, except through the elements that sustain life. Non-intelligent air and water enter our bodies as factors necessary to existence. Take them away and we are robbed of means of intelligent expression.

When we reflect that the earth is a mighty, swift-revolving dynamo, sending forth a constant supply of electric force, charging the air we breathe with life-giving principles of vigor and strength, we are forced to believe it is also a potent factor in spirit communion without it there can be no mode of thought transference. Over what subtle fluid do we communicate? If not by action of will through this subtle force? That it is the highway of spiritual communication I am fully persuaded. We cast our eyes to the sun and gather it; the clouds reveal it; we tread the mountain top and gather it in as a blessed inspiration; every breath generates it and carries aspiration to the brain.

My first spirit communication in the spring of 1848 revealed to me as a factor in thought transference. The previous winter, as a mesmerist, I had experienced some, to me then, startling mental manifestations. For instance, an ignorant subject, a boy of 12 years, not able to read or write, would ignore me and refuse to be influenced, assuming other characters and delivering lectures on subjects far beyond his native grasp. I sought explanation of the marvel from a Mr. H., in the town of L., Western New York. In this family was an idiotic girl of 12 years, who had never uttered a rational word. When I stated my errand to Mr. H., at his home, the mother was holding this poor wail. He hesitated to the horror and surprise of all, this idiot at once said in clear and distinct manner:

"I can tell what it all means, my brother. Your sister, Kate, has put into my lap a little box, and attached wires to it. She is not here, but yonder, and she holds one like it at the other end of the wires. Over this she has directed me to explain. These wires represent a fluid but little known. These little machines will soon be revealed to earth."

After one-half hour of intelligent converse, she called for pen, ink and paper, and seizing the pen, wrote rapidly, six verses of faultless poetry; signed the name of my angel sister, dropped the pen, and sank into idiosyncrasy. She lived after this fifteen years, and died without ever uttering another intelligent word. Who shall say that electricity in this case was not a potent factor of temporarily opening the windows of a soul in prison?

Showing the above answer through Mr. Tuttle to Mrs. Wm. Whitmore, of Oakland, Cal., a most estimable lady and fine medium, and inspirational writer of great force—not a public medium—she directly penned the following in reply to Mr. Tuttle:

"I certainly cannot agree with the learned gentleman, and will endeavor, in a very short article, to show that the phenomena of mediumship has for its basic principle electrical force. All intelligent minds agree that electricity is not an intelligent force, per se; but is only employed as an agent by intelligence. In the phenomena of spiritual manifestations we witness cause and effect. Years of experimental work by scientists fully sustain Mr. Tuttle, that 'electricity is not a substance,' but is an exhibition of rates of atomic motion in which there has been disturbance of equilibrium. Now, if this is correct, the nervous system of the human organism is subject to the same law of atomic motion."

"All mediums experience an acceleration of breath when going under control (such is my personal experience), whereby an electric current is generated by inhalation. This, following the line of least resistance, is at once transmitted to the brain—the recording station. All genuine control is nothing but transmission of force, and is analogous to the transmission of electric force between two stations by connecting the conducting wires. When the vibrations of force are perfectly transmitted, there will result correct spirit telegraphy."

"Physiologists admit the venous system is magnetic, the nervous electric; the fluids in the nerves being a solution of albumen and salt—as in the electric fish—for the purpose of excitation. Not as a weapon of defense, but to carry sensation to the brain."

Oakland, Cal. W. C. POTTER.

## Haslett Park Camp.

The delegates from Flint, Michigan, to the State Convention of Spiritualists at Lansing, spent Sunday, August 11th, at Haslett Park. They found a flourishing camp. The park never looked as well as this summer, and although there are two other camps gone from this, there is a good attendance, and we saw many of the dear old friends, and missed many also.

Under the management of Mr. P. F. Old all are enjoying the spiritual blessing that is sure to come where the spirit of harmony prevails.

The chairman, Mr. Allen F. Brown, does his work in a quiet way that makes him a general favorite. Miss Martha Marshall, as musical director, is doing her share toward the success of this camp.

No! Haslett Park is not dead or sleeping. May the angels of harmony and truth be ever around and about the workers, and help them to make this camp more successful in the future than it has been in the past?

MRS. EFFIE M. POST, Sec'y.

Flint, Mich.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.—Theodore Parker.

## LILY DALE CAMP.

## A Seance by A. Campbell.

Seance given by Campbell Brothers. Present, about twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen; among them were Mr. Smith, of the Boston Herald; Mr. Pittman, of the Banner of Light; Mr. Treet, Annapolis; Miss Otto, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Sully and daughter, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The cabinet consisted of four pieces of board, covered with some dark brown cloth, folded together like a book, and was lying on the floor until everybody was seated. Then the folded cabinet was unfolded and erected at one end of the parlor, a curtain drawn across in front about five feet from the ground, a lady and gentleman selected to join Mr. Campbell in the battery, and upon the urgent request of Mr. Campbell that the cabinet floor and everything surrounding the cabinet should be examined, one of the gentlemen from Boston walked all around, examined even the floor, and declared that there was no possibility for the slightest fraud. Caris were

placed around requesting the sitters to write three or four or more names of departed friends on one side and the name of the writer on the other; such cards were collected in one large envelope, the envelope sealed and placed by Mr. A. Campbell on a small table which stood inside of the cabinet. Then all the arrangements being made, Mr. A. Campbell placed four slates right in front of the cabinet, or rather between the cabinet and the sitters, on the floor. "Shall We Gather at the River?" was then sung by the audience, by the request of Mr. Campbell. Almost immediately after this hymn was begun by the audience, a musical box, which was placed inside of the cabinet, on the table was wound up and played, and other such physical demonstrations were going on for a short time.

As soon as the singing stopped a loud succession of raps was heard in the cabinet, and Mr. C. Campbell, asking the spirit friends inside, gave tests to four or five of those present, by stating the names and relationships as given him from inside the cabinet, of friends present. Then a couple of pads and a pencil were handed into the cabinet, after the pads had been examined, and now the typewriting commenced. Messages after messages were handed out, and in quick succession, some of them most startling to those who received them. After the music was stopped we could hear the movement of a pencil inside the cabinet, and in a minute or two some white sheets of paper were handed over the curtain, upon which were sketched most elegant portraits of departed relatives of the sitters. Miss Otto, of Chicago, was surprised with a bunch of white asters and white sweet peas, presented to her through the cabinet forces, from her guide "Flora," as she claims. After short intervals Mr. A. Campbell would pick up one of the four slates placed between the cabinet and the audience, on the floor, show it all around, wipe it with his handkerchief, hold it over the curtain into the cabinet, and hand it out to one of the sitters, after putting another slate either on top or at the bottom thereof, and placing the mixed paints in a saucer on top of the slates. In a few minutes a bunch of flowers would appear on such slates, and on both sides on the first slate were found lilies of the valley, finished in exquisite style; on the second, Chinese asters, and lastly violets. Every one of the sitters (one lady excepted) received some message, some portrait or a painting on a slate, and most of them received two and three, and often four, tokens from their spirit friends. Those portraits which could not be recognized were handed around toward the end of the sitting, and Mr. Campbell stopped in front of each sitter, asking the guides whether it was for the party before whom he was stopping, and in that way each picture and each portrait was disposed of to the proper person that it belonged to, and one lady, having passed away in childhood, was immediately recognized by its likeness to the sister of the receiver, and so on and so forth. The sitters, in not only a very agreeable and most pleasurable way to themselves, but I believe that it was also a pleasure to the guides of Campbell Brothers to give such manifestations, and prove thereby the eternity of life, to awaken the thoughts of the sitters for the higher or real purpose of this earth-life.

May the token given by the guides be appreciated for the purpose that they were given for.

## ANOTHER NEW CAMP.

Lake View Park, Ludington, Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR:—Don't think we are drones in the hive of spiritual progression. Through the influence and untiring effort of the writer, guided by wise spirits, the First Society of Spiritualists of this city has leased from the Lake View Park Company that prehistoric grove known as Lake View Park for the period of five years for a camp meeting, beginning July 1st and ending August 1st, 1896. In due time I will give a full history and tradition of this site.

Spiritualism here is causing the hit birds to flutter. Four of the leading ministers here have engaged Prof. Starr, of Virginia, to give a series of four lectures. This, they claim, is to expose Spiritualism and its doings. They are very jubilant over the matter. Of course the credibility of orthodoxy will patronize this legend. The Spiritualists, scientists and brainy men here are wise enough to not give any credence or support to this scheme. Already the churches here are crumbling into sections; revolution and involution are playing havoc. Free-thought's double-edged sword is cutting right and left, letting the fragments fall where they may. Universal progress is the watchword with our little band of workers in Ludington. The germs of truth and reason are already bearing manifold investigations.

PROF. J. N. YAKES.

We have not an hour of life in which our pleasures refresh not some pain.—Massinger.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs of stupid stagers, and of loud huzzas.—Pope.

Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises, and therefore equally cautious in making them.—Fuller.

It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult.—George Eliot.

## LAKE BRADY CAMP.

## Hon. L. V. Moulton Taken Suddenly Ill.

Hon. L. V. Moulton's engagement here terminated very suddenly and sadly by a condition of severe illness, from which we are pleased to say he is now convalescent. His lectures were most practical, reasonable and comprehensive. He described materialization in independent slate-writing as follows:

"The substance which produces the writing is dematerialized from the surface of one of the slates bound together, and then rematerialized on the opposite one. The colors produced are also taken from the slate, as all substances contain the primary colors."

"In a materializing seance the circle is arranged in the form of a horseshoe magnet. The cabinet is a focalizer and receives the emanations from the circle. All living bodies are constantly throwing off invisible matter. These are gathered by spirit chemistry to produce the spirit forms. Their solidity depends on the amount of atoms collected. Some of them are as thin as egg-shells, others seem solid, even to the bones. One can imagine other doubting Thomases grabbing Jesus and feeling for bones. When a spirit thrusts into his hand only is seen. But we should not play like children with this wonderful truth of spirit return, seeking only personal communications. These are higher messages that speak through higher humanity; heading these we will rise to be better men and women. The dogmas of the Christian church are fast disappearing, as they should do, based as they are upon Pagan idolatry. The churches are coming closer together and dropping their lines of demarcation. Baptists no longer believe you can duck a sinner and resurrect a saint."

Prof. J. W. Kenyon gave the morning address Sunday. It was one of the best lectures he has yet delivered on the grounds. He dwelt upon the difference between the physical and spiritual worlds. He described a spirit that was dazzlingly beautiful, in flowing robes of glittering white, whom he said had died at the age of 80, in a mud shanty in Ireland, surrounded by his fifteen children, for whom she had given her life. In contrast to this he said: "We have millions in Spirit-life without sufficient rags to cover their nakedness." Said he, "I see a crown, a sceptre and robes of royal purple. The crown means a tyrant, the sceptre means theft and usurpation, and the royal robes are offset by the rags of poverty."

Mrs. Celia M. Dickinson spoke in the afternoon, her theme being "Thought Substance: How It Permeates All Forms of Life, Coming from God and Returning to God as the Center and Source of All."

F. S. Berkher, of Pittsburg, has had considerable trouble trying to pass the scrutiny of our examining committee. He is a young man, in rather delicate health, extremely sensitive and nervous over newspaper reports already gone out, questioning his mediumship.

A test seance was arranged for. The usual examination took place, but though the company sat patiently for about two hours and the medium labored hard with his controls, no forms were materialized. The medium complained of the cabinet and insisted upon one or two others going in to see what was the matter with it. Being made of boards with cracks between them and unlined, he said the magnetism leaked out. Once or twice, when alone in the cabinet, he seemed to be scuffling with someone, and finally came out backwards, claiming he had been shoved out by the spirits. His manager, Mrs. Schofield, remonstrated against this ill usage and urged them to do their duty, but the spirits refused to appear, and they were obliged to appear themselves, except in one instance where a draped form appeared for a moment, but the face could not be seen. Several times the controls shouted out in different voices, conversing with persons in the audience, but the medium failed to produce anything further.

At another sitting the conditions were considered better. Mr. Berkher submitted to having all his clothing removed and substituted with black. The cabinet was examined and the seance begun, but unfortunately for the medium, his "controls" invited Mr. Harry Hamilton, of McKeesport, into the cabinet to give magnetism and strength before any manifestation could be produced. Mr. Hamilton left the cabinet, and soon after several forms appeared, draped in white. One with a long beard, announced himself as the Doctor, and shook hands with a number of persons in the audience. Another looked decidedly like a negro, and announced himself as such. Another came as an Indian chief, with savage grunts; his drapery was arranged as a blanket, and he had the usual feathered head-gear. He also gave his hand with friendly advances, and a few monosyllabic words of greeting to several members of the circle, including the writer, presenting each with a feather from his head-dress. None of these feathers have, as yet, dematerialized, being substantial quills from the wing of a Plymouth Rock. All these manifestations were very wonderful, considering the examination of both the medium and cabinet, but for the entrance of Harry Hamilton. Mr. Berkher offered to submit to any personal examination after the seance, and is willing to try again, leaving Mr. Hamilton out of the question in justice to both gentlemen, who would add that Mr. Hamilton declares he is a total stranger to the medium, as yet a skeptic and only an investigator. Mr. Berkher claims to have been unconscious when he called the other gentleman in, and knows no reason why his controls should have done it, thus placing him under suspicion at his second trial. His willingness to try again has won him sympathy, and we sincerely wish him success.

A. E. Tisdale, the blind inspirational speaker is now with us. If the physical world is dark to him he certainly has an illumination from within which places him enraptured with the very potentialities of life. He is fluent and forcible in style, and one who can follow him will be led on a celestial journey till he seems to stand face to face with cause. He has a fine baritone voice, and his singing of "My Mother's Beautiful Hands" caused many in the audience to shed tears. He also sang at the lecture given by Mrs. H. S. Lake, from "Bread Upon the Waters," she took her inspiration. By powerful word picturing she drew a sharp line between the kinds of bread that are cast upon the waters. Sometimes stale and mouldy or half-baked without leaven. She described

vividly the condition of some spirits who had cast such bread, coming back starving and pleading for a nourished shell from the crumbs of earth. Said she: "You may have spirit-communications from all your uncles, aunts, cousins, grandmothers, and their grandmothers' grandmothers, but is that all? Is there nothing further to demonstrate? Ah, it means more than mere family communications and with faith, the right kind of faith, we should cast this bread of life to the starving multitude, and it will surely return to us after many days."

Frank Hipley gave tests after the lecture, all of which were recognized. As he is to be with us for some time, we will report his work in our next communication. Mrs. Eliza Miller, of Alliance, passed to Spirit-life at her cottage here on the 8th inst. She was a loving mother; and leaves two daughters and a son to mourn her loss.

Just three score years and ten she lived: This life's allotted plan, Prescribed by laws of mere belief.

MRS. McCASLIN.

## THE PSYCHOGRAPH

## DIAL PLANCHETTE.

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## POSSESSIONS OF MAN.

His Possibilities of Development.

A Discourse by Dr. Willis Edwards, at the Church of the Spirit, Chicago, July 28, 1895.

In considering this wide and grave subject, a very important question presents itself to the thoughtful and logical mind, namely, "Who, and what is man?" Briefly answered, in the language used by Paul in his memorable discourse on Mars Hill, at Athens, "Man is the offspring of God or good; divine in his source, essence, nature and manifestation." "As He is, so are we in this world," was the expression of one who knew well what he said, in all its close and comprehensive meaning. As the seed produces its like, after its kind, and light reflects its glorious beams, so should we, if we knew and realized our source, our origin, our destiny, exult in our sonship, our divinity, our ultimacy; and no heights are too lofty to scale, no soars too high, and no difficulties incapable of surmounting, no obstacles too great to overcome.

"I can do all things," said one well versed in this scholarship. Oh! boastful Paul, you are too sure, too sanguine, too enthusiastic, exclaims the mere surface hearer or novice in the truth; but let Paul explain himself. "I can do all things through Christ (or truth) which strengtheneth me." Yes, it is in the possibilities of this truth and in its externalization that we become bold and triumphant, and victory over aught else leads on to victory again and again, as the tiny ray leads on to the perfect day, and the jubilee song, "See the conquering hero comes," is the plaudits and welcome on the warrior's path, the issue to the combat, the finale of the battle.

"What is not included in the words, 'Our Father,' 'My Father?'" I am his child, the jewel in the casket, the pearl in the shell, the brilliant star obscured by clouds. Many other illustrations might be given, for the subject expands and enlarges as thought is given to it, and volumes could be written on man's relationship to God, on the divine possibilities within, waiting, first, for knowledge; then for realization and manifestation; God is the sun; man, the reflector or radiator. Light in the heavens diffuses light in the earth or unto man. Life is the center; man, the circumference. The centre sends to the extremities. Love in the fountain evolves love in the streams. Liberty for the head means liberty to all members of the body, for the feet or understanding.

Oh man, how wondrously ignorant, how strangely oblivious art thou of thy high birth, thy royal ancestry, thy golden pedigree! Awake! Be aroused from thy slumbers in materiality and claim thy birthright, thy glorious privileges. Did we only know and remember who and what we are, should we, could we, either murmur or repine, or envy angels? "Arise and shine, for thy light is come," was the prophet's cry of old when he caught a glimpse of the beatific vision of man's glorious heritage, and in the reiteration of his commands to our inner selves or the dormant divine, we shall find growth in knowledge and understanding as well as realization of our potentialities and possibilities.

Man is God manifest in the flesh, perfect in his image and likeness. Man is God's reflection.

Shine on! Shine on! Nor let thy light be dimmed; As shine the stars in darkest night, So let thy light be clear and bright.

Man, prove thyself divine.

Man is the highest, truest and best reflection or manifestation of the divine and infinite good, hence who can confine, limit, hinder, or declare fully his great, grand and glorious possibilities? The full realization of these is the second coming of the Christ, not as a personality, but to mentality, the spiritual being.

So, what is man? What are his possibilities?

How inadequate is the general conception of the great reality. Man is "God manifest in the flesh"—words potent with meaning, "a seventh heaven in a glance," "the millennium in a moment," "multum in parvo." Lightning glimpses of this wonderful truth are frequently attained, but to dwell in the full and conscious knowledge thereof is becoming by virtue of progression more realized, understood, and appreciated. This is dwelling in "the secret place of the most high," abiding in him, being in the strong tower gift about with walls of defense and pillars of safety; without fear, having confidence and strength more impregnable than the Rock of Gibraltar; safer than any iron-clad man of war; able with the simple sling and stone to capture the Goliath of self.

Oh! were man's possibilities—even a fiftieth of them—entered into, how erect would be his walk! How majestic his carriage! How uplifted his glance! For good dwellers in the temple, good, intelligent, unimpaired, free, the lion's defiant roar in the forest, of which he knows he is sole king; like the wide-spread wing of the eagle towering in the air; and the grand behemoth, monarch of all he surveys, man would adjust himself to his possessions, and in all the dignity, power, grace and beauty of good would prove his divinity and being; assert and say, understandingly: I am good. I am unlimited. I draw from the Center all there is—all knowledge, all wisdom, all love, all power, etc. The God within me is fountain, source and spirit, the deep well the inexhaustible supply. X Y Z of the lengthy within I draw to the needy without. "Yea, all my springs are in Thee," and if I be lifted up, will draw or attract all unto me. The vine is succeeded by the branches; the shepherd is followed by the sheep; God, by heaven and earth, a trinity in unity, in all good, manifestation, realization, father, son, spirit, divine consciousness, knowledge, action, being, thinking, doing. I am, I think, I speak: Root, branch, fruit; husband, wife, child; heart, brain, feet, and so on. The omega inevitably succeeds the alpha, the end of the paragraph, the supplement to the book, the aftermath, the end of the beginning, the calm after the storm, and that which hides all the rest and makes you forget past in present conquests, your poverty in riches and your apparent loss in the great gain.

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Come! Be called, be housed, be at rest. Stay thyself upon Divine changeless principle. Thou art identified with it, inseparable from it and allied to it. It will keep, encompass, support, direct, never leave nor fail thee. Oh! that the bandages were off our eyes, that we could see clearly; that our ears were unstopped that we might hear the dulcet spirit words of unvarying love. Oh! that we had understanding! It might well be our constant desire to know, to understand and realize man's greatest dignity and glory! The revelation must come—man's needs necessitate this. It will be given as the sequel to his trials, conflicts and desires.

The waiting attitude is for illumination, revelation and realization. Man is a spiritual being, the image of God, created in his likeness, after His image. God can only be known through man, His exact manifestation or revelation. Man is the conscious being, changeless, eternal, divine, intelligent, spiritual, the effect of cause and partaking of the nature of that cause in every particular, so that all that he is and has, is derived from God—his cause, creator, source, God is. Man has. God is love. Man is loving or has love. God is wisdom, power, truth. Man has wisdom, power, truth. Man is positively dependent upon God, not independent of all else. Man cannot be separated from God one instant. Man is created to fulfill the eternal purpose of infinite mind. In defining man we shall seem strange to many when we say he is in every respect an exalted being, equal to God. As the divine man thought "It not robbery to be equal with God," so in all respects man is—not shall be—like God, good, wise, powerful, or omnipotent, omniscient, omniscient, changeless, divine, intelligent, loving, living, truthful, substantial, spiritual; the fullness or evolution of all that God is, does, or the God nature includes. No thinking being can be absent from God one moment, hence, man is omnipresent and cannot get nearer to God than he is.

"Near as He, Christ is near; Nearer he cannot be; In the consciousness of truth Man is as near as He. Dear, so very dear to God, I cannot dearer be. The love wherever He loves His Son, Such is His love to me."

"My well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," As God manifest in the flesh, must I always view man, and thus, respect, express, expect, and realize him, and in searching for God, I can only find Him in myself, not far off, but right; not there, but here. I live in Him. He lives in me. I move in Him. He moves me. He is my being. Being him, I grow, I expand, I rise to some conception of my grandeur, my origin, my ancestry, my place of power in the world, my destiny, and when I get even faint glimpses of all this, eagle-like, I long to soar aloft. I must be on high, excepting as I view earth, the footstool for the most high, the theatre for transient actions resulting in his glory, the birthplace of realization and manifestation. I have naught to do therewith. Thought is constantly shaping and reshaping the universe. Man can chain the wildest elements and make them subservient to his will and purpose. Oh! man, how great and how grand art thou! Who shall estimate thy possibilities? King in disguise; God in hiding; power in secret; greatness in apparent littleness; the wheel within the wheel; the all so near and yet so far! God in man, with the grandest potencies and possibilities yet more or less unknown, unrealized and unappreciated.

Rouse thee, oh man! Wake thee, oh sleeper! Leave thy tomb—thy couch And prove thyself divine From the outer to the inner, From the seeming to the real; From the dying to the living, From the lying to the true.

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A. M. B.

Logic of Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER still comes, full of information relative to Spiritualism, showing its aggressive movements, through plumes and pens. As we know, H. J. Newton, of New York City, arranges, with the New York Recorder, to publish two columns on Spiritualism each Sunday. I subscribed for the paper, and have been pleased with every article from our best able writers. There are none better than from the pen of Judge A. B. Richmond on "The Logic of Spiritual Phenomena."

Brother Richmond argued logically and well, saying we knew our friends from over the way, by mutual memories of events, and also by their mentality and manner of expression. He instanced the varied phenomena, and one especially, under test conditions of slate-writing, from William Denton, and many others. A single quotation is: "This is the logic of our beautiful philosophy. This is the evidence which we call a demonstration, not only of a future life, but a continuance of our own personality."

I have witnessed all the phenomena to which he referred; yes, more, and thought the thing was proved, and thought he thought it was proved; but judge of my surprise when I read:

"No candid inquirer who will honestly and candidly or patiently investigate the phenomena within easy reach of his observation, will fail to discover evidence of the operation of an invisible, autogenic force. What it is, or by what certain and fixed laws it is governed, is yet a mystery."

"Good heavens! Don't know what it is! Will Brother Richmond explain, through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, Zöllner of Germany and Flammarion of France, say it is scientifically proved. A. R. Wallace and Wm. Crookes, of England, wrote a letter to Prof. Coues, president of the Psychic Congress, that after nearly forty years of research they had not a word to take back. I heard the letter read at the Psychic Congress. Professor Hare, Epes Sargent, and every other scientist who has investigated, seem to feel they know. It is possible the printer has done Judge Richmond injustice. Let us hear from him. Will Brother Newton report as to more articles in the New York Recorder?"

Our lyceum in Vineland, established about a quarter of a century ago, is still alive. The lyceum has done some good work in the past. Three editors have been turned out at this Sunday-school, two of whom are liberalists, and publishing papers in Vineland. The attendance is small now.

We want a physical medium here. The people seem hungry for phenomena. We want some one who will submit to fair test conditions—slate-writing, materializing and trumpet medium preferred. Any one who writes this letter, please write me at Vineland, N. J. I feel there is a great field for useful work in Vineland and vicinity. I will travel and introduce a medium of this class in this part of the country. I am introducing the "Encyclopedia of Bible Spiritualism," by Moses Hull. I lend it to all the ministers. I sold one to Prof. Webster, president of a Southern college for twenty years, who seemed pleased with it, though a strong Presbyterian. The book is able, and should be read by all church people. It is a knockdown argument, from a Bible standpoint.

I have read all that has been said with regard to the prosecution and persecution of Brother Swedenborg, for exposing his God-given mediumship, and am rejoiced to see that he is endorsed as a grand man, as well as medium, and hope all mediums will live above reproach. I am happy to see the generous response to aid by money to fight, not his battle alone, but for liberty. I intend to solicit aid in his behalf, and also send my mite soon.

A. C. COTTON.

The Popular Science Monthly for August, 1895.

Herbert Spencer opens the August Popular Science Monthly with the fourth of his papers on "Professional Institutions," in which he shows that the functions of the orator, poet, actor, and dramatist are all developed from the acts of the primitive tribesman in welcoming his victoriously returning chief. Andrew D. White, writing on "The Continued Growth of Scientific Interpretation," describes the battle by which reason conquered tradition in English theology. In an illustrated article on art and eyesight, Dr. Lucien Howe shows that artists are by no means exempt from the irregularities of vision that are common to all.

This, they think, will include Satan, and will be accomplished by fire and brimstone, after which that lake of fire will cease to exist. If their God were as full of mercy and loving kindness as they claim to believe, it seems strange that dead sinners are not left in the oblivion of their graves, instead of being raised only to be annihilated by a sulphurous bath.

At the time that the old Jewish Bible was written, the Jews (as they do now) knew anything better than fire and brimstone; even then they forgot that they were devising a torture which could harm only living flesh—not soul or spirit, much less the soulless ashes that had lain in a grave thousands of years, or grown up in the form of a graveyard rose-bush.

They further believe that when the number of saints (Adventists) shall equal 144,000—no more, no fewer—then the end will come, and this number of the elect are to have the privilege of sitting in a high court with Christ and aid in passing judgment of condemnation upon sinners of all time. All souls except Adventists, who will then be saints, or, rather, the holy saints.

With a prospect so brilliant in future, and that future a never-ending eternity, it is no wonder that they lightly regard the petty troubles and persecutions brought upon them by others and for no other crime than believing in Christ, and faithfully, patiently and inoffensively following the direct teachings of Christ. In fact, it is because they are Christ-like that they are persecuted; if they were like Christians and drifting with the tide, they would not be molested. And mediums are persecuted, not alone because they are inoffensive, but because they are endangering the bread and butter of priests and preachers by teaching too much free truth.

When, in 1855, the writer first investigated the manifestations, and saw mediums ready to prove immortality for

sorrowing, doubting Christians who had only faith for it—and rather poor faith at that—he firmly believed that all the churches would welcome them with open arms, and rejoice that immortality could be thus proven; but it was soon apparent that whatever offered to dispense with preachers, pew-rents and perquisites would meet with but a cold welcome from those who lived on the loaves and fishes furnished by the laity. Priestcraft has too long fattened upon the heave-offerings and wave-offerings and firstlings of flocks furnished in return for faith, to be weaned without a struggle. To free 4,000,000 black slaves cost much blood and treasure; how much will it cost to free many more white slaves of superstition? Time alone can tell; meanwhile

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"Good heavens! Don't know what it is! Will Brother Richmond explain, through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, Zöllner of Germany and Flammarion of France, say it is scientifically proved. A. R. Wallace and Wm. Crookes, of England, wrote a letter to Prof. Coues, president of the Psychic Congress, that after nearly forty years of research they had not a word to take back. I heard the letter read at the Psychic Congress. Professor Hare, Epes Sargent, and every other scientist who has investigated, seem to feel they know. It is possible the printer has done Judge Richmond injustice. Let us hear from him. Will Brother Newton report as to more articles in the New York Recorder?"

Our lyceum in Vineland, established about a quarter of a century ago, is still alive. The lyceum has done some good work in the past. Three editors have been turned out at this Sunday-school, two of whom are liberalists, and publishing papers in Vineland. The attendance is small now.

We want a physical medium here. The people seem hungry for phenomena. We want some one who will submit to fair test conditions—slate-writing, materializing and trumpet medium preferred. Any one who writes this letter, please write me at Vineland, N. J. I feel there is a great field for useful work in Vineland and vicinity. I will travel and introduce a medium of this class in this part of the country. I am introducing the "Encyclopedia of Bible Spiritualism," by Moses Hull. I lend it to all the ministers. I sold one to Prof. Webster, president of a Southern college for twenty years, who seemed pleased with it, though a strong Presbyterian. The book is able, and should be read by all church people. It is a knockdown argument, from a Bible standpoint.

I have read all that has been said with regard to the prosecution and persecution of Brother Swedenborg, for exposing his God-given mediumship, and am rejoiced to see that he is endorsed as a grand man, as well as medium, and hope all mediums will live above reproach. I am happy to see the generous response to aid by money to fight, not his battle alone, but for liberty. I intend to solicit aid in his behalf, and also send my mite soon.

A. C. COTTON.

The Popular Science Monthly for August, 1895.

Herbert Spencer opens the August Popular Science Monthly with the fourth of his papers on "Professional Institutions," in which he shows that the functions of the orator, poet, actor, and dramatist are all developed from the acts of the primitive tribesman in welcoming his victoriously returning chief. Andrew D. White, writing on "The Continued Growth of Scientific Interpretation," describes the battle by which reason conquered tradition in English theology. In an illustrated article on art and eyesight, Dr. Lucien Howe shows that artists are by no means exempt from the irregularities of vision that are common to all.

This, they think, will include Satan, and will be accomplished by fire and brimstone, after which that lake of fire will cease to exist. If their God were as full of mercy and loving kindness as they claim to believe, it seems strange that dead sinners are not left in the oblivion of their graves, instead of being raised only to be annihilated by a sulphurous bath.

At the time that the old Jewish Bible was written, the Jews (as they do now) knew anything better than fire and brimstone; even then they forgot that they were devising a torture which could harm only living flesh—not soul or spirit, much less the soulless ashes that had lain in a grave thousands of years, or grown up in the form of a graveyard rose-bush.

They further believe that when the number of saints (Adventists) shall equal 144,000—no more, no fewer—then the end will come, and this number of the elect are to have the privilege of sitting in a high court with Christ and aid in passing judgment of condemnation upon sinners of all time. All souls except Adventists, who will then be saints, or, rather, the holy saints.

With a prospect so brilliant in future, and that future a never-ending eternity, it is no wonder that they lightly regard the petty troubles and persecutions brought upon them by others and for no other crime than believing in Christ, and faithfully, patiently and inoffensively following the direct teachings of Christ. In fact, it is because they are Christ-like that they are persecuted; if they were like Christians and drifting with the tide, they would not be molested. And mediums are persecuted, not alone because they are inoffensive, but because they are endangering the bread and butter of priests and preachers by teaching too much free truth.

When, in 1855, the writer first investigated the manifestations, and saw mediums ready to prove immortality for

Gustave Le Bon discusses "The Work of Ideas in Human Evolution," showing their immense power in the form of traditions and their tremendous force when newly accepted. There is a sketch with portrait of Charles Upham Shepard; the mineralogist, who collected at Amherst College the insect cabinets in America. In the Editor's Table there is a reply to Mr. Gladley's article, a tribute to Prof. Huxley, and some remarks on Mr. Spencer's declaration of the honor offered to him by the Emperor of Germany. The Popular Science Monthly is really the leading scientific magazine. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. Price 50 cents a number; \$5 a year.

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