



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

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THE SAGE OF GASSADAGA.

HE VIVIDLY PORTRAYS THE BEAUTY AND
GRANDEUR OF TEMPERANCE.

A LECTURE

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At Lily Dale Camp, N. Y.

A few years ago I was invited to attend a temperance meeting at Chautauqua Point. While seated in the auditorium, waiting for the speaker who was to precede me, I heard an old gentleman, whom I knew to be a devout believer and a good Christian, remark to another, who sat by his side: "The temperance question is an old story. It is worn threadbare. Nothing new can be said of it, and the people no longer take any interest in it."

This remark set me to thinking, and I thought it ought not to be true. I thought that any story that had for its aim and object the advancement of the moral condition of mankind never could and never ought to grow old. I knew that my old friend was a firm believer in the doctrine of the atonement. I remembered that the story on which was founded his Christian faith, that of the awful tragedy of Mount Calvary, had been told by a conscientious, pious ministry all over the world for nearly two thousand years, and that to-day, to the humble sinner at the foot of the altar, that story was as new and full of interest as it was to the people of Nazareth in the infancy of Christianity. I knew that my old friend firmly believed that the civilization and enlightenment of the world was because that old, old story had been so often told, and that where it had been most frequently narrated, there mankind was the most prosperous and happy. And I remembered that even that story had, as my friend remarked of temperance, been worn threadbare by oft-repeating tongues; that for hundreds of years not a fact or incident had been added to it that was not known to the shepherds who fed the flocks on the plains of Judea, or the humble fishermen of Galilee.

And believing, as I do, that temperance is the

HANDMAID OF ENLIGHTENED MORALITY,

I do not believe that its story will ever grow so old as to lose its interest, until the time shall come when the evil of intemperance shall be blotted out and men shall no longer be licensed by law to tempt their fellowman to sin and crime; when the sentence taught us by the greatest medium of earth: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," shall be the motto on all the nations of earth. This is the subject or text of my lecture.

MY EXPERIENCE

In our courts has satisfied me that intemperance is the direct cause of nearly all the crime that is committed in our country. I have been at the bar over four thousand times, and on mature reflection I am satisfied that over three thousand of those cases have originated from drunkenness alone, and I believe that a great proportion of the remainder could be traced either directly or indirectly to this great source of crime. In ninety-eight cases of homicide, seventy have been caused by the maddening influence of strong drink. I have seen upon the counsel-table of our courtroom the skull of an aged father, who was killed by a drunken son. My brother and myself sat by his side as his counsel, and I shall never forget the look of that son when the ghastly evidence of his guilt was laid upon the stand before him. That silent yet eloquent witness—it was but an arch of bone, and handled carefully by the jury in their investigation, yet it had been covered by a father's gray hairs; beneath it had throbbed a brain full of pride and affection for the son who was now on his trial for murder, and as it passed from hand to hand, the fearful expression on the face of the accused plainly told the terrible feeling of remorse that filled his soul. It was a wicked and most unnatural crime, and begot feelings of loathing and horror in the breasts of all who witnessed the trial. Yet it was not in reality the son who committed the crime, but

THE DEMON THAT LURKS IN EVERY CUP of strong drink. And that cup had been filled and placed to the lips of that son by the hand of a most respectable member of society—a man who had a license from that very court to sell that which maddened the brain and prompted the hand to murder.

SOME VERY SAD SCENES.

I have seen upon that table the skull of a little child, with the evidence upon it of a murderous blow, inflicted by the hand of a drunken mother. Yet it was not the mother who committed that most unnatural crime. All our knowledge of the promptings of the human heart deny the charge. Who that remembers his own mother and her maternal love could believe it? No, a demoniacal spirit had violated the sanctuary of the mother's heart, and cast out the tender, loving tenant that once resided there, and that was the spirit of

strong drink, sold to the woman by a man who held a license to sell under the seal and sanction of that very court. I have seen upon that table the blood-stained skull of a wife, cleft from top to base by an ax in the hand of a brutal, drunken husband, who came home from a neighboring licensed beer-shop, reeling, drunken and maddened by drink, there sold by a most respectable dealer by a man who had a legal right to sell that poison whose effects are more terrible than the plagues confined within the fabled box of Pandora, and under whose baleful influence

"The hand that should shield the wife from ill,
In drunken wrath is raised to kill."

I once defended a man for killing his own brother, by whom, in a fit of drunken frenzy, he had been attacked with a dangerous weapon, thereby committing him in his own defense to strike a blow that had taken his brother's life. He was tried for murder, and in his defense I called "the landlord" to prove that the murdered brother was mad from the effects of the liquor he had received at the witness's bar. He testified, yet seemed conscious of no wrong. Why should he? He had a license from the court, and why should that brother's blood cry to heaven for vengeance against him? Oh no! he was a respectable citizen, possessing a good moral character, for the law grants licenses to none other. He had a legal right to present the maddening cup to his fellow's lips, and no one should complain of him.

He had acted in accordance with the law, and did not one of England's greatest and best men say that "the law was that science whose voice was the harmony of the world, and whose seat was the bosom of God."

THE CUP AND HOLY SACRAMENT.
And do not even the sacred ordinances of the church sanction the use of the cup of crime and woe, in the so-called holy sacrament, wherein the blood of the Nazarene is typified by the wine that prompts the heart to crime and lips to blasphemy that never uttered an oath before.

Oh, strange incongruity in a Christian country! The great source of evil in our land is drunk in commemoration of him who, if orthodox be true, suffered for our sins and died that man might live.

THE LEGACY THE DRUNKARD LEAVES.

A client of mine once called on me to draw his will. The will was drawn and left in my keeping. In it he made ample provision for the support of his family and the education of his children. Ten years passed away; his property was gone, and he had died a drunkard's death. I stood by his coffin, for he had been my friend, and as the dust was returned to dust, I thought of the will he once made, and the legacy he now left his family. Yes, I thought of a drunkard's will! It could be written in a few short sentences: "I will and bequeath to my heartbroken wife the memory of broken vows, blighted hopes, penury and woe. I will and bequeath to my little children poverty and shame, and to the rest of my kindred I will and bequeath the recollections of a mispent life and the monument of a drunkard's grave." Oh! how many such wills are recorded in the great book of man's destiny and fate!

How many such monuments are found in the cemeteries all over our land, not built alone over the remains of those whose feeble intellect have rendered them easy victims of temptation and sin; or, go where you will—visit the cities of the dead in every land—and there lie the remains of poets and statesmen, kings and subjects, men of the brightest intellects as well as of feeble minds, hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, yes, millions upon millions, filling drunkards' graves; for the demon that has so long devastated the earth spares neither rich nor poor, plebeian nor patrician, but all alike are its victims. From him who, with his godlike intellect,

"Touched his harp, and nations heard entranced,"

* * * * *

Who with the thunder talked as friend to friend,

And wove his garland of the lightning's wing;

down to him

"Who never had a dozen thoughts

In all his life, and never changed their course,

But told them o'er, each its customary place,

From morn till night, from youth to hoary age."

Yes, from every station in life, the demon runs demands victims for his altar. The holy vestments of the church and the sacred emblems of justice are no protection against this demand. Yet a Christian people will by law

PROVIDE VICTIMS FOR SACRIFICE

and will grant licenses to tempt men to sin, and then punish those that are tempted; will in the name of the law legalize and license the great source of crime and then punish the criminal. Shame! shame!! on such a law and the

people who sustain it. Oh, monstrous incongruity in a people who with the right hand erect churches in the name of the living God, and ask men to repent, while with the left they build prison-houses and scaffolds, and by law tempt men to occupy them.

A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

I was once called upon to analyze a bottle of liquor, in a case of suspected poisoning. I took it into my laboratory and applied the chemical tests that science had developed, and found only the usual component parts of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. No, there was no poison there, such as had been suspected. It was, as the manufacturer stated on the label of the bottle, "pure liquor."

My little chemical skill had failed to detect any unusual ingredients. I sat looking at the suspected compound for a few minutes, when imagination, over busy with the human brain, said to me: "Oh, thou most blind and inexperienced chemist, most ignorant of what thou art most assured, is thy scientific knowledge of so little avail? Seest thou not poison there? Look again; regard not the evidence of the alembic and the retort, but take it into the laboratory of thy recollections of the past and of all human experience, and then tell me what thou seest."

I looked for a few moments, and soon I saw its color change, and on the bottom of the

RED DROPS OF MURDER

were gathering there. I looked again, and from its liquid depth the ghastly face of suicide looked forth at me, "with the glazed eye and livid features of the dead." Again I looked, and pale, haggard, want, famine, and wretchedness were floating like motes in the sunbeam in its sparkling contents. And there I saw the mother's grief, the wife's agony and the tears of the drunkard's children. I saw the ruined hopes of a wrecked life and the record of sin and crime. The very bubbles that sparkled on its surface were full of human sorrow, disease and woe. Yes, although the tests of science had failed to detect them, these terrible ingredients were all there, and not even the contents of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth afforded a more horrible compound than pale Hecate had there distilled in her hellish brews from the fruits of the earth. And I was compelled to go into court and testify that it was "pure liquor," that, in the language of the law, it was not adulterated with any ingredient injurious to health; yet every drop of the infernal compound was full of disease and crime. The bottle was labeled "pure liquor," and it was obtained by the man it had murdered a few hours before from a prominent member of a Christian church, who, himself, was labeled by the court that granted his license, as follows:

"This man is a respectable citizen, possessing a good moral character, and therefore we license him" to sell to his fellow-men that which contains the germs of sin and death. He is hereby authorized to feed that fatal appetite which is urging so many on that path whose end is a drunkard's grave. And this label was attested by the Commonwealth's broad seal, that ought to have crumbled into dust at the infamy to which it was thus subjected.

INTEMPERANCE AND CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

A prominent temperance statistician asserts the startling fact that in the United States there are over seven hundred thousand drunkards; that over one hundred thousand die annually, who go to drunkard's graves; over one hundred and seventy-five die daily, or twelve every hour from the effects of strong drink, in a country, too, that boasts of its Christian civilization, of its schools and colleges, its churches and benevolent institutions. We pause with bated breath before the enormity of the evil, and the strange apathy of the people.

A few years ago the public prints stated that there were ninety deaths in the city of New Orleans from the yellow fever, and that the plague was spreading rapidly. The people of the North were appalled at the details of the horrors of this terrible pestilence. The sound of its solemn funeral dirge was listened for by a terror-stricken people. From all the Christian churches in the land, prayers ascended to the throne of Him on high to arrest "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and that wasteth at noon-day." Large sums of money were contributed by a sympathizing and benevolent people to ameliorate, as far as possible, the suffering in the South. All past differences were forgotten. We did not remember that a few years ago these people were arrayed against us on the field of battle; that brothers were armed against brothers in fratricidal warfare; we forgot it all, and only remembered that we are all members of the great brotherhood of man. A car-load of those noble women, the Sisters of Charity, passed through our city on their way South to nurse the sick and dying; and as I saw them on their way, clad in the simple paraphernalia of their holy mission, I thanked God we had a religion in this country that recognized the precepts taught by the Nazarene in the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan.

All this is well; it is one of those spontaneous outpourings of human sympathy for human suffering that is the legitimate offspring of our civilization. It matters not whether the hands that wipe the dew of death from the suffering brow, and administer the soothing draught, were wont to tell the beads on the rosary of the Catholic devotee; or turn the gilded pages of the prayer-book of the Established Church.

"For if the page of truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought,

These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame."

Yes, all this is well; but, STRANGE INCONSISTENCY IN A CHRISTIAN PEOPLE!

There is a plague in our land more terrible than that which so lately ravaged the South, and we are comparatively indifferent to its horrors. There is a pestilence more deadly than the exhalations of the fabled Uvas tree; and a Christian people support it by law, sustain it by fashion, and spread its ravages by license and public approval.

EFFECTS OF THIS PESTILENCE.

One hundred thousand are dying annually from the effects of this pestilence as it sweeps over the country like the waters of a mighty inundation. This great army of one hundred thousand men and women is marching past us to death every day. We see it, and know it well, but time and custom have made us familiar with its countless horrors, and it passes by unheeded. The law supplies it with recruits, and it moves on as unceasingly as the tides of the ocean or the waters of a great river.

For a moment let us observe this mighty host as it marches on toward the shore of that dark and silent river, whose ferryman is Death.

On its ranks are seen men whose brilliant intellects have made them famous in the world of oratory and song; men celebrated in science, in art, and for learning. The forum, the church, the halls of legislation have all furnished their numbers to swell the awful army of inebriates that is marching on to infamy and drunkards' graves. From the king and warrior, whose word was law to nations, to the hovers of wood and drawers of water, every station in life has furnished its numbers to swell the innumerable host that has gone on before.

We know this as well as we know any physical fact in nature, and yet we wonder whence come its recruits. Mothers, they come from your arms, from your loving breasts, and even your prayers do not save them. Guard well, I pray you, the inmate of the cradle by your side; look well to influences that surround your little son at home. Soon he will be restive of a mother's control, but he will never lose a mother's influence; soon he will go away from the parent's nest, but he will carry with him, either for good or evil, the lessons you have taught him by precept and example. Has he ever seen the wine-cup at your lips—those lips whose kisses he will remember for long years to come? Has he ever seen it circulating among the gay and thoughtless company assembled in your parlors? If so, God help him; for I have seen many a son whose ruin could be traced to just such influences, taken from our court-room to prison in chains.

EFFECTS OF BAD EXAMPLES.

A poor, heart-broken mother once knelt to me, and with uplifted hands prayed me, in frenzied tones of agony, to save from prison her only son. "Oh," said she, "it will kill me; oh, that I could suffer in his place, for it is my fault. He was under the influence of liquor when he committed the crime, and I taught him to love it in his infancy."

I could only tell her to look to her God for consolation in her great trouble, for human skill and power could not avail. And still this great army moves on, and we wonder whence come the recruits.

Fathers, they come from your knees, from your homes, from under your influence, to swell the great and terrible number who find drunkard's graves. Had your example anything to do with it? Do you teach your son to shun the wine-cup as the first temptation? Have you been a temperate drinker, and by your example encouraged your child in abstinence, in our court-room an only son had been sentenced to the penitentiary for arson—a crime committed by him in a fit of drunken anger, because he had been ejected by a rumrunner from the barroom where the liquor sold made him drunk and disorderly. "Oh," said his father to me, "I dare not go home and tell his mother; it will kill her. I gave my boy a good education. I started him in business, but he became dissipated in spite of all that I could do."

"Did you yourself ever drink?" I inquired.

"Yes," said he. "I was always a temperate drinker, but never drank to hurt me, or to excess."

"Did your son ever see you drink?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "God forgive me, he has; and he thought that because I could control my appetite, he could his. I once kept a hotel. My son was my clerk, and I think there was where he acquired the habit which ruined him," and as he said this I thought of the stern and inflexible justice of the divine decree: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

This man had been for years engaged in the business of making other men's drunkards. He had accumulated wealth in the nefarious traffic. Other fathers had sorrowed over sons who had fallen by his influence; mothers had been heartbroken by the ruin he had wrought. And now he would have freely given all the "wages of sin" he had accumulated, to save his own poor boy from prison. While in my heart I pitied him, yet again that same stern and inflexible justice whispered in my ear: "As he has done to others, so has it been done to him."

Verily, verily, in this world "the father's eating sour grapes shall set the children's teeth on edge." But while I have been talking to you, another score of that great army have dropped into drunkard's graves; yet there is no diminution in their number. New re-

cruits are constantly falling into their ranks. The young and thoughtless are coming; the middle-aged are coming; the aged, whose span of life is almost ended, are coming; from everywhere, from every station in life, still they come. The recruiting offices of this awful army are established by law on every pathway in life trodden by the foot of man. They are licensed by the courts, and approved and sanctioned by a Christian people. How can we arrest the terrible evil? The words of inspiration answer: "Lay, then, the axe at the root of the tree, and let every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit be hewn down and cast into the fire," and thereby shall we be delivered from evil, in answer to the prayer taught us by the Nazarene.

THE YELLOW FLAG AND RED FLAG.

A few years ago I was passing along a street in one of our large cities, when I came to a barricade erected across a sidewalk. I observed a yellow flag suspended from a house adjoining. I asked a policeman what it meant. He said they had a dangerous and infectious disease in that house, and the flag was to give notice of that fact to the public, and that the barricade was to prevent persons from passing the infected premises. He also stated that it was done by order of the city council, and in my rural simplicity I thought how well the city was governed; how careful the city fathers were of the health of their children, and of strangers who sojourn in their midst.

I retraced my steps and took another street.

While walking along, thinking of the excellent sanitary regulations of the city, I noticed ahead of me a red flag suspended over a door that opened on the street. Remembering the yellow flag and its object, and considering the sanguinary hue of the one ahead of me, I naturally concluded that there was another warning, and that an infection most dangerous and deadly was lurking in ambush beneath the folds of the red flag. Approaching nearer, I discovered that I was correct in my suspicions, for I read upon its surface these words in gilt letters, "Fancy drinks and choice liquors." I also observed, in addition, the words "Walk in," on the flag; and seeing another guardian of the peace near me, I approached and asked him what that flag meant. I informed him that I had just seen a yellow flag, and wondered if this red one was also a warning to the public of the dangerous proximity of disease and death. The city watchdog looked at me for a moment with the most unbounded astonishment, depicted on his intellectual features, and as if he doubted for a moment the fact that a veridical of so vivid and brilliant a color as mine could exist in the human mind, when he inquired: "Where you from? Can't you read? Don't you see it's a sign of a drinking saloon?" I informed the gentlemanly official that I was a stranger in the city—a man of bucolic tendencies from an extremely rural district, and did not always fully comprehend all I saw and heard. Seeing my benighted condition, he softened in his manner, and informed me of the nature of a drinking saloon.

He said it was licensed by the city council; that there were a number of hundred in the city, and that a large revenue was derived from the sale of the licenses. I inquired who paid the cost of prosecuting the criminals who became intoxicated at these saloons, and while under the influence of the liquor they obtained committed the many crimes the history of which was published in the daily papers. He looked surprised, and I continued:

DISEASE AND DEATH.

"Don't you know, my friend, that beneath that flag lurks disease more fatal and death more certain than beneath the flag of yellow? Don't you know that the disease here engendered ruins a man, soul and body; brings want and poverty to his wife and children; that it tempts him to commit crime? And more than that, if a man contracts the disease at yellow flag and recovers, he will never contract it again. On the other hand, if the disease is contracted beneath this flag, and the man recovers, he is even more liable to take it than before; that the oftener he has the disease the more likely he is to have it again, until the end comes—abject poverty and certain death. Don't you know all this?" I continued, thinking I was making an impression on the mind of the intellectual and prepossessing public functionary.

"Why, then, does the city barricade the street and hang out a yellow flag, to warn people of their danger yonder, while here men are invited to drink and die?"

I paused for recuperation, and to think up a new supply of logic, when the man with a star on his breast quickly remarked: "Say, stranger, ain't you a lunatic escaped from some asylum? Ain't your friends looking for you, and offering a reward for your recovery?" I passed on, discovering that the seed I had sown had fallen on very stony ground. The officer looked after me until I hastily turned the first corner, and I have no doubt but that to this day, whenever he hears of an escape from a lunatic asylum he firmly believes that he might have pocketed a reward for my arrest.

"There is pleasure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know."

Now, my listeners,

LET US REASON TOGETHER.

Stop and think a moment. In all your life, how many persons did you ever know to die with the smallpox? Have you counted? Very well. Set down the

figures. How many have you known to die from the effects of intoxicating drink? Count them, and set down the figures. Are you not astonished at the result, and that there should be such a universal terror at the ravages of the prevailing epidemic, and such an apathy among the people to the consequences of the greatest curse that ever afflicted mankind? And remember that the plague brings only physical death, while intoxicating liquor kills both morally and physically. The one does not entail poverty and shame, while the other not only does this, but it also poisons the very springs of human life, entails disease from father to child, and makes the innocent offspring suffer for a parent's sins for a number of generations before.

BEFORE A BOARD OF PARDONS.

Several years ago I attended a meeting of the Board of Pardons, a suppliant for mercy in behalf of a young man who had committed a crime while under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

Thirty-four cases were before the Board of Pardons for their consideration. I listened to them all, and as the attorneys appeared, one after another, in behalf of their clients, in nearly every case the same old story was told: "They were drunk when they committed the crime for which they were sentenced." And in every case the liquor was obtained at the licensed saloon or barroom.

There were five cases of homicide, and in every one of them a friend had been killed by a friend, with whom he either was drinking at a licensed bar at the time of the murder, or had been a short time before. No, there was no exception. A husband had come home from a licensed drinking resort, and under the influence of the madness of the licensed cup had cut his wife's throat, and dashed out the brains of his little babe who was nursing at his mother's breast. All these tales of horror I heard at the capitol of our State, and under the very roof where, but the winter before, a vernal senate refused the prayers of their constituents, who asked that the question of prohibition should be submitted to the votes of the people. Oh, shame on the cowardice of those who refuse to accede to a demand so manifestly reasonable and just, through fear of the political influence of those who hold a license to propagate crime and increase the taxation necessary to accomplish its punishment. And shame on the cupid that could only see an increased revenue to the State, when every dollar thus obtained was stained with the sin of a nefarious traffic.

In nearly every application that came before the pardoning board the crime could be traced directly to the influence of intoxicating liquor and habits of drunkenness; and in very many of the cases, the law-licensed sanctuaries of inebriety were the places where the crimes were committed.

One father—an old friend whom I had not seen for many years—asked me to intercede for his fallen son. "He was a good boy," he said, "until he fell into bad company at the saloons and drinking resorts of our city. Then his companions made him drunk and induced him to assist in the commission of the crime for which he was sentenced four years to the penitentiary."

A VERY HEARTRENDING SCENE.

One poor old woman clad in rags came there to ask for the pardon of an only son, who had been sent to prison for an "attempt to kill" a drunken companion. Her hair was as white as the winter snow, her aged form was bowed down with the weight of years and her great sorrow, and tears ran down her furrowed cheeks as she pleaded for the liberation of her boy.

When her case was called she approached the grand tribunal with feeble, tottering steps, and in sentences broken by sobs of anguish, told her pitiful tale to the unheeding ears. She said the criminal was now her only son; that her oldest brother had died in the war of the rebellion—one of them had starved and died in Libby prison; that her youngest had been a good boy and wrought in the iron works in the city of A—; that he worked hard and supported her; that one Saturday evening, after his week's work was done, a companion came along and asked him to go down town with him; that they stopped at a drinking saloon and got some liquor; that her boy was persuaded to drink and soon became intoxicated; that he became noisy, and the saloon-keeper was trying in a brutal manner to put him in the street, when, she said, "Johnny—stabbed—him—with—a knife." She paused between every word of the narrative of his crime, as with sobs of anguish, she told what her boy had done; and then dropping on her knees, in tones of agony that brought tears to many eyes, she prayed for a pardon of her erring son. "Oh, I shall die," she said, "if you do not pardon him." An old and sick man cannot support himself this winter, but if you will let Johnny out he will take care of me."

Her sobs rendered her words unintelligible and an officer raised her from the floor and led her from the room.

Johnny was not pardoned; the august tribunal did not think drunkenness any excuse for crime. Poor boy, what a pity it was that his offense had not been that of "bribing a legislator."

As I listened to the numerous applications for pardon or commutation of punishment made before the board at that meeting, I found that nearly all of the criminals that begged for mercy were the victims of alcohol; it was difficult to realize the fact that, in a land of Christian enlightenment, of churches and free schools, this great incentive to crime

should be protected by law, and its mission of sin and infamy be licensed by our country, and approved of by a free and intelligent people.

What is the object of our criminal code but to suppress crime by prescribing a punishment for its commission? What the end and aim of all our Christian institutions but to suppress vice and immorality, and thereby elevate and improve the moral condition of mankind? What is the object of the sanitary laws and regulations of our country but to protect the health of the people and improve their physical condition?

And while with stringent laws we seek to administer a wholesome remedy to a people sick with sin, and diseased with crime, at the same time by licensing the use of that which promotes sin and increases crime we counteract the effect of our wise laws and proper legislation.

What would be thought of a physician who, called to see a patient stricken down with a disease that threatened the life of the sufferer, would enter the sick-room with the proper remedy in one hand and a counteractive in the other; who after feeling the pulse and examining the tongue of the patient, with apparent skill and solicitude, would at once administer the remedy for the disease, and the next moment prescribe that which would counteract the effects of the medicine? And is not that just what we do by administering our criminal code of law to the people to cure and prevent crime, while by law we license that which increases crime by inciting men to commit it?

In sanitary measures we vaccinate for the lesser disease to prevent men from taking the greater; while by laws that govern men morally and socially, we inoculate them with the virus that prompts them to commit crime, and then punish the criminal.

ITS INFLUENCE IS SEEN EVERYWHERE.

By and through its agency the great demoralizing effects of intemperance permeate alike the private circles of home and the public gatherings of society. Its influence is seen everywhere—among the great ones of earth and the humblest servants of their fellowmen; like the fiend in the fable, it rules its votaries with an iron sway. By it all are tempted to do evil, and never prompted to do good. Its demands are most irresistible and extortionate, yet men submit, and by an irresistible impulse are compelled to obey.

If it demands all that a man possesses—health and wealth, home and friends, wife and children—straightway is the demand recognized and complied with. But few have the physical and moral power to say no, but will bow in submission to its mandates and in obedience to its will.

This fact is well portrayed in the following poem by the Rev. Mr. Maclellan, of Scotland:

"A fiend once met a humble man
At night, in the cold, dark street,
And led him into a palace fair,
Whom music circled sweet;
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart
From frost and darkness screened,
Till his heart grew mad beneath the joy,
And he worshipped before the fiend."

"Ah, well if he ne'er had knelt to that fiend."

For a taskmaster grim was he;
And he said: "One-half of thy life on earth
I enjoin thee to yield to me;
And when from rising till set of sun
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be."

And the poor man ne'er said no.
"The poor man had health more dear
Than gold,"

Stout bone and muscle strong,
That neither faint nor weary grew,
To toil the June day long;
And the fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,

"Thy strength thou must forego,
Or thou no worshiper art of mine,"
And the poor man ne'er said no.

"Three children blessed the poor man's home,
Stray angels dropped on earth;
The fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,
And he laughed in fearful mirth,
"Bring forth thy little ones," quoth he,
"My godhead will it so;
I want an evening sacrifice,"

And the poor man ne'er said no.

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,
Who, since she blushed a bride,
Had gilded his sorrows and brightened his joys,

His guardian, friend and guide.
Foul fall the fiend! he gave command,
"Come, mix the cup of woe,
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dreg."

And the poor man ne'er said no.

"O, misery now for this poor man,
O, deepest of misery;
Next, the fiend his god-like reason took,
And among the beasts fed he;
And when the sentinel mind was gone,
He pillered his soul also,
And—marvel of marvels—he murmured not;

The poor man ne'er said no.

"Now men and matrons in your prime,
Children and grandfathers old,
Come listen with soul as well as ear,
This saying whilst I unfold:
O, listen, till your brain whirls 'round
And your heart is sick, to think
That in America all this befall."

And the name of the fiend was DRINK."

Dissembled love is like the poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness.—Sewell.

How still the evening is as hushed on purpose to grace harmony.—Shakespeare.

WOMAN'S DAY AT LILLY DALE.

Grand and Effective Addresses, with Music, Dances, Etc.

The event of the season at Cassadaga, always looked forward to with bright anticipations, always prepared for with profuse decorations, yellow bunting, flying flags and patriotic banners—is Woman's Day, a day set apart for the discussion of equal suffrage and any minor questions pertinent to the betterment of man's helpmate.

Last Wednesday, August 21st, ushered in this important event, and with its dawning thousands of visitors and ex-citizens arrived, attracted by the brilliant speakers advertised.

The morning address was given by Mrs. Carrie Chapman-Catt, of New York, National Organizer of the suffrage work.

Mrs. Catt is a sweet-spirited lady, presenting the subject of woman's enfranchisement in an entirely new light, clear and logical. She had never been on the C. L. F. A. platform, and opened her remarks by the statement that she had never met a Spiritualist that was not a woman's suffragist. In fact, she had never met a citizen from famous Chautauque county that was not a believer in woman's political equality.

Every soul attuned to the higher development of humanity was keenly susceptible to a fine, grand and lofty sentiment that throbbled throughout the universe. All through the centuries the chase toward the lofty and ideal has been going on until to-day the grandest sentiment impelling the race onward is woman's suffrage—the uplifting of motherhood.

While there still remains a vast army who do not acknowledge it a question of human liberty, this army is composed of liquor manufacturers, saloonkeepers, libertines and the utterly indifferent.

Every man or woman signing a remonstrance against suffrage must stand hand-in-hand with this class, for everyone must be for or against the reform.

A brief and instructive history of Wyoming's admission to the Union as a full suffrage State was given, conclusively proving that none of the miseries prophesied had resulted. Stories circulated to the contrary had originated with a horse-thief sentenced by a jury of women, and a politician defeated by the ballots of women.

An ideal government to be realized in the future, would mean greater liberty to all its people and better institutions. Although the American people are expending millions of dollars yearly on public schools, illiteracy is on the increase; according to statistics, soon we will not be able to build penitentiaries sufficient to hold our criminals. We exceed all other nations in the amount of idleness and lunatics, and therefore cannot be on the high road to an ideal government.

In the State of Wyoming, where for the past twenty-five years women have been politically equal with men, we find quite the reverse of these conditions.

There compulsory education exists, and it would be impossible to find a child in all the State ten years of age that cannot read and write. Thus, to-day, Wyoming leads all other States in the Union in intelligence, while it also has the smallest per cent. of criminality of any State in the world.

All the State there is neither jail, poorhouse nor insane asylum, nor a single idiot. The authorities give honorable employment to all needing it—none but a cripple or invalid could be a pauper in Wyoming. These must be the conditions in the ideal government of the future.

The lady said, while it could not be proved that woman suffrage in Wyoming deserved all the credit, it had undoubtedly been a large and important factor—it had proven good for the State, good for the man and good for the woman, and could safely be copied and followed by other States and people.

Woman suffrage might not bring the millennium, but it was certainly headed in that direction. The speaker agreed with the South Carolina politician who said that if the women of his State would only prove that after the franchise was given, they would exercise it, it would be readily granted.

There is no danger of woman becoming man's political rival, so very few having aspirations in that direction, but they would be a great balance of power for good, and the way to catch their vote would be to put self-respecting, morally clean and honorable men on the ticket. Women do not care for party, they look for principle and truth, and would look at politics with pure eyes, demanding that representatives should be of such character and moral integrity that their sons could honor, respect and safely follow.

Rev. Ida Hultun, of Moline, Ill., occupied the platform in the afternoon, holding the vast audience entranced by her oratory and magnetic personality. "I wonder," said the lady, "if you have heard about the new woman?" The words that each spring put forth fresh foliage and blossom, are not new words, but the words with fresh expression. Humanity, in its eternal possibilities, constantly evolving toward the higher, expressing itself anew; but it is ever the same humanity, the same woman who came up out of the jungle with man, the same woman who has borne and reared his children.

The Spartan and American wife and mother are the same woman born under new possibilities, the same woman who has from the beginning loved, served and sacrificed.

The hope of humanity is in the freedom and elevation of its womanhood; until women are politically free all of humanity will not be out of the jungles. Miss Hultun advised young ladies to avoid matrimonial alliances with men of dictatorial nature and illiberal views. It is a disgrace, Miss Hultun declared, that women are born under such obstacles, such fetters and restrictions, over which they must climb before making their way in the world.

Women have no quarrel with their creator—they do not want to be men—there are very many reasons why they do not; they do not want to be angels nor ornaments, neither set upon a pedestal and be worshipped. All they desire or wish or ask is just to be womanly women, allowed to take their places as women and do their part for the good of humanity.

Woman's sphere has been mapped out for her by man, one contracted little orbit, when it should be all the world; for it is possible for her to shoot out of her sphere and get lost in immensity.

Woman's sphere is where she can do the greatest good. The ideal home is a part of her sphere; it should also be a

part of man's sphere; the ideal national life, the sphere for both. Let us have an ideal life for man as well as woman, and a sphere for both so broad, so high, so infinite, it cannot be compassed by mortal mind.

In the onward march of human development, the national life is a means to an end, and while it makes laws to punish wrong, it ignores her in every other way. Is it not high time woman should be recognized politically? The only thing that woman hasn't had to do with is so dirty that contact is said to be pollution. Is it not time she came in touch with politics to its purification?

National life is a synonym of a glorious, a free people, but our nation is run by pollsters and pollsters.

We are not, said Miss Hultun, afraid of the bad women; not half so much afraid of them as we are of those who make them bad.

Give us the ballot; we need it to protect the virtue of our women. In States where the ballot has been granted woman, in two years the age of consent has been changed from eleven to twenty-one years.

The real womanhood, the real motherhood is asking expression in our national life. The hand that rocks the cradle is not the hand that rules the world, if back of that hand there is a fatherhood low and vile.

Women should demand virtue for virtue, morality for morality, respectability for respectability.

What right has a man whose soul is stained with sins to a degree past mention, to wed purity and virtue? To-day pure, innocent young maidenhood is bought and sold at the shrine of mammon to the highest bidder, whose very touch is pollution and damnation.

What can be expected of children who come of such vile barterhood? To-day we are asking women to realize she has a right to demand purity and virtue in the man she marries.

Boys must be boys; girls must be kept pure, and by-and-by the boys lead these pure girls to perdition. Let us face this problem in a loyal sense of responsibility, and the time will not be far distant when one code of morals must be lived by both.

We do not ask the ballot simply because we are women, but we do demand all things because we are women and the mothers of the race.

To become an engineer, a mechanic, requires service, apprenticeship, to become parents nothing is demanded, no service, no preparation. For the future welfare of the race, we ask education for parenthood, as well as for any other important thing in life. To meet this, man must be more manly, woman more womanly—founded upon the real intelligence of equality. One cannot rise while the other is down; only a free woman can bear free sons. When the day of woman's political enfranchisement dawns, there will still be marrying and giving in marriage. Woman will still love honor and family. The home will become more sacred, the marriage bond more holy; the wife the priestess, the husband the priest, and the newly-born race a transfigured humanity.

At the close of her address Miss Hultun was given an ovation.

Mrs. Ellen Cheney, Chautauque County Political Equality President, was the chairwoman of the day. Miss Mary Anthony read a letter from the illustrious Susan B. Anthony. Mrs. R. S. Little briefly spoke of the noble work in the suffrage cause done in the past by Mrs. Marion Skidmore, who was the originator of Woman's Day at Cassadaga.

Fredonia's Crescent Male Quartette rendered several taking numbers, and the Northwestern Band made the Dale vibrate with their glorious melodies. In the evening a grand hop was given in the pavilion under the auspices of the ladies, when the fair maidens were permitted to lead their partners out, and the dear boys were occasionally allowed to play wall-flower. The gate and dance receipts were the largest of the season, the occasion being in all respects a complete success. SHIRLEY BELLE.

Another Word for Mrs. Kayner.

The Spiritualists of Mitchell county, Iowa, in band together with the following regarding Mrs. I. W. Kayner:

Several members of the County Spiritualists' Association attended the camp-meeting at Minneapolis, Minn. While there, we met and concluded to hire the best medium on the camp-grounds, or to put it milder, a medium that was best adapted to come among skeptics and give unbelievers thoughts to take home with them.

We have not been disappointed in our judgment; Mrs. Kayner is truly a wonderful medium in many phases. Her first tests and exhibitions are highly appreciated and interesting; her psychometric readings are grand and convincing. They seem to touch one's innermost soul. They seem to develop the best part of one's self.

The society has on foot a camp organization situated at Ottumwa, Iowa, and to do eminent justice to Mrs. Kayner, I will say she was entranced and drew all specifications necessary to make the new camp a glowing success. It is certainly a lovely spot, and she says she sees, in the near future, people coming from all parts of the Union to visit us.

Mrs. Kayner leaves us soon, as her "time is out," for Chicago.

S. Ansgar, Ottumwa, Stacyville, and "Groveland Home" have each shared in witnessing her powers.

The once famous E. V. Wilson, now in the other life, is the father of Mrs. Kayner; he was once here and gave lectures to large and spellbound audiences, just as does his daughter.

When they join hands "over there," may the world that they leave behind miss them, and erect monuments to their memory. S. V. WARDALL.

Max Hoffman as a Medium.

To THE EDITOR:—In none of the reports of Mt. Pleasant Park have I seen the name of Max Hoffman mentioned. He came among us in his quiet, gentlemanly manner, and had he not given some of the most astonishing and wonderful spirit-writings that have been given the past season, he would have remained in quietude, but the Spirit-world would not have it so, but gave that to skeptics that brought his name to the front as an honest and efficient slate-writer. I am glad to state he was kept busy the two weeks of his stay with us, giving forty-eight sittings for the seances, in that time. I hear nothing but good words for his work, and felt it but just his work should be made known.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other.—Johnson.

MAPLE DELL CAMP.

Items of Interest From This Noted Ohio Resort.

The Cause Flourishing Throughout the Land—List of Camps.

TO THE EDITOR:—After a five weeks' session Maple Dell Camp came to a full stop on the 25th of August. The season has been a very prosperous one; from 1,500 to 2,000 people have been the attendants on Sundays, and the week-day audiences have been good ones.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets has aided Mrs. Jennie B. Jackson for the past week and we have had a fine course of lectures from these ladies. The lessons taught have been instructive ones. Psychic classes, conferences and the lectures are of the highest character, for Maple Dell and all of her auxiliaries intend to make the work of the National Spiritual and Religious Association through all the State simply schools of instruction for people, and to teach such lessons as will ennoble and elevate all of the people that come under the influence of our work, so that we may free them from the errors of the religious teachings of the past.

Mrs. Sheets is the vice-president of the camp-meeting at Grand Ledge, Mich., and is one of the best ones that have come to us during this camp. She holds her audiences in rapt attention, her remarks are very forcible and eloquent, and strike home. We hope to see her here again next season. She returns in a few days to her own camp-work at Grand Ledge.

The Jacksons—Jennie and her husband—have been with us for two weeks, the wife lecturing and talking in our classes, at conference answering questions and doing other work. She is the most adapted to camp work of any woman in our ranks. She lectures and describes and explains the work of their stereopticon as the pictures are thrown upon the large canvas across the stage by her husband. We have had three of the Jacksons' exhibitions of the stereopticon work, first the scenes and pictures of the White City, or World Fair scenes, then the most evening we had an entertainment consisting of the pictures of scenes in the various camps that they have visited, also portraits of many of our noted workers, among them Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Mathison, of Buffalo, N. Y.; J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Amelia M. Gladding and others. Then on Monday night they gave us the World's Fair pictures again. The request to use the White City scenes a second time came from many of the old campers. The whole of these several scenes were put before the audiences in a good and truly artistic manner. The descriptions that Mrs. Jackson gave were clear-cut and definite in the extreme. These illuminated entertainments of the Jacksons are worth many times more than the nominal fee charged for admission. Mr. Jackson is an artist in his line, and a first-class one at that; he does nothing but good and well-finished work, with first-class material and first-class workmanship. They obtained many views of scenes about camp at Maple Dell, and will use them in the future.

Buffalo has been well represented at our camp by Mrs. Augusta Armstrong, A. H. Bacon and J. W. Dennis. Dr. Bulcher, of Chardon, Ohio, is a magnetic healer; he is a successful one and does a thriving business wherever he is located. Hon. A. B. French, the silver-tongued orator of Ohio, came to camp about the middle of August, and he draws like a whirlwind no matter where he speaks. The Ohio people are proud of A. B. French, of Clyde.

Mrs. Anna L. Robinson is another one of our workers who never lacks an audience; we hope to see her with us again next season. She is now at Hannibal, Mo., camp, doing her best to redeem the world from the darkness of our former teachings in a religious way.

Whoever was inspired to choose this spot for one of the summer assemblies of Spiritualists, has an impressive medium of a high order, and deserves to rank as such if he or she never has another inspiration. The place is simply perfect. We are at the southern extremity of the lake, a little to the east, and immediately on its border. A natural wooded slope forms the amphitheatre, which will one day be filled with thousands of people who will come to hear the words of wisdom that fall from inspired lips, and receive messages from their spirit friends—a sacred shrine more truly consecrated than Delphos or the Druidical groves of ancient days.

Much has been done already to make this one of the most, if not the most attractive of all the shrines that Spiritualists, investigators and skeptics frequent while pursuing recreation and instruction.

Of the scenery, the possible pleasures, the boating, bathing and fishing, the excursions to the many beautiful places of resort along the lake which one can return from in half a day, albeit plans have been written. Here we nestle among the first spurs of the Adirondacks—a sort of preparation for that vast, wonderful succession of heights that one gradually enters further north. Mount Prospect, opposite this hotel, is about 800 feet higher than the surface of the lake, and is ascended by a cable line that, from this distance, looks like a miniature or toy railway with little cars slowly (apparently) creeping along the track. The view from that height was an inspiration on Sunday morning, and will remain such for all the coming years of the writer's life.

The Hotel Woodfin, happily named by the wife of the proprietor, is the one feature needed at all the camps; a good, homelike, comfortable, well-kept hotel, the building is new, clean, attractive, and the cuisine is exceptionally good. Many who have visited other new camps have been compelled to leave for lack of accommodations; here they will find every home comfort, and the beauties of nature besides.

Mine host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Seelye, are both by nature and experience perfectly qualified for their places. Their gift is not only natural, but has a sort of inspiration in it, too. They both embody the genius of true hospitality. Can one say more?

There are several fine cottages, and more to be erected this coming season for next summer. I am sure our Spiritualist friends who go somewhere every year cannot find a more lovely spot for a brief visit or a summer sojourn than this. The programme will be composed of the best speaking and test mediums procurable each year.

A good summer tour would be to be

of Maple Dell Camp are in a good and flourishing condition, and all looks bright for the future of our National Spiritual and Religious Association.

There is room in this great State for ten large camps and there will be ten in the State before five years pass over our heads. The more the better for the race of mankind on earth.

I send you a list of the various camps, so that you can let your numerous readers know how we are flourishing:

1. Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass.
2. Onset Bay Camp, Mass.
3. Mount Pleasant Park Camp, Iowa.
4. Vicksburg Camp, Mich.
5. Long Beach Camp, California.
6. Northwestern Camp, Minnesota.
7. Lake George Camp, New York.
8. Chesterfield Camp, Indiana.
9. Dale (Cassadaga) Camp, New York.
10. Derry Camp, Kansas.
11. Maple Dell Camp, Ohio.
12. Island Lake Camp, Michigan.
13. Queen City Camp, Mass.
14. Devil's Lake Camp, Michigan.
15. Maumee Valley Camp, Ohio.
16. Chicago Camp, Illinois.
17. Sunapee Lake Camp, N. H.
18. Lake Brady Camp, Ohio.
19. Haslett Park Camp, Michigan.
20. Catalpa Park Camp, Liberal, Mo.
21. Woolley's Summerland Beach Camp, Ohio.
22. Lookout Mountain Camp, Tenn.
23. Santa Monica Camp, California.
24. Tyler's Park Camp, Ft. Worth, Tex.
25. Riverside Park Camp, Mich.
26. Pleasant Grove Camp, Mich.
27. Summerland Camp, California.
28. Woolley's Park Camp, Ashley, Ohio.
29. Indian Mound Camp, Missouri.
30. Delphos Camp, Kansas.
31. Camp at Muskegon, Mich.
32. Southern Cassadaga Camp, Florida.
33. Camp at Pensacola, Fla.
34. Elma Camp, Maine.
35. New Era Camp, Oregon.
36. Lake View Camp, Ludington, Mich.
37. Verona Camp, Maine.
38. Niantic Camp, Connecticut.
39. Temple Heights Camp, Maine.
40. Orion Camp, Michigan.
41. Camp Progress, Mass.
42. Colorado Springs Camp, Colo.
43. Harwich Camp, Cape Cod, Mass.

If anyone finds fault with this list let them write to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and have it corrected. Thirty years ago the Methodist camps covered the land; to-day the Spiritualist camps are distributed from Maine to Oregon, and from Canada to below the Gulf of Mexico, and Spiritualism is sweeping over this fair land like wildfire and we are converting the world to our cause, for we are outstripping all other denominations and have more camps than any other denomination ever had. We are now spreading our glorious truths to all mankind. Our dear old friend Talmage makes this very sensible remark: "The world is converting the church instead of the church converting the world," and so let it be, for we are converting the church people by the thousands; the old must make way for the new, and the new is the sublime teachings from the higher side of life. J. W. DENNIS.

LAKE GEORGE CAMP.

A Letter From Paradise.

The Beauty and Grandeur of the Scene Vividly Pictured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having passed the entire summer at different camps and spiritual assemblies; having drunk of the cool waters and absorbed the beauties of the Northwest, near St. Paul and Minneapolis; having sojourned two weeks at that Mecca of all true Spiritualists, Cassadaga Lake, and having bathed in the waters, inhaled the rare breezes and sailed on the sparkling Onset Bay, I find myself literally impoverished here, among the mountains, beside this island-gemmed lake in this more than "Switzerland of America."

Whoever was inspired to choose this spot for one of the summer assemblies of Spiritualists, has an impressive medium of a high order, and deserves to rank as such if he or she never has another inspiration. The place is simply perfect. We are at the southern extremity of the lake, a little to the east, and immediately on its border. A natural wooded slope forms the amphitheatre, which will one day be filled with thousands of people who will come to hear the words of wisdom that fall from inspired lips, and receive messages from their spirit friends—a sacred shrine more truly consecrated than Delphos or the Druidical groves of ancient days.

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gin at Clinton or Minneapolis camps (or both); visit Lake Brady, Cassadaga, Lake George, Lake Pleasant and Onset; then on to New Hampshire or Maine, thus giving a variety of scenery and experiences. One could come here for a month or two and wish that the summer would never end.

Of my work, under the influence of my guides at the various camps, others have written, but I must say that Sunday here was an ideal day. After a morning trip up the mountain, a sail on the lake, the three-o'clock service commenced under the chairmanship of Brother M. B. Little, of Glen Falls (an exceptionally good chairman), he being a speaker also in our ranks. The rare good fortune was ours of having Prof. J. Jay Watson, his accomplished daughter to furnish the musical numbers for the day and evening. A stone or stick ought to be inspired with such surroundings and such music. What the guides said on the occasion, those familiar with their utterances can best judge.

But speaking about paradise: A little boat touched at the pier at Crosbyside at 1:30, a party of three stepped on board to find a shady side of the boat and "drink in" the scene. We glided along the even-varying waters—now smooth, now ruffled, now quite animated, owing to our position. Mountains, islands, verdure, villas, presenting an almost endless variety. We touched at every point along the lake, crossing and recrossing. Here the seclusion of the hermit; there the gay colors; many boats and beautifully dressed crowds witnessing the regatta. At last we make a little detour and enter through a narrow channel into the islands of the best, for this is "Paradise Bay." In and out we glide, and there are other channels too small for one steamer, where I was sure I saw a line and her fairy canoe filled with children passing for never will you see a scene more like Ouida's home in the Spirit-land, than this beautiful Lake George and Paradise Bay. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Mount Pleasant Park Camp, Clinton, Iowa.

The season of 1895 ended in a triumph never before realized, we believe, in the history of this unique camp. All the mediums, with some isolated exceptions, were kept busy throughout the season and gave general satisfaction. While the camp was not overstocked with mediums, the quality of the mediumship and the work done were such as to dignify the camp and glorify the cause itself. The social standard was noticeably higher and the moral tone of the investigators and visitors from Clinton and neighboring towns and States was beautiful to behold. The cause received not the scoffs but the respect of the outside world.

The Misses Lizzie and May Bangs, together with Dr. Rothermel, gave very successful public seances. The noble and true exponent of the Spirit-world, the renowned Edgar Emerson, gave general satisfaction, and his tests were marvelous in nearly every instance. Sunbeam, his guiding intelligence, has the gratitude of the whole camp. She is clear, accurate and sweet in all that she gives, and uplifts the weary while feeding the hungry and convincing the doubting public.

Mrs. Gill, too, deserves special mention, as do the other test mediums who so generously assisted the management in making the Sunday public seances attractive and satisfactory.

The discourses of J. Frank Baxter and Mrs. Gladding were eloquent and powerful, and their versatile test and social work won for them a host of friends.

Last Sunday at 10:30 a. m., the guides spoke through me to an audience that crowded the pavilion, on "The Atonement Viewed from the Standpoint of Spiritualism." The subject being given a few minutes before by a committee of whom Mr. Wheelock was chairman. Thomas Starr King was the inspiring intelligence.

Professor Lockwood closed his wonderful work of teaching in the afternoon before an immense audience, and handled his subject in his usual vigorous and eloquent manner. He fills a unique place in our ranks and we know that he is doing a grand work.

My classes in clairvoyance, inspiration and psychometry drew about the gates of the camp, and interested students, who are exponents of the magic teaching of the angels, and who felt grateful for the higher understanding concerning spiritual gifts and their unfoldment which came to them through the inspirations of the spirit.

We must not close this letter without giving special mention to Woman's Day and the noble utterances in favor of equal rights and suffrage before the law, and especially the beautiful discourse given by the speaker of the day, Dr. Armstrong, of Buffalo, N. Y. Will C. Hodge, the genial and indefatigable secretary, piloted the work in his usual quiet and gracious manner. We bespeak for him the larger measure of appreciation and co-operation which all our workers need who in the field are sowing the seed of truth and love as well as of spirit communion and deathlessness.

Now that our camp-meeting is over, may all the mediums and speakers be given that patronage which will keep the light of inspiration in the world and bring the sons and daughters of earth into a knowledge of the truth which Spiritualism so beautifully and sweetly imparts. J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Camp at Marshalltown, Iowa.

The Central Iowa Spiritual Association held its first camp-meeting on the fair grounds at Marshalltown, that State, commencing July 13 and ending August 4. Max Hoffman, of Chicago, president, and Mrs. M. Summers, also of Chicago, vice-president, and Mrs. E. T. Reynolds, of Marshalltown, secretary; and these officers were also the principal mediums and lecturers present, who satisfactorily entertained the audiences during that happy sojourn of Spiritualists at their retreat.

Mrs. Summers delivered the closing lecture in original but elegant metaphor, under the National flag and with happy allusions thereto, greeted with applause. The daily attendance was regular and respectful, and even enthusiastic. The seances were of course satisfactory, and even peculiarly no debt was left unpaid, and a little money remains in the treasury. Fresh cut flowers constantly decorated the platform, good music inspired the audience, and instructive lectures and satisfactory tests were almost continuous. The association will make preparations for a greater occasion next year. M. H.

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THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN

—AND—

THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1895.

Words of Cheer.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago, we chanced to engage in conversation with a very worthy and learned Universalist clergyman, with whom we had held pleasant social relations for many years. He had retired from the ministry with a competence, respected by everybody. During our colloquy he told of his pleasant acquaintance with a Congregational clergyman, on whose ministrations he occasionally attended, remarking: "He and I agree very well in our religious views. The only real difference is in name. The whole doctrine of original sin, the fall of man, of the atonement, and of course, vicarious suffering, he repudiates as earnestly as I do. His hell theory is the position of advanced Universalists."

We inquired: "Do you not aspire to enter the pulpit again, and denounce those pernicious dogmas which for ages have blighted the world's happiness?" "No," was his prompt reply. "The Universalists have accomplished their mission. They have exposed the fallacy of an eternal hell, and shown the idea to be inconsistent with that of an Almighty Parent. The educated clergy of all denominations have weighed our logic, and read the Bible in the light of our criticisms, and very generally discarded their former teachings. The fight is now among themselves, and will sooner reach a satisfactory conclusion by the Universalists, who set the ball in motion, remaining outside, mere observers, in no way mingling in the fray. The right will be victor, and hell will be extinguished, as have been the old Pagans from whom the Christians borrowed the horrible doctrine."

It was on that occasion, perhaps an earlier one, we inquired of the learned gentleman's views of Col. Ingorsoll and his teachings. He said he had just listened to his admirable lecture on "Skulls."

"I do not recall a single expression in that discourse to which I took an exception. Indeed, I indited it most fully. The Colonel was a regular attendant on the services of the Universalist church at Peoria. He had a holy horror of hell. It had been a nightmare with him in all his youthful years. When he reached the age to think for himself he discarded the God-dishonoring doctrine. No, his mission, as he expresses it, is to 'kick hell,' which he is doing very effectively, and in which we can all heartily engage. The abuse the church has heaped upon him has made him more bitter than is his nature. This induced him to assail many other false teachings which have crept into the church, which need his fiery invective, irony and eloquence to demolish."

He continued: "The church will gradually recede from its false positions. Hell out of the way, the fall of man no longer believed, the dogma of a triune God will be discarded, then all the churches will occupy common ground. Their organizations will remain for social purposes; but the differences between them will be mostly in name, certainly not in creed. Already Arminianism and Calvinism, so much discussed fifty years ago, have wholly disappeared from church circles, and in that regard there is to-day little difference between Methodists and Presbyterians. It will soon be so with every other issue now agitating the religious world."

Heaven hasten the day when the good preacher's words shall be fully realized. We can hear the glad acclaim—"So say we all!"

The Priest Rules.

Without regard to the moral influence or the graceful appearance of the bicycle costume for ladies, the following news paragraph from Terre Haute, Ind., shows how the priest rules the world, and makes his subjects abject slaves. The people of these United States rose, in rebellion, and throwed through a seven years' war to waded off British rule, because they imposed an unjust tax, small of itself, on foreign imports. But here is a tyrannical power, with headquarters at Rome, which manipulates all our social relations, and every home dictates their food and even the cut of their clothes, and ostracizes them because they adapt their apparel to the needs of a changed mode of travel. We quote:

"Rev. Father Wilson, of St. Joseph's

Roman Catholic Church, has created no end of discussion among the members of his congregation. Father Wilson does not approve of the bicycle bloomer. He said it was not becoming to a young woman, according to his idea of a woman, and in the course of his remarks further said that the woman members of his congregation who preferred to wear the bicycle costume should be recognized by him on the street, and further, those who knew him and spoke to him would be ignored. It is understood that several young women who had decided to come out in the new woman dress have changed their minds on the strength of the sermon."

Let Us Have Peace.

"What can any sane man think of Spiritualist writers and thinkers who consider it their duty to teach that Jesus is a myth?" inquires S. Well, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of two weeks ago.

That seems an honest question, and as the writer believes himself sane, so he will reply: It is very evident those "writers and lecturers" are honest and conscientious. Believing this character, Jesus, a myth they have no hesitation in so stating. The polly-teacher may suppress his honest convictions, hoping by that means to gain some converts. That may have been a good plan for Paul, but the age in which he lived has long since passed. Now we are searching for the truth, not planning how we can best build up a creed.

If a Spiritualist or any person has investigated the subject, and has reached the conclusion that Jesus is not a historical character, notwithstanding his alleged godhood, but is a myth, the material of which dreams are made, let him have the manliness, if he writes or speaks on the subject, to give the world the benefit of his convictions.

It matters not how old an error is, or how numerous its adherents, the brave man, feeling and knowing he is in the right, is perfectly justified in promulgating and defending his views. To do otherwise betrays the sycophant.

"Who bends the supple hinges of the knee That thrift may follow fawning."

The very best course for writers to pursue is to be honest, express their own opinions, and allow others to do so without reflecting on their integrity or judgment.

The columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on all the controverted subjects which divide Spiritualists and Liberalists, have been a sort of open court, and it is the purpose of the publisher to retain them in that position. Tolerance and courtesy on the part of those entertaining conflicting opinions are jewels of inestimable value, which all should keep in mind.

Colonel Ingorsoll, though an Agnostic, does not deny the truths of Spiritualism. Not convinced of spirit return he is noble enough to say: "It may be true, but I have not sufficient evidence to convince me of the fact." Churchmen assert the proposition is false, and brand all with being infidels, else in possession of weak minds, who believe to the contrary. We own to great respect for the evidence, and have little in common with those who decide adversely without investigation, at the same time outraging the sincere inquirer with censure and foul epithets.

Orthodox Christians believe and teach that Jesus is God, equal and co-eternal with the father. This extravagant claim has alienated millions from the church, and driven them into what our good Brother Well may deem an extreme opposite position—the total rejection of the individuality of that character; but they have as good right to maintain that position as had the brother of the opposite, and they are "minding their own business" when they so express themselves.

First Insane Asylum.

The preachers are boastful in their claim that the finest hospitals were Christian devices for relief of the unfortunate; but it is not true, save as regards insane asylums. We concede they were the originators of that kind of hospitals, and that as early as the sixteenth century at Jerusalem. Gibbon in his 37th chapter says one was founded in that city for the reception of pious monks who lost their senses by their devotion to God. The principal use of this class of hospitals from that time to this has been to furnish retreats for those maddened by an excess of what is popularly called religion.

On page 587, 18th volume Encyclopaedia Britannica, second column, it is stated that Anoka, an Indian prince, became a Buddhist about B. C. 263. "He then founded hospitals for men and beasts throughout his realm, planted places where nothing had grown before, and provided wells and grew trees along the roads for the refreshment of man and beast. Further, he caused his example in these things to be followed by his neighbors, whether southern or western."

Is there one Christian preacher in the wide world who will have the manliness to credit the following of Buddha with the invention of hospitals? And dare any of them tell the truth, that the followers of Jesus were the first who constructed insane asylums for the care of their own lunatics?

Forget and Forgive.

Cardinal Gibbon has just returned from Rome, after an absence from America of fifteen weeks. He brings back the delightful information that "the Pope takes deep interest in America and Americans, and frequently expressed his admiration for our political institutions." Isn't that just charming? The holy father has learned that honey will catch more flies than vinegar, so the latter is discarded. Now, Protestants, hurry up your concessions, forget all the outrages perpetrated upon you by your good mother, and throw yourselves into her loving arms, otherwise inquisitorial fires may burn again.

Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Hon. A. B. Richmond, now recognized as the Sage of Cassadaga, has something interesting to say on the subject of Temperance in this issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. His lecture will well pay perusal.

A Lost Art.

During the convulsions of nature, the revolutions of empires, and the upheavals of society, many of the most distinguished discoveries in the arts and sciences are said to have been lost. The most important of these—and invaluable had it been preserved to our day—was that of opening passages through seas and rivers, making walls of water on either hand, so large bodies of men, women and children could pass through on dry land. That such art was formerly in existence there can be no doubt; indeed, none but a mean skeptic would controvert the fact. We have Bible authority for it, and it is just as well sustained as is the statement that the mighty universe, its suns and stars and all the wonderful hosts of heaven, were made in six days out of nothing; or that Samson caught three hundred foxes, tied their tails together with a fire-brand between, and turned them loose to the terror of the Philistines, and to the destruction of their growing grain. No, no; it is only infidels who will call in question the divine word. The walls were built up instantly, Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, the waters were divided, and were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.

In this age, walls built of stone, at enormous cost, give way and the daimonic waters deluge the people. Witness the terrible calamity at Johnstown, Pa., a few years ago. Had the ancient art of making walls of water been preserved to our time, that flood, death and desolation would not have occurred.

But, it is claimed, God made that wall; that he has all power, and that the waves are the instruments of his pleasure, and of His wrath. Well, that was a good while ago. He has probably forgotten how it was done ere this. It is unquestionably a lost art with Him, for He has ceased to operate in that direction.

The Church and Ignorance.

The great triumph of Christianity was in Southern Europe. It was there it reigned supreme for centuries, the governments in its service, and opposition was silenced by the stake and firebrand. The cross is seen on every mountain and is met in every valley. It is set up at cross roads, and is venerated by all who pass it; and yet, say the papers, "Of the 17,000,000 population of Spain, over 11,000,000 can neither read nor write." Free thought is silenced there by law. Invention and enterprise are dead, and Spain is a survival of middle-age barbarism.

We have no statistics from Italy, but unless a great revolution has been effected in that country during the last twenty-five years, her people, like Spain, are ignorant, superstitious and priest-led. They are the servile tools of the church, sacrificing everything on its shrines.

Advancing northward, where intelligence is more widely diffused, and the power of the church is lessened, we see the people better educated, more industrious, and the rights of man better protected. Germany, infidel Germany, as the preachers are pleased to term it, is the best educated country, and contains the most industrious and happiest people on the globe.

The British Islands: Contrast the skepticism and very general intelligence of England with church-ridden Ireland. In America, our inventors are almost invariably what the church terms infidels. The press is constantly denounced as in sympathy with infidelity. The uneducated foreigners who come among us are the most ignorant and debased of our population; they who are ever invading the country in strikes; from whom the greatest danger to free institutions may be apprehended; they are the most faithful servants of that church which invented Christianity, and has perpetuated its superstitions.

The Chicago Camp-Meeting.

TO THE EDITOR:—The distinguished presence of Dr. Wilkins, the popular representative of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, was signally missed from our spiritual camp-ground last Sunday—being on duty, I suppose, elsewhere—and in consequence his fertile pen will be missed, this week, by your many readers. Because of his absence I was instructed to inform you that the financial report of the camp will be placed in your hands for publication in next week's issue. Mr. Porter has resigned, and George B. Warner, a man of fine ability, was elected as president in his stead, and this change of presidency has given universal satisfaction, and now perfect confidence and harmony reigns supreme. The attendance on Sunday was fair, and the diversified talent was excellent, but next Sunday promises some rare attractions. I will further add that this report of the association selling spurious stock certificates in a malicious and stupendous falsehood, having not the least shadow of truth for its foundation.

DR. R. GREER.

A life of ease is a difficult pursuit.—Copper.

Temperance is a bridle of gold.—Burton.

Vanity is the poison of agreeableness.—Greville.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature.—Lavater.

Best men are often molded out of faults.—Shakespeare.

Bad advice is often most fatal to the adviser.—Flaccus.

O, mysterious night! Thou art not silent! Many tongues hast thou.—Joanna Baillie.

Try to imprison the restless wind, so swift is guilt, so hard to be confined.—Dryden.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong, for they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.—Butler.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Joselyn Gage. A royal volume, of more than common intrinsic value. The subject is treated with masterly ability; showing why the church has and has not done for woman. It is full of information on the subject, and should be read by every one. Price \$2, post paid.

HERE AND THERE.

He Hits Right Out Straight

And Exposes Many Coddled Errors.

Unless I take a paper into the cars with me I seldom find the time to read it. On my way to Haslett Park, to-day, I read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of August 24th, and, if I were to write for you columns, a sermon on every text I found in its articles, and you were to print it, you would have to make your sheet as large as a bed-blanket. I can only touch up a thought or two for your THINKER. First:

THE GREAT VIOLINIST, J. JAY WATSON, is himself an inspired musician. "His article, 'In the Realm of Music,' strikes the nail on the head. I have sometimes thought that it was because I was an old fossil that I did not appreciate what is called the new music. Music, if it has any purpose, is designed to set the vibrations of sound into rhythmic action, and thus bring about a harmony in the elements not otherwise easily affected; but when the ear strains itself to watch the slides and jumps, and gyrations of many of the modern classical performances, the effect is anything but salutary.

I believe thoroughly in congregational singing, especially when led by a good choir, or a good soloist. I do not believe in Spiritualism generally assembled to be sung to, lectured to, and prayed for; and therefore get little real growth out of the meetings; whereas, if all participated and sung, in sweet harmony, the same words and the same airs, at the same time, the result would be a harmony, or rhythm in the mental and atmospheric vibrations. This, in a certain sense, makes the meeting the people's meeting, and all get more benefit than they otherwise could. For this and other reasons I always insist on the congregation singing some sensible hymns to familiar airs at meetings. For this reason I never carry less than fifteen of Mrs. Hull's Songsters, which I distribute through the audience, so that all can sing. Of course, this costs me something, the books get worn out, and occasionally one is stolen, but the good done is more than a compensation.

THAT TRAINING SCHOOL AS CESTED.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten's appeal, which you copy from Light, is sensible. Nothing is needed more than a training college. Every other church has them and we need them. Many of our lecturers who ought to be "apt to teach," and who have native ability, make laughing stocks of themselves every time they appear before an audience. Some of them need to go to grammar school, to learn to talk United States.

I heard a lecture the other day from a person who is all the time before the public. This person has much native ability. From this lecture I copied the following unpardonable blunders: "Environments" for environments; this was used ten times in thirty minutes. "Co-habit with us" for co-operate with us; "Concentrate yourselves to the cause," instead of consecrate yourselves to the cause. "Theoretical company" for theatrical company. "Republicans and sinners," for publicans and sinners. Besides that, there were such words as "duin," "makin" and "jupin" for doing, making and jumping. "Saw-r" and "law-r" for saw and law.

Such outlandish assassination of one's mother tongue strikes the cultured ear in the same manner a wrong tone in music strikes the ear of a musician, or as "wrong font" letter in an elegantly printed book strikes the eye of a printer.

Then the tremendous lack of logic manifested by many mediums and speakers takes off the greater part of weight from arguments that otherwise might make good impressions on the hearers. Ideas, thoughts, can be trained so each one will come into place and take its proper position in a discourse as readily as soldiers can be trained to take their places and do their work in an army. We labor at a great disadvantage when we are not trained and prepared for our work. It is the duty of the Spiritualist evangelist to "study to show himself or herself a workman."

AN INSTITUTE.

I have lately dreamed many nights of getting two or three helpers and founding an Institute—a training school—for young and old Spiritualists who desire to fit themselves for teachers of our new philosophy.

A school running eight hours a day from the first of June until the middle of July, equipped with a corps of good teachers, teaching grammar, logic, rhetoric, elocution; Biblical, historical and scientific exegesis, would, if young speakers and mediums would go and spend that six weeks in hard study, improve our camp-meetings one hundred per cent. even the first year. Such a school, with competent professors, and the same classes, would, in three or four years, give us a ministry which would not only be inspired, but which would compare in general erudition with the doctors of divinity of the various churches.

"DR." "REV." "PROF." I see some sensible man, in the issue of the paper before me, does not want any of these handles. Good. There are so many charlatans now using these titles, that if they mean anything, they are more odious than otherwise. A genuine "Dr." unless on professional business, seldom puts "Dr." before his name, and if a man signs himself "Rev." or "Prof." you may put it down that he is a "Rev." without a church or standing, or a professor who never saw a professor's chair. When I left the church I advertised the titles "reverend" and "elder" for sale, but found no bidders. Now I offer to give them away to any fool who wants them. I inherited the name Hull from my father, and my mother gave me the name of Moses. I intend to make these names mean more than any titles under heaven. A man who tries to heal the sick, in Massachusetts (but who located the sternum below the kidneys), handed me his card and said: "The Legislature has taken away the privilege of calling myself 'doctor,' but I got even with them, I now call myself 'Prof.'"

I said: "I am glad they took the former title from you. Now tell me, what you are professor of, and what do you teach?" The man actually did not know the meaning of those letters, "Prof."

which he had put before his name. Said he: "What shall I call myself?"

I answered: "The same name your mother called you."

"But I am a magnetic healer," he said.

"Say so on your card, then."

If we must have titles, let us make ourselves so worthy of them that the whole world will recognize our right to use them. Then we will not want them. Henry Ward Beecher did not need the title "Rev.," and he refused to be made a D. D. There is such a thing as rising above titles.

RABBI WEIL.

Friend Weil has made so many sensible suggestions that I hardly know which of his wise propositions to second. I do feel that Spiritualists have not obeyed Paul's injunction to "lay hands suddenly on no man." The time was when anybody could pose as a lecturer on Spiritualism. About all they had to do was to call themselves such. Many dropped out of the field because they found a more lucrative business elsewhere, or because their lack of ability forced them out.

After we began to organize and to give our speakers the backing of societies, the great majority seemed to be to fill the world with spiritual preachers. One who supposed she was a test medium wanted to follow my discourse with guesses, miscolated tests. She said: "I make a great many mistakes, but I hit it sometimes." Any good guesser can "hit it sometimes," but the world measures our lecturers and mediums by their mistakes, not by their accidental hits.

A poor lecture, a bad argument, an illegitimate conclusion, a mistake in a psychological reading, or a wild guess in a test, create a prejudice against an interest. We should ordain none to the holy ministry of Spiritualism except students who are "apt to teach;" those who "study to show themselves workmen who need not be ashamed of their work." A person who has not learned the lesson of self-control should never attempt to control others.

I do not say the use of whisky, tobacco and narcotics is an unpardonable sin, but I do say, those who are not willing to purify themselves for the sake of their influence over those of whom they teach, are unworthy to be Spiritualists, and are unworthy to be imbued with Spiritualism and its cognate themes, to be placed before the world as living epistles, or samples of the great work our grand philosophy can do.

Mr. Editor, it is easier to write than to stop, but right here, I will bite this off.

MOSES HULL.

W. H. BACH.

On His Tour of Inspection.

Lake Pleasant is a typical camp-ground, nicely located on the shores of the lake, with about two hundred cottages on the grounds (besides a number of tents), good places for outdoor and indoor meetings, and the finest building devoted to Spiritualism it has been my lot to see.

A great advantage is that it is ceiled over with spruce pine, thus making a sounding-board, and giving the hall the finest acoustic qualities. Besides this, there is a lattice-work ventilator in the middle of the ceiling, which makes the hall comfortable in the hottest weather. The designer of the building was J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston, who deserves great credit for carrying it to so successful a culmination.

The talent at Lake Pleasant was exceedingly good, both the platform and the phenomenal on the grounds. Among the former I would specify Dr. C. W. Hadden, whose lectures and demonstrations in hypnotism were so well received; J. Clegg Wright, who surpassed his usual efforts, and the only Col. R. G. Ingorsoll.

Some people think "Bob" Ingorsoll has no place on a Spiritualist platform. Whether that be a legitimate position or not, he certainly gave us some grand lectures and over one thousand people paid fifty cents each to hear him speak Sunday afternoon, while some two or three hundred, some of them worth thousands of dollars, stood outside the enclosure and listened to him. One person who was said to be worth over twenty thousand dollars, brought a chair and placed it at the nearest possible point outside the fence, listened to the lecture, if Spiritualistic teachings are true, this person will have to get a telescope to find the soul which is supposed to animate the body.

One of the features of the camp was the music, which was furnished by the Longley Quartette, of Boston. Mr. Longley has lately issued the second volume of "Echoes from the World of Song," thus giving to the world two of the finest song books ever produced.

The ladies' fair was a success and put a few dollars in the treasury and it will not do to neglect to state that they also gave one thousand dollars to help build the new temple.

Onset was visited again for two days. They were very successful ones and the season closed with flying colors. "Too much can't be said in honor of its venerable president, who, though aged and unwell, has served his cause so well. Dr. Storer, with his hoary locks and flowing beard, seems like a patriarch of old and his presence was like a benediction to all. That he may regain his health and continue on this side for many years to come, is the wish of all.

Having two days leeway on my excursion ticket, I concluded to spend them at Lily Dale. It is the same old place and seemed to send out the same welcome. During my short stay I could meet but few of the friends, but it was pleasant to see them. H. D. Barrett still fills the position of chairman to the satisfaction of the people, and mediums of all phases give the glorious truth of spirit return to those who seek it.

The greatest change is in the transformation of the old hotel outside the grounds and the removal of the rickety sheds on the road to the camp. The hotel has been re-christened the "Leolyn," and mine host Gregory, assisted by his amiable wife, greet those whose fancies lead them to this charming spot.

Even outside of the gates of the grounds proper mediums are located and I found Mrs. M. J. Crilly, of Allegheny, located there, and not only that, busy all the time in giving the demonstrations of practical Spiritualism to the world.

This closes my visits to the camps for this season, and one more article will close this series of letters.

W. H. BACH.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association.

TO THE EDITOR:—We would again call the attention of the readers of your valuable paper to the fact that the third annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association will be held October 15th, 16th and 17th, in the city of Washington, D. C.

Some measures vital to the interests of Spiritualism in the United States, Canada and Europe will be considered there. It is to be hoped that all societies that have not done so will speedily charter with the National Association, in order that their delegates may have a voice in the settlement of these most important questions.

Besides the business of the convention, two matters affecting the Spiritualists of the nation will be settled there: the one will be the election of officers of the N. S. A. for the year next ensuing, and the other the choice of a number of delegates to the International Congress in London, in June, 1896.

At the recent State convention in Michigan the Hon. L. V. Moulton was nominated by that body as one representative of the National Association to the London convention. Other States will probably present candidates, and the votes of the delegates at the October convention will determine the selection of the representative to the London convention. It is probable that no other body in the United States will be entitled to send delegates to London; hence, all Spiritualists should feel that they are personally interested in the choice of said delegates.

The election of officers of the N. S. A. will be the last item of business to be considered at the October convention. If the present officers have been found unfaithful to their trusts, they should be dismissed from service, and others, better qualified for the work, should be chosen. Principles, not men, should be our first consideration. Personal friendship is a matter of great moment to us all, but personal friendship should never induce us to continue in office in the N. S. A. any man or woman whose interest in the cause is so small as to lead him to do nothing for it during his term of office. Each office carries with it certain duties and responsibilities, which the person chosen assumes a willingness to discharge when inducted into office. The Spiritualists of the country will be invited to consider the record of the entire nine members of the board of trustees with careful scrutiny. If the board has been recent to its trusts, it should be a complete change in its membership, striking off the head of its president first of all. We would respectfully urge the Spiritualists of the United States and Canada to consider this matter with great care, and to see to it that a full delegation is present at the opening of the October convention.

The amendments that will change the working machinery of the association are very important, and should be carefully considered by every chartered society; in fact, by every society interested in the welfare and progress of Spiritualism. They cannot do this at a distance; they should be present in person, or their respective delegates, to consider first-hand these vital measures; therefore we appeal to all societies to charter with the N. S. A. who have not already done so, and urge those now chartered to at once select their delegates to the coming convention.

All delegates' credentials should be filed with Secretary Woodbury prior to October 1, 1895.

Yours for the success of the N. S. A.
H. D. BARRETT, President.
Lily Dale, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1895.

SYMPATHY'S RESULTS.

Annie Lord Chamberlain Tells Some Pleasant News Concerning It.

TO THE EDITOR:—With your permission, through your paper I would like to inform my friends in various parts of the country that I am gaining in strength, and hope soon to be able to visit them at a distance. This will be pleased to know that I am having a rest and change from the sick element at home, and it is the result of my letter and donation to Will A. Sheldon. The letter attracted the attention of one of the subscribers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—a gentleman who attended my seances thirty-seven years ago, and being kind and sympathetic, wrote and invited me to Onset, where I went August 2, and was royally entertained at Onset Cottage by my friend, Miss Priscilla S. Bartlett, and would advise friends that visit Onset now or in the future, and desire rooms that are neat, quiet and central to call at Onset Cottage. My week's stay at Onset did me great good, physically and spiritually—I feel stronger every way. Everyone I met was kind to me and imparted a cheerful, encouraging influence.

It did my soul good to again meet with President Storer, and so many veteran as well as other workers in our cause—all were doing and receiving good. It was my good fortune to meet with many friends I met in the early days of my mediumship; some of them quite forty years ago.

Sunday, August 4th, Mr. W. F. Nye very kindly invited me, with Jennie Hagan-Jackson, Mrs. Mary Pepper, Mrs. Judge Pettengill and other friends, to a two hours' trip on the bay in his new steam yacht. It was a very enjoyable trip and made very interesting by Mr. Nye's explanations of all points of interest.

A friend arranged for me, and I was able to visit the wigwam once. There is a good work being done there, and the workers interested are deserving of much praise. Taking all into consideration, I feel my visit to Onset was indeed a blessing to me.

Returned home the 8th, found my aged and helpless father the same, and blind sister better, and a sick man a visitor. He had received a partial sunstroke and was bewildered; he wanted some one to go to Auburn, Me., with him, where his sisters live, and no one could go but me, and I am hardly strong enough to care for myself; but I went with him; saw him safe with his friends, and I visited a few days with some dear Spiritualist friends, and now am at a quiet seaside resort, and I count, good Spiritualists, and a few days shall return to my home duties, refreshed and strengthened by the changes and meeting so many

dear friends; and I believe it is all due to the sympathy I had, the words I wrote, and the small amount—5 cents—I sent to our persecuted brother

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Labels of contents:	CHAPTER I.
The Bible and the Priest of Rome.	CHAPTER II.
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The Shepherd whipped by his Sheep.	CHAPTER V.
The Priest, Purgatory, and the poor Widow's Cow.	CHAPTER VI.
Festivities in a Parsonage.	CHAPTER VII.
Preparation for the First Communion—Initiation to Idolatry.	CHAPTER VIII.
The First Communion.	CHAPTER IX.

Intellectual Education in the Roman Catholic College.

CHAPTER XII.

Moral and Political Education in the Roman Catholic College.

CHAPTER XIII.

Protestant Children in the Convents and Nunneries of Rome.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rome and Education—Why does the Church of Rome hate the Common Schools of the United States, and why does she destroy them?—Why does she object to the reading of the Bible in the Schools?

CHAPTER XV.

Theology of the Church of Rome; Its Anti-Social and Anti-Christian Character.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Vow of Celibacy.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Importunities of the Theology of Rome.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Priest of Rome and the Holy Fathers; or, how I swore to give up the Word of God to follow the word of Men.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Roman Catholic Priesthood, or Ancient and Modern Idolatry.

CHAPTER XX.

Nine Consequences of the Dogma of Transubstantiation—The Old Paganism and the New Christian name.

CHAPTER XXI.

Vicarious, and Life at St. Charles, Riviere Boyer.

CHAPTER XXII.

Papalists and the "Pope in the burning of '48, the "Canadian" by the Curate of St. Charles.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Grand Banquet of the Roman Catholic States of

Rev. Mr. Ferras. CHAPTER XXV.
Has appointed Victor Curato of Charlesbourg
—The Piety, Lives and Deaths of Fathers Bede-
naud Ferras. CHAPTER XXVI.
The Cholera Morbus of 1834—Admirable courage and
self-sacrifice and fidelity of the Sisters during the epi-
demic. CHAPTER XXVII.
I am named a Vicar of St. Roch, Quebec City—The
Rev. Mr. Tota—Terrebonne—General Cargo—The
Seafaring. CHAPTER XXVIII.
Simony—Abuse and sacrilegious traffic in the sa-
cred Host and Blood—The Mass—Enormous sum
of money made by the sale of Masses—The Society
of the Masses—The Society of the Holy Eucharist
Mass established. CHAPTER XXIX.
Continuation of the trade in Masses. CHAPTER XXX.
Quebec Marine Hospital—The first time I carried the
"Bon Dieu" to the hospital—The "Bon Dieu" in my pocket
—The Grand Order of St. Louis of Mr. Buzan's—The
Rev. Parent and the "Bon Dieu" at the Quebec
Séminaire. ¶ We have not space in this notice of Father
Chiquay's work to give the heads of all the interesting
and important events which he has witnessed. The following
however, are of thrilling interest:

The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.
 CHAPTER LIV.
 The Abomination of Auricular Confession.
 CHAPTER LV.
 The Ecumenical Council of Constance and the Priesthood.
 —The Bishop Forbids Me to Distribute the Bible.
 CHAPTER LVI.
 Public Acts of Violence and Brigandage committed by the Bishop O'Keegan—General Cry of Indignation—determines to resist him to his face—his employment as a Prisoner again—his flight to the States—drags me as a Prisoner to Urbana in the Spring of 1866 and falls again—Abraham Lincoln detested him—his death—his crimes more than ever on my mind and my Counselor.
 CHAPTER LVII.
 Bishop O'Keegan sells the Parsonage of the French Canadian of Chicago for the money, and curses them out when they come to complain—he determines to turn me out of my Colony—his flight to the Catholic States—his flight to the States and publishes that he has interdicted me—My People send a Deputation to the Bishop—his flight to the States—Excommunication by three drunken Priests.
 CHAPTER LVIII.

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CHAPTER LXIII.

Mr. Desseunier in named Vice General of Chicago
crash up—Our People must be aware of the
their rights—The presence of the Bishops of Mo
Trial against me, and my answer—Mr. Brassard
force against his own people—The confessions of
answer to Mr. Brassard—He writes to beg m
pardon.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Writing to the Pope XIX, and to Napoleon, Emperor
of France, and send them the legal and public
protestants—The Pope's reply—Confessions of
O'Leary—Grand Vicar Dunn sent to tell me of m
victory at Rome, and the consequences of my
to continue to offer my submission to the Bish
The peace sealed and publicly proclaimed
Grand Vicar Dunn at Rome, March 1858.

CHAPTER LXV.

Excellent testimonial from my Bishop—My Retire
—Grand Vicar Saurin and his friends—Rev. J
—Grand Vicar Dunn writes me about t
new storm prepared by the Jesuits—Villon—Ch
offers himself as a Glorious—forgiveness, risk, hap
and saved—Back pay people.

CHAPTER LXVI.

The Solemn Responsibilities of my New Position—
up on the ground—The Bishop calls on
believes Catholicism—Catholics—Dignity of the Roman
Catholic Bishops—My Lord Duggan, Coeditor
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TREE AND SERPENT WORSHIP.

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A Convert's Reflections.

How He Became Converted to Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR:—Citrus county, Fla. Is "doing herself proud." May be so. These legal accusers should be compelled to prove before court that spiritual phenomena are really and truly "sleight-of-hand performances."

In order to understand their subject, are they not in duty bound to thoroughly investigate all pros and cons, else how can they see what is truth? Now that truth is demanded, and justice, we will go further, and ask for equality before the law.

In years to come, not one of those who are engaged in this race for injustice will feel proud of their record. It will be for every one "a skeleton in the closet," and they will regret that in their obtuseness, they blundered and stumbled into such a ditch. Blind men leading the blind into courts of justice, (?) there to swear an honest man's liberty and freedom away.

I have read of such wisdom before—in fact, I was almost in the same procession only a few years ago. I knew it was humbug—this belief in spirit return; and as for communications, I scornfully laugh. My father was for years preaching Methodism, and hell was a "branch" that was of much account. I believed what my people believed, and one special matter was the silly idea of any one returning to the world of sorrow. I was strong in the unfaith, without ever trying to learn "if these things be true." "What deluded fools those Spiritualists were." I would not investigate—that would imply my doubts of what I did not know about it. My conviction and conviction was brought about when alone and in deep distress of mind and body, for I was among strangers, and poverty was my taskmaster.

How I dreaded each to-morrow! There was nothing to hope for; shut away in a cold, bare sick-room. My faith in God's promise to the needy was dying. Church teachings seemed to have reached their bounds without bringing help. I said: "Oh, Christ, if there be a Christ, show me, just for once, a glimpse of spirit care and protection: if there be any truth in spirit friendship," I did not know I had a right to ask, seeing I had so scorned the knowledge others claimed to have. And right then and there, a dear form of one gone before stood beside my bed, smiling so lovingly, and bidding me be hopeful and brave. I listened quietly, eagerly, to hear. It was not in the dusk, but on a winter's afternoon. Ah, friends, don't do as I had done before this—drive your loved ones away. We all need their presence, their loving counsels.

When the "guest" came, I was in a chill, and when it left I was sort of electrified; the blood began to course through my veins, and I grew comfortably warm. Soon I began to feel so happy, I had to hum a little tune all to myself, in order to keep my gladness within bounds.

The next afternoon the "guest" again appeared, when I was growing despondent. A blizzard was coming on. I heard the words, "You shall get home again. Do not despair. It is hard for you to bear, but be brave; keep up heart." And I believed my spirit friend, and acted upon his advice, and was helped to return.

I must speak of another matter in connection with the visitor. All the time of smiling and talking there was constant motion of his hands; a waving sort of motion toward my body, from head to feet. I could not understand how a sensible person, like my friend, should take such trifling, unnecessary movements of white hands; it looked as if he might be just a little nervous, and I wondered if our spirit friends really felt any mortal nervousness. At any rate, the friend had brought strength, warmth and hope. My courage was revived, and through the interview I was pleased to know that the distress of pain had left not a trace upon his features. Peace and joy illumined the face and form, and I felt that I was some of the happiness he brought. Ah, how young he had grown, and so, I feel sure, shall we all. He had suffered on earth for years, and died of asthma.

Since I have been so kindly led to the fact of spirit return, I have tried to learn some of its laws by reading, and I think, now that I have thrown away my smart criticisms, that the motion of hands indicated a shower of magnetic waves, which gave me new life and strength.

I thank heaven for his kindness in allowing our friends to return.

My mother, who died when I was a boy, has not yet appeared to me, but as I know there are laws in the Spirit-world, as well as of our being, I can walk, and I feel that I do not know half or a quarter so much as I do not know. I have seen others in the form, and recognized them. And I have never attended such a seance, nor had half the chance that those men of Citrus county had. But they were so smart they would not learn. "Having ears they hear not; having eyes they see not."

And, let me add, if ever God winked at ignorance, must have great cause to wink now. Christ died to teach us the light, the truth, and to help the people choose not to learn, they should be careful not to persecute. Even St. Paul mourned, after conversion, for his former blind persecution, because he did not know.

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PLANS OF SALVATION.

From the Standpoint of I. D. Guest.

As Egypt has the oldest authentic history, we will briefly notice their plan of salvation first.

In the temple of Osiris, at Philae, Egypt, is a tablet on which is pictured a panorama of the fall of man, the serpent standing erect with wings, the tree, the woman, the man, and the apple.

Osiris was the Egyptian deity for whose worship this temple was built, or, as they were polytheistic, he was the deity which was the judge of men, and father of mankind. Isis was the sister and wife of Osiris. Seth (Satan) was the Evil Angel or Devil, afterward slain by Horus, son of Isis.

Herein we see plainly the origin of the Jewish history of those ancestral beings. In comparison with Jewish history, Osiris represented Adam; Isis represented Eve. Being his sister, she certainly issued from the same body as he did, but not from a rib. Seth represented Satan, who came to tempt them; and Horus, who slew Satan, being the son of Isis—the idea from which Christ was taken by the Hebrews, as according to their scripture, the "seed of the woman" should bruise the serpent's head.

Osiris was represented in the sacred bull Apis, which was worshipped, to appease his wrath on behalf of Isis, their mother: she having partaken of the fruit, brought sin upon her offspring.

Thus we see how easy it was for the Hebrews to follow the same plan—yet another, and still the same. Moses, their adopted leader, being reared in Egypt, who slew Satan, being the son of Isis—the idea from which Christ was taken by the Hebrews, as according to their scripture, the "seed of the woman" should bruise the serpent's head.

As before stated, these Jews were very mercenary, and as the people multiplied so did the priests; and as the priests must all be fed, so they must devise means for their carnivorous propensities; so they added miscellaneous sins, which must be paid for by the sacrifice of miscellaneous animals. And remaining in office for life, and at the same time implying the methods of the boodle aldermen of Chicago, they became so burdensome to the people that the people implored their God to send some one to stop the impositions, and it was said that after searching Heaven and Hell from top to bottom, God found no one to take the job; but at last his own son volunteered, which was Jesus the Christ.

Now, it is known that when boodle aldermen find some one in office who is likely to "give them away," they take drastic measures to get them out of the way; so those jealous priests went and did likewise. But Christ, having taught the people against the sacrifice of bulls and goats, they saw that their old avocation was about gone—it became necessary to usher in a new set of priests with the new era, which was the Roman priesthood. Those innocent and plausible teachers exempted the people from their former trouble of bringing pet animals to be sacrificed, substituting the blood of Christ therefor.

This brings us down to the present time, and is becoming so burdensome to the people that a radical change is imminent, which change is being brought about by a peculiar and weird set of teachers called mediums.

Now, as all other saviors handed their subjects with velvet gloves at first, then protruded their fierce talons when they got their prey in grasp, these new teachers, or mediums, thought best to reverse the old plan; first show their talons and drive the old competitors from the field, then take it by phenomena alone.

So they taught the use of magnetism, then hypnotism, then invented balloons, and charged the people fabulous prices to "go to Heaven in a hand-basket." But the more conservative ones, seeing their error, have decided on this very tangible and simple plan of salvation: Man is saved by the following prescription, which includes two axioms, two causes, and two effects:

The first axiom is this: Man is immortal, and cannot be lost whether he be good or evil. The second axiom is this: Man is governed by cause and effect.

First cause: If man does good he will be rewarded with the first effect, which is happiness here or hereafter.

Second cause: If man does evil he will be rewarded with the second effect, which is misery here or hereafter.

MEDIUMS' HOME.

An Earnest Plea Therefor.

"For the cause that lacks assistance, And the wrongs that need resistance."

TO THE EDITOR:—As I am so fully informed about the work of Mrs. Eliza Ann Hammett, of Encinitas, Cal., I would like to call the attention of your 40,000 readers to the fifth page, third column, of your issue of July 6th. I have been interested in her work of establishing a Mediums' Home for about five years, and have traveled and worked with her.

I have been to Encinitas, visited the location, and made myself thoroughly acquainted with her intentions and basis she is working upon. This was over a year ago, while I was traveling in Southern California, and before she had returned to her home from her long and fatiguing journey across our States and back.

I then visited Mrs. Helen C. Bushyhead, the secretary, at her home in San Diego, where I was made a welcome guest. She said to me: "Mrs. Hammett is working herself to rags to do this work—to save others from the suffering that she so well knows, on account of her misadventure in mediumship." I was the guest of Mr. D. Edson Smith, the treasurer, at his home in Santa Anna. He said to me: "Mrs. Hammett is the most generous Spiritualist I know of. She has given all she hath, she has earned it all and she is still at work."

I am very well acquainted with the vice-president, Mrs. Lydia F. Duncker,

formerly of Boston, where she is well known as an earnest worker and medium. Mrs. Hammett wrote me last winter, inviting me to become one of the trustees of the Mediums' Home at Hammett Villa Park, which I was pleased to accept, for I had proved that she is a true woman and thoroughly in earnest in her work. The site is magnificently located, where the climate is so even and the air so pure (nearly 400 feet above sea level), that it seems as if new life must vitalize the worn-out medium and develop or cure the one obsessed. We have many grand exponents upon our Spiritualist postroads all over the country, who are constantly employed at good prices per lecture, who could do much by word and solicitation to raise the five or six thousand dollars needed.

We too often hear of our old-time workers being sick and worn-out, without means or a home, after a lifetime of service. Mention has been made of a prominent Spiritualist in Oakland, who is now sick and blind, without a home, whose only home, always open to Spiritualists and mediums. Another, a public medium for twenty years, who died in a Catholic institution in San Francisco. And at the present time, in the same city, a well-known medium lies at the point of death, in a small room of a lodging-house, in want of bare necessities of life. And when the charitable Spiritualists of San Francisco were recently appealed to by my co-worker, Walter Howell, for aid for this old gentleman, the magnificent sum of fifteen cents was contributed.

I had occasion myself, when I was residing in San Francisco, last fall, to make a similar appeal for a medium, who was turned out of her room for want of the small rent, when six dollars were contributed, enough to relieve immediate distress of herself and sick child.

Surely a Mediums' Home is needed, if only to keep media out of Catholic institutions—and nearly half a century ought to be time enough for Spiritualists to have one, especially when a site of 100 acres, free from any encumbrance, is donated by a medium; when the soil is so fertile that anything can be cultivated upon it that can be grown in any part of our country. Our veteran lecturer, Warren Chase, died at the age of eighty-five years, without the comforts of life, except as his good wife (a true medium) was assisted by friends who contributed to their immediate necessities. Annie Lloyd Chamberlain is to-day an invalid and in need. Hundreds must remember her wonderful mediumship.

In behalf of a home for media, I sincerely trust that my statement will find place in your ever-welcome paper. The Veteran Spiritualist Union of Boston, of which I am one of the charter members, is doing a noble work. May the Pacific and Atlantic Coast Spiritualists soon have a Mediums' Home, is the prayer of yours, ever truly,

DR. LUCY BARNICOAT.

Boston, Mass.

How much good ten-cent donations might do.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mrs. Rosalia Bacon Noble, wife of Joseph Noble, of Danville, N. Y., passed to the higher life August 12, 1895, aged 55 years. Hers was a great soul, possessed with a keen appreciation of the beautiful in all nature, and the power to discern the hidden meaning of life's lessons. Her home was a haven of rest for the sick and soul-buried. Aided by the healing powers of her companion, she was enabled to restore to health the afflicted, and by her daily demonstrations of her practical religion of love and justice, to bring many into the light of our beautiful truth. The writer, whose friend she was from childhood, recalls with tender memories the words of her favorite song, "Gentle Words and Loving Smiles."

"It is not much the world can give, With all its subtle art, And gold and gems are not the things To satisfy the heart."

"But, oh! if those who cluster round The altar and the hearth Have gentle words and loving smiles, How beautiful is earth."

ELIZA B. ELLISON.

Henry Metzger, vice-president and general superintendent of the Bell Telephone Company of Western Pennsylvania, passed to Spirit-life about midnight on August 24th, at the age of 55 years. Mr. Metzger was one of the best known men in Pittsburgh, an official in many prominent institutions in this city, a director of the chamber of commerce, a member of our leading social club, and what is more to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, he was an earnest and consistent Spiritualist. He not only preached Spiritualism but practiced it, taking an active part in the councils and direction of the First Church of Spiritualists of this city, and was at the time of his translation our honored and beloved treasurer.

In his removal our church loses one of its most devoted and liberal supporters. His business, political and social friends were legion, while it is doubtful if he had a single enemy in the entire community. The daily press, while minutely detailing everything about him, has studiously avoided a mention of the fact that he was a Spiritualist, although that fact has been known to all well-known editors as many others that follow, his way into print. The writer has known him for some years past and can think of no one among a large circle of friends whose loss he could feel more keenly. Surely it was true of him that the "liberal soul deserveth liberal things," for his private acts, of benevolence far exceeded that which was made public.

Not long before his demise, in a conversation touching the future life, I asked him how he felt, in view of the fact that his recovery was doubtful, and he called death, so universally dreaded, no terrors for him. "My desire to live," he said, "is simply that I might do some good." A knowledge of the future life, gained by a patient and earnest investigation, enabled him not only to look forward with hope but with certainty to a continuous and exalted future existence. His noble soul looked out upon the great ocean of eternity without a fear and he met the night of death tranquil as a star meets morning.

It is fitting that this fact concerning one so well known should find publicity. If some influential Christian had died in our community, bolstered up by the promises of the Bible or an abiding faith in the last rites of the church, our local editors would have considered it their sacred duty to point to the value of the popular religion in the hour and article of death. But Spiritualism is not yet sufficiently understood and appreci-

ated to tell the truth about it. Nevertheless, the truth must be told. Henry Metzger was the last man I can think of to desire that it be concealed or hidden that he lived and died a true Spiritualist.

JOHN H. KNIGHT,

221 Dinwiddle St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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