



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

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A LECTURE.

By Spirit Benjamin Franklin,
Through the Mediumship of Dr.
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BEFORE THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 10, 1895.

ELECTRICITY AND INSPIRATION.
Inspiration comes from God, and like the sunshine and the rain is free to all; yet all do not receive it, neither do they understand its sacred meaning. Inspiration sweetens life's most bitter cup and brightens the palace and the cottage with the same holy splendor, showing that God is no respecter of persons, and that man has created rank and caste to strengthen his own selfish purposes.

INSPIRED PEOPLE.
The world is full of inspired people; all writers, poets and historians are now inspired. There are delicate, sensitive, imaginative people who see glory and beauty in the most common things of life, and these are the true preachers and reformers. In fact the true mediums standing between the finite and the infinite; they receive blessings from the angel spheres and hand them down to mortals, tired and tempted natures. The clear-sighted soul can look upward in the hours of trial, and behold the sign of promise in the blending skies, and mounting on the wings of inspiration, reach spheres above all earthly storms and tempests, yes, spheres of peaceful rest.

When everything in this lower world becomes dark and disappointing, it is well to look upward to the starry world and note how little sympathy they show for the atoms of dust called humanity, blown hither and thither by the winds of circumstance.

CREEDS UNSATISFYING.
Active minds cannot be satisfied with creeds. Theories will not feed those who come into the world hungry-hearted for immortal food. There are those who struggle on from the cradle to the grave for that true knowledge and hope which they never find, because they are blinded by those who went before them, leaving doubtful records of the pathways by which they reached their immortal destinies in spirit spheres. The more one reads some of those records the darker grows the way and fear of being lost prevents them from beholding the true and perfect landmarks stationed by Infinite Law at every milestone on the way.

Humanity, like the waves of the sea, is powerless to break down the walls which God has built up to hide from human knowledge his glory and wisdom; but his boundless beneficence all may feel.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

The world is full of beauty. The Creator's name is written everywhere, and if mortals were only harmonious, and were more perfectly controlled by the law of love, life on earth would become like a glorious summer and the winter of discontent would not be known among the human family. Let all sad and doubting hearts go forth when the earth is radiant with beauty—let them breathe the delicious summer air when the stars are holding their festivals around the midnight throne, and bathe their fevered, weary foreheads, till the cares and perplexities of daily life have been calmed and cooled by the starlight, and measure their own littleness with the vast universe of God, to whom all worlds pay homage, and to whom the darkness and the light are as one.

What sublime emotions fill the mind when the deathlike stillness reigns around, and night's jeweled canopy is spread out like a vast veil, shrouding, though not hiding the beautiful orbs of light which are scattered with such magnificent profusion, through all the wide and blue immensity of space. The power of inspiration will come down upon you, and all doubt of the God-power will vanish like a mist in the light of the stupendous truth revealed to you; and then think for a moment that all these starry worlds are inhabited and peopled with vast millions of accountable reasoning beings, who may be pursuing their struggling, doubting, checkered careers of existence, even as you are, and their philosophers, scientists and reformers may be plunging into mysterious abysses of unknown futures, just as earth's sons and daughters are doing to-day. Think of this, oh, mortal man, and you may gain strength by such grand and instructive contemplations. God will be recognized by all lovers of natural beauty, for they behold the face of the overworld in all created forms, and the fondest admiration will take the place of cold, hard doubting; reality will give place to sublime visions of truth.

NATURE'S DIVINE LESSONS.

Everything in nature shows, by its light head of human suffering and utter disregard of physical pain, that it was not intended for a place of great misery and death. When I was a dweller in the flesh and subject to pain and physical suffering, I found great pleasure and profit in contemplating the uses and wonderful works of nature, and the thought often came to my mind that man, of all God's creatures, seemed the most unmindful of His goodness. I resolved by earnest study and deep research into all the kingdoms of nature,

to find, if possible the true fountain of inspiration, and from it drink honest, simple and truthful facts, which, like clear, cool water, would quench my thirst for knowledge and bring me into a happier association with cause and effect, and thus give me a deeper realizing sense of the creative power of the universe. At such times I sought quiet places far away from the noise and confusion of daily life. How beautiful to me appeared the hills and mountains on a clear summer's day, when the wind-kissed forests were musical with life's sweetest anthems, and the murmuring streams sang softly and sweetly the music of their creator and seeming to join the forests in a universal song of praise. Then and there I first learned the power of inspiration and caught my first visions of nature's God, looking from the bright waters, grand old mountains, and overhanging skies. How like a glorious statue the fair earth seemed, framed in golden mystery; how grand and powerful the sheltering hands of the Infinite, outspread and extending over all, one mighty power. Shutting my eyes, I seemed to stand apart from my outer self, and through my inner consciousness communed with the great overworld of all things. I saw faces with my inner vision which no language could describe; they seemed aglow with love and looked down upon me through the white mists, which hung thin and silvery between my soul and the beauty of angel life. At such times I seemed to see my own individuality, and was carried afar off to spheres above and beyond my actual daily life. I seemed to mingle and commingle with disembodied spirits and shared with them in pleasures and researches into temples and spheres of wisdom unknown to earth, unknown to humanity. Is it any wonder that I used my pen with thrilling power; or that I painted pictures beyond the comprehension of common minds? The shadow of the great unknown was over me and I was no longer mortal nor cared for material things. What to me was common life?

NATURE'S TEMPLE.
My soul was aflame with high desire—I craved the companionship of gods—I drank from a stream flowing from the throne of Deity; I was brought near to God and though unseen, I felt the power of the Infinite source of all creation. He was ever present with me—a life-principle and the source of my inspiration. I stood alone and often into the wilderness, the very holy of holies of nature's temples; I felt that I must worship alone; I must kneel in silence beyond the reach of the great tide of human existence, and there find the key to spiritual mysteries while contemplating the glorious beauty of the forest, where each quivering leaf bore aloft the name of the Creator. I found my heart stirred by noble impulses, and my soul thrilled with inspiration and I longed with longing unexpressed to leave the earth and go where I might be with the philosophers of olden times, whose names and lives are now historic. How simple seemed my greatest efforts. My life, though the best I could make it, seemed useless, though I had as a writer gained some notoriety.

I had made my country's cause my own, and said in the language of one who is immortal, "Give me liberty or give me death." I believed I was the instrument used by higher powers to interest the French Government in our cause, who, with men and money, materially assisted us to gain independence. Let all true Americans ever remember the noble Lafayette and that true patriot and co-worker, Thomas Paine, who with his pen and purse caused freedom's banner to wave in our darkest hours and upheld our cause until the sound of Liberty's bell reverberated throughout the land its glad refrain of freedom.

Men called me eminent. I knew myself to be obscure (viewed from a heavenly standpoint), and felt there was very little real good I had accomplished; but I had done the best I could. I studied mankind and had traced the human race back to earlier periods of the world's history, and had tried to compare man in the simplicity of his primeval state, with the higher intellectual development of modern date. I found superstition waxed as reason waned. Men gave too credulous belief to the stories of learned men, who to some degree readily passed themselves for the immediate vicegerents of the higher Deity and through them was laid the first foundation for the great moral and religious fetters that were forged for humanity. Religious devotion became a road to crime. It thought or rather forced men to confess a belief in the supremacy of a few of the human species, and the few were carried above their fellows in knowledge and understanding and they soon commenced to make laws for others. Creeds and theories followed and soon men were taught to look upon forms and mysteries connected with past ages as being sacred, and they soon learned to ascribe the solemn fooleries of priestcraft to the operations of Deity.

Many of the ancients in the early ages believed and wrote extensively upon the principles of their faith: the same writers handed down to their descendants those scriptural writings, which have become a law in modern times. The ancients also handed down to their sons many of their sublime conceptions in the arts and sciences, which added much to the development of human reason, but it also added to the degrading slavery of the mind.

But it can also be said that the superstitions of modern times are greatly different from the ancient. Those of modern times do not attach entirely to religion, but to institutions and sciences also. Many minds believe anything scientific must be true. Fear of the learned

and powerful and veneration for the rich and great, have created an evil darker than the superstitions of the ancients, and more oppressive than the sword of tyrants or the chains of superstition.

Inspiration will eventually break the fetters which superstition has forged for the human mind.

Inspiration teaches mortals to use the power which the God of Nature has given to the whole human family. Reason is developing faster than fear. The free exercise of reason will soon direct the human mind into the pathways of truth and bring all mortals into direct communication with the spirit who speaks and commands through all natural law, and soul growth will follow.

It was my greatest desire to live among mortals long enough to show them how to find the true light. I wanted to show them how to think, and where to find true inspiration. I will not say I failed for I did not accomplish a great deal in that direction. Intellect and reason were granted or created for the purpose of being exercised in the highest degree. Man cannot progress without reflection and he certainly cannot think and reason without inspiration. Until free inquiry is made, until unbiased investigation is allowed in all religious denominations, truth will be like a plant of slow growth, and until divested of all superstition the human mind will not seek God in natural law, and man will not be able to feel the perfect thrilling power of true inspiration. The first great cause should be studied and it requires the most indefatigable and unwearied research. Electricity, which earth mortals know so little of, is one of the first and all-powerful principles emanating from the Creator. It is the power by which all things were called into being, and must be called the grand fiat of nature, and the source of all vitality.

INSPIRATION AND ELECTRICITY.

Inspiration is the wings upon which the mind mounts to spheres of true knowledge and understanding. Electricity carries the mind from one object to another and is the motive power of thought, and from these vital principles comes heat, light, affinity, attraction and magnetism. Inspiration teaches the manner in which they can be made the most useful. Electricity is the power by which all motion, mental and physical, is produced. Inspiration is the power that gives all motion its highest action, and is the groundwork of all philosophy, and when coming time brings to the human family a desire to know, and understand the real facts hidden in the heart of nature, they will become inspired with a love for the beautiful, they will realize the God-power hidden beneath it all, and step by step, near the heaven they pray for, inspiration should be cultivated and brought to bear upon the conditions of common life, its influences should be felt in all hearts, so that music, love and beauty may become the thrilling influences guiding and controlling all classes; then man will find in nature all his soul requires for rapid and perfect growth and development, and will through his love of nature, learn to love all humanity and with that love element enthroned within his being mount to spheres of usefulness on the immortal side of life and become a guiding star to those still left upon the earth plane.

OLD AGE.

I would not couple age with weary care, Or closely link it unto sorrow's load, Which, lowly bowed on time's long, dreary road, Must lonely walk in silence and despair. Ah, nay! thy day's decline, all bright and fair; The genial rest that nature has bestowed; No heated strife life's waning powers to goad, But tranquil peace diffusing everywhere. Not like the gilded morn of childhood's age, Not like the glowing day of youth so bright, But, softened with the kindly mellowed rays That temper the full beams of glowing light, And robe the distant hills with purpling haze Ere falls the shadowy curtain of the night, And hides the mortal traveler from sight.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

PEACE, LOVE AND SOUL.

I look about each summer morn To see the buds unfold, And watch the progress of the corn— The new spring from the old. I watch the sunlight kiss the leaves And sip the dewdrops fair That through calm night the grass reveals— The voice of PEACE is there. I look about the wooded hill, The grassy plain below— The winding, rippling, flowing rill, The pebbles in the flow; The birds that warble in the wood; The grass—and everywhere I find, unknown, misunderstood— The voice of LOVE is there.

I feel the gently wafting breeze At twilight's soothing hours; I hear the song-birds in the trees, I scent the fragrant flowers; I sense a presence all around Of peace and love so rare. I know the key of life is found— The voice of SOUL is there. DR. T. WILKINS.

THE BEAST IN MAN.

It is Vividly Portrayed by a Woman.

Some Wholesome Advice Given.

ANOTHER MURDER AND OUTRAGE OF A WHITE WOMAN, A WIFE AND MOTHER, BY A BRUTAL NEGRO!—WILL THESE CASES NEVER CEASE?—MUST THE NERVES OF NEWSPAPER READERS BE CONTINUALLY SHOCKED BY READING THE HORRIBLE ACCOUNTS OF THESE MURDERS?

A mass-meeting was held here in Boston last evening, to protest "against the recent lynchings in the South." Mr. Edward Brown said:

"I am here to ask our Congressmen to introduce a bill to stop this damnable outrage. The Constitution gives the negro the right to 'Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' and it is a wrong to lynch him."

I would like to ask Mr. Brown: Has not every white woman a right to life, liberty and happiness? And why should any white or black brute enter her home, or seize her upon the highway and drag her into the woods to accomplish his purpose?

Congressman Morse said at the above meeting: "I denounce the lynchings perpetrated on the black man in the South. They are outrages."

Rev. J. H. Morgan said: "Lynchings must cease. Black men can no longer be murdered in the South with impunity."

Hon. George Downing read the following, which was endorsed by a unanimous rising vote, as the expression of the people present:

"We condemn the lynching of American citizens practiced in parts of our country; we do so as citizens with patriotic instincts; as Christians with God in view. We must declare in trumpet tones that a stop must be put to the disgrace that it must not be practiced in any part of the land. We are, as human civilized beings, as proud Americans who are jealous of our country's honor, made sick, made to hold our heads down in shame, because of these lynchings. Instead of being made sick on account of the lynchings, one might think that they would be made sick by the knowledge that the wives and mothers of this nation are daily outraged and murdered by black fiends. As to hanging their heads in shame, I should think that they might. To reflect that the proud Americans mentioned have peopled the earth with such brutes; should cause them to be 'sick,' and to hang their heads in shame. Every husband who entices, persuades, or compels a wife to surrender herself to his inordinate passion when nature and her own feelings oppose it, betrays these brutes imbued with sensual proclivities. Pre-natal conditions have created every black or white fiend who walks the earth to-day assailing girls and women."

During the mass-meeting held, not one speaker uttered a word of regret or protest against the diabolical manner in which women are outraged by the negro to-day. Not one word was uttered against the wrong done to white women; against the cruelties and outrages which must, by their very horror, make even the angels weep!

White women all over the land have read these brutal murders, shuddering meanwhile, as they picture the frenzy and horror of their sisters in the grasp of the negro. All over the country, I say, we women are shuddering over these cases and praying for some means of protection against the negro. We naturally expect that our brother man, should take up arms in our defense; but it seems that his sympathies have been given to the negro.

Not one white woman's voice was heard upon the platform of the mass-meeting. As usual, when men alone assume to discuss great problems affecting men and women, they make the aged and the animal with the long ears and braying voice. This was never better demonstrated than in the recent meeting of the National Divorce League, composed entirely of men. Not one woman was invited to the platform and no female voice was allowed to be heard in a matter so affecting her welfare as marriage and divorce!

It is time that we women cried "halt," and compelled mankind to recognize us as factors in the affairs of earth. It is time that man was made to decrease and put away his passions, instead of pandering to them by seizing some lone shadow of a woman, or immature girl, to gratify the beast that is in him. Instead of inaugurating mass-meetings for protesting against the lynching of the black man, meetings should be held protesting against the body of the white woman being seized and ravished by him. The white men should rise, en masse, and canvassing the towns and villages of the negro, protest against, and compel him to let his white sisters alone. When lynching is done away with, the negro will have no punishment held up to him as the consequence of his evil deed. He can outrage and murder with impunity then. I believe that the example of lynching has deterred many negroes from these crimes. More of them would have been committed had it not been for the fear of lynching.

Will my sex ever be free from the horror of outrage? The beast that is in man has never been annihilated. Every woman knows that there is this beast in mankind, and no woman ever trod the path of a lovely girl without experi-

encing a fear of this element in man. Be the forest ever so shady, ever so beautiful with nature's wealth of green, yet the half intangible fear that she may meet someone of the opposite sex, flits through her brain and causes her uneasiness. And should she meet one in the lonely woodland, her heart throbs with terror as he approaches, and will not be quelled until he has put his arm on his way and is far from her vicinity. All women who dwell alone possess this fear of the beast in man, and it is a disgrace to our civilization that constant outrage and rape cause woman to hold these feelings toward man, her brother.

The true remedy is for women to rise, en masse, and insist upon man controlling his sensual proclivities. Women have had to control theirs since the beginning of all time, for men have taught them that their chances of getting husbands depended upon virginity. But man has never been taught to eradicate passion; on the contrary, he has pandored it, until now raging beasts walk the earth in human form. Let us compel men to restrain their baser proclivities; let us compel them to be decent; let us compel them to quit outraging girl-children.

Much scoffing is done by men at women suffrage, and the Age of Consent laws; but I will say to them, that it will be only when women are admitted into legislatures and have a voice in ordering the laws of the country, that these sins against their sex will be adequately punished. Then woman will make it a capital offense to commit rape on her sex.

Hanging is none too good for a man who infringes on the rights of his sister, seizes her body violently, and finally murders it after committing indignities too horrible to relate. Lynching is none too good! Burning at the stake is none too good! Any torture that can be devised is none too good for a black wretch who seizes the organism of a white woman and imprisons his fiendish personality upon the very cradle of the human embryo, while angels weep at the sacrilege.

I, who declare this, am not a barbarian, either! I do not forget that I am a wife and mother, and that my own beautiful daughter may be the next victim. I am a woman and can put myself in the place of my white sister and imagine her horror, agony and torture of mind upon finding herself in the grasp of the black man. As long as we have wretches like these in our communities we must deal out a punishment befitting their crime.

I know that some of my masculine readers (those who are so fond of quoting woman as the "tempter of man," etc.) may deem what I have written here, and deem me somewhat severe. But I will say: While it is true that a bad woman may seduce youth and otherwise commit sins in the realm of sex; yet her darkest sin therein is pure as snow compared to the outrages men commit on women. No disapproval takes place in cases where women entice youth; but in cases of outrage, especially in that of FOUR-YEAR-OLD Myrtle Vance, who was outraged by the negro Henry Smith, the physical disruption was beyond conception. The negro confessed his crime, and said that the little girl was quite dead by the time his heinous crime was accomplished. So I say that MAN, not woman, stands condemned as the blackest criminal and evil-doer in the realm of sex. He is the fiend incarnate, the devil without a peer, who commits the darkest crimes in this line.

In the recent case where Mrs. Bell, a white woman, was assaulted by the negro Henry Hilliard, even his own colored friends endorsed his being burnt at the stake. Yet here in Massachusetts the white people made it the subject of a mass-meeting.

Irene Wiley, of Lynn, is another four-year-old victim of assault, who lies now at the point of death. Albert Bomberger assaulted his employer's daughter in North Dakota. Charles Miller, a negro, brutally assaulted and murdered the two beautiful daughters of John Ray, at Wickliffe, Ky. Luella Merritt, aged 14, has just died in Mommouth, Ill., and her assaulter, Philo McIntire, 50 years of age and who is a white man, Little Alice Stirling, of Dorchester, Mass., was assaulted and murdered by one Gilbert. Theodore Durrant, of San Francisco, enticed and assaulted two beautiful girls, on different occasions, murdering them afterwards; he hid their bodies in a church. Lee Walker, a negro, assaulted a white woman and also a colored one. In 1894 there were thirty-seven outrages of white women committed in the United States that came to public notice.

Civilization cannot be sound—it cannot be decent, while these crimes are committed, and while brutes are constantly being perpetuated to walk the earth and outrage the very citadel of infant life. Instead of mass-meetings to condemn lynching, some inquiry should be made as to the causes of these brutish impulses actuating men to-day, and see if something cannot be done to propagate a nobler posterity. There is a cause for every morbid impulse actuating the race to-day, and inquiry might be productive of some good.

Onset Bay. EVA A. CASSELL.

All little aims slip from me as I reach my yearning soul toward the Infinite—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Want and sorrow are the wages that folly earns for itself—Schubart.

There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and to look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its heavenly maker.—South.

FOREGLEAMS OF SCIENCE.

As Manifested in the Past.

THE CRAZY UTTERANCES OF A CRANKY MEDIUM, AFTER NEARLY HALF A CENTURY, CONFIRMED BY SCIENCE.

Over forty years ago, Rev. Simon C. Hewitt, a Universalist clergyman, was engaged in a house in Boston constructing a very singular piece of mechanism. This unique thing was not originated in the mind of Mr. Hewitt, though he was most thoroughly convinced that he was constructing "The Mechanical Jesus of the New Dispensation." The power behind the throne, the originator, was John M. Spear; or rather, I should say, the spirits who influenced him; for Mr. Spear was one of the very earliest trance mediums. And in his first lectures were given directions for the construction of "the new Jesus." He gave all the dimensions by measuring on his fingers, and it was said they were as exact as though given in feet and inches and measured by a rule. After some months' labor, it was completed, and Mr. Hewitt, in his paper, The New Era, announced the birth of the "New Child," which was to revolutionize the machinery of the world. But it was a sickly child, and was taken down to High Rock at Lynn, carefully nursed for a while, then transported to Kiantone, in Western New York, where a graceless mob tore out its heart. "The Mechanical Jesus" came to its death, though not by crucifixion.

But I am concerned at present with the idea underlying this much-debated movement. John M. Spear, or the spirits' back of him, declared that the atmosphere contained a boundless reservoir of electric energy, more than sufficient to propel all the machinery man could ever need; and that it was possible to tap the reservoir and forever dispense steam and all other forms of motive energy. "The Mechanical Jesus" was to be an "Electrical Motor," and there would be "perpetual motion," or as long as machinery lasted. He also presented the idea that this "Current Electricity," as he termed it, was somewhat different from the lightning flash. But John M. Spear was hoisted as one of the most fanatical cranks of the time—Spiritualists as well as others joining in the ridicule and condemnation. "Just think," they said, "of getting power out of the air to run a machine! Of there being bottled up in the atmosphere a power to take the place of steam. Oh, perhaps, what won't the crazy Spiritualists get up next!"

Well, over forty years have passed away. John M. Spear and most of the workers of his day have passed over where they understand better than here the power of nature's invisible energies. Within ten years past, science has made some tremendous strides in the field of electricity. What has she found? Prof. Alexander McAlde, meteorologist of the Weather Bureau, San Francisco, Cal., says that "up to 1885 there was practically no advance, beyond Franklin's time, in the knowledge of the electricity of the air, and no attempt to use it practically." Of course, McAlde was ignorant of the attempt of Messrs. Spear and Hewitt. But if there had been "no advance from Franklin's time" then John M. Spear, the Spiritualist medium, was the first man to broach the idea of the mechanical energy of atmospheric electricity. He originated and published in the early '50's the idea that the atmosphere is a vast reservoir of electric energy, and that it can be utilized as a motive power to run the world's machinery. What does Mr. McAlde say of this "fanatical" (?) utterance of the Spiritualist medium? Hear him:

"The upper air is an immense storage battery that I have no doubt will be used some day. There is above us a boundless reservoir of electricity waiting to be tapped, and we are working toward that consummation." Ah, indeed! Scientists are working to accomplish what Spear and Hewitt attempted, but failed. How about the amount of this energy? "Ideas of the amount of power must be vague. Dr. Oliver Lodge, Professor of Physics in University College, Liverpool, has estimated the energy of a cubic mile of air, subject to its highest electrical strain, at 70,000,000 foot tons. He has estimated that in a small cloud one hundred yards square, one-fourth of a mile distant, the energy would be 300 horse-power—just before a discharge. We have electrical energy in the quiet air above us, unseen and unknown except when recognized by instruments." These extracts are direct and to the point. They prove that within the last ten years experimental science has fully demonstrated that the claims put forth through the mediumship of an entirely unscientific man, and which were unmercifully ridiculed by the Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists alike, are in strict conformity with the absolute facts of nature. And they are willing to practically realize this knowledge as did Spear and Hewitt so long ago. Let us hope they will have better success.

Who can say but what in the future we shall find out that many other assumed revelations from the spirit side of life, which we have derided, or neglected, may turn out to be scientific verities? Though a witness to the construction of the "Mechanical Jesus," like most others, I was an utter skeptic as to its success, and also as to the assumed existence of the tremendous reservoir of available mechanical energy in the silent air above us. But I hereby make my confession for I agree with the idea that he is a bold man who outside the realm of pure mathematics, dares pronounce the word impossible.

THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF DEATH.

We see the body laid low in the grave, And some say: "That is all." But the spirit has risen from out the clay To answer the Master's call. The life deep within us is endless as God; And while here but a limited span— Yet the road stretches onward, in which all have trod, From the least to the greatest of man. Truth beckons us onward along the bright path Of Eternity's learning and love; And, when we step over the small bridge of death, Kind friends will give welcome above. But while on this side, keeping pace with Old Time, Not one moment by us should be lost; But, "gather ye all," ere your day doth decline, Of the flowers of truth over us tossed. L. S.

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs.—Beecher.

The failure to practically demonstrate the spirit affirmation of the existence of this "vast storage battery" of electricity in the upper air, was a great damper upon investigators in the realms of scientific experimentation. But this complete confirmation should encourage all who are inclined to investigation in that direction. PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

ETHEL ISN'T "IN IT."

O, life is work-day, the wages are low And, do all I can, still there's many a want; The bright days fly fast, and the sad ones creep slow, Let me turn where I may there is some fear to haunt, To-morrow the place where I toil may be shut; The days may drag on, bringing nothing to do; Or heartless machines, they may break, kill or cut And my hands be unnerved when my toil is not through; Starvation or charity then it would be To me, and to those who are dearest to me.

But—Ethel isn't "in it." "Who is she?" O, Ethel was my little girl, That died, when we lived on the old hill-side farm; She only was five; tow head, all a-curl, And—"pretty!" Yes, sir!—Just complete, to a charm! "What ailed her?" Hard tellin'! I sometimes have thought She looked and lifted the next child too much. Her mother worked hard—she did more than she ought, And Ethel—she minded the baby, and such,

'Till one day she screamed out with a pain. From then on She suffered, and suffered, until she was gone. And—Ethel wasn't "in it." We lost the old farm; it was mortgaged, you know, And we tried hard to lift it—it seemed that we might; But it crowded us hard, though it crowded us slow, 'Till, worked to the bone, we abandoned the fight. We sold off our horses with sorrowful hearts; Old Julia, which Ethel had petted and fed, And Charley, so true at farm labor and arts,

But our heads could not do as our loving hearts said; So our horses, our cows, and our chickens and sheep Were sold off at auction;—the dear things went cheap. Well—Ethel wasn't "in it." Then we moved off to town, and I hunted a job; 'Twas a hard hand to hand fight with "the wolf" at the door; There were so many "foxes" to gnaw and to rob That we could not forget we were poor—very poor. But we all clung together; each did what he could; Wife—she sewed for a song when the housework was done. 'Till Robbie got hurt by a big block of wood And was crippled for life. Then our trouble begun! Poor, dear little fellow! We pitied him

When his playmates romped off, and he never could go! But—Ethel wasn't "in it." We are wearing away with the work of the years, And the road grows no smoother as onward we go; We have scant time for pleasures, and scant time for tears, Or to sigh for the old home we mortgaged, you know. There the trees were as friends, and the buildings were reared By our kindfolks, whose labor was hopeful and glad. Oh! there never can be any spot so endeared As the farm on the hillside, we ought to have had! Ah! well—we have rented, and tented, and moved, In Heaven we find that our luck is improved. Then Ethel will be "in it." EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

LATTER AS A HEALER.

and Given a Scientific Investigation.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican has the timely suggestion that Schlatter, the Denver healer, deserves to be investigated scientifically. Schlatter differs widely from all alleged Messiahs or "seers," that the proposition to study scientifically is a reasonable one, the investigation ought not to be complicated, since it involves only his personality. Schlatter has no paraphernalia, no mysterious surroundings, no ceremony of any description, no church, no organization of any kind behind him. He is plain Schlatter, working by himself, without boasting, seeking neither honor, fame nor profit. He has stood in the streets of Denver for many weeks simply shaking hands with those who have been attracted to him with the hope of having their ailments cured, or holding their handkerchiefs or some other article of personal property for a moment. Out of the thousands who have visited him, hundreds and hundreds have claimed to be cured, and they have given their testimony in the most enthusiastic manner, among them many persons well-known in the business and social world. He has no following, and does not wish to have one. He withdraws from the public eye and just now he is in one of these periods of seclusion, having been located at some point remote from Denver, where he is reported to be fasting.

Certainly this is a unique personality, deserving of study. It ought to be possible for unprejudiced physicians of Denver, if there are such, to study these cures and ascertain whether they are genuine, or merely the fancies of those who have been so strongly impressed by the personality of Schlatter. In any event, a very short time will suffice to determine whether these have been real cures. If they have not, it will be the end of Schlatter, and he will disappear from the public view as speedily as he came into it. Meanwhile the personality of this man remains. The idea of trickery or charlatanry does not seem to attach to him. Quacks and charlatans are always inspired either by the desire for notoriety or personal gain. Schlatter shuns notoriety. He does not care to be identified with any following. He has no ambition to organize a society. Whenever money has been offered him he has rejected it. All that he cares for is food and shelter, and just now, if reports are true, he does not care for the former. The ordinary necessities for seeking publicity are absent in his case. He does not manifest any self-assertion except that of the gift of healing, and the implication that this gift proceeds from himself at the direction of someone whom he calls "the father."

As a psychological study, therefore, Schlatter is most interesting, whether he be simply a hypnotist working by suggestion, or merely a stronger mind acting upon weaker ones without any supernatural assistance. If his methods are neither of these, and if he is only a quack, then certainly he is the most remarkable charlatan who has ever appeared in connection with healing, since he is destitute of every motive that usually actuates swindlers of this class.

It is almost inconceivable, a quack without any desire for notoriety or personal gain. The interesting statement by Judge Stansell of Denver, printed in last Sunday's Tribune, who knew him before he began practicing healing, throws much light upon Schlatter's methods and personality. In an interview the Judge says:

"He probably heals a case here and there, just as the faith curists do. I see you look doubtfully at this statement. Let me explain. He has strong magnetic or hypnotic power, and in certain cases of nervous or mental trouble, and often in more serious phases of disease arising from disordered mental and nervous forces, he can effect a cure by acting upon a dormant will power, and undoubtedly has helped many people so afflicted."

"Then you think he is crafty, and is trading upon the credulity of the people?"

"By no means—directly. Indirectly, maybe. I think he is honest, as all deluded people are, and is doing his best to aid suffering humanity. Probably he does not yet understand his own condition or his gift, as his deluded followers call it, and is feeling his way."

"Do you think it is honest to claim to be the Messiah?"

"Certainly not. But I do not think he does claim that. As I understand it, he merely claims to be a Messiah, and the unthinking people easily make the blunder of substituting 'the' for 'a'."

It is evident from this statement that Judge Stansell believes Schlatter to be a man laboring under an honest delusion. This view is not detracted, however, from the interest of a scientific study of the nature of the man, and the communion he has caused among so many persons not supposed to be laboring under delusions.

The above from the Tribune, or the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, it matters not which, is good as far as it goes; but when it is suggested that a matter of this kind should be investigated scientifically by unprejudiced physicians of Denver, or any other city, the merit of all sane, thinking people knows no bounds. The idea of there being need of investigation is silly, to begin with.

If Schlatter cures people, to which many veracious people attest, he is doing good; if he cures none, he charges nothing and swindles no one, and is therefore guilty of no crime, or infraction of the law. But where is the competency, scientifically or otherwise, to demonstrate the authenticity of the power possessed by this peculiar personage to cure the sick and make the lame walk, or ascertain from whence it comes?

Because men have mutilated dead bodies—"stiffs" as the students call them—in their effort to trace a nerve, or locate a certain function, and burned midnight gas in the chemical laboratory, in some college, is it any indication of superior power, or of ability to fathom the deep mysteries of the soul-life, and the power of the finer, the unseen and unseeable forces in nature over the grosser?

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An instrument is this man to produce the results acknowledged by hundreds of invalids, whose homes are all over the country, and who can be consulted as to the facts—no matter by what power he is used, or whether it is wholly of and within himself or not—without placing him in the hands of a gang of human butchers, who, as a matter of course, are prejudiced in favor of their profession,

from pecuniary motives if no other, and they are always selfish.

Schlatter's power is probably better understood by spiritual philosophers than by others, owing to a research exactly along that line of the higher science. DR. T. WILKINS.

INFIDEL WRITINGS.

They Have Found Their Way to India.

EDUCATED HINDOOS CATCH THE INFIDEL SPIRIT AND BEGIN TO CRITICIZE.—CAN NOT BE MISLED BY MISSIONARIES.

In a church paper of recent date there appeared a article from a missionary in India, hawailing the fact that infidel writings have found their way to India. Listen to his tale of woe. Speaking of the educated Hindus he says: "They adopt atheism or agnosticism, following such teachers as Mrs. Besant, Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, whose writings as well as those of such men as Ingersoll, Huxley, Spencer, have flooded the country."

How strange that the Hindu, whose religion teaches him to hold all life sacred, should reject a religion whose meek and lowly savior said: "Those mine enemies who would not that I should reign over them bring hither and slay before me." How unreasonable for him to adopt atheism instead of a belief in a triple God who sacrificed one-third of himself in order to partially appease the wrath of the other two-thirds. How it must strengthen then his heathenish double of the Christian Bible to find a large number of the missionaries, own countrymen doubting and ridiculing it; to find them asking for an explanation of its numerous contradictions, and condemning its obscenity and immortality. Is it not shocking that the poor benighted heathen, who has been taught to place morality and justice above all else, should fail to appreciate the beauties of a religion which has left in its wake a trail of crime and bloodshed as has no other which the world has ever known; a religion which has, whenever possible, silenced all opposition by torture and imprisonment; which is today making a desperate effort to regain its legal hold upon the people. Terrible, indeed, is the thought that the record which nature has written of her evolution from a low to a high order of being should be placed in the hands of the pagan, that he may contrast it with the biblical mud man and spar-bird woman.

A CHILD-PREACHER.

Only 10 Years of Age, She Expounds the Bible with Fervor.

A New York dispatch to a Chicago daily is responsible for the following item: "Cleretta Nova Avery is only 10 years old, yet she can preach with all the fervor and command of language of one who has labored many years for the conversion of mankind. She has been in the work of evangelization for two years. She preached her maiden New York sermon on the evening of November 22, at the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church."

"Have you decided upon your text for to-morrow night?" she was asked. "What the Lord directs me to say," she replied, as she folded one small hand over the other, "that will I preach. I open the Bible and turn over the leaves until I come to the passage from which I feel that I must preach."

"This was from a child, who had progressed as far as the third reader in her school, when she felt called to preach to all men. She has never read any other book but the Bible. Yet, in her talk and in her sermons, several of which have been printed in the South, she shows a knowledge and an insight into human nature which comes to most only after years of observation and study."

"Yet, when the child is not speaking on religious subjects, she is like one of her own age. 'I wish,' she said to-night, 'that you could see my dolls. I have 150 of them. One of them is as big as me. When I got it I laughed like a child. I have six with me now.'"

This is clearly a case of spirit control, although coming through this little colored girl of orthodox parentage. Their zeal in religion marked the unborn babe in a manner to attract a like, though experienced, religionist to her organism to complete an unfinished work along this line. It proves one important lesson in Spiritualism—that we enter the Spirit-land as we depart from this, and remain in that condition until desirous of a change. This control has doubtless never been led into the knowledge that he has departed this life, and psychologically came in contact with this receptive little girl, and will undoubtedly try to fill a supposed unfinished mission through her organism.

HULL-COVERT DEBATE.

Indiana Spiritualists Will Renew the Defense of Their Doctrines at Once.

The Indiana Spiritual Association has re-opened its warfare against Elder W. R. Covert, the great anti-Spiritualist who has been assailing it. Moses Hull, one of the most able of the spiritual lecturers, will be here under their auspices the first of December for three weeks. He will take the opera house on the days which Covert has not already covered. Both are aggressive, have no hesitancy in using vigorous language and means, and the fight will be to a hot finish.

Covert packed the Grand opera house on Sunday, November 24. He paid special attention to Ohio Spiritualists, and among other things made the positive statement that the Spiritualists of that State-fixed Governor McKinley and the legislature when the question of restricting mediums came before that body.

No doubt he will yet accuse Illinois Spiritualists of being responsible for the demise of Mr. Meyer, the introducer of that nefarious anti-medium bill in the House about three years ago, who died about the time the bill did. He died of lagrippe, contracted at the State-house. "The Spiritualists of the State fixed God," he might remark.

Preparing for the End.

The Seventh Day Adventists of Anderson, Ind., and vicinity, are preparing, by prayer and devotional exercises, for the end of all mankind within the next few days or weeks, and are confident that the end of the earth is at hand. They believe that wholesale persecution of missionaries and agents of God will be the closing scenes of the world. They paid but little attention to the Armenian outrages at the beginning, but as the war in the East has spread they have taken new interest, and have seen all of the signs foretold. They claim that the outrages are near their end, and that when the end has almost been reached, after many thousand Christians have been persecuted in various forms, that God will destroy the earth to show that he is mighty.

These poor, ignorant people know how it is to be persecuted. They are probably as sincere as their persecutors, but in the face of so many failures in their efforts to bring the energies of the universe to a dead stop, it is hard to decipher what holds them together as a sect. Poor, deluded, honest people.

Unparalleled Offer.

To send forth free a 400 page book, which has received the commendation of leading minds everywhere, is something unparalleled. We are now absolutely giving away Vol. I. of The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-world, to each of our present subscribers, and those who may hereafter subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. See conditions in another column.

A Sad Case.

Insanity proceedings were recently filed, in the county where he resided, asking that Joseph Mix, the famous seer of White River, Ind., known all over the State, be confined and treated for insanity. His foresight into the future and his ability to locate lost or stolen goods has brought people from all parts of the State to confer with him on matters of this kind. He is past 70 years of age and his health is failing him. He has made a great deal of money out of his practice, and it is thought he has large sums hidden or buried.

CONSUMPTION

To THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 189 Pearl St., New York.

MEDIUMS AND HEALERS.

An Earnest Plea in Their Behalf.

THEY HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO ASK COMPENSATION FOR THEIR SERVICES AS OTHER PHYSICAL AND MENTAL LABORERS.

When mediumship was in its primary condition, very few mediums asked pay for the exercise of their power, believing that it was an especially God-given gift to a select few, and all work should be charitable. It is now known that it is produced by a natural psychic growth, and everyone, at some period during the process of psychic unfoldment, becomes sensitive to spirit influences.

Mediums, then, have as much right to ask money for their services as other physical or mental laborers, and if the pay was according to the amount of vital forces consumed, theirs would be the largest of all fees. But the selfish public looks to get something for nothing, or the greatest returns possible, and so, being positive, controls our negative instruments with its desires, and in many cases controls even the manifestations of our spirit friends—for desire is power, and the predominating always rules, whether it is just or not.

Mediums are the finest and most delicate of human instruments, and require the best of care and food, and it is shameful that their work is so little appreciated and their fees so begrudged by the world which is in such dire need of the service they alone can render. Half-fed and poorly-clothed, they wander about like tramps. How can they get harmonious conditions for high inspirations and wonderful manifestations under such trying and discordant circumstances? Think how they sacrifice their time and vital forces for an unappreciative public, receiving its ever-ready abuse and cutting, criticising thought, which so pierces their sensitive natures! How they labor long and faithfully, and, broken down by the nervous strain of conflicting and bigoted minds, are in later years compelled to live upon charity!

Their sensitiveness is the principal reason they are so unable to obtain their financial rights in the battle for gold. Hence a few have managers. But few, indeed, can afford these, and are at the mercies of a merciless public on the money question. It is hard for one to fully understand this position without being a medium and experiencing the contracting conditions in spirit on the part of the patron when there should be expansion and charity. The great greed for gold, which floods the country like a fog, is probably the cause; but the mediums suffer, as the weaker have always done.

Our magnetic physicians are indispensable in the cure of nervous diseases, for which the regulars have no specific remedy, yet charge higher prices and still hold the patronage of the public, who yet seem to think there can be no cure without drugs, and a vigorous racking of the system with some powerful physic. Because the humane healers refuse this manner of treatment, their power is sneered at or believed of little financial and physical worth.

These great sympathetic physicians who feed humanity upon their life forces, and are willing to bear with them the burden of their sins, ought to be more appreciated, and at least placed on an equal plane with the regulars in fees, who are far inferior to them as physicians, being unable to diagnose a case without begging the question of the patient, who seldom knows what ails him, more than pain—which, to say the least, is quite unreliable.

It is possible to know of spirit return and yet not realize it thoroughly. Perhaps, if the people realized more the use and importance and need of mediums, they would be more charitably inclined in thought and finance toward them. The world has long been crucifying its saviors, and it is about time to quit such unpardonable sin and do a little thinking—"live and let live."

The people ought to be more acquainted with the philosophy and science of spirit return, as they would be more considerate with mediums. To accomplish this, a greater desire should be created for spiritual literature. Every Spiritualist ought to consider it his duty to aid this by inquiring at news depots for our spiritual papers, and the demand will soon be phenomenal.

SEEING A SPIRIT FORM

And the Medium at the Same Time.

TO THE EDITOR.—Accompanying this is an affidavit from one of my near neighbors, telling how she saw a spirit form and the medium at the same time. This is the best kind of evidence. We want stubborn facts and not simple faith. This scientific evidence of spirit return is the greatest truth of the age.

HENRY E. MARTIN, Mrs. A. M. KOON.

On Saturday evening, October 5, 1895, Mr. L. P. Mitchell, of Mason, Mich., held a materializing seance at the residence of Addison Coon, in the south part of Windsor Township, Mich. In the southwest corner of the two-story brick house are a stairway and a hall. At the foot of the stairway there is an outer door with side lights and white frosted lights above the door. The side lights had been covered with paper since last summer, but the old paper on the light above the door had been removed a few weeks before. No one thought to cover the light above the door as the hall was dark at the beginning of the seance.

The forepart of the evening was cloudy. Everything was taken out of the said hallway except, with its large space above, was taken as the cabinet. Curtains were hung in the hall-door, and the medium sat behind them a few feet distant.

The sitters sat in semi-circle, facing the hall-door. The usual manifestations occurred. Forms appeared behind the curtains and disappeared quickly by sinking flatly on or into the floor, so to speak. No mortal could drop downward so quickly or so far without bumping himself.

The forms of a few old acquaintances were distinctly recognized by several of us at once.

At the close of the seance, a tall Hindu man, taller than the medium, appeared behind the curtains and walked out four or five feet.

While I was standing at the curtains,

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HENRY E. MARTIN, Mrs. A. M. KOON.

On Saturday evening, October 5, 1895, Mr. L. P. Mitchell, of Mason, Mich., held a materializing seance at the residence of Addison Coon, in the south part of Windsor Township, Mich. In the southwest corner of the two-story brick house are a stairway and a hall. At the foot of the stairway there is an outer door with side lights and white frosted lights above the door. The side lights had been covered with paper since last summer, but the old paper on the light above the door had been removed a few weeks before. No one thought to cover the light above the door as the hall was dark at the beginning of the seance.

The forepart of the evening was cloudy. Everything was taken out of the said hallway except, with its large space above, was taken as the cabinet. Curtains were hung in the hall-door, and the medium sat behind them a few feet distant.

The sitters sat in semi-circle, facing the hall-door. The usual manifestations occurred. Forms appeared behind the curtains and disappeared quickly by sinking flatly on or into the floor, so to speak. No mortal could drop downward so quickly or so far without bumping himself.

The forms of a few old acquaintances were distinctly recognized by several of us at once.

At the close of the seance, a tall Hindu man, taller than the medium, appeared behind the curtains and walked out four or five feet.

While I was standing at the curtains,

A PRACTICAL SCHEME.

A Few Words Regarding Education.

EDUCATION DEFINED—MOSES HULL'S PUPILS—SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE TRAINING OF SPEAKERS.

We have the authority of Webster for saying: "Education is properly to draw forth, and implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of principles and the regulation of the heart."

In the foregoing quotation I take the liberty of emphasizing the last five words—"the regulation of the heart"—and I would further supplement the definition quoted, by saying the word "education" is only a relative term which may mean much or little, and should not be used without due discrimination.

We often hear the expression, "Mr. X. was educated at Harvard," in tones which seem to imply that the college has taken grade material and turned out "a finished job," somewhat resembling a marble statue, that should be set up in a public place as a fixture for the world to admire because it is a product of the Cambridge atelier.

In speaking of the college graduate, people often say: "He has finished his education." But even a superficial examination of the practical acquirements of the same graduate will reveal the fact that the power to assimilate and understand has been subverted instead of stimulated, and that it is memory that has secured the parchment.

If asked to define the term "education" in few words, I should say it is that training or instruction which best uses man to make the highest and best use of time and opportunities; beginning at birth and continuing through eternity. Viewed in its best light, the college only assists the student in the process of self-education. Viewed in its true light, we find that it wastes valuable time in misdirected efforts, because it fails to comprehend the needs of its patrons.

The time has arrived when instructors should open their eyes to the fact that all are not born with the same capacity, nor for the same purpose, but, on the contrary, each person has a mission peculiarly his own, and all instruction should be in the line of the development of the useful faculties. Eliminate the superficial and impractical, and the college course would be greatly improved.

The past we cannot change. The present is ours for such action as will pave the way for a better and brighter future, by removing the stumbling-blocks which have been placed in the path of progress by the ignorant and the vicious.

I note the call of Mrs. Britten for funds with which to endow spiritual colleges. This involves a loss of time which, in my opinion, is neither wise nor necessary. Horace Greeley used to say: "The way to resume is to resume." Allow me to say the way to instruct is to instruct.

Moses Hull has proposed to start a "Training School," which is in the right direction, but which involves financial risks which spiritualists ought not to ask him to assume.

To-day the pupils of Moses Hull are found in every quarter of the globe. No college professor can boast of a larger number, nor a more important field of labor. Would it be for the best interests of the cause so dear to his heart and for which he has sacrificed so much, that he should limit his labor to the teaching of a few pupils, gathered in any special locality? Is there not some system involving less loss of time and less personal risk, which will admit of wider application, and from which better results may be expected?

I would like to submit a proposition which, in its broadest application, might be termed the "Cottage System." Having no cottages, friends with which to buy them, we must forgo that luxury and, for a time, substitute private rooms with private tutors. Do not despise small beginnings, as such may prove the surest foundations, out of which noble structures may be evolved.

As the special purpose is to secure speakers for the spiritual platform, the department of oratory should receive the first consideration, and it must be the final test of qualification.

Some of my readers may remember the instructions of Professor Fowler, of the Poughkeepsie Law School, who made a specialty of training young men for extemporaneous speaking, or as he often termed it, "Learning to think rapidly while upon the feet." Fowler might be adopted without delay, and each pupil would thus receive private instruction in all that is necessary for the orator, including the logical arrangement of his subjects, as well as oratorical effect. (Common school studies do not belong to this department.)

Judge Booth, who was in charge of the Common Law Department of the Poughkeepsie School, advised his pupils that there was no class of literature which might not, at some time, be of use to the practitioner. He therefore urged the students to keep themselves posted on all matters discussed in the periodicals of the day. This will be found to be good advice for the student who would prepare himself for the rostrum. A thorough knowledge of all progressive literature will be found to be almost indispensable to those who would become useful in the cause of Spiritualism.

The training required for the public speaker and that required for the public reader is widely different. The extemporaneous speaker is supposed to be expressing his own thoughts, and, to be successful, must present his subject logically, gracefully and earnestly.

The public reader deals with the thoughts of others and, for the time, must forget self and represent another personality.

While it is important that all public speakers should be good readers, it is not necessary that they become accomplished elocutionists. Whatever selections they may make to give point to his subject must be in harmony with his subject and with his own personality, or magnetism.

"If you have your audience under your spell," Ole Bull used to say, "never break it by a change of instruments; not even for a broken string."

The department of oratory is but one of the many which will be required, but it is the one which must determine the final success of the applicant. In all other departments the class system may

be used, but the number allowed in each class should be so limited that no student need be neglected and all inharmonious must be avoided.

I would also advise that each room be specially devoted to one branch of study and furnished accordingly. Thus the harmonious of the room would also be in harmony with the lessons taught. The rooms secured for the use of tutors should be near each other, but need not be in the same building.

This is but an outline of the plan, as my purpose is not to organize a complete system, but to show that successful teaching may be commenced in every large city without delay, and thus build up the system as pupils and tutors may be found and the exigencies of the case require.

The question how to start this system of teaching will hardly be asked, but I will say the plan already proposed of having a committee to select suitable sensitives and, if need be, raise the funds to pay for lessons, is in harmony with this plan, which is adapted to any locality where students may be found. Who will be the first to move in this matter? If we have wealthy Spiritualists, it is hoped that they will not be too "sensitive" to respond with funds to assist worthy mediums to so prepare themselves as to attract the highest and noblest influences, and thus become worthy representatives of the grandest work now before the people.

Mr. Editor, I have thought the above might assist in the solution of the "education" question. It is the difference between what we can do and that which is impossible at the present time.

You know the story of Hercules and the carters. The carter was told to put his own shoulder to the wheel before he called on Hercules to help him out of the mudhole.

A little less reliance on spirit power, and a little more material energy, will move the ball, which, like the school boy's snowball, will increase in size as it rolls along over the paths we wish to pursue.

If there are objections to the plan proposed, I hope they will be expressed, as the best plan will be none too good for the desired end.

FRANCIS LEANDER KING.

Worcester, Mass.

"CHARACTER-BUILDING."

Wise Words of Caution and Suggestion.

TO THE EDITOR:—The article in your issue of November 16, headed "Character-building, Spiritualization," etc., awakens many thoughts, both of approval and of caution. The field to be reviewed is so large and so important, that it almost makes a cautious truth-lover tremble to think of undertaking even a short walk therein.

This simple-minded correspondent may attempt little but a few hints of what is so in the field, but can hardly refrain from saying a few words.

According to said article, Miss Josephine C. Locke, of Chicago, when questioned as to her ideals of education, replied, "They are faith, hope and love." "They are not to be intellectually acquired, nor physically developed; but spiritually attained; and their attainment is character."

Ah! how much has humanity suffered for ages, through false faith, false hope, false love! And yet, according to Miss Locke (as we read her), genuineness, hope and love are not aided by or dependent upon intellectual knowledge or development. That, we may presume, is the reason why the Roman Church, in all countries subject to its rule, leaves the masses of its people illiterate and without the means of acquiring general knowledge. They must receive their faith and hope from church and priest, and love whatever absurdity, in honor of saints or mutterings of masses, they are taught to love.

Ah, yes! And was it not this same un- intellectual, ignorant faith and love, that a few centuries since covered the fair fields of Europe with blood, and filled the dungeons of the Inquisition with countless victims of bigotry and ignorance? Was it not the un- intellectual faith and love of the "sacred sword-bearers" of the "holy church" that fought the more innocent pagans of Prussia for one hundred years, until the fair land was covered by piles of human bones, before they would submit to the senseless forms of baptism and become Christians, or otherwise be exterminated?

Ah! Brother Editor, let me quote another scripture: "My son, get knowledge, and in all thy getting, get understanding" of the knowledge acquired. This humble scribe loves the spiritual and has been a believer in the nearness of the spiritual world for many years; but let us take a step backward into the fogs of a blind and senseless "un- intellectual" faith.

Science demonstrates the grand cosmos to be a unit as far as visible, and for the conduct of this life on earth, the Divine and Infinite Spirit has given us no more sacred gift than the gift of rationality, whereby to seek the united harmony of all things, at all times, with His Infinite and Ever-governing Laws.

Have faith in all things rationally proven to exist.

Hope for the fulfillment of all good.

Love all things that are instinctively beautiful and lovely and that to our rational powers seem good and just.

J. G. JACKSON.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

All nature echoes the sweet refrain: "There is no death," for we live again; Yes, after we pass from mortal view, We come with the same fond love to you.

And say: "Dear ones, we are with you still; We come and go at our own sweet will. 'Tis only the body you lay away; For the spirit has left the house of clay."

"And taken its flight to the realms above, To the mansions prepared by the God of Love; 'By the Infinite Power that rules o'er all, From the king on throne to the sparrows that fall."

"There is no death." We but go before To welcome our loved, when they reach the shore: The evergreen hills and the valleys fair Are eternally radiant there.

"No death! Ah! no; why, we only go To a higher realm than here below! But the lessons we learn while on earth We stay,

Count as gain in the beautiful land of day." MARY E. VAN HORN.

CLAIRVOYANCE VINDICATED.

It Was Almost a Century Ago.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE IN DREAM- LAND WHERE A LOST CHILD WAS FOUND.

About 1804 my grandfather and his brother-in-law located at the foot of one of the Allegheny mountains in Pennsylvania. My father was six or seven years old and his brother four or five. Their uncle had located about three miles away.

One day my father's aunt, with her daughter, five years old, went to my grandfather's to visit her sister for the day. In the twilight of the evening the cousins were sitting outside of the cabin watching the three children playing just in front of the house, not over sixty yards distant. They were playing "hide and whoop." My father being the eldest, had learned to be deceitful; so he watched his cousin Sally as she was hiding, and saw her run around a large tree lying on the ground, and not waiting for her to whoop, he instantly ran around to find her, but she was not there, and he and his brother failing to find her ran to their mother and told her that Sally was lost. The ultimatum was that the whole neighborhood turned out and faithfully searched the whole country through and through, until all agreed that at any rate she must be dead.

Some three weeks after her disappearance, as uncle was sitting in his cabin door, a stranger rode up and asked to stay all night. Uncle accommodated him and during the evening he told him of his sad misfortune.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my neighborhood there is a man who has very funny dreams, and when he has those peculiar dreams they always are as he dreams, and if I were in your place I would go down and tell him of the loss of my child, and he may dream of her, and if he does, you may depend on it that what he dreams will be just as he dreams."

Uncle, next morning as the stranger left, also left for the dreamer's and found him—he lived thirty miles away. Uncle told him his business.

"Well," said he, "I cannot dream when I want to, but when I have one of those strange dreams, I have learned to know that they are as true as if I had seen it with my eyes wide open, and if I should dream what has become of my child, I will come up and tell you know."

Uncle went to the gate and asked: "Have you dreamed what became of my child?"

"Yes," said he, "I have."

"Well," said uncle, "get down off your horse and tell me."

"No," said the man, "I will tell you before I get down," and, pointing in a certain direction, said: "About three miles from here there is a lake, is there not?"

"Yes," said uncle.

"Well, there is a small field near the lake, is there not?"

"Yes," said uncle.

"Do you recollect that there is a large elm growing in or standing close in the corner of the field, nearest the lake?"

"Yes, the tree is there."

"Well, do you there, and on the south side of that elm tree, you will find a bunch of leaves in the forks of its roots; under them you will find the head, back-bone and some of the upper ribs. The flesh is all eaten off the face, but the plait of hair is still on the back of the head."

Uncle put up the man's horse and left him to provide supper for him, got on his horse and started.

"Hold on," said the man, "you had better take a basket. You will want to bring the bones home to bury them."

Uncle went, and found the bones just as he described them. The lake and field were near where the child was caught.

The dreamer said a panther killed the child and after devouring it, carried the bones and placed them there.

You may rest assured that there is no coloring to this narrative—simply the facts are told.

Now, hypnotism nor mesmerism can explain this mental or mind phenomena. The mind of this person was, while in some abnormal condition, capable of looking along the whole chain of events. He must have seen the panther spring upon this child, devour it, and after doing so, take the remains to the tree and cover them with leaves; and also at the same time must have taken a survey of the entire landscape, or else he could not have sat on his horse and pointed out all the environments connected with the phenomena.

Now, the question arises here: Did he see the child and all that means sensations, hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling, and spirit means the body which environs the soul after death takes place) remain in his physical body or did they emerge from the physical and travel to the place where the scene took place and take a retrospective view of the whole scene?

As to the soul and spirit of a person having the ability to leave the physical body, there can be no doubt in the mind of the psychological philosopher. Philosophy is a collection of facts and truths, so arrange them as to bring conviction to the mind, and if The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will allow me: a short space, I will give one instance:

Once on leaving the platform after having preached a sermon (I was then a Presbyterian minister) a man came up to me and said: "Sharp, I never heard a discourse of that character before, but I will tell you what I once saw. I and my brother were playing on the north side of our house, and hearing our house-dog barking on the south side, we quit our play and ran around to where the dog was. The dog had his fore paws on the fence and was barking at our neighbor woman, who lived just across a forty-acre field. A path ran straight from our house to hers, and by the side of this path—about half-way—stood a large chestnut tree, and the girl was under this tree when we and the dog saw her. When she came, and she immediately sidled up the room and went to the door to see her; but no Elizabeth was there, and mother commenced making preparations to go for her; but we happened to think that the dog first called our attention to the woman. She also recollected that the dog did bark; so we and mother went directly to the chestnut tree and examined the path, which was dusty, but could find no tracks. We followed the path to the house, crossed the fence and knocked at the door and asked if Elizabeth was at home.

"Yes," said her mother, "about fifteen

minutes or a half-hour ago she went into the house to get a package, but I have not heard her strike a lick with the baton. We will go and see what is the matter."

"As we entered, Elizabeth appeared to be just aroused from a sleep. 'Why, Elizabeth,' said her mother, 'what have you been doing so long, and not weaving?'

"Well," said Elizabeth, "when I took my place on the loom-bench, I felt tired and weak and must have fallen asleep. 'When father was told of the circumstances, he also talked of correcting us for lying; but when mother told him that the dog first saw her; he then said we imagined it."

"But," said Mr. Harris, "Sharp, dogs are not imaginary beings; they must either see or smell, hear or feel, before they take notice of objects."

More in my next letter.

HENRY SHARP.

Funeral of a Spiritualist.

On November 4, at the home of his father, John Kruse, near Wilsonville, Clackamas Co., Oregon, Frank M. Kruse, aged 40 years, passed to the higher life from paralysis. Funeral services were held at his home, and at the grave, nearly four miles away, on Tuesday afternoon, November 5. A concourse of people from several towns round about, estimated at about 300 in number, assembled at the house, and formed a procession, a half mile long, to escort his body to its resting-place. As the family have for a long time believed in Spiritualism, and their re-born son had been a lifelong member of that faith, the services of Dr. Dean Clarke, now of Portland, were secured to deliver the discourse, and those of Mrs. Jolly, of this city, to lead the music which opened the service with the familiar "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," and closed with the Spiritual song, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us."

Dr. Clarke began by reading an inspired poem entitled, "Hope for the Sorrowing," and closed his philosophical, eloquent, and highly-consoling remarks with another entitled, "I Still Live." His scholarly effort tended to dispel all fear and dread of death, by showing that it is the resurrection of the soul, or real man; from the prison-house of a moribund body, into the freedom of a higher life and a larger liberty. That it is simply a second birth which drops the earthly personality, which inheres in the spiritual body, nor the individuality which pertains to the mind or spirit, which continues to abide unchanged, in the resurrected spiritual body.

Nothing short of a verbatim report would do justice to this inspired discourse, which brought light and knowledge to many spellbound listeners, and peace and consolation to those who weep only for the visible presence of a dear kindred. No fulsome eulogy was pronounced upon the departed, but his many virtues were noted justly, and the speaker said that the presence of so large an assemblage, with their bounteous tributes of flowers, spoke more eloquently of the domestic and social qualities of the arisen spirit than could any word of his.

At the grave, where at least a hundred people had previously assembled, the procession was led and the services mainly conducted by Tualatin Grangers, Patrons of Husbandry, of which society the departed had been a member for several years. Their service was appropriate and comforting. The members, both male and female, cast flowers into the grave, and when the mound was complete which hid the casket from view, they literally covered it with artistic floral tokens of their love and esteem for a brother, "not dead, but gone before" to participate in the industries of the Summerland. No badges of sable hue were worn, and white sashes worn by the bearers were the only unusual tokens of the unique services. Few tears were shed, and a calm spirit of resignation to the will of the Infinite, which changes the mortal to the greater and grander immortal, seemed to pervade all hearts at the close of Dr. Clarke's final tribute and benediction.

Spiritual and liberal papers please copy.

Passed to Spirit-life, Henry P. Onderdonk, November 19, 1895, at his home in Eaton Rapids, Mich., in his 84th year. Both he and his wife embraced Spiritualism over forty-five years ago. She preceded him to the beyond by ten years. The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. A. E. Sheets, at the residence of his son, in accordance with the expressed wish of the deceased. Two children remain, both of whom are firm in the faith. A. E. SHEETS.

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"From Night to Morn, or An Appeal to the Baptist Church." By Abby A. Judson. Gives an account of her experience in passing from the old faith of her parents to the light and knowledge of Spiritualism. It is written in a sweet spirit, and is well adapted to place in the hands of Christian people. Price 15 cents.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Another pioneer Spiritualist has arisen and joined the spirits on the other side of life. Leontia Shellman was born in Davenport, Delaware Co., N. Y., July 17, 1827. At 10 years of age she, with her parents, moved to Gull Prairie, Mich., and one year thereafter to Martin, Allegan Co., which was then an almost unbroken wilderness, one white family only having preceded them. In 1844 she married Silas Stafford, then a young and prosperous lawyer in that county. And for over fifty-one years they traveled hand in hand, sharing the sunshine and shadows of earth-life, and of the latter there were many. Three children were born to them, two sons and a daughter. The youngest son passed to Spirit-life at an early age, the eldest, Wm. F., and daughter, Mrs. Nellie S. Padgham, remaining to bless their home.

The deceased, at the age of 14, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but failed to find the light for which she sought. But, through the perusal of A. J. Davis' "Nature's Divine Revelations," she was induced to investigate Spiritualism. She became a believer therein and a medium, and for nearly forty-five years she has been, in her home circles, an instrument to reflect and bring light and comfort to many homes and hearts.

The funeral services were held in their home at Hastings, Mich., where they have resided for some fourteen years. The services were conducted by Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and it is not too much to say that she drew all hearts to her, both believers and unbelievers. Many people gathered in the old home to listen to the comforting words of glad tidings of immortality.

Besides her son and daughter she leaves behind an aged companion and pilgrim who stands on this shore, peering, with outstretched hands and earnest gaze, to the other shore, waiting with patience to be carried across to join his loved ones there. H. H. B.

Passed to the higher life, Emily L. Buck Corman Taylor, at Englewood, Chicago, Ill., aged 59 years. Mrs. Taylor was born in Tuckerton, New Jersey. Her life-work was attending the sick and those in dire distress. She was a tender, loving mother, with a sensitive heart, endowed with spiritual gifts. She leaves three children, one girl and two boys. Her first husband, Henry Corman, passed away in the service of his country. Her second husband, Horatio Taylor, passed away at Lowell, Mich., about eight years ago. Mrs. Taylor's remains were brought to Grand Rapids, Mich., for interment.

Mrs. Mary Lindsey officiated, being fully entranced. WM. K. WHEELER.

Passed away from earth and its trials, November 12, at 2 o'clock p. m., at Lone Tree, Cass Co., Mo., Miss Adah A. Allison, aged 34 years and 5 months. She had been a patient sufferer for many years, and her transition was due to a surgical operation performed in the hope of saving her life.

Though feeble in body, her heart and soul were with all the reform movements of the age. She was an enthusiastic advocate of equal rights, and believed in the new time for the entire race. Her taking away is a great blow to the community in which she lived, and to all her friends everywhere. She was the sister of Dr. Cora A. Morse, of San Francisco, well known to liberals. Spiritual and liberal papers please copy.

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A NEW VIEW OF LIFE.

It is surprising how often the troubles of this life spring from indigestion. And more surprising how few people know it. You say, "I'm blue," or "My head feels queer," or "I can't sleep," or "Everything frets me." Nine times out of ten indigestion is at the bottom of all your miseries, and a box of Ripans Tabules would give you a new view of life.

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

EVERY MEDIUM IN THE UNITED STATES SHOULD RESPOND AT ONCE—THERE SHOULD BE A UNITED ACTION.

A DEFENSE FUND.

A Move in the Right Direction.

TO THE EDITOR:—The recent National convention in Washington did much for the mediums of the United States, if they will but avail themselves of the provisions made in their interests. The numerous arrests of mediums in various sections, rendered it imperative that some action should be taken to assist them in defending themselves against all forms of persecution. For this purpose a Mediums' Special Defense Fund was established to be made up primarily by the mediums themselves. Others can contribute to it if they so elect. This defense fund would entitle each one contributing the sum of \$5 per annum to it, to a Beneficiary Certificate from the National Association, under which prompt assistance is guaranteed to any medium who becomes involved in difficulties in the way of prosecution, slander or other injury in any way concerning his mediumship. Under this certificate the medium agrees to pay assessments, not to exceed \$5 in any three months, when called upon so to do, for the purpose of aiding in the defense of any medium holding such certificate when under arrest. In brief, this action creates a Mediums' Beneficiary Order, upon the same principles as the several beneficiary insurance societies are conducted. Any medium holding such certificate who is found guilty of fraud, gross misconduct, non-payment of assessments, breach of contract, or other sufficient cause, will have his certificate revoked by the proper authorities. Any one charged with fraud, gross misconduct, etc., will be entitled to a fair trial and given an opportunity to prove his innocence.

This fund is to be used solely for the defense and protection of all mediums holding beneficiary certificates of the National Association. It seems as if this were an opportunity of which mediums should at once avail themselves. This makes them parties to their own defense, as well as in the defense of their unfortunate brethren, when in the meshes of the law. It is also a contract between them and the National Association for certain rights and benefits that are due to them from it. The National Association pledges its honor to provide suitable defense for all these mediums, and guarantees to them that a lawyer, who is friendly to Spiritualism and to mediums, shall be at once dispatched to their aid whenever an arrest is made. We trust that the mediums will find their own good in the welfare of their neighbors and unite promptly in this beneficiary effort for mutual protection.

There are no less than 1,200 mediums in the United States to-day, who are before the public in some capacity. If each one of these would secure a Beneficiary Certificate, it would mean a fund of \$6,000 per annum, for the defense of any one who chanced to fall into the hands of the Philistines; that is, the Protestant and Catholic Christians. If the entire 1,200 would procure the certificate, no assessments would be necessary, unless a general onslaught was made upon all mediums throughout the country at one and the same time.

Any medium desiring one of these certificates can receive the same on formal application to Secretary Woodbury, upon payment of the sum of \$5.00. We urge every medium in the United States to apply at once for one of these papers. By filling this special fund, such outrages as have been recently perpetrated in Philadelphia, can never be repeated in any other city in the United States. Will not the mediums of the nation unite with the National Association to the end that all justice may be done them, and all workers in the field of Spiritualism? We trust that Secretary Woodbury will receive one hundred applications by the next mail following the reading of this appeal by the mediums.

H. D. BARRETT, Pres' N. S. A. Washington, D. C. Nov. 30, 1895.

"The Bridge Between Two Worlds."

By Abby A. Judson. This book is dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by harmonizing their physical bodies and their spiritual bodies with universal nature, and their souls with the higher intelligences, to come into closer connection with the purer realms of the Spirit-world. It is written in the sweet spiritual tone that characterizes all of Miss Judson's literary works. Price, cloth, 81; paper, 75 cents.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

"The Occult Forces of Sex." By Lois Waisbrooker. Three pamphlets are embodied in this volume, in which questions of great importance to the race are discussed from the standpoint of an advanced social reformer. Price 50c.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

Francis, Editor and Publisher.

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CLASS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at last venture to read the first volume of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we will suggest to those who receive a copy of it, to select several others to write with them, and thus be able to read it to ten, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the life of our labor and assistance. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscription. Select others to aid in the good work. You will receive no difficulty whatever in inducing subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. For all out of them can afford to be helped by the value of the information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than you can get for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a while what an intellectual feast and small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for twelve weeks is only twenty-five cents. For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

Take Notice.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper will be discontinued. No bill will be sent for extra numbers.

IF you do not receive your paper promptly, write to the Editor and inform him of the delay. It will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

IF you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is to be sent, and the change cannot be made.

SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1895.

An Exhaustless Meal-Tub.

That is an interesting story about the barrel of meal which needed no replenishing, told in I. Kings 17:12-16. The Lord sent Elijah to Zidon, and commanded a widow there to sustain him. The prophet, acting under this instruction, demanded from the widow a morsel of bread. The poor woman declared she had but a handful of meal in the barrel, and a little oil in the cruse: that she had gathered sticks to prepare a cake for herself and son, then to eat and die. Elijah listened to her pitiful tale, but bade her make a little cake for him, and then provide for herself and son. The widow did as directed, and "Elijah, the widow and her son did eat many days," says the narrative, "and the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail."

More than 2,800 years have gone by, according to Christian chronology, since that miraculous event. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, if we are taught correctly. History fails to record a like event in the subsequent ages. Widows, their sons, and even prophets have gone down to death with famine, and yet no widow's barrel has been constantly replenished by the good Lord to save them from starvation. Has he changed? or has there been no prophet in a hungry condition since to need such action on his part? Millions on millions of good people have starved to death, yea, multitudes of Christians, while a God of infinite power and unlimited ability has looked on, witnessed the war features, pinched the more from day to day, languishing, dying for food, and yet he has withheld relief. Is it not merely possible the widow was fibbing about the amount of meal she had in stock? Or, possibly, the fellow who told the story drew on his imagination for the improbable part of his narrative. Such things are very probable in these times. Were people more truthful a thousand and three thousand years ago?

Can't Be Told Too Often.

In conversation with a Methodist friend the other day, we casually remarked: "Woman seems coming to the front, notwithstanding the adverse teachings of Paul, which excluded her from the school-room, and taught her to learn of her husband at home." He quickly rejoined:

"Woman owes her moral, social and intellectual advancement to Christianity, without which she would still be a slave."

Shade of the slaughtered Hypatia! Mistress of Philosophy, daughter of Theon, the mathematician! your story cannot be repeated too often. This beautiful and modest girl turned aside from the frivolities too common to her sex, and became a teacher of science in the Academy of Alexandria, in the very beginning of the 5th century. On one occasion she stated that "Neither men nor Gods can be justly made to suffer for the sins of others." While returning homeward from her school-room, after instructing her class, she was beset by a Christian mob, led on by the archbishop Cyril, since sainted; was dragged from her chariot; her clothes were torn from her body; she became quite naked, she was forced into a Christian church; her flesh was scraped from her body by Christian hands, aided with sharp shells, while she quivering flesh was hurled into the flames.

With the death of Hypatia expired learning, literature and philosophy in the East, and woman was left a slave to Christian lust all through the middle Ages. Not until the revival of learning, and infidelity in its varied forms was allowed to teach the equality of the sexes, did she gain her true position in the home and social circle.

The Scheme Failed.

The religious blatherings of this city, who have resorted to every artifice known to demagogues to close the barber-shops on Sunday, have been defeated in the Courts. Judge Gibbons, before whom the prosecutions were heard, declared the Cady Law, under which the action was brought, was class legislation, contrary to the provision of the State Constitution, and that it was an oppressive and void. Such laws as churchmen exhibit in aid of superstition, if properly directed, would be worthy of imputation.

Man's conscience is the oracle of God.—Byron.

The Trend of the Octopus.

The news of the terrible sacrifice to religious tyranny in Mexico, mentioned in our columns lately, is more horrible than first reported. Instead of three persons who were slaughtered there were ten, and they were burnt alive. And the crime for which they suffered, by command of an officiating Judge, was heresy. Says the dispatch:

"When the municipal president and minor officials, with an escort of over sixty men armed with rifles, went to Texcaco, they found everybody in the public square, executing grotesque dances in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe, around the ruins of the jail, a small building close to the parish church."

"In this jail had been confined Nicolas Hernandez, Martin Santiago, Jose Manuel, Casper Hernandez, Juan Tomas, Juan Tomas, Maria Juana, Maria Magdalena, Maria Concepcion and an infant child. They had been rudely hustled from their homes at dead of night, on the extraordinary charge, professed by the auxiliary town judges, that their lives were an evil in the sight of God and that they were enemies of the faith and heretics, whom God had ordered, through his holy saint, to be consumed by fire."

"The auxiliary judge related this with the utmost sang froid to the authorities. He added that God had wrought astonishing miracles to confirm what the saint had told him in a vision."

"Said the judge: 'I obeyed the divine command and ordered out my constables, and we took these sinners from their beds and dragged them, in the darkness of night, weeping and wailing, to the jail. When they were locked securely in, I ordered the constables to set the building on fire.'

"Twenty-one arrests were made, although the fanatical mob threatened death to the authorities. The prisoners, securely bound around the arms and chained together, were marched to Molange, where a judicial investigation will take place."

This is a specimen of the methods which have been employed by the Catholics throughout their entire history to establish itself in power, and to maintain the ascendancy. Instead of half a score of lives, as in this instance, the bloody records show full twenty-eight millions of lives have been mercilessly slaughtered to keep the church in power. Protestant denominations are but offshoots from that infernal church. They inherit all the dogmas of the mother church which have been established by blood, then boasting of the mild methods of Christians for the spreading of their faith! Both parties are exhausting all their energies, united with artifice, cunning and fraud, to force their teachings on nations who have a religion far better adapted to their needs than is theirs. Even now they are plotting to involve the nations in desolating wars to protect their emissaries on proselyting expeditions, and would revolutionize free governments at home, converting them into grand hierarchies, so they can ride rough-shod over all opposition. They are now doing in detail what they cannot do as a whole. A legend on our national coin, "In God we trust," was a successful entering wedge. Their Sunday must be made a sacred day, that priests may have one in seven for their exclusive use to harangue the people. Proclamations without authority of law are issued commanding fast days and thanksgiving days. Then it is proposed to put God into the Constitution, make Jesus Christ king, and declare the Bible the inerrant "Word of God," and all laws must be adapted to that infallible Word.

All Christendom is proposing to under one head; that accomplished, then that condition which preceded the Reformation is restored, the Pope is the supreme head of the church, and the Inquisition follows with its tortures and fagots.

Freemen, in behalf of the millions of wrecked lives sacrificed to make Christianity what it is; in behalf of the founders of this great Republic, who discarded sectarianism when they laid its corner-stones; in behalf of posterity, who will have hearts to suffer, and nerves to feel, you cannot arouse too soon to head off the wiles of this inhuman monster who is plotting and toiling night and day to regain its departing power. This horrible slaughter in a little town in Mexico shows the trend of the octopus which would wrest from us our lives and liberties, and convert all into tools for a tyrannous priesthood, who are trafficking in the smiles and frowns of Providence for their own aggrandizement.

Another Lesson.

Will the religious world always persist in wrong-doing? When God shows his displeasure at human action, then is the time to reform, if ever. Jesus taught his followers not to be as the hypocrites are, who stand in the synagogues and corners of the street to pray, but to enter their closets, shut the doors and pray in secret. Mrs. Hudson did not heed that direction while in church, conducting a prayer-meeting, so she is stricken down in a moment. Here is the telegraphic dispatch:

ANDERSON, Ind., Nov. 24.—Mrs. W. W. Hudson, while kneeling in her pew at church to-day, and conducting prayer, was stricken with paralysis. She was in the best of health when she entered the church.

Has No Ear for Music.

George Steele, a well-to-do farmer living near Clifton City, Mo., dropped dead in the Methodist church there Friday, while leading the choir at a protracted meeting. He was 45 years old and was in excellent health up to the time he was stricken.

Does not that prove that our Heavenly Father was not pleased with George Steele's sacred music. A negro minstrel could not have received greater evidence of divine displeasure.

To Pray for Ingersoll.

The Christian Endeavor people of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, evidently have unbounded faith in the efficacy of prayer to remove objectionable mountains and perform almost any other physical impossibility, according to the following dispatch:

"Arrangements have been completed by which 3,000 Christian Endeavorers are to unite to pray for Ingersoll's conversion."

On the basis of thought transference the concentration of 3,000 minds ought to be sensed by the Colonel to a great degree ordinarily, but upon the hypothesis of the stronger over the weaker, he certainly cannot be moved by these blind adherents of a dying superstition, to renounce his honest convictions, philosophically formed.

An Imbecile Movement.

Another turn of the sectarian thumb-screw is proposed in this city. The reading of the Bible in the public schools of Chicago was prohibited several years ago. Now a backward step is proposed. A petition to the Board of Education has been circulated by the Woman's Educational Union, and is said to have received 60,000 signatures. This is to be presented to the Board, and a reversal of its former action is possible. The Bible, with all its Munitions and filth, Christians want presented to their children as the infallible Word of God. Such action in our estimation is a crime against humanity, and the imbecile movement should be arrested at whatever cost.

The Difference.

While nations are preparing to discipline Turkey for outrages on Armenians, why should Mexico be neglected for burning heretics? Excuse the interrogatory. It is because Christians are warring on Christians in the southern Republic, while in Turkey it is Mohammedans who do the killing. China, Japan, or any but a Christian power, would be speedily called to account by Christian nations guilty of the same offense as this perpetrated by Catholics in Mexico.

The First German Magazine on Spiritualism in America.

About the middle of this month, specimen numbers of the first spiritual magazine for the Germans in America will be issued. Our subscribers are kindly requested to inform all German-speaking Spiritualists of their acquaintance of this event. All those interested in this affair, wishing to obtain specimen numbers, should send their addresses at an early date to the editor of "The Fuehrer" (Leader), E. Neuhaus, Third Street Post-office, Milwaukee, Wis.

The purpose of this first German spiritual journal is to publish faithfully all events concerning Spiritualism, to throw more light on the life to come, and to submit to the investigation and judgment of the public the facts accomplished by magnetism.

The editor nourishes the hope that societies will render him valuable assistance, as much as possible. Mediums, magnetizers desiring to spread their names, authors, dealers in spiritual works, and business men favoring Spiritualism, are requested to send in their advertisements before the seventh of this month. All German-speaking Spiritualists should send their addresses to E. Neuhaus, Third Street Post-office, Milwaukee, Wis., in order to receive "The Fuehrer," organ of the German Spiritualists and magnetizers in America.

None Need Be Without It.

We desire that every reader should fully realize that no matter how much they may have to economize in other directions they need not be without Vol. I. of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, because it is sent absolutely free, postage prepaid, to all who desire it enough to put forth the little endeavor required to secure a new subscriber for one year for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. You may be made happy by securing the name of that party who walks a mile or two every week to borrow your paper. He will be made happy in possession of his favorite paper and a magnificent 400-page book; and the editor will be made happy in securing increased leverage for doing good.

Dr. Henry A. Rogers.

In another column we give an account of the exposure of the above medium. This man has a bad reputation in Chicago, and we are not surprised at the exposure in New York, which is no doubt complete. When he gets free from the coils of the law he will find plenty of Spiritualists who will attend his seance, and fully vindicate him as an "honest" medium, and "demanded" that Spiritualist papers shall publish their endorsement. However great the fraud, medium, however low, vile and nauseating, there are some Spiritualists who will call any honest investigator vile names, who has the nerve to question in the least his manifestations. That Rogers is an excellent medium for certain manifestations there is no doubt, but he is unscrupulous, as shown by his exposure in New York. No punishment is too great for mediumistic tricksters; no condemnation severe enough, and Spiritualists everywhere should shun them.

Important Fact.

Anyone who has seen the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, can realize what an excellent book it is for missionary purposes. Ten thousand copies of Vol. I., bound in paper, are to be given away to our present subscribers and others who may become subscribers. It is an expensive work, containing 400 closely-printed pages, yet it is sent forth free, postage paid, to each one who desires it, on conditions mentioned elsewhere.

It is not true that equality is a law of nature. Nature has no equality. Its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—Vauvenargues.

NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Thrillingly Descriptive Accounts of Escapes from Death, and Spirit Experiences.

To many people the idea of death seems specially repugnant. They are unable to realize the beauty of the spirit side of life. When these see the title, "The Encyclopedia of Death," it presents a picture of something gloomy and forbidding. If they could be induced to read the first two volumes, they would be surprised to find how pleasant and agreeable it is to make the change called death, when we have fulfilled our mission here and acquired our earth experiences.

It is unnecessary to speak of Vol. I., so many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER having already testified to its merits, and it being so easy for others to obtain it and judge for themselves. Vol. II. starts out with numerous instances of apparent death and premature burial, some being resuscitated in the nick of time, while the condition of others was not discovered until too late.

After this comes a thrilling account of a forest fire in Wisconsin, followed by a touching recital of the remorse felt by a spirit who had suddenly shed her earthly covering and awakened to a realization of her shortcomings.

There has lately been a sort of Napoleonic craze, hence a short sketch of Napoleon's spirit experiences, which is here to be found, will prove interesting to numerous readers.

"Dark Spirit Scenes in a Haunted House," with an accompanying communication from a spirit participant, possesses peculiar attraction and gives further food for thought.

A few pages further on some spiritual manifestations occurring in 1858 are so exciting and astounding as to challenge belief, notwithstanding they are backed up by affidavits.

There are too many subjects, however, each deserving of special mention and possessing varying degrees of merit, to be considered here. If you can afford to buy it (and you must be poor in purse, indeed, if you cannot), you may be sure you will get a decided bargain.

Books in these days have become very cheap, but they are often printed from old plates and have attained an immense circulation. You cannot obtain such a work as "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World," printed from new plates and containing original matter and illustrations, at such price as 50 cents per volume, except where the author doesn't care about getting any profit from it. The fact is that this book is really sold at such a price with the hope of getting more subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and neither the book nor the paper could be sold at present prices if the writers received fair compensation for their labor, unless the subscription list was enormously increased. Successful as it is, the paper could be greatly improved if only each reader would obtain a new subscriber, and the amount of good that might thus be done can scarcely be imagined.

The two volumes of "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World," would make a nice Christmas present. ALEXANDER SPENCER.

A Unique Entertainment.

A grand treat agency by Dr. Willis Edwards, the brilliant young man of versatile gifts, whose tests are remarkably clear, vivid and convincing, followed by a vocal and literary entertainment by excellent artists, to conclude with a dance.

Talent: The Rountree Historic Club will present their amusing comedy, "The Usual Way"; The Missing Link Quartet, Mr. Dyer, baritone; Prof. Rountree, recitation; Madame Bourgeois, the brilliant pianist; Miss Grubb, the sweet contralto; Miss Cora Ishac, pupil of Madame Linne; Miss Nellie Smith, Chicago's favorite violinist; Miss Craig, contralto; Mrs. Gordon, the phenomenal cornet soloist; Charles H. Cowham, the celebrated baritone; and a number of Miss Clara Hoffman, and the Misses Clara and Birdie Stumpke, ladies of Mrs. H. P. Rountree's ladies' gymnasium, and other excellent talent.

Friday, December 13, 1895, at No. 551 North Clark street, three doors south of Schiller street. Admission, 20 cents. Doors open at 7:30; commences at 8.

What Some Have Missed.

You, who have not read Vol. I. of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, have missed some exceedingly valuable information. The philosopher, the scientist, the physician—in fact, everyone—can find something of great importance therein. It is sent forth, free, postage paid, to everyone who desires it, on conditions mentioned elsewhere. Ten thousand copies are to be given away.

Right Living." By Susan H. Wilson. The author shows a wise practicality in her method of teaching the principle of ethics. She illustrates her subject with many brief narratives and anecdotes, which render the book more interesting and more easily comprehended. It is especially adapted for use in Children's Lyceum. In the hands of mothers and teachers it may be made very useful. Young and old will be benefited by it. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

"History of the Inquisition." Every citizen of our country should read this concise history of that Romish churchly institution known as the Inquisition. The animus of Romanism against all institutions, beliefs and parties not in conformity with the ruling powers of the Romish hierarchy is plainly shown. The "wisdom" of the Inquisition is scarcely paralleled in all the world's records of inhuman atrocities. It is for sale at this office, and will be mailed postage paid for 25¢.

"The Moleculan Hypothesis of Nature." By Rev. W. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents an succinct form the substance of his lectures on the "Moleculan Hypothesis of Nature," and presents his views as demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. For sale at this office. Price 25¢.

The spring trap is constructed on the principle of the jaws of a shark or dolphin.

A COWBOY'S FUNERAL.

Pony Bill's Sermon as Given by Capt. Jack Crawford.

It was a large crowd of cowboys that gathered at the Mesquite ranch on the Peos to attend the funeral of Charlie Reed, who had been killed by the falling of his horse on the roundup two days before. The coffin was placed beside the open grave beneath a great cottonwood tree, and, standing at the head of the corpse, Pony Bill, "the Cowboy Preacher," said:

Boys, I hardly know w'at kind of a talk to give you on this sad occasion. For several years I have worked with you on the ranges, and have preached to you in my awkward way every time I could round up a bunch of you an' hold you to listen to me, but I war' never afore called on to talk in the presence of death.

Day afore yesterday this poor, dead boy here throwed on his saddle an' rode out with you in joyous spirits, singin' the songs o' the ranges. Little did he then dream that he was ridin' right into the bog of eternity! While cottin' a steer out o' the bunch his horse struck a prairie-dog hole an' fell, crushin' poor Charlie to the groun', an' w'en you picked 'im up his immortal soul had crossed onto the great ranges beyond, from which thar are no back trails.

Death leaves a shinin' mark, an' it never pitched a rope to a brighter one than this boy.

Thar war' my friend, I've knowed 'im ever since he struck this country, three years ago, an' you'll all bank high on the truth of the statement w'en I say a squaver boy never swung a rope. No one ever asked a favor o' Charlie Reed thar 't hein cheerfully granted. He war' never known to make a low down play. He never made a backset on duty w'en the foreman ordered a ride. True, he war' wild an' reckless, but thar war' no devil-brand wickedness in his make-up.

His heart war' a livin' spring, from which the pure waters of friendship an' generosity towards his companions o' the saddle flowed. He could laugh with you over your joys, an' cuss with you over your sorrow. His soul seemed to be a blazin' fire o' sympathy, to which all who were chilled by the blasts of trouble could come an' warm up.

He war' brave as a lion, but his heart war' as tender as a Christian woman's. He would fight like a wild steer fur himself or fur a friend, yet a little child could take 'im by the hand an' lead 'im out o' a muss. He wasn't a bad man. Did you notice that on the evenin's o' pay-day he never jined you in your songs an' stories an' fun-makin' at the ranch? He'd git up in a corner an' sit thar writin' page after page, with a look on his face as tender as ever sot on the face of an angel. He seemed to never hear your hilarity, but 'd sit thar an' write, now an' then wipin' tears from his cheeks on the back o' 'is hand. Nex' mornin' he'd jump a hoss an' ride into the postoffice—an' w'at 'd he do thar? Just an even half of his month's pay 'd go into a money order, an' that order 'd be put into an envelope, with all the sheets o' writin' he'd writ the night afore, an' then (I've seen 'im do it sev'ral times, boys) he'd kiss that letter fondly, drop it into the box an' walk out with the purtiest look on his face that I ever saw.

Who war' that letter addressed to? To his o' widder mother back in the States. Would a bad man act that way? I tell you, boys, Charlie wasn't a regularly branded an' earmarked church Christian, but I believes w'en the good Lord saw his soul a-comin' up the slope day afore yesterday, He throwed down the bars an' let the boy into the heavenly corral with a welcomin' smile. I know he did; an' I tell you right now, if I found myself tied to a church or sect as didn't believe as white a boy as 'im 'd get into heaven 'thout the church brand, 'd take a run on the rope an' break it an' get a bunch o' Christians that could look over the corral fence 'thout first puttin' on the orthodox specs.

How my heart aches for that poor o' mother, who is, as yet, unaware of her terrible loss. He war' her only staff to lean on, an' you all know how manfully an' lovingly he stood up to the work. May the Great Foreman above soothe and comfort her till He calls her up to join her boy at the home ranch amid the celestial pastures. I heard w'en I got here this mornin' that you'd had a talk among yourselves, an' each one agreed to chip in every month to keep that dear o' soul comfortable till she went whar Charlie could take keer of her again.

Boys, God'll love you for that, if you do tug at the gospel rope and fight shy of him. I'll help all I kin, an' every time I make a gospel talk to the boys on the other ranges I'll send my sombrero through the bunch an' cut out all the cash I kin fur her benefit.

Good-by, Charlie o' boy—good-by. We ar' about to lay you to your eternal rest, an' we'll do it with sore hearts an' leaky eyes. Your ears will not hear the thumps of our horses' feet as we gallop near your grave, but we'll always think of you w'en we see this little mound beneath this spreadin' tree.

Boys, as you come up to take a last look at this dear, dead face, an' say good-by to your o' pardner, I hope you'll do some serious thinkin'. None o' you knows whar 'he be nex'. Even now the pale rider of death may be lookin' over your an' takin' down his rope fur a final throw, an' you don't know over whose head the tug'll fall.

I'm afeard none of you'd fare as well as I believe Charlie has if you war' run afore the heavenly inspector to-day. Some o' you think no more o' breakin' the commandments o' God than you do o' breakin' a broncho, an' if you were catchin' now an' started on the last drive you'd leave the trail to glory away off to the right. Perhaps there ain't one o' you but thinks he'll call a halt on sin some day, but in most o' your cases I'm afeard Gabriel 'll git in his call afore o' you. Why can't you jar loose from your sins now an' not keep standin' the Lord off from day to day? You'll break the strands o' his rope o' forbearance afore awhile, an' hit the bottomless bog o' damnation with both feet an' sink to eternal misery. The fences o' sin ain't high, an' you kin jump 'em. Let me implore you to take a run at 'em an' drift over onto the pleasant ranges o' God. Think o' this boys, when you stand over Charlie, here, an' each one o' you make a promise to him that you'll take the trail to heaven to-day, an' foller it, spite o' all alligators an' devil sets up on the cross trail along the route. Come up, now, an' shake this cold hand, an' say good-by to the boy you all loved.

ALAS! POOR, POOR BOB!

He is Made a Target for Concentrated Prayers.

MOSES HULL COMES TO THE FRONT WITH WORDS OF CALM ADMONITION AND ADVICE.

Saint Bob, I presume I should have said, for there is to be a new saint added to the calendar of Protestant saints; and Christianity is about to add one more to its long list of victories, and, what is more, this is to be one of the very few bloodless victories it has gained. The next foe to be vanquished is none other than that horrid old blasphemer, Robert G. Ingersoll. He is to be baptized, and to unite with that revered clown, T. DeWitt Talmage, in haranguing the people with the effete theories of the Dark Ages. Who knows but that he will soon be made a bishop? The "Ensign" plans, I said that far ahead, have not been revealed to the "sons of Babel."

Poor Bob, his doom is sealed, the die is cast. There was an important Christian Endeavor meeting held in Cleveland, on the night of November 25, at which it was resolved that, at the hour of high noon, on Thanksgiving-day, every one of the thirty-five hundred Christian Endeavorers of Cleveland, would be on their knees storming the castle of heaven, to "put hooks in the jaws" of the Arch-infiel.

Just how long it will take these prayers to work, we are not informed; but I, for one, am watching the daily papers to see the account of Bob's being stricken down a la Paul. "Where two or three shall agree as touching any one thing, we shall be done." Here these blessed Endeavorers propose to entirely overdo the thing by storming the castle of heaven with thirty-five hundred prayers from one place, and all at once. Surely the authorities of heaven will be compelled to "knock under" to that!

If a guarantee is needed that these prayers will be heard and answered, I would not in the least hesitate to furnish such guarantee as a pagan could give that the prayers will be answered. There are two formulas for these prayers: "You pays your money and takes your choice." Undoubtedly both will be heard. The first form proposed is to ask God to convert Robert G. Ingersoll, if it is His divine will. What could be more reasonable, or more sure of an answer than that prayer? It asks God to do as He pleases. Now, if God does not convert this great infidel, it will be because it is not "His divine will," and their prayer is heard just the same. If, on the other hand, Ingersoll is converted, and of course he will be, then who can doubt the efficacy of the Christian Endeavor prayer?

The second form of prayer is to ask (I suppose they mean permit) God to "deal with Robert G. Ingersoll just as He thinks best." Isn't that kind of these good Endeavorers. What more could a reasonable kind of a God ask?

These Endeavorers, who are always upsetting some of God's plans, have graciously given him a carte blanche to handle Bob as he pleases. God must be tickled to know that the Endeavorers have turned him loose on Bob, to do as he thinks best with him! I presume Bob will like it too!

Talk of blasphemy! Is it possible to think of any greater blasphemy, or profanity than is manifested by these Christian Endeavorers? They remind one of the fly that lit on the horn of the ox who was pulling a heavy load; the fly boasted that he had hauled the whole load. I wonder if those fellows ever have a sane moment—a moment when common-sense comes to the front and gives them a faint glimpse of themselves in the act of turning themselves into asses?

MOSES HULL.

FROM BOSTON.

Account of a Temple Seance.

It was an unpleasant Sunday, yesterday (November 17) for a temple seance; only a fair-sized audience, but the manifestations were highly interesting, and evidently fully appreciated. Mr. Keeler, the medium was in his usual good condition, and everything was distinctly clear from any chance of fraud.

Mr. Ayer has made it his mission to prove to the public that death is not the end, and certainly he does so; he says the church offers faith and hope, but that is not modern, or scientific evidence, and he says also he shows more evidence in one hour, than man consciously survives the death of his body, than has been offered by the church in 1,800 years. He says it is the intelligence that proves it in the phenomena he exhibits, and that intelligence is seen by every one in the room by the evidence of his own senses.

The medium's coat is taken off, while both his hands are on the bare arm of lady that is sitting beside him. Behind them and the curtain are bells, tamborines and a guitar which keep up constant music, not made by human hands, and everyone present is positive of that fact; and when the instrument answers questions by striking the strings and the low ones or high ones, whichever are wanted, the intelligent answers come from an intelligence that is not a human being, and every one knows intelligence is of human genesis, and where there is intelligence there is a man in the form or out of it.

Spirit hands are shown, often coming through the curtain, leaving no hole. A man or two are asked every time from the audience to come up, who shake hands with a spirit hand coming through the curtain, and who know and see there is no person connected with the hand.

A man who is known to be a stranger is allowed to go behind the curtain, and we see his head and hands and hear the movements of the instrument, and he comes out and says no one was in there; he could sometimes see hands moving them, but said there was no person connected with them.

When a long stick or cane is handed over, a spirit-hand is seen to take it and then hold it obliquely for a tamborine to be hung on it, and then it spins around for quite awhile by a spirit hand holding the other end of the stick. Every one could see the act was by a spirit-hand.

To me, and to every fair-minded person in the room, it felt as if the following verse was answered in the affirmative:

"Ah, show me the scent of one lily, to show that it grew outside of the world at least."

Ah, show me a plume to truth, or a shell That whispers of some unearthly coast."

The "scent" and the "whisper" are the intelligence in connection with these admirable manifestations. One of the most interesting features of these seances are the messages that come from the spirits present, and are recognized generally by the audience; a small block or two of paper is passed over and seen to be taken by a spirit hand and also pencil, and the leaves, when written on, are handed over, or thrown over, and the name read by Mr. Ayer; generally a short message as well as the name, and generally as many as a hundred to one hundred and fifty messages come at every

SOUTHERN ATTRACTIONS.

Florida Camp, and Other Matters.

From the Northern Cassadaga, where I tarried several weeks during the past summer, I have followed the robin and the lark in search of a more genial climate, where the snows and blizzards of winter are unknown. The Southern Cassadaga Camp-meeting, at Lake Helen, Fla., the great attraction just now for Spiritualists coming South, has been my objective point. I find active preparations being made for a meeting, to commence February 9th, and lasting five weeks.

Among the speakers who are expected to entertain the people are George P. Colby, Prof. H. D. Barrett, J. W. Colville and Mrs. Carrie Tving, all too well known to need any recommendation from me. The grounds are being improved and beautified. Mrs. Huff is having her cottage put in order, and workmen are adding new rooms and otherwise fitting up the hotel. So far as I could learn, every one at Lily Dale who had visited the Lake Helen camp-grounds was enthusiastic over this new movement for spiritual work in the Sunny South.

Mrs. Huff, Mrs. Pettigill, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Palmer, Mr. Skidmore, Mr. E. W. Bond, Prof. Barrett, Mr. Colville and Dr. Alma all had kind and hopeful words to say in its favor. Most of them will be here during the next camp, some coming early in the season and staying the entire winter. Through their influence quite an amount of stock was subscribed for at ten dollars per share. Mr. H. R. Richardson, one of the trustees of the C. L. F. A., taking ten shares.

As this was my first visit to Florida, I naturally felt much curiosity to see a place that had called forth the admiration of so many people, and I must say that beautiful is the appropriate word to apply to it. I do not wonder that the spirit guides who are said to reside over this movement, and to have years ago selected this place as a center for spiritual work, should have made the choice they did. Spirit Lake, on the northwest shore of which the camp is located, is a little more than one-half mile south of the Lake Helen Railroad Depot. It is not a large body of water, yet its numerous bays and harbors give it a coast line of probably three miles in extent. The camp is located on a series of undulations and hills overlooking the lake, the highest perhaps fifty feet above the water. The tall pine trees, with branches and foliage near their summits, add a charm to the view.

The officers and managers of the association evidently believe an educational and spiritual work is to be accomplished here that shall be world-wide in its beneficent influence.

Mrs. Huff and Mrs. Pettigill, who have been very efficient helpers in the past, are well known at Lily Dale, where their influence is always for the good of the cause. Mr. G. W. Lewtan, the president, educated as a lawyer, and State mustering officer of the Florida G. A. R., and the treasurer, Mr. F. E. Bond, of the Bond Lumber Company, also cashier of the Volusia County Bank, and late general superintendent of the Orange Belt Railroad, are well-known business men, whose advice is gladly sought and freely given.

For the present I am stopping with Prof. G. W. Webster, the secretary, whose name is familiar to readers of spiritual and scientific papers. Having spent much of his life in teaching, he is naturally interested in education, and believes in thorough intellectual training for all, mediums and speakers not excepted. He is planning and working for the establishment of a sanitarium here, in connection with a medical college, where the most advanced views upon the subject of hygiene and physical and intellectual culture shall be taught, and clairvoyance and all the healing power that can come through Spiritualism and mental science shall be recognized. His son, who expects to graduate from a medical college next March, has already done some good work in that line. His daughter is also studying at Stetson University. Every member of his family is more or less mediumistic, Mrs. W. being often called upon for readings and tests. He and his son are members of the American Association of Conchologists, and have made quite an exhaustive study of the flora and molluscan fauna of this part of Florida, having discovered several species of shells and plants that were new to science, and which have been named in their honor. They have fine collections of plants and shells intended for the cabinets of the liberal school proposed here. They have many thousand duplicate shells which they are exchanging with other naturalists, thus adding to their collections. In one large cigar-box they have over ten thousand specimens and sixty species, mostly minute, of course, all named and labeled. A friend has also offered to donate a large and fine collection of minerals. Students of these sciences are gladly welcomed, and the Websters can give such valuable pointers in the study of Florida species. They believe that these and kindred

THE "GHOST" OWNS UP.

Mrs. Chadwick Was Paid Five Dollars a Seance to Personate Dead Friends.

DR. HENRY A. ROGERS, THE MEDIUM WHO EMPLOYED HER, HELD FOR OBTAINING MONEY BY TRICK AND DECEIT, AND FOR ASSAULTING AN OFFICER—BLONDE HAIR, WHITE KID GLOVES AND MOSQUITO NETTING CAPTURED AT THE RAID ON THE DARK CIRCLE.

A faded blonde wig, a dingy, white shroud, a black evening, several yards of mosquito netting, and half-a-dozen pair of soiled white kid gloves, were part of the exhibit laid upon the desk of Magistrate Crane, in the Yorkville Police Court, to-day, when Central Office Detectives Foye and Brown and Mr. Neil Gerard appeared as complainants against "Dr." Henry A. Rogers and Mathilda Chadwick, mediums and spook compellers, who were captured at a raid on a spiritualistic seance held at Rogers' flat, 100 East Seventy-sixth street, last night.

The ghost which Detective Foye grabbed at a given signal, dematerialized into Mrs. Chadwick, decked in the faded blonde wig, the dingy shroud and a pair of the soiled white kids.

These articles emitted a most unpleasant odor, a sort of combination of camphor balls, Chinese Joss sticks and aged cheese, when they were produced in court to-day. They caused Magistrate Crane to cover his nose with his handkerchief and to ask that they be removed as soon as possible.

The charge against the prisoners was obtaining one dollar from Neil Gerard under false pretenses. Detective Foye told the magistrate how he, Brown, Gerard and another man, had gone to the seance last night and sat in the circle singing "Shall We Gather at the River" as loudly as any of the three dozen believers who were present.

A spirit, supposed to be Emma Blocklin, Gerard's sister, had just appeared in the dim blue light which partially illuminated the room. Gerard had the spirit by the hand. "O, I'm so glad," he said. This was Foye's cue. He made a dash at the ghost and caught her around the waist. Brown sprang through the black curtains into the cabinet where Rogers was supposed to be entranced, and grabbed the medium. The fourth man ran to turn the gas on. There was a minute's delay, and a fearful row began. The "ghost" screamed and fought like a tigress. The medium and Brown had a terrible struggle in the cabinet. The detective dragged his game out into the room, during which time he said Rogers made several vicious attempts to strike him with a hatchet. Some of the believers were in hysterics. Others fled for the stairs, leaving coats and hats behind them. Elias S. Whitmore, a tall and very powerful old man, living at 232 Madison street, Brooklyn, struck Foye in the mouth, and punched him in the eye. When the lights were turned up and the belligerents subdued, half the furniture in the room was wrecked, and the floor was covered with tattered curtains and spook drapery.

Lawyer E. A. Benn appeared for the medium, Rogers. He was present at the seance last night, and is said to be a believer. He asked for an adjournment until to-morrow. Magistrate Crane said he would like to have the case go on at once.

"I believe that man," said he, pointing to Rogers, "is one of the biggest scoundrels in this country. For years he has been getting money out of people by trick and device. The sooner he is shown up the better."

The magistrate then advised Mr. Benn to have nothing to do with the case.

"I know you are an intelligent man," he said. "You were there last night, you say. It is inconceivable to me that you can still put any faith in this charlatan."

Magistrate Crane then held Rogers and Mrs. Chadwick in \$500 each for examination to-morrow. He directed Detective Brown to make a charge of assault against Rogers, and held him in \$1,500 bail additional on that charge.

Rogers is a man of about forty-five, with a fishy eye and straggling brown hair. He asked to be allowed to make a statement.

"I was on my knees in the cabinet," he said, "trying to open a small cupboard with a hatchet."

"What for?" asked the magistrate. "All of a sudden I heard a great rush," went on Rogers, unheeding the question. "I was knocked down, jumped upon and assaulted with the hatchet, which was jerked from my hand. I was also hit with a slingshot and kicked."

Rogers denied that he had used the hatchet to assault anyone with. He also said he had never seen Mrs. Chadwick before last night. She was merely one of the "sitters." He denied that he had asked anybody for money. All the contributions had been voluntary.

Mrs. Chadwick (the name is not her real one) is a gray-haired, faded woman, about fifty years old. She

made a clean breast of it to the newspaper men.

"I was paid five dollars a seance by Dr. Rogers," she said, "for impersonating materialized spirits. I had to do something, as my husband does not support me, and I have three children to take care of. It was either this or dishonor. I would enter into the cabinet through a door in the back of it. This door was sealed with a strip of paper, but Dr. Rogers would replace the seal before the seance was over. I would dress myself in different costumes and come to the curtains personating the various spirit friends of the believers present. Mrs. Rogers would stand just outside the curtains and whisper to me the name of the particular spirit I was supposed to be. The messages I, of course, would invent as I went along, although sometimes Mrs. Rogers would give me a hint of what to say."

H. J. Newton, president of the New York Spiritualistic Society; W. F. Peck, a lecturer, and many other Spiritualists were in court. Mr. Newton said he was there to assist in protecting Spiritualism from fraud and trickery.

Rogers and Mrs. Chadwick were both locked up. Old Mr. Whitmore was discharged.

Rogers is the man upon whom the late G. W. N. Yost, inventor of the Yost typewriter, is said to have spent a fortune. Mr. Yost, it was also said, left his wife and family on account of his infatuation for the medium. Rogers denied this to a News man to-day. He said:

"Mr. Yost paid me \$50 a month for holding seances for him. He lost his money in speculation; I had nothing to do with that. He had been separated from his wife before he ever met me. When he died he owed me \$300."—New York Daily News, Nov. 25, 1895.

PROPHECY IN ABUNDANCE.

It Comes From a Little Town in Kansas.

An extraordinary contribution to the literature of diplomacy and prophecy was received at the State Department, Washington, D. C., from some great light of the world who has hitherto kept himself under a bushel at Parsons, Kan. He forwards his communication by registered mail, and tells the Secretary of State he can explain the significance of the massacre of Armenians in Asia Minor and what will be the end of it all. He mingles prophecy and advice in the following sweeping fashion:

1. Form no alliance with any foreign power by which we as a nation will be drawn into the international conflict now drawing near.

2. Listen to General Miles in his report on coast defenses. Strengthen the ports of Newport News, the mouth of the Potomac, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, and the harbor of New York, and fortify them with the most improved patterns of coast defenses.

3. The Turkish government is sure to go down, and the ball will be opened May 15, 1896, by Russia marching on Constantinople. The Porte will go to its palace in Jericho, Palestine, June 30, 1896.

4. Call home all the American missionaries before May 15, because after that time we shall not be able to protect them.

5. Before June 30, assemble our best warships near our own coasts on the Atlantic and Pacific, more especially north of the Potomac on the Atlantic, and north of San Francisco on the Pacific. You need not fear a war with England, but next summer watch Russia with an eagle eye. Nicholas II. will not be the ruler of that nation very long. Another and a more warlike ruler will succeed him, and it is Russia and Germany we have to fear.

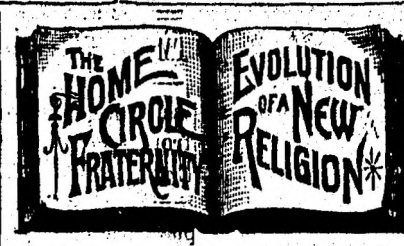
6. The Fourth of July next will be a critical time in our history. We now have plenty of grain and produce to feed our people. Provide storehouses in which to keep this grain for our wives and little ones, for in 1898 and 1899 famine and pestilence will cover the earth. Be ready by 1897 to close our ports to all foreign nations, for Louis Napoleon—grandson of Jerome Bonaparte and brother of Victor—who now wears the uniform of a Cossack colonel at Tiflis, Trans-Caucasia, is the coming Emperor of Babylon (the Babylonian empire restored). Russia will move her Black Sea fleet and her Cossack warriors at the same time. She will pass Arrat January 14, capture Sassoun, May 15, and drive the Sultan out of Constantinople, June 30, after which Napoleon will be made King of Asia Minor. Keep out of this combination.

It would be well to keep this prophecy on file for future reference.

A DOUBTER.

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"From Soul to Soul." By Emma Rood Tuttle. Lovers of poetry will find gems of thought in poetic diction in this handsome volume, wherewith to sweeten hours of leisure and enjoyment. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.



THE WRECKED.

Who Will Minister Unto Them?

I.

We saw an old man sitting, at one time, on a curb stone, apparently for the time being, living in the dim and misty past. His head was bowed as if in deep sorrow. Occasionally a seculchral sigh would escape from his lips, as if an expression of the deep mine of regrets that had found lodgment in his soul during the hardships attending his earthly career. His features seemed pinched—half starved—as if everything wholesome in his nature had departed forever. He was the very picture of despair—seemingly a lost soul—no anchorage anywhere among those who would cordially extend to him the hand of kindness. He was a vanishing note in the song of life—to vanish on the material side, to reappear in those spiritual realms where hopes are never crushed as they are on earth, by the grim hand of poverty. A sad picture that, as in graveyard tones he repeated the following lines by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on the "Pretty Soon."

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve.

It is walled with the money which we meant to have saved.

And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken.

And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere.

The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust.

And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.

And, oh! this, place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon.

Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there.

To the land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks.

And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.

Is farther away than it was at dawn,
And farther yet than at noon.

Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

II.

This man was a wayside wreck—a heartrending failure, with not a single chance seemingly left to redeem himself from the chains of his earthly environment. Yet his despair was not complete. He still lived in the "pretty soon," and although a vanishing note in the song of life—gradually vanishing on earth—he expected that note to find expression on the spirit side of life. The wayside victims can be found almost anywhere in this nineteenth century civilization. They are in hospitals, foundlings' homes, homes for the friendless—in poorhouses, jails, penitentiaries and other charitable and reformatory places. One grand medium and estimable lady has found an asylum of rest at the Old Woman's Home in this city.

Now, what is your duty towards a wrecked human being? Kill him? Maltreat him? Drive him from your door? or, in some way, kindly minister unto him? Can a person be a true man or woman and maltreat any human being? Can a person be a true Spiritualist and possess unused a surplus of this world's goods, while thousands are yearning for assistance and kindly, encouraging words?

III.

Just think of the Needlework Guild—a fragment of heaven on earth—a scintillation from some angelic soul—an oasis in an uncharitable world. As set forth by the Chicago Tribune, a sight to make the careless world stop and admire, was the distribution of clothing, one morning lately, by the Needlework Guild. At an early hour wagons and conveyances began arriving at the Masonic Temple, ready to cart away to the various institutions where they had been assigned, the precious bundles. By 9 o'clock there was a steady stream of men with the generous bags on their shoulders, fling down the stairway. Women upstairs worked like busy bees sorting and piling the soft garments and placing them in proper receptacles.

It was a labor of love, and delicate women, who perhaps did not lift a finger at home, tugged at big piles of clothing, and dragged the heavy bags into place. To be a member of the guild, "furnish two new plain suitable garments to meet the great need of our hospitals, homes, and other charities. Men, women and children may become members."

That tells the whole story. Out of that one suggestion came clothing enough to fill a big room to the ceiling and to gladden over 7,000 souls—old men and women and helpless chil-

dren. As many varieties and styles of articles were noticeable in the piles as the individual tastes of the many contributors suggested. Some of the undergarments for women were as fine and soft as a tender heart, refined taste and a full purse could produce—"too fine," someone said. But who knows? Perhaps those articles may be smoothed out lovingly by natty, feeble fingers, once as used to fine linen as the donor.

Woolen bedroom slippers suggested a world of comfort for invalid foot-slippers. A pile of infant's clothing—little, dainty, fuzzy socks and mittens, hose and long skirts—told where many a mother's heart lay tenderest. Strong woolen socks for men, and cardigan jackets, were a pleasure to behold in the comfort they suggested. Piles of white, generous pocket-handkerchiefs, sure to be the pride of some poor soul, were tucked and stowed away with every big bag.

The teamsters who helped to transfer the piles lifted their bundles tenderly, as if realizing a sacred trust. By some mistake, many seedy-looking individuals came to the room during the day, thinking the clothing was to be distributed there.

One old man, who looked needy but respectable, hobbled in on his cane. His disappointment was pitiful to witness when he learned that clothing could be given out only through the institutions to which it had been voted. He gazed hungrily at the warm flannels lying within his reach, and looked blue and sorely in need. His case, as was every other which came, was taken in hand and promises of early investigation and assistance sent them all away comparatively happy.

Long before night not a vestige of the piles and piles of clothing was left. They had gone to gladden alike the hearts of youth and age in over half a hundred institutions throughout the city.

The guild, which was started in 1885 by Lady Wolverton, has become a national and international beneficence. The Chicago branch distributed this year over double the number of garments sent out last. This speaks louder than words of the interest taken in the guild in this city. The unique feature of this endeavor is, it practically comes to life only once a year. In November, when the chill winds come, the guild does more to supply the poor than some organizations which are in session all the year round. After this it subsides until the coming year. It is divided into seventy-two departments, each of which comes forward when called for.

IV.

Now, here is practical beneficence, akin to the loftiest impulse of an angel, and abaze with that spirit of love which pervades the Infinite. We measure a human soul somewhat differently from the method employed to measure a piece of cloth. We cannot weigh spirituality, nor compute the exact quantity of goodness in a human being, nor tell the height of aspirations sent forth; but we can rest assured that those engaged in philanthropic work, truly and earnestly, are very near to that divine purpose that actuates the universe. A man may belong to a church, have wrong notions of the Infinite, and be a slave of creed, yet, if his soul bubbles with philanthropic impulses, which find full, unselfish expression in deeds of benevolence, he is superior to that Spiritualist who, being a phenomena hunter, never turns piteously towards the human wrecks that require assistance in the struggle of life. Remember, then, that you are measured by what you do, and not by what you believe. It is better to do good, and believe in false creeds, than to believe in what is actually the truth, and do no good to alleviate the suffering of some wrecked mortal.

V.

A meeting of this Needlework Guild rests, like a diamond, on a fragment of heaven, and during its philanthropic work "religious beliefs" vanish, and for a time true spirituality scintillates in every thought and deed. You cannot, Spiritualist, "believe" your way to a higher plane on the spirit side of life. The good angels cannot take you higher than you are prepared to go. Good deeds, unselfishly done, with no hope or expectations of reward, cause the portals of heaven to open and angels send forth approving words and smiles. Ever bear in mind that the crowning glory of every human being, if he is ever crowned, will consist of good deeds, while "beliefs" will count but little in the judgment, which will be finally passed upon every human soul. Mortals—poor, selfish mortals, are quick to observe the grandeur of a good deed, from whatever source it may spring. Even Sarah Bernhardt became the heroine of the hour in Italy, notwithstanding the fact that some time ago she played "La Femme de Claude" to an empty house at Rome. A Milanese paper has been told the following story by a Frenchwoman who was ruined in the Commune. She says: "I had nothing left, and was obliged to make a living by mending old lace.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was one of my best customers. One day when she came to bring me some work I was greatly depressed. It was the day before quarter day, and I was unable to pay my rent. She asked my sister why I was so sad, and was told a little of our circumstances. Next day I went to her, and was surprised when she played for some time with my little boy. But what was my surprise when, on the stairs, I found that he held a banknote in his hand. I went back to return it. 'O, do leave it to him,' madame said. 'It is a toy and amuses him.' Another time I had no work, and the tragedienne heard of it. 'But I have always work for my friend,' she said, tore up a magnificent piece of Brussels lace, and sent it to me to be mended."

Here is one of God's children, with a family of illegitimates nestling to her bosom, yet bubbling all over with the spirit of kindness! Verily she shall have her reward.

John R. Francis

BURT WOODWORTH.

His Work Commended, and Practical Remarks Thereon.

Burt Woodworth and his German control have been a power in Central Michigan in the spiritual camps. As a public test medium on the rostrum, both before and after lectures, Mr. Woodworth has not been excelled. Old and experienced lecturers and all Spiritualists uniformly admit the high qualifications of his German control to convince the skeptic of the continuity of life. There is no dodging his searching and clinching statements of names of persons, on both the mortal and spirit side—of dates, events, diseases, or mode of death, by drowning, suicide, railroad smash-up, or explosion of gas, steam, dynamite or powder, etc. He was born in Germany, and speaks in broken English and very positively. He has controlled Mr. Woodworth about two years, and is his only control for rostrum work. He made not one mistake during his service at Haslett Park, and this was the testimony of those who heard him at Grand Lodge. He is indeed an Oracle—not Delphic, of ancient Greece, but of the nineteenth century, whom I trust and hope thousands may hear and receive the glorious light and soul-comforting truths of Spiritualism. This grand spirit seems in earnest to call the world's attention to the most astounding and important facts of the age. What is of more importance than to secure a correct knowledge of our future destiny? Grand teachers from the Land of the Leal are among us and all about us. Let us devoutly listen to their deep and loving messages. Let us be humble and modest in the presence of these immortal guests. How pure in heart and sound in head should they be who hold an hour's communion with the dead. Dead! No! More alive than ever. Full of the immortal fire of love, they come to teach and bless us. They only ask willing ears. He that hath ears, let him hear what the spirits wish to say to the churches and the people outside.

Since the churches mostly reject these tidings of great joy, this special spiritual power, these holy ghosts, with their precious lessons of love, poetry, song and philosophy, have to a large extent deserted them. They hold their congregations mainly through the power of organization, the prestige of wealth, of music, of oratory and magnetism. Women are the main church prop to-day, and when the flashlight of Spiritualism reaches them they will say: "Hear what the spirits say unto the churches." And to save from utter wreck, ruin and disgrace, they will be obliged to accept the demonstrations of Spiritualism in scientific proof of immortality. To face the falsehoods and slanders hurled at Spiritualists from pulpit and press for the past forty-seven years, will be to them a cross and burden they cannot escape, whether Catholic or Protestant. Everything is converging to the point of their certain rout and overthrow.

Myths and fables cannot claim immortality. They can have only an ephemeral existence in creed and dogma, since they antagonize science, both on the material and spiritual planes. Science is only a manifestation of nature's procedure in all her departments, animal, vegetable, mineral and spiritual. And these are fixed and unalterable, being based upon infinite wisdom, justice, love and truth. Any dogma that cannot harmonize with these four principles must go. It only awaits the day when men shall have come to their senses.

All the above principles, and much beside, were distinctly and emphatically affirmed by this profound and earnest German spirit. Many examples of his tests could be given, but one or two must suffice. Standing on the rostrum, and speaking through Mr. Woodworth, he says: "There comes mits me Tom Lameroux. He says his soon Shere here, you (pointing well back in the auditorium). Yes.

Purify
And Enrich
Your Blood
By Taking
AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
It was the Only
Sarsaparilla admitted
At World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS for the Liver.

He say you be doctor? Yes. Pre-goot doctor? Yes, I try to be. Y-fader say he vos blacksmit and vork for de peoples all round. He go blacksmit? Yes. So! (long and heavy stress). Dot ish goot! He say you lif in Lansing? Yes. He say you bruder Charley? Yes. He be doct too? Yes. He lif in Fowlerville Mich.? Yes. He say your mudder mits him. He say he vants you to help Charley.

The facts are: John was his eldest son, smart, keen, enterprising; he worked his way through medical college and into a good practice and a good home in Lansing. But Charley helped through his medical course and into practice, and now wants John to help him. Proving death does not change the moral character and did not rid him of his partialism.

He also gave to my wife eight names of her departed friends—father, mother, sisters, brothers, and grandparents, mostly born in England and Wales. Said her mother was cut out of her father's will because she married a tradesman—a packer in the drug business. Said they loved and were happy. Said there was a large fortune belonged to the heirs on the mother's side—in the Stanton estate. Said the friends on the immortal side were working with others here to secure their just claims. Many things in this long message occurred eighty years ago, beyond the big pond, as he called it. All true, and known to none in this country except a few special friends of my good wife.

I would make no invidious comparisons. There are many grand mediums on both continents. Let their virtues be known, brought to the front through all our Spiritual papers. Let fakes and frauds be retired to the rear, until they shall learn not to make merchandise out of the soul's highest love and affections.

Shall we say there is no inspiration outside of knowledge, music, splendid audiences? No cultured, immortal human spirit, working through mortal mediumistic brains to warm and enlighten and vitalize the benighted souls of our common humanity. As well say the sun never shines, the stars never scintillate in cloudless nights. The battle is on—the heavens will win; error will die amid its worshippers. The higher in light, love and goodness must and will lift up the lower in ignorance, bondage and doubts.

And endless progress pave the way To lands where love will rule the day. And those who've battled long and hard Shall find their just and true reward.

Bibles, religions, governments, schools, arts, medicine, philosophy, architecture, fine arts, music and poetry, are products of the human brain. Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist systems of worship claim God as their backer and inspirer. Not so. Spirits, with less or more love and wisdom, gained on mortal and immortal shores, return and work through mortal brains to elevate humanity. Enlightened reason must be the final arbiter. "Why not ye, of yourselves, judge what is right?" The church of to-day, Catholic and Protestant, follow Paul instead of Christ. He is Paul's hero, and Paul says salvation can be had through no other name. Jesus saw Paul breathing out threatenings and slaughter to his little flock; said, I'll tame him, and so lit upon him near Damascus and took the tiger out of him, by that spiritual shock, so that he was Paul's hero ever after. Was he right? No. Yet the church is based on his teachings. Was he God? No. Is the fall of man, endless torture, pardon of sin, resurrection of body salvation by blood, true? No. Did Jewish sacrifices make man so brutal and savage they must sacrifice the man Jesus to appease the anger of their God? A good life is the only basis of happiness. Death does not change moral character.

An army of 70,000 priests teaching falsehoods from every pulpit. What shall we do to be saved? We never were lost. We need reform, truth, love and wisdom. "Seek after them as for hidden treasures, and dig for them as for gold." We shall reap as we sow. Form circles in your own families. Be true, honest, patient, humble, and you will receive truth, guidance, comfort and happiness.

A crisis must come soon. Spirituality must take the place of wealth.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.



GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send us a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines, but long reports will not be used. Meetings are held only on Sunday. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be ready by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

Dr. Willis Edwards, who has been ministering to the Church of the Spirit, at 615 North Clark street, in a very successful manner, having a large following who are enthusiastic in his behalf, is now in full charge, conducting the business of the society as he sees fit, and being responsible therefor. The Doctor has accomplished a great work on the North Side, and we have no doubt the scope of his usefulness will continue to enlarge. There was a grand opening last Sunday, Mrs. Richmond officiating in the afternoon, and the Doctor and Mrs. Pizzia in the evening.

W. E. Bonney writes: "Since the closing of the Wallula camp I have held meetings in Kansas City, Eureka School House, Johnson Co., Spring Hill and Astoria, Kan. I shall be glad to correspond with individual workers or societies who may wish to have a speaker visit them in this section of country, and hope to receive some calls within easy distance of Topeka, where I expect to be for a short time. There is a great field for spiritual work in Kansas City, and many of the small towns in this part of Kansas, but there is unfortunately a great lack of organization here as elsewhere. In many small cities and country districts there are a sufficient number of interested persons to start an active society and have regular meetings for spreading the grand truths of our philosophy, but for some cause they do not organize. Why is this? I am willing to work to this end, viz, organizing the scattered forces of Spiritualism and Liberalism, and would like to be constantly at work. Who will correspond with me, and give me a chance? Terms reasonable to suit the times. Please address W. E. Bonney, General Delivery, Topeka, Kan."

M. O. Gentzke is of the opinion that it would be advantageous to the cause to publish books explaining in simple, plain language the principles and nature of Spiritualism so as to reach the masses more effectively. A fund should be raised, out of which the cost of preparing and publishing such books and pamphlets should be paid, and they should be distributed free of charge among the people.

The Globe, of Atlantic, Iowa, reports a seance of Anna Wheeler, in that place, that was very satisfactory. Remarkable messages were received under best conditions, and there was trumpet speaking.

The Woman's Endeavor Aid Society was organized at the residence of Mrs. Sarah E. Brownell, No. 1 S. Hoyle avenue, October 17, 1895, and elected the following officers for one year: President, Mrs. Sarah E. Brownell; vice-president, Mrs. Ella Bunker; treasurer, Mrs. Amanda Kephart; secretary, Mrs. Anna Henderson; visiting committee, Mrs. Anna Anderson, Miss Anna L. Marshall, Mrs. Margaret Lowrie; directors, Mrs. Sarah E. Brownell, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, Mrs. A. C. Peterson. The object of the society is to aid all needy women and children who are worthy to come within our knowledge; and we will be thankful to secure donations from all who feel interested in helping suffering humanity. Our books are always open for inspection. Address all communications to the president, No. 1 S. Hoyle avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. C. E. Winans, the materializing medium, starts for the West on his regular route Monday, December 2d, to be gone till spring. He wishes to make engagements with friends in the cause in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Address all communications to Edinburgh, Indiana.

A. J. R. writes from Ft. Wayne, Ind.: "We have for this month E. W. Sprague, who has been doing a noble work in stirring up the thinking world. Ft. Wayne is becoming alarmed Spiritualistic. As evidence of this the churches have all combined through a shrewd movement of the Presbyterians, in which they have very nicely secured the financial help of the most prominent churches of the city to hold a union evangelistic revival under the leadership of one J. W. Chapman, who is said to be an old-time Presbyterian and who manages the work absolutely on the Presbyterian style. So it is really a union Presbyterian revival, with Methodists, Baptists and all others as spectators. The sermons of this great evangelist light are of the old-time brimstone sermons, with the smoke left off. After all the long-winded sermons for the past week, only very few of the unthinking have attempted to believe. They truly have a great worker in the man Chapman, for he certainly monopolizes the whole business, even to the

public press. We have only been able to get a few extracts of one of his Rev. Sprague's sermons published since he has been here with us. But at a moment, when the great evangelist was happy, thinking that he now had the 'devilish' Spiritualists tied up, and was ready to smoke them out, the Spirit-world, through the wide-awake and thinking Jews, called the Rev. Hirsch, the eloquent Chicago rabbi, here, who preached several sermons on humanitarian religion as the coming liberal religion for the great family of humanity, and now the great evangelist is trying to believe that the Jews and the Spiritualists have combined, as the great rabbi's sermons sounded altogether too liberal; so the great revival will soon end in a rumus, and the cry go forth that the Spiritualists and the Jews were the opposing element."

Secretary writes from Ludington, Mich.: "Our society is in good condition; not large, but prospects of becoming large. All are in harmony. No. 13, we had our annual convention and the following officers were chosen. President, Frederick Dorisch; vice-president, John Ludwig; secretary, Fanny Dorisch; treasurer, George Chase; trustees, H. H. Weaver, D. D. Kibby, W. Pinckney. After election a repast was served by the ladies."

Secretary writes from Prophetstown, Ill.: "The cause of Spiritualism here is languishing for dearth of mediums and speakers, and the lack of means to secure the same. We had with us a short time ago, a few Sundays, J. A. Bailey, inspirational speaker and test medium. Also Dr. G. H. Beal, magnetic healer and test medium."

The inaugural holiday banquet of the Chicago Vegetarian Society, to be given Saturday evening, December 28th, at the Great Northern Hotel, promises to be one of the most notable gatherings ever held in this country. It will be more than a local affair. Members of out-of-town societies will be present, and the prospects for a very large attendance are encouraging. The president of the Vegetarian Society of America, Rev. Henry S. Clubb, will respond to a toast. Among those expected to speak are: Mayor Swift, Annie Jenness Miller, Clarence S. Darrow, Capt. Wm. P. Black, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, and other prominent persons. The menu is an elaborate one, including many rare and dainty dishes. Those wishing to attend the banquet are requested to write the treasurer, Miss Frances L. Dusenberry, McVicker's Theater Bldg., Chicago, enclosing \$2.50 for each ticket desired.

Mrs. Georgina McIntyre, of this city, writes: "As Mrs. McFarlin, of Winona, Minn., is expected to permanently locate in Chicago after the first of December, I have arranged a reception and recital for the purpose of introducing her to the people here, and also to give her many friends an opportunity of meeting her and her band of teachers. As an oratorical speaker she is unexcelled. To hear her once is not enough. She is wonderfully gifted. Through the rendition of child-like parts, Nightingale, the spirit controlling, fills the heart with mirth and laughter, just the opposite of the effect produced by beautiful Sunlight, whose inspiring lines lift one up to God and love, joy and patience. Who can depict the emotions which are called out, as their voices blend together with sweet little Nightingale in a dialogue—so easily and so naturally do the voices change from mirth to sadness, from the humorous to the pathetic, from the sublime to the ridiculous, that people may well declare it wonderful! It is wonderful, too! But it proves the power of spirit to manipulate the material organism when the law is understood. Come with your hearts and hands open to the reception and recital which we will tender to her on the 23rd of December in Redman's Hall, 274 W. Lake street, at 8 o'clock. Take Lake street elevated cars to W. 40th street."

W. A. Johnson writes from Detroit, Mich.: "Yesterday afternoon and evening our hall was filled, and people expressed themselves on all sides in regard to the able and instructive lectures. One gentleman was heard to exclaim: 'If I could lecture like Mrs. Baade, I would be perfectly happy,' and another that he would be willing to give all he had for such a gift; but, like one of old, he has found such gifts are not bought with money, but are God-given. Truly, Nellie S. Baade is to Detroit what Cora L. V. Richmond is to Chicago. Long may they both live to continue to preach the gospel of love and good works."

Secretary writes: "Hon. J. T. Morrison, of Iowa, N. Y., addressed the Progressive Spiritual Association, of Watervliet, November 24th, on the subject of 'The Law of Psychic Phenomena,' giving illustrations of spirit returns received under the best test conditions during a short stay at camp the past summer; also states recently received through the mediumship of Mr. Pierce, of Michigan. Many of the audience lingered, examining slates and paintings, asking various questions. Brother Morrison is doing a good work, speaking in churches wherever invited, giving them proof of immortality in place of their faith and hope. Our society is small, unable to hire a speaker continuously, but any speaker coming this way, we will be glad to have him with them. An independent state-writer would do well here. 219 Clinton avenue, Waverly, N. Y."

Robert Ward, of Denver, Colo., writes: "On Thursday evening, November 21st, Mrs. Edith Nickless Musk inaugurated a series of psychometric readings and test meetings in Chosen Friends hall, Charles block, corner Curtis and Fifteenth streets. The hall was crowded to the doors. This is a want that was long felt in Denver, a week night meeting. There is no doubt it will be a grand success. Mrs. Musk made a few opening remarks, and asked the audience to place any article they wished on the table, while she left the hall for a few minutes. Mrs. Musk commenced to psychometrize the articles, and kept it up for one hour and a half, and strange to say the readings were all recognized, to the delight of the large audience, except one. Then she answered mental questions for half an hour. These meetings will be continued. I am informed that we are going to have an eminent lecturer and test medium from California, about the middle of December. She is now in Salt Lake City organizing a society there, and doing a grand work among the Spiritualists. We will be glad to have her here, and will give her a hearty welcome. We want good, honest mediums, and I understand she is one of them."

The Spiritualistic Church of the Students of Nature, meeting at Flynn's

Hall, 461 W. North avenue, desires hereby to express their unanimous vote of thanks to Dr. C. C. Greer for his able lecture delivered at their meeting on Sunday evening, November 24, on the question: "Is there a God?"

F. N. Fitch writes from Watertown, N. Y.: "Services were resumed at the Temple, after the annual vacation, with the ministrations of Moses Hull, the most erudite of scholars and eloquent of speakers. His audiences were large, and consisted of reading and thinking people, no one of whom, after hearing him once, would omit to go again. For wit, as well as profound wisdom, and most complete knowledge of the scriptures, I am certain Watertown never saw his equal. I hardly need to say that the society re-organized him for his latest oratorical date, a grand success. His amiable and accomplished character aided him the last few weeks of his stay. The first Sunday of this month, the regular pastor, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving, resumed the rostrum. The inimitable Carrie Tving, wise, witty, lovable and loving, always preaching and exemplifying that new commandment which the Nazarene gave his followers, and which summarizes the whole law. It seemed to her admirers, and they are all who know her, that she had hardly come, when she had to go again, only three Sundays here, because some one of the many societies, of which she is president, secretary, or, as Artemus Ward used to say, 'of which I am principally myself,' had changed the date of its meeting, because Thanksgiving day had been appointed a week earlier than they expected. Gracefulness of manner and fluency of diction do not comprise all there is of this extraordinary lady, for somehow she manages to keep up with current literature and learning, so that she has prepared a profound scientific treatise, in which she enlarges most interestingly on the inventions of the coming century, advancing new ideas which will doubtless attract the attention of inventors and experimenters the world over. During December, Mrs. Cella A. Nickerson will minister to the society. She is very popular, this being her third engagement here. Mr. and Mrs. Abel Davis, venerable and venerated, who loved the Temple to the society, are well."

Mrs. Hamilton Gill, the well-known trance test medium of Chicago, has returned to her residence at 15 Bishop Court, and will resume her seances Thursday evening, December 5th, at 8 p. m.

Mrs. W. E. Van Horn writes from Milwaukee, Wis.: "There are now three societies here, each having a good share of patronage, but it is the Unity Spiritual Society that I wish to make a special mention. The season opened in the middle of September with Edgar W. Emerson. He gave excellent satisfaction. For October we had Mrs. Emma N. Warner, of Chicago. She also proved a success. For November we have had dear Mrs. Adeline M. Glading, of Philadelphia. I think her name should have brought gladness to many an anxious inquirer. The Unity Society occupies Lincoln Hall, corner of Grand avenue and 6th street, and every Sunday evening the hall has been well filled with an intelligent, earnest congregation, Jews, as well as Gentiles. Mrs. Glading is certainly one of the most unselfish workers this city has ever been blessed with. She is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love and harmony. 'Conditions' always seem to be favorable and she gives full measure to all with whom she comes in contact. The all-week dine socials are a complete success under her loving ministrations. Her sister, Mrs. Weeks, attends here, and she, too, comes in for a full share of the love and esteem accorded Mrs. Glading. Angels bless them both! She goes from here to Washington, D. C., for the month of December. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Perkins, of California, have been in the city the past three weeks, and they, too, are well liked. Mr. Perkins is an inimitable storyteller, and I should judge him to be a very excellent man. Mrs. Perkins gives genial tests. I speak advisedly, as I was the recipient of one that was unmistakably good. E. C. Oden White serves the society, Saturday, December, and Marguerite St. Omer comes, for January. So you see we are having a feast of good things. We expect to send our mite to help the persecuted mediums of Philadelphia. All honor to those who remain steadfast to our loved cause of truth."

Recorder writes from Mancelona, Michigan: "Mrs. Emma Nutt paid us a brief visit, and on last Sunday addressed a very interested audience, composed of our very best people, both afternoon and evening. Her psychometric readings were most excellent. Mrs. Nutt has gained many warm friends while here, who wish her God-speed in her work, and hope to see her soon again. We number among our very best and most intelligent people, those who are not bound by creed or yoke."

E. H. Mattison writes from Watertown, N. Y.: "Our meetings were opened on Sunday, September 16, by Moses Hull, who also occupied the rostrum during October. Mrs. Mattie Hull joined him last two weeks here, and with her sweet singing, improvisations of poetry and inspired lectures did much to add to the interest of the meetings. This was their first visit to this city, but they at once demonstrated their ability to entertain their listeners. Their stay was pronounced by a large majority to be too short to meet the demands of the people, and I understand the society engaged them both for November and December 9th. Mrs. Tving, the pastor of the Temple, was the next to occupy the rostrum. Her audiences, as usual from the start, were large and enthusiastic. One could see a deep interest the Watertown people have for this medium and lecturer by observing with what earnestness both Spiritualists and skeptics listened to her lecture and psychometric readings. She has done a good work in Watertown, and the people should endeavor to always bear this in mind and appreciate it, not only by building up the Temple society, placing it upon a better financial and spiritual foundation, but one year ago last February, organized the Young People's Helping-Hand Society, who have now, from a small beginning of three books, in less than four years, established a library of over 100 volumes. Mrs. Tving is always engaged for two months every season with this society, and those who read this, I am sure will be glad to hear that she again visits Watertown for the month of February, '96. The following is the list of speakers and mediums thus far booked for the coming winter: Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson, December; Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, January; Mrs. Tving, February; March is yet unen-

gaged; Mrs. A. M. Glading, April, and Edgar W. Emerson, May."

Captain Jack Abbott, a prominent worker, informs us that his society has no one to officiate during January and February. He would like to correspond with some good lecturer and platform test medium to serve during these months. Address him at 422 Baronne street, postoffice Box 9389, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Word comes from Sawyer, Pa., speaking of the efficient services of Mrs. J. E. Allen, of Elmira, N. Y. She is considered a very worthy lady.

L. writes from Waukegan, Ill.: "Society of Spiritual Research is the name of a new organization formed at Waukegan, Ill., November 24th, with W. H. Harry, president, S. R. Drake, secretary, S. N. Smith, treasurer. The organization starts out under very favorable circumstances. F. W. Calkins, a wealthy property holder, gives the society the use of a fine hall to hold their meetings in without charge, and the additional fact that the movement is in the hands of some of Waukegan's best people, lends an influence to the popularity of the effort. Prof. Lockwood, of Chicago has been engaged to give a course of six lectures to inaugurate the work, commencing Sunday, December 8. It is the intent of the society to interest and instruct its audiences by the engagement of first-class speakers and mediums. As this city is the home of 'the Mary Rolph and Lurancy Vennum Wonder,' the people in and around Waukegan will expect this Research society to pile evidence on evidence, of the great truth of the reciprocal relations existing between spheres, visible and invisible, and they will not be disappointed."

W. J. Masters, of this city, writes: "Another month is numbered with the past, and we are glad to be able to report a golden harvest in the work of the Progressive Spiritual Church, 3120 Forest avenue. The ladies' Progressive and Benevolent Aid, an auxiliary of our church, gave a grand Thanksgiving hall and New England supper on Wednesday evening, November 27th, which was more than a success financially and socially. The costumes of the ladies were gorgeous and of the latest fashion, and showed to their best advantage under the electric lights, which were draped with Chinese lanterns of many delicate colors. The hall itself was most artistically decorated with American flags, and the gentlemen in their evening full-dress suits completed the picture as that of a dream of fairyland. The success of our work we feel is due to our esteemed pastor, Rev. George V. Cordingley, who meets his congregation and visitors with a hearty shake of the hand, and thereby making them feel at home. He is the only spiritual speaker that I know of in our city that is willing to acknowledge other mediums in his church, and is always willing to read notices for spiritualism or any other charitable cause from his rostrum; therefore I trust that all speakers who have charge of a society or church will take Mr. Cordingley's example to reach the stranger outside the gates of spiritual truth and enlarge their number of 'mediumship.'"

Mrs. L. M. Mathers writes: "While I do not take for granted everything that comes to me in the line of phenomena, yet I have witnessed during the past few years some remarkable things through various mediums. Monday morning I had the pleasure of a sitting with Prof. J. H. Metcalf, of 147 W. Van Buren street, during which there was one matter which the guide was instructing me. The advice seemed contrary to my views of the case. The guides then placed on the table before me three common candles, which I personally placed in the future. Behind these I arrested you will find the masked hand and deft cunning of the priests who have persistently piled their strategy for ages to throttle freethought and dwarf the spiritual growth of the world. The burning ambition of that colossal of organized effort to suppress the intelligent energies of the age is the same to day as in the past. The question must be settled now and for all time. Religious liberty must be maintained in this country at whatever hazard or cost. One dollar each from every Spiritualist in the land would make such a defense fund as would enable us to contest our rights in the lower courts and even carry them through the highest tribunal in the land. Let us settle for all time the great question to every lover of liberty, that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to each and every citizen of the republic absolute religious freedom."

The above extracts will show something of the spirit of our people. The National Association was organized none too soon, and it behooves everyone who has the good of Spiritualism at heart to help the officers of that association perfect its power and influence in the land. In the meantime do not forget the duty you owe to those who are now in the meshes of the law awaiting—justice(?) The committee having the matter in charge is composed of well-known Spiritualists who are devoting their time and energy to the matter of defending the mediums."

Personally, the undersigned wishes to thank all who sent either contributions or letters of sympathy. Whatever happens we will all do the best we can. Please be careful in writing to give address, where receipt can be sent. If you do not wish your name used, let me know and your wish shall be respected, but it is desirable to know where to send acknowledgments of contributions. Do not hesitate to send your contribution, no matter how small; if it is sent with a blessing on the work we are trying to do, it will bring with it an added value. Remember that it rests with you as to the outcome of this struggle for our rights. Defeated in Pennsylvania means failure for other attacks throughout the country. Every society in the country might well emulate the example of those mentioned and take up a special collection for the defense of our mediums. Hesitate no longer, but send in your practical sympathy expressed in the form of a contribution. Yours, for the defense of genuine mediumship, M. E. CADWELLADDER, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 446, Philadelphia, Pa.

Important—Heirs of the English Jennings estates to report at once; see Sprigs of Gentility. Read Wednesday's Daily Record; Mr. Willis vs. Lord Howe Curzon, Lord Lovat and others, who are fraudulently holding the American Jennings property. British Estates Association, room 1533 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

A Beautiful Gift for the Holidays.

This admirable work by Emma Rood Tuttle consists of a collection of the finest poems of this well-known poet, and of her songs, with the music by eminent composers. Third edition just from the press.

Price \$1.00, postpaid. Address HUDSON TUTTLE, Publisher, Berlin Heights, Ohio, or the Office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill.

"The Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life," by Eleanor Kirk, assisted by J. C. Street, A. B. N. This book elucidates the principles of the Zodiac in a manner that adapts it to common comprehension. It indicates the location, characteristics and influence of each sign governs, etc., and, besides its astrological information, imparts much useful instruction. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

The Latest News From the Fields of Persecution.

AN EARNEST APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE—THE NECESSITY FOR IMMEDIATE AID—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR:—It may be of interest to your readers to know the attitude of the Spiritualists towards the mediums recently arrested in our city. Since making the appeal in their behalf many letters have been received from all quarters expressing sympathy in the hour of trial. Not only this, but some contributions have also been received. The Carnegie Hall society, of which Mr. H. J. Newton is president, expressed its sympathy in a most practical way by taking up a collection of nearly forty dollars to help along the defense. An appeal was made at the afternoon meeting and many were the kindly words spoken in behalf of those who had been arrested.

In Boston at a meeting of the Helping Hand Society connected with the Berkeley Hall Society, the entire proceeds of the meeting were turned over to the N. S. A. for the benefit of the Philadelphia mediums. The president, Dr. Pratt, and the secretary, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch were untiring in their efforts on that occasion. The amount collected was twenty-one dollars.

Other societies will no doubt follow their example. At a meeting of the Ladies Aid Spiritualist Society of Washington, D. C., the writer was asked to make a statement of the case, with the result that many mediums present signified their intention of giving seances for the benefit of the fund.

Some of the letters are from those who are not able to do much in a financial way. One letter from Annie Lord Chamberlain, enclosing one dollar, states that she must do without coffee or tea until it is made up.

As many of the letters express the wish not to mention names I will simply make extracts from some of them:

"Enclosed find ten cents, just a mite from six of us to help on the fund for the defense of mediums. We gladly give, and send forth a prayer that you may be able to gain the victory."

"Enclosed find one dollar. I only make two dollars a week above my board and care-fare, but the mediums are welcome to my mite."

"Though sick in bed, I gladly send you a small contribution to help along the good fight."

F. B. Woodbury, secretary of the N. S. A., writes: "Of money I have little, but in the name of the Old Flag, and all that it represents, I give my mite in cash for the defense of the Constitutional rights of my people. All honest and genuine mediums must be protected at any cost."

Dr. Peebles writes: "This business of arresting mediums is simply barbarous. Of course, the frauds should take the consequences of their conduct. But genuine mediums should be defended to the bitter end—not only the National Association, not only all organized societies, but Spiritualists and Liberalists everywhere should arouse themselves, opening their hearts and their purses to rally to the aid of these true mediums. The time has come. Delays must not be tolerated. Spiritualists need more grit, more spiritual stiffening to demand and maintain their rights."

"There ought to be a prompt response in money contributions from the whole country to defend every honest medium who has been arrested, or who may be arrested in the future. Behind these arrests you will find the masked hand and deft cunning of the priests who have persistently piled their strategy for ages to throttle freethought and dwarf the spiritual growth of the world. The burning ambition of that colossal of organized effort to suppress the intelligent energies of the age is the same to day as in the past. The question must be settled now and for all time. Religious liberty must be maintained in this country at whatever hazard or cost. One dollar each from every Spiritualist in the land would make such a defense fund as would enable us to contest our rights in the lower courts and even carry them through the highest tribunal in the land. Let us settle for all time the great question to every lover of liberty, that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to each and every citizen of the republic absolute religious freedom."

The above extracts will show something of the spirit of our people. The National Association was organized none too soon, and it behooves everyone who has the good of Spiritualism at heart to help the officers of that association perfect its power and influence in the land. In the meantime do not forget the duty you owe to those who are now in the meshes of the law awaiting—justice(?) The committee having the matter in charge is composed of well-known Spiritualists who are devoting their time and energy to the matter of defending the mediums."

Personally, the undersigned wishes to thank all who sent either contributions or letters of sympathy. Whatever happens we will all do the best we can. Please be careful in writing to give address, where receipt can be sent. If you do not wish your name used, let me know and your wish shall be respected, but it is desirable to know where to send acknowledgments of contributions. Do not hesitate to send your contribution, no matter how small; if it is sent with a blessing on the work we are trying to do, it will bring with it an added value. Remember that it rests with you as to the outcome of this struggle for our rights. Defeated in Pennsylvania means failure for other attacks throughout the country. Every society in the country might well emulate the example of those mentioned and take up a special collection for the defense of our mediums. Hesitate no longer, but send in your practical sympathy expressed in the form of a contribution. Yours, for the defense of genuine mediumship, M. E. CADWELLADDER, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 446, Philadelphia, Pa.

Important—Heirs of the English Jennings estates to report at once; see Sprigs of Gentility. Read Wednesday's Daily Record; Mr. Willis vs. Lord Howe Curzon, Lord Lovat and others, who are fraudulently holding the American Jennings property. British Estates Association, room 1533 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Think

Before you decide to buy a medicine, that the large majority of all the diseases which afflict mankind, originate in, or are promoted by impure blood.

Remember

That the best blood medicine before the public—the one which accomplishes the greatest cures, has the largest sales—in fact the One True Blood Purifier—the medicine you should

Take

To cure all troubles arising from or promoted by impure blood, to make your nerves steady and your head clear, to restore your appetite and quickly overcome that tired feeling, is

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Therefore, get Hood's and Only Hood's. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Hood's Pills

Do not harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BURT WOODWORTH.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

pomp, show, pride, gorgeous rituals, costly cathedrals and churches, and friendship, love and kindly helpfulness must abound, or dry rot will waste or vacate these edifices for higher and truer forms of education. Spiritualism came none too soon to lift the burden from souls oppressed.

D. R. HIGGINS, M. D.

FLORIDA ATTRACTIONS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

pursuits are a good substitute for strong drink, tobacco, profanity and gambling. Mr. W. does not allow these topics to interfere with his interest in the camp.

Preparations are being made to open the hotel at an early date. Rooms can be had at Lake Helen and vicinity. C. H. Gregory, late of the Leolyn House, at Lily Dale, will have charge of the hotel. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to Mrs. Emma J. Huff, Lake Helen, Fla. She is daily receiving letters from people in all parts of the country who wish to spend the winter here. These letters are filled with kind words and wishes for the success of this enterprise. LEE MORSE.

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The book demonstrates that Christianity and its central tenets are mythical; that the whole system is based on fraud, falsehood, forgery, fear and force; and that its rites, ceremonies, dogmas and superstitions are but survivals of so-called paganism. It shows why research among the records of the past is necessary, and why the records of the past must be read with a critical eye, and not as a person can read it without instruction and profit, whether he reaches the same conclusion with the author or otherwise. For sale at this office.

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COMPILED AND EDITED BY HARRISON D. BARRETT.

With portraits representing Mrs. Richmond in 1857, in 1870, and in 1884.

OUTLINE OF CONTENTS:

CHAPTER I. Parentage—Place of Birth—Childhood—School Education—First Mediumistic Work, also CHAPTER II. Hopedale—Mr. Scott in Massachusetts—Removal to Wisconsin—The Ballou Family—Adin Ballou's Work—Work of Spirit Aid Augustus Ballou. CHAPTER III. Omaha—Her Early Life and Tragic Death—Her Mediumistic Work. CHAPTER IV. Other Controls—The Guides. CHAPTER V. Work in Cuba, N. Y.—Buffalo Pastor—Workers in Buffalo—Thomas Dale Foster—Sarah Brooks—Horace L. Day—Removal to New York City, 1856—Philadelphia—Boston—Baltimore. CHAPTER VI. Work in New York City. CHAPTER VII. New York City (continued). Prof. J. J. Moore—Hon. W. Edwards—Hon. J. Gray—New York Editors and Clergy—Other Places in the East—Hopedale, Pa., 1864—Hon. A. B. Richmond. CHAPTER VIII. Washington, D. C.—Reconstruction—Senator J. M. Howard—Senator J. W. Julian—Gen. N. P. Banks—Settle Coleridge Maynard—Statement of Geo. A. Bacon. CHAPTER IX. England—Robert Dale Owen—George Thompson—Countess of Calhoun—Mrs. Strawbridge—Mr. and Mrs. Webb—Mrs. Newbury—J. C. Ward—Mrs. Satter—Andrew. CHAPTER X. Work in England (continued in Three Subsequent Volumes). CHAPTER XI. Chicago Work, 1870 to 1895—First Society Organized—First Mediumistic Work, also Letters and Statements of Members of the Society. CHAPTER XII. Camp Meeting Work—Canada—Lake Pleasant—Camp Lake—Lake Brady—Lookout Mountain, etc. CHAPTER XIII. Literary Work—Hesperia—Volumes of Discourses and Lectures—Psychically—Soul Teachings—Poems—Other Literary Work. CHAPTER XIV. Literary Work (continued)—Lecture on Occultism, 1880—Poems—Other Places in the East—A Year in London, 1887—Poems

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium.

Hudson Tuttle.
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

C. L. B., Express, Oregon: Q. (1) What will be the outcome of this inordinate desire for gain and utter want of human sympathy, showing itself among our rulers and law-makers?

(2) What of Francis Schlatter? Has he the power that he claims to have? If so, whence the source, and why does he claim to be the Christ?

A. All changes come either by revolution or evolution. Evolution is the natural growth, by appointed methods; revolution the bursting through obstructions to such growth. One is the beautiful summer day, the other the wrath of the tornado.

It is for the statesmen of this government to determine which it shall be—evolution or the fiery wrath of the people. It is for them to determine, and that immediately. The people may run after and throw up their caps to the politician, and become blinded by the dust thrown in their eyes by pratings about matters of no vital import for a time, but they will awaken to the fact that their interests are almost irrevocably given over to their rulers.

In the old time the conquest of nations was effected by war, devastating and subjugating. To-day it is effected by the subtle means of banking, and with such success has this been carried, that in all the history of the world there is no example of a subjugated people of whom more extortionate tribute was exacted than that paid by the boasting, free United States. The laws are all made in the interest of the money-power, and thus far the people have been led; but we believe that they will awake to the fact that they hold in their hands the means for their preservation, and that before too late they will unite in the invincible ranks of a party that will place man before money—a party of education, of justice and broadest humanity.

To this end inculcations of Spiritualism are having an incalculable influence. The silent, penitential impressions which come from the ranks of spirit-intellects are lifting up the thoughts of the oppressed and preparing the way.

(2) As a rule the Messiahs who have arisen out of, and as soon sank into, obscurity, are mediocrities, and controlled by intensely egotistical spirits, who boast and make great claims, even to being Christ. As healers they succeed, by magnetism, and through the imagination of their patients.

It is as easy for their controls to claim to be the Messiah as John Smith, and is far more effective in gaining attention of the ignorant and superstitious.

Mrs. J. R. W., Soda Springs, Col.: Q. When a medium is influenced by Catholics, etc., and they keep the medium's friends away, can they be exorcised by burning frankincense and a formula?

Can spirits who are well educated be considered low?

In the last *PROGRESSIVE THINKER* we are told not to let low Indians control. How would a person who had never been controlled before know if the control is high or low? and how can he gain the presence of those he desires?

A. An answer to all these queries is furnished by the one brief statement that the medium must not become a mere instrument under the influence of his "control." Mediumship in this form is dangerous, and most undesirable. If the mind of the medium is earnest, filled with a desire to know, not for effect on others, or self-aggrandizement, but for the love of knowledge, and his heart in sympathy with all degrees of advancement, and withal, he preserves his individuality, and controls his "controls," he will have no need of exorcism, nor doubts in knowing the high from the low. If untruthful spirits come, they are to be received as they merit, and Catholic spirits not met with antagonism, but the kindness which should be given to all. Then when sympathy is established, they may be instructed out of their ignorance, as they would be in earth life.

Let it be remembered, that the moment the sensitive becomes antagonistic on the lower plane of strife—as distinct from spiritual positiveness—which comes from wisdom and love—he is weak and at the mercy of those he cannot see nor reach.

The culture and maintenance of a pure and self-possessed spirit is better protection than all the formulae and burning frankincense combined.

There is no harm in allowing the lowest Indian to come. Even thereby he may gain the light to guide his steps from darkness. The harm is in allowing the influence to drag the medium down to its level.

If by "education" is meant the parrot-learning of the schools, then it is not a criterion of high or low, but no one can be low who is truly educated; which means drawn out in all directions into completeness of character.

There must be more than desire for high or low spirits to come.

If invitations were indiscriminately extended for guests, and they should come, whether they remained or not would depend on the place, and the entertainment they found. If it was a saloon, those who liked such associations would stay, but the refined would go away. If they found a beautiful mansion with paintings, works of art, books with an exquisite atmosphere of culture, those who appreciated would tarry, but the frequenters of saloons, and places of low resort, would find no pleasure, and would not need to be told to depart.

Thus, consciously or unconsciously, the medium prepares the means by which the desirable and the undesirable approach.

Not by incantations, holy water, or any like means, should be the change of "controls," but by setting our own spiritual temple aright. Of course we are here pleading for the best form of sensitiveness—mediumship at its highest and best, the priceless possession which cannot be bought and does not sell itself.

Abram Jewett Hoffman: Q. (1) How

do you consider the Upanishads as a authority?

(2) Is it generally considered there are four states of the soul: the waking, dreaming, dreamless sleep, and independent of the physical body?

(3) Are we ever conscious of a state analogous to the condition of spirit after death?

A. (1) Upanishads are works mythical and philosophical, and rest on the Vedas, and Mahabharata, the most sacred books of India. They were composed during many ages, some in recent times, and represent the decadence from the originality of thought in the Vedas to the commentary and illustration. As the value of Upanishads is secondary to the Vedas, and the Vedas have no more claim to divine inspiration or authority than the Iliad of the Greeks, as authority it has none beyond the expressions of truth it may contain.

(2) Like the Sacred Books of all races, it is interesting as showing the views early, uneducated, and hence superstitious man entertained.

(3) Such fourfold division has been made, and held to be a natural classification, but, really, it is quite arbitrary, and for purposes of study quite useless. There is the waking state and sleep; when there is partial wakefulness, dreams occur. These entirely independent of these is the sensitive or impressionable state, which, according to its intensity gives manifestations of somnambulism, inspiration, trance, clairvoyance, until it reaches death, at which the spirit becomes independent of the body.

(4) Hence, in this sensitive state we become conscious of the "condition of a spirit after death."

H. H., Osceola: Q. Was the pope always held infallible by the Catholic church?

A. The infallibility of the Pope was a subject of dispute, and was denied by liberal Catholics. Not until the Vatican Council of 1870 was this momentous dogma affirmed, 451 bishops voting for it, 88 against it, 623 qualified, and over 80 absenting to avoid voting. The minority on their knees, it is said, begged the pontiff to modify the obnoxious decree, but he coolly made the assertion, in the face of history, that the church always believed in the unconditional infallibility of the Pope.

As the members all believed in the infallibility of Ecumenical Council, when the majority of the council decided the infallibility of the Pope, they had to surrender this fundamental belief, which would be equivalent to becoming Protestants, or accept its decision. And then there was the strange conflict, for three Ecumenical Councils had previously declared the fallibility of the Pope.

Edward M. Rader, Meriden: Q. Why is it that some Spiritualists say that Spiritualism is a religion? Is it because, being brought up in the church, they can't shake it off all at once, and must have something to have a faith in and a religious reverence for? For me, I don't see how it can be called a religion just because we have found out that we live after the parting of the spirit and the body. Is it not better to do as near right as we can, because it is right, than to do it thinking we will get praise from some one or something.

A. The meaning usually intended by the term religion, is the form of worship addressed to some being, the sacrifice of a dog to the Great Spirit by the Indians, or the complicated ceremonies in the cathedral. If we accept this definition, Spiritualism, as the belief that we are to exist in the hereafter, and shall be able to return, is not a religion. But there is a higher sense in the conception of religion as a most perfect code of morality, and the application of this to the conduct of life. It is devotion to the right, self-abnegation and sacrifice for the welfare of others, and in its pure angelic form "doing all for others."

It knows no other incentive for right doing than because right. We can never shake off our reverence for truth, justice, mercy, charity, and usefulness. The divine ideal, here, is very clear. It is his imagination, the "Christ" who is as various as the individuals, these are not lost "because we have found that we live after the parting of the spirit and the body."

In this sense Spiritualism is a religion: it is more, it is the philosophy and science of life, here and hereafter. After we are assured that we exist in a future life, we become conscious of the sublime position which is ours. We are launched on an eternal pilgrimage, which will outlast the material creation which surrounds us, and bloom in its youth when the stars of heaven are dissolved. The purpose of our lives is the perfection of ourselves in the qualities we idealize as God-like, and we know this ideal is a prophecy which will be realized and lost in the glory of more lofty ideals. Those who have come out of the church may bring with them their old ideas of religion and strive to make Spiritualism conform thereto. It is the old story of the new wine into the old bottles; the old forms will not hold the new thoughts.

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INTERVIEWED.

The Pilgrim on His Way to the East.

Social and good-natured as of yore, Dr. Peabody, of San Diego, Cal., while the snow-flakes were falling without, dropped like a stray sunbeam into our office on Thursday. His presence received many pleasant reminiscences. While a boy, himself, in Cayuga, we knew and heard the Doctor full fifty years ago, in Kelloggville, New York. He was then a Universalist preacher, tall, slender, pale-faced and enthusiastic, proclaiming the free and easy gospel of salvation. He believed that God was too good to eternally damn human beings, and he further believed that human beings were too good to be damned. There was need of Universalism in those old Calvinistic times—then now the restoration of all souls is often heard in what are denominated orthodox pulpits.

In that long ago time the Doctor, energetic, fond of discussion, efficient in the Sunday-school, and a liberal of the liberalists, was charged by his church brethren with too much dabbling in mesmerism, phrenology, anti-slavery, and medical Thomsonian, whose trinity in those days was cayenne, lobelia, and the steam bath.

We have tracked, or kept in touch with the Doctor through all this maze of years. We have tracked him as lecturer, writer, author, physician, philanthropist, traveler, government employee, to a Health Home in San Diego. He is now in our office, looking far more healthy, hale and vigorous than he fifty years ago. Never did his ideas flow more readily, never was his enthusiasm more deeply, and never did he push a sharper keener pen, as his opponents and as our readers well know. The Doctor seems good for a quarter of a century yet, rounding up the full years of a century.

The Doctor being our guest for the night, and supper finished, we inquired: "Are you in a mood to be interviewed on your trip across the continent?"

"Scarcely," was the quick reply. "Sleeping through two States, on the cars last night, and waking this morning to see Illinois draped in a winter-wind sheet of white, I feel rather chilly and crabbed. Fully I realize this sudden transition—two days, eighteen hours and forty minutes—from the land of sun to the land of snow—from the soft Pacific breezes to the rough, raging winds of Chicago. And yet these Northern lands have their advantages. People who are industrious, temperate and law-abiding, prosper in all latitudes. The Anglo-Saxon's adaptability to climate and country is something wonderful."

"You like California, I suppose?"
"Certainly; considered as a whole it is the cream of the country, the finest climate in the world; and having twice circumnavigated the globe, I ought to know. Our hottest day last summer was 82 degrees by the thermometer, and pleasant, bracing sea-breeze all day; January and June are very much alike; roses the year around. Land of the lemon, lime, orange, olive; the pomegranate, the pine-apple and the palm; no frost, no ice and no snow, till you get away back up into the mountains a hundred miles or more. Our city has put up five hundred houses this season. The Grants (sons of Gen. Grant) have put up each a magnificent block this season. Personally, my health was never better—no aches, no pains—can bat a ball and run like a lad of sixteen. I rise at 5 o'clock in the morning, eat no animal flesh, use no liquors, no tobacco, no tea, no coffee, no stimulants, and I feel as well as I have ever felt. I am a Southern California man, and I am very much pleased. The year around, Land of the lemon, lime, orange, olive; the pomegranate, the pine-apple and the palm; no frost, no ice and no snow, till you get away back up into the mountains a hundred miles or more. Our city has put up five hundred houses this season. The Grants (sons of Gen. Grant) have put up each a magnificent block this season. Personally, my health was never better—no aches, no pains—can bat a ball and run like a lad of sixteen. I rise at 5 o'clock in the morning, eat no animal flesh, use no liquors, no tobacco, no tea, no coffee, no stimulants, and I feel as well as I have ever felt. I am a Southern California man, and I am very much pleased. The year around, Land of the lemon, lime, orange, olive; the pomegranate, the pine-apple and the palm; no frost, no ice and no snow, till you get away back up into the mountains a hundred miles or more. Our city has put up five hundred houses this season. The Grants (sons of Gen. Grant) have put up each a magnificent block this season. 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