

THE SECULAR PRESS.

EXTRACTS THEREFROM, ILLUSTRATING THE GRAND WORK IT IS DOING FOR THE CAUSE.

OUR TWO HOMES.

This Longing for Immortality.

The Burdens We Bear.

DIVINE LESSONS TAUGHT BY GEO. H. HEPPWORTH, LEADING EDITORIAL WRITER ON THE NEW YORK WORLD.

OUR TWO HOMES.

An inheritance reserved in heaven for you.—1 Peter, i. 4.

If a man has a happy home his prayer will be one of gratitude, and he will have very little to ask of God.

When a boy goes into the world from a virtuous home he is like a young knight, well protected and well-armed, for if a child has been fed on truth and honor he has a tender appetite for moral allurement.

Our homes are a mint and we are the precious metal which receives its stamp therein.

One may be furnished with a complete panoply at his mother's knee, may be armed cap-a-pie for struggle and victory.

Show me the home of a boy, and I will prophesy concerning his future with a tremor of uncertainty. Show me a man's home and I can account for his peculiarities, his cheerfulness or his despair.

A quiet home, on whose altar the flame of love and confidence never goes out, is as close to heaven as mortals can get this side the grave; a home which lacks love and confidence breeds germs of misery which multiply until ruin has done its awful work.

The purpose of marriage is the building of the home. If there is any other motive—wealth or social position—we perform an act of sacrilege, defy the laws of the universe and reap a harvest of tears. True love never listens to the ring of gold, and if we clasp hands because they hold a check book we simply invite the avalanche of the curse.

There are two broken lives which might have been beautified, stormy lives that might have been filled with sunshine, desperate lives that might have been saintly, lives whose misery no plummet can sound. They are scattered everywhere, and they are the consequence of ambition and selfishness in making the solemn compact of marriage.

If there is one relation on earth which should be kept free from more worldliness, it is the relation between a man and a woman who are to walk in each other's company until death forces a separation. A merely ambitious thought is like a drop of poison in a tumbler of water, and he who drinks will never recover from its effects.

There is something of God in a true home. With what beneficence He has made the arrangement, and what good things, like a stream of molten silver, flow from it! There are many such on the earth, and they are to the body politic what the heart is in the physical system. They constitute the element of progress, and they contain the secret of the noblest manhood.

Blot out our homes and we revert to barbarism. Man is a mere animal until he sits by his own hearthstone; he is the toy of circumstance, open to the temptations which sing like sirens and end in destruction.

It is the sense of responsibility which makes us strong, and when that responsibility includes the welfare of wife and children he must be a poor creature who is not broadened and ennobled by it. What one would not do for himself he will bravely do for the protection of his household, and the man who would not otherwise think it worth while to struggle, will, for the sake of his home, compel fate to give him what he demands.

The consciousness of being loved makes us heroes, and the thought of our dear ones makes us willing to sacrifice even life in their behalf.

But the home rests on an insecure foundation. We can protect it in some directions, but in others we are helpless. We may give comfort and luxuries, but we cannot give continued health. The circle may remain intact for awhile, but there comes a time when it is invaded, and that invasion is irresistible.

One never feels so powerless as when he faces a disease which has entered his house unbidden and will not retire when so ordered. The strongest man is only a child when he looks on the body which is the only thing that death has left. Death and the little one have gone away together.

Then comes a time when we are told that there is a place where these parting pains are unknown, where love flows on to uninterrupted beauty through countless ages, and we call that our Home.

Two homes we have—one here, with its mingled joy and sorrow; the other there, beyond the stars. The loved ones who perforce bid us farewell, for reasons which we are not able to penetrate, are led through the valley of shadows to eternal mansions where their affection undimmed by the change of residence, they patiently await our coming.

And while waiting for us they minister to our comfort, are messengers from heaven bearing to our saddened hearts the good will and helpful benediction of the Father.

It is possible to make this lower home like unto that above—so like it that nothing will seem strange when we reach the further shore. It is possible to enjoy the bliss of trustful love here to such extent that when we are in God's nearer presence we shall simply feel that we have entered a warmer zone.

When religion has done its perfect work in us it will be but one step from the Father.

THIS LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.

And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven.—Acts, i. 10.

We did not come into the world of our own accord, and are therefore not responsible for being here.

It is evident, however, that we are here for a purpose, and it is perfectly clear what that purpose is.

When we arrive at it with a perfectly helpless body. For a time we must be taken care of—our necessities supplied by some person or persons who have been appointed to that end. After a few years we obtain possession of ourselves, and begin to think and act on our own judgment.

The body goes through the mysterious processes of growth, and continues to develop until it reaches a certain stature. Then the growth ceases, and by slow degrees the body declines in strength, until at last we enter the stage of childhood a second time.

The law is that the body shall increase until it reaches its maximum of energy. It is safe, therefore, to generalize, and say that everything has a purpose ahead of it, and ought to have such an environment that this purpose can be reached, provided the laws which govern it are obeyed. That statement proves itself, and is not subject to denial.

The mind and the soul, like the body, are merely dormant possibilities at birth. They know nothing and have experienced nothing. Knowledge and experience come a little by little, and in that way mind and soul commence to develop.

Now, if it be true that the body grows by what it feeds on to its full height and strength, we ought to say without fear of contradiction that there is also an ideal perfection for mind and soul to reach, and that in some way, and some where the opportunity will be offered to attain that ideal. It would be strange to declare that one part of us can come to its maturity, but the other part never will, for it is plainly true that no human soul has ever yet reached that point where there was nothing more or better than it could do to become.

We have, then, this curious anomaly—namely, that so far as this present life is concerned—counting a man as consisting of body, soul and spirit—one-third of us is accorded fair play for itself with a generous hand, while two-thirds of us, and altogether the best part of us, are denied the chance to attain their legitimate end.

The idea of immortality, therefore, originates in the very necessity of the case, and we rightly argue that if God is just he will give us hereafter the opportunity which not even he can furnish us within the narrow limits of earthly life.

We may reverently assert that no soul ever can, under any conceivable circumstances, achieve in these seventy years a moral perfection which corresponds with the physical perfection which the body easily attains. There is something wanting to the soul, then, and that something is an extended opportunity which can only result from an extended existence.

The fact is everywhere patent that the spiritual part of man was hardly more than a waking up when Death drops the curtain. The first act has been put on the stage, and is being played well or badly as the case may be. We see at a glance that there is a plot, and we become interested in it. That first act suggests the second and the third, and so on to the end. The characters are all there, the dramatic material for a tragedy, or a comedy is abundant, and when the curtain falls on that more prodigious we have a right to expect—why not the right to demand?—that the play shall continue until the plot has been fully developed and the purpose which the author had in view has been attained.

Now, we have a large number of great men in the world, who rise like pyramids from a level plain, but the greatest of them all is conscious of inexhaustible resources and feels capable of doing grander things than any yet achieved. That is a very startling fact. No man ever got to the end of himself, for someone a great deal simply opens the door to other deeds still greater.

But there is another fact which is painfully pathetic—namely, that there are hosts of men in every rank of life who are striving hard to make both ends meet, and who have the undeveloped capacity for greatness. Give them the opportunities of education and environment and they will attain an eminence now beyond the reach of their vision.

The earth is full of undeveloped greatness, greatness suppressed by circumstance.

Therefore, there will be a second and a third act to this drama. Another life will furnish what has for a time been refused. The purpose wrought into the soul by its Creator will be attained hereafter. Death is only the servant who opens the door when Providence rings the bell, and ushers you into the larger building where you will have the chance to become a larger man.

Amid the drudgery and hardship of life keep that truth in mind and it will clear the fog away and leave you in sunshine. We are on the road home, and the way is sometimes dark and dreary, but when we get there we shall see that every experience of earth was intended to fit us for the higher joys of heaven.

THE BURDENS WE BEAR.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden.—Matthew, xi. 28.

The prevalence of sorrow in this lower world is somewhat appalling to a sympathetic nature. It is to be found in a thousand shapes and in every nook and corner. The clouds have hardly left

more raindrops than the tears which have fallen from human eyes. Hearts are heavy everywhere, and if we ask why this should be, the answer must be sought with patience and perseverance.

There are other experiences besides those connected with the recent trials which are very hard to bear. It is even safe to say that death has rivals in the production of suffering, and that the loss of loved ones does not rank first among the incidents that have broken our hearts.

When one has passed beyond the mysterious limit of life and disappeared from our sight, the high cut from our memory and affection, it may be that his fortune is better than ours. He has taken the path which leads to the land where sorrows are unknown, while we remain to bear alone the burdens which he aforesaid shared with us.

It is possible to be glad with a painful kind of gladness—that for him has come the end of physical sorrow and the sleep which follows life's fitful fever.

There are other sorrows which make us old before our time—the endless trials and disappointments which fill us with anxiety and are so discouraging that we often wonder what there is in life that we should cling to it so tenaciously. We feel like men in a boat rowing against the current, who make no headway, however eagerly they may bend to the oars.

It is concerning this class of sorrows that we need counsel and an encouraging word, if one can be found. For example, this man began life with high hopes, and as the years went by these hopes enriched and fell one by one until nothing is left except the dull monotony of drudgery. The bells which mercurially chimed in other days have been tolling for many a year now. Another man dreamed of a competency for himself and his dear ones, but the profits of business failed him. He would give his family everything, but what he calls fate is against him, and he can give them nothing. In still another home some large-hearted boy has gone wrong, and like an ocean steamer under full headway in a fog, may reach the wrecking rocks at any moment. In still another home the daughter with misplaced affection is about to take the risks of an unfortunate marriage, the results of which she cannot be made to see, though others see them only too plainly.

These are among the most serious events of life, and they are happening somewhere every day. There are few homes in which some shadow of this kind has not fallen, and they show us that death is not the only thing, nor yet the chief thing, to be dreaded.

Why we must suffer in this way I cannot tell. I simply repeat the lines, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." But it is certain that he never sent a cloud that had not a silver lining, and in his all-including providence no event can occur which has not attached to it some measure of hope and cheer.

If this life were all, then, it must be confessed, our lot would be a hard one. A sadder or more desperate plight than man would find himself in were another life denied cannot well be conceived. It may seem to be a grim sort of argument, but it is nevertheless fair to say that our sufferings in this world make the necessity of another world absolutely imperative.

Looked at from the lowest standpoint, this life, with its inexorable griefs, its bent shoulders, its bleeding hearts and eyes bedimmed, demands a future in the name of ordinary justice. Looked at from the highest standpoint, this life is a period of discipline to prepare us for a nobler state of existence, but what should be said—except that the whole universe is a delusion and a sham—if, having tollfully prepared ourselves, we be told that there is nothing to be prepared for? That argument for immortality is like the cry of innocence condemned to death by a capricious tyrant and demanding that the sentence shall be set aside. It is irrefutable and can no more be broken than a piece of chilled steel.

The woes, the groans, the sorrowing homes of this old earth—aye, the lives that have been wrecked by overcoming temptation, and the very crimes that have been committed, cry out for immortality in which wrongs may be righted and peace and rest will follow hardship and struggle.

You may find good cheer in this advice, if you do the best you can. You allow, to bear what comes as bravely as you can, to keep your heart pure and your hands clean, no matter what betides, and to do all this in the strength of that wonderful being who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Your relations to God are not to be shaken by the fact that you do not understand his providence. On the contrary, when the path is rugged and the night is dark—and very dark, indeed, it is sometimes—the only thing under the stars that can give you help. There are bright days ahead—if not here, then there—and once on the other side we shall see plainly what is now hidden.

GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH.

False praise can please and calumny affright, none but the virtuous and the hypocrite.—Horace.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irretrievably depressed.—Carlyle.

There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd.—C. Bronte.

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—Beecher.

A picture is an intermediate something between a thought and a thing.—Coleridge.

EQUALS THE MESSIAH.

He Cures the Sick Free of Charge.

THE SECULAR PRESS HAS SOUNDED HIS PRAISE FOR THE GOOD HE IS DOING—THE TIMES-HERALD GAVE A DESCRIPTION OF HIS WORK.

BEDEVILERS, ILL.—Presently no incorporated village will be without its "divine healer." There is scarcely a county seat in Illinois but has one now. Schaller's great, vague in the west had much to do with the development of many other miracle-workers, real or counterfeit. Belvidere has a home-grown healer who, contrary to the general practice of prophets and rainmakers, has settled down in the neighborhood in which he was born and exercises his power to the physical good of his neighbors and friends. Wilbur E. Hammond is the name of the young man. One year ago he was a farmer, dallying with the soil of a Boone county quarter section and making it annually spring with new life. Then his fame extended scarcely beyond the limits of his native township. Now he is known in distant places and his daily mail contains many letters craving his judgment and enlisting his powers in the treatment of physical ills. He can cast out devils by wire or per post as well as he can by

ers with one whom he has made whole. It is hard to conduct an argument with a man who responds to a logical presentation of the many reasons why Hammond cannot heal with the statement: "He cured me of rheumatism," or "he restored the use of my wife's paralyzed arm."

Since Hammond has begun his public treatments he has held the hands of some thousands of persons. They have come from all parts of Illinois, and some of his visitors have been from other States. Just at present the number ranges from fifteen to forty daily. It is not often that a cure is effected at the first visit, and the patients usually return for further operation of the healing fluid or essence. The receptions or seances, or whatever may be the proper term for these gatherings, are held at the home of Robert T. Simpson, in Ogden avenue, near Lincoln. It is a comfortable, old-time cottage, and Mrs. Simpson has generously permitted the transformation of her sitting room into a receiving office for all kinds of invalids. Here they gather and here Hammond throws himself into what he calls a trance condition and lavishes advice and animal magnetism on his callers.

He had been in Chicago all the early part of this week for rest. The demands made upon his time and strength, he said, had thoroughly exhausted him. There was much calling at the Simpson house to know when he would return, and many who came from afar for treatment had to take their complaints back home. When he reached Belvidere

passed his fingers over the woman's forehead, and occasionally his own, and in every respect observed the course pursued by "magnetic" physicians. The continued fifteen minutes. Then the spirit spoke:

"Do you go back home, I would suggest you do not think something hot; some zaffron tea to bring out dot poison much more. Of old lady would take more exercise maybe I think it do some good."

Hammond's face began to twitch, and the patient in a tone indicative of a hesitancy to tamper with the workings of a spirit, struggling with a desire to gain more information, called out:

"Say, John, what'd you take for indignation?"

"I first discovered that I possessed this mediumistic power two years ago," said the healer. "I discovered it from sitting in a circle with a medium from Michigan. I went into a trance the third or fourth time we sat together. I think. The power developed itself from that time on. The first spirit that controlled me was that of Dr. Wright, but he educated this one that now operates through me, and now he controls me. The spirit is that of a German, and sometimes, when I am deeply entranced, I talk in the German tongue. I have also talked in several foreign languages in this condition. I never studied German and cannot speak it when in my normal condition. My only knowledge of the language is such as any boy might get from occasionally meeting or associating with boys who were of German parentage. I know an occasional word or expression, that is all."

"Do you imagine you have any of the divine attributes?" was asked, "or just how do you regard yourself and your healing?"

"I don't claim to be any more divine than other men," replied Hammond. "I try to do what good I can. I think every one should. I certainly make this effort. I take it that I am controlled and dominated by a spirit who has the power to determine the character of the maladies with which these persons who visit me are suffering, and the ability to tell what is the best treatment for them. I think it is my duty to use this power to do the widest good. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have been of the greatest aid in the work. They have a comfortable house for the reception of patients, and do all they can in every way. Mr. Simpson was one of the first persons I treated. He received so much benefit, he thought he should do what he could to help others."

Hammond's first effort as a physician was made a year or more ago. He had previously gone into the lumber trade, but he had become conscious of a strong desire to go to Belvidere. Without any reason beyond this impulse he drove to the city, and going directly to a brother's house found his sister-in-law prostrated by a severe illness. Then the spirit of "Dr. Wright" assumed the responsibility and the patient recovered.

Subsequently, under the domination of the scientific "Dr. Wright," who had been dead twenty years—Hammond treated his elder sister, Mrs. C. M. Harcourt, for consumption. Mrs. Harcourt is now apparently in good health. Hammond's ministrations soon became in frequent demand, and every Sunday night he had receptions of invalids at his home.

The complaint of overwork eventually, and substituted the present control, "John," as the prescribing genius. The demands made upon Hammond were such that he could not attend to his farm work. His health also became infirm. He says that the maladies removed from patients were transferred to him. His resistance to the power of the spirit was his others that he only suffers now from weariness and the exhaustion that follows labor. Last September the calls from suffering humanity became so frequent that he left the farm and took up his home with his sister, Mrs. C. M. Harcourt. Mr. Harcourt is the traveling representative of the Cook Furnace Company of Chicago, and his house is a pretty little structure at the edge of Belvidere. One of Hammond's first patients was Mr. Simpson, who was suffering from a malady that defied the "regulars." One diagnosed it as appendicitis, another regarded it as being a third class of complaints, and yet a third had his own personal views. Meantime Mr. Simpson could not attend to business, and began to interest himself in questions concerning the future. Young Mr. Hammond's aid was invoked, and after a "treatment" or two Mr. Simpson was on his feet again, and soon thereafter returned to his work. Then it was he invited Hammond to make the Simpson home his headquarters.

As has been said, the healer has attacked all kinds of troubles. One of his notable cases is that of Henry Shaw, of Rockford, who was a distorted sufferer from rheumatism of thirty years' duration. He has cast aside his crutches and pervades Rockford without artificial aid. He chants the praises of Hammond and his family "John." Inclined to Shaw's release from the pangs of rheumatism was his disenchantment from the tobacco habit. This was as unexpected as it was agreeable to Shaw and his friends.

"There is one peculiarity about my gift of curing," said Hammond in discussing the case of Shaw. "The power works first by causing the patient to abandon any improper habits, such as using tobacco or drinking. Then John begins to work on the disease."

Mr. Redfield, town collector for Belvidere, has been a cripple for years. His powers of locomotion have been improved largely under Hammond's ministrations. The infant child of Fred Weaver, of South Chicago, had difficulty in feeding. His slight is said to have been restored by John Stevens of Rockford, and power restored to a paralyzed arm, and Miss Bishop, of Sycamore, has recovered the use of her vocal organs. Two railroad men, who were graduated from a sanitarium where drunkards are cured, took on ills where they left their

thirst. One of them had a permanent headache, and the other an evil practice of falling unconscious at inopportune times. Both have been restored to health. George Schilling, secretary of the bureau of labor statistics, received of Hammond's treatment. The nature of his calamity is not known. The list of patients might be prolonged indefinitely. All classes of society and all forms of illness have stood before the healer.

For his labors to improve health Mr. Hammond will receive no pay. He was married less than two years ago to Miss Frances Schilling, a charming young woman of Belvidere, who has an implicit confidence in her husband's power to combat almost any kind of evil, and they have a child. Hammond, prior to coming to Belvidere, had managed his mother's farm. They are well-to-do, but by no means independent of their personal exertions for a livelihood. Notwithstanding the apparent necessities of his situation, he will not put a figure on his gift or a price on the exercising of it. He has resisted the offers of enterprising capitalists to "syndicate" him and John, his control, on the basis of a large percentage for Hammond. He says he doesn't care to convert his peculiar attitude into a means for becoming wealthy. Still, there is but one voluntary gift to the friends of the healer, and Hammond's wants and the needs of those dependent upon him are fairly well cared for by offerings of the patients.

"One reason why I feel that it would be wrong to charge a fee," said the healer, "is because the spirit that dominates me always thanks me for what we have administered a treatment. He seems to feel grateful for the opportunity to do good, and I would not feel right if I made a scale of prices for it."

Mr. Hammond is a good-looking young man of rather slight build. His educational attainments are those of the pupil of a district school. By reason of the early death of his father, he was forced to leave school when 12 years old to tend the farm work. His obvious characteristic is diffidence. Hammond has three younger brothers, who promise somewhat in clairvoyant possibilities. One of them is an "inspirational" painter. He is influenced to produce flower painting. He is said that he never had any instruction in art, and the proposition is not difficult of acceptance.

W. E. L.

SHE STOOD BY HER SON

A Spirit Wife Refuses to Return to Her Husband Until He Rights a Wrong.

THE SON IS DRIVEN AWAY FROM HOME BY THE FATHER, TO WHOM THE MOTHER APPEARS AND INFLUENCES HIM TO MEND HIS WAYS—A TOUCHING NARRATIVE RELATED BY THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

Some unlooked-for and sad developments were had a few weeks ago in one of the close seances held in St. Louis Spiritualistic circles. One gentleman, well-known in business circles, and possessed of considerable means, had on a previous evening asked the guide if she could not bring his wife to talk with him. Other men had conversed with his spirit wife, and wives with their spirit husbands, through the same guide, and greatly to their satisfaction and comfort. This gentleman and his wife had, while she was on earth, been very affectionate, and had lived a happy life, apparently without incident to mar its smoothness, and it was not supposed that there would be any difficulty in bringing about a happy reunion. Expecting it fully, several friends were present. When the guide responded to the call, however, it was only to say that the wife would not come. Asked why, the guide for some time refused to give any explanation, but after a short absence returned and said that the gentleman had cast off his son, and he himself had been driven away from home, and she would return to him, but not before.

The story brought out was a sad one, of a father's harsh pride. It brought out a skeleton that the gentleman's closest of which his friends knew nothing.

All they knew was that his son was not at home, and was said to be traveling abroad. In the privacy of the seance the gentleman admitted the truth of the message that had been brought to him. He had idolized him, after the death of his wife, and had the highest hopes of his son's future. He had sent him away to school, giving him all the advantages that money could buy. The reports received from him were encouraging, but when he came home on his vacation his father discovered that he had fallen into ways of dissipation. He called him to account, talked to him kindly, pictured his future and besought him to give up such pleasures which yet it was time. The young man promised that he would. A week later he heard of him in a disgraceful scene in a questionable part of the city. He remembered that on that night the young man had come home after he had retired, and was not up when he left for his office, having complained of feeling ill. He charged him with drunkenness, and the son admitting it, he warned him that if it was repeated he would have nothing more to do with him. It was repeated and he was true to his word. Giving his son \$1,000, and fixing an account so he could draw \$40 a month for five years, he sent him away, telling him he wanted to see nothing more of him. The allowance was drawn for two years, but for almost three years now it had been untouched, though he allowed it to accumulate, subject to his son's order. During the two years he had heard of him several times, but always leading a fast life. Twice he had received letters from him, begging for forgiveness, and promising to do better. He had not answered them, and now did not know whether he was living or dead.

The guide was recalled, and requested

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 2]



HEALER HAMMOND.

IN REGIONS CELESTIAL.

A Week in the Spirit-World.

Lizzie Kelley Hartmann's Interesting Experience.

KOW IT FEELS TO DIE—WHY SICK MEDICALS SHOULD NOT BE PUT INTO HOSPITALS.

Having many friends among the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER who wish to know what has become of us and what we have to say, we offer the following, hoping that it may prove interesting and perhaps instructive.

We came to Brooklyn in March, 1895, after Mrs. Hartmann had risen from a six-weeks' sick bed in Lynn, Mass. We soon discovered, as had other mediums before us, that there is no place for mediums unless they come to fill engagements.

By the middle of June she sank weak and discouraged, to lie in bed more than five months, this being her sixth serious illness in the last few years.

A number of mediums and other kind friends devoted time and effort to help her but without success. In September friends sent a regular physician when it seemed already too late, then another physician was sent, who, after an examination, declined to take any responsibility because it would oblige him to write a death certificate.

Upon this came two gifted mediums, to save her life when already dying; one of them a well-known masseur of this city, both requesting their names published from print, their work being pure benevolence, as is the work of spirits when they come to help mortals.

They came, always both together, moving around evening, ever and about two months, having engaged Dr. J. G. Davis, of New York, to assist and to screen them from the vengeance of the law.

In their treatments they consulted the guidance of spirit physicians, and being astrologers, the stars, also—doing even more time on the case than in their homes the presence of the patient, neglecting their other business for this one case, in their determination to conquer disease and weakness, and also the adverse psychological influence from mortals and spirits. They prepared magnetized food and medicine, and were obliged for a time to exclude sound, light and visitors from the room.

The mortal body had become too weak to longer hold the spirit, which left the body, as in dying, and remained away over a week. What under ordinary circumstances would have been death, a permanent absence of the spirit, was with such treatment but temporary—the body being held by spirits who could hear the pulse, and overcome the weakness which she had become unable longer to endure. These took turns with each other, in place of her own spirit self, they and the healing mediums co-operating in restoring the body, which neither spirits nor mortals could have done alone; each being essential to the other for success.

We had an instance of this co-operation already in Lynn, where the popular medium, T. R. Nichols, would place an empty chair between them. Both being mediums would see the spirits placed a battery on the chair and apply it just as mortal physicians would do with a usual electric battery, this one, however, being an improved kind, invented by spirits. She felt its application as she would any other battery, and experienced the beneficial results which enabled her to rise from her sickness.

During her long months of suffering there was a great deal of adverse criticism heaped upon us by professing but not real Spiritualists. In an address before the Advance Conference, the most liberal of Brooklyn institutions, I was inspired to refer to it in the following manner:

Some Spiritualists feel grieved that I ignore their advice to place my wife in a charity hospital, as though that was necessary, and as though I was not aware of the existence of such institutions, and unable to advise myself. One of these sent me a scurrilous anonymous letter, signed 'A Thirty-Years Spiritualist,' advising me to place my wife in Kings County Hospital. But as some have made the suggestion in a spirit of kindness, it will be but fair that I explain my position.

It is well known that even strong mediums are so sensitive that when standing on the platform they sometimes suffer the dying agony of some spirit who waits to be recognized. How often we see mediums place their hands on their own bodies showing where they suffer the pains of some one in the audience.

In private sittings mediums often take upon themselves physical and mental suffering, and even refuse to sit for some because of their distressing influence. Sometimes they become very sick after a sitting. There are those who temporarily suffer nearly all the diseases they meet with in others. That is, why they are so good in diagnosis. At times they even refuse to sit beside or remain in the same room with apparently but not really healthy persons, whose coming suffering is felt already in advance by the medium before they feel it themselves. They sometimes become invalids from their high sensitiveness and long exposure in the presence of diseased persons.

I have seen a medium experience intense suffering upon entrance to a room where, long before, a man had committed suicide. Yet others experienced nothing unusual in that room.

How much more will not a weak and discouraged medium suffer in a hospital, where hundreds of men, women, and children must occupy their cots, sick, groaning and dying mortals all about her. She breathes and smells, tastes, eats and drinks disease. She sees it, and by suggestion suffers what she sees. Her very dreams become scenes of suffering. And yet I am expected to place my wife in such a place, on penalty of forfeiting the good will of my neighbors. I am reminded that spirit bands ought to be strong enough to protect their mediums against the effects of such surroundings; but why thrust mediums into danger and twist the spirits to save them?

Those mediums who boast of their own guides by way of protection, and who always insist on conditions for themselves! You will hear them apologize for poor results when the conditions are not right; or "they don't feel well," or there is "too much opposition in the room"—always something. If, then, their guides can do nothing under adverse conditions, why expose those of sick mediums to the same?

I am assured that she will have a private room all to herself. How do you know: are you running these places yourself? Rooms in which many corpses have breathed their last and where detected spirits are hovering around—do you think that a good place for a medium?

One of your head physicians has the name of answering the pleadings of charity patients: "It's not what you want, but what you get in this place." Would such a physician be likely to favor mediums with superior attentions because they are mediums?

Medical colleges provide no lectures nor text-books on the treatment of sick mediums, who are referred to only with

contempt and ridicule. Mediumship and the conditions that go with it form but targets for the railing mockeries of medical professors. How then can they expect approval and treatment at the hands of those who do not know how, and are willfully ignorant.

Mrs. Hartmann, when weak, frequently falls into a cataleptic trance, simulating death, and would be pronounced dead if I did not know what to do. When yet a child she was once laid out in a coffin, but a medium came just in time to save her. If this should happen in a hospital, as it surely would were she taken there, her body would go to the dead room and the dissecting block.

It is no argument to say that hospital physicians are honorable men. In the case of mind-reader Bishop, a room full of very honorable physicians dissected him alive while in such a trance; most honorable to be punished for such a crime.

The Brooklyn newspapers recently shocked us with the horrible story of a young woman, who, slightly ill, went to a hospital for treatment. When, after a few days her sisters called to see her they were informed that she had died. At first they were refused to see her body, but were finally shown the mutilated pieces in the dissecting room. Her half-crazed loved ones threatened prosecution, but for such crimes there is no law.

By inquiry I learn of six prominent mediums who have been placed in your public institutions. Four of them died soon after the fatal doors closed upon them. None have returned alive.

I regret there should exist occasion for rehearsing a vital doctrine and fundamental fact of our philosophy to Spiritualists themselves, in vindication of one's consistency.

It is also to be deplored that self-interest does not sufficiently appeal to the 30,000 to 60,000 Spiritualists of Brooklyn, whose united capital must reach an enormous figure, to provide some spiritualistic arrangement for the treatment of sick sensitives and mediums.

But if these reasons against placing mediums in public hospitals should seem frivolous or uncalled-for, I shall close these remarks by reference to just one little argument: One's private right to one's private affairs.

The time of Mrs. Hartmann's return from the spirit-world was spent by spirits. For the occasion additional mediums were selected, who encircled her bed, holding hands while she came and related her strange experience.

Her first exclamation was: "Oh! what beautiful music I hear!" Before relating with the mortal body, she had become unconscious, and upon awakening heard spirit music which we did not hear.

She related that when about to leave the body, a group of familiar spirits stood about her whom she knew well, having often seen them—Dr. Samuel Thompson, a Greek girl, "Messenger Bird," Wanawaukee and other Indians, an Egyptian, a Jew, and others.

The first sensation was one of lightness, as though the bed was rising and floating with her, and then as if she were floating away from the body, whose pain and weakness she then no longer felt.

There were then two of her, duplicates one of the other—the heavy mortal body, and the light spirit which she called the "self-sustaining body." The spirit was conscious of its own tangible physical existence as ever it was in the mortal life—the difference being one of conditions but not of fact.

She continued: "I was placed in a sort of wicker vehicle and carried by Indians to a beautiful city. The houses were made of ivory, and were carved, engraved glass, and surrounded by lovely flowers of delightful odors. I was given a cup of water, cool and refreshing. The wooden cup was made from the section of a small tree, the bark still around it."

It seems from this that spirits cut trees and make utensils from the wood, and in various ways adapt the material substances of the spirit-world to their needs, and as do mortals in the mortal sphere.

"We then floated along and came to a flower garden, and to a large arch covered all over with growing flowers. In this garden were a host of children, beautifully dressed. They had received no cure nor culture in earthly life. Teachers were instructing them in reading and writing, and some other children were teaching their comrades."

When we consider that about three-fourths of earth's children die young, we would naturally expect to find about three times as many children in the Spirit-world as in the mortal sphere.

"There were also beautiful birds, quite tame, moving about among the children.

"Next we floated up a mountain to a queer structure, pyramid-shaped and thirty-five stories high."

Probably such a one as is described by travelers as the home of the Grand Lama of Tibet.

"It contained many curiosities, and there lived in it ancient astrologers who had lived on earth nearly three thousand years ago. They are a dark race, beautiful, straight features, large, expressive eyes, and wavy silken hair down their backs. They spoke Egyptian, Arabian and Greek. One, with white hair and beard, related to me in English that they had lived to very advanced age as mortals, because of their careful habits. They kept their dead twelve days before burial, to avoid premature interment; and then buried the bodies upright, and their small goods with them, always on sunny days. They had believed in the existence of the Spirit-world, and venerated the Sun as the supreme power of which they knew anything, the creator and preserver of life. They were peaceable and intellectual—chiefly Mercury, Uranus, Jupiter and Neptune people. He promised to give me some valuable chemical information at some future time."

"On the walls were queer writings and strange pictures; also writings on stone, probably astrological characters.

"I was shown a book, such as they had in olden times, made of birch bark, with strange characters in it. Their dishes and cooking utensils were of copper and brass, lined with something to keep the food from spoiling the metal."

"From there I was taken to another place, where I saw tall, thin people, who were amusing themselves with gymnastic and contortion exercises.

"Thence I was carried to a magnificent city, peopled chiefly with Hindus and Arabians. Some were sun-worshippers. Heard delightful music and singing. Beautifully decorated and dazzling with light, and float through the air, while others, probably unable to rise, would walk."

"I was next taken to a temple twenty stories high, in which lived people of medium complexion, with long, straight hair over their shoulders and down their backs. Their language being strange, I could not talk with them. Their temple contained a great abundance of curiosities."

"I was then taken to a third city. The houses were made of some beautiful substance smooth as crystal. As in the other cities, there was here plenty of charming music. Passing over a pavement, I noticed that it was made of a mixture of gold and other substances. We came to a magnificent building, beautifully decorated, and dazzling with light, and float through the air, while others, probably unable to rise, would walk."

"I was next taken to a temple twenty stories high, in which lived people of medium complexion, with long, straight hair over their shoulders and down their backs. Their language being strange, I could not talk with them. Their temple contained a great abundance of curiosities."

"I was then taken to a third city. The houses were made of some beautiful substance smooth as crystal. As in the other cities, there was here plenty of charming music. Passing over a pavement, I noticed that it was made of a mixture of gold and other substances. We came to a magnificent building, beautifully decorated, and dazzling with light, and float through the air, while others, probably unable to rise, would walk."

"I was next taken to a temple twenty stories high, in which lived people of medium complexion, with long, straight hair over their shoulders and down their backs. Their language being strange, I could not talk with them. Their temple contained a great abundance of curiosities."

"I was then taken to a third city. The houses were made of some beautiful substance smooth as crystal. As in the other cities, there was here plenty of charming music. Passing over a pavement, I noticed that it was made of a mixture of gold and other substances. We came to a magnificent building, beautifully decorated, and dazzling with light, and float through the air, while others, probably unable to rise, would walk."

"I was next taken to a temple twenty stories high, in which lived people of medium complexion, with long, straight hair over their shoulders and down their backs. Their language being strange, I could not talk with them. Their temple contained a great abundance of curiosities."

roof, which consisted of colored and gilded glass. It was a Spiritualist temple. An audience had just assembled. I was ushered to the rostrum by two men wearing long robes, with grivies around their waists. On the rostrum were four men, who said they were glad to see me. One of them was James G. Blaine, whom I had already met in earthly life. The rostrum was decorated with a United States flag, and also a silk flag, emblematic of liberty and fraternity. I found myself elegantly attired. A friend arranged a wreath of flowers on my head, while another wound a small silk United States flag about my waist.

"The music and singing was delightful. One of the singers, she said, was Jenny Lind. After the singing, Mr. Blaine arose and spoke a few words of welcome, introducing me to the people with the request to address them. After a little hesitation I complied, giving a scientific lecture of about forty-five minutes. My tongue moved smoothly, and my words made good sense without any effort on my part to speak, or even to think. Every word came to me as I went along."

"After the lecture my hand was controlled to write messages for some of the people. There seems to be a Spirit-world still beyond, as distinct from them as they are from mortals."

"I wanted to remain where I was so happy, but was told that I must return to complete an important mission in earthly life."

"Next I found myself in the presence of Paine, Jefferson, Lincoln, Garfield and Hayes. They were engaged in writing, and also in discussing American politics. Lincoln said the people could not be reasoned with, and would suffer from their mistakes before they would come to their senses. Mr. Garfield, standing by his side, suggested that the pen would do more than force in liberating the people."

"Now I found myself in a large company at a table laden with very appetizing food and drink. The dishes were most charmingly artistic. After eating, the dishes all suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. I could not see how it was done."

"Next I was amused at some very curious dwarfs, such cunning little things, who looked as serious and dignified as anybody. They lived in queer little houses and their language sounded very peculiar."

"Looking up, I saw strangely-dressed men go by, who wore robes and sandals. Their head-dresses resembled bonnets. They looked very funny."

"Then I came upon a group of seven, one of them a poetess, almost radiant with brightness, who proved to be a sister of Mrs. N."

"I also met Warren Chase, my mother, my brother, who painted my picture, and while he was doing that an old gentleman came and took my photograph. Several times I saw Arthur Hodge; he had met his people, and also his lady-love, who had preceded him several years. He was happy and improving in the health, and was under treatment by the famous Dr. Newman."

"All spirits are not at once relieved of their mortal ills, as are some, but require attention and treatment to restore them."

"I saw a spirit just from mortal life, sent over by a trolley-car accident. Attendants were caring for him. They told me that if mortals understood what they did, such accidents could be avoided in the mortal body, instead of being sent to spirit-life."

She told us much more, but this will suffice for the present article.

It must not be supposed, however, that because spirit-life is attractive, death becomes a matter of indifference. The fact that the mortal body is adapted to sustain and defend itself, should alone be a conclusive reason for remaining where we are until we shall have outlived the conditions of mortal life.

Nature imposes necessities, and therefore duties, wherever we may be, and the more thoroughly we meet the requirements of our existence in this life, the easier and more pleasing will be our task in the next.

Some spirits are very earnest in their request that mortals do what they can to improve our own sphere, and raise it to the standard of the happy spheres in the Spirit-world.

In conclusion, we take this opportunity to thank all the kind people who have befriended us in our time of trouble.

JOACHIM F. HARTMANN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUMMER WOODS.

The woods, oh, the woods are the temples of praise,
Fairer and brighter than human hands raise;
And the trees, with their boles and their limbs high in air,
Form the pillars and groinings and architraves there.

The rocks, oh, the rocks are the altars unbought,
Where tidings and sweet braziers of incense are brought,
And a little way onward, amid the dark shade,
Are wave and mead and offerings by the overgreens made.

The birds, oh, the birds in copcote and hood,
Sing anthems and chorals—renewing each pledge
Of temperance, continence, conjugal love—
While the bell-bird rings in a soft note from above.

The winds, oh, the winds stealing down from afar,
From planet, and moon-world, and nebulous star,
Sing softly, sigh gently, like spirits of those
Who in the sweet peace of the heavens repose.

My soul, oh, my soul, kneel down in the calm
Of the summer-time's beauty and quiet and balm,
And throwing by creeds and all bigoted lore,
Be glad we have lived and shall live evermore.

M. I. CUMMINGS.
San Diego, Cal.

No man can ever be noble who thinks meanly and contemptuously of himself, and no man can ever be noble who thinks first and only of himself.—Dolinger.

The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but to emotions—in the works of its greatest masters, it is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry.—H. Gilman.

Opinions, like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into lower ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as rain unto the sea.—Colton.

FITS CURED
(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)
Prof. W. H. Peck, who specializes in Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living physician has ever successfully treated. He has been practicing for twenty years, and during that time he has published a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send him P. O. and expressage. We advise any sufferer wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. Peck, P. O. 4 Cedar St., New York.

SERMON TO A MINISTER

He Preaches a Sermon on Spiritualism

And Gets Some Plain Truths in Return.

ANARCHY—FREE-LOVE—CRIMINALS—FREE-THOUGHT—CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Rev. E. M. Wood, D. D., is said by the Pittsburgh Dispatch to have preached on "The Right and Wrong of Spiritualism" at the North Avenue M. E. Church last Sunday evening, February 9, from Matt. xviii:3. "And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, talking with them."

The good minister with perhaps as little malice as a thought as any of his brethren who have gone gunning for Spiritualists, has shot so wide of the mark in several instances that I feel impelled to "check up" his rambling shots.

His first stray missile glanced off on knowledge and droye the ball into faith: "This is a belief, a soon numbered among its adherents some prominent men; among them Judge Edmunds and Senator Talmage, of New York." Spiritualism, my dear Doctor, is a belief, it is a science—a knowledge based upon incontrovertible facts. I repeat, it is knowledge with us; if it is not with you, investigate and prove it to yourself. The phenomena are all about you, and if you do not know the truth it portrays it is no fault of ours. We have brought it within your reach—take it or let it alone, but we warn you, that if you continue to misrepresent the teachings, either knowingly or ignorant of the facts of the case, you will only add to the truth as to our teachings on Spiritualism and Christianity as well.

After intimating that the numerical strength of Spiritualism is "placed by some in the United States at 7,000,000 and from 15,000,000 to 30,000,000 in this world," and that "Robert Dale Owen, used for a long time a disciple of Spiritualism, and an man of intelligence and culture, finally gave it as his opinion that those manifestations are electric or magnetic, and not the result of spiritual influences at all." "But," says he, "I am far from believing that all of those wonderful results can be so easily explained." Here he affects to doubt, who who speak of the cause in study and investigation of our wonderful phenomena, and who, he claims, denied the spiritual hypothesis after all those years of research, and sealed his folly by saying the so-called spiritual phenomena "are electrical or magnetic and not the result of spirits."

Doctor, if you say anything at all about the manifestations, you speak about, you know—as does every one else, that whatever the force, back of that force is an intelligence that guides and controls it; you know also that electricity and magnetism are forces and not intelligence. In view of that fact, it is not a little absurd, to say the least, to doubt the testimony of Robert Dale Owen such nonsensical statement as the one just quoted.

His next break is stated in the following language: "A more serious objection is, that Spiritualism claims supremacy over civil law and aims at its overthrow. The Spiritual Age, their leading periodical, said some time ago that it wished to see the overthrow of the forms of government, and build a theocratic democracy, every man will then be his own master, and his natural desires his highest law."

Does the Doctor mean to intimate that Spiritualists are not law-abiding citizens, as a whole? Law-breakers are criminals, and if that is what we are to infer the Doctor's language implies I wish to remind him that there is a standing offer of \$10 a head for all the criminals found in the ranks of Free-thinkers, including Infidels, Atheists and Spiritualists, if they (the preacher) will pay \$1 per head for all the criminals found in the ranks of Christian preachers.

The report of the first of these notices was published in the newspaper of the country. If, as stated, there are seven million Spiritualists, and as has been elsewhere estimated there are seventy thousand priests and preachers, the gentleman will be getting large odds, 100 to 1 in numbers and 10 to 1 in dollars. Dare they do it?

But the Doctor goes on, as well as we do, that Spiritualists are law-abiding people—that whatever change in form of government they aim at, they will never attempt to obtain by over-riding civil laws but by replacing old vicious laws with new and more wholesome ones until we shall have reached the highest form of democracy. Here every man will be his own master, and not the slave of political wire-pullers, and a gang of gold-bond-gamblers with which the nation is overrun to-day—a crime at which the preachers wink while they draw fat salaries from this very class of individuals.

The Doctor seems to be arguing or attempting to argue from the fact of natural depravity, and that depravity being a natural tendency, man will never be anything but depraved. If Spiritualists be believed that doctrine they would never more work, and worry, and plan to attain to that higher form of democracy; but only Christians are depraved. Spiritualists hold to evolution. Sometime in the days that are to come we expect mankind to be developed beyond the Christian depravity when, "from him that hath not shall be taken that which he hath and be given to him that hath; and to him that hath, shall more be added," to a condition where the golden rule will obtain, when we will no longer need laws to restrain the freebooters and criminals of all sorts.

Doctor, why do you preach, "as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." If you cannot apply it to free men from the serfdom and bondage with which they are cursed today? Does that passage mean one thing for the slave and another for his master? Do you know that the great mass of mankind are to-day suffering a worse serfdom than did ever the black slaves of the South?

The truth is, Doctor, you and the great horde of sky-pilots do not want freedom for the masses. Slavery suits you better. Why? Because slavery makes the masses ignorant, and in ignorance of the people—the "common herd"—depends the perpetuity of your office (otherwise the bread and butter of your class).

But what is your objection to a democracy? You show no reason—make no reason—make no argument against that form of government. Does a common sense teach you that a Republic as this is, where a thieving lot of rascals have the nation by the throat, and compel its citizens, one and all, to pay tribute to Rothschilds to be a hot-house wherein to breed criminals? Do you not know that the percentage of criminality is largely the result of the present form of government? And yet instead of showing your people the truth of the situation on this line, you fool away valuable time trying to preach against Spiritualism—a thing you know nothing about, as is plainly demonstrated by the absurdities of your effusion.

Every man's natural demands stop right where every other man's natural demands begin, is the immutable law of nature. What reason then for holding in reverence laws that perpetu-

ate a system of breeding criminals? What objection can you legitimately have against making every honorable endeavor to clear away the rubbish of past ages, and preparing for a better system?

Other nations living under a purely democratic form of government are prosperous and happy, with criminality reduced to a minimum. It is the same old tactics—Christianity trying to block the way of science and progress, just as when Galileo was forced to retract the statement that the earth was round, or burned at the stake.

Doctor, the truth of the matter is, if I mistake not, that having no legitimate objection to urge against Spiritualism, you were impressed with the need of doing something to stop the disintegration of your flock, and knowing that the term anarchy was in the minds of many the equivalent of dynamite or dynamer, and with that scarecrow you had hope of destroying the influence of Spiritualism, against which you have stated no facts and made no logical argument, you therefore, in sheer desperation—not knowing what other weapon to use, hoisted that flag and shout, Anarchy!

There is any one who does not know that a democracy is better for the masses than a republic, I direct to them a little book entitled "Direct Legislation" by J. W. Sullivan.

Permit me to quote once more from the Doctor's sermon, as follows: Indeed, beside this declaration it often seems to be the tendency of Spiritualism to hold somewhat loosely the relations of husband and wife, parents and child, and drift naturally into free-loveism."

Who would have thought the Reverend gentleman would criticize men and women for doing the Master's command: "Love one another." "Love your enemies." The former, an imperative command, still implies "free-love"; the latter, also imperative, implies that we must love everybody—which is an utter impossibility in this life. All love must be free, there can be no such thing as compulsory love or love that is not free. Spiritualists know that to be true, and we believe Christians do also, no matter how much they pretend to the opposite view.

But, perhaps, the Doctor does not mean love. I have known men to use that word in place of licentiousness. If it is the latter term he means when he says the word love, wish to caution him to go a little slower. "There are breakers ahead." Look at the trail of debauchery that follows the Christian system. Go back and read again about Solomon and his multitude of wives and concubines, the escapade of Ruth; the concubine of Abraham; and this: "Kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him, but keep alive for yourselves."—Num., xxxi: 17, 18. Read also, Hosea 1: 2; 1: 2, 3. "And the Lord said unto Hosea, Go, take thee a wife of whoredoms. . . . Then said the Lord to me, Go yet, love a woman, beloved of her friend, yet an adulteress. So I bought her, etc. Even Rahab, the harlot, is reckoned among the justified, by James 2: 25.

Passing by the great horde of licentious Christians of the past, and coming down to our own times, I am personally acquainted with Christian preachers who hold that fornication is no sin, and every Spiritualist who is an adulteress, with another man's wife, will show you ten preachers guilty of the offence. No, Doctor, your charge of the teachings of Spiritualism tending toward lust is an unlucky shot; your gun shoots backward harder than it does forward.

But you "drove a dead creature" when you said: "It does not recognize the idea of a personal devil." Christians are the only people who have any use for his majesty—and they only as a scare-crow.

Men of sense have long since seen that an all-wise God has no use for, and would not tolerate a being in the universe that is constantly thwarting his designs, else your God is not a powerful God. Every time you set up your devil you weaken your God. Take your choice between a puny God and his co-partner the devil, or an eternal first cause that is eternally good and good only, and no devil to hinder him. I prefer the latter.

But I must bring this already too lengthy notice to a just criticism of Spiritualism to close, with an extract from a secular paper.

The other day a practical iron-moulder, who had not tasted food for eighteen hours and was unable to find work, stopped at a house in Blairsville, Pa., and asked for something to eat, stating that he was willing to do any kind of work in return. The owner of the house was a minister of the gospel which Jesus preached to the fishermen on the shores of Galilee. He was shown a union card, which it about the only evidence a workless workman can give that he is not a professional tramp.

The man of God told him to sit while he went for a person who would take care of him. The minister then, with a heart brimming with mercy and loving-kindness, went to a neighboring telephone and called the police. The starving and wretched workman, who has an immortal soul to save, was arrested, locked in a prison cell, without food or fire, and kept there until one of those awfully wicked people whose tendency is towards anarchy paid the \$1.75 demanded for his release. Then the preacher lied gleefully away to his study to write a sermon on the consolations of religion to the poor and those in distress. Yours for truth,

GEO. HEFFNER.

SHE STOOD BY HER SON.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

to ask the spirit wife if she could tell where their son was. The reply came that she could, but she thought the father should find that out for himself. On a second request, however, she said that the boy was in an Eastern city, employed as a clerk, and was doing well and making a reputation for himself. When he was thrown aside by his father, he had gone from home, and, having his allowance, had made little effort to make a living for himself. Finally, through spirit aid, his mother had been able to appear to him, and the influence she had thrown around him had saved him. He had mended his ways, had obtained a position and was now making his way in the world. At her direction he had left the allowance his father had made him untouched. He knew he had done wrong, and was quite as much to blame for their separation as his father, and wanted to again appeal for forgiveness, but the spirit mother would not allow him to do so.

When he recognized his own dishonesty, he was willing to have his reputation, but not before. Had the father a little patience, she said, the son's youthful faults would have been overcome.

The location of the son was so directly fixed that the father had no difficulty in reaching him through an Eastern correspondent, to whom he telegraphed. It is largely the result of the present form of government, and yet instead of showing your people the truth of the situation on this line, you fool away valuable time trying to preach against Spiritualism—a thing you know nothing about, as is plainly demonstrated by the absurdities of your effusion.

Every man's natural demands stop right where every other man's natural demands begin, is the immutable law of nature. What reason then for holding in reverence laws that perpetu-

One could not carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves.—George Eliot.

A FOUR-HUNDRED-PAGE BOOK GIVEN AWAY!

On Conditions That Can Be Easily Complied With.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

BY J. R. FRANCIS. OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCES FROM EMINENT SOURCES.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second class matter

Terms of Subscription.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year (12 copies)	\$1.00
Six months (6 copies)	.50
Three months (3 copies)	.25
Single copy	5c

Remittances.

By Postal Note, Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10c to 15c to get drafts cashed at local banks, so do not send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we will suggest to those who will receive a sample copy, to solicit several others, and thus to be able to remit from 10c to 50c, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little clubs will make up a large sum, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscription. Solicit others to aid in the cause, and you will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing others to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. For one of them can afford to be without the valuable 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 we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think. We will give you what an intellectual and spiritual feast will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is 25 cents a week. For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating, and mind-renewing reading matter, equivalent to a most unexcelled book.

Take Notice.

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

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and efforts in advance will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1908.

More Old Manuscripts Found.

Be patient, good reader, be patient! The world is moving right along, even in these "hard times," and the past is rising before us with wonderful rapidity. In the slow-coach days of our fathers, and the not very distant period when there were no coaches, everything moved with a snail's pace; but now with the swift-moving railroad trains, the almost flying steamboats, the lightning communication with all the world, trade and commerce partakes of the excitement, the people are accelerated in all their movements, and knowledge jogs on as never before, nor was it dreamed of by prophets in their wildest imaginings.

The unearthing of buried cities constitutes but a small fragment of the work of to-day. Relics of saints buried to ashes, and those ashes scattered to the winds, are restored and exhibited by priests as the genuine bones of departed saints: the coat of our "dear Lord" was recently exhibited to devout multitudes as one of his cast-off garments, whilst his heart's blood, carefully bottled, the real essence of life which flowed in his veins, is waiting exhibition, as is the milk from his mother's breast. A bone from the wrist of the good St. Anne, the grandmother of God, is on exhibition in a Canadian church. There are thousands of other sacred remains of the early ages of the church, each equally authentic, which are waiting a favorable opportunity to be brought forth and shown for generous consideration to the admiring credulous.

A few years ago an expedition was projected in Paris, to rake the bottom of the Red Sea, hoping to find traces of the hosts of Pharaoh who were drowned while pursuing the fleeing Israelites. It was given out that one of the wheels of the king's chariot had been usually washed ashore. In a quantity or two that wheel will be placed on exhibition, and sworn affidavits of those who found it will accompany the ancient wonder.

It is probable the next grand enterprise of churchmen will excel the expedition of the Argonauts, under the command of Jason, to recover the golden fleece. It will be no less than an attempt to recover the "apocryphal" Gospels. The Lord made Adam and Eve when our unfortunate first parents discovered they were naked. A search should be made for the club Cain used when he slew his brother Abel; also for the flaming sword placed by the Lord at the east of the Garden of Eden, which turned every way to guard the tree of life. And while in the vicinity it is hoped a search will be made for the pots of gold which were probably planted at the bases of the rainbow which God placed in the clouds as a token of his agreement with Noah that he would not drown the world again.

We were led into this train of reflections by reading the following news item, floating without credit through the public press:

"Among the contents of a library at Lyons was recently found a portion of the Pentateuch of one of the oldest manuscript Bibles in the world. 'For some time,' says the Petit Journal, 'it has been well known that the Bibliothèque de Lyons possessed an incomplete portion of this rare work, but the strange thing is that the manuscript found in the library of St. Verne is the exact part necessary to complete this bibliographical treasure, with the exception of one chapter from the book of Judges.'"

Don't be discouraged! That missing chapter will soon come to light, and the long-desired "oldest manuscript of the Pentateuch" will be complete and on exhibition. A great number of these historical treasures just when they will do the most good. They always come from some old monastery, or some secret hiding-place in the keeping of the church, just where they were forged and hidden, to be discovered by innocent parties who are used as witnesses, as was the case with the gospels recently found at the Sinai convent. The Lord appointed are adepts at bringing out these miraculous documents, for they have been engaged in the work a good while, and know just how it is done.

Worthy of Adoption.

Why is not that Oriental term, KAIMA, signifying we reap what we sow—that each man's life is a product of his own past—an excellent one to adopt into our own language? It is expressive of a grand truth, and a pleasant contrast with the "sinful teaching" of the church that our destiny, including rewards, punishments and happiness in a future life, are contingent on a full belief in an old-time myth.

Obeying Instructions.

An enthusiastic horticulturist, when he heard of the massacre of the English missionaries in China, wrote in his farm journal:

"While we deplore bloodshed, it must be confessed that the English and American missionaries are a selfish lot, lacking in patriotism. They never have sent a seed of the famous melons of Asia back to their own country."

These missionaries were under instruction to "Take no thought for tomorrow."

A WONDERFUL AGREEMENT.

An Armenian's Opinion of the Koran.

AND A MOHAMMEDAN'S VIEWS OF CHRISTIANITY AND OF HIS OWN SECT.

While the Parliament of Religions was in session in Chicago, during the great exposition, in September, 1893, Christophere Jibara, the "Archimandrite of the Apostolic and Patriarchal Throne of the Orthodox Church in Syria and the Whole East," appeared before that body, with a special message looking towards the union of Christianity and Mohammedanism. He appeared in his official robes, a loose black gown with flowing sleeves, and, says the Daily Herald report, published on the ninth page of its issue of September 26, 1893, "he was a man of striking appearance." His title in Syriac, translated into English, tells us he was abbot-general in the Armenian church, whose duty it is to superintend all the convents of the Armenian faith in the whole East. Any thing coming from such high authority ought to be welcomed by the whole Christian world. He said, among a large number of other instructive things:

"I have been a servant of religion all my life, and have come all the way from Damascus on my own account, and in poverty, in the midst of apprehension of the enmity of ministers who may make me a target for their reproach."

"In the name of God, the omnipresent," he went on to say, "I think and believe that when the Gospels and the Koran, which are really one, are reconciled, and the two great peoples, the Christians and the Mohammedans, are reconciled, the whole world will come into unity, and all differences in religion will fade away. . . . I hope these great peoples, the greatest and strongest, the brightest and richest among all the nations of the earth may unite in one faith, serving one God. . . . I have been a Christian since my infancy, and in the churches in my country I have been a preacher for thirty-eight years. I have translated many theological books, and recently I translated the New Testament into the Arabic language. I have always been a student in my own church, and I have loved it with all my heart. . . . I stand here and tell you that the Koran is an inspired book. I assure you that by the Koran we can understand the Gospels better, and without the Koran it is impossible to understand them correctly. It is for that I believe God has preserved the Koran, and also preserved Islam, because it has come to correct the doctrines and dogmas of the Christians. There is no difference in the books themselves—the Gospels and the Koran. It is only in the understanding of the people in their reading."

NOW THE MOHAMMEDAN.

A letter from the pen of Mohammed A. R. Webb, of the Moslem World, received only a few days ago, recalled the above words of the Archimandrite, so we turned to them to see what the oldest, the ablest, and the most distinguished Mohammedan had said of the Mohammedans and the Koran, on the eve of their great revolt, before they were influenced by the missionaries to throw off the Turkish yoke, or had made any attempt in that direction. Mr. Webb spent years among Mohammedans. He saw the workings of the system, and in the confidence of friendship, with no idea of its publication, he wrote as follows:

"One of the features of the Islamic system that appealed most strongly to me, was the absence from it of a priesthood and an ecclesiastical aristocracy. It denotes church organization and ritual and paid priests and preachers, and emphasizes the fraternal idea in its broadest conception. As a rule the only person connected with the mosque who receives any pay is the janitor, who does the cleaning and takes general care of the building. Sometimes the Muezzin, who makes the call to prayers, if he is a poor man, receives compensation, but it is in the nature of a present from his brethren rather than a salary. The Imam who leads the prayers is usually a business man or mechanic of education who would be ashamed to accept a compensation for his services. Of course, Islam, in common with all religions, has strayed somewhat from the straight line of original purity, and in certain Turkish Egypt, and Arabian cities the Imams are paid, but the notion of ecclesiastical aristocracy is kept down even there. There is no preaching, exhorting or singing in the mosques—nothing that resembles in any way the services in a Christian church. Therefore the pesterous preacher and the evangelist are unknown."

"All Mohammedans, from the Sultan of Turkey down to the humblest street coolie, stand upon a platform of perfect fraternal equality—not theoretically but practically. In my opinion the ecclesiastical system of Christianity is its greatest curse, and hence, to me its abomination. Islam is one of its most commendable and refreshing features. An Imam, Moulvi or Mujtahid is not supposed to know any more about the doctrines and purposes of Islam than the humblest devotee. Hence the Imam, Moulvi or Mujtahid is not enveloped by a veil of sanctity, which makes him a privileged character, and under cover of which he can lie, steal or commit any other crime. If he does not behave himself he is rebuked as a brother would be, or some one else takes his place. He is not ordained and permitted to sponge his living from his fellows, nor is a trial necessary to oust him."

"I don't believe there is an intelligent Spiritualist, Liberal or Agnostic in the land who would not heartily endorse the Islamic system if he understood it; for it is free from everything he condemns in Christianity, and leaves him absolutely free to think and act as he pleases so long as he does not offend his Moslem brothers by words and acts."

On an earlier occasion we had written Mohammed Webb that Prof. Johnson, probably one of the most learned scholars in Europe, so far as relates to Christian literature, positively denied that the Arabic Koran had one word to say in regard to Jesus Christ; that every statement to the contrary appearing in Sale's and other translations was a misrepresentation. To this Mohammed Webb replied:

"Your learned friend in London is absolutely correct, and your quotations from him will be most fully endorsed by any intelligent, well-read Mohammedan in the world. Sale's Koran is simply an adaptation of the translations of Maracci and others, who wrote at the dictation, or under the surveillance of Roman Catholic Popes. Worse than

[There seems to be great force in this expression, for we fail to find Rev. Johnson's name in the pleasant volume purporting to give the entire proceedings of that remarkable assemblage of the world's religionists.]

this; All other translations current to-day are mere reflections of Sale and Prideaux. Pure Islam—the primitive system—is based on personal, moral and spiritual development, with universal fraternity. It lives in the present, not in the past. It has neither savior, church, nor priesthood. Its esoteric cornerstone is a combination of perfect liberty, equality and fraternity, and its esoteric the higher psychical development."

We are sure the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will greatly enjoy these statements—one from a prominent Christian clergyman, residing at Damascus, in daily contact with Mohammedans, who was so familiar with the Arabic, in which the genuine Koran appeared, as to translate the New Testament into that language; then alongside of his learned exposition, from which have been made very brief extracts, the views of a learned Mohammedan, who has made immense sacrifices to give the Western world a clear conception of the faith of Islam.

Why Not Be Honest?

It hardly seems fair, in the light of present knowledge, for the American Board of Missions to say, as they did in their late annual report:

"It is estimated that 37,000,000 of the population of Japan are still worshippers of idols."

Japan is a Buddhist country, and its people are followers of the illustrious Gautama. They are no more idol-worshippers than are Catholics, who bow in adoration before the crucifix. Christians of all orthodox creeds worship their Jesus as a God. The followers of Buddha do so, embracing the Islam because its founder was a God, but because he was a teacher who taught the truth in regard to life, and how to attain Nirvana, otherwise eternal rest, and escape the transmigration of souls into lower forms of life until they are sufficiently purified to dwell with God.

As knowledge is gained of what was known a few years ago as Pagan nations, it is found the missionaries who described the Oriental religions to Westerners misrepresented are falsified in almost every particular.

Allah, whom the Mohammedans worship; Brahmin, the supreme God of the Brahmins, and Joss, of the Chinese, are no more idols than is the God of the Jews or the Christians. They are but other names for the same eternal, invisible and almighty God, as designated in other languages. Why cannot Christians recognize this fact? As long as the deceit is continued it will be suspected the fraud is kept alive for sinister motives.

Not His Best Hold.

The editor of a prominent medical journal credits to Solomon the expression, "When a man I put away childish things." This shows that our medical friends are not all well read in sacred lore. The passage will be found in I. Corinthians, xiii., 11, and nowhere else in the Bible. That fellow Paul, credited with this sage expression, was guilty of writing so many silly things about not allowing the women to teach, we greatly question whether he had put away childish things, provided his epistles were written after he reached maturity.

Our brother of The Medical Brief writes interestingly and learnedly on all subjects pertaining to his profession, but his best hold is not in quoting the Bible.

A Worthy Attempt.

A Protestant paper at Moncton, N. B., has undertaken an excellent task, which we hope will be successful. The editor says:

"We propose to destroy the market for mass, close up the confessional, and rent out purgatory for bull-fights."

While engaged along these lines he should have included the letting in of heaven's sunlight on the convents. But we apprehend the twelve labors of Hercules were trifles compared with the task he has already assumed.

Proposed Legislation.

The Chairman of the Committee on Immigration has reported a bill in Congress excluding the immigration of all persons to this country who are unable to read and write in any language. It is hopeful it will become a law. This exclusion of ignorance from the country is many times preferable to that of legislation against nationalities, as was done with the Chinese. To this proposed law should be added one enfranchising intelligence, and disfranchising ignorance, then there will be an incentive to acquire knowledge, and demagoguery will begin to decline.

Inroads on Christianity.

The French government has given a site for a Mohammedan Mosque in Paris, and the followers of the prophet throughout the world are expected to contribute of their wealth to aid in building this temple to Islamism. Additional to the mosque, a house will be built for students, and another for transient guests. It is said there are one hundred millions of Mussulmen subjects of France.

Novels Preferable to History.

Rev. Leighton Parks, of the Episcopal church, Boston, in a late address before the Y. M. C. Association, advised the reading of novels and good poetry in preference to history. It is probable the clever preacher and distinguished author has been studying history in a fruitless attempt to learn some important truth in regard to the past. When he read novels he knew it was fiction. When he read history, though it was posing as truthful, he found it reality more imaginative than the wildest chimera of a diseased mind. Others have made similar discoveries.

No To-morrow.

There is no to-morrow. What was supposed to be such yesterday proves on reaching it to be to-day. So it has always been; so it always will be. Like a phantom, to-morrow flies away as it is approached.

A Matter of Course.

The Armenians and Turks lived in harmony, with no turbulence between them until provoked by Christian missionaries. Had English and American missionaries been excluded from the Sultan's dominions violence and bloodshed would not prevail there now. Whether the missionaries go, whether to savage, barbarous, civilized or enlightened nations, war, desolation and destruction follow as a matter of course.

The speediest and most reliable remedy for all derangements of the throat and lungs is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This wonderful preparation checks coughing, induces refreshing sleep, and affords great relief, even in the advanced stages of consumption.

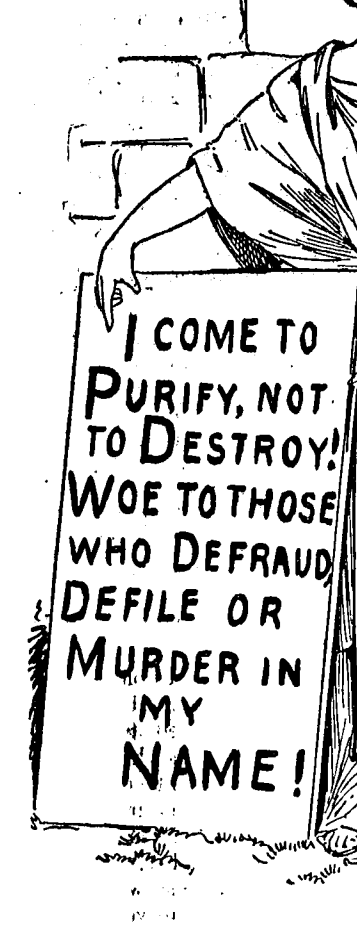
THAT POISONING CASE.

A Malignant Attack on the Progressive Thinker.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was inaugurated under peculiar circumstances some six years ago. There was not at that eventful period a Spiritualist paper published at one dollar per year. The attempt had previously been made by Dorus M. Fox to furnish a paper at that price, but it proved a most painful failure. The publication of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was looked upon with distrust, as likely to prove abortive, and the old established papers, published at a high price, regarded the innovation as a failure at the very commencement. The Religious-Philosophical Journal predicted an early demise of our efforts, and as the first 6,000 subscribers were only for a period of sixteen weeks, we not having at that time one hundred yearly subscribers, we are frank to say that we regarded the situation with no little fear for ourself, that our efforts might not be crowned with success. We were, however, agreeably disappointed. The trial subscribers renewed with commendable promptness, and our list continued to grow with remarkable vigor.

THE NELLIS POISONING CASE.

Those whose names have been connected with the Nellis poisoning case have our deepest, our most tender sym-



As a consequence our unparalleled success

caused the deep and vile animosity of the Better Way, published at Cincinnati, and that animosity became devilishly malignant, and every plan that an artful cunning or illegally could devise was inaugurated to supersede THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Finding that the list of the Better Way subscribers were dwindling away, a new tack was made. The stockholders of the paper were informed that their stock was worthless, and in order to prevent any claim on the paper by those whose money had been basely squandered, a new company was organized and the paper's name changed to Light of Truth.

Then a plan was formed by those connected with the paper to crush out THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by starting a large publishing house, hence worthless bonds—not worth the paper on which they were printed—were offered for sale, the intention being to raise \$25,000. We regarded the scheme as most villainous and exposed it, and the result was the whole enterprise was nipped in its incipency, and not a dollar was raised.

Bear in mind, Spiritualists, that these bonds were issued just as the stock of the old Better Way had been pronounced worthless—a piece of business impudence that must have regarded all Spiritualists as semi-idiot, to suppose that they would buy such worthless trash.

A GUNNING MALIGNANCY.

From the start there has been a cunning malignancy manifested by those connected with that paper to undermine THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Circulars have been sent to our advertisers repeatedly from the office of that paper, claiming a circulation of 20,000 when it had not on its entire list 5,000 subscribers. This was done to ruin our advertising patronage. It was malignancy, pure and simple, with a groundwork of business cunning, to give it gloss. We exposed the method at the time, and the effort to swamp us proved a complete failure, and to-day THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has a larger circulation, probably, than all the other Spiritualist papers combined.

HONORABLE COMPETITION.

We like honorable competition; we invite it; it is healthy; we never shrink from it; but when one person resorts to unbusiness-like, dishonest methods in order to supersede another, then it is our business to protest, and when Willard J. Hull, editor of the Light of Truth, charges us with being malignant in a leading editorial, making a base and uncalculated attack upon us, he only gives us an opportunity to illustrate the position of himself and those co-operating with him, and to show that the malignancy is wholly at that end of the line, and none whatever at this. Willard J. Hull, on and off the rostrum, has taken every occasion to abuse this paper and its editor. He finds fault particularly because we published the proceedings connected with the Peter H. Nellis poisoning case at Girard, Pa. What we published were not articles evolved out of the brain of some vile reporter to gain a little temporary notoriety for himself and paper. They were statements published in the great Cincinnati dailies, the home of the Stowells; published in the great dailies of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Cleveland, etc., in fact, what THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER published had been previously read in

almost every home in the land. The whole account was strictly legitimate news that every Spiritualist who is not a shrinking coward would like to be familiar with, representing as it did a lamentable episode in our ranks. Those reports were not in any sense of the word sensational, but a simple statement of what the officers of the law were doing in endeavoring to ferret out those who poisoned Peter H. Nellis, and in connection with which the names of Mrs. C. C. Stowell and her son Gardner received prominent mention.

The legal proceedings were given, and it is well that Spiritualists all over the country should know what is going on in our ranks. They should know its exact status, and if prominent mediums are arrested, let the report accompanying their arrest and the legal proceedings be given. Spiritualists are not babies, nor children, nor semi-idiot, that facts should be concealed from them. They want the search-light turned on everywhere. The dark-lantern process will not answer for Spiritualists now.

THE NELLIS POISONING CASE.

Those whose names have been connected with the Nellis poisoning case have our deepest, our most tender sym-

pathy. Minneapolis, while he is a fit mouth-piece for vile attacks upon us, and a suitable companion for the Cincinnati gang.

NOTE FROM A CRITICAL MIND.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read the editorial in the "Light of Truth," to which paper I have been a subscriber since its first issue as the Better Way. Believing that you are not entirely indifferent to the opinion of your patrons—rather, perhaps, would be pleased to know how they viewed the subject, allow me to state briefly, that I heartily concur with your action in the matter and feel to thank you for giving us the news as you did, and I fail to see how remarks in that editorial concerning you were at all merited.

Yours truly, GEO. W. ARNOLD.

Holden, N. Y.

PERFORMED A DUTY.

TO THE EDITOR:—Astonishing as are the revelations of the Girard case in Pennsylvania, I think you have performed a duty in informing your readers of such a blight upon our cause.

Madison, Wis. JOSEPH T. DODGE.

The above is from a leading mind who does not believe that Spiritualists are such children or semi-idiot that what is going on in the world should be carefully concealed from them. Mr. Dodge was a delegate to the last National Convention. Many others have written us, thanking us for giving a full account of the poisoning case, claiming that they are desirous of knowing all that is going on in our ranks, and that it is our duty to furnish it.

A Large Fund of Valuable Information.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER this week contains a very large fund of valuable information—an exceedingly rare intellectual feast. The first page is full to overflowing with grand spiritual truths—soul-elevating indeed! The great work the secular press is doing for Spiritualism cannot well be overestimated. Read carefully what Geo. H. Heworth, editor of the New York Herald says of "Our Two Homes," "The Longing for Immortality," and "The Burdens We Bear." Each Sunday, one of his short sermons appears in the New York Herald, and is read by thousands, and which, in a measure, refines and spiritualizes them. Then comes a short sketch of Healer Hammond, detailing his life and work, and showing that he is imbued with the true Christ spirit. "She Stood by Her Son," is an interesting sketch that appeared in the Globe-Democrat. Here are communications, full of the divine spirit, and which have been read by at least one million, doing a hundred times more good than they possibly could if only published in all the Spiritualist papers on earth. The secular press to-day is reaching an immense constituency with truths germane to Spiritualism, and is doing a thousand times more good than all the Spiritualist papers combined. It is true that some of the secular papers are violently opposed to Spiritualism, but the great mass of them are friendly to our cause.

The Washington (D. C.) papers have made most excellent reports of the proceedings of the National Association, and the New York papers gave full reports of the late meeting held there, although they treated it in a somewhat flippant manner.

On each page of this issue will be found much food for reflection.

Declined the Invitation to Pray.

A dispatch dated Richmond, Va., February 22, says that the Virginia lawmakers were nonplussed by the Rev. C. J. Oelschlager, an English Lutheran preacher. It is the custom of the clerk of the house of delegates to invite a minister to open the proceedings of the body with prayer each day during the week. Mr. Oelschlager was invited to serve the house as chaplain next week, and he responded:

"I do not believe in opening a promiscuous political body with prayer. The promiscuous character of the body makes it an abuse of prayer, and the political character of the body makes it an unnatural union of church and State. I, as a Christian, can privately pray for the session, but the State which that body represents has nothing to do with prayer."

This is the first time that such a request was ever declined.

Mrs. Roberts' Report.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am glad to report that I have received up to date, the following contributions, in answer to the call for aid, to carry on my suit against The Chicago Dispatch Company for civil libel:

Dr. L. Greer, Chicago, \$2; J. H. Sands, Jr., P. M., Whitewater Falls, Minn., \$1.05; Mr. Warner, Whitewater Falls, Minn., \$1. Total, \$4.05.

I have received many letters of encouragement and promises to aid.

MRS. L. A. ROBERTS.

107 S. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.

To Go East.

TO THE EDITOR:—I will close a year's engagement with the Spiritualist society at this place, April 1st, and will start east, where I will spend the summer at the seashore.

Instead of taking long engagements, as has been my custom for several years, I have decided to make my trip east a sort of missionary tour, spending from three days to two weeks in a place, and in order that I may reach many places and some where Spiritualist meetings are somewhat of a rarity, I have decided to make the following liberal terms: I will go to any place in Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, or New York, which can be reached without too great expenditure for car-fare, if the Spiritualists of the place will furnish me with entertainment while in their city, furnish hall and advertise the meetings and take a small admission at the door, which I will accept for my services.

To those who are not familiar with my work, I will now say that I am a trance and inspirational speaker, take subjects from the audience or those selected by the guides, as preferred, give poems from subjects presented by the audience, develop mediumship in others, teach hypnotism and illustrate its use in connection with Spiritualism and mediumship. If any reference is required as to my position as a worker, I refer to the editors of the leading Spiritualist journals.

I believe I can make it both interesting and profitable to the people with whom I spend from three days to two weeks' time. As it will be necessary for me to arrange my trip in advance, I cannot please but mention those who wish to make arrangements with me, at once. Address, Aberdeen, S. D.

W. H. BACH.

SOME PLAIN WORDS.

And now a word as to Willard J. Hull. He has pursued THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and its editor with the venom of the cobra. On and off the rostrum he has manifested his malignant spirit. As our readers well know, we have treated him heretofore with silent contempt. He has played out as a speaker entirely—no Spiritualist society wanting him—and to add to his notoriety, he deserted his most excellent wife and lovely daughters. They are now in Minne-

MASS CONVENTION

Of Spiritualists in New York City.

Concert Hall, Madison Square Garden Feb. 26th and 27th.

MORNING SESSION—FEBRUARY 26.

Although the clerk of the weather is evidently not a Spiritualist, still the fleecy flakes that came slowly down did not prevent a goodly number from assembling at the beautiful hall chosen for the convention.

A number of well-known Spiritualists from all parts of the East were present, and the interest seemed very great.

The opening of the convention was at about eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, followed by the speakers of the session, and other workers came on the platform.

The program was as nearly carried out as possible. An opening hymn, "How cheering the Thought" was sung, with piano accompaniment.

Mrs. Richmond's guides gave an invocation replete with aspiration and inspiration. Mrs. Richmond briefly referred to the convention, who read reports from many prominent people and liberal clergy that they could not be present, including Rev. Geo. H. Heworth, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Heber Newton, Rev. Henry Frank, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Luther R. Marsh, Isabella Barber Horton, Dr. F. L. H. Willis and many others.

At Richmond then introduced Francis B. Woodbury, secretary of the N. S. A., who gave a brief address on the aims and work of the National Spiritualists' Association; also recent work in Washington (of which more will be said later in the convention).

Following Mr. Woodbury, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y., was introduced to the audience. She made a most interesting speech for Spiritualism, for freedom of conscience in religious worship, for all that the association is aiming to do, and has thus far accomplished. Her remarks were received with great applause and favor.

A brief address was made by John Eggleston, who narrated some of his experiences in his first knowledge of Spiritualism, and who interested the people deeply.

At 12:30 the convention adjourned to meet at 2:30.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convention met at 2:30, Francis B. Woodbury in the chair. After piano solo by Prof. Pfaff, a hymn was sung.

Invocation by Mrs. Richmond.

Then Mr. Woodbury introduced Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, vice-president of the National Spiritualists' Association, as the first speaker of the afternoon. Mrs. Richmond's guide, Mrs. Eggleston, introduced Oscar A. Dagarty, of Massachusetts, a comparatively new speaker to the old workers, but eloquent and forcible. He urged the necessity for freedom of thought, wide range of ideas, and spoke against bigotry of all kinds. His address was highly appreciated.

The venerable John Hutchinson being present, Mrs. Richmond invited him to the platform and asked him to sing one of his old-time songs. He sang, "It is coming up the steep of time," with much of his old-time sweetness and power, and when recalled, sang, "What shall be my angel name?"

The afternoon concluded with tests from Mr. Frank, of Brooklyn, and a brief but eloquent address from Dr. E. A. Smith, of Vermont, Mr. Roscoe not

PROF. ROENTGEN'S X RAY EXPLAINED.

Many Abstruse and Interesting Problems Which the Scientific Men of the World Are Now Endeavoring to Explain.

Not since the announcement of the discovery of the telephone has there been such wide interest in a new application of the theories of science as in this matter of the Roentgen ray, says the New York World. The day after Prof. Roentgen made the announcement that he had found a means of photographing objects hidden from the human eye or from any known camera by an intervening substance that was quite opaque, as, for instance, wood or paper, the whole world was talking of it. And it was not the world of science, but literally the civilized world. For nowadays there is no man or woman with any pretense to intelligence whom the newspapers or popular scientific works have not informed of the less complex features of scientific progress. There were very few people who understood what Prof. Roentgen meant by his X ray. But none failed to grasp the fact that a means had been found by which a photograph could be taken as if a solid substance did not lie between the photographic plate and the object to be photographed. This sounds very mysterious, but a little explanation makes it quite clear.

In the first place, it must be remembered that every body, however solid it may appear, is really composed of a number of small particles, each quite distinct and not one touching any other. That is, there are spaces between the little particles composing any mass of matter. Now, we all see every day how a nail can be driven into wood or how a steel spike may be forced through an iron plate. This is done just as the hand is thrust into water, that is, by making the nail or spike thrust aside the particles of the body to be penetrated.

These particles composing any certain mass of matter are vibrating constantly. All the particles of any special kind of matter have the same period of vibration. That is, the particles of glass vibrate so many times a second, the particles of iron so many times, and so on.

Now, along comes a ray of light. It strikes a strip of wood. The ray is vibrating such and such a number of times. The particles of wood have another period of vibration. These two periods are so related each to the other that the ray of light cannot penetrate the wood. It is absorbed and disappears. But suppose that this ray of light strikes a plate of glass. There is such a relation between the periods of vibration of light and glass that the ray is able to pass through. The more perfect the glass is the more transparent it is, which is to say, the more freely it permits the ray to shoot between its particles and escape to the other side.

THE PRINCIPLE OF VIBRATIONS. This explanation is to show that the way to slide one thing, as light, through another thing, as wood, is to get them so that the periods of vibration of the two will bear a certain harmonious relation each to the other. In common language, if you can get a ray of light to vibrate so that it will perfectly dodge and sneak between the particles of wood, you can see through the wood just as you can see through glass, whose particles are so vibrating that light dodges between them naturally.

Now, let us see what a ray of light is. Scientists have analyzed it and have found that it is composed of a line of particles or appearances that have all the effect of particles, and that in different parts of this line the period of vibration is different. For instance, in the red part, which forms the visible end at one extreme, the vibration is at the rate of about 30,000 to every forward movement of a twenty-fifth of an inch. That is, before the red part of the pencil of light can go forward the twenty-fifth part of an inch it has vibrated up and down 30,000 times. At the other visible extreme of the pencil of light is the violet ray. For every twenty-fifth of an inch of progress that the violet ray makes it vibrates 81,000 times. The other colors are in between, shading each into the other and vibrating more than the red and less than the violet, according to their distance from it.

Beyond the last visible red ray are other rays, which can be detected by chemistry, although invisible to the eye. And beyond the violet ray are other rays which cannot be seen with the eye. These infra-red rays vibrate more and more slowly, and these ultra-violet rays vibrate more and more rapidly. Thus, you see, the human eye is so constructed that it can only see light that vibrates more than 30,000 times to the twenty-fifth of an inch, or less than 81,000 times to the twenty-fifth of an inch. Between these two the human eye sees. Beyond, on either side, it cannot see.

WHAT THE X RAY IS. This brings us naturally to the X ray, or rays. What the scientists wish to know is, are these X rays modifications of the known ray of light, or are they a new kind of light produced by the combination of electricity and a vacuum?

Let us see how the X ray is produced. First, you must have a transparent bulb, from which the air has been completely drawn, so that its walls of glass inclose an absolute vacuum. On the one side the positive pole of an induction coil enters this bulb. On the other side the negative pole, or cathode, as it is called, enters

it. With this arrangement you can turn on the electricity and see a continuous stream of queer-looking light shoot across the vacuum.

You will notice that this light has a very strange appearance about the negative pole or cathode. These mysterious variations from the normal have long been called the cathode rays. They are to be seen about every negative pole, whether in vacuum or not.

Now, the point of Dr. Roentgen's discovery was this: He discovered that if you take your electrified vacuum bulb and a photographic plate, properly sensitized, and place between the plate and bulb a human hand, you will find upon the plate, after a few minutes of exposure, not a picture or a shadow of the hand, but a shadow picture of the skeleton of the hand, with no trace or only a slight trace of the flesh that should appear if a similar exposure had been made in daylight or in ordinary light.

That is to say, in some unknown way, the rays of light about the negative pole in that vacuum have been so altered from the ordinary period or manner of vibration of light, as we usually speak of light, that they will penetrate flesh, dodging between the particles that compose flesh, as ordinary light dodges between the particles of glass. Just what change is effected in light the scientists do not know.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Scientific men are divided into three great classes—those who study abstract science and seek new and absolutely untrodden paths in the realm of the unknown that presents itself on every side for man to conquer; second, those who follow in the wake of these greatest men and profit by their splendid ventures by making the discoveries of new principles; and, third, those who follow the second class and turn their discoveries to practical use. For instance, more than fifty years ago Faraday laid down the broad principles of which this Roentgen discovery is only one very small result. Faraday's generalizations were carried forward by Maxwell and Hertz and Leonard, resulting in countless benefits to the human race under further development by such men as Bell and Edison. Roentgen has only developed the work of the developers of Faraday's theories a little further. And in his wake came such men as Edison and the surgeons and professors of applied science.

They have seized eagerly upon the announcement of Roentgen and have gone to work to find out two things: first, what substances the X rays will penetrate, and under what conditions and to what extent; and, second, how can these penetrations be turned to practical advantage. They seize with almost equal eagerness upon every new announcement of the perfection or elucidation of what has previously been a theory. But in this case the discovery was practically an immediately useful thing. For any man can, with a moment's thought, call up a score of ways in which it would be beneficial to be able to make any sort of a trustworthy photograph through an opaque substance.

The most obvious advantage is to surgery. For if this cover of flesh can be made so that it will be as if of glass, then bullets can be located, exact pictures of fractures can be made, and all manner of foreign substances can be seen in the body as plainly as if they were on the surface.

You are no doubt bearing in mind that thus far the pictures that appear on the photographic plates exposed to the X rays are not photographs, but sketched, to use Mr. Max Osterberg's word. That is, they are shadow pictures. To explain by example: A bullet is buried in a human leg between the two bones. The leg is put between the vacuum bulb and the photographic plate. The electric current is turned on and the X rays advance from the negative pole towards the leg. They pass easily through the flesh, and such of them as meet no opposition pass on through, as if the flesh were glass, and advance to the sensitized plate, and are absorbed without making any impression upon it. But those X rays that, passing through the flesh, strike the bone or bullet, do not pass on. They are absorbed by the bone and by the bullet. Hence, in the sensitized plate you find, after the exposure, two long shadows exactly the size of the two bones, and between them a small, round shadow exactly the size of the bullet.

TO LOCATE BULLETS. So far the only practical results have been in the discovery of bullets, needles and such substances in the human body after physicians had probed for them in vain. You can see how impossible it would be to go any further than this in the short time which has elapsed since Dr. Roentgen's announcement. A great and toilsome work has to be done. All known substances must be put between the new rays and sensitized plates, and the results have to be carefully studied.

The Sunday World, appreciating the great values that must come from Dr. Roentgen's announcement, has had scientists and photographers at work. A great deal of labor has been done, and some things that tend towards new applications of the announcement have been discovered. But the ex-

periments which promised most hopefully week before last have made no further advance. Still, such of the work as had disproved the wild and misleading promises of alleged scientists has much value, in that it has shown the ways that should be avoided in exploring the mysteries of the X ray.

As to the possibilities and probabilities, no man can now outline them. All yarns about X rays killing bacteria and curing diseases may be discarded. The X ray experiments cause a great deal of ozone to be generated, and it was in all probability the effects of ozone that caused some men of narrow experience to be misled. But there seems to be no doubt that soon medical men will be able to look into even the most hidden parts of the human body as one looks out of a window into the sunlight. They will see heart and brain and lungs and digestive organs of their patient and unceasing labor, and will readily note the causes and seats of organic diseases. And the penetrating rays will detect flaws in jewels, in large ordnance, in armor plate, in the beams of iron buildings, and will thus prevent swindling and mistakes, and save millions of dollars annually to individuals and to governments.

No feature of this scientific announcement has been more interesting than the enormous popular interest in it. The magazines, the weeklies, the news columns of the daily newspapers, are filled with discussions, experiments, explanations. The lecture-rooms of professors of science are filled to overflowing, not only with students but with plain people, who are usually, and, as this proves, incorrectly, supposed to stand still in matters scientific. The Roentgen ray has thrown floods of light into many hidden places. Upon the photographic plate of history it has thrown a picture of the passionate desire for knowledge that fills the people of all classes in this splendid era of the end of the century.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

AN INNOVATION, Which Is Repudiated in Inclusive Terms.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW GIVES THE LAW-RENCE UNIVERSITY A GOOD HIT BECAUSE IT REFUSED TO ALLOW COL. INGERSOLL TO SPEAK.

TO THE EDITOR:—The writer presumes he is not the only one among all the free thinkers of these United States who views with regret the placing of a statue of Pere Marquette in Statuary Hall, at Washington, by the State of Wisconsin. As a non-God-in-the-Constitution American citizen, I deplore the innovation. Had the figure been represented in ordinary citizen's garb, instead of priestly robes and insignia of office, I would not so seriously protest; but to have to submit to such an innovation, should call forth the earnest protest of every non-Catholic in the country. Political chicanery, dominated largely by the choice of the noted Catholic missionary to represent Wisconsin.

While I would not say aught against the celebrated explorer, as a man, I do most earnestly object to the priest placed among the distinguished American representatives, in Statuary, at Washington. No doubt the Catholic Church was, covertly, behind the movement, and will be represented at the unveiling by Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop Corrigan, and others of their church dignitaries—in priestly robes, no doubt.

Thus is the Catholic Church insidiously acquiring prestige that will, some day, cause the non-church citizen to regret his inactivity at a time when the progress of the serpent might have been stayed.

It is with a good deal of satisfaction that I read that Hon. Chauncey M. Depew declined an invitation to address the law-students of the State University at Lawrence, Kansas, because the faculty had recently refused Col. Robert G. Ingersoll permission to speak before them. The rebuke was timely and most salutary—or ought to be—coming from the source it did. All honor to Chauncey M. Depew.

I must not stop without saying a good word for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The February 22d number is full of good things—a veritable "feast of reason and flow of soul." I wish that 40,000 could be doubled this year, and it seems as though it ought to be, among the millions of Spiritualists in the United States.

Chicago, Ill. D. G. GARNSEY.

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, postpaid, to each one who desires it, on conditions mentioned elsewhere.

"Science of the Soul." By L. A. Sherman. The price of the cloth-bound edition of this very interesting book has been reduced to \$1. Paper bound, 60 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents in a succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular 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 cents.

NEW CHRISTIANITY.

It Is Making An Impression Upon the World.

People have become so used nowadays to such a development of working Christianity, as Grace Chapel, which was consecrated last week, that they hardly appreciate its significance. But, in truth, Grace Chapel and the many other religious agencies now doing work on the same lines, represent a new interpretation of Christianity, which is shaping itself in the minds of modern Christians. Christianity to-day is learning to serve God by serving man. It may be said that it ought always to have done so; and certainly the Christianity of Christ did, as we know, lay the strongest possible emphasis on the sacred obligation of human brotherhood. But, as we also know, the vital meaning of that great teaching was often lost sight of by the church. Even to-day, when altruism has become an intellectual fashion, how many Christians there are to whom Christianity means practically little more than an inward assurance of their personal salvation through the acceptance of certain dogmas. Then, too, there seems at the present time to be a recrudescence of the objective side of religion. It is the golden age of the church milliner and furnisher, and many Christians seem to regard the fripperies of ritual display as the supreme end and aim of the church's mission on earth. There is a sort of materialized saint-hood current in the churches to-day, coined out of the passions of youth and hardened by the tread of passing years. Worldliness, when it enters the church, loves to imitate the outward life of the faithful. It will sing of self-denial and even don its robes. But it is deaf to the cry of the weary and the heavy-laden.

Such a conception of religious duty, however, is becoming discredited. A more spiritual, a more hopeful, and, we may add, a more Christlike ideal of Christianity is taking the place of this poor imitation of it. "At such a time," said Bishop Potter, in his noble sermon at the consecration of Grace Chapel, "for the church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time, and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God. Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I, and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance, then verily the church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence." By his position and service no man is better entitled to speak for the new Christianity of service to humanity, which is really the old Christianity; and no one could better express its spirit than the bishop has done in these words. Great power and opportunity bring corresponding obligations and duties. A great church organization was not meant to be the end of Christ's teachings, but an agency, rather, for the uplifting of men and women. This is the inspiring message of Christianity to the world to-day as it is interpreted by some of its wisest leaders, and under the inspiration of that message devoted men and women, in increasing numbers, are living the gospel of Christ among the humble and the poor. And in living it they preach it with an eloquence far greater than that of the most accomplished pulpit orator.

The above, from the New York Tribune, illustrates an important trend of thought among minds that are earnestly interested in the welfare of humanity, and not merely in the narrow interests of some sectarian branch of the church. But, instead of its being a new Christianity, it should rather, perhaps, be termed a recurrence to somewhat of the spirit of the old or primitive Christianity of the earlier apostolic times. Modern Christianity—the type that builds gaudy and gaudily furnished churches, where gaudy so-called Christians are ministered unto by talented and titled preachers of a gospel that pleases and does not disturb the greedy worshippers and devotees of Mammon—is far from the pattern of the earlier Christianity—the members of whose societies were a household with kindred interests, a brotherhood joined in love and faith, one in mind and heart and hope.

A glad and auspicious day will be when the working ideal of Grace Chapel shall be the model after which every church shall be fashioned. Then the work of humanitarianism and spirituality will proceed hand in hand, and culminate in a higher type of humanity and the incoming of a kingdom of heaven upon earth.

J. C. UNDERHILL.

"The Woman's Bible. Part I. The Pentateuch. Comments on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy." The contrast between the thoughts of these brave women and the thoughts of the orthodox during all time past, is very striking. Keen analysis, ripe scholarship and fearless adherence to the right—characterize this very interesting effort of some of the brightest minds of to-day. For sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 450 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

MISTAKES OF SPIRITUALISTS.

How Some Lecturers and Writers Injure the Cause They Are Striving to Champion.

THE THEOSOPHICAL WHIRLPOOL—AN OPINION ON ORDAINATION—HOW TO MAKE IT EFFORTIVE—THE WEEDING OUT OF FAKES.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as ithers see us."

The prophetic eye of the poet must have foreseen the blunders of some of the pseudo-teachers of our grand harmonical philosophy when inspired to write the above thought-awakening couplet.

Some people, take special delight in "kicking the dead lion." My fatal mistake has been in kicking the live one, although done in a spirit of friendliness to warn him of the trap into which his zeal was leading him. The lion I am now after is the Spiritualist lecturer or writer who advertises to lecture upon a given subject, or who writes a book upon a certain subject, and then introduces subjects entirely foreign to the one under consideration—something that is likely to send a cold chill down the spinal column of the investigator and forever disgust him with the philosophy of Spiritualism, erroneously thinking he has heard or read the true philosophy.

To explain more definitely what is meant, it is only necessary to give one or two illustrations. Some of our oldest speakers advertise to lecture upon the origin of the human spirit, or kindred subjects. A large audience of investigators, many of whom never heard a Spiritualist lecture before in their lives, gather to hear it. The speaker devotes a large portion of the time to pre-natal influence, Luciferian doctrines and other delicate subjects, which, no matter how scientifically or artfully handled, cause many of the audience to get up and leave the hall in the midst of the discourse, and others who remain to remark: "If that is Spiritualism, I have heard enough."

I have just read a book on psychic philosophy, which starts out with over forty pages of such rubbish, excepting the first chapter. It is simply such information as nearly every one has heard in lectures "to men only," or "to ladies only," or perhaps they have read it in some of the numerous books on that particular subject. Following this are several interesting chapters on psychology and spiritual philosophy, but the average reader will throw the book down in disgust before the interesting part is reached.

If our writers must write and our speakers speak upon the sex question, let them announce their subjects and not try to force their views upon those who are diametrically opposed to such views; but who are seeking the fundamental principles of Spiritualism.

I regret to note the fact that many of our oldest teachers are being engulfed in the whirlpool of theosophical dogmas regarding the sex question as well as many others. From orthodox (though from childhood rejecting its hell-fire-and-devil theory) I made a study of theosophy and traced it to the fountain-head—Spiritualism. From the vernal heights I cast a lingering glance down the muddy river up which I had sailed. The view caused me to shudder. Their doctrines upon the sex question and re-embodiment I found to be the most unnatural and diabolical. I know I am stepping into a Spiritualistic hornet's nest, but being clad in the armor of stubborn facts, I am prepared to defend my position.

Another objection to our speakers is that they hold on to every point they make until it is worn threadbare. What we want are speakers and writers who, with the speed of the iron horse which sweeps through mountains, over valleys and plains, will bear us onward to new fields of exploration. Of course we have some such instructors, but they are rare.

It is pleasing to note the change of sentiment within the past year regarding fraudulent mediums. A few years ago any Spiritualist paper that denounced these fakes was boycotted, and individual Spiritualists were denounced as "fraud-hunters." But, thanks to the recent Lily Dale exposures, the fact has been brought out that Spiritualists have been imposed upon by an organized swarm of unprincipled villains—and now the paper that will knowingly endorse these rascals is denounced by the better class of Spiritualists. Now that we have begun the task of weeding out the fakes, the outside world has ceased to ridicule us as being "the most glib class of people on earth," are beginning to think "there is something in it," and are beginning to investigate. Time was when, if a medium could furnish one proof in each community of his or her psychic power, they could perpetrate all kinds of frauds (which would quickly be detected by investigators), and local Spiritualists would still believe them angels. No matter if a medium has given proof of their genuineness or not, test conditions should always be demanded. Every day furnishes instances of trusted men and women in every walk of life falling from grace, and we cannot tell when a medium will yield to temptation. Paul said: "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good." In this he was right, if in nothing else. There is but one infallible test, for independent slate-writing, i. e., furnish your own slates and do not allow them to pass out of your possession or sight. I once received a long personal communication under these conditions, and have read of hundreds of others. I may explain later how it is possible to counterfeit this phase under any other conditions.

And now, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will express my opinion on ordination. I believe there should be State Examining Boards for applicants who wish to become Spiritual ministers, and that these boards should be supplied with a list of printed questions and answers, which the applicant should be able to answer, a standard per cent being fixed as the standard for appointment. In other words, the examination should be similar to the civil service examination as regards the system, and should be made once or twice a year at a central point in each State. The applicants should pass a satisfactory examination in English grammar, and should be questioned as to the philosophy. This philosophy should agree with the principles or standard adopted by the annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association.

Spirits can inspire the most ignorant, at times, to give deep scientific lectures, but they cannot control the medium's grammar, and nothing grates on the ear of an educated person like bad grammar. It counteracts the good effect of the lecture.

ERNEST S. GREEN,

San Diego, Cal.

EDUCATION OF MEDIUMS.

Suggestive and Thoughtful Essay.

TO THE EDITOR:—Noticing in the February 1st issue a short article by "A Progressive Thinker" on the "Education of Mediums," I want to say a few words in answer to the question, "if mediums might not be controlled by advanced teachers in the mortal?"

First, I want to say that the education which we derive from books is the least part of our education; for many men and women who have compassed all the productions of the ages, in school books, are still as undeveloped as children. Their memory has retained the ideas of authors, but their character, their spiritual unfoldment is still dormant. Book education, when well understood and made conservative to the welfare and upbuilding of mankind, to that degree that our hearts are warmed towards humanity, our ideas of life broadened, and what we have learned verbally helps us up to higher planes of integrity and wisdom, has, indeed, served its purpose. But I believe a mere smattering of the languages, and a little dabbling in oratory, is unsatisfactory. But, to the real question of control, I want to say right here that I believe they are as much controlled by spirits in the mortal as by the immortal. I know there are many who will not agree with me, but I think the only way to get one another's ideas, is to confer with each other—to reason together. I believe we act and are being acted upon by spirits here in the flesh continually, and if we did not possess the power to do so here, we could not after the spirit leaves the body. All the forces which we shall possess in the higher life we have to-day. The greater part of human unity are looking, listening, and praying for something from the Spirit-world, to the utter forgetfulness—I had almost said utter ignoring—of the fact that our spirits, while in the body, were just as real, just as loving, and just as intelligent, as they will be after the physical is laid away. And if they can control or influence us from that side, why can they not do so from this?

Many think our spirits will step direct into paradise after leaving the body, which doctrine I believe has a strong tendency to make us feel that our bodies are a burden and a real calamity to us; which is a wrong conception of our material element, for we should have the respect for this "mortal coil" that would prompt us to make it pure and clean—a fit dwelling-place for an aspiring spirit.

I believe the words we utter to-day, the thoughts sent out by us at this time, always existed, and were only waiting for the right time and suitable brain construction to make themselves known to the world.

"That thoughts are things," is to-day a scientific fact beyond all controversy; and with this truth before us, and as our brains are powerful magnets, and the law of attraction is a natural law, does it not stand to reason that we are continually calling or attracting to ourselves the thoughts sent out by other minds, which are of like character to our own, adding to and giving back to the world again? There truly is more in this philosophy than is dreamed of.

When people give as much time and study to this simple yet divine truth as they do to tests, materializations or Ouija-boards—though we speak of them with kindness and respect, as is their due—they will find that life here is a beautiful, wonderful fact, full of truth and inspiration.

Thus we see that all, whether mediums or not, are controlled or "ministered unto" by mortals as well as immortals. LAURA CUMMINGS.

Springfield, Mass.

ordination. I believe there should be State Examining Boards for applicants who wish to become Spiritual ministers, and that these boards should be supplied with a list of printed questions and answers, which the applicant should be able to answer, a standard per cent being fixed as the standard for appointment. In other words, the examination should be similar to the civil service examination as regards the system, and should be made once or twice a year at a central point in each State. The applicants should pass a satisfactory examination in English grammar, and should be questioned as to the philosophy. This philosophy should agree with the principles or standard adopted by the annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association.

Spirits can inspire the most ignorant, at times, to give deep scientific lectures, but they cannot control the medium's grammar, and nothing grates on the ear of an educated person like bad grammar. It counteracts the good effect of the lecture.

ERNEST S. GREEN,

San Diego, Cal.

EDUCATION OF MEDIUMS.

Suggestive and Thoughtful Essay.

TO THE EDITOR:—Noticing in the February 1st issue a short article by "A Progressive Thinker" on the "Education of Mediums," I want to say a few words in answer to the question, "if mediums might not be controlled by advanced teachers in the mortal?"

First, I want to say that the education which we derive from books is the least part of our education; for many men and women who have compassed all the productions of the ages, in school books, are still as undeveloped as children. Their memory has retained the ideas of authors, but their character, their spiritual unfoldment is still dormant. Book education, when well understood and made conservative to the welfare and upbuilding of mankind, to that degree that our hearts are warmed towards humanity, our ideas of life broadened, and what we have learned verbally helps us up to higher planes of integrity and wisdom, has, indeed, served its purpose. But I believe a mere smattering of the languages, and a little dabbling in oratory, is unsatisfactory. But, to the real question of control, I want to say right here that I believe they are as much controlled by spirits in the mortal as by the immortal. I know there are many who will not agree with me, but I think the only way to get one another's ideas, is to confer with each other—to reason together.

I believe we act and are being acted upon by spirits here in the flesh continually, and if we did not possess the power to do so here, we could not after the spirit leaves the body. All the forces which we shall possess in the higher life we have to-day. The greater part of human unity are looking, listening, and praying for something from the Spirit-world, to the utter forgetfulness—I had almost said utter ignoring—of the fact that our spirits, while in the body, were just as real, just as loving, and just as intelligent, as they will be after the physical is laid away. And if they can control or influence us from that side, why can they not do so from this?

Many think our spirits will step direct into paradise after leaving the body, which doctrine I believe has a strong tendency to make us feel that our bodies are a burden and a real calamity to us; which is a wrong conception of our material element, for we should have the respect for this "mortal coil" that would prompt us to make it pure and clean—a fit dwelling-place for an aspiring spirit.

I believe the words we utter to-day, the thoughts sent out by us at this time, always existed, and were only waiting for the right time and suitable brain construction to make themselves known to the world.

"That thoughts are things," is to-day a scientific fact beyond all controversy; and with this truth before us, and as our brains are powerful magnets, and the law of attraction is a natural law, does it not stand to reason that we are continually calling or attracting to ourselves the thoughts sent out by other minds, which are of like character to our own, adding to and giving back to the world again? There truly is more in this philosophy than is dreamed of.

When people give as much time and study to this simple yet divine truth as they do to tests, materializations or Ouija-boards—though we speak of them with kindness and respect, as is their due—they will find that life here is a beautiful, wonderful fact, full of truth and inspiration.

Thus we see that all, whether mediums or not, are controlled or "ministered unto" by mortals as well as immortals. LAURA CUMMINGS.

Springfield, Mass.

Drs. Maybe and.... Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor may be experienced. But the old doctor must be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy may be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy must be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household Sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—fifty years of cures. If others may be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla must be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

DEAFNESS

And Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum. New scientific invention, different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and reliable Ear Drum in the world. Helps where other devices fail. No need of attending physician. Write for pamphlet. WILSON'S Common Sense Ear Drum. 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office: 1254 Broadway, New York.

Office:

