









...He gesticulated to me as if to urge haste, and so anxious was I to get to him that I made a misstep and fell between the rungs. I was on my feet before anyone came to pick me up, and grasping Hardy's hand, asked how he had been hurt and by what means he had so suddenly appeared in our midst. Drawing me hastily aside, while the others were asserting that I must go immediately to the house—the workmen not seeing Hardy at all—he said that he had returned to keep to the letter of the compact between us; that on the morning of that day he was riding a spirited horse in one of the fields of his cousin's estate, when the animal took fright and threw him violently to the ground and trampled upon his head, causing life to leave the body, and, according to a natural law, his spirit was wafted to the spot where his best affections centered. Yes, the spirit life was real, substantial, and would doubtless prove much better worth living than the mortal condition; but as yet he had not seen enough to give me definite information. He would come again soon.

"So he did, again and again, and many times since has he brought me the assurance that if a man die he shall live again and enjoy a state of existence so much superior to that endured by mortals that he will never wish to return to the earth. He says he is always near his friends, ever ready to do them any favor in his power, and he does not know that he is yet really absent from the earth plane, but the atmosphere seems clearer than ever before, his sight further reaching, his enjoyments more intellectual and the moral man infinitely enlarged, and that humanity has nothing to fear, but much to hope for, in the change called death."

T. P.

## About America's Martyred President.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LOST LOVE—STORY OF THE WOMAN WHO WAS HIS FIRST SWEETHEART—REFUSED THE AWKWARD RAIL-SPLITTER—MRS. SUSAN BOYCE OF CALISTOGA TELLS OF THE COURTSHIP OF 1836—WOULD NOT MARRY A MAN SHE DID NOT LOVE.

An interesting story of Abraham Lincoln's first and most ardent courtship has just come to light in this little mountain town of Calistoga, says the San Francisco Call, where the martyred President's early love dwells, a sweet old lady of eighty-four.

Mrs. Susan Boyce is the name of the charming octogenarian, who, as Miss Susan Reid of New Salem, on the Sangamon River, in Illinois, refused to marry the immortal war President in 1836. She dwells in a humble little cottage with her widowed sister, who is but a few years her junior. Her husband has been dead for many years and her principal income is a pension which she draws by reason of injuries her husband received in the famous Black Hawk war while fighting side by side with Lincoln, whose friend he was.

Mrs. Boyce is an unusually bright woman, whose mental and physical powers are well preserved, and there is character in every expression, in all she says and does, even to the slightest nod or gesture. She is about such a woman as one familiar with Lincoln's early life might suppose he could have loved, for she still has a rugged beauty in spite of the snows of age, and it requires little effort to imagine that she was a remarkably handsome girl in 1836—not a doll-faced creature, but a woman of marked character. She is tall and stately in appearance, and her eyes are a grayish blue.

Mrs. Boyce's estimate of the man who offered her his heart and hand sixty-one years ago is a little disappointing to her own worshippers, for she does not consider that he was so great as he was honest, and says: "He is not to be mentioned in the same class with Washington and Jefferson. I think Jefferson was the greatest of them all, because he wrote the Declaration of Independence."

Sitting on the front porch of her humble home to-day, Lincoln's first sweetheart was a beautiful picture of serene old age. Her speech flows gently and without a tremor as she recalls events of her girlhood thoughtfully, yet without hesitation.

Clad in a plain black dress, with a becoming white cap, she folded her arms and gazed toward the mountains that rise gently a few hundred feet beyond the front yard, and said:

"I can truthfully say that I have never been sorry that I married Mr. Boyce rather than Abraham Lincoln. I have always been a believer in love, in romance, in idealism. I have been a novel-reader and a lover of poetry. I believe, too, in fate. It was not fate that led me to marry Lincoln. He was an honest young man, but I did not love him. Why? I don't know, but I do know this, love is a thing that you can't force. In the first place he was homely, very awkward and very superstitious. He was a Spiritualist and believed in dreams. He often told me his dreams were prophetic. I did not like this very well. He was only a common rail-splitter when I knew him, but he studied hard in his little cabin, and he was very entertaining. I never saw him after 1837, and I never heard him make a speech.

"He used to talk of the stars a great deal, and he seemed to me a very queer fellow. I was only a girl when I knew him, for I was born in 1815 in Kentucky, and I first met Mr. Lincoln in 1836 at the home of a neighbor named Able. We were both guests at the house for the day. There were many young folks there, and I remember that Lincoln was very bashful. My father was at that time one of Lincoln's best friends. His name was Lewis C. Reid, and he took Lincoln to Springfield and introduced him to William B. Seward, from whom he borrowed the first law books he ever read. He and my father were of the same political faith, and they often talked politics by the hour.

"But the smooth-faced and awkward young man whose memory the nation has long revered soon began to pay me more attention than he did my father, and this pleased my father more than it did me. In those days there were no buggies to speak of, and the way young folks courted very often was to go out on a horseback ride together. Mr. Lincoln often took me out horseback riding, and though he was not as ardent a wooer as I've seen since, he kept his case going pretty lively and pressed me hard for an answer. He pretended that he never loved a girl before and would never love anybody as he loved me, and I think he meant what he said; but I did not want to marry him, much as I liked his common-sense, his absence of airs and his great honesty, so I invented a story.

"I told him I was engaged to a young man in Kentucky, but he did not give up for this, though it cooled his ardor a little for a time. Finally he told my father he would call one day for his final answer, but I made it a point to be away from home and he never got over it. My father lectured me severely for my conduct. He wanted me to marry Lincoln and he afterwards told me what a little dunes I'd made of myself, but my mother took my part, for she believed love was a thing for each individual to settle in his or her own heart. I can say that I have never for one moment regretted that I did not marry Mr. Lincoln, for if I could not give a man my whole heart I'd never marry him for money or position."

Mrs. Boyce tells of an interesting incident that occurred at a party one night, where a dozen young folks were trying to tell their fortunes with the aid of a common doorknob and a Bible.

"Mr. Lincoln was always interested in such things," she said, "and at once wanted to know all about the game, so somebody explained it. It was this: The key was placed on a verse of an open Bible and when questions were asked the key was supposed to turn by supernatural power. I remember Lincoln asked, 'Will Susie marry a man whose name begins with L?' and the key did not move. Then he asked, 'Will she marry a man whose name begins with B?' and the key whirled. I have often thought that a strange thing. I was then going with a

young man named Brooks, and did not then dream of Mr. Boyce, who became my husband."

A strange illustration of the Emersonian saying that the gods come in low guises—Odin in a hut, Jesus in a manger—is seen in Mrs. Boyce's estimate of the great man whose love she had half a century ago. Speaking of his mental qualities, she said: "He was too changeable and easily influenced by other men, and he lacked stability.

"He did not have the education he ought to have had to be President, but I believe he was as honest as any man who ever lived. I knew Miss Todd, whom Lincoln married, and I have heard on good authority that his marriage was largely influenced by outside advice. That is one of the reasons I say what I do about his lack of stability. Anyhow, as a young man he struck me as being moved by his dreams and by outside advice."

Mrs. Boyce says Lincoln's ardent courtship forced her to marry sooner than she would otherwise have done, for when her father scolded her for not accepting Abraham's offer, she married to escape unpleasant lectures at home. "Mr. Boyce might have been very rich if he had not got to gambling," she said, "but we went to Texas in 1849 and came to California in 1852, and there were plenty of temptations for gamblers. I knew Sam Houston well. He was not a bit like Lincoln. Houston loved to dance, while Lincoln never danced. That I can remember, but he often took me to singing-school and church."

Mrs. Boyce says she has often felt proud in a way that she knew so good a man as Lincoln and had his love and esteem, but she says such a thing as worrying over what "might have been" has never crossed her mind for a moment, as she is a fatalist pure and simple.

"I believe that whatever way I'm to die I will die," she said, "and I believe marriage and all the events of life are ruled largely in the same way. Regrets are useless and day dreams are a waste of time, but I do believe in romance and love. If love is not a fact then I have lived and reared my family in vain. After more than three-score years I can say that Lincoln was one of the best friends I ever had and one of the squarest men I ever knew. If he were alive to-day I'd be getting a bigger pension from the Government by reason of what my father and husband did for their country in the Black Hawk war."

The remarkable old woman who enjoys the distinction of having jilted Abraham Lincoln has blue eyes and silvery hair, though it was once raven black. She is five feet seven inches tall, and is still active on her feet. The only deflection from perfect health is an eczema that troubles her face and head, for which reason she always muffles her head and neck.

## A THINKER ON THINKERS.

Our good 'Elder Hombleton he said he thought I ought to get acquainted with the lords an' emperors of thought; He said I had rich nateral capacities of mind.

That I ought to git familiar with the thinkers of mankind. An' so he fetched me Shakespeare's plays an' Milton's poems, too, An' of George Eliot's novels next for me to waller through. An' so I wallered through 'em all, read through the whole long shelf; An' all the more I read their stuff the more I loved myself.

W'y, now jest look at Shakespeare! poof! that foolish people praise.

He made a terrible mistake to go to writin' plays. The man couldn't think, he rambles on and jumps from this to that.

An' I dunno, an' he dunno, jest w'at he's drivin' at. I've thought more thoughts, out here to work; I've thought more in one day.

More genuine thoughts than he could stick in one whole rambling play.

There might be good plays written, sir; plays number one an' prime—

But I must carry on my farm, an' I hain't got the time.

Now there's John Milton's poetry that makes sich hullabaloo,

'Tain't sense, 'tain't rhyme, 'tain't argiment, an' I don't believe it's true.

They call him a great thinker, hey? His thoughts are great an' high?

If he's a thinker, Lord alive! Good gracious! w'at am I? He's got some gift for words, I know; but he can't string 'em. See?

Can't string 'em so they'll make a thought that holds up an idee.

There might be poetry written, sir, chockful of thought sublime,

But I must carry on my farm, an' I hain't got the time.

Now, there's George Eliot's novels, wall, I never saw the man.

An' I wouldn't hurt his feelin's, but the stuff he writ, I swan!

He tries to tell us stories, but he hain't got none to tell, W'y, I could tell 'em twice as quick, an' forty times as well.

But I've jest wallered through 'em all, read through the whole long shelf,

An' all the more I've read that stuff the more I've loved myself.

But there might be novels written that would be first-class and prime;

But I must carry on my farm, an' I hain't got the time.

—Sam Walter Foss in New York Sun.

## LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true!  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet,  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,  
You will gather in flowers again,  
The scattered seeds from your thought outthorne,  
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what we are and do,  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

From Demorest's Magazine.

## A BEAUTIFUL BANNER.

The spiritual banner of the universal republic of the coming Brother and Sisterhood of Humanity on Earth.

A white banner, with sky-blue borders all around the outer edge—a golden dove in the center, with an olive branch in its beak, with the word, PEACE—in golden letters—under the dove.

The above described banner was materialized and shown to me in the daytime, as the banner chosen by the spiritual congress, where delegates met, from the various nations in the spiritual world, to counsel in regard to establishing peace on earth, between all nations. All spiritually unfolded people, of all creeds and nationalities, are requested to unite as one brother and sisterhood of humanity, to bring about peace on earth, under the above described banner.

Summerland, Cal.

A. C. DOANE.



## GRANT'S LOYAL SISTERS.

THEY DECLINED TO BE PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION OF THEIR BROTHER'S TOMB IF ARCHBISHOP MIKE CORRIGAN OR ANY OTHER PAPAL PRELATE WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE PART IN THE SERVICES.

Two weeks before Grant day the official program of the day was published by the New York papers. Particular stress was laid upon the part which Michael Augustus Corrigan was to play. The grand finale of all was to be a solemn benediction by the Roman Catholic archbishop. When we saw this heralded in the press of the land we felt indignant that popery was to be introduced so glaringly upon an occasion which gave not the slightest possible reason for such action.

The crypt in the mausoleum was not part of a Romish cemetery, the people that were gathered for the dedication were a strictly American congregation, which in no conceivable way could refer even in the slightest manner to the necessity of a pontifical blessing indicated by ceremonies forever distasteful to a free people of a free state. We could see nothing in the pre-arranged part which Archbishop Corrigan was detailed to perform but another intrigue of the Romish body of ecclesiastics to push Romanism to the front.

We felt incensed at the utter want of principle, at the criminal ignorance of constitutional usage among the weak-kneed politicians and public men, to whom had been assigned the task of planning the ceremonies of that great day.

We felt ashamed and humiliated as we pictured to ourselves the representatives of our people in the midst of that great assemblage of Americans, and representatives of the various foreign nations paying homage to the hireling of a foreign tyrant and bowing the knee to Baal. Not a voice was raised against this contemplated outrage.

The American people are so accustomed to swallow all sorts of insults from Rome and its propagators, that they are ready for almost anything coming from that direction.

But to and behold, it was left to two brave women, to vindicate honor and save the good sense of the American people from becoming stultified by the subtle onslaught of un-American Rome. From insulting the memory of the great man whom Americans love so dearly and whom they sought to honor on that day.

Mrs. Virginia Grant Corbin of Newark, and Mrs. J. Cramer of Orange, N.J., both sisters of the General Grant, refused most emphatically to attend the ceremonies, if any Roman Catholic prelate should be called upon to bless the sarcophagus and utter any of his benedictions.

Then the great men of Washington and New York, the generals and the patriots composing the committee on ceremonies, exercised much diplomacy and cunning, animated into activity on account of their cringing fear of offending the popish politicians and their master, but it was all of no avail.

Those two American women held out; no compromise with their resolute stand that they had taken.

The committee was obliged to concede the palm of victory to them and avert a national scandal, consisting of a most flagrant breach of trust, against the memory of the dead soldier, against his family and against the nation at large.

Michael Augustus Corrigan therefore was stricken off the program and was relegated to the confines of his own periphery. There has not been one paper in New York that has dared to give publicity to this matter.

Not one even has commented upon the dropping out of Archbishop Corrigan. The word has been passed around to keep muzzled tight and all the great independent newspapers in New York have faithfully crawled in to their hole.

So much for a press ruled by Rome.

But all honor and glory to General Grant's two sisters; we pray that the Lord may reward them for their courageous stand, and we pray that the Lord may give us more women like them to relieve this part of the world of the fakes and wrecks of debauched manhood that stalk around in patriotic garb, and with words of patriotism upon their defiled lips and hearts, to the utter disgrace of American civilization.—C. P. D., in The Primitive Catholic.

## REGRET.

They come to us in the shadows  
That cover the dying day,  
They take their forms and substance  
Out of the twilight gray;  
They have no tangible features,  
Nor any form of speech,  
But they point their misty fingers  
To heights I can never reach.

They bring up out of the darkness  
Old-time hopes and fears,  
Till the shadow-faces are fainter  
Behind a mist of tears.  
The saddest things of a lifetime  
Are these shades of old regret—  
For the dear ideals that missed us  
And the joys that we didn't get.

The prayer that never was answered,  
The prize that never was won,  
Beautiful thoughts unspoken,  
Work that was left undone,  
The help that never was offered,  
The letter I didn't write—  
All life's reproachful faces  
Out of the gathering night.

And the finished work seems nothing  
Beside the work undone,  
And the given victory small and weak  
To that which I might have won,  
They fill me with vague longings,  
These sad ghosts of regret,  
For the only joys worth holding  
Are those I didn't get.

## False Realities and True Realities.

APPLICATION OF THE SUBJECT TO SPIRITUALISM—WHATEVER IS RIGHT, RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD—WHAT IS TRUE TO ONE MAY NOT BE TRUE TO ANOTHER.

These sayings are accepted as truth. We admit the same, yet it sometimes seems a little queer that a wrong understanding establishes a truth. A few evenings ago I was talking with a neighbor. I asked him if there was reality in prayer.

"Oh! yes," he said. "When I was a boy my mother taught me a prayer, and if I forgot or neglected to say it I could not sleep. I had to say my prayer and then I felt safe, or saved. There was a reality in it."

I then asked him: "Do you pray now?" He answered, "no." I said, do you want to be saved? do you believe you will be saved? He answered, "yes."

Then is it not a little singular that having this reality in prayer which meant to you genuine evidence in the power of prayer to save you, that you should give up praying, and that you can now be saved without prayer? I go to church. I hear the members tell of their knowledge, their reality of the possession of Christ—they know they have received him—they know they are saved. If it is a true, living, existing reality, why do they backslide? If it was such, could they backslide?

Some time ago I read of some scientific men or doctors in France trying the experiment of killing a criminal by making him believe they were bleeding him to death, that they accomplished their object, hence we see the power of imagination, or false reality. It stands us well in hand to judge between false or real. The person who prays to or worships a stone, brass or wooden image; knocks out a tooth; inflicts cuts or bruises upon the body, or sacrifices burnt offerings, or throws a child into the water for reptiles to devour, does it with just as much sincerity, honesty—truth and reality, as the person does to-day, who falls upon his bended knees, closes his eyes, bows down his head, raises up his voice to his god and master, to guide and protect him.

What is the matter with God? Think for one moment of the idea of a little insignificant human being asking favor or interceding with an all-wise God—could he make a mistake? Mrs. Mattie Hull in The Progressive Thinker says that prayer is as natural to human beings as sleep, thirst or hunger. We admit it. Is it not also natural for the strong to oppress the weak? Are there not natural-born drunkards, criminals, fools, misers and thieves? Is it not time that naturalists or Spiritualists began to correct the evils of nature? The rites, forms and ceremonies of theology are as much the natural inheritance of our ancestors as many other propensities we possess. I am a farmer and raised a few calves this last winter. After feeding them their milk, with the pail, they would suck each others' ears, and then being wet they would easily freeze and they would suffer. It was a natural inborn law which caused them to do so, but had they had reason and judgement; would it not have been better for them to have overcome that habit?

As believers in freedom and liberty is it not time we began to leave off the rites, forms and ceremonies of old theology? Some think, and I used to think, that mixing a little theology with Spiritualism made it easier for the skeptic to take, but it was a false reality. I gave it up. I have been attending Spiritual meetings for the last seven or eight years, and I thought I would try and figure up how many converts there had been made (that way). At the foot of the column there was a large cipher. Theology is dying to-day—why? Because they are mixing Spiritualism with it. If they want theology to live and exist, they must be honest, keep it pure, not mix it with liberalism, or it will surely die.

How about mixing the other way? I fear the same result. If Spiritualism is any higher, truer or better than theology, then let us not mix it with something not so high, not so true, not so good. We should overcome evil with good; not overcome good with evil.

Myself and family attended church on Easter. The little children were told and taught how Christ ascended into heaven, how the stone was rolled away from the grave, how he left his coffin and clothes there, and ascended bodily into heaven. Is that not intelligent and moral teaching? If he went to heaven bodily, it would have been more proper—reasonable to have kept his clothes on.

I am raising a family of children and I don't want any such stories, rites and ceremonies taught them. Such teaching instilled into them is hard to overcome and outgrow; that is the reason there is so much of it in our Spiritualism to-day. Mankind is full of it. Their systems are saturated with it—our religious systems and government systems also.

Theology, or our present Christianity, is weak and unable to check human greed, it is time that Christianity was founded upon human justice and common sense, instead of being founded upon old traditions which originated by men only just emerging out of animism. Dare we say that our present theology or Christianity of to-day is the highest, the truest, the best? Dare we say that the religious spirit of to-day is in favor of equity—human justice to all? Dare we say that it has not tried to check every scientific work, every progressive thought or word which could be detrimental to its power? Dare we say that if ignorance, superstition and the dollar—the three strongest pillars which support it—were knocked out from under it, it could stand for one moment? No we dare not—we all know better; there is a deeper truth, a living reality.

We all know that human justice, love and generosity have been choked and smothered by ignorance, superstition and greed, until it is dwarfed and blighted nearly out of existence; while under better conditions with more freedom and unfoldment of the mind, there might have been beautiful paths blazed out for us to walk in along life's journey, which now will not be discovered for thousands of years to come.

I am not satisfied with the old, the past, entirely. I am not entirely satisfied with the thought and unfoldment of yesterday. There is always a newer, a later inspiration being given to man, if he was only in a condition to receive it. I do not believe it right for Spiritualists to use the word God—law is a much better word to express our meaning and much more educational. The orthodox hearing us use the word God, they apply their interpretation to the word, and it means to them just whatever their education and teaching have caused them to believe God to be, whether it be a personal or a spirit God.

I believe that if it were possible for mankind to drop the ignorance, and superstition, which theology has established to-day, there might exist beauties and harmonies of life which our present language and words could not express. Whether the customs, or the education, or inherited laws may have established this condition of things to-day, it matters not; there is a deeper truth, a living reality, a higher inspiration. Let us search and find, then preach and protect it. Yours for truth and humanity.

Dayton, Wis.

## MANSION IN THE SKIES.

Arouse, thou slumbering soul; thy fetters cast away,  
Nor longer find a resting-place in this polluted clay.  
Lo! who bid thee wake, enable thee to rise;  
The hand that smites hath builded thee a mansion in the skies.

## NEW LACE MADE TO LOOK OLD.

To make lace turn yellow and look as if it came from grandamma's treasure-box, fold it away in white tissue paper, a layer of the paper under each fold of lace. This not only adds the desired creamy tone, but keeps the lace in good condition for future use.—New York Journal.

## Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there can be only one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is —... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But chemists have not been able to do it. The World's Fair Committee tested it, — and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble, any breeze can blow it away; but the medal is a solid thing. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it a bubble. We give medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

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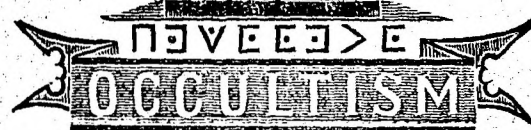
## SPIRITUAL HARP.







THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER  
"GHOST-LAND, SPIRITUALISM, OCCULTISM," IS THE TITLE OF THE VALUABLE WORK TO BE GIVEN TO FORTHCOMING SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER  
The Progressive Thinker Enters on a New and Important Cycle, with a Divine Plan Fully Elucidated.



THE DIVINE PLAN

Fully Illustrated and Applied.

A New Cycle in the Life of The Progressive Thinker.

THE DIVINE PLAN AS INTERPRETED AND PUT IN PRACTICE BY THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—AN EXCEEDINGLY VALUABLE BOOK TO BE GIVEN TO EACH FORTHCOMING SUBSCRIBER—THE WAY POINTED OUT TO RELIEVE THE WORLD OF POVERTY—THE EVILS OF CONTRADICTION—SPIRIT MESSAGES POINTED OUT—THE WAY THE GRANDEST OF ALL TRUTHS IS CULDED.

The Progressive Thinker has been distinguished for its numerous innovations on established usages ever since it was started. In fact, its first issue was an innovation, announcing that the paper would be furnished at one dollar per year. Editors of papers already established drew a long breath—solemn in its nature—as if sounding the death knell of the new enterprise.

By and by old established papers, astonished at the tenacity of life manifested by The Progressive Thinker, announced that they would henceforth follow suit, and be furnished at one dollar per year. But they were either compelled to reduce their dimensions to diminutive size—infantile in proportion—or else lose thousands of dollars in the vain effort to keep up with the procession we started. This is too bad, of course, but Spiritualist papers must conform to the strict rules of business, and if had management at the helm a reduction in size or the loss of money must take place.

LARGEST SPIRITUALIST PAPER. From time to time The Progressive Thinker has made various changes. With only four pages at first, it soon broadened into eight magnificent pages, and is now the largest Spiritualist paper published in the world. It is not content with standing still; it must continue to progress along new lines, evolve new projects, and place itself occasionally on a modified platform of action.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has survived all the opposition to its very life and existence, and has had continually a measurable degree of prosperity. It seems to be its destiny to make Spiritualists "believe" occasionally, knowing that stagnation means death. When it exposed the "inwardness" or bad management of the camp-meeting held here, what a "howl" was raised against it, the indebtedness would be paid, it was assured; but bills amounting to over \$4,000 are still floating around. Workmen were cheated out of their just dues; goods bought were never paid for, and the whole thing presented a disgraceful object lesson, which Spiritualists should keep in mind. Threatening letters were written us denouncing long and loud were hurled against us. Notwithstanding all this we still survive, and every thoughtful Spiritualist now endorses the course we pursued.

WHO CAN ESCAPE BLAME OR CENSURE. We have been criticised, and even cursed for doing what conscience defined as our plain duty; but what of that? Every plain man who does his duty fearlessly, conscientiously, and carefully has that to contend with. Our congressman or senator who receives no criticism or censure from his constituents is a more nimble. A mayor or a governor who is not favored by the two-edged sword of political, religious and social reformers is unworthy of the exalted position. Much less can an independent conscientious editor please all his constituents, his thousands of philosophical readers, by a straightforward, unswerving course. In the pursuit of even the highest aim, which man was ever inspired—that of working the greatest possible good to the greatest number of his fellows—receiving and dispensing the most ennobling, most uplifting and spiritually advancing knowledge of this grand world of ours and not become the recipient or target of considerable vituperation.

Our duty is made plain to us by "Judging of the future by the past." It has long been our pride to know that the right will eventually win, and that alone inspires us to push forward in the advancement of the highest impulses of man—education into right living, right thinking here, and to the best aims for the highest possibilities in the life to come.

FRIEND OF HONEST MEDIUMS. The Progressive Thinker has been all the time the friend of honest mediums, but always opposed to sham, tricksters and frauds. Had it not been for its persistent, unswerving influence, there would have been a law on the statute books of this State abridging the rights of every medium living within its limits. It was mainly instrumental in defeating another odious law in Ohio.

A STARTLING INNOVATION. As stated above the starting of The Progressive Thinker was an innovation on established usages. The Spiritualist papers were furnished at \$2.50 a year, and the new State existence of The Progressive Thinker at one dollar per year was a surprise to everybody. It did not beg, nor try to foist bonds upon a loathsome public; it

did not try to raise money by selling stock. It was started on purely business principles, as a person would start a dry goods or grocery store, and absolutely refused to receive any gifts of money from those benevolently inclined. Conducted along these lines it has proved the only successful dollar Spiritualist paper—the largest, the most comprehensive, and the most varied in its make up of reading matter, and can crowd any two of the other dollar Spiritualist papers into its columns. Such a paper cannot from the very nature of things maintain one unyielding status all the time. It has got to be pliant, ready to adopt new plans, and be far-reaching and far-seeing in its methods and the objects to be attained.

JOIN IN THE PROCESSION—AN ADVANCE MOVEMENT. A paper that has met with such unparalleled success as The Progressive Thinker, belongs in a measure to those who have contributed to its success. The co-operative plan is here fore-shadowed. Let the people have the full benefit to a certain degree, of all enterprises which they make a success. They make the merchant rich; they make the publisher prosperous, if he understands his business; they enrich the railroad, and every corporation owes its entire success to them, and they, the people should be considered.

IN THE PROFITS THAT HAVE ACCRUED. That is the plan of The Progressive Thinker—to give its readers, those who have contributed to its support, as well as others who wish to join the procession, the benefit of its prosperity, thus calling together a grand army of liberal thinkers who get an actual profit in what they invest in the paper.

WE SHARE WITH YOU OUR PROSPERITY. The Progressive Thinker, as stated before, has been measurably prosperous. The very date of its birth was in a singular manner figured out by the present editor while temporarily sojourning in the spirit world, and its career in the future fore-shadowed, and every proposition then made has been fulfilled to the letter. The prosperity that has accompanied us is simply the legitimate result of the patronage we have received from earnest Spiritualists; and though we have more than given to each one "value received," there still rests upon us an obligation to them, to give them certain benefits in return for the prosperity which they may, in a measure, have imparted to us. This is one manifestation of the

HIGHER ANGELIC LIFE, and which if adopted in every branch of business would introduce the millennium down into the world.

THIS CO-OPERATIVE PLAN, or in other words, the plan by which the prospered return assistance to those who made his prosperity possible by their patronage, now receives full recognition on the part of The Progressive Thinker. Its present status makes its power for good, if directed in the right channel, very far-reaching and comprehensive, and promise of most beneficial results. True, if the fire is to continue to warm you on a very cold day, it certainly must be replenished from time to time with the material required for that purpose. So if a paper is to continue in its benign purpose of doing good, its efforts, too, must be replenished, and in being replenished a reactionary influence blesses those who participate in the act, by a return of a certain part of the prosperity realized.

THE DIVINE PLAN ELUCIDATED. The Divine Plan is to do all that is possible for others; and though your generosity may be limited to the income, and though you may wear a human serpent by your friends, who may be restored to full life turn and bite you, yet the principle actuating you is no less divine, no less noble, with an impulse in it to raise the race to a higher plane, if it be possible to be accomplished.

The masses can only be elevated through the instrumentality of this Divine Plan. The Vanderbilts owe their unparalleled prosperity, their immense wealth, their commanding social influence, their ability to have palatial residences, the magnificent sailing yachts, and all the accessories to display that art can invent, to the people whose money has flowed into their coffers as they ride on their railroads or pay the interest on their bonds. The Divine Plan demands a return to the people, in some manner, for their benefit, or at least one-half of their colossal fortunes. This Divine Plan is inaugurated only in a small way by us at present by furnishing a few whom luck has not favored, with temporary assistance from day to day; by adopting one homeless little girl and educating her, and developing her into beautiful womanhood, and making her as happy as one can well be. This is the Divine Plan put in operation in a small way, with limited means, and which if carried out by others there would be no tramps, no homeless waifs, no suffering among the poor, no beggars and the millennium dawn would commence at once.

THIS DIVINE PLAN, this diminutive scale, without a certain degree of prosperity accompanying us. The residents of Chicago who

know us will tell you that we are a busy man, ever at work, ever arranging our business so that the Divine Plan can be more fully inaugurated, more fully brought into play. The lazy man has never any tendency to be a philanthropist, and from the very nature of his make-up he could not adopt the Divine Plan in his methods of life. Ceaseless activity during the time not devoted to sleep seems to be absolutely essential

The Progressive Thinker commends itself to every Spiritualist, to every investigator, to every church member seeking light; to every honest man, to every scientist, to everybody, from the simple fact that it grapples with the evils inflicting our ranks; hence directs all in the right path, making each one a more critical thinker.



to those who are inaugurating any great reform in the world. Nature's processes are reciprocal in their action, as illustrated in the water that flows from the far West through its mighty rivers to the ocean, and then spreads over the earth as mist, and is then precipitated as refreshing showers. In carrying out this Divine Plan, every house (owned and paid for) should be an asylum for some waif, for some poor unfortunate child stranded, and left without any means of support, and thus we could begin with the masses to elevate them to a higher plane, and thus relieve the world of the great tendency to crime now prevailing.

EVOLVE NEW LINES OF WORK. A prosperous Spiritualist paper, in order to keep at the head of the procession, and maintain its position there, must ingeniously devise new lines of work, in order that those who assist in producing its prosperity may receive substantial benefits more ways than one, and thus feel especially interested in its welfare. But there is always danger in devising new lines of work, as they may signify fall in striking a responsive chord. The musician introduced to an untuned instrument cannot predict with absolute certainty what the note may be when he touches a certain chord, so an experiment along untried lines of business, may fail to strike a well merited response.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has arrived at a prominent point in its career—a depot, for example—and in starting therefrom, an untold line of work for the especial benefit of its readers, must be adopted. It proposes as it starts out at the head of the procession to distribute to each of its subscribers a most valuable book which has never been sold for less than two dollars. This book will be an actual gift.

A REWARD FOR OUR PROSPERITY. As The Progressive Thinker changed the whole status of the Spiritualist press when it was first established, compelling other papers to fall to one dollar per year, so now it proposes to lead in another revolution—in another innovation in the Spiritualist world—therein to benefit Spiritualists and promote the welfare of our glorious cause. We do this as the well merited reward for our prosperity, as a thank offering, and at the same time with the paramount object in view of enlightening the minds of the people.

THE GRANDUOUS SPIRITUALISM. Outside of the fraudulent and charlatanism in Spiritualism, THERE IS A VAST AMOUNT OF unsavoured truth, that brings peace, satisfaction and harmony to many seekers of truth. Spiritualism, in its true form, is a blessing, a benediction, a blessing, a never-ending source of joy, and they bring immortal life more fully to light. It dispels the fear of death; it removes the dread of that great change, it comes as a healing balm to weary souls seeking for the presence of spirit friends. Words are inadequate to clothe the idea to express the feeling—that silent sensing of the spirit of mortal—of the presence of an immortal spirit. Words are but explosions or soundings of thought-vibrations that reach us and pass on their endless journey—words are human; but the sweet thrill sensed when our dear ones come to us from the higher life through the true medium, and talk to us, tell us of the limitless life of love, of heaven that we must earn and merit to possess—this is all in the Divine Plan and can only be sensed.

Spiritualists are often called upon to answer the question: "Granting all this to be true, what has it done for you?" But the truth had been presented for all these past centuries, regarding the communion with the departed spirits, instead of being smothered down by the dominant power of the animal in man, the advanced condition of the present generation would have been greatly improved on from a spiritual and moral point of view.

If all this be true and presented to the world as it is and not as it is "faked" to be; if it could only be presented to the world in its true light, and by moral, intellectual, spiritual, mediums, the better and nobler part of humanity would see what good Spiritualism is doing. They must see it from their own sphere. On the other hand it comes—in truth—short of all semblance of fraud to the lowly, the poor, the outcast, the unfortunate, the mother whose sweet and innocent babe has gone on and she sees it not, and tells her it is not dead and in hell because she sinned, but out there where she will soon be.

and where she will again clasp its spirit form to her own. Are not these beautiful illuminations grandeur? Are they not good? Are they not emanations from the Great Divine? Are they not in the Divine Plan?

Realizing the great need of such a work, we got permission from that great author, "seer," and lecturer, MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON, of England to republish "Ghost Land," a most remarkable production that impinges at all things on Spiritualism, and presents an explanation of many of the difficult problems that now confront the thinking, painstaking investigating mind. Mrs. Britton vouches most emphatically for its entire truthfulness, and coming with her full endorsement, it has, and will have, a wide circulation. It will be sent forth as a gift, on conditions hereafter named to every subscriber of The Progressive Thinker.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOOK. "Ghost Land," contains about 400 pages. It is neatly printed on first-class quality of paper, and bound in cloth in exquisite style; in fact but very few books to-day are so neatly and substantially gotten up, and yet it is to be sent forth as a gift. It will be an ornament to any center table, and its contents will be perused with avidity by all reflective minds, however much they may dissent from some of the opinions presented.

TERMS ON WHICH YOU CAN HAVE THE BOOK.

Remit to this office your yearly subscription, and eight two-cent stamps to pay for postage and mailing, and also have some one (and more if you can get them—the more the better of course) unite with you on the same terms. This book will only be given to clubs of two or more. There must be a slight recognition of our services in your behalf, in the inauguration of this plan to give away to each subscriber a valuable book each year, thus in a measure benefit of our prosperity and position. Our position and prosperity, this is to us a costly experiment, and is based on the thought that our subscription list will increase to an extent to partly compensate us for the great expense we will incur, and enable us to carry out the same method each year, thus instituting the Divine Plan, heretofore alluded to in our business.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS INVESTED. In order to carry out this Divine Plan, instituted by us, giving our readers the benefit of our prosperity and position, many thousands of dollars will be required. Whether the experiment will prove a success, depends on our subscribers, for they must, slightly reciprocate, thus enabling us to carry the stupendous burden, and make the plan devised a permanent success. Only great increase in our subscription list will enable us to carry out the plan devised successfully, and perpetuate it from year to year.

"GHOST LAND."

A Study in Occult and Spiritual Forces.

A BOOK OF PROPHETIC INTIMATIONS—RICH IN INSTRUCTION AND SPIRITUAL TRUTH—SOARS INTO THE FINER REALMS OF THOUGHT—UTTERS NEEDED WORDS OF WARNING—IS OF INTENSE INTEREST.

To the Editor:—Next to the advent of a new book of value is the republishing of an old one. Ghost Land has been before the public quite a number of years. In its English edition, but on account of its great value, it has had but a limited number of readers in our country—less by far than it should have had in virtue of its real worth.

Virtually to the vast majority of Spiritualist readers as well as others, Ghost Land is a new book; in fact, with most readers, it is a well-versed in Spiritual literature, this book will lead them into nooks and corners, shady dells and groves, deep valleys, and higher Alpine summits of spiritual research than ever before have they traversed in their experience.

This is not to say that all that may be found in this book will meet with full acceptance by the general Spiritualist mind. In truth, there are things therein which will strike the mind as extremely visionary—the veritable thought-children of wildest imagination. Wild, however, as they may appear—even as franks of untamed fantasy run riot—no reader will fail to become deeply interested even in that which may appear most improbable and even wildly fanciful.

Throughout the whole, too, runs a thread of instruction in deep spiritual things and matters of vital import to all searchers into the realm of spiritual and occult forces, whether they be adepts, or unlearned and unskilled in these matters. Some minds will assuredly meet with that which will present itself as the product of a mind given to free soaring speculation, rollicking in unhampered meadows of spiritual-transcendental thought. It will so be, but even through all this will be found a rich vein of spiritual truth and knowledge which the spiritual mind will gather into its garmers of most precious GEMS AND DIAMONDS.

The skilled reader will find much "between the lines," to be brushed and brightened; for the book possesses in unusual degree the valuable quality of a thought-incliner—it makes one not only read, but think, question and ponder. It may seem strange, but some of the imaginings—as they may be called—of this remarkable book, have proved to be PROPHECIES.

of scientific discovery and invention now being fulfilled. What the highest states as an occult or psychic happening seems now to be realized as a concrete fact—twenty-and-more years since it was written. Once more is proven the truth of the poet's line: "Coming events cast their shadows before."

It may be cited as an instance and proof of spirit prevision. That the scientists of spirit-life have much to do with the scientific discoveries of our material world is an idea by no means new to Spiritualists. The minds of men are impressed with thoughts of those in the spirit spheres, and thus led by spirit influence or inspiration to the perception, discovery or invention of things of great importance to mankind. The material world is thus a receptive mind receive the impress of spirit inventors and scientists, and thus enabled to bring forth into this material plane of existence, things that

and their first inception and perfection in the spirit-world.

The readers of this paper may have observed in the issue dated May 15th, last, an account of a wonderful discovery by Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C., who has found a method of applying electricity in such manner that students, thinkers, brainworkers may be enabled to double their capacities for mental effort.

It certainly is a matter of decided interest to Spiritualists especially, that this was foreshadowed in "Ghost Land," published in 1876, twenty-one years ago. It is a remarkable fact that an inspired Spiritualist and medium should thus by many years antedate by prevision the precise achievement of the scientist whose wonderful effort is a decided sensation of the present day.

It may be further said that this very remarkable book has been the means of many other wonderful achievements yet to be fulfilled by the research and genius of earth's scientists. Hence it is a book wisely worthy of the study of philosophers, and all students of the finer realms of thought, soul, and psychic science, and also of those whose predilections are in the line of material science having a cognate relation to the finer mental realm of man.

The dangers and evils liable to result from unwise or improper uses of occult forces are set forth in such manner as not only to enchain the interest of the reader in the absorbing account, but fasten the terrible lesson of warning in every mind.

The spiritual realm of goodness and of light has its counterpart OF EVIL AND OF DARKNESS; and the same forces that may work to uplift and beautify humanity, may be perverted to the soul's debasement, moral defacement and spiritual loss.

Such are some of the thoughts that come to me when looking over advance sheets of the book as about to be issued from the office of The Progressive Thinker.

I cannot say that I accept all that I find in these pages. I would not give much for a book which merely and only showed my own ideas—my own thoughts. Such a book would not instruct nor benefit me. Rather would I have something to pique thought, even antagonistic thought, and lead the mind into fields untrod before, even though not all should commend itself to my judgment as the veritable "inspired and infallible word of God." To me, no book man ever wrote is entitled to such precedence.

Weirdly fascinating in many parts, of more than romantic interest, and with passages and scenes of intense drama and even tragic effect, together with deep and instructive thought-lingering occult and Spiritualistic lines, the combination of characteristics make up a book of unusual qualities, that will hold the reader's interest all through, excite thought, enliven the element of idealism and cultivate spiritual aspiration.

The style of binding is tasty and beautiful in design and effect.

J. C. UNDERHILL, Hammond, Ind.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR

HOW TO PROCURE IT.

Don't forget the terms on which you can obtain this remarkable book. It is only sent forth as a gift to clubs of two or more yearly subscribers, with stamps to pay for postage and mailing—eight two-cents stamps for each book.



In order to make clearer thinkers of Spiritualists; in order to make investigators more careful; in order to put the too self-confiding on their guard; in order to beat back the tidal wave of fraud from both sides of life; in order to advance the cause of truth, and place our glorious philosophy on a higher plane where it will be commended by all classes, we shall occasionally present our readers with certain glaring evils in connection with Spiritualism.

THE DIVINE PLAN. It should enter into every life, and be a prominent factor in dealing with others. In spirit life it prevails to a great extent, and there, of course, the greatest degree of happiness exists. In giving our subscribers this book The Progressive Thinker ascends nearer to the angel world, because in so doing it is carrying out the Divine Plan.



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What the Author Says of Himself and Ghost Land.

We herewith append a few paragraphs from the author's own pen as a mere sample of the beginning of this grand work and to assist our readers in prejudging, or psychometrizing. This is a book that in every way will speak for itself—will commend itself to the careful study of the student in the many and varied phases of spiritual philosophy.

THE AUTHOR'S DISLIKE FOR FICTION. For many reasons unnecessary to detail, I have a special dislike to tales of fiction. Life is all too real, too thoroughly momentous, to be travestied by fictional representations. Truth appeals to the consciousness of true natures with much more earnestness than fiction; and Spiritualist narratives in particular, as pointing the way on a new path of discovery, and on which the eternal interests of the race are concerned, are simply degraded by fictional contrivances. Even the too common tendency to exaggerate the marvels of Spiritualistic phenomena should be carefully avoided, for the sake of arriving at the heart of truths so important and unfamiliar as those which relate to the spiritual side of man's nature.

It is with these reverential views that I enter upon the task of narrating my singular and exceptional experiences. The only departure I have permitted myself to make from the line of stern and ungarbled fact is in relation to my own identity and that of the persons associated with me. My reasons for suppressing my real name, and in every possible way veiling the identity of those connected with me, are imperative, and if fully understood would be fully appreciated. In all other respects I am about to enter upon a candid history of myself, so far as I am connected with the incidents I am required to detail.

My father was a Hungarian nobleman, but having deemed himself wronged by the ruling government of his country, he virtually renounced it, and being connected on the mother's side with the most powerful native princes of India, from whom he received tempting offers of military and official distinction, he determined to prepare himself for his new career by the requisite course of study in England; hence, the belief very generally prevailed that he was an English officer, an opinion strengthened by the fact that for many years he abandoned his title, and substituted for the rank which he had once held in his native country that which was to him far more honorable, namely, a military distinction won on the battle-fields of India by services of the most extraordinary gallantry.











## GENERAL SURVEY.

(Continued from page 6.)

a goodly quantity of dishes and silver ware for use in the banquet hall. The meetings will be resumed October 3rd with Blanche Brainard as speaker.

The Spiritualists of Oregon, open their Annual Camp at New Era Camp Grounds, twenty miles south of Portland, July 9th and close August 1st. Geo. R. Colby, of Portland, the well known speaker and medium will be one of the workers at the camp, which alone will be a treat to the Oregon people. M. W. Greer, E. A. Marshall, Mrs. S. A. Blanchard, Mrs. E. A. Barker, Mrs. E. P. Cankin, Mr. G. G. Love, Mrs. J. F. Obbeck, Mrs. Ella R. Williams, Dr. W. L. Freeman, and other speakers and mediums will help to make the camp a success. For particulars address, W. E. Jones, 291 Alder St., Portland Ore.

G. W. Kates and wife will take a needed vacation during the summer. Address them 3224 Hewson street, Philadelphia, Pa. They will resume work in Buffalo, N. Y., for the month of September and October, and would like to hear from various societies for ensuing months.

Secretary writes from Toledo, Ohio: "Mr. W. C. Taylor, State Secretary of the Spiritual Association at Columbus, Ohio, has been with us the last week, working for the advancement of Spiritualism on the line of organization, and on Sunday afternoon, May 30th, he held a number of Spiritualists of this city, at Curran Hall, and organized a new society, to be known as 'The First Spiritual Union,' of Toledo. The officers are: Dr. W. O. Hubbel, president; Mrs. Harry Vandusen, vice-president; Mrs. Ella Woodwind, secretary; Mr. J. M. West, treasurer; and the prospects are bright for the continuation of a good work among our people."

Indicator writes: "I see in this week's Progressive Thinker the announcement that 'The Church of the Soul' has closed its work for the season. This is true in a certain sense, but in the hearts and lives of its members the work goes on, and the Band of Harmony, the richest feast socially and spiritually which any church could spread, still offers its treasures and pleasures to all. This feast has been spread, not only for its members, but for all of their friends who choose to avail themselves of the opportunity to listen to the words and addresses given through our beloved pastor by spirits whose light shining with great brightness while in earth-form, gleams with added brilliancy now that the physical fetters are thrown off. During the past year we have listened with reverential awe and breathless interest to such well known spirits as Mrs. Mary Bradwell, Helen Hunt Jackson, Kate Field, 'Gail Hamilton,' Alice and Phoebe Cary, Mary Howitt, Joan of Arc, George Eliot, Hypatia, Lucy Stone Blackwell, and others, who in thrilling tones and with wonderful power treated of subjects which lay near our hearts, and which they, in the clearer light in which they dwell, can expound to our spiritual perception. Not only for ourselves, as members, but for all who have come under the Soul Teachings as a part of the congregation, has the ministry of the past year been blessed, and with loving anticipation to the time when, her summer's work for the hungry and thirsty elsewhere having ended, our pastor shall return to us, bringing the sheaves she has gathered. Let every member of our beloved church not only keep alive in her own heart the flame of faith, but let it be the guides of our pastor's words, and let it be to him that we will be present who can, bring the lunch and remain for the evening."

Carlyle Peterson, whose stories have charmed the readers of The Progressive Thinker, is now engaged in public work. He writes as follows for Santa Monica, Cal.: "My wife and I are doing what we can for Spiritualism pure and undiluted. We are now working in Santa Monica, and are glad to meet so many who are readers of your grand paper. We intend to make it a part of our public and private business to work for the Progressive Thinker. It is a great pleasure in the spiritual papers of the world that we do not adopt the broad-minded liberal policy that characterizes your management of the paper. Truth can never have a fair chance to be made manifest if both sides of a question are not thoroughly discussed by honestly sympathetic with Ernest S. Green on the animal, and of continuity of life, and the continuity of everything that has life which is only another word for spirit. Spiritualists should beware of intolerance and placing too high an estimate on their supposed scholarship. Truth is an unassuming, simple and unadorned truth and should be treated with tender respect."

Mrs. Hamilton Gill, trance test medium, is now located at 10 Bishop Court, and holds a public test every Thursday evening at 8 p. m., and gives private sittings daily, Saturday excepted.

Monday, May 31st, Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond, of the State of Michigan, conducted at the funeral of Mr. Knight, a veteran Spiritualist of that place, returning Wednesday. Thursday she was summoned to perform a similar service for her only sister, who departed from her earthly tenement at Cuba, N. Y., the evening before.

Dr. E. H. Denslow writes: "Will make a tour of the State of Michigan, commencing work at Kalamazoo, June 12 and 13. Will be glad to engage with societies to lecture anywhere in the State. Will charge according to the ability of societies to pay. Our desire is to do all the good we can for the cause we love."

Will C. Hodge, inspirational speaker, is open for engagements at Spiritualism, and camp-meetings anywhere in the State of New York or the West. Parties desiring an advocate of Spiritualism on practical lines will do well to correspond with him. Terms in accordance with the times. Address 314 West Willow St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Secretary writes from Marshalltown, Iowa: "The Marshalltown Spiritual Association has closed a successful series of meetings, until after the camps. We have carried on a fearless manner and to the point. She has made many converts among our people. We were assisted greatly by Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Cooper, who have now located in Kansas."

In a recent issue of The Progressive Thinker, under the head of "General Survey," an item from Beatrice, Neb., mentioned the name of a speaker as "John Pathard." It should have been Leonidas Pethoud.

Susan Gorton, Secretary, writes from Friendship, "Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y., organized

(Continued in third column.)

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The day of shot-gun prescription is past; drastic drugs in large doses will not be given ten years from now. We believe in the certainty of medicine and in specific medication, but specific medication requires specific diagnosis. He who understands the action of drugs, and who is gifted with the power of correctly diagnosing, is the successful physician to-day.

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