



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

VOL. 16

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ITS GREAT MISSION.

The Evolution of Equitable Conditions.

The mission of Spiritualism is not merely to bring to you evidences of life beyond the grave and hope of reunion with loved ones in the Spirit-world. It has a higher work still—the elevation of the human race. Human progress is not attained by uniform steps, but by long periods of preparation, each era culminating in a change of vast import to the race. One of these changes is now approaching. A crisis in human affairs is impending. The issues must be met. No evasion of them is possible. We do not live for ourselves alone—we could not if we would. The human race is bound together by ties we cannot sever. While struggling each for his own welfare, we must aid in the elevation of our fellow-men, else we fail to attain our own highest good.

Spiritualism is the greatest reformatory force of modern times. It has not been so recognized, because its power has been dimmed in every direction. Literature has been permeated by its science has widened its domain in consequence of it, and in its clear light religion is being divested of its superstition. Spiritualism has entered the churches, and (without asking recognition for itself) has infused new life into the decaying institutions of Christianity, changing its methods, remodeling its teachings, and so transforming its character that it cannot today be recognized as the hell-fire terror of a half century ago.

While the teachings of Spiritualism (without recognition) are accomplishing much in the reformation of the world, Spiritual organizations are doing very little; and, until recently, all attempts at compact organization among Spiritualists have been futile. Organization to secure to Spiritualism credit for its reformatory work is of the highest importance, and organization to enable us to do the work is of inestimable value. In view of the fact that much more can be accomplished by a harmonious body than by the same number of persons acting as individuals, organization is of prime importance.

Our spirit friends have uniformly taught that happiness is to be attained here and hereafter not by self-seeking, but by love and labor for all; and after widely sowing the seeds of love for humanity during many years, they now look for the harvest. To the Spiritualists endeavor to put into practice the lessons of brotherly love taught by the angel world? Can we not assist in making equality of rights a reality instead of a pretence in the great Republic? Has not the time come when organized Spiritualism should make united effort for the establishment of better conditions on earth? How many Spiritualists realize that a change is inevitable, and that by our efforts it may be shaped for good instead of for evil?

What can you do? You can study human conditions as they exist in the world today; you can seek to understand that afflict humanity; can inquire into the causes, and, having learned them, can aid in their removal. I do not here indicate specific reforms nor particular methods, because I do not wish to incite antagonisms—my only object now being to awaken inquiry. Those who maintain that because such inquiry belongs to the realm of political economy, it is therefore outside the boundaries of Spiritualism, cannot consistently claim the name of Spiritualist. Spiritualism has no boundaries. It embraces everything that concerns the welfare of man. You who seek to set up limitations for its action, deny its main mission on earth, even if you do not virtually put your seal of approbation on existing conditions.

"Every one for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost" has been the rule of the past; each for all and all for each," will be that of the future. Spiritualism demands a higher rule of action than has heretofore prevailed, and the twentieth century will enforce it.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALIST.

IN SHADOW-LAND.

In this land—the shadow-land—Where we stand contending—stand Struggling 'mid the storms of life; Seeing naught but toil and strife—Knowing not the God within—Is the master of all sin. Knowing not the answer lies On the earth and in the skies—Asking if for you, for me—There is immortality? Mother Nature, hear our call—Wave thy fair wand over all—Hear our call and be thou kind—Brightening the human mind! In this land of shifting sand—Where we stand—stand—stand—Gazing backward o'er the years—Filled with sorrow, pain and tears; Seeking in the past for light—That may guide our feet aright. Knowing not, that just ahead—From the land where dwells the dead—Comes a hand that points the way Out into a brighter day. Mother Nature, hear our call—Wave thy fair wand over all—Hear our call and be thou kind—Brightening the human mind! In this land—progressive land—Where we stand—stand—stand—Asking yet for Truth's fair light—That shall lead us from the night Of despair and woe and crime—Asking still, for heaven's blessing—Knowing not that Truth's bright ray Hath already found its way Into heart and brain of man—Making life one holy plan! Mother Nature, hear our call—Wave thy fair wand over all—Hear our call and be thou kind—Brightening the human mind!

JULIA STEELMAN MITCHELL.

Love yourself, and in that love not unconsidered leave your honor—Shakespeare.

All governing overmuch kills the self help and energy of the governed.—Wendell Phillips.



READ AND REBUKE.

The Handiwork of Jesuitical Rome.

Perhaps a great many of our readers are not aware that the band of Rome has been guilty of burning out a good, loyal citizen of our country, but such is the case. When the A. P. A. Council was organized in Arcata several law-abiding citizens of that place received anonymous letters containing serious threats, and among those receiving the letters was J. H. Bracken. It contained a threat something like this: "If you don't resign as president of the A. P. A. your house will go up in smoke or you will be found dead on the road." Mr. Bracken living some little distance from town, some time after while he and his wife were away from home, and their children at home and in bed, their home "went up in smoke," thus fulfilling that part of the threat, and nearly burning their children at the same time. This is merely a sample of the "law and order" of the Jesuitical church, and its Jesuitical instruction. After the burning Mr. Bracken placed the Stars and Stripes on top of the chimney which survived the flames to show that although his home was gone his love for Old Glory remained. Only last week one supporter of the green rays, overheard these words to another: "Bracken (pretending the name with words too vile to repeat) had lots of nerve to put that flag up after he was burned out." And Rome again goes unpunished.—Citizen, Eureka, California.

The above account is true except as to the fact that the family were not at home, asleep, and that the children were barely rescued from the burning building by the father, who was severely burned about his hands, feet and shoulders by falling embers and burning rafters.

What a shame! What an outrage! on a whole innocent family, equal only by the Spanish Inquisition. No deed of atrocity has been so heinous as this out-of-the-Romish crime on our own soil. A law-abiding citizen, president of a society, which has nine millions of the truest American patriots, was selected to be murdered. Yes, and the whole innocent family assassinated and murdered, and against the whole world in the order. This blow was struck at the very head and heart of all its members, and each and all true American patriots everywhere. The blow to murder the president is meant to strike at all the members and lovers of liberty, and to cause suffering to millions, but the blow was struck at the people's liberty. The injury of one is the concern of all, and should be regarded as aimed at each. Any citizen is liable to be treated so any day. For true patriotism alone, this family suffered the loss of all its home and all its members alive. No crime could be greater or more outrageous. Will his people and country tolerate it? or will they show a spirit of indignation and justly rebuke it as they should? or will they look on unconcerned, and see a whole law-abiding, tax-paying family, innocent of all crime, and the children of a hero, burned out of their old homestead; a heroic father, in his night clothes, seriously burned while rescuing his helpless children from raging fire and falling embers? In his fearless dash into flames and falling rafters to rescue the family from a terrible death, and his heroic rescue of a family from a stigma of such magnitude, that the people could never have wiped off, nor the country atoned for. Think of the lacerated feeling of the family in that trying hour! Burned out of their all, of home and clothing, of all their belongings, their night clothes, feeling for their lives from Rome's fire, barefoot on the cold ground, clothed and destitute, homeless and penniless, a whole family cast out in the world alone, almost naked, covered only by the glittering stars of heaven blue, with a sun rise and look down on their children, in tears and terror, over the ashes of a ruined home, where Rome's assassins schemed their charred remains to be found. O, people of California where is your manhood? Are you asleep? When will you awake? Is patriotism dead? Will no crime or blow on a fellow-citizen and family arouse you? This crime committed on the innocent in the execution of a Romish threat would shame cannibals. No Protestant ever treated a dog as Rome has your brother; and all because he is a Protestant and a tried patriot. No people could have a greater stigma on their country. Will they wipe it off? It is equalled only by the burning of Lovejoy for espousing the abolition of slavery, which Lincoln accomplished. Illinois is erecting a monument to Lovejoy, but that does not atone or give him life. The outrage on the whole Bracken family was a still greater crime. What

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PROF. DOLBEAR'S DREAM

The Boston Scientist Talks About Uncanny Experiences.

Prof. Amos E. Dolbear, the noted physicist and electrician, of Tufts College, has been somewhat surprised and considerably annoyed at the various versions of a ghost story, with himself as one of the leading characters, that has been going the rounds of the press of late.

The professor said to a "Globe" reporter that the original incident on which the story was founded has been exaggerated and padded out, owing to the vivid imaginations of the various writers who have copied it, and he thought that before it went any further it would be well to have the true version given.

He remarked, to begin with, that he is not and has never been a Spiritualist, though he has had some odd experiences at various times in his life which have made him quite ready to agree with Hamlet that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy.

He said:

"The simple facts in this so-called ghost story are these:

"Some months ago I delivered an address at Elliot, and spent the night at the residence of Miss Sarah J. Farmer, daughter of the Moses Gerrish Farmer, the inventor of the fire alarm telegraph, the electric railway and electric trolley, who died in 1893, only slightly. I never was intimate with him.

"Well, on the night in question I went to bed in the house where Mr. Farmer lived for many years. I went to sleep, or thought I was asleep, though I realized fully that I was in bed in a house where I had never before, and was fully conscious of my surroundings.

"I heard Mr. Farmer talking to me, though I don't recall particularly what was said, till I asked him: 'How do I know you are Moses Farmer?' Mind you, all this time I had not seen him, but had only heard his voice.

"After I asked him that question he held out his left hand. I took it in mine, and noticed that it was cold. The uncanny feeling it gave me was so strong that it awakened me. I felt nervous and uncomfortable, and after twisting and turning for awhile I finally went to sleep again.

"I asked him again how I should know him, and he held out his hand once more, and I asked him how I was to know it was his hand more than another's.

"I'll do this," he said, crooking two of his fingers up in a peculiar way, while holding the two others straight and very rigid. The trick is a difficult one—in fact, I never found any one since who can do it. I tried to do the same thing with my own fingers, and the effort failed. I was then told that the matter over, I fell off to sleep again, and did not awake till morning.

At no time did I see anything but a hand.

"At breakfast I mentioned to Miss Farmer, in a joking sort of a way, that I believed I had been in conference with her father, and then described the peculiar act with his fingers, by which he had sought to prove his identity.

"Miss Farmer dropped her knife and fork and looked at me with astonishment, and asked: 'Didn't you know that was a peculiar trick of father's?' I told her the story, and she then explained that with people whom he knew very well he had a habit, when in a merry mood, of fixing his fingers in that way, and, poking his hand at them, he would say: 'Can you do that?'

"I afterward talked with several people, and they knew him well, after which I mentioned the peculiar accomplishment perfectly. A Mr. Keefe, who was Mr. Farmer's assistant for years, told me that Mr. Farmer had a knack of crooking any one of his fingers at will, while keeping the others perfectly straight, an exceedingly hard thing to do, as any one can see who will try it."

When Prof. Dolbear was asked how he accounted for the apparent phenomenon, he admitted that he could not account for it at all, unless it be regarded as an hallucination, one of a type of mysteries which is fully recognized by psychologists, and has been the object of a deal of investigation during the last fifteen or twenty years.

"This led Prof. Dolbear to recall some earlier experiences in somewhat the same line. The first one he related occurred in a town in New Hampshire where he lived some years ago.

He said: "My house was about a mile from town, and I was in the habit of walking up the railroad track and through a graveyard, as it was nearer that way.

"One moonlight night as I was walking along the track toward home, I saw a woman some distance in front of me. I noticed that she seemed to keep just so far ahead all the time, and getting a little curious, I quickened my steps and finally ran, yet still the distance remained the same.

"When we reached the graveyard I was surprised to find her enter it. I followed, and finally she disappeared in a small clump of evergreens.

"I went in among the brush and explored thoroughly, but could find no trace of her. Up to that time I had thought it all very singular, but when I found her completely she had vanished, I became a little frightened and made for home in short order. I saw nothing more of her, however."

Another experience that Prof. Dolbear remembered occurred twenty-four years or more ago, in Lexington, Ky., where he was teaching in the State University.

He thus described it:

"I occupied a room in one of the college buildings. In the center of the room, near the foot of my bed, was a stove. Further to the right was a closet, the door of which was fastened by a clasp that required considerable

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PROPHECIES FULFILLED.

Made in 1860, all Fulfilled Save One to Occur by 1905.

LEVITATION ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS' EXPERIENCES.

I have an uncle—Chas. H. Green, of Ball River, Wis., who has a remarkable gift of prophecy as Daniel or any of the Old Testament prophets have been credited with. His psychic experience began with levitation to the ceiling in Methodist meetings in the county where I was born, and in 1860, the gift of prophecy came to him. A year ago I wrote him for a detailed account of his experiences, which he sent me, and the following extracts from his letter were recently published in the Philosophical Journal. Since then one more of the prophecies has been fulfilled, and a second of it is predicted for 1905 to take place. Here are some extracts from the letter:

"You wished me to write of my being lifted to the ceiling many times in Methodist meetings. This occurred in 1858, in Waseca county, Minnesota, and on a second of it was published in the secular press at the time.

"In September, 1890, in the village of Elysian (same county) at the home of a Mr. Hughes, I met with some Spiritualists. We were 'in the spirit' (as St. Paul describes it), and saw a living man of the Southern States, his account tallies with mine, and blood on the ground where every battle was afterwards fought. I saw that slavery would be abolished forever; that peace would be restored, the union of the States preserved, its power for good vastly increased and its prosperity on an equal footing with the rest of the world; that other people and nations, seeing this, would struggle for liberty—peoples and kings would tremble; that Rome would be destroyed, and that Germany which would result in a republic.

"I saw Methodistism join with Catholicism to check liberal thought—to crush out Spiritualism—and other churches joined to continue and keep up old theology; that this struggle would continue until 1905, when universal freedom of thought and the new basis of spiritualism would become the light of the world."

"I have heard many things long before they happened and never made a mistake in the least detail."

"I was on the train that took the 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry to Chicago, and was on my feet to save the train that accident happened four miles from Chicago, but Captain Ira Justis stood up in front of me and prevented my jerking the bell-rope to stop the train as the accident occurred. All in the car could see this and bear witness to the fact."

"The following day, the train that accident happened four miles from Chicago, but Captain Ira Justis stood up in front of me and prevented my jerking the bell-rope to stop the train as the accident occurred. All in the car could see this and bear witness to the fact."

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COGENT REASONS.

Why Physical Phenomena Are Essential.

In looking over a late issue of The Progressive Thinker, I noticed an article entitled "True Spiritualism—Knowledge Possibly Withers Physical Phenomena." After perusing the article carefully I fell to find where the writer has shown the possibility of a certain knowledge of a continuity of existence without the aid of physical phenomena, so-called, and for a Spiritualist to advance such an idea is to me like burning the bridge that carried him safely over. Take away physical phenomena, and you remove the foundation of the structure. Take away the physical phenomena, and you destroy that, and only that which has ever existed to move man the continuity of life. Take away the Physical phenomena, and Modern Spiritualism as known to-day will lose credence—crumble and fall to earth as has all other religions that had for their support only belief.

The truth is, people have had a sufficient belief. What they demand now is knowledge, proof—actual proof—of what you are asking them to believe.

Don't think for a moment that the world is going to accept and believe as truth that which you or somebody else claims to be truth, simply because you or someone else has laid proof (by previously coming in contact with physical phenomena), and proclaim it; that is only hearsay evidence at best, and is neither proof nor evidence for others. I would, indeed, feel very unworthy, were I instrumental in any degree whatever in depriving others of the God-given right to attain the knowledge of Truth in its plainest and most comprehensive form, for my experience, short as it may be, has taught me that all must commence at the bottom round of the ladder before we can attain the platform.

How many persons to-day outside of Spiritualism can grasp, comprehend and understand the principles and truths of higher spirituality? Very few indeed, if any, if they do not attain the same step by step. They cannot be brought to the top of a single bound. I never has been one of the "divine writers" of the article entitled "True Spiritualism" has failed to show how. He says the divine within can and should be in constant touch with the divine without. Remove the physical phenomena, and who, pray, will ever know whether the divine is within or without? Remove the physical phenomena, and what has Spiritualism to offer that is better, or different from that which other religions offer? We can say you must believe. They say the same thing. We can say: "Oh, but we have had physical demonstrations to prove what we assert."

Other religions can say the same. Are we who (as Spiritualists) have from time to time proclaimed to the world that we can and do prove what we assert to be true by actual demonstration—are we, I say, going to give the lie to our own words, by denying the means, evidence which has been instrumental in placing us in our present spiritual condition?

While I as an individual love and appreciate truth and advancement, and in fact, all that tends to ennoble, enlighten and benefit humanity, as those who are prepossessed with at present permit, and knowing as I do that some there are who have passed that state, are where physical phenomena are no longer courted—they having already had a sufficiency of the same to thoroughly convince them—while I know this to be true in regard to the individual who has progressed beyond the necessities of such, still I for one must proclaim that physical phenomena are an absolute necessity for the struggling millions who are to-day craving for just one grain of tangible proof, such as we use in Spiritualism can furnish.

Detroit, Mich. C. G. SHIPLEY.

ANGEL OF DISCONTENT.

When the world was formed and the morning stars Upon their paths were sent, The loftiest-browed of angels was made

The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves of the hills,

Where the crested serpents sting, And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls—

And he led man forth to the towered town,

And forth to the fields of corn; And told of the ampler work ahead

For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees

In the blush of the misty west; And they look to the heights of his bold

And they hark to the name of rest.

In the light of that eye does the slave behold

A hope that is high and brave; And the madness of war comes into his blood—

For he knows himself a slave.

The seeds of wrong by the light of that eye

For the strength of the right comes into their hearts

When they behold their wrongs.

Tis by the light of that lifted eye

A guide to the table-lands of Truth

Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye,

And his glance is far away,

On a light that shines on the glimmering hills

Of a diviner day.

—S. W. Foss, In Secular Thought.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

Notes of Work and Travel.

My last communication with the exception of a brief report from Clinton, Iowa, was penciled while en route from Kansas to Mt. Pleasant Park Camp. I spent ten days at this camp—they were days of work and enjoyment. Indeed nothing brings me more enjoyment than my work.

My chief mission at the Clinton camp was on behalf of the Lyceum. Aside from conducting the regular sessions of the children's meetings, I met some of them every morning, giving them such instruction as I could with my limited time. I was told in the beginning of my work with the children that they had little interest in the Lyceum, but I found it possible to awaken an interest, and before I left I found no lack of enthusiasm on their part. The Sunday sessions were largely attended, and the children did good work. I was assisted by those who had worked with me on these grounds in the early years of the camp, and who have worked faithfully each season since. The orchestra and choir were more than generous with their services; their co-operation was an immense help and appreciated more than I can express.

From the first to last, I made it a point to introduce as much originality into my work as possible. I wrote songs and recitations. I do not wonder the children lose interest in the Lyceum when the older ones drop out and the work is left to be done by the Lyceum already overworked individuals.

August 11 had been set apart as Children's Day and it was truly a red letter day for them. Lyceum convened at nine o'clock, and held an interesting session an hour and a half. Soon as dismissed the children and leaders were called to order again, then formed in double line for a march, the orchestra commenced playing and to the surprise of the children, they were escorted to the restaurant and served with ice cream. A happier band of children one seldom sees. After about forty dishes of cream had disappeared and the rollicksome band were preparing to leave, Mrs. McGrath, the secretary of the Lyceum, proposed a toast to the writer. She offered pleasant words on behalf of the children, and said: "I want every one who will send kind thoughts to Mrs. Hull and try to keep up their work after she has gone, and also who will attend the Lyceum next Sunday morning, to raise the hand." There was a quick response and little hands were held up as a promise they would not neglect the Lyceum.

I delivered an address in the amphitheatre in the afternoon and conducted the children's entertainment at night. Everything passed off well considering we had but a few days for preparation.

I left Clinton on the 15th train on the morning of the 13th and reached Temple Heights, Northport, Mo., which point I am writing on the 15th. I had a delightful journey by land and sea. I have made many trips on the Atlantic, but never when the sea was as smooth as on my recent journey. I always enjoy an ocean trip. On this night the moon was nearly at its full, the beauty of sea and sky cannot be described.

I found a band of good workers at this place and was cordially received. Temple Heights is a beautiful spot, commanding an extended view of Pequot Bay. I have seen no lovelier spot on this coast.

I was fully rested from my last day's work at Clinton long before I reached my destination, and entered upon my labors here as good as new.

To-day, the 17th, we held memorial services in the morning. I was invited to conduct the ceremonies and deliver an address.

F. A. Wiggins is on the ground doing a good work. His lectures are fine and the tests supplementing his lectures, eminently satisfactory. Mrs. Hewes, of Carmel, gives tests from the rostrum to the satisfaction of many.

Dear friends in the West, my work among you seems almost like a dream. Our season of co-operation was brief, but pleasant. So much has been crowded into my life since the first of June, it seems as though a much longer time had elapsed. From the Mantua school to Winfield, Kans., from Winfield to Topeka; from Topeka to Clinton; from Clinton to Maine. I have another engagement in this State, east of this camp, Etta. Then we will be almost to the "jumping-off" place.

It matters little where we are; our work is the same. The activities of travel make the United States one neighborhood. We find grand men and women—loyal souls—everywhere.

Moses arrived in good condition this morning, August 18, from Grand Lodge, Mich. He reports a good meeting there.

MATTIE E. HULL.

DIVINE AWE.

To tremble when I touch her hands.

With awe that no man understands;

To feel soft reverence arise

When, lover-sweet, I meet her eyes;

To see her beauty grow and shine

When most I feel this awe divine—

Whatever befall me this is mine;

And where about the room she moves

My spirit follows her, and loves.

MOST REMARKABLE MATERIALIZATION.

LINDA CRESS.

A Unique Spirit Control.

Narrative of a Truthful and Eminent Medium.

HER FAMILIAR CAME IN FORM OF A LITTLE CHILD, BUT ITS EARTHLY EXISTENCE HAD COVERED FORTY YEARS—DESCRIPTIONS WHICH WOULD CREDULITY WITHOUT ABATEMENT OF INTEREST.

"I witnessed mysterious manifestations before my tenth year. At the age of twelve something came into my life from the region of the unknown which ever since has influenced me more than all else," says the Cincinnati daughter. "I was an orphan, and my parents being in comfortable circumstances, were liberal in providing means for my present happiness and future well-being, while at the same time they were not a little worried at the 'queer' things I saw and did. It was their view that temporarily I was mentally out of balance and scarcely responsible for my acts, but they kept at their own sorrowful secret till events disproved it.

I do not propose to narrate the smaller details of my experience, mostly uninteresting except to the slight, but will at once tell the story which has been absorbed most of my life. Returning from school one evening I found sitting in my special chair and amusing herself with my picture books and other toys one of the sweetest little girls I had ever seen. She looked up at me with a bright, confiding smile, and said: 'How do, Missy, sweetheart?' My name is Mildred; so much this little stranger knew; and, perhaps, she was a cousin, till then unmet. I asked my mother if this was so.

"Perhaps," she replied, evasively. "What is her name? Tell me all about her and when she came," I demanded.

"The child answered: 'I only just arrived, and my name is Linda Cress. I came to stay and play with you, 'cause you're so lonesome. Don't you want me?'

Indeed I did, and I said so. Of all things in the world a dear little girl like this was what I most longed for, and it had seemed to me for many years that a house containing only one child was the most lonely place imaginable for that individual youngster. Now I could be truly happy. Linda and I became friends immediately, and I overcame her home with me, and she had brothers and sisters, playmates, plenty of toys, bon-bons and nice dresses, and how long she expected to stay with us. To all these queries her answers were satisfactory, especially the last—that she would stay as long as I wanted her. 'That will be forever,' I said.

"We had conversed for an hour or more when mother asked if I did not think it time to stop that foolishness. 'It is foolish to have a nice, little girl to talk to and play with?' I questioned. 'Oh, no,' answered mother, 'not when she is real, but you have built her up.'

IN YOUR IMAGINATION, and that is foolish and will prove disappointing. Get a real playmate, a nice little girl, and I certainly will not object.

"This was a strange reply, I thought, for nothing could be more real to me than this little visitor, with her golden curls, deep blue, smiling eyes and confident demeanor, and I asked:

"Mother, is it possible you do not see Linda?"

"There is no one in the room but you and myself, Mildred, and I do not like to have you pretend there is. I hope you do not wish to deceive me."

"No, but I want Linda to show herself to you if you do not already see her. I'm sure you'll find her, for she is very pretty. Will you do so?" I asked, turning to the child.

There was a momentary hesitation, and then a bright glow appeared in the child's face and she seemed semi-luminous for half a minute. Mother looked about to faint and the apparition vanished from her sight and assumed its normal condition in a minute.

"I know you saw her," said I, as mother came back to herself. "You must like her. Can she stay here with me as long as I want her?"

Mother said she would think of it, and Linda laughed, knowing, as she afterward explained to me, that mother's decision could not possibly affect the fact. This had been predetermined by higher authority. Father had been duly told of this incident, at which he pook-pooked, but subsequently when mother told him what part of it she had seen, he looked serious and questioned me quite sharply. He was not afraid the neighbors would hear the story and charged me to say nothing about it to my schoolmates, which I obeyed.

This strange child became my constant companion, accompanying me everywhere, even to school, pretending to eat when I did not, and to go to bed at night. No spaniel could be more faithful in guardianship or more patient toward my moods and whims, and I could not have loved a sister more dearly than I did her.

Describe her? That is one thing which transcends my power, for she was in many ways a being far beyond time's influence in the span of many mortal lives. Had I remained on earth I would have been old before your parents were born, and probably foolish; but these conditions I happily escaped, and am thankful. Human life is a terrible burden when years have largely unutilized, and love is outworn, as I hope you will never learn by hard experience."

"How did you learn these things?" I asked.

"Partly by experience, largely by observation. That worn expression, 'Whom the gods love die young,' is the very epitome of the opportunity for life's application in my case, for when I passed from earth my age was

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for I had long observed your loneliness and felt an ambition to cure it. Having assumed this form it was necessary to adopt childish ways, but I was enabled to retain intellect, quite mature, without my chosen mission would have been less successful. I can come as a woman whenever you wish me to."

"I'll never wish it. Let me always see you as the darling little girl you first appeared, as you have always cheered my life. I fully understand 'Circumstances will at sometime occasion a change of this feeling, when you will need stronger protection, and I will be ready for it,' she said, with a sigh such as I had never before heard from her.

She, before reaching the age of fourteen, my parents proposed for me a birthday party, and the whole house was busy with preparation for that event, when Linda asked if she might attend as one of the real guests.

"Of course you may," I answered. "I couldn't enjoy it if you were absent, and you shall have a dress as nice as mine."

"Don't trouble about the dress," said she. "I have many dresses you have not seen, and you will not be ashamed of your little friend, Milly darling. You may feel assured that I will also be a symbol of love and purity. Of gladness and grand reality that the spiritual life teaches! Haven't we cause to rejoice and shout loud Hosannas that such a truth is in reach of all humanity? May it fly, as by the swift wings of a dove, and hover over every heart, inspiring each brain with this illustrious truth: 'Death has no sting, and the grave has lost its victory.'"

Often she teaches me in this way to my lasting profit, and says that finally she will guide me to the further shore of existence, where a better system of teaching and living will be given. She stands beside me at this moment, as real to my apprehension as anything I see or hear, and she smiles sweetly as she prompts me that I have said quite enough upon a subject so old. Perhaps I have, but much more would be required to do full justice to the spirit of Linda.

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In obedience to this call she left her own country and came here to fulfill her mission. While on the voyage, in the midst of a perilous storm which threatened the ship and all on board, she fell upon her knees (as did also her little band of followers) and solicited the aid of kind heaven; on arising "her countenance beamed (as it were) with the light of a divine glory," and she said: "Captain, be of good cheer, not a hair of your heads shall be harmed, for I see an angel at the helm, and we shall all be landed safely on American shores." The ship had sprung a leak and was fast filling with water, while the captain and crew, with a few hope and stood agast with war, said, "we shall surely go to the bottom." Suddenly, as if by unseen powers, the winds were reversed, and a heavy sea replaced the loose planks in proper position, the waters were bailed out, and all became calm again.

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After a time of hard toil, and secluded life in the wilderness of Watervliet, N. Y., she was visited by a number of guests looked out to see if there were really the case. No one was in sight, whereupon a lady suggested that the vocalists might be in ambush to heighten the effect of their performance. Fortunately this was accepted as a sufficient explanation, but wonder at Linda's story of the tale was at the highest when she left the instrument.

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Now the beautiful part of the funeral was this: After opening with some beautiful song, two short impressive addresses were made by Messrs. Frank Hoffman, of Emporia, and Clarence Milroy, of Burlington. No prayer was offered; no chapter from the Bible read.

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HARRY F. COATES.

A Physical Medium of Mattoon, Illinois.

A subscriber writes from Mattoon, Ill.: "We have one of the best mediums in the State, H. F. Coates, a farmer who lives near our city. He has produced some wonderful phenomena, and there is no doubt about his honesty, as called on hundreds of times. He visits other cities only on invitation, and wherever he goes the newspapers are invited to send a representative and good reports are always given."

"The News of Mattoon speaks of Mr. Coates as follows: 'The shades of departed spirits have been invoked in Charleston and they have responded through horns and colored lights. It was Sunday night in Tooke's offices. The medium was Harry F. Coates, a farmer who lives near Mattoon. He and his wife and father-in-law, Harry Prager, another farmer, were the force and about fifteen of our people were the audience. S. L. Bower and wife; Ed Hart and lady; Will Woolen and wife; Dr. Silvertown, G. W. Rosebraugh, Kimball Glasscock, J. P. Jones and S. M. Tooke were present and the press was represented by G. V. Walls, of the Mattoon Star; T. M. Morgan, of the Courier and the editor of the News.'

Before going into the inner room and turning out the lights, all who desired gave up a handkerchief, which were wrung out with some water from the office pitcher. They were put on the table, together with a couple of tin horns and a gular.

The doors were then closed and the windows blanketed. All formed a circle, alternating a lady and gentleman so far as possible.

Mr. Walls, a scuffer, sat at the medium's right hand, and Harry Prager, Rardin sat at his left and held his left hand, while the medium's wife held the writer's left hand. When all were ready, George W. Rosebraugh arose and turned off the electric light. It was as dark as midnight. In a few moments a will-o'-the-wisp appeared and danced around to be the shade of a woman about as big as a silver dollar and shone like fox fire. Presently the spirit began operations—came over and rapped the writer over the head—sharply; all heard the hammering and we can swear to it. Then the horns began to sound, and Harry Prager, Rardin sat at his left and held his left hand, while the medium's wife held the writer's left hand. When all were ready, George W. Rosebraugh arose and turned off the electric light. It was as dark as midnight. In a few moments a will-o'-the-wisp appeared and danced around to be the shade of a woman about as big as a silver dollar and shone like fox fire. 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This image shows a vertical strip of a document page, likely from a book or manuscript. The strip is heavily damaged, showing significant staining, discoloration, and a rough, textured surface. The damage appears to be along the edge of the page, possibly from water damage or mold. The strip is oriented vertically, with the top of the page at the top of the image.



CASSADAGA CAMP.

Lyman C. Howe Throws a Bomb into Theosophy.

At Cassadaga camp, where all legitimate and profitable subjects are presented for consideration, Theosophy challenged thoughtful attention during the past week. Its claims, philosophy and doctrines having been fully presented in three public addresses and several private talks by its noted leader, Mrs. Annie Besant, the famous orator and author, and her co-worker, the Countess Wachtmeister, who were also assisted by Miss Wilson, the librarian of the London Theosophical Society.

Mrs. Besant, who is a lady of strong, pleasing magnetism, remarkably artistic personality and calm, dignified bearing, possesses a highly intellectual face, frequently illuminated by a wondrous smile, and bright, keen, sympathetic eyes, whose expression hints of a vision reaching beyond this mortal sphere.

Tuesday evening this remarkable lady addressed a large audience on "Theosophy and its Teachings."

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Besant entertained the audience with an intensely interesting discourse on "Life After Death," during which many personal experiences of her research through the psychic realm were graphically related.

The Countess Wachtmeister lectured Wednesday evening on Spiritualism in the light of Theosophy. To both of these illustrious ladies, Spiritualism occupies a subordinate position—being but the primary or preparatory department leading to Theosophy. But to the highly developed Spiritualists the case presented an entirely different view in that much that was given as belonging wholly to Theosophy, and therefore new to Spiritualists, were old to the degree of being our first stepping-stones in Modern Spiritualism.

Still we are glad these gifted ladies honored us with a call on their missionary journeys, for we enjoyed their presence, and the dissemination of their gospel as we believe they did our cordial intellectual hospitality.

The bright and pliant Mrs. Jennie B. H. Jackson completed her engagement Friday afternoon. Subjects presented for consideration were "What is the resurrection and the light," and "The God in man." The former she defined as unfounded—spiritually and intellectually in this life.

God in man was the outward expression of the inner man. A man who believes in a vengeful God is the man who has a spiteful nature.

Brother Lyman C. Howe recovered sufficiently to fill his last date on the programme, to the gratification of his many admiring friends.

Mr. Howe's well known and well-remembered views provoked the following question as the subject of his address: "Is it consistent after building up a camp for the dissemination of Spiritualism, to place upon our platform those whose views are at variance, and whose aim is to dispute and repudiate Spiritualism?"

It is, Mr. Howe affirmed, wholly consistent. Spiritualism is broad enough and strong enough to carry anything that may be imposed upon it. It lays down no rules of authority to any one. It invites all to its humorous feast, and trusts truth to defend itself against all error, having nothing to fear from any assumptions, speculations, or criticisms—whenever source they may arise.

With Thomas Jefferson we say, "We have nothing to fear from error, while truth is left to combat it," and those who come upon our free platform may receive more than they give, and if they have any truth to give, let us accept it gladly.

It was the Countess Wachtmeister who ventured the assertion that the mediumship was undesirable in that it so frequently wrecked the individual medium, to which Mr. Howe replied by citing a long list of notable mediums, whose long and useful public labors have been a blessing to the human race and whose individual lives have been greatly benefited through their mediumship. To shut the door between this and the spirit-world would be impossible. Having once been opened through mediumship, it will never again be closed.

Sunday the platform attractions were Mrs. Carrie Twing and Dr. W. W. Hicks.

Evening entertainments during the week have been of a superior order, especially that given by Miss June Reed, violinist, and Miss Nellie Nichols, pianist, both finished artists of superior merit and ability.

Sunday evening at the auditorium, there was a wonderful combination address given by the following noted mediums: P. L. O. A. Keeler, Campbell Brothers, and Mrs. and Mrs. Hatfield Pettibone, manifestations occurring in three separate cabinets, in full view of the audience at the same time. All our mediums are accomplishing good work this season in sowing the seeds of truth whose harvest must strengthen the cause and multiply its adherents.

Cassadaga's star of destiny is still in the zenith, with no immediate prospects of its descending, for it is backed and surrounded by a spiritual force, the full extent of whose power and potency no man knows—so that the voices which the willing ear rightly attuned may hear—and hearing, believe.

SHIRLEY BELL

ONSET BAY CAMP.

Notes of the Work Done.

On Monday copious showers of rain fell throughout the day, with vivid flashes of lightning and peal on peal of thunder. Association cottage No. 27, occupied by Mr. Libby, was struck by lightning. The fire department quickly responded to the call, but the fire was subdued before they arrived. Mr. Libby was somewhat injured, but happily not seriously.

We have had with us for a few days Miss Ethel Gould, of Randolph, Vt., an eloquentist of ability. An expert in the use of the voice, she has a voice of the "golden age," and her delivery is of the highest quality.

Tuesday services opened with a song by Prof. Peck. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Fwing read a poem and took for her subject, "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life."

Wednesday Prof. Peck sang, "Mother Will Come to Her Boy," and "Praising Hard Against the Stream."

Mr. H. D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, and editor of the Banner of Light gave the following poem and took the same for the subject of his discourse:

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.
The fault of the age is the mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb
By a burst of strength, or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestall time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having,
We wait high noon at the day's dim dawn,
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season,
To bloom and blossom that we may wear,
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain but despise the getting,
We want wealth not as reward, but to do;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would feed a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize yet to shrink from the winning,
To thirst for glory you fear the fight;
Why, what can it lead to but lasting sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving
And counting small gains when the time is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasure we have not won.

"There are many thoughts that come rushing in upon us as we view the issues of the hour. The strength that is wasted would go far towards righting the wrongs of the present. It is impossible to grasp the whole at this time. It is, however, advisable to take up a few for our consideration. I believe it our first duty to clean house and then we can afford to go into our neighbor's house to clean. Some say we have all the liberty we need to do as we please, but I believe there are clouds arising that will do ourselves harm unless we interest ourselves in these issues. A true religion will make a man politically free if we live up to it, free both religiously and politically. Liberty has not come in certain States because there are restrictions. In this land of the free and home of the brave a man may have a right to worship according to the dictates of his conscience, but if he is a seventh-day Baptist and keeps Saturdays and works Sundays, he is taken before the judge of his county and sentenced to the penitentiary for 120 days. This was done in Tennessee and in Arkansas, but the law has since been repealed in Arkansas. We are as Spiritualists confronting a situation which is a disgrace to the name of Christianity. There is a need for you and me to rally to the principles of religious liberty and see to it that the power invested in us is upheld. Let us raise high the banner of truth and say to all, our rights are yours and yours are ours. Let us do this we shall have religious liberty."

Poverty party in the temple in the evening.

Poole's excellent string band gives a concert each day at the auditorium after services, which is highly appreciated and enjoyed.

Lovely Onset, the coy maiden, has wooed and won to her fair bosom another lover. Dr. Dumont C. Dake, of New York, is looking about him with a view to making this his permanent summer home.

Thursday afternoon lecture was given by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, State agent for the N. S. A. for the State of Rhode Island. Her subject was "Work for the Workers," closing with psychometric readings.

Friday afternoon Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, president of the platform, delivered the address, prefacing it by reading Joaquin Miller's poem, "The Port of Ships." His subject was "The Higher Spiritualism," an instructive lecture.

Saturday, Mrs. R. Walcott, for twelve years pastor of a society in Baltimore, Md., was introduced as speaker, who took for her subject "The Concentration of Human Power." Her lecture was a pointed reproach to those milk and water Spiritualists who shrink their duty and leave the work to a few earnest workers.

Sunday morning heavy rains with thunder, lightning and hail ushered in

the day. Meetings were held in the temple. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured in the morning, and H. D. Barrett lectured in the afternoon.

The Harvest Moon celebration will take place the 18th and 19th of September.

AUGUSTA F. TRIPP.

Onset, Mass.

Haslett Park Camp.

To Haslett Park, Mich., I made a pilgrimage to visit the camp-meeting. I found it flourishing. A nice lawn of grass covers the ground all through the park. Harmony is there. Mr. G. F. Ottmar, the manager, is doing good work.

Mr. L. P. Mitchell, of Wheeler, Mich., is also here giving full form materializations, pleasing to the people. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word; he does not gossip, nor does he use any slang or vulgarity. If some little thing does not please him, no fault does he find. All mediums should have such excellent examples.

Mr. E. B. Carpenter and his wife, Mrs. Marian Carpenter, of Detroit, have been blessing the people with their presence. After Mrs. Carpenter's lecture, August 21, her spirit control gave many convincing descriptions of spirit friends with touching and tender messages to members in the audience. Her descriptions, names and messages were recognized. She and her controls have such a loving, sympathetic feeling for the people, that the eyes of many were wet with tears, for the peary gates were ajar, and both in and out.

Her last message was from James H. Haslett, saying he was present in spirit, helping all the workers and especially his faithful wife, Mrs. Haslett, with his inspiration; he wants the camp to grow, the friends to be happy, and in time a school to be founded for the education of mediums.

Mrs. Haslett has done fine work as conductor of the lyceum, making it popular and interesting among the campers.

Miss Claire Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, assisted by local talent, has put three dramas on the stage, very pleasing and entertaining to the people.

"The Hon. O. P. Kellogg, as chairman of the meetings, is a lively, earnest, versatile speaker and worker in the camp."

HENRY E. MARTIN.

Dimondale, Mich.

Notes of Niantic Camp.

It has been quite a busy season for us this year, and we have a new end of our journey in camp, and while we have met some new faces and greeted some of old, yet we must record the fact that some, we find, the reaper has garnered within his fold.

Mrs. E. K. Davis, who has always been one of the best of the Niantic, and Sunday evening, August 15, a memorial service was held at the pavilion in her memory. The platform was decorated with quite a floral display.

Mr. Boon, our president, invited the ex-president of the platform, Miss L. Harlow was the speaker of the day and the one who paid tribute to her memory; others spoke of her, and Mr. E. R. Whitting, of New Haven, Ct., after a few well-chosen remarks, read a poem he wrote, inspired by the memory of Mrs. Harlow.

Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Plunk and others also paid tribute to her memory.

Mrs. Lucinda Rogers was another one gone higher—and so they go: One more to meet us, one more to greet us.

When we shall cross the border land,
Out from the shadows, into the sun-light,
They reach to us a loving hand.

We shall remember when we return to our homes this fall, so many kind hearts and their smiling faces will be pictured on the walls of our memory, and we will live over the days again and hope to meet again next year.

Several mediums and with each and every one of them, we have been so delighted with our recent camp, with its fine water and fragrant places.

Niantic, Ct. MRS. H. N. FOGG.

Lake Brady Camp.

This is the last week of Lake Brady Camp and it is full to overflowing with events of social character.

Lectures by D. A. Herriek and Mrs. Mattie McCaslin, and tests by Miss Maggie Gaulle have fully answered the spiritual requirements. Temperance Day yesterday at the lyceum was highly instructive and entertaining. We now have sixty-six lyceum members enrolled.

Anna L. Robinson is fast making a reputation as a medium, second to none. She has been here only a week, but has comforted many hearts by her accurate descriptions of their loved and lost. When she goes under control, her face takes on the expression almost of the dying. To-day this appearance was particularly haunting, because of an interruption. She had stepped to the front of the platform, her gaze had become transfixed, her bosom heaving, while a singular pallor crept over her face. An old lady, somewhat deaf, entered and asked her to sing. She was going on, rattled the chairs and spoke audibly to her friends. A silver passed over Mrs. Robinson's frame, she gave a little gasp and shook her head and said: "The influence is gone—be patient for a moment, and please do not allow any prejudice to enter your mind. I will try to recall it." The phenomenal expression was then repeated and in a few moments, with closed eyes and smiling lips, she announced her control, Alice, who spoke in the simple language of a child.

Many symbols were given, old-fashioned articles were presented to her mental vision and given as tests. She called them pictures. For instance, said she, "I see an old-fashioned black server, with a wreath of flowers jaunting on it, and a silver vase on it. I see the name of Ella Esther McKay. Upon it is a silver urn, standing on feet, with handles upon both sides. It bears the same initials."

She then described the spirits bearing the server, all of which was recognized by Mrs. Potter, of Toledo.

Said she: "I see a rock—it is a symbol of a name. There is murder connected with it, and I hear these words: 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' She then gave accurate descriptions of the spirits in connection with the family. Last evening Mrs. Robinson gave a hypnotic exhibition where, under suggestion, it was intended as a burlesque, her subjects being posted in their parts, but when her large, piercing black eyes swept over the audience in search of her pretended subjects, several persons declared themselves actually terrified, and others left the building to prevent being so. One young man gave the cataplectic test to perfection, resting on head and heels. None not posted would have suspected any of the subjects were merely acting.

MRS. M. McCASLIN.

Grand Ledge Camp.

Will you allow me space in your valued columns for a brief notice of our closing camp. The closing has been marred by the least disastrous results of our three years' experience. Although our attendance was not so large as in previous years, our expenses were one-third less than heretofore, and the life and prosperity of the Grand Ledge Camp is so thoroughly assured, that accommodations in the way of a large hotel is the next thing in order, of which the plans and specifications are in hand, and two hundred dollars and over subscribed, our camp just closed, for its erection in the coming year of 1898. The lack of this accommodation alone has kept away the best paying patronage of our camp, and all who wish to be with us next year may be assured of just as good hotel accommodations as any camp in the United States.

At our annual election the following trustees were elected: Mrs. A. E. Sheets for four years; Wm. Divine, four years; Geo. W. Campbell, three years, to fill vacancy; E. O. Russell, resigned; Miss Laura Matlock, of Owosso, Mich., for two years, successor to J. P. Russell. The election of officers has not yet taken place.

J. P. RUSSELL, Ex-Secretary.

Haslett Park Camp.

This is the last week of camp at Haslett Park. Sunday closes our meeting, with Prof. Lockwood, of Chicago. I have been here from the first, and can say it far exceeds last year.

August 15 Hon. L. V. Moulton lectured. Had a good day, our fees at gate were one hundred dollars; it was estimated there were fifteen hundred on the grounds—over thirty tents and well filled. All have enjoyed it, and good feeling has prevailed.

Mrs. Marion Carpenter was with us August 16 to 18. She had many good and cheering words for all.

August 24 was Memorial Day. Mrs. J. M. Walton was the speaker. Our exercises were very impressive.

The following day was Soldiers' Day; the marching of children and display of flags were well carried out. It rained all of our days gone by. Then came Pioneer Day, which was a feast of good words for us pioneers of the cause we cherish; also pioneers of Camp Haslett.

Several have left—Mrs. Walton, Mrs. Hopkins. Some of our mediums also have gone. Mrs. L. H. Hutton was with us and gave some of her beautiful music, also tests and readings which were correct and well received.

Our camp has been a success, and all will leave with good, cheering words, hoping to all meet at our school, at an early date.

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MRS. E. R. WETTER.

Villa Rest, and the South.

To the Editor:—Once more after my wanderings in the North I have returned to the South. I left the North-western Camp, Meridian, Miss., July 27. Journeyed eastward and spent a few days at Belvidere, New Jersey, for a much needed rest.

I found the sanctuary, conducted by Mrs. Bush, one of the best boarding-places during the summer; a paradise, an ideal spot for one who is weary both mentally and physically, to rest in. Dear Mrs. Bush and her noble sister, Mrs. Ewell, did all they could to make me feel comfortable. I was only permitted to stay only a few days, but I was quite content. I wish my pen was facile enough to write a description of "Villa Rest," as it is called in the summer. Situated as the buildings are on an eminence, one has a perfect view of the head of the Delaware Water Gap, the mountains of Pennsylvania on one side, and of New Jersey on the other, while the picturesque Delaware and the Pequest softly sing their songs as they wind their way onward to the ocean.

The country surrounding is the scene which has been laid out in Indian legends, and not far distant is the point where Washington crossed the Delaware. When one is standing on the banks of that historic stream, emerging from the woods which grow along the waters' edge, it is not many steps to the Indian canoes darting out from the shore, or to hear the call of the braves as they "hello" and signal to each other.

To me the Delaware at Belvidere, N. J., is the most beautiful spot on earth, and I wish that millions of our countrymen who have grown weary and faint with their labors could seek a resting place there. To spend a few days is to love and treasure the memory of the hours spent as a sacred memento of the past.

I found at the school, spending the vacation, a band of six little ones, and their rosy faces, bright, laughing eyes, and dancing feet, spoke louder than words ever could, the healthfulness of the "Home School." The moral and spiritual training of the school could not be surpassed, and rapid improvements have been made in the past year in all branches of studies. On the 11th of August I had to bid farewell to this ideal spot and take up once more my work. My journey southward was without any special incident, only I found it to be a most comfortable ride.

I reached Nashville at 10 o'clock the evening of August 13, and was greeted by a committee sent to welcome me. I can truly say that I am glad to be back once more with the Southern people whose hospitality cannot be surpassed. My last journey, August 15, was given to a packed house. I was greeted with many kindly words of encouragement and offers of assistance to promote the cause of Spiritualism. Everything points to a successful season.

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LOE F. PRIOR.

Nashville, Tenn.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Camp-Meeting.

This camp opened its fourth annual session on Sunday, August 22. In the absence of the president, T. D. Kayner, the meeting was opened by Rev. T. W. Woodrow, of Des Moines, Iowa, who also gave a lecture in the evening. The large tent was crowded to its utmost capacity.

There were given four lectures so far, each time having a large audience. Other speakers are expected, daily, among them Mrs. Augusta Armstrong, Mrs. M. T. Allen and Carrie Miller Weatherford.

Other speakers and mediums present are Ben F. Hayden, Marie E. Hayden, Mrs. J. M. McCoy, Mrs. Annie Buchanan, J. M. White. A number of other mediums are expected, among whom are Max Hoffman, Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, Ethel Hodge, Harry Glindie, Prof. Arthur and others. Campers are arriving daily, and the prospects are favorable for a successful season. Information will be cheerfully furnished by Miss L. Pearl Beeson, Spiritualist Camp, Marshalltown, Iowa.

I shall be glad to make arrangements for fall and winter work in this adding States.

W. E. BONNEY.

"Thomas Paine: Was He Just?" An interesting pamphlet, by Wm. H. Burr. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

READ AND REBUKE.

(Continued from page 1.)

would Illinois not give could we wipe the Lowly stigma of our fair State. But, alas, we are powerless and cannot restore the dead. Mr. Bracken's charge into fire to save the innocent family—saved his county and State of a stigma we would gladly claim. Would that we could elect our hero to office instead of erecting a \$50,000 monument to his memory. Would that we had the California chance to justly aid her hero.

The sheriff offered no reward for the heads who carried out their threat, "to burn them out." Why? Is the sheriff a Mac and a Pat his deputy? There is only one way by which the people of California can erase this shameful stigma from their county, and that is, to irrespective of party show their disapproval of the outrage and his loss and elect him their sheriff. Any man who shows the undoubted spirit of Mr. Bracken, commands the admiration of true Americans everywhere. His loyalty in unfurling of "Old Glory" as described by The Citizen proved him a patriot and a hero. Captain Anderson and Barbara Fritchie. Any people may well be proud of such a hero and patriot as Mr. Bracken as sheriff. Give us more such tried men for sheriffs everywhere. Their deputies will not be Roman Catholics; instead, they will be American patriots. And besides, by doing so, the people there would show themselves equal to the occasion and have done their duty and righted a wrong.—Illinois Patriot.

PROF. DOLBEAR'S DREAM.

(Continued from page 1.)

effort to unclasp it; and at the foot of the bed, on the left, was a heavy door, leading into the corridor of the building.

"In the room were a lot of geological specimens, some anatomical specimens, a skeleton or two, and what not."

"One night I went to bed, as usual. The stove door was open and the coal fire was cast a brilliant glow throughout the room. Before I got to sleep I was startled by a big bang that sounded as if a pile of boards had fallen right in the room."

"I arose in bed and looked around the room in utter astonishment. The next thing I saw the door of the closet slowly swinging open. I arose and went and explored the closet, expecting to find some one there, but there was no one. While I was thus engaged the door leading into the corridor was shaken with great violence. I opened it and looked out, but there was nothing in sight to account for it."

"I was pretty well nerved up by this time, and so I lighted my lamp, partially dressed myself and sat down to collect my senses."

"After a while I placed the lamp on a light stand beside the bed, I lay down on the bed and went to sleep. Later I awoke. It was not yet morning, but the light was out. In the morning I examined the lamp, and found no reason why it should have gone out. The window was all right and there was all enough to have lasted for hours."

"I heard in the morning that during the night a young girl whom I knew very well, had died in the next house."

"These are not by any means all the apparently supernatural demonstrations that to Prof. Dolbear has witnessed, but they are all he has time for publication at present. In fact, he had only consented to talk at all after it had been urged that his experiences would undoubtedly interest many students of such phenomena, and might, we thought, in a small way, add to the too meagre sum of knowledge upon the subject."

"THE KLONDIKE."

(Continued from page 1.)

until change could be made, it was protected, first, by a forest, and second by the ignorance of the inhabitants, precisely as in the case of Yucatan, where the stone books of our Atlantic fathers are protected in the same way. Again and again have the wise ones used the ignorance of the human family to protect the results of long-continued research and labor.

The time for which this occupation was decreed is fast approaching its end, and of which I have spoken, in its occult sense, and in its more literal sense, as a legend, is a truth. They who have sought to penetrate the secrets of the Brotherhood have been held back.

Whatever may happen in the near future, in the development of this country, will be largely to the centering of occult forces there, to the more energy to bring it about. I will now predict that the day is not far distant, when this far-away country will shake off this mantle of ignorance that has thus been thrown over it, and that the Aryans, once returning to their heritage, shall receive more from the square inch than other parts of the continent shall yield from the square acre. That which has brought it into the line of development and its natural plane is not chance, but the earnest efforts of the Brotherhood, acting as is told in your records, of the ancient time upon those who were high in authority. Those who sought, knew not what they did; those who sold, being of the fourth and fifth races, cared not. Thus out of the differing thoughts and actions of man, the Brotherhood has forwarded their work everywhere.

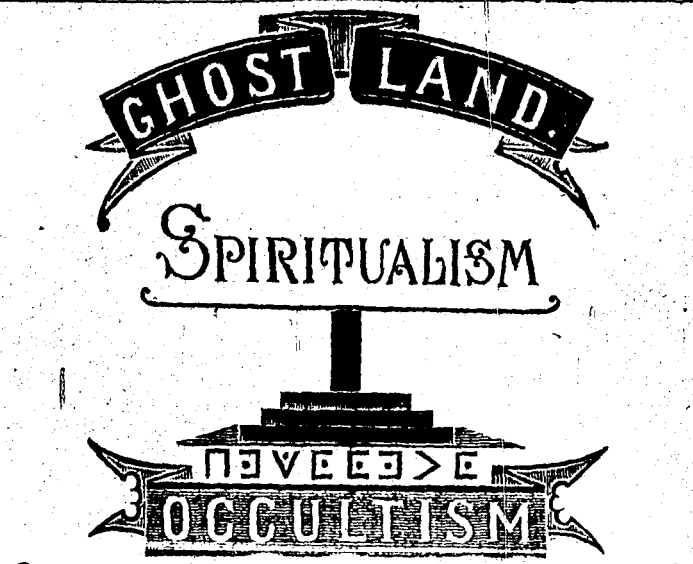
"Origin and Antiquity of Man." By Hudson Tuttle. A masterly philosophical work. English edition, nicely bound in cloth. \$1. For sale at this office.

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

"The Prophets of Israel." By Prof. C. H. Cornill, of the University of Konigsberg. A scholarly and appreciative historical review of the prophets of Israel and the Christian. Can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records." Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily commended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualist or Christian, can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"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 world 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 50 cents.



Contents of the Above Remarkable Work which Is to be Given to Each One of the Subscribers to This Paper.

P

..GENERAL SURVEY..

THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed. No one person has the whole truth, hence kindly feelings should always be extended for those who differ from you.

Mrs. John Dayton, of Fredericksburg, Iowa, wishes to "make a request through the columns of The Progressive Thinker, for a poem of Welcome to the 38th Regiment Iowa Volunteers, which is to convene in that town October 4 and 7. It bears the title of the "Martyr Regiment." She does not ask anything of much length, but wants something "good."

Paul Lang, secretary, writes from Little Rock, Ark.: "We want to engage a first-class test medium." Such are requested to correspond with Paul Lang, Berbig Hotel, of Ben F. Campbell, 1600 West Third street, Little Rock, Ark.

A Norman writes: "Mr. C. B. V. and the materializing medium will be open for engagements for several months after the close of the Clinton (Iowa) camp. All parties desiring his services west of the Mississippi river and in Wisconsin, will please address him with stamp, for reply. Contact Bluffs, Iowa. His earnest desire to have all communications reach him as early as possible, which will enable him to make up a route for the coming winter's work."

Professor Geo. W. Walrand has leased a large meeting and seance room in the Opera House Block (Room 6), Curtis street, Denver, Colo., where Spiritualistic services will be held every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock for the next eight months. A school for occult training and spiritual development will be started September 1. Persons interested should address Prof. Geo. W. Walrand, Denver, Colo. The Progressive Thinker and other spiritual papers, as well as occult literature, on sale at the Opera House Block.

We are sorry to learn that Dr. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, Minn., is dangerously ill. With a naturally strong constitution and good nursing, it is hoped that he will recover. The Doctor has been a prominent worker in the cause of Spiritualism, and we hope he will live for many years to continue the good work.

Louis Schlessinger, an excellent California medium, is doing some good work at Baker City, Oregon.

Virginia Barrett, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes from a bed of sickness, to respond to the proposition to send Moses Hull to attend the Anti-Spiritualist convention which is to meet at Anderson, Ind., shortly. She heartily favors the proposition and subscribes \$5 towards the amount needed.

H. M. Schoonover writes from California: "The Progressive Thinker comes loaded with good things, and I feel as though I could not get along without it. I don't want to miss a number."

U. G. Higley writes: "In making a careful study of the religious political questions, in a candid and unprejudiced manner, I find that I can heartily recommend that very remarkable book by a very remarkable man, 'Primitive Christianity,' by Prof. J. K. Buchanan, M. D., for an authentic account of what the religion and teachings of the Man of Nazareth really were, and how remarkably well it agrees with the ideal of Modern Spiritualism. I urge a careful reading of it by all unbiased minds. There is much food for thought in it, and it is an able refutation of the claims set forth in 'Antiquity Unveiled.' I am glad that the second volume of 'Primitive Christianity' is ready to be published. This book corroborates what I have said in the 'Stone Ages' says of Jesus and his teachings."

The Central Spiritual Union of Detroit, Mich., opens Sunday evening, September 5, 1920, in Star and Crescent Hall, corner Cass and Spencer streets. The season which is about to open will be one of surpassing interest to all who are determined to become acquainted with the great truths of Spiritualism. No pains will be spared to present the best and highest thought of the day, making the C. S. U. a great school of spiritual unfoldment. Illustrated lectures on archeology, symbolism, ancient religions, etc., with beautiful stereoscopic pictures will be given. The Harmonious Society of Spiritualists will be continued, with circles in healing. Mediums' night the last meeting in every month.

Mr. W. J. Colville will spend the month of September in Chicago, and will commence a course of lectures September 4, in Handel Hall, room 518, 40 Randolph street, at 2:30 p. m. Sunday morning, September 5, subject, "Our Possibilities." Sunday evening subject: "The Great Awakening in Great Britain." Sunday discourses, free-collection. Dates, subjects and terms of his lecture courses will be announced on Sunday, September 5. Mr. Colville's many friends are cordially invited to be present.

Mrs. J. W. Kratz would like to make engagements near Cleveland, Ohio. Address her at her home, 224 Cherry street, Evansville, Ind. Mrs. Kratz has been at Lily Dale and Lake Brady, where her mediumship was well appreciated.

Fred P. Evans, slate-writing medium, has been visiting Malone, N. Y. Staying there a short time, he will then visit Boston. He excites a good deal of interest wherever he goes. Mr. Evans gave a slate-writing seance in the Onset Temple. Mr. H. D. Barrett, editor of the Banner of Light, presided and was also a member of the committee who honored the sates. The seance was a grand success.

Mrs. F. A. Logan writes: "I had been coughing for weeks, unable to sit up half of the time, when I received an invitation by a worker to come and speak for her Sunday at 2 p. m., in Oakland. I prayed earnestly though silently to the dear ones who had helped me to cure hundreds of people, to impart strength for the occasion, and after riding four miles on the electric, I found myself speaking for fifteen minutes with no apparent difficulty and remained to hear the lecture by Mrs. Ewer, and the grand music by Rev. Mr. Howard, and I candidly believe that I shall never again be troubled with a cough." "If I would remain in mortal form much longer, for it is only in a spiritual work that I am well and happy. I can but feel that the work inspired by angelic hosts has not been in vain, and though our heads are silvered over with age, and we might consider it

an honor to have one day set apart in a month's camp-meeting for the 'old workers' like John Brown, of the Rockies, Mrs. Hendee Rogers, Walter Hyde, Prof. Loveland, and your humble correspondent, with many others, there was not time for either one to do themselves justice or the subject they attempted to handle. Their experiences and spiritual growth had taken them beyond the sphere of condemnation. I hope the day will come, that instead of trying to make camp-meetings popular, to have a spiritual meeting will be the leading motive, that the invisible world may select the speakers from the audience present; then a pentecostal season will be had, and all will feel that the brothers, living after the churches kills out the spirit of the meeting, and the most sensitive and worthy ones are left out in the cold."

Nora Armstrong writes from Redlands, Cal.: "I wish that every church member could read that splendid article by R. Keely, entitled 'The Way of Love,' and how how worship in spirit, and truth, was converted to Spiritualism by Fred Evans, ten years ago, and I have enjoyed more of life in that time than I did in the thirty years I had lived before, for I know the truth of love to all mankind, and what a good time I have had in looking and enduring all the things that I have seen. I am glad to be so grand in such a religion every day, filled with a knowledge that we are building a home not made by hands, but eternal in the heavens. This is a town of 6,000 inhabitants, and is very orthodox, and we never have any spiritual speakers here, but I am told that there are a great many Spiritualists here, and I do wish some good workers would come, for the harvest is great and the laborers are few. I have six children that have no place to go on Sunday except to Sunday-school, where they hear so much that they know is not true, that I am at a loss to know what is best for them. I want to teach them love and charity to all in the spirit of Christ, and wait for the time to come when we can work in our own cause."

Florence Sampson writes from Worthington, Mass.: "Do all who have the interests of true Spiritualism at heart realize how emphatically we have the right men in the right places, with Mr. H. M. Barrett as president of the National Spiritualists' Association, and editor of the Banner of Light, and Dr. Geo. Fuller as president of our State Association? Both are men who are earnestly to have Spiritualism take its rightful place, and to that end contend for more spirituality, less sensationalism, and for a clean, upright life for all; and not only for the protection of our mediums from persecution from outsiders but for protection in our own ranks; protection from frauds, and from gullible Spiritualists; the latter support the former and give them confidence to carry on their nefarious business. The latter are the ones who are selfish and devoted workers, without the usual number of jealous, carrying critics. Mr. Barrett's constant and unselfish labor for the cause during the past four years, and the great good he has accomplished, is deserving of appreciation by all, and the only anxiety I feel for is a fear that, through his devotion to the work, his labors will be transferred from the material to the spiritual side of life. We only wish his health and strength equalled his ability and earnestness, and that he could draw a decent salary."

Prof. Lockwood has October, 1920 and April and May, 1921, open for engagements. Address 98 Ogden avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Leavenworth County Spiritualist Association will hold its annual camp-meeting in Deuel's Grove, Wauka, Kansas, from the 8th to the 18th of October, 1920. T. C. Deuel, president; Mrs. H. A. Emerick, secretary. P. O. Wauka, Kans.

Dr. A. B. Spinnery, of Reed City, Mich., Saultier, will after November 1st, spend his winter in the Stone Ages, as he desired. The Doctor is an able lecturer.

Mrs. Dr. Adah Sheehan-Horman, lectured at Hicksville, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Horman were in Chicago last week visiting friends, and having a good time generally.

Frank Walker, of Hamburg, N. Y., passed through the city last week, on his way to Clinton camp. He is working in the interests of the forthcoming Jubilee at Rochester, N. Y. He is very active and efficient.

D. W. Hull, Norton, Kans., has leased his printing office and proposes to spend a year on the Pacific Coast, and would like to make engagements for lectures on radio, and also in California, Oregon and Washington.

Mr. Wood writes: "Don't forget the grove meeting that is to be held by the Harmonious Society of Spiritualists at West Palm Beach, Florida, on September 5. No one in hopes that there will be a good attendance of speakers and test mediums, as there is a chance for them to do a grand, good work in this vicinity, and as it is doubtful if Mrs. Claman will be with us, we are very desirous of having a speaker to come that will stay and speak to us in our hall in the evening."

Mrs. J. L. Frowel lectures at 845 W. Congress street every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

The Spiritual Endeavor Society holds meetings Sundays, at 8 p. m., at Newman's Hall, 63d street and Stewart avenue. Lectures and tests by Irene M. Dobson.

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

"Mahomet, the Illustrations." By Godfrey Higgins, Esq. (Library of Liberal Classics). No author was better qualified to write an impartial and honest life of Mahomet than Godfrey Higgins, and this volume is intensely interesting. It should be read in conjunction with Gibbons' work. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

An abridged edition of "Antiquity Unveiled" gives in condensed form its more important statements and references. It is in stiff board covers, and the price is 50 cents. For sale at this office.

From Light, London, Eng.

THEOSOPHISTS—SPIRITUALISTS
Theosophists seem to be in a stage of mental growth which Spiritualists have by this time nearly outgrown—a stage of innocence, when the mere ipse dixit of a mysterious being is sufficient to command belief. Thirty years ago there were those who believed that the world was ruled by a mysterious power, St. Paul, and other old-world worthies came personally and dictated long-winded communiques to them, and when you asked these good people how they knew it was really Shakespeare or St. Paul that was communicating with them, they answered triumphantly, "Why, it must be true, for they told me so themselves!" When you ask a Theosophist how he knows that the personages who, according to him, are shepherding the Theosophical Society, are really the Masters of Wisdom, and the eminently "Blessed" beings, he answers, "Why, they must be, for they told me so themselves!"

REDUCING ALL RELIGIONS.
But while, in reducing all religions to a common denominator, Theosophists range themselves side by side with Free thinkers of the Agnostic kind, there is an all-important difference between them, namely, that Theosophists believe it a good thing that the old religious faiths should be revived, while the Agnostic thinks that they should be allowed to die quietly out. The idea of the Agnostic is that since religion itself is a characteristic of human beings, some form of religion in agreement with the knowledge and moral ideas of the times is certain to spring up spontaneously as the old religions fade away. The idea of the Theosophists is that man is practically dependent for his religion (that is to say, for his sense of religion or his religious emotions) on the revelations from Manus and Mahatmas which are embodied in the old faiths.

THEOSOPHISTS,
in their endeavors to re-animate the old religions, are, therefore, like the people who, in the interests of peace and brotherhood, do all they can to intensify the sentiment of nationality by appealing to the patriotism of the nation; forgetting that this is exactly the way to revive all the old national animosities and jealousies. Even so, the re-animation of the old religions, and the re-establishment of the priestly influence, necessarily imply the revival of the religious hatreds which were happily dormant, if not, indeed, extinct.

THE SPIRITUALIST
agrees with the Agnostic in looking forward to a universal religion, founded on a more complete knowledge of Nature and of human nature, and the re-creation of the great religions of antiquity, each filled with contempt and hatred for all the others, seems just as incompatible with the creation of a universal religion as the sentiment of nationality is incompatible with the "eclecticism" of the human race which is the aspiration of so many enlightened people to-day.

FOUR GREAT RELIGIONS.
Nevertheless, for Spiritualists who follow the advice which Buddha gave to Ananda, to keep wide awake, Mrs. Barrett's book on the "Four Great Religions" will have considerable interest, for it illustrates the theosophical way of handling some of the greatest and most deeply interesting problems which can occupy the human mind; and theosophical ways and methods, devious as they sometimes seem to be, are the best way to the truth, and illustrate how religions are made. For Theosophy is a baby religion, at present but cutting its teeth (with howls and screams painful to hear)—a religion which, if it be not born out of time, bids fair before long to have its sacerdotalism and its dogmas, if indeed it has not got them even now!

From Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.
SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.
We learn from the Avvisatore della Provincia, published at Alessandria, in Piedmont, that besides the Unione Cardelliana, of Milan, which numbers 225 members, and the Felice, of Turin, which embraces 100, the following circles or centres are in active operation, at the undermentioned places: The Society for magnetic and spiritual circles at Alessandria, the Campanella circle at San Remo, the Veritas circle in Florence, the Circle for psychic researches in Leghorn, the Circle of spiritual harmony in Terni, the Xerford Filadelfia circle at Penne, the Society for magnetic and spiritual studies in Pesaro, the Psychempric Society of Salaria, and the International Association for psychological studies, in Rome. From one end of the peninsula to the other, indeed, there is a great spiritual awakening, and the work of the Xerford Filadelfia circle at Penne, the Society for magnetic and spiritual studies in Pesaro, the Psychempric Society of Salaria, and the International Association for psychological studies, in Rome. From one end of the peninsula to the other, indeed, there is a great spiritual awakening, and the work of the Xerford Filadelfia circle at Penne, the Society for magnetic and spiritual studies in Pesaro, the Psychempric Society of Salaria, and the International Association for psychological studies, in Rome. From one end of the peninsula to the other, indeed, there is a great spiritual awakening, and the work of the Xerford Filadelfia circle at Penne, the Society for magnetic and spiritual studies in Pesaro, the Psychempric Society of Salaria, and the International Association for psychological studies, in Rome. 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